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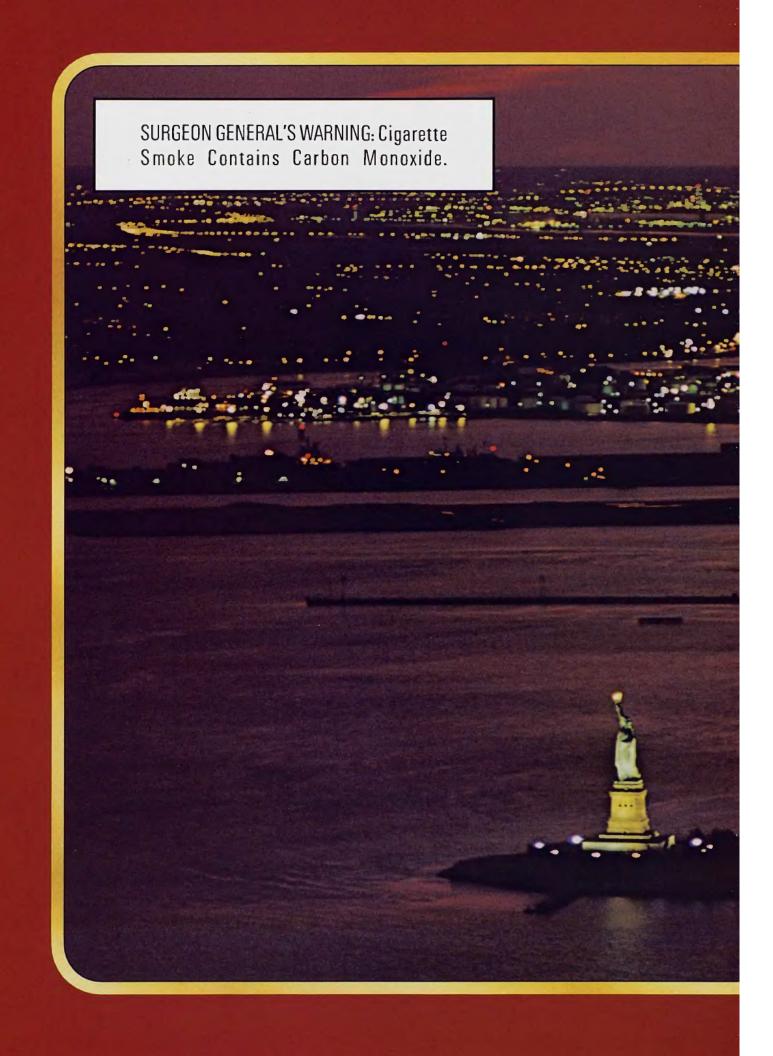
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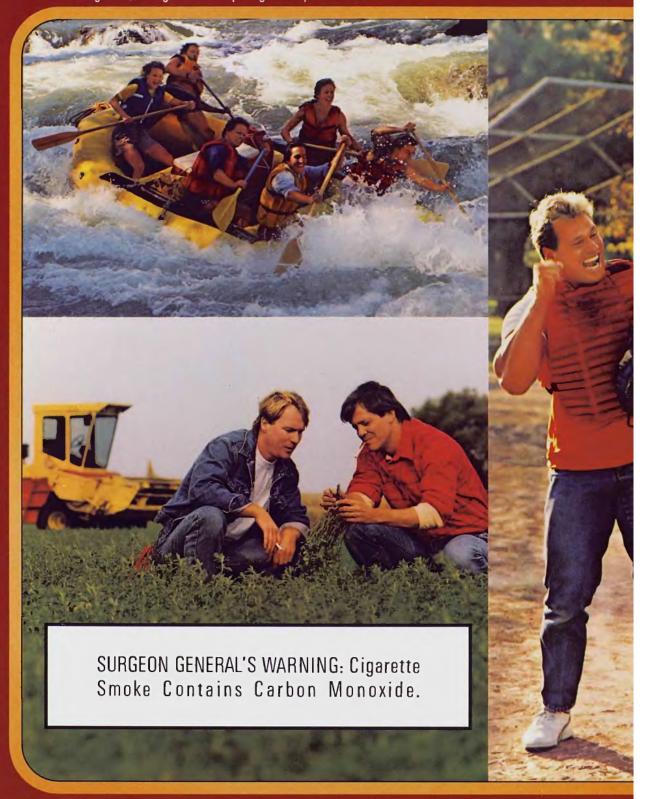
SMART TALK WITH ADE BOGGS TLE RICHARD **BEASTIE BOYS**

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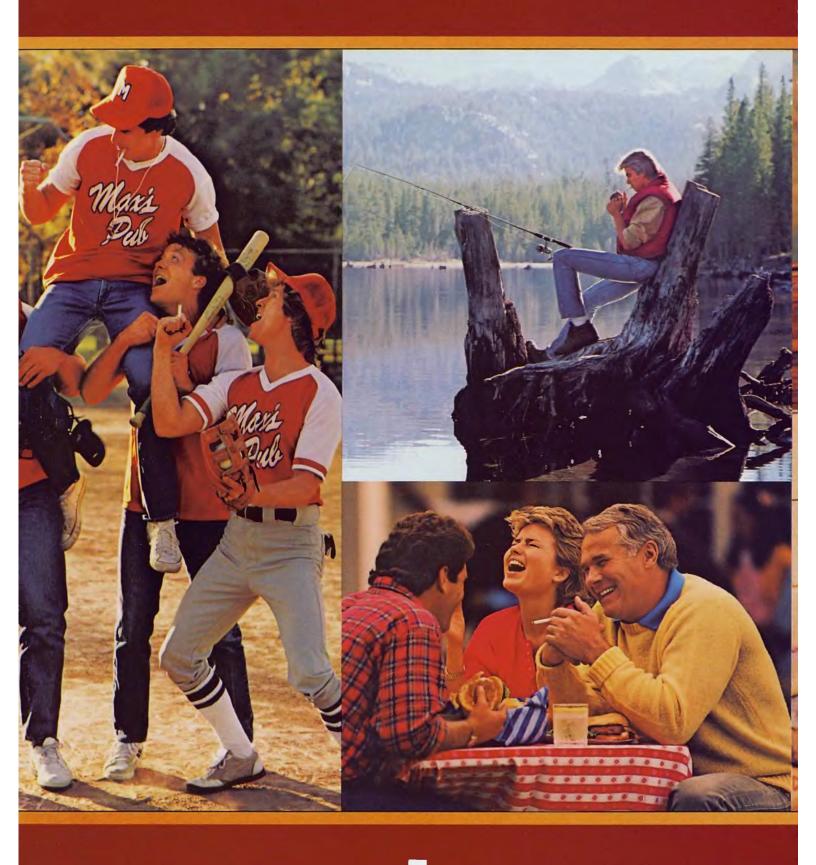




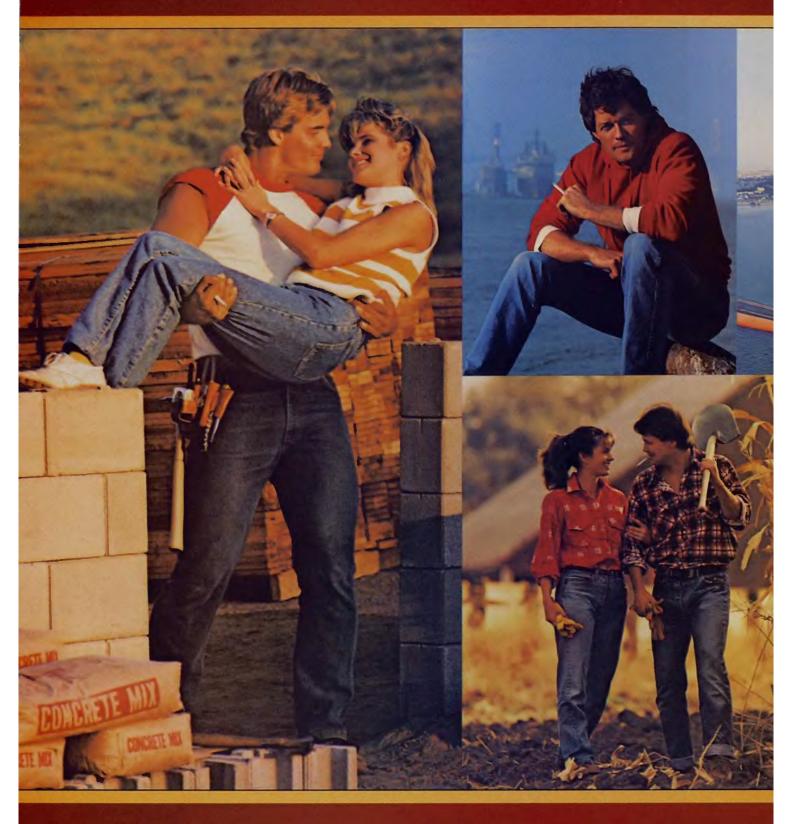
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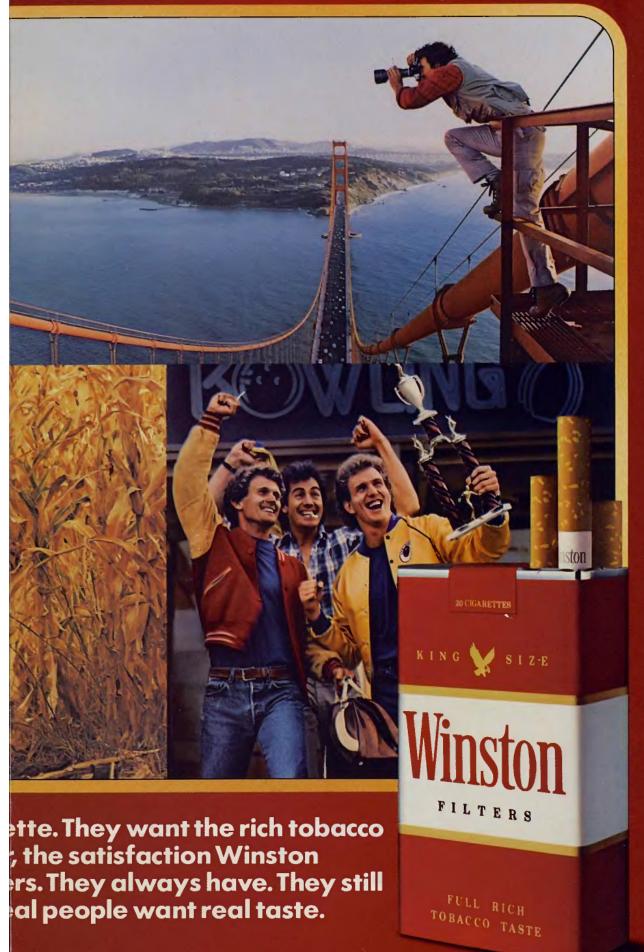


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PLAYBILL

CLEARLY, AIDS is on a lot of minds; but have the deliberately pressed panic buttons had as great an impact on our sexual behavior as the national media would have us believe? We asked David Seeley to hit the streets to chart the second great epidemic, the fear of AIDS. Night Life in the Age of AIDS is the result of his talks with men and women on the edge of the sexual revolution. Few, he was relieved to discover, were quite as haunted by the AIDS specter as a reader who recently wrote to The Playboy Advisor: "If Person A has AIDS, the virus may be present in that person's blood, saliva, nasal mucus, tears, earwax, sweat, breast milk, sperm, seminal fluids, vaginal secretions, menstrual blood, urine and fecal matter. Theoretically, any of the 13 substances could come into contact with any of the eight receptor areas on Person B-mouth, nostrils, eyes, lactating nipples, penile opening, vagina, anus or any skin punctures. Thus, there may be eight times 13, or 104, modes of transmission of the AIDS virus from Person A to Person B. Of those 104 modes, I'm least worried about earwax in lactating nipples. But what about the other 103?"

Earwax in lactating nipples? That reader should be heartened by award-winning science writer David Black's report A Calm Look at AIDS, in which he examines the realities of the so-called epidemic. With additional material from PLAYBOY Researcher Bori Nash, Black has distilled the most responsible reportage on the subject to date. It's all illustrated by artist Gary Kelley.

In her Women column this month, Cynthia Heimel tackles the angst and paranoia that AIDS so readily provokes and urges sanity. AIDS has caused many of us to practice caution in our sex lives, but the hero of Restraint, by Frederick Barthelme, shows none of the titular quality when a woman enters his world of high finance. Barthelme is currently finishing a novel, Two Against One. Our other fiction offering, The Weather's Fine, by Harry Turtledove, envisions an odd world where a change in the atmosphere can lead to a lovers' quarrel. Robert Kopecky supplies the visuals for time travelers.

Sports lovers will get a special thrill this month from our Interview with the latest, greatest king of swat, Boston Red Sox star third baseman Wade Boggs. Last year's batting champ, Boggs tells Lawrence Linderman (who, with Beverly Sills, just wrote Beverly: an Autobiography) how the Sox will rise again and why he can easily slam home runs but doesn't.

For a slightly different look at power, check out Peter McCabe's coverage of The Godfather Walks (illustrated by Don Baum). McCabe has a ringside seat for the courtroom antics of John Gotti, the dapper capo. Just as fastidiously groomed is Garry Shandling, the star of his own Showtime comedy show. In Contributing Editor David Rensin's 20 Questions, the man who refuses to let a lover touch his hair lets us in on his secrets of success. And dropping in on the king of coif, the one, the only, the magnificent Little Richard, is John Waters, the director of such camp epics as Pink Flamingos and Female Trouble. Waters calls Richard "the best of Reverend Ike and Tammy Bakker rolled into one." The King says he admires the way the Pope dresses ("I like his pumps").

Those whose musical taste runs a bit less, uh, mainstream won't want to miss Charles M. Young's report on the Beastie Boys in After Hours. Are all the beastly things we've read about these paragons of poor taste true? See for yourself.

Andrew Tobias files a Quarterly Report from your mother in Making a (Gasp!) Budget, taking you through the rite of passage that signals adulthood. Financial planning has its rewards. Do it right and in a year you'll have enough to buy one of the fabulous toys or date one of the fabulous beauties featured in our fantastic beach package, Beach Ball! You'll also want to meet another letter writer, the gutsy and gorgeous Ellen Stohl, in a pictorial produced by Associate Photo Editor Linda Kenney, and Miss July, Carmen Berg, Senior Staff Photographer Pompeo Posar's 56th PLAYBOY gatefold girl. So go for it.

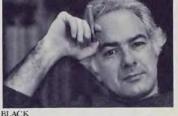
























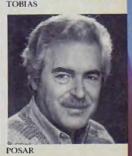




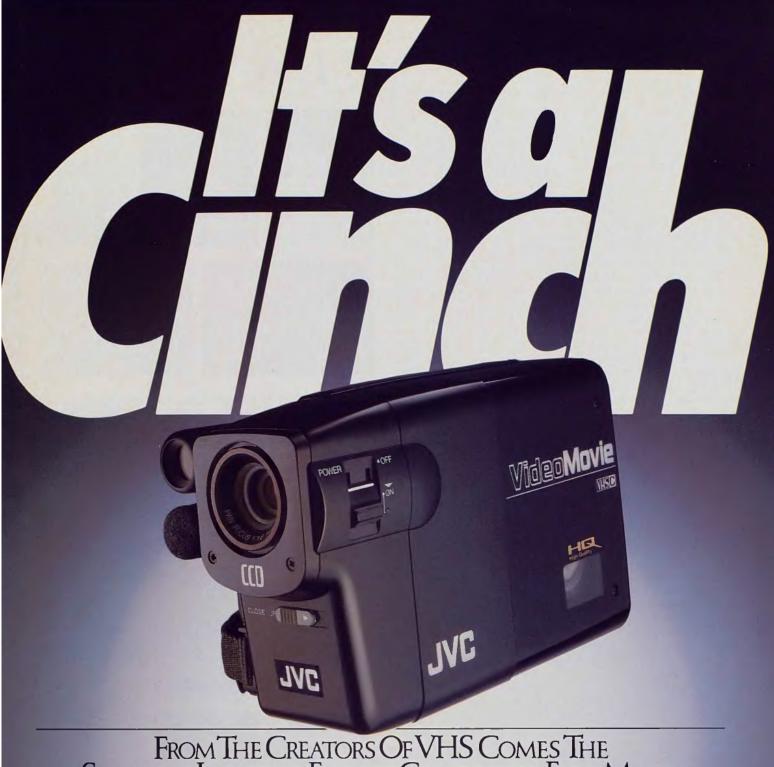








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vol. 34, no. 7-july 1987

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Beaches' Best

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Fine Weather

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Captivating Carmen

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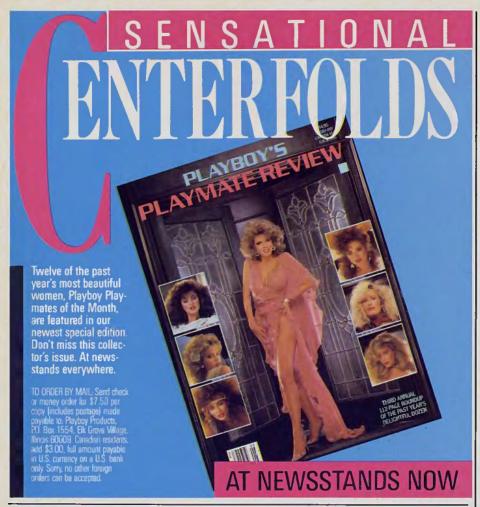
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COVER STORY

Mindful of this issue's ode to the salubrious effects of sun and sand, we thought it only appropriate to ask someone named Sandy (June Playmate Sandy Greenberg) to participate. The cover was designed by Managing Art Director Kerig Pope and photographed by Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda, and the stylist was Lee Ann Perry. Sandy's watch is from Henry Kay Jewelers, Chicago, and the Rabbit is in the best hemisphere for a tan.



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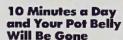
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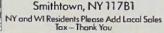
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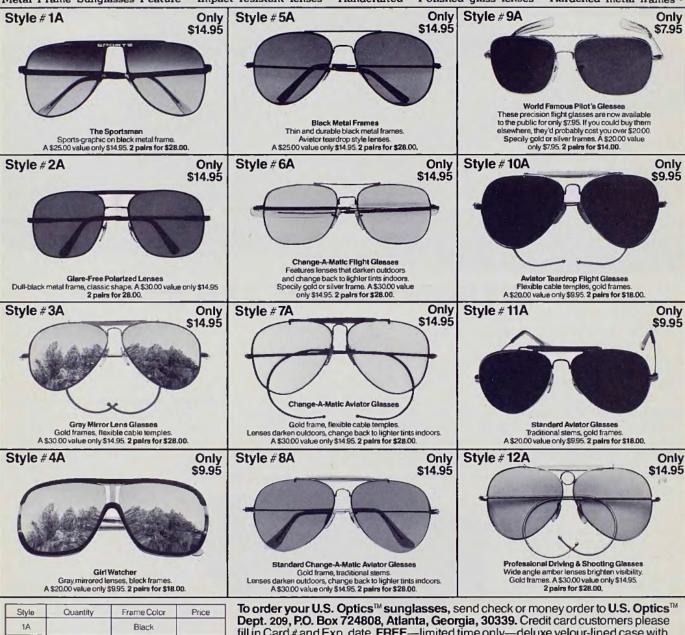
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MC CABE, BARER OF BAD NEWS

One would usually consider it an honor to be tied to the company of Dan Rather and Diane Sawyer. And to that purpose, I write with respect for all my former colleagues at CBS who have been maligned by Peter McCabe's book The Sellout of CBS News (PLAYBOY, April). This document represents nothing more than the viewpoint of a sour-grapes writer who was unsuccessful in his attempt to become a television producer. Clearly, however, he has a good mind for fiction.

At a time when the networks are having difficulties and many good journalists have been forced out of work, how unfortunate for the reading public to be subject to an amateur interpretation of the complications inherent in TV news coverage through fabrications of fact and dialog by one who was deservedly relieved of his responsibilities. How further unfortunate to find that because of the publication of these distortions, McCabe is now considered an expert on the fate of TV news and has been an invited guest on a national forum.

McCabe is a manufacturer of his own hype and aggrandizement. In his quest for fast bucks on a book, he has pulled a fast one on his publisher and the public. This writer knew what was in store when an opening characterization described her large brown eyes. They are as blue as they can be.

Susan B. Winston Former Executive Producer CBS Morning News Culver City, California

McCabe replies:

Winston says my account of recent events at CBS News is fiction. But did fiction bring about the demise of the "CBS Morning News," Winston's own departure, the resignation of CBS News' president and the dismissal of 74 staff members?

Winston has not disputed a single substantive point in my article except the matter of her eye color. She says her eyes are blue, not brown, and since she is their owner, I have no doubt she is correct. Unfortunately, I was privileged to look into her eyes for only a few days before she fired me. During the brief period of our acquaintance, her eyes were often ablaze. Maybe they turn brown when she gets

KNACK FOR TAX FACTS EARNS LOU MAX

So Louis Rukeyser (Playboy Interview, April) made more than \$700,000 in 1982 and, through an adept use of shelters, paid no Federal income taxes? It is certainly easy to see why he opposes tax reform.

Michael Shields Plymouth, Michigan

A HIGGINS FAN IN HIGH PLACES

Great thanks for Intentional Pass, George V. Higgins' excellent short story in your April issue. I found it marvelous reading on my vacation in the Alps.

The law is a much, and perhaps justly, maligned profession, but one can certainly say this in its favor: Without law and lawyers, we would not have Higgins' story, which shows once again how wonderfully well his fiction mines that forbidding mother lode! Kudos to PLAYBOY for sharing the rich yield with us.

> Ambassador James M. Rentschler Courchevel, France

TESTICULAR TESTIMONY

I have just read and enjoyed Playing Soldier (PLAYBOY, April), Fred Reed's article on Soldier of Fortune magazine. As a fellow S.O.F. alumnus, I would like to point out a couple of things that Fred left out. The wild West atmosphere is necessary to sell the magazine, just as the Playmates are necessary to sell yours, but there are many serious articles in S.O.F. that are the best source of information about guerrilla warfare world-wide-stuff that you just don't get in the straight media. For instance, if you want to know about the civil war in Angola, you read Fred's stuff; if you want to know about the Christian militia in Lebanon, you read Ned Kelly's stuff. If you want to know

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about automatic weapons, you read Peter G. Kokalis. There are certain categories of information for which S.O.F. is the world's best source. There are also serious people who need that information.

S.O.F. founder Bob Brown was, indeed, known as Boo-Boo Brown in the Special Forces, just as I was known as Jungle Jim because I could neither build a fire nor properly sharpen a knife. S.F. guys are not generous in their nicknames. I've met some guys who served on Brown's team. They thought he was great. And, yes, he is as deaf as a post. We all are. There is nothing like a combination of artillery and aircraft engines to blow out your hearing. I can also personally attest that Brown has balls the size of bowling balls.

Jim Morris, Editor Dell Publishing Company, Inc. New York, New York

AN EXPERT IN JEANEOLOGY

I really loved the girls in the *Jean Dreams* pictorial in your April issue. Will we be seeing more of them? I can't wait.

J. G. "Hans" Montgomery Fort Collins, Colorado

No need to turn blue, Hans. Will this photo satisfy you for now?



THE BILL FOR CHEAP THRILLS

Does James R. Petersen ("The Social Cost of Drugs," *The Playboy Forum*, April) deny that there is a social cost to drug use? The goal of a productive society is to improve the quality of life for its members. Any time resources (we'll forget dollars for now) are diverted from that goal, there is a social cost.

If a doctor has to treat a patient for the effects of an illegal drug, or even the abuse of a legal substance, when he could be treating a patient with multiple sclerosis, there is a social cost. When a police officer has to help prevent a group of 15-year-olds from becoming heroin addicts while a

woman is being brutally murdered, there is a social cost. When we add to this the training of these types of people, the cost of additional needed equipment, time spent by counselors and all the other resources that are eventually used to help drug users, their families and, sometimes, their victims, 60 billion dollars doesn't seem too far out of line.

Kevin J. Fichtner San Luis Obispo, California

Petersen replies:

Perhaps Fichtner would have gotten my point if I had called the essay "The Social Cost of Life." I do not deny that drugs have a social cost. I was suggesting that that cost was not grounds for social policy. Given Fichtner's model, people who do not use drugs may also cost society a bundle. Golf has a social cost if a doctor chooses to spend Wednesday afternoon on the golf course instead of treating a patient for M.S. (or doing research to find a cure). As for the police officer's talking with kids about drugs, I would rather society spend its money on education than on prosecution.

SUTTER BROTHERS' BODY CHECK

As a longtime hockey fan, I'm glad to see PLAYBOY give my favorite sport a little more recognition than do most major publications. I also enjoy your feature "Raw Data."

However, I wish to correct an error in your April issue. The last item in "Raw Data" mentions the infamous Sutter brothers. It says there are six, four of them N.H.L. players. Wrong! There are seven Sutter brothers, and Gary is the only one who has not played in the N.H.L. You are close, but I'd appreciate your setting the record straight.

Joeceff Meek Tulsa, Oklahoma

You're right, Joe. We, with the help of the public-relations branch of the N.H.L. office in New York, made a mistake for which we extend apologies to all hockey fans and especially to the Sutter brothers.

A TALE FROM THE DARK SIDE

A few months ago, I had a pretty bad automobile accident that probably would have been avoided if I'd read *Night Moves*, Gary Witzenburg's excellent article in the April issue on safe night driving.

The circumstances of my crash included lack of visibility (a heavy fog, a dirty windshield and no streetlights) and a car parked in the middle of the road with no rear reflectors. If I'd used Bertil Roos's early-warning-system long-focus technique and his brake-alert tactic, and had cleaned my windshield, it might have saved me a visit to the hospital. Night Moves ought to be required reading for everyone who has a driver's license.

Lewis Walters Evanston, Illinois

ANNA'S FANS

I love this woman! I am, of course, talking about your April Playmate, Anna Clark. It's hard enough finding a woman who likes science fiction, though there certainly are some women who do, but it's almost impossible to find a woman who has even heard of Kate Bush. It's too bad I don't live in San Francisco, where I would at least have a small chance of meeting Anna.

Allen Snyder Terre Haute, Indiana

Anna Clark is absolutely one of the finest Playmates I've ever seen in PLAYBOY. If anyone has ever had problems defining perfect, after seeing Anna he won't have that problem again. She has my vote for Playmate of the Decade.

David Webb Chula Vista, California

Is April Playmate Anna Clark a real woman or a perfect anthropomorphic sculpture: a 3-D Vargas Girl? I have studied her pictures and Anna is perfect—flawless and exquisitely beautiful. If she is real, you should dispatch a photographer to follow her on her travels so that next year, we may read a new Playboy publication, *Playboy's World of Anna*.

William Bohrer Dayton, Ohio

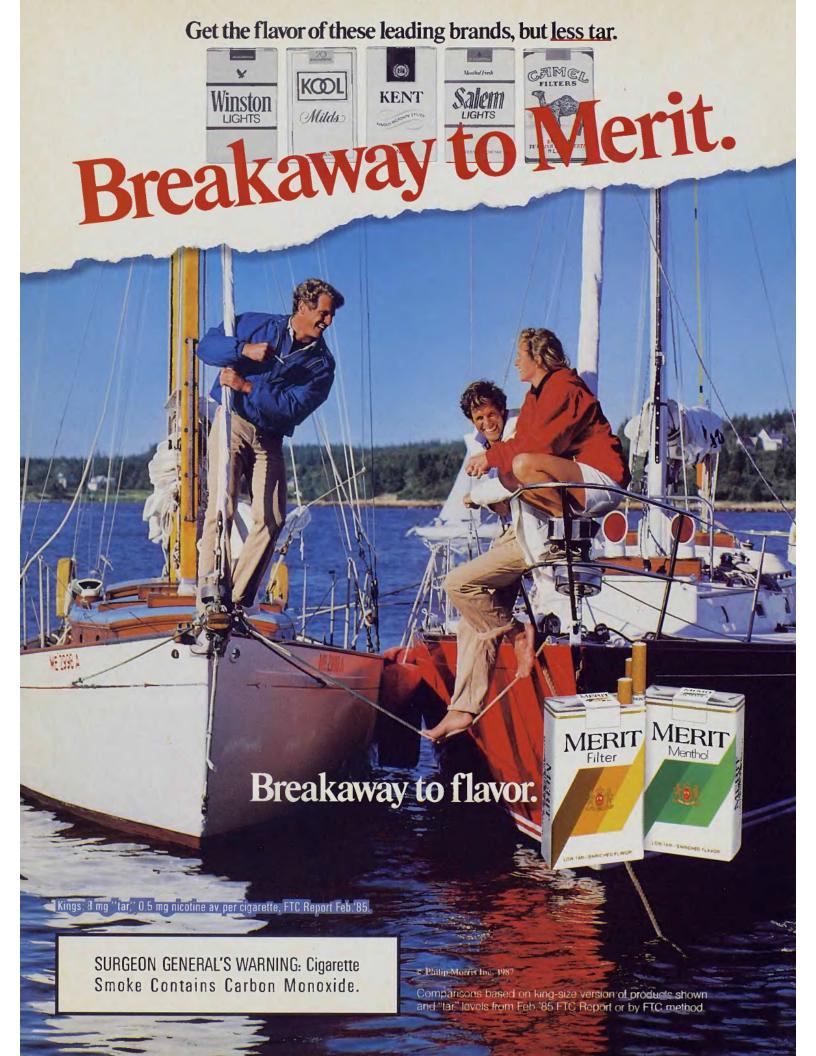
I've been reading PLAYBOY for four years and have seen many visions of beauty there, but none more beautiful than Miss Clark. She's also intelligent, adventurous and friendly, and she likes science fiction. If Anna needs a traveling companion, I'm ready, able and willing to explore the ends of the earth with her. Please show this college student just one more picture of Anna to help him make it to graduation.

Paul E. Sims, Jr. Houston, Texas

We're always proud to support higher education, Paul. Of course, we'll expect you to



write something nice about PLAYBOY on your résumé, since this picture of Anna got you through college.



PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



TALK-SHOW MAESTROS

First came Doc (well, OK, Skitch, but who remembers?), dressed in castoffs from the NBC costume chest. Top trumpet for decades, the good Doctor walked off with a Grammy this year; but, fame being what it is, we know him best for catching the back end of that golf swing four nights a week.

Then came Paul, hip gnome of the late slate, who uses the word fabulous more often than the entire population of his native Thunder Bay, Ontario. "Our good friend Paul," as Dave calls him, proved that a great club band could bring it home on the small screen.

Now come Mark Hudson (*The Late Show Starring Joan Rivers*) and Billy Preston (David Brenner's *Nightlife*) to fill in the landscape of talk-show bandleading.

"Doc is sort of the standard to which we all aspire," says Paul.

"There's no competition among us," Billy says. "There's room for everyone."

"I look at myself as Doc Severinsen on steroids or Paul Shaffer with more hair," Mark says.

Appearance aside, these guys have got the chops, and more's the pity that just when they kick into gear, we're stuck watching the latest exploits of a pup named Spuds. Like other bandleaders, TV guys prepare song lists for each show, including apropos "play-ons" for each guest. One night, Mark ushered Charlton Heston on stage with The Hallelujah Chorus. On another show, he coaxed Dr. Ruth out with Why Don't We Do It in the Road? Paul called for Chest Fever the night Dolly Parton made a surprise visit to the set.

"Sometimes we just totally blow it if I call out something we haven't rehearsed," Paul says of his *Late Night* band. "But, you know, who cares?"

This from a man who, like Doc and Billy, works on prerecorded time. Mark Hudson, coming at ya live, recalls a few "train wrecks." For example, the night Hulk Hogan, out of the clear blue, decided to leave mid-interview. "Half the band was still on Hulk's play-on music, Eye of the Tiger," says Hudson. "The other half

was already playing *In the Mood* for the next segment. So we were doing, like, a fusion number—*Eye of the Mood* or *In the Tiger*. We were definitely in an altered state up there."

Oh, well, isn't that what they always say about TV band members?

DATE LINE: D.C.

When actor William Hurt was in Washington filming James L. Brooks's upcoming 20th Century Fox movie (with Jack Nicholson) about a Washington news bureau, he exited the set each week as soon as the Hollywood-based caterer rolled in food and buckets of booze. Hurt, a recent grad of the Betty Ford Center, is obviously sticking with the program. And just when the D.C. area is boasting its first champagne bar, Flutes, in Georgetown. We spotted a hot button there: FUNNY, I DON'T REMEMBER VOTING FOR NANCY REAGAN.

OUTRAGEOUS MARKUP

How outrageous is fortune? We'll get an inkling soon when Disney/Touchstone



comes out with the home-video version of Outrageous Fortune. Before the film was released theatrically, the usually cheery Shelley Long and co-star Bette Midler tussled mightily over who'd get top billing. The solution proved costly. To appease both stars, Touchstone printed up two sets of posters and promotional materials. One half had Long on top, the other, Midler. Extra printing and production costs came to a whopping half mil. The company has since started figuring out who will top off the credits on the videocassette cartons. What does all this mean to you? Money. Most likely, the price of the Outrageous tape will be pushed to \$89.95 to help cover the costs of the controversy. Some price fame.

JUST OUTRAGEOUS

Then there's the kind of movie that seems to have been invented for the VCR. You know the ones: Police Academy (I through IV), Dolls, Friday the 13th: Parts I Through VI, among others. Just in time for the annual summer reduction in brainwave activity, here's a list of what Variety says is in the works or due out soon: Adventures in Babysitting, Aerobicide, Commando Squad, Computer Beach Party, Deathstalker II, Demon of Paradise, Deranged, Dragnet 1987, Equalizer 2000, Eunuchs, Hideous Sun Demon: The Special Edition, I Was a Teenage TV Terrorist, Matt Riker: Mutant Hunt, Nice Girls Don't Explode, Outlaw of Gor, Psycho Girls, Psychos in Love, Raiders of the Living Dead, Robot Holocaust, Russkies, Slave Girls from Beyond Infinity, Stripped to Kill and Surf Nazis Must Die. Your heads may need a good cleaning after viewing.

NOT QUITE THE SAME OLD GAME

Remember the crane machine, the arcade game with the steel claw that picked up your prize, usually some cheap trinket in a plastic bubble? Just like everything else from the Fifties, cranes are back. You'll find them right next to the video games. Unlike the old cranes that chose

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"I'm not a racist. I've got black friends. I employ black people. I don't employ them because they're black. I employ them because they are the best people who applied for the cotton-picking job."—Arizona governor Evan Mecham in Arizona Trend, January 1987.

PUMPING PAPER

Heaviest issue of Sunday *New York Times*: 11 pounds, on December 7, 1986. The issue had 1450 pages, filled with 1,900,000 lines of advertising.

Heaviest issue of Vogue magazine: four pounds, in September 1984. Out of 813

pages, 602 were devoted to advertising.

Weight of a phone directory in Chicago, four pounds, three and a half ounces; in Los Angeles, three pounds, five and a half ounces; in Boston, two pounds, 12 and a half ounces; in Tokyo, 11 pounds, eight ounces for a three-volume set.

SMILE

Recommended length of time per episode Americans should spend brushing teeth: 5.1 minutes.

Average length of time Americans spend brushing teeth: about 30 seconds.

Percentage of Americans who floss: 37.

Average number of decayed or filled surfaces per American aged 18–64: 23.

WHY WE HAVE FARE WARS

Average cost of a Boeing 747: \$110,000,000.

Average number of years a plane is



FACT OF THE MONTH

Consider this little-known but lucrative source of income: the rare-blood-antibody donation. Prices can range up to \$2500 per unit of plasma, depending on demand. The IRS, of course, views this as blood money—i.e., taxable income.

flown before its design becomes obsolete: 20.

Cost of flying a 747; about \$5000 per hour.

Capacity of a 747: about 450 seats.

Percentage of seats filled on an average flight: 61.

Annual amount spent on air fare nationally: 40 billion dollars.

Average fare airlines charged per oneway trip in 1985: \$103.16.

Estimated profit per one-way flight for 1986: \$2.60.

SAFE SEX

Of all U.S. women who used contraception, percentage who chose the pill in 1982: 28.6. In 1985: up to 40.

Number of words on warning insert on typical circular included in pill packaging: about 7500.

Panels on condom packages advise against using petroleum jelly with rubber products. Instructions for use of contraceptive sponges warn of allergic reactions, toxic-shock syndrome and accidental ingestion.

TIME IS MONEY

Cost of a 30-second advertisement to appear nationally during the 1987 N.F.L. Super Bowl telecast: \$600,000.

Cost to park one hour at a Rodeo Drive meter in Beverly Hills: 50 cents.

Cost to park one hour at the Parker Meridien garage in New York City: eight dollars.

Fee for up to two hours with a Times Square prostitute: \$150.

your prize for you, the new ones provide a joy stick that can be manipulated selectively. Even so, only 25 to 30 percent of the quarters invested yield prizes. Betson Enterprises, which had been producing cranes for 40 years, introduced the Big Choice crane, with the joy stick, in 1984 as an alternative to video games. At that time, there were 200 cranes inhabiting American arcades; now there are 10,000, says Art Warner, a vice-president at Betson. What's so great about cranes? "People enjoy trying to win things," Warner says. "It's the American way."

COURTLY TRASH

Wimbledon *used* to be the world's politest sports event. This year, the raspberries and screams on Center Court promise to be tastier than the strawberries and cream in the clubhouse. Most of the players hate one another's guts.

John McEnroe on Ivan Lendl: "He's been on a roll, but the pressure of being number one is getting to him. He's just been building himself up for a fall."

Lendl: "Maybe he doesn't like it if someone hits good shots."

Mac on their off-court relationship: "We don't deal with each other. Do I admire Lendl? No."

Lendl: "I prefer not to deal with him. I don't think he's worth it."

Mac: "I could have my personality up my ass and still be more popular than him."

Boris Becker on Mac: "After six or seven months off the court, he's the same guy, which is sad."

Mac on the trouble with Lendl: "It's his whole persona. I don't have any desire to talk to him on a human level."

Mac on Becker: "It bothers me he won Wimbledon. I mean, the guy hasn't really said anything about anything, and supposedly he is an interesting person. The other side should be shown—that this is a kid trying to figure out what the hell is going on."

Becker on Lendl and Lendl's countrymen: "The Czechs are so strange, all of them. Maybe it's the land."

Mac on Jimmy Connors: "I don't think I could ever be that phony."

Meanwhile, courtesy and humility are only slightly more evident in the women's draw:

Martina Navratilova on losing to Steffi Graf: "She is the best player in the world, and she will be the best until I beat her."

Graf: "Martina isn't that much better than everybody else. She's nervous playing me. And Chris [Evert] isn't great anymore, either."

Is Lendl interesting enough to win Wimbledon? Is Becker respectful enough? Is Jimmy too phony? Tune in to Wimbledon this month, turn on to As the World Class Turns—and remember that all this is just friendly rivalry among the ultracompetitive tennis elite. And if you believe that, we've got a tennis court you can rent in Forest Hills.





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PLAYBOY

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SAVINGS OFFER EXPIRES: AUGUST 31, 1987

CHARLES M. YOUNG

THE PROBLEM with most modern folk music is that it's played by T.H.P.—that is, Totally Harmless People who make charming jokes while tuning up so that their T.H.P. audiences may feel warmly human while leading lives that will leave no mark on the world. The Washington Squares (Gold Castle/PolyGram) compensates for this problem with showmanship and nostalgia-band members dress up like beatniks and hark back to the early Sixties, when folk music meant something. Are they more significant than Sha Na Na was to Fifties music? Yeah, because they have great harmonies (real Peter, Paul and Mary stuff), because they get a nice acoustic-rock feel in their backing that generates more hormones than T.H.P. acts do and because the world needs songs like New Generation now that the Age of Reagan is going down the toilet of history.

Some bands think that psychedelia means faithful re-creation of the sound of certain groups that discovered acid and the distortion pedal in the late Sixties. And some think that psychedelia means assembling new noises that crawl up your brain stem and eat holes in your gray matter so your synapses never again fire in the same old patterns. The Butthole Surfers are the world's foremost example of the latter kind of psychedelic band and prove it again on Locust Abortion Technician (Touch and Go, P.O. Box 25520, Chicago, Illinois 60625). It opens with singer Gibby Havnes sending a greeting-card sentiment to hell and proceeds to a 40-minute display of Paul Leary's retardo-virtuoso guitar that will either make you laugh at its astonishing freedom or strangle your cat.

VIC GARBARINI

U2's The Joshua Tree (Island) marks the band's second collaboration with producer Brian Eno. The good news is that Eno has again made these intense Dublin lads aware of flow and texture, of process rather than product, of the oblique and subtle rather than the obvious. But unlike 1984's The Unforgettable Fire, The Joshua Tree has adequate focus and structure to keep things from getting too ethereal. Bono has cut down on his vocal histrionics, learning, as he sings in the junkie's lament Running to Stand Still, how to "scream without raising your voice." On first listening, the production sounds somewhat bland. There are no overt anthems to grab you by the lapels. The Edge, the guitarist whose chiming chords and modal, ringing notes form the core of U2's sound, sometimes seems reduced to a series of muffled scratchings. But eventually, the essence of these remarkable songs shines through all the more clearly, nota-



Sha Na Na for the Sixties.

Return of the Beats, three thrushes, Prince and U2, too.

bly on One Tree Hill, a moving elegy for a friend of the band, the beautiful Red Hill Mining Town and With or Without You. Although U2 can provide a truly transcendental, cathartic experience in concert, Bono still ought to purge some of the melodrama from his delivery-even when he isn't shouting. When the energy level picks up, as on the rousing In God's Country and Bullet the Blue Sky (highlighted by Edge's howling slide solo), U2 most fully approaches the ideal blend of inner and outer energies it's obviously groping toward. This album gradually unfolds its immense spiritual and musical riches over repeated listenings. Like its stark desert namesake, The Joshua Tree has roots that will endure.

NELSON GEORGE

Sign 'O' the Times (Paisley Park) is a sprawling, unfocused, ambitious attempt by Prince to get back to the supersuperstar status he earned with the film and the record Purple Rain. And it works. In this 16-song double album, the man from Minneapolis displays more musical ideas (and more ability to execute them) than most pop stars have in a lifetime. While several cuts suggest the experimental work of the post–Purple Rain epoch, Prince stresses lyrical and musical straightforwardness here.

Prince was stung by harsh criticism of his past two albums and his film *Under the Cherry Moon.* Instead of backing down, he has challenged his audience with his best music since 1999.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

By devoting herself to Nelson Riddle and operetta, Sun City stalwart Linda Ronstadt has made boycotting painless; but her long-promised hookup with Dolly Parton and Emmylou Harris, Trio (Warner), will be hard to resist for those with a weakness for the vocal luxuries of the mainstream record biz. An acousticcountry album meandering from Farther Along and Jimmie Rodgers to Kate McGarrigle and Linda Thompson, Trio is a literally thrilling apotheosis of harmony-three voices that have thrived and triumphed individually engaged in heartfelt cooperation. Free of tits, glitz and syndrums for the first time in a decade, Parton's penetrating purity dominates the album as it once did countrymusic history. The only one of the three who's had the courage of her roots recently, Harris sounds as thoughtful up front as she does in the backup roles that

GUEST SHOT



FIERY ACTRESS Elizabeth Peña has cleared her path for success with current substantial roles in "La Bamba" and Steven Spielberg's "Batteries Not Included." We asked her to check out the work of another spirited woman, Patty Smyth, whose first solo LP is appropriately slugged "Never Enough."

This is one terrific album—then again, I don't know if my neighbors are agreeing; I'd better turn it down. I especially enjoy the title cut and the hard-core rocker on side two called Sue Lee. Patty's voice is right out in front here-no overdubs, no weird studio fidgeting, which is as it should be. Her voice is strong-stronger than it was on the Scandal album. There's something bigger about her voice now and something more emotionally direct, too. The songs here offer some challenge to her, but she could handle tougher material. She has the range, emotional and vocal. Boy, would I like to see her in concert.'



FAST TRACKS

R	O C	K M	E 1	r E	R
	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Parton, Ronstadt, Harris Trio	8	6	6	4	7
Simply Red Men and Women	6	7	8	5	4
Sheila E.	7	6	7	7	6
U2 The Joshua Tree	5	9	8	7	7
Peter Wolf Come as You Are	4	7	4	8	6

REELING AND ROCKING: Yoko Ono is reportedly set to make her feature-film debut playing the wife of a man who has a heart transplant . . . and David Bowie, Elton John, Bob Dylan, Julian and Sean Lennon and the three surviving Beatles will be among the people interviewed for a new documentary film on John Lennon, which will be accompanied by a book, an album and a home video. . . . Danny Sugerman, who wrote The Doors book No One Here Gets Out Alive, is writing a screenplay for his semifictionalized rock book Wonderland Avenue: The Tales of Glamour and Excess. The film version will be directed by Platoon's Oliver Stone. . . . Cyndi Lauper is set to play a psychic in her first movie, Vibes, co-starring Jeff Goldblum. . . . The Art of Noise is contributing a song and scoring the new Fat Boys film, Disorderlies. . . . Bette Midler will be the executive producer of her upcoming film bio of Lotte Lenya. . . . It looks like Mickey Dolenz, who made a name for himself directing commercials, may be directing himself and The Monkees in their new movie.

NEWSBREAKS: Jerry Garcia has been a good sport about the new ice cream named after him, Cherry Garcia. Says Jerry, "At least it's not motor oil." . . . Earth, Wind & Fire is getting ready to record a reunion album, with both Philip Bailey and Maurice White returning to the line-up. . . . Dave Sharp of The Alarm is planning an all-star album in memory of Woody Guthrie, with appearances by Ron Wood, John Entwistle, Keith Emerson and, of course, Dylan. Work is set to start in September. . . . Ray Davies of The Kinks says that in addition to continuing his relationship with the band, he plans a solo album, more movie roles and possibly a book. . . . Mick's solo album should be released at

the end of the summer, with an English tour to begin about the same time. Mick says he won't be taking any of the Stones on tour with him. . . . Steve Stevens will have a solo album out next year. . . . Bruce Hornsby and the Range, who won a Grammy, are at work on a second album. . . . Keep an eye out for Showtime's wonderful special called Sweet Soul Music. It stars Sam Moore (of Sam and Dave), The Fabulous Thunderbirds, Ringo, Rod Stewart, Al Green, Billy Preston, Luther Ingram and the Tower of Power horns. . . . We hear that Little Richard wants to make a rap record. . . NBC will debut a series in the fall called It's Showtime at the Apollo. The pilot features Run-D.M.C., Freddie Jackson, Til Tuesday and Natalie Cole, who performs a tribute to her dad, Not King Cole. Each episode will feature a tribute to a performer associated with the theater, an amateur segment, dance and comedy. In other words, they'll be bringing the spirit of the real Apollo into your house. . . . Two fashion notes: Nike has launched a \$7,000,000 ad campaign to promote a new line of shoes, using the Beatles' Revolution. Michael Jackson, who owns the Beatles music, is laughing all the way to the bank . . . again. And in other soft-shoe news, do you know about Snakerssnakeskin sneakers worn by the likes of Prince, Jagger, Lionel Richie and Eddie Van Halen? You can wear them, too. . . . Look for another Doors home video, Live at the Hollywood Bowl (from footage shot at a July 5, 1968, concert), any day now. . . . Don't worry about Dire Straits' breaking up. "Rubbish," says the band's bassist, John Illsley. "After our last tour, we simply decided to take a break. We'll probably record . . . toward the end of the year." Relax, everyone. -BARBARA NELLIS

are her forte. And while Ronstadt's big, plummy contralto will always hint of creamed corn, she's a luscious side dish in this company.

Although some would stick with Sam Cooke, I say Al Green is blessed with the most beautiful instrument of any male soul singer. As he ages, its boyish delicacy and mellow insouciance roughen a little; but, like Aretha Franklin, all he needs is decent material and the spirit to put it across. While his reliance on Jesus Christ has assured his recent output of a consistency Franklin's lacks, his eighth Gospel album, Soul Survivor (A&M), is his first undeniable winner since 1982's Higher Plane. Green is canny enough to go for more grit these days, but he can still muster that high moan; and by returning to the kinds of pop standards that enriched his secular days-namely, You've Got a Friend and He Ain't Heavy, He's My Brother-he makes a welcome bid to connect once again with nonbelievers.

DAVE MARSH

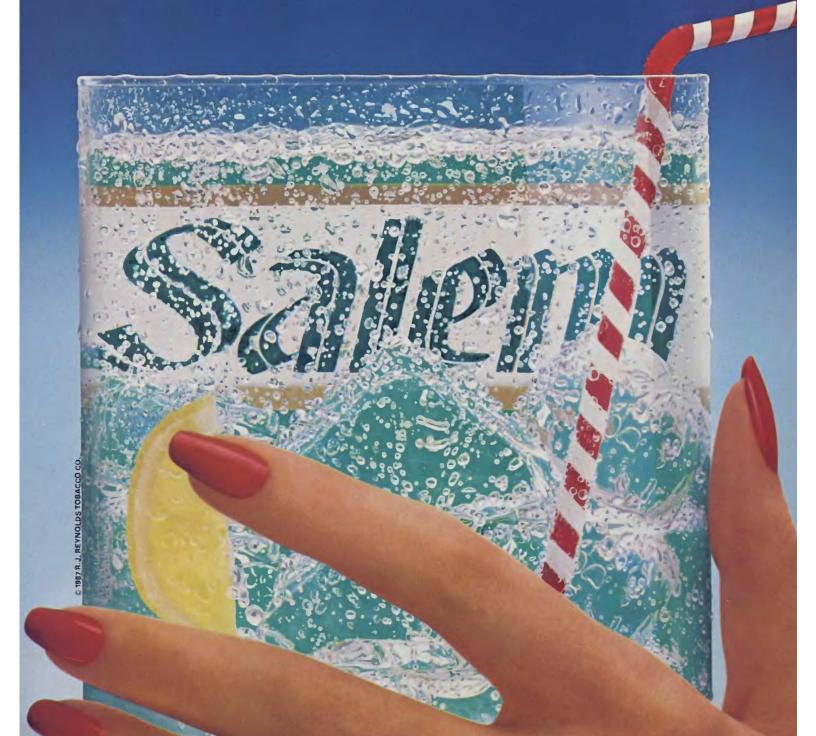
Peter Wolf's first solo album, 1984's Lights Out, was the first white rock album to come to grips with the electronic dance music being developed by black street kids. It layered everything Wolf had learned in a decade of fronting the J. Geils Band on all he'd picked up from woodshedding with Michael Jonzun's hip-hop crew. The result wasn't a hit, but Lights Out is to these ears the most underrated LP of the Eighties: twice as funny, ten times as smart and about 100 times as warm as the cartoon show put on by the Beastie Boys.

Yet if Wolf had merely followed Lights Out in a straight line, he would be stuck in the same imitative bag as other white parodists of black style. No problem. Come as You Are (EMI America) is very much akin to the earlier album, but Wolf has now integrated his influences, and the result is a better record in every respect.

The electronic underpinning is still there, but the best tracks here charge at you with the strength of mid-period Rolling Stones, using basic guitar-bass-drum attacks and adding horns, choruses and effects that snap and snarl. Part of this is thanks to coproducer Eric "E.T." Thorngren, a veteran of Sugar Hill's rap stable, who has done similar things with Talking Heads and Eurythmics. But Come as You Are is funnier and tougher. The difference is Wolf, whose songs are wise and witty. They rock with the authority of someone who's been getting it right for 20 years. The result is thunderous, and although such vocal inspirations as Don Covay and Mick Jagger are never entirely out of mind, Wolf has a coherent command none of his forefathers has possessed in years. If we hear another ten albums as good as Come as You Are in 1987, it will have been an extraordinary year.

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

THE REFRESHEST



POP

By CHARLES M. YOUNG

so I'M SITTING there, talking on the phone with Adam Yauch, a.k.a. MCA, who is one third of the **Beostie Boys**. I ask him the major question of our pop era: Why the Beastie Boys now? And I experience this epiphany that sheds neutron beams of new light on said question. To wit:

What most adults don't understand about most teenagers is that most teenagers are extremely conservative most of the time, even as they are engaging in obnoxious behavior designed to differentiate themselves from most adults. Most teenagers enjoy a heavily structured life, are threatened by deviations from the conforming norm and will ridicule those enamored of deviating from the conforming norm. In this way, most teenagers are exactly like most adults, the only difference being that teenagers piss their lives away in high school while adults piss their lives away in corporations. Most teenagers do, after all, grow up to be most adults.

At 22, Adam Yauch can dig the above principles because when he was at Edward R. Murrow High School in Brooklyn, he was the only kid who wore combat boots and spiked hair and got kicked around for it—the classic coming-of-age experience for punks. Yet, at this writing, Yauch and the other Beastie Boys have a number-one album—Licensed to Ill (Columbia/Def Jam)—and kids who used to spit on him are now chanting his lyrics, particularly Fight for Your Right (to Party), about beer and sex and drugs, which leads to the question of Tipper Gore.

"What's Tipper Gore?" Yauch asks.

The wife of Senator Albert Gore and cofounder of the Parents' Music Resource Center, I reply. The music biz needs Senator Gore to protect it from digital audio tape, and Gore needs the music biz so he can denounce lyrics about beer and sex and drugs and look good to the wacko right. I don't see how the music biz can claim to have cleaned up its act with you guys at number one.

"Yeah. I think they don't understand what we're saying. Mothers don't pick it up when we're not too blatant."

Which sounds plausible, until you actually listen to the record, the charm of which is that it's utterly blatant. Total, unexpurgated insistence on teenage experience, without regard for ideology, the FCC or Mom—and it's at the top of the charts after years of unrelieved unrequited love and guitar fascism from multiplatinum bombinators. Then Yauch volunteers that the Beasties are negotiating with the networks to do a situation comedy, which is going to be one of the good ones, like *I Love Lucy* or *The Honeymooners* or *Mr. Ed.*

But what about all the drug references?



Hey! Hey! We're the Beasties!

The meaning of the Beastie Boys, revealed.

I ask. The networks have a strict policy against mentioning drugs in anything but a negative context. Johnny Carson can't even joke about the band's smoking dope.

Yauch pauses two beats and says, "There aren't any references to drugs on the album."

The references to being dusted—they're not about angel dust?

Yauch pauses two beats and says, "No, that's a reference to unemployment."

There are no references to drugs on the album?

"No. Excuse me, man, there's a knock on the door."

Yauch's saying there are no drug references on *Licensed to Ill* is like Hugh Hefner's saying there are no nudes in PLAYBOY. To cite one example from *Hold It*, Now Hit It: "I'm in my car, I'm going far and dust is what I'm using." Or from The New Style: "I rolled up the wooler and I watched Columbo." A wooler, according to my street sources, is a joint with crack in it. The Beasties' lyrical style is to brag and tell tall tales, so you cannot in fairness say they are advocating anything. But they are absolutely referring to drugs. So I had yet another epiphany, this time a two-sided one.

1. It is a bad thing that Adam Yauch lies. Faced with a choice of affirming his own vision or a potential network sitcom, Yauch opted for a sitcom. This is really disillusioning. A majority of Americans under the age of 45 have had some sort of illegal-drug experience, and of

those, most have had an interesting time and got on with their lives. Lying about it makes antidrug hysteria possible at election time. I say everyone who ever used an illegal drug ought to pee on the White House lawn and tell the President to analyze that. And then everyone ought to pee on the Fortune 500 firms who demand urinalyses of their employees. If the Beastie Boys mean it about fighting for our right to party, they will tell the truth and lead us.

2. It is a good thing that Adam Yauch lies. The networks are run by cynical greedheads and staffed with dullards who think that if the demographics show antidrug hysteria is happening, it's the truth. Lying to such people is not selling out; it is growing up. The Beastie Boys could make a great TV show. There won't be a mass pee-in on the White House lawn, because, as I said, most people are extremely conservative and enjoy their heavily structured lives. Why be a martyr?

"Sorry, man," says Yauch. "That was a pack of cheerleaders. They wanted to do their routine for me, but I told them they had to take their clothes off first."

Did they?

"No, they're down the hall now."

So, drug references aside, how do you get it up after all that beer you purportedly drink?

"It comes down to the girl. If she's talented, she can get you up if you're dead. That's just a theory I have."

Is it true that your contract rider says you get a supply of condoms along with the condiments in your dressing room?

"Yes, the Beastie Boys are into safe sex. We're also into making our own porno movies with our video camera. We got a great segment of this girl who wouldn't suck dick unless we sang *Brass Monkey*. So we sang *Brass Monkey* and she blew us."

Where'd that happen?

"Washington or Montana. Middle America, man—you'd be amazed. I'm calling from South Carolina right now, and the South is known for its incredible dick-sucking abilities."

So the Beasties haven't gone for the antisex hysteria, anyway. Maybe something is shifting out there. Maybe the fact that the Beasties are number one now while other bands (such as The Ramones and the Dictators) with similar humor failed means that all those extremely conservative teenagers are willing to laugh at themselves again, to be irreverent again, learning again not to take the word of extremely conservative adults.

"Seems that way to me, man. Excuse me. Someone's at the door again."

So maybe this is the beginning of a new phase . . . the beginning of . . . the return of . . . the Sixties?

"Sorry, man. I gotta go. Those cheer-leaders are back."



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-

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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



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

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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

SEEMS FITTING that former Beatle George Harrison should be an executive producer of Withnail and I (Cineplex Odeon), a wistful and wickedly comic ode to the woozy, boozy, drug-sodden Sixties. The time is late 1969. "We're 91 days from the end of this decade, and there's going to be a lot of refugees . . . they're already selling hippie wigs in Woolworth's," notes a friendly neighborhood pusher (Ralph Brown). Writer-director Bruce Robinson, himself a former actor, who also wrote The Killing Fields, appears to be spicing nostalgia with bits of autobiography in his portrait of an unemployed English actor (Paul McGann as Marwood, the "I" of the title) and his friend Withnail (Richard E. Grant) who abandon their roach-infested London flat for a rural cottage owned by Withnail's uncle Monty (Richard Griffiths). A portly, flamboyant homosexual, Monty shows up for the weekend, panting to possess Marwood and ruefully recalling some "sensitive sins in a punt with a chap called Norman." Although the English accents of the cast occasionally thicken into porridge, Withnail bubbles up with hip, effervescent humor that overflows language barriers—particularly when the two city-bred thespians encounter rude locals, go fishing with a shotgun or improvise ways of killing and cooking a chicken delivered alive to their kitchen table. There are no significant roles for women in Robinson's homoerotic comedy, which looks back without anger at a decade when being young, wild, reckless and stoned seemed the only sensible way to go. ***

Deborah Harry, as a mute mystery woman on the streets of New York, has the title role in Forever, Lulu (Tri-Star). The part does not amount to much, and neither does the movie. Hanna Schygulla, the real star of Lulu, portrays a German-born would-be novelist who gets involved with Lulu, porno flicks and a New York cop (Alec Baldwin) on her way to fame and fortune. Once a celebrity bedecked in furs and high fashion, she continues to live in a Lower East Side slum for reasons known only to writer-producer-director Amos Kollek. A pointless guest appearance by Dr. Ruth Westheimer fuels suspicion that Lulu was conceived and cast—and probably written-as the result of chance encounters in an airport lounge. ¥

More than a dozen sound-track songs, many of them played over panoramic New York skyline shots, kill too much precious time in *The Secret of My Success* (Universal). Otherwise, producer-director Herbert Ross's slick and cynical comedy has a lot going for it, especially an energetic, buoyant performance by Michael J. Fox as a



Withnail's McGann, Grant,

Back to the Sixties with *Withnail and I*; Fox shows staying power.

brash young Kansan who intends to storm Manhattan's citadels of money and power. One of his moves is sleeping with the boss's wife (played with droll bitchery by Margaret Whitton) while wooing another colleague (Helen Slater) who has been making it with the boss (Richard Jordan). Fox portrays a mail-room boy who secretly promotes himself by moving into a vacant office under an assumed name. His subsequent quick-change capers inject new life into the familiar how-to-succeed formula and indicate that the whiz kid of Back to the Future is here to stay.

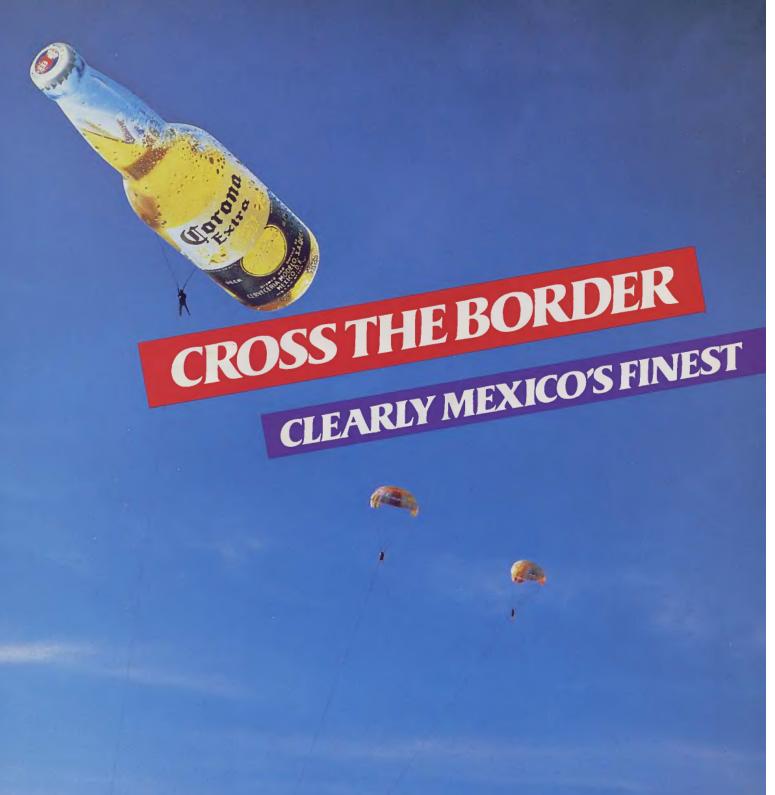
The freshness of John Sayles's screenplay, combined with director Max Reid's larger-than-life approach to it as adult fantasy, makes Wild Thing (Atlantic) a welcome change in action-adventure fare. Mini-epic in scope, Sayles's tale plays like a cross between The Road Warrior and a latter-day Tarzan set in the inner-city jungle of a nameless metropolis. The titular hero is a nature boy raised from early childhood by a bag lady (Betty Buckley) who finds him after his hippie parents are murdered during a drug scam. That was back in '69. Cut to the present, where the muscular man-boy (Rob Knepper), now in war paint, is an elusive, legendary figure in a crime-crippled slum known as The Zone, seeking vengeance while performing spectacular rescues of a hard-pressed social worker (Kathleen Quinlan). Until Quinlan shows him what he has always wanted to know about sex, Wild Thing's

best friend is a ubiquitous cat. His enemies, you can bet, are irredeemably vicious and marked for judgment. Within the surreal cityscape he created on location in Montreal, Reid stretches the rules of logic just enough to sustain B-movie excitement from beginning to end. ¥¥½

Seated at a wooden table on an otherwise empty stage, monologist Spalding Gray does a razzle-dazzle stint of storytelling in Swimming to Cambodia (Cinecom). My own natural resistance to one-man shows as cinema was gradually dissolved by Gray, with subtle but masterly assistance from director Jonathan Demme (who also made the movie-wise Talking Heads concert film, Stop Making Sense). The only break from Cambodia's purely wordy format is a couple of film clips from The Killing Fields, in which Gray played a minor role as the American Ambassador's aide. Except for unobtrusive incidental music composed by Laurie Anderson, the rest is nonstop talk from a generally inspired spinner of yarns who captivates an audience with revelations about moviemaking, brothels, actors, ego, his love life, his political innocence and the horrors ignited by U.S. foreign policy in Southeast Asia. Just under 90 minutes and a total departure from anything seen or heard on film since that other marathon gab fest, My Dinner with André, Swimming to Cambodia fills the big screen with biting intelligence and wit. ***

Throngs of unmistakably English actors masquerading as Turks traipse through Memed, My Hawk (Filmworld). A bland chap named Simon Dutton plays the title role of Memed, a rebellious peasant on the lam in Anatolia circa 1923. As his nemesis, the illiterate tyrant Abdi Aga, Peter Ustinov is colorful, theatrical and obviously more mischievous than evil. He also wrote and directed this adaptation of a novel by Yashar Kemal and seems to be wearing one hat too many. Although he's portraying an archvillain, Ustinov can't resist being an irresistible entertainer. Among the burnoosed Brits at hand are Denis Quilley, Michael Gough and Herbert Lom, all following Peter into a limbo somewhere between old Turkey and high camp. **

The real stars of **Project X** (Fox) are five or six chimpanzees, each a wonder to behold, especially a scene-stealing primate known as Virgil. Matthew Broderick and Helen Hunt portray the idealistic young people who talk to animals. He's an airman assigned to a top-secret Air Force project; she's a behavioral researcher who teaches sign language to Virgil before he is drafted by the military. Director Jonathan Kaplan's simplistic drama hasn't







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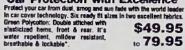
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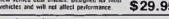
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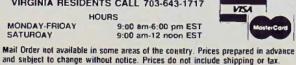
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NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. See Official Rules for details. ☐ Yes, I am interested in learning more about Mexicana Vacations. half enough suspense to balance its monkeyshines. The human performers are upstaged long before the apes go ape in a climactic sequence that would have been too preposterous for a vintage Tarzan movic. The studio should either book this one as an A.S.P.C.A. benefit or send it to the White House on a double bill with Bedtime for Bonzo. **

Bad, beautiful people going to hell together in style at chic seaside resorts have become a favorite cliché of French cinema-just folks hungry for haute cuisine, casino gambling, suntans and sex. Truc to formula, L'Année des Méduses (European Classics) features Valerie Kaprisky as a teenaged nymphet who manages to be seduced by virtually every male she meets. One (Bernard Giraudeau) is a smooth pimp who procures women for wealthy yachtsmen but wants the heroine's bored, vixenish mother (Caroline Cellier) for himself. The beaches are topless, of course, and Méduses is largely brainless in the modish Gallic manner that ultimately makes even its obligatory nudity downright dull. ¥

Whoopi Goldberg hangs in there, a major talent still coasting on her momentum from The Color Purple while waiting for a starworthy screenplay. Burglar (Warner) ain't the answer; and by the time you read this, the movie will probably be making ready to recoup as a video cassette. On any size screen, Whoopi's a wow even with the odds against her. The screenplay (based on Lawrence Block's Burglar books) and direction are mediocre. But there's help from Anne DeSalvo, Lesley Ann Warren and comic Bob Goldthwait, whose semicontrolled hysteria works well in small doses, though long-term use may produce irritating side effects. **

The gutter language used in PrettyKill (Spectrafilm) may be all that separates the movie's cops-and-callgirls melodrama from network-TV fare. As a drug-busting detective, David Birney relaxes off duty with a stylish Manhattan hooker (Season Hubley, oozing pricy sexuality and cynicism) who has just recruited for her "escort service" a vulnerable young go-go dancer (Suzanne Snyder). Vulnerable, that is, when she's not assuming one of her multiple personalities as a horny homicidal redneck. The plot somehow gets around to connecting the psycho with the crack dealers, but PrettyKill squanders a lot of valuable time getting to the bottom of a case that Cagney and Lacey might have sorted out in just under an hour. ¥

Director Blake Edwards, with a so-so screenplay by Dale Launer (who wrote Ruthless People), wields his slapstick as if it were a deadly weapon in Blind Date (Tri-Star). The movie's gags work sporadically, with the bizarre result that Edwards reduces two top TV funnymen,



Kaprisky fleshes out Meduses.

Méduses cannot live by flesh alone, malheureusement.

Bruce Willis of Moonlighting and John Larroquette of Night Court, to some fairly desperate moves. He also manages to curb the charisma of beautiful Kim Basinger, whose flair for screwball comedy was firmly established in Edwards' The Man Who Loved Women. Here, her face hidden under a brownish wig, golden girl Kim has an empty role as Willis' date, a shapely cipher of whom we learn virtually nothing except that she's unpredictable when drunk. All too predictable, as well as derivative. Blind Date is bland, strained and wearisome except for diehard Willis groupies, who will be pleased to see that their hero had the right stuff for the big screen. **

Echoes of the Patty Hearst saga resound in Captive (CineTel), by writerdirector Paul Mayersberg, who brought a similarly askew sensibility to two screenplays he wrote for David Bowie films (The Man Who Fell to Earth and Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence). There's no Bowie on deck to rescue Captive, but the movie does have Irina Brook (daughter of British stage and screen director Peter). Brook is an arresting and forceful new screen personality as a very rich, spoiled English girl who detests her father, a tycoon (Oliver Reed), but doesn't realize she needs liberating until she's been kidnaped and systematically brainwashed by a trio of upper-class revolutionaries. Mayersberg has filmed his fiction with a fairy-tale lushness that reduces the grim realism of certain details (the heroine's being bound, gagged and locked in a black box, for example) without adding anything essential to the headlines of yesteryear. **

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films by bruce williamson

Angel Heart (6/87) Voodooing with Mickey Rourke, Lisa Bonet finds life after Cosby. L'Année des Méduses (See review) A French fried beach movie. The Assault (5/87) Nazi-occupied Holland through a glass darkly; Oscarwinning best foreign film. Blind Date (See review) Bruce Willis and Kim Basinger, mostly wasted. ** Burglar (See review) Not quite makin' it for Whoopi but still a giggle. Captive (See review) She's a someone somewhat like Patty Hearst. Forever, Lulu (See review) Schygulla, Harry aesthetically ambushed. Gothic (6/87) Russellmania pushing Byron and Shelley over the top. *** Hannah and Her Sisters (3/86) Woody Allen's reissued tale of Manhattan snagged three Oscars. The Hanoi Hilton (6/87) POW angst in a compelling epilog to Platoon. ¥¥¥1/2 Heaven (6/87) Diane Keaton's eccentric essay on the hereafter. Hollywood Shuffle (5/87) A young black comedian shows you the steps. Lethal Weapon (Listed 6/87) Underrated first time around. Sorry. Boosted as a nod to zingy Mel Gibson-Danny Glover chemistry. Lily Tomlin (6/87) Broadway bound in *** her dynamic one-woman show. Making Mr. Right (6/87) Some clone encounters from Seidelman. Memed, My Hawk (See review) Ustinov on a roll as a tough old Turk. Platoon (1/87) Oscar's best-picture choice, but brace yourself. PrettyKill (See review) Another callgirl with murder on her mind. Project X (See review) More monkey business in high places. Radio Days (4/87) Tuning in to the way we were back when, as Woody Allen fondly remembers it. Raising Arizona (5/87) From the Coen brothers, a frolicsome high comedy about low-life characters. 8881/s A Room with a View (5/86) Still with us, an Edwardian comic gem. The Secret of My Success (See review) Its secret is Michael J. Fox. Street Smart (5/87) Superman's Reeve as a reporter with flexible ethics. **1/2 Swimming to Cambodia (See review) All talk, most of it potent. Tin Men (6/87) DeVito vs. Dreyfuss in an oddly askew love triangle. Wild Thing (See review) Lord of the urban jungle meets a lady. ¥¥1/2 Withnail and I (See review) Two actors see the Sixties out in style.

YYYY Don't miss
YYY Good show

¥¥ Worth a look ¥ Forget it

GAMES

EVERY SATURDAY morning, a number of reputedly sane men congregate on a baseball field in West Los Angeles for the weekly softball grudge match between the Nighthawks and the Sea Gulls, the sole members of the Claw League-so christened to commemorate a couple of birds whose feathers were mortally ruffled in the bigs not long ago; namely, a nighthawk hung out to dry on a frozen rope off Rickey Henderson's bat and a sea gull intercepted by a Dave Winfield outfield toss. What makes these contests different from 10,000 other life-imitating-a-Miller-Litecommercial gatherings across the country is that the clubs' starting line-ups feature some of show business' top executives. On the mound for the Sea Gulls: Brandon Tartikoff, president of NBC Entertainment. At first base for the Sea Gulls: Larry Lyttle, senior senior vice-president of creative affairs at Warner Bros. TV. Scattered elsewhere around the diamond are enough writers (erstwhile Newsweek editor William Broyles, Jr.), musicians (Was [not Was]'s David Weiss), journalists (Rich Turner, TV Guide's West Coast bureau chief), moguls without portfolio (Peter Greenberg, onetime Paramount and MGM/UA TV honcho) and hungry Hollywood hustlers (they know who they are) to take a significant bite out of the weekend trade at Nate 'n Al's deli.

Call it schmoozeball. Schmoozeball, like baseball, involves a bat, a stitched spheroid and a leather glove. But unlike that of the national pastime, the object of schmoozeball is not necessarily to "hit 'em where they ain't." Consider these differences:

• In schmoozeball, a pitch may be delivered from elsewhere than the rubber. In fact, a pitch can be made from anywhere on the field, but preferably from a position that brings a writer into close proximity with an executive, so that the former can whisper to the latter, "Listen, I'm working on something that's just perfect. . . ."

• In schmoozeball, tips are not just balls hit backward into the catcher's mitt. They fly everywhere: out in the power alleys, where word of a show's cancellation often leaks a week before it hits the trades, or in the on-deck circle, where news breaks of a writing position on the hot new sitcom.

• Likewise, a schmoozeball plug—as opposed to a big-league wad of Red Man—is not chewed but broadcast. Loudly. Recent transmissions: "I'll be on Night Court next Thursday" (Tartikoff); "Phil Collins is doing my theme music" (Ohlmeyer Communications writer-producer David Israel); "Kiddo, I said I'd fly to New York and sign Fred Gwynne, so I flew to New York and signed Fred Gwynne" (Lyttle).

 Most significant, in schmoozeball, advancing—something that happens only



Power hitters: the moguls of swat.

In Hollywood's Claw League, the ball's not all that gets pitched.

to base runners in the sport enshrined in Cooperstown—usually takes place on the bench. There, through the delivery of a successful pitch or the constant chattering of plugs, a player positions himself to move around the horn on Hollywood's Diamond Vision scoreboard.

However, the Claw League, now in its third successful year, owes its longevity to more than just the opportunity it provides for networking with the networks. Each game is a 12-inning, no-holds-barred, nofeelings-spared street fight. And the quality of play is quite good. Most league members played high school ball, and a few competed in college. League standards are upheld by Claw commissioner for life Scott Kaufer-yet another Warner Bros. V.P. Since deserters from the association are few, Kaufer is rarely called upon to screen, as it were, a new member. But on those occasions when a position opens up, applicants must willingly submit to a schmoozeanalysis, in which hot air from the larynx is closely examined to determine whether or not the candidate is joining merely to make a deal. Failure to pass the test does not necessarily preclude a Claw career, as at least one Time Inc. magazine editor turned network Pooh-Bah can testify. (All right, Dean Valentine.)

In spite of the autocratic stylings of schmoozeball's czar, the Claw League—like the majors of yore—is essentially Jeffersonian in concept, depending on a free press to keep it honest. The sporadic, erratic and occasionally brilliant Claw

News is published by Los Angeles Daily News staff artist Bob Myers, the Night-Rawk catcher. This journal features game stories, caricatures and barbed looks at players' home lives (one memorable article lampooned Sea Gull infielder Steve Oney—a Georgia-reared writer—for his Southern posturing, reporting that he breakfasts on corn flakes and bourbon).

How long can something as ingrown and incestuous as the Claw League last? Fan appreciation is, well, underwhelming. At most games, the peanut gallery consists of a lone golden retriever tied to a soccer goal along the first-base line. And outside the pages of Claw News, press coverage has hardly been favorable. Last year in The New Republic, West Coast correspondent and ex-schmoozeballer Mickey Kaus suggested that the Saturday games had been a factor in his decision to move from California to Washington, D.C. Kaus's lament was that the Claw League had begun as a noble cadre of journalists and editors but had quickly degenerated-without any personnel changesinto a self-serving cabal of screenwriters and operators. The subtext was obvious: Schmoozeballers sell out.

Shortly after the Kaus flap broke, a report reached Claw Field that a band of effete New York intellectuals of the Kausian ilk played a variety of softball every summer in Sag Harbor. The group's commissioner is novelist Wilfred Sheed: its all-stars include Time senior writer John Leo, editor-publisher Mort (The Atlantic, U.S. News & World Report) Zuckerman, perennial film subject Carl Bernstein, author Avery Corman (Kramer vs. Kramer) and PR maven John Scanlon. Remaindered copies of the participants' unread books are used as bases. And team jerseys feature iron-ons of George Eliot, Fenway Park and other relics that have traveled too long on faded glory, and the season highlight is the Artists' & Writers' Game (this brings out the biggies: Ben Bradlee, John Irving and George Plimpton) played each August in East Hampton. This news prompted several stalwart schmoozers to propose an invigorating new goal for the Claw League: a best-out-of-three series in an honest Midwestern city, such as Chicago, between the schmoozeballers and the boozeballers (it's said that the pencil pushers sip sherry between innings). And what if The New York Review of Books subscribers decline the Claw challenge? No big deal. At Claw Field, there's a short porch in right, and every schmoozer has a long shot at a star on Hollywood Boulevard.

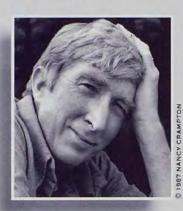
The author of this piece, who prefers to remain anonymous, is currently working on a book-length expose of the Claw League, to be published by Never Work Again in Hollywood Press, Oxnard, California.



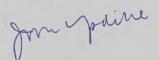
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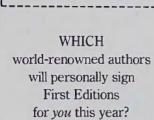
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THE YEAR



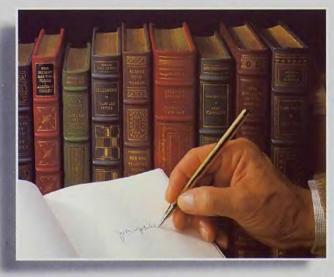
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BOOKS

IT'S BEEN SAID that experience is what you get when you don't get what you want, and that's about all we got from the Vietnam war: experience. Not the kind we wanted, maybe-and considering the millions of casualties and the ensuing political trauma suffered by the people of Vietnam, Cambodia, Laos and Thailand, not the kind they wanted, either. It was a largely innocent and overwhelmingly uninformed America that went to war in Southeast Asia—unaware of the stakes and oblivious to the lessons of history. Now we know better-or do we? Where Is Nicaragua? (Simon & Schuster) raises the possibility that we don't. Author Peter Davis directed Hearts and Minds, a Vietnam documentary that in many ways was a testament to the pitfalls of arrogance and ignorance. This time, he unravels the twists in the patterns of recent Nicaraguan history, touring the cities and countryside and interviewing the leaders and the led on both sides of the Sandinista/Contra issue. This is a thoughtful and absorbing guide to the problems facing Central America's problem republic. Pre-emptive journalism, you could call it—the kind we could have used back in the early Sixties, when a little country called Vietnam looked like an easy mark.

Robert B. Parker has a new Spenser mystery. Fans can stop reading here and go directly to the bookstore. Pale Kings and Princes (Delacorte) pits one of our favorite detectives against a small town taken over by machismo-crazed Colombian coke dealers transplanted to New England. Spenser's style resembles that of a pinball machine. His steel-hard character ricochets off the bumpers and bumpkins until he sees what lights up; then he goes for maximum points. The writing is taut, as usual; its pace can reduce a rock to sand in one paragraph. And his girl Susan Silverman is back. Yeah!

Crime is an equal-opportunity employer. Sara Paretsky has created a wonderful female detective named V. I. Warshawski and, to top things off, planted her in Chicago. Her eye for the city amuses and amazes us. In Bitter Medicine (Morrow), V. I. takes on the medical establishment in the land beyond O'Hare airport, as well as an anti-abortionist, an ex-husband and a Latin street-gang leader. We learn that when your name is spelled upside down in gang graffiti, it means you are out of favor and soon to be out of life. Go get this one.

Tired of all the nuke talk? Had it up to here with horror stories about nuclear winters and air-burst death factors? Maybe what you need is **Einstein's Monsters** (Harmony), a collection of short stories



Davis unravels Nicaraguan history.

Updike's civilized suburbia; King's newest thriller; Springsteen fans, rejoice.

about the black slapstick of nukeness. Author Martin Amis kicks off with an angry, intelligent introduction that's worth the price of the book.

John Updike blessedly ignores the trendy topics of so much modern fiction. His characters aren't two-career couples grappling with child care, job stress or sexism in the workplace. They don't engage in embarrassing court battles over kids or alimony. Rather, his befuddled men ponder their divorces, his bemused women ponder their husbands-and they all inhabit a cozy world of suburban lawns where even the messiest relationships are handled with extreme civility. His new collection of short fiction is titled Trust Me (Knopf), and most of the 22 stories are about the same comfortable situations as always-situations that were once considered scandalous and that now seem refreshingly innocent.

The spectacle of Stephen King writing intentionally bad Harlequin-novel prose ("She put her arms about his neck, bringing the firmness of her breast more fully into hand. 'Hush, my darling,' Misery whispered, 'and don't be silly. I'm here... right here. Now kiss me! If I die, I fear it will be with desire for you!") is just one of the pleasures of *Misery* (Viking), King's new thriller. The others are a terrifying premise and a plot that grinds merrily along from torture to dismemberment to goocy death. Romance

writer Paul Sheldon cracks up his car in Colorado's high country, only to be "rescued" by his biggest fan, Annie Wilkes. Annie is a psycho with an odd way of showing her love for Paul's bodice-ripping best sellers. She locks her wheelchairbound hero in a guest room and tortures him into writing a book just for her. What develops between Paul and his captor audience is a nightmarish Arabian Nights, with Paul as Scheherazade. If you think Misery has to do with King's ambivalent feelings toward his more rabid fans, you're probably right. If you think such a subtext detracts in any way from the sheer fun of reading Misery, Annie would like to have a word with you.

"Say what you will, when all is said and done, there is nothing we so greatly admire as the finely modulated criminal mind," is the way James Park Sloan's The Last Cold-War Cowboy (Morrow) ends. It's a fitting statement. Sloan has handed us a real thriller, a smart and sassy novel about a professor who takes a consulting job for a Texas oil millionaire and finds himself (A) flying to Indonesia, (B) the target of several people who are trying to color him dead, (C) reviewing his own life and finding that he has largely wasted it. With wit, humor and conciseness, Sloan gives us a tough tale of intrigue, doubledealing and murder.

If you lose custody of your daughter and one day you pick her up at school and take her to Jamaica and drink rum and talk to her and the two of you walk down a road to nowhere meeting incredible people—is that kidnaping? David Gilmour asks that question in his hilarious and touching novel **Back on Tuesday** (Peregrine Smith), and he answers it, too, with a fine and funny book.

Yes, Minister was one of the most successful TV comedy series ever presented by the quality-minded wits of the BBC; and The Complete Yes Minister (Salem House), by Jonathan Lynn and Antony Jay, reproduces the program (which has appeared on cable here) in diary form. On the surface, the story concerns the power struggles between a newly appointed and hopelessly naïve cabinet minister and the long-entrenched, supersuave civil servant who actually runs the department; but behind the laughter, there's a wealth of sharp observation.

BOOK BAG

Glory Days: Bruce Springsteen in the 1980s (Pantheon), by Dave Marsh: The Boss's further adventures, chronicled by Marsh from his up-close perspective.



SPORTS

By DAN JENKINS

Slobodan Zivojinovic vs. Miloslav Mecir, and so what? That's the state of tennis nowadays. Does the sport have a bigger fan than me? The following quiz may shed some light on this nagging question:

- 1. If Martina Navratilova is going to endorse another product, it should be
 - A. Eve shadow
 - B. Nail polish
 - C. A tractor
- When you last saw Stefan Edberg, he was
 - A. The waiter who brought you the mesquite-grilled salmon
 - B. On the Sports Illustrated swimsuit cover
 - C. Moving his lips in an effort to speak
 - 3. John McEnroe is married to
 - A. Madonna
 - B. Molly Ringwald
 - C. Kristy McNichol
 - 4. Hana Mandlikova is
 - A. Helena Sukova
 - B. Sylvia Hanika
 - C. Claudia Kohde-Kilsch
 - 5. Christo Van Rensburg is
 - A. The ruler of a tax-exempt principality
 - B. A Formula I driver
 - C. The heir to his father's detergent fortune
- 6. Over the past ten years, the greatest impact on tennis has been made by
 - A. Jimmy Connors' mother
 - B. John McEnroe's father
 - C. Bjorn Borg's hair
- 7. If you wanted to sell arms to Iran, you would deal with
 - A. Todd Nelson
 - B. Scott Davis
 - C. Mansour Bahrami
- 8. If you could win any title in tennis, it would be
 - A. The Nabisco Belgian-Milanese Fila Toyota Indoor-Outdoor Grand Prix
 - B. The Nabisco Ugandan-Argentine National Clay-Sand Grand Slims
 - C. The Nabisco Nigeria-Capri International Round Robin Grass-Surface Honda-Virginia International Prix
 - 9. John McEnroe is married to
 - A. Ally Sheedy
 - B. Demi Moore
 - C. Laura Dern



TENNIS UPDATE

- Forty-eight years ago, Boris Becker would have
 - A. Flown a Messerschmitt
 - B. Invaded Poland
 - C. Played tennis
 - 11. Ramesh Krishnan is
 - A. A friend of Shirley MacLaine's
 - B. Shirley MacLaine's other self
 - C. A tennis player
 - An unseeded player comes from
 - A. Behind the Iron Curtain
 - B. Sweden
 - C. The United States
 - 13. Mixed doubles should be rated
 - A. PG
 - B. R
 - C. X
 - 14. John McEnroe is married to
 - A. Scan Penn
 - B. Rob Lowe
 - C. Michael J. Fox
- 15. How many letters are missing from Ivan Lendl's name?
 - A. One
 - B. Two
 - C. Twelve
 - 16. Drop volley is
 - A. A ski trail in Aspen
 - B. A rock group from Liverpool
 - C. An old Southern dish made of peas, beans and grits
- 17. Women's tennis will soon be dominated by

- A. Front-end loaders
- B. Grain elevators
- C. Nuclear-power plants
- 18. The Davis Cup is
 - A. A jockstrap designed by a football player named Davis
 - B. A trophy brought back to America by Dennis Conner
 - C. A tennis competition that used to start again before it was over
- 19. Yannick Noah is
 - A. A real person
 - B. Not a real person
 - C. South of Point Barrow, Alaska
- 20. John McEnroe is married to
 - A. Diane Lanc
 - B. Daphne Zuniga
 - C. Vanna White
- 21. Which of the following tournaments is not a Grand Slam event?
 - A. Wimbledon
 - B. The U.S. Open
 - C. The French Open
 - D. The Australian Open
 - E. The Nabisco Auto Care Panama-Swiss Grand Invitational Sony Slims Grass-Seed Semi-Prix
- 22. What is more fun than spending a day at the U.S. Open in Flushing Meadow, Queens?
 - A. Spending a day in Beirut
 - B. Spending a day in Soweto
 - C. Spending a day in Tehran
- 23. At Wimbledon, the duke and duchess of Kent should
 - A. Shake hands with one ball boy
 - B. Shake hands with two ball boys
 - C. Ignore the little shits
 - 24. Amelia Island is
 - A. The site of a tennis tournament
 - B. A sitcom
 - C. A PLAYBOY centerfold
 - 25. Top-spin lob is
 - A. A ski trail in Sun Valley
 - B. Against the law of nature
 - C. An overweight Oriental who tried to kill James Bond
 - 26. Will Chris Evert
 - A. Come to the net?
 - B. Marry a dwarf who plays the guitar?
 - C. Quit while she's behind?
- 27. Would you rather watch John McEnroe play tennis than
 - A. Go to prison?
 - B. Walk with a permanent limp?
 - C. Eat fat meat?

You are hereby summoned to appear before the highest court in England.

MPORTED

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	will win the Wimbledon Men's	
	will win the Wimbledon Women's	
	d Co. Ltd. located? Answer	
Mail your completed entry form		
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Trumbull, CT 06611-1010	Name	
Entries must be postmarked		
by July 3, 1987. I certify	Address	
that I am of legal drinking age under the laws of my	City	

By ASA BABER

remember Yossarian, bomber pilot in Catch-22? Yossarian knew that he had to be crazy to fly bombers through heavy concentrations of flak and that such craziness could get him killed. So he went to the flight surgeon and asked to be grounded by reason of insanity. But the flight surgeon reminded him that there was a catch to his logic, Catch-22: By recognizing the madness of war, Yossarian proved he was sane, so he had to keep flying.

I think I'll write a novel called Catch-23. It will be about a vigorous male who feels as if he's always flying through flak. And he will experience today's classic double bind: He'll be accused of being sexist by feminists who are sexist, and he will be mocked for his maleness by people who are angered by his very nature. Like Yossarian, he'll look for relief from madness; and, like Yossarian, he will be hard pressed to find it.

Men have now had 25 years of sexists' calling us sexist. It is an amazing Catch-23. We've been living through a cultural revolution that has been largely unreported from the male side. We've been called evil and piggish and have been attacked at our core, and yet most of us have our own private check listsunshared and unspoken-of sexist assaults against us. If we ever got together and compared notes, we might learn something.

Item: An English professor who admires my fiction suggests that I apply for a teaching position at his university. I do so. He calls me. "This is confidential," he says, "but the feminists on the faculty will not read your work, because it's in PLAYBOY. They are boycotting it. You'll never get this job."

Item: A woman with whom I'm friends becomes angry when I won't close to an intimate distance. She is married, hiding our friendship from her husband, trying to make me a substitute for him. I won't cooperate. When she sees that my stubbornness is intractable, she writes me a series of letters. "You're not a player. You're just an observer, a voyeur," she writes. She labels me sexist, scarred, psychologically impotent. She claims virtue for herself. She knows how to love, she says, whereas I never will.

Item: Two women write an opinion piece in The New York Times. They rightly point out that no women were indicted in the Wall Street insider-trading scandals.



CATCH-23

They also correctly cite the sexism women experience in the field of mergers and acquisitions: Women are kept out of the locker rooms where much of the market gossip is traded. But then the writers go on to claim superiority for their own sex. Superiority, not equality. Women, they decide, simply are not as corrupt as men. 'Perhaps absolute power absolutely-only if you're male," they

Item: I go to see Outrageous Fortune, a slick and sometimes funny movie, usually funny at the expense of men. I enjoy Bette Midler and Shelley Long, but I am troubled by Peter Covote's role. He is every feminist's foil: a man who seems at first to be a nurturer but who turns out to be horrid. At the end of the movie, as Coyote misses a jump that Long makes and is falling to his death, she yells out to him, "Nine years of ballet, asshole!" I do not laugh, though most of the women I know think that is a hilarious moment. "I've never laughed so hard in my life," one of them says. Later, under the caption SOCKINGLY REALISTIC, a gossip column reports with bemusement, "If you think it looks pretty realistic when Bette Midler socks Peter Coyote in Outrageous Fortune, it was. She connected so soundly that she actually broke his eye socket." I wonder to myself how it would be reported if Covote broke Midler's eye socket. I suspect I would find a covey of feminists in high dudgeon.

I'm going to make a quantum jump now. I'm going to suggest that the Catch-23 process is more damaging than you may think. We've had a quarter century of male bashing, of feminists' claiming virtue for themselves while they call men sexists and ignore their own sexism. It's a form of induced schizophrenia, and it is a killing tactic.

The Centers for Disease Control recently issued a report on suicide among the nation's young people. By 1980, five young males committed suicide for every female. The suicide rate for young males increased 50 percent between 1970 and 1980 (compared with a two percent increase for females). "Further research is needed," the centers reported, "to explain the marked increase in suicide among young white males, to characterize their deaths more precisely and to develop and evaluate effective ways to prevent these deaths."

The reasons for suicide may always remain deep and mysterious, but surely the cultural dynamic of the past years has to be considered as one of the causes. The signals in this culture have been mostly antimale. Young men react to that, sometimes self-destructively.

As I watched Outrageous Fortune, I also watched a mother and her two young sons in front of me. The mother thought the movie was a laugh riot. The boys were confused. They initially liked Peter Coyote (he comes on as a grade school teacher, loving and likable at first, the perfect father). After he is exposed as a murderer and rogue, they didn't see one strong and decent male presence on the screen. I thought about the number of boys being raised with the idea that being male is a nasty condition, shameful and oppressing, limited and dull. Welcome to the world of Catch-23, I thought, a place where sexists trap you into believing that only you are sexist.

Yossarian survived his war, and it's up to us to survive ours. That's the male job: to survive at all costs, to keep on trucking, to never give up. One way we'll do a better job of surviving is by understanding the double bind we live under, by finding ways of getting out from under it and then by celebrating our outrageous fortune at being alive. A

Yossarian did it. So can we.

WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

Here is the classic New York evening among single people these days: We sit around, talking of this movie and that restaurant, then maybe a broken relationship, then the new babies everyone is having. Then somebody says something about being sex-starved, then somebody else agrees that it's a sex-starved era and we sit and nod for a moment, lamenting the easier times when sexual alliances formed at the blink of an eye. And, of course, it's inevitable—somebody mentions AIDS.

I can always tell when the subject is about to rear its fearsome head. My heart begins a dreadful thumping and my brain starts shrieking, "No, no, no! Change the subject quick! Discuss storm windows!"

Because I know what will happen. We will all fall into an abyss of dread and horror, and we won't be able to climb out again. Not that it happens all at once. We skirt playfully around the issue, confident that this time we won't get sucked down.

"Well," says, say, Harry, "it just seems so complicated. I mean, you want to ask people for blood tests, doctor's reports."

"And I just don't like condoms," says Melanie.

"You don't like condoms? Hah!" says Fred. "Try being a man. It's like fucking through a shower curtain."

"It's a plague," says Ruth. "We're suddenly living in a time of plague. Like syphilis before penicillin."

So far, OK. Nobody's freaked yet. But then somebody will say it.

"Sometimes I think I have AIDS," says Melanic.

Then we all say, "Me, too," and then we're sunk. Our faces become drained of color; our eyes stare without focusing; we're in our own private hells. Fear and loathing, 1987 style. So many of us think we're going to die; so many of us think we deserve to die.

I do. Here's what my private hell looks like: The face of my mother swims by, whispering, "I know you'll be a good girl." Then my father, a dark ghost, hisses, "Get those boys out of the house! Tramp!" Off in the distance, I see my 11-year-old friend Phyllis telling ten-year-old me, "The man pees up the lady's ass and that's how babies are made." "Ewe!" I shrick back, and then I see myself in the arms of 100 lovers, my legs around thick, masculine necks, thrusting and sweating. And I know I will die for my sins.

I know a man who sleeps with four



AIDS PARANOIA

women, and he can't get it up with any of them.

"Could it be fear of AIDS?" I asked, and he stopped speaking to me.

I know a woman who wakes up frozen with AIDS nightmares.

I know a 63-year-old suburban woman who once saw her lover with a male friend and became convinced she was infected.

I know two people who have had the test, even though some doctors counsel against it for those who aren't at high risk (who aren't junkies or gay and promiscuous and haven't had a suspect blood transfusion), since the results are often misleading and inconclusive. These two women are obnoxious. I used to like them. Now I want to punch them. "We must not succumb to hysteria," they caution calmly, smugly. Their tests were negative, so they're suddenly experts in dread.

"Don't talk to me about hysteria; you were wetting your pants until you got the test results!" I yelled at one of them.

And I know more people than you think who, the minute something good happens—they get engaged, they get a raise—are convinced they've got AIDS.

The reality of the times is truly horrible. There is plenty of reason to be depressed and fearful. Friends and loved ones are dying. But something else is happening. Reality is merging with our fantasics, preying on sexual guilts and sexual fears. Last summer, my friend Seth died. This

was a big blow. I would sit with him in the hospital, watching him just stare with an expression that frightened me.

After Seth died, I had a screaming battle with my best friend, neither of us knowing what to do with the rage and guilt that came with his death—and then I fell into a severe depression. I was sure I was dying; I was sure I had AIDS. I was on vacation in the country, driving down pretty lanes, certain of my impending doom. Only after several weeks did I realize that my own guilt was causing my fear. I should have been there more for Seth. I was punishing myself. I spoke with several other people whose friends had died; they reported the same weirdness.

As I write this, the media are hysterical. Turn on the TV news, read newspapers and magazines and you'll be convinced that the human race is finished, that it's only a matter of moments until the heterosexual epidemic hits with a vengeance. Statistics do not bear this out. At last report, the rate of increase was slowing. But that doesn't matter. AIDS is so scary, it makes such a strong news story that our mass consciousness is AIDS-crazed.

This is not a plea to throw out your condoms and begin fucking everyone in sight. We have to be careful; we don't want to die. But if massive, irrational fears overtake you, look inward. Think about the horrible stigma of a disease that is associated with promiscuity and deviant sexual practices. Think about your own past, your own sexual evolution. Sexual repression and guilt are still with us. Even after the alleged sexual revolution, we all have nameless fantasies about what weird perverts we really are.

We can easily forget that sex is the life force, something that motivates us profoundly, God's biological trick to keep the race flourishing and not simply a filthy, sneaky practice. Just because we've fucked our brains out occasionally and haven't stuck all that closely to the Judaeo-Christian ethic does not mean we deserve to die. We may deserve to have our hands slapped or our reputations ruined, but we don't deserve a virus that shrivels our immune systems. Sex is good. AIDS is bad.

In place of hysteria, we need compassion and dignity. We need to work incessantly to help find a cure, a vaccine. We must stop blaming the victims of AIDS and instead mourn their tragedy. It's the only way to set the life force back on track.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

am worried about contracting a venereal disease during sex. What should I do? Also, I suffer from premature ejaculation. Any suggestions? And finally, I would like to increase the size of my penis. What do you recommend?—J. W., New York, New York.

Here are the answers to your queries: 1. Wear a condom. 2. Wear two condoms. 3. Wear three condoms.

There's a girl in my aerobics class who is incredibly limber. We've become lovers and already we've exhausted most of the known positions. We're trying to figure out ways to make love that will tap her flexibility. Any suggestions?—S. C., Boston, Massachusetts.

We think it's time you took a tour of India and tried some of the positions you see in temple carvings-or read a few of those ancient sex manuals. "The Perfumed Garden," for woman must wear a pair of pantaloons, which she lets drop upon her heels; then she stoops, placing her head between her feet, so that her neck is in the opening of her pantaloons. At that moment, the man, seizing her legs, turns her upon her back, making her perform a somersault; then, with his legs curved under him, he brings his member right against her vulva and, slipping it between her legs, inserts it. It is alleged that there are women who, while lying on their backs, can place their feet behind their heads without the help of pantaloons or hands." If you can't find a pair of pantaloons, tights will do nicely.

'm planning to buy a new car fairly soon, and one of my major priorities is resale value. Which options and features add to the value of a used car and which should I stay away from?—F. F., Orlando, Florida.

First, for the average used car (these things do vary with type, size and price range), the big three features are automatic transmission, air conditioning and power steering. The lack of any one of these can cost you \$200-\$600 at wholesale (trade-in), or even more if you sell privately. After that, the two biggest-ticket items are a T-bar roof and a sliding "moon roof." Then come power windows, a sliding sun roof, split power seats, an AM/FM/cassette stereo and (believe it or not) a fake convertible top. Other features that dealers deem desirable-and therefore worth extra bucks-include a tilt steering wheel, cruise control, power door locks, an AM/FM stereo, digital instruments, a flip-up sun roof, a power seat, split bench seats, leather upholstery, a vinyl top, two-tone paint, wire wheel covers, custom or wire wheels and (on wagons) a luggage rack, wood-grain siding and a third seat. These all increase the newcar price as well, of course, so don't load up



on things you don't really want. Some (vinyl top, wire wheel covers, exterior wood grain) also reflect old-fashioned values that are finally dying out, and we wouldn't be caught comatose with them on our car. Some option packages—especially those LEs and GLs with luxury trim—also increase value. So do lower-than-average mileage and extraordinary condition. But that's about it; nothing else counts for much. Our advice is to find a current "Kelley Blue Book" (the used-car-value bible) at a library and learn how to use it.

have a very interesting and delightful question about my girlfriend, who possesses inverted nipples. During my fondling of the clitoris and sucking of the breast, her climax occurs simultaneously with the erection of the nipple. I am not sure which is the cause and which is the effect. This is not a random happening; there is a correlation. Have you heard of this before? Do all ladies with inverted nipples have this sexual response? Could it be harmful if, in fact, I'm sucking so hard that I cause the inversion? How do I go about finding more ladies with this characteristic?—J. P., Essexville, Michigan.

Inverted nipples are not uncommon, and since most women (and men) find nipple stimulation enjoyable, it seems quite natural that your partner climaxes from it. There is no harm in sucking and fondling her breasts as long as she does not experience any pain or discomfort. As to your finding more ladies who possess this characteristic, your guess is as good as ours. Direct questioning in your local tavern would probably lead to blows, and not the kind you're looking for. A more discreet, anonymous approach—such as put-

ting an ad in the personal classifieds—may yield some nonviolent results.

Aargh! My girlfriend and I tend to fight a lot. We will start a discussion about where the relationship is going, and the next thing we know, the adrenaline is on the rise. We don't shout or scream at each other, but the result is just as deadly. We avoid each other, or sulk, or just stop listening. I know this sounds crazy, but even though there's so much grief, I want to make this relationship work. How do you fight? Are there emotional Robert's Rules of Order?—L. S., Dallas, Texas.

A few years ago, Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality published an article called "17 Rules for Better Communication," by Robert J. Pellegrini. We've kept a list of his suggestions pinned to our wall; they come in handy now and then. Here they are, with some clarification:

Set a mutually acceptable time and place in which to argue or discusspreferably a time and place other than right here and now. [This allows a cooling-off period.] Think before you talk. Permit only one person to talk at a time. Practice active listening. [Before your partner replies, she has to be able to restate your position in her own words, and vice versa.] Be specific. Have a plan. Don't overload your partner with grievances. Limit the discussion to one issue at a time. Deal with counterdemands only after the original ones have been communicated clearly and addressed directly. [If she wants you to take out the garbage more often, deal with that before you get to the question of wife swapping with the neighbors.] Be open to giving and receiving feedback. Be tolerant. Avoid mind reading. [Don't think you know what your partner is really thinking. Always ask. Don't interpret.] Avoid mind raping. Avoid name calling. Refrain from sarcasm. Take a win-win attitude. [Life is not a fixed pie. You and she are not competing for the biggest slice. A little cooperation can increase the size of the pie; a fight for points, or all or nothing, can destroy it.] Focus on the here and now. [Don't take out yesterday's garbage. Try to come up with a strategy that will solve today's problem and make tomorrow easier.]

When CD players were introduced, we had the idea that the discs were immune to dirt, scratches, destruction. You could serve a pizza on your cherry copy of Dire Straits' Love Over Gold, toss it into the player and Mark Knopfler would sound like God, as usual. It doesn't work that way. I've noticed that I'm starting to get

clicks and pops on some of my discs. What can I do to salvage the sound?—D. P., Portland, Oregon.

Go light on the pepperoni. CDs are not indestructible. Light scratches can disrupt the laser beam and bring that Rice Krispies snap, crackle and pop to your favorite tunes. The cure? Believe it or not, car wax. A cream auto wax will reduce some of the interference. You can also buy something called Data Mud, a specially formulated wax for cleaning discs, from Kamacorp Inc., P.O. Box 43128, Upper Montclair, New Jersey 07048.

My lover wants me to talk dirty to her in bed. I don't have the faintest clue as to what I should say. Can you offer any hints?—T. S., Detroit, Michigan.

Almost half of the people who answered PLAYBOY'S "Readers' Sex Survey" said that they occasionally talked dirty during sex. Talking dirty can get you into the realm of the imagined and forbidden; it can be a great turn-on without being threatening. Here's a list of conversational icebreakers from an expert: "If you're fucking in one position, tell her how much you'd like to get her in a different one. If you're in one orifice, tell her how you'd feel about being in a different one. Tell her how she'd feel. Tell her what she looks like with her pants down and her legs spread. Tell her how good she feels, how good she looks. Tell her you're going to tie her up-it's not necessary to do it, just tell her about it. Tell her you know how much she secretly wants to tie you up. Tell her how good she is with her mouth or how good you're going to be with your mouth. Tell her you have fantasies about her in class, at the office, in the elevator. Tell her you are going to fuck her in class, at the office, that only you know what a sexual animal she is. Tell her that she's in control. Tell her to rub your cock with her pussy. Tell her her pussy's on fire. . . . "

Get the idea? Shock value is erotic. Don't try to clean up your act; if you're going to talk dirty, talk dirty.

keep telling my girl I'm a prince of a guy, and now she says I should prove it by taking her to a castle for a vacation. Can you suggest someplace in Europe that looks like the real thing but won't cost a king's ransom?—P. K., New York, New York.

The Continental countryside is littered with turrets, but if you want a castle that's worth its keep, here are a few tips. The level of luxury can vary enormously from castle to castle, as can the authenticity of the accommodations. If you want a bona fide feudal castle that dates from the 11th to the 15th centuries or so (and has been upgraded to 20th Century standards), your best bets may be in the British Isles. Most of the truly livable and lavish kingly retreats there are actually castlelike palaces or royal hunting lodges that are anywhere from 100 to 300 years old. For atmosphere and reasonable prices, it's hard to beat the restored castles that are a

part of Spain's national system of paradores, or government-run inns. A palace such as the Parador Marqués de Villena in Alarcón, parts of which are more than 1000 years old, will gladden the heart of any senorita. Germany, France and Austria are also chockablock with hotels built within castle walls. The only guidebook we know of on this subject is "Castle Hotels of Europe," by Robert P. Long (Simon & Schuster, \$7.95). You should also check out the catalog issued by the Relais et Château Association, which has about 350 outstanding properties all over Europe, including many luxury lodgings in castles. The guide costs ten dollars and is available from the David B. Mitchell & Company, 200 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10016. These places are just the thing for a few quiet knights or maybe a bit of jousting in the royal bedchambers.

live in a cabin in the woods with no electricity, so my only choice in vibrators is the battery-operated kind. The problem is that I haven't been able to find one that doesn't sound like a vacuum cleaner running on high or somebody mowing his lawn outside your bedroom window on a Sunday morning. I live out here because I enjoy the peace and quiet. Do you know anybody who manufactures a battery-operated vibrator that can give a person a quiet thrill?—Miss M. K., Anchorage, Alaska.

Yours is a frequent complaint; unfortunately, it seems to fall on deaf ears. Maybe the manufacturers have been using their own product. We suggest that you insert the vibrator into a section of bicycle tube or pipe insulation. Or maybe you could wrap it in handle-bar tape to deaden the noise and improve your grip. If you ever invent a quiet vibrator, the world will beat a path to your, er, door.

My 19-year-old girlfriend and I have enjoyed a fantastic love affair for more than a year. We plan to live together openly after her graduation and someday possibly marry.

Although she's extremely mature for her 19 years, I realize that she has a lot of growing to do. She has fooled around with other guys in the past, but I am her first real lover. My concern is that she needs a variety of life experiences to help her grow and learn what she needs from a permanent relationship. Each of us must make his or her own mistakes along the way. I am now caught up in a Catch-22 situation and seek your advice. At one extreme, I could give her total freedom and try to recreate this beautiful relationship in several years. But once gone, could it ever be brought back? Also, I am too selfish to walk away from this relationship, which is still getting better all the time. At the other extreme, I could hold tight. But will she someday regret the early commitment or resent me for being the cause of it? My divorce partially resulted from just such a "too young for a commitment" situation.

Or should I just enjoy it all now and let the future work itself out?—P. F., Detroit, Michigan.

At one point in your letter, you state that "each of us must make his or her own mistakes along the way." The bulk of your letter, however, expresses concern over early commitment and possible later resentment on the part of this girl. We suggest that you practice what you preach. Let her make her own mistakes, and let her live her own life. For now, that includes you. If it develops into something permanent, your worries will have been in vain. And if it doesn't, you've just wasted precious time wondering about a future that might not even happen.

My girlfriend has suggested that she needs more foreplay and more stroking during sex. She says that intercourse is not as exciting as masturbation, because it's less dexterous. She says that I should spend more time using my hands and shouldn't rely exclusively on my genitals. Can you give me any suggestions?—K. A., Skokie, Illinois.

Here's how to do it. Wet the tips of your first two fingers. Your saliva will do; hers would do better. Make gentle contact with the marvelous, slippery flesh at the front of her vagina. Don't probe it; don't press it. Just feel it, and suppress your own sense of time and purpose. Listen for a response. This is better than biofeedback. If you're on the right track, adjust your touch to your partner's response and extend the territory. You're not looking for the clitoris-not yet. Move your fingers to the entrance of the vagina. Gently enter it so that just the pads of your finger tips are inside, no deeper for the moment. Let your finger tips do a little flutter kick right therenot a mechanical one but a sensuous one. If it works, stay with it. A little more penetration may be in order; if it isn't, try a little less. If things go well, you're on your own, but improvisation is in order. Slip in a third wiggly finger. Check out the G spot—it's on the front wall of the vagina, about two finger joints in. Take your other hand and gently play with her clitoris while both of your fingers are inside her. Better, use your tongue. Or use your free hand to stroke her ass and make gentle contact with her buttocks. Do not jump on her when you think she's ready. Stay with what's working five to ten minutes after you get the ready signal. If she tells you she has to have it, don't give it to her-not then. Tease. Have her add her hand to yours, to suggest rhythm and direction. Clip your fingernails first.

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



DEAR PLAYMATES

he question for the month:

What is the sexiest part of a man's body?

is eyes. I'm more turned on by a man's personality than by his physical appearance. I think you start to take

someone's looks for granted after you've known him for a while. But a man's personality can turn you on indefinitely, and I think a man says a lot with his eyes. He can look into you or he



can look past you. Basically, I think it would be hard for a man to look right at me, really look at me and not be truthful. I'm not fussy about eye color, just the seri-

ousness of his gaze.

Hanne (an LAURIE CARR DECEMBER 1986

t depends on the man. But a couple of things come to mind-his eyes, then his derrière, then his hands and, finally, his

shoulders. His eyes tell me a lot. He could have a great body but have eyes like a cow. So who would care? Not me. You need to see a little promise, maybe, in his eyes. Clothes don't add to or detract any-



thing from a sexy man. A man can look wonderful and dress poorly. I couldn't care less about that. If he has something about him that I like, I'll see it past the clothes.

> Carol Ficaries DECEMBER 1985

like a real strong, structured face-high cheekbones, a square jaw and a welldefined look. But I do have to admit that if

I'm looking over a large crowd of people, I find myself looking at rear ends. There is

nothing better than a nice, slim behind in a pair of Levi's. Once I start analyzing a man's looks seriously, always look at his face and his eyes. But my honest and true order when checking out a



guy is his rear, then his eyes and, finally, his face. There's no point in lying, is there?

is butt. And his lips. Those are a man's sexiest parts. I like a round butt

and really thick lips. But those kinds of lips have to be framed in terrific-looking bone structure. This is a pretty difficult question. You discover what's sexy to you when you meet the right kind



of man who has a good personality to go with his physical attributes. If he just has a nice butt, forget it.

God! I like it all. I'm sorry, but I like it all. Be serious? OK, let's see: On the face,

it has to be the lips, teeth and eyes. If he has straight, gorgeous white teeth, it's all over for me. Working down the bod, the chest is next. The biceps, the lats, the traps and the abs. Then the butt.



I love body hair, too. You know how men's legs get those little gold hairs after they've been out in the sun for a while? The sun turns them a kind of goldfish color. Oh, my God, that kills me. And hands. I love nice, manicured hands.

Lynne Custix

Oh, gosh. His chest and his tush. I just love a cute, round tush, especially when

I'm making love and hanging on to a little tush. I love to cuddle up next to a chest. The size doesn't matter. Hair or no hair, that doesn't matter, either. Just the chest. I'm comfortable with the way I look



and I want him to be comfortable with his looks, too. Then, if he's got that tush I like, we may be right for each other.

Rebekka Dumstrong

REBEKKA ARMSTRONG SEPTEMBER 1986

A man's legs. Definitely. A runner's leg-not a real muscular kind of guy who

has trouble because his legs stick together. A nice, lean leg, like the flanks of a horse. A well-taken-careof leg, with nice calves-from hip to heel, as a matter of fact. The way a guy carries himself is also very



important and makes him look sexy. If he feels good about his looks, that can be very attractive.

Donna Edmondson

DONNA EDMONDSON NOVEMBER 1986

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

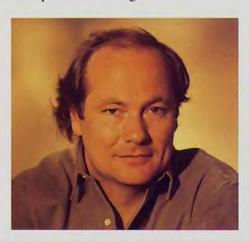
Foltène[®], Europe's answer to thinning hair

For fuller, thicker, healthier looking hair

Facts about thinning hair.

Beyond the age of 25, our bodies tend to lose the vibrance and vitality they had in youth. And so does our hair. Fewer hairs are produced, and they tend to be weaker. The hair begins to lose sheen, manageability and strength.

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

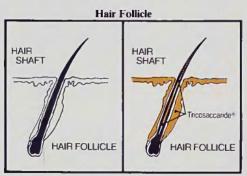


You are not alone.

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

Some encouraging news from research

While conducting tests in Europe, research scientists noticed that some special compounds had an interesting side effect. When used in topical hair treatments, condition of thinning hair significantly improved. The researchers then combined a number of these biological extracts together to create a special compound called Tricosaccaride® which is the basis for Foltene®.



Before Foltene Use

After Foltene Use

When massaged into the scalp, the Foltene double action system actually penetrates both the hair shaft and the hair follicle, rejuvenating the look and condition of the hair and the follicle. Foltene supplement can provide fuller, thicker, healthier looking hair and better manageability with improved shine.

How to get Foltene.

Foltene Supplement for Thinning Hair is now available at better hair styling salons and selected department stores. Or if you can't find it, you can order directly from Foltene by calling toll free 1-800-847-4438. Each package of 10, 7 ml ampules costs \$45.00 plus \$3.50 postage and handling. For the initial attack phase, two packages are recommended.





Would Crown Prince Joseph of Austria have given his father a mini-van?



Your father should expect only the very best from his heir. Give him the Scotch that will more than meet his expectations: Johnnie Walker Black Label. It takes twelve long years to create just one bottle of this great Scotch. It has every right to be expensive.



Jim and Tammy Faye Bakker of the P.T.L. (Praise the Lord, People That Love, Pass the Loot, Praise the Libido?) Club took a nasty tumble recently when reports of his sexual indiscre-

tion and her detox woes surfaced. Well. were we shocked! Who would have expected such things from men and women of the cloth? Our attempts to probe led us back to the source-the collected works of Jim and Tammy Bakker, which include the major early writings, I Gotta Be Me, Run to the Roar, Move That Mountain and You Can Make It! Good titles. Good people. Here's the credo.

TAMMY EXPLAINS THE MIRACLE OF THE HOUSE TRAILER

"We prayed and asked God to give us the money to buy a trailer. We took this meeting in West Virginia, a tiny church up in the mountains. God began to bless and move. We started praying for the trailer in that meeting and people put \$100 bills in the offering for us. We were embarrassed because we had been putting \$20 and \$30 in the bank. Now God was performing a miracle and giving us the most money we had ever had in our

"The next week, we purchased the most beautiful 30-foot Holiday Rambler trailer."

TAMMY ON LOVING THOSE NATIVES

"We were raising money to be missionaries in the Amazon. (Can you imagine me in the Amazon! All day long trying to keep my false eyelashes from falling off and my nails from breaking. The only way I would have fit in is that I like jewelry just as much as the natives.)"

THEY SHOOT MINISTERS. DON'T THEY?

"In the last few years, I have seen

THE WORLD ACCORDING TO

JIM & TAMMY

several fellow ministers 'hit the dust.' as they say in Western movies. Some of the greatest soul-winning evangelists of this generation are not even preaching today. They slipped. They made a mis-

"Someone once said that the ministry is the only brotherhood where they shoot their own wounded! And they might have added that if anyone else tries to help the wounded, he gets shot, too!"

TAMMY'S FAITH IN JESUS

"One day while eating supper, little Chi Chi, who liked lima beans, ate some and ran into another room. . . . When the dog didn't return, I wondered. Jim had seen the dog fall over on the carpet and not get up. Jim went and checked Chi Chi and then gently said, 'Tammy, Chi Chi is dead.' . . .

"I prayed and prayed and prayed. 'O Jesus, please raise Chi Chi from the dead.' I expected Jim to bring Chi Chi home any minute.'

TAMMY'S FAITH IN JIM

"I made up my mind that I was going to trust Jim with those beautiful, young, talented women. . . . God gave me a total victory over that, and I have not worried about it since."

TAMMY TRIES SOMETHING NEW

"Would you believe I was semistoned for two days?

"I had a starry-eyed, glassy look that really made me look 'spacy.'

"I saw spiders crawling all over the drapes and I tried to jump out of bed to kill them.

"I was turning into a zombie."

child of Mine should look.""

"'I want you to resign your job at CBN today.""

"'Get your house ready; I have someone coming to buy it today.""

"Tammy, let Me be your

psychiatrist.""

"Hey, girl, this is it. You've got to make up your mind.""

"'Go fishing.""

ON WHY AND HOW WE **LIVE SO WELL**

"God wants His kids to have the best and we were living the way the rich lived.'

"We were able to buy a home in the better part of the city. A big, beautiful home on the lake. Nobody could believe that we could own a home like that on the little bit of money that the two of us made."

"Most of the people who go bankrupt don't go under because they have too little income-they just don't manage it well... Failure to use money wisely causes more heartache and trouble than you can imagine."

"The elderly man shook my hand and in so doing gave me two ten-dollar bills! 'Praise the Lord,' I said to myself."

JEWELS AND JIM

"[The woman] reached into the showcase and pulled out two beautiful Alaskan black-diamond rings.

"We were floored at [her] generosity . . . yet we realized it was simply the Lord's way of fulfilling the desires of our hearts. Not only that, [she] gave us a large donation and we drove home with more money than we had arrived with.'

SEX ACCORDING TO JIM

"In the heat of lust, who thinks of the awful price being paid for a moment of passion?"



F E E D B A C K

DEATH TRIPPED UP

William J. Helmer, in "American Death Trip" (The Playboy Forum, April), condemns the death penalty. He quotes statistics from a study that shows that there have been 343 wrongful convictions since 1900-and 25 wrongful executions. What he fails to cite are statistics on the guilty who are released on nitpicking technicalities or who are given a slap-on-thewrist sentence-and then go out to murder, rape or assault again.

> William C. Randal Albany, Georgia

You miss the point. The elaborate appellate safeguards built into the criminal-justice system to prevent fatal mistakes are the major source of the "nitpicking technicalities" that murderers and rapists use to overturn convictions and remain on the streets. That is Helmer's objection to the death penalty—it doesn't deter, it costs a fortune to enforce and it so complicates the law that the guilty often escape punishment.

There is a mistaken belief that the death penalty saves taxpayers money: The execution of an inmate means one less person requiring room, board and guards. Think again. Recent studies in Texas show that the state's 19 executions since 1982 cost it \$50,000,000. A life sentence with no parole costs 25 percent less than an execution. That money could well be put to better use.

Robert Allen May Huntsville, Texas

There is another reason to abolish the death penalty, and that is that it's discriminatory. A recent Illinois study shows that in Cook

County, the state's attorney is twice as likely to request the death penalty for black defendants as he is for white defendants when the murder victim is white. It also shows that there are a disproportionate number of blacks and Hispanics sentenced to

ENGLISH SCIENCE

JUDICIAL HAND JOB

U.S. district judge W. Brevard Hand recently ruled that secular humanism is, indeed, a religion and that its tenets are put forth in more than 40 textbooks in use in the Alabama public schools. He ordered the books removed from the schools because they violated the First Amendment's separation of church and state.

Here's what some commentators had to say about secular humanism and Judge Hand's decision.

"It might be called the emperor's new religion it appears to exist only in the eyes and minds of the beholders."—John H. Buchanan, chairman, People for the American Way.

"If it is a religion, where is its 501 (c) 3 exemption letter from the IRS? Has it ever had a building drive or a pledge campaign? Has it got a TV show? Has a sec-hum minister ever been defrocked? Or even ordained? Have they ever held a rummage sale or sent missionaries to Africa or held died-again revivals?"—Curt Donaldson, guest columnist, USA Today.

"A Federal judge in Alabama has done what Congress is constitutionally forbidden to do. He has established a religion, given it a name and banned its teaching in the public schools of the state."—William Raspberry, columnist, *The Washington Post*.

death after conviction.

S. Potter Springfield, Illinois

FARRELL FEEDBACK

Warren Farrell's observation that women read Family Circle because they

are primarily interested in home and family and that men read PLAYBOY because "access to beautiful women without fear of rejection" is their primary fantasy (The Playboy Forum, April) is slightly skewed. My personal experience makes me think that women want men to appear in GQ, have a Fortune and buy them Better Homes and Gardens. Money magazine is their reading of choice.

Keith Leinenbach Tucson, Arizona

Contrary to what Warren Farrell believes, a woman does not buy Family Circle and Better Homes and Gardens because they are related to her fantasy life but because she knows that she isby default-responsible for home and family, even if she also works outside the home. She needs the recipes they contain because she's responsible for meals; she uses the coupons because she does the grocery shopping; and she reads the articles because she is responsible for everything from interior decorating to family health. Fantasy makes her buy these magazines? Hardly-just common sense.

> Diann A. Siler Hixson, Tennessee

Warren Farrell is merely reinforcing the Stone Age belief that men are wild and women must tame them. I certainly hope we've progressed beyond that.

Michele Hein Tustin, California

IN JEOPARDY

Alex Trebek, host of TV's Jeopardy!, placed himself in jeopardy recently when he disallowed a question offered

by a female contestant. The answer that came up under the category "Etiquette" was "Occupy separate rooms on separate floors of the same hotel." The contestant offered this question: "What do a man and a woman do when traveling (continued on page 44)

FORUM

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

BLOCK THAT PRAYER

ATLANTA—Southern high school football—and the region's other public school sports—may never be the same if higher courts uphold the decision of a U.S. district court to ban pregame prayers as a violation of the First Amendment. Judge



G. Ernest Tidwell acknowledged that the prayers were well intended and might even lend dignity to the games, reminding spectators and players of the importance of sportsmanship and fair play. "However," he said in his 21-page decision, "the invocations also endorsed Protestant Christian doctrine," contrary to the Constitution's ban on Government support of religion. The school board argued that pregame prayers were a long-standing tradition, to which Georgia's A.C.L.U. responded that "the real tradition in our country is separation of church and state."

WAR WITHOUT END, AMEN

washington, d.c.—Despite a doubling of Federal spending to combat drugs, more illegal drugs than ever are being smuggled into the country. Federal agencies have spent more than \$800,000,000 in the past five years in their efforts to deter drug smuggling. According to a report by the Office of Technology Assessment, "Despite these efforts, only a small percentage of drugs are being seized and the flow of drugs into this country has not yet been stemmed." The report estimated that the street value of illegal drugs is 50 billion dollars annually, a retail trade the OTA said was greater than that of

Sears and K mart combined. The report concluded that the enormous profitability of illegal drugs means that efforts to intercept or deter smugglers "will probably never result in more than a short-term or relatively small reduction in drug availability."

TY-D TESTING

WASHINGTON, D.C.-The rules for the drug testing of some 1,000,000 Federal employees have been established with an eye toward drug-test cheating and include such interesting measures as dying toilettank water blue, immediate temperature checking of urine and direct observation of urination. These tactics are established largely to prevent the dilution of urine with toilet water. The president of one Federal employees' union called the program a "comic exercise in Ty-D-Bol justice" and said that the guidelines would "add more insult to constitutional injury against Federal workers, who, after being accused by the President of being guilty before being innocent, are now being labeled as potential cheats."

A TAXING QUESTION

PHOENIX-Concluding that pornography is here to stay and should be contributing to state coffers, Arizona state representative Leslie Johnson has filed a bill that would impose "a luxury tax on adult-entertainment publications, films and video-tape recordings." The tax would be one dollar per adult book, magazine or newspaper and \$2.50 per adult video tape. A spokesman for Arizona governor Evan Mecham sees the bill as presenting a "double-edged" philosophical problem for Mecham, for "he's in favor of whatever legal measures we can take against pornography. However, he is, of course, opposed to raising taxes, so he's got a dilemma."

INSULT ME, PLEASE

washington, D.C.—U.S. Attorney General Edwin Meese has proposed allowing school districts to subject teachers to urine testing as a condition of their employment—on the ground that it would be insulting to suggest that a teacher, in his or her capacity as a role model, was "any less important" to public safety than a transportation worker. To this, the president of the American Federation of Teachers

responded, "The Reagan Administration has a hell of a lot of nerve resting on a role-model argument, given the Iran scandal and other goings on."

REBELLIOUS ROMANS

LILLE, FRANCE—The Catholic University in Lille has declared that it will continue its in-vitro-fertilization program for childless couples, whether the Vatican likes it or not. The university said its medical school staff members are "convinced in their consciences that they are not only not doing illicit work but that they are offering to the couples involved an infinitely precious human service." The Catholic Church issued a recent document condemning in-vitro fertilization, among other kinds of artificial insemination.

KEEP IT CLEAN

While some health authorities in the U.S. debate the wisdom of providing free sterile needles to I.V. drug users, several cities are encouraging addicts to sterilize their own needles—with ordinary household bleach. In San Francisco, an organization called the Mid-City Consortium to Combat AIDS, after finding that 90 percent of San Francisco's drug addicts share needles, started distributing thousands of one-ounce bottles of bleach with instructions for using it to disinfect



needles. In Chicago, large bottles of bleach are being supplied to "shooting galleries" by the University of Illinois' School of Public Health, which is also providing one-ounce bottles to individual I.V. drug users.

FEEDBACK (continued)

together on business?" Her response was judged incorrect. The correct response? "What do a boss and his secretary [my emphasis] do when traveling together on business?" Trebek apparently missed the sexism inherent in this interchange. I don't think your readers will.

Kenneth H. Sayers Truckee, California

QUICK, DEFINE SECULAR HUMANISM!

The ruling by Federal judge W. Brevard Hand in Alabama calling secular humanism a religion and banning textbooks with secular-humanistic sentiments may have unwittingly helped educate people to the real meaning of secular humanism by sending them to their dictionaries to find out what's making fundamentalists so upset. When these people realize what a rational and reasonable system of thought secular humanism is, maybe they'll all convert.

Dan G. Streetman, Sr. Columbus, Georgia

You may be right. After we published a definition of secular humanism in April's "Playboy Forum," one of our readers confessed that having read it, he finally knew what to call himself.

It seems that the only people who are sure of what secular humanism is are those who are vehemently opposed to it. As John H. Buchanan, chairman of People for the American Way, has said, secular humanism is "anything with which the religious right disagrees."

E. Kirk

Indianapolis, Indiana

PLAYBOY'S response to H. Levin's letter requesting the definition of secular humanism (*The Playboy Forum*, April) contains a mistake. You say, "The new intolerance is not so new—it's the same intolerance that led the founding fathers to leave the old country." This statement is only partially correct and shows a misunderstanding of the historical roots of religious and sexual conservatism in the United States.

When the Puritans seized control of England under the leadership of Oliver Cromwell, it was their goal to stamp out the Church of England. The monarchy was restored after Cromwell's death, and there was an understandable reaction against the Puritans. The Puritans did leave England because of religious persecution, but they were persecuted because of their own intolerance to both Anglicanism and Roman Catholicism. When they founded colonies in the New World, their goal was to set up a theocracy based upon Puritan principles, which included intolerance and sexual repression.

Thus, intolerance and repression are deeply embedded in our history, a fact that I believe accounts for much of the difficulty we are experiencing today.

Doug Mould, Ph.D. Wichita, Kansas

EL SALVADOR

Under the Reagan Administration, El Salvador, a nation of 4,500,000 people, has received more aid from the United States than any other Latin-American

country-more than 2.4 billion dollars.

Why has the United States showered so many dollars on a small Central American republic? The answer is not so obvious—because of the American defeat in Vietnam.

To the newly elected President Ronald Reagan, Afghanistan, the Iranian hostages and Nicaragua were examples of America's post-Vietnam weakness. To regain our international stature, he felt that we needed to defeat a Communist insurgency *somewhere* in the world. And 2.4 billion dollars is a pittance considering the goal.

How is the battle in El Salvador going? Are we defeating the Communist insurgents in the Third World?

The reality in El Salvador is bleak. Our military strategy is to separate the guerrilla from the people and then to eliminate the guerrilla. The tactics are search-and-destroy operations, massive air and artillery barrages and depopulation of the countryside. The result is that more than 1,000,000 Salvadorans are displaced either inside or outside the country. This military tactic is the same as that used in Vietnam.

As students of counterinsurgency are well aware, the displaced move from rural areas into shantytowns near large cities. When the settlements are uncontrolled, as in El Salvador, guerrillas can slip into their midst and use the sites as bases from which to disrupt the cities.

This is one reason that our success in El Salvador has been limited. And it has been at such a human and moral cost that it is amazing that American taxpayers, already burned by Vietnam, continue to pay the bill. For this, we can thank the Reagan Administration's hard-sell. Reagan learned a great deal from Vietnam. The American people never accepted President Thieu as a leader nor counterinsurgency as a strategy. Some people say that President Johnson didn't sell them hard enough.

President Reagan is selling a personality and a program in El Salvador. President Duarte, the personality, stands as our model Central American leader, loyal to the United States and a moderate liberal at home. The program is "low-intensity conflict," which the Administration describes as a range of military, diplomatic, intelligence and foreign-assistance activities coordinated by our embassy in San Salvador to help defeat the Communist insurgency.

Although a clear majority of U.S. citizens disapprove of our current policy in El Salvador, the Reagan Administration has been able to accelerate the intensity of the war there. Through direct pressure on the press as well as through subtle changes in language, the President has redefined opposition issues and has minimized American attention to events in El Salvador.

An important consideration for assess-

DON'T LEAVE HOME WITHOUT IT

He spots the maroon button as soon as she walks in the door. Approaching her, he flashes his card. She checks his certification, they swap verification numbers and place a call to confirm the data. No, this is not the opening of a new Robert Ludlum novel-and these two aren't calling H.Q. They're ringing up The American Institute for Safe Sex Practices (P.O. Box 54992, Santa Clara, California 95054) to ensure that each other's AIDS tests are as negative as the I.D. cards indicate. The PLAY IT SAFE button is issued by the institute to signal the fact that the wearer is a safe bet in bed. Could the line "May I see your card?" replace "Haven't we met before?" as the opener of the Eighties? -KIM ERWIN



ing this current conflict in Central America is the way that the American military has reacted to war. Historically, U.S. military leaders have purposefully misjudged enemy strength to justify massive intervention in hopes of a quick victory. With President Lincoln despondent about the progress of the Civil War and his chances for re-election, General Grant cast a covetous eye on Richmond, the Confederate capital. He gathered an enormous number of troops, but his military campaign to seize Richmond by direct attack was disastrous. In contrast, General Sherman studied the South and conducted a brilliant indirect campaign to take Atlanta, the South's heart, while avoiding direct battle with three pressing Confederate armies.

In Vietnam, our military leaders' strategy was like Grant's, not Sherman's. They waged a head-on war against the Viet Cong and magnified the importance of killing the enemy in order to justify the depopulation of rural areas and the other horrors visited on the Vietnamese civilians. They always promised a quick victory. As a result, our generals were continually forced to escalate the number of American troops.

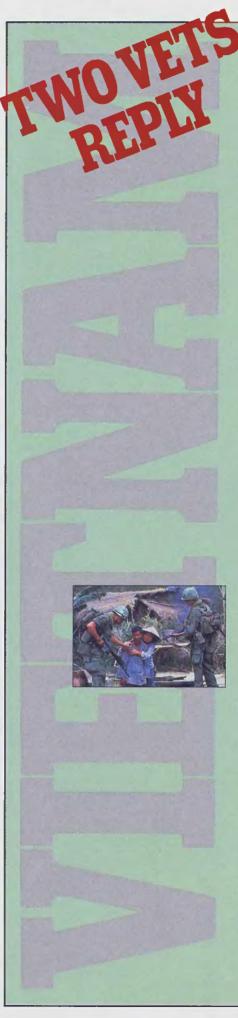
Our assessment of the Communist menace in Vietnam was also wrong. Our uninformed view of the country contributed in no small way to not only our involvement but also our continued presence.

In El Salvador, we again exaggerate the enemy threat. Now the Communist menace is in our back yard. To be sure, American strategists are not factoring our soldiers into their estimates of the troop strength necessary for a quick victory. However, they are overlooking the failure of our military strategy in Vietnam. In the midst of this military build-up, the guerrillas in El Salvador are able to disrupt the economic infrastructure of their country, exactly as was the case in Vietnam. Every leading economic indicator of El Salvador today is at or below levels reached 20 years ago!

And what about this Communist menace? Don't we do business with China and send wheat to Russia? Don't our NATO allies have Communists in their governments? Let us not overstate the role of the Communists in El Salvador. Rather, let us insist that all elements of Salvadoran society be included in any future U.S.-supported initiatives there. Meaningful peace talks, unlike those in Paris, will surely follow. After all, isn't peace in our hemisphere what we as Americans are seeking with our 2.4 billion tax dollars to El Salvador?

David S. Harrington Washington, D.C.

David Harrington spent 21 months in Vietnam from 1967 to 1969. For most of that time, he was an Infantry platoon leader and company commander in the Third Marine Division. His combat medals include



Several weeks ago, we saw the Academy Award-winning movie *Platoon*. The media and Hollywood had hyped it as the *real* story of the Vietnam war and of the Vietnam veteran. They made much of the fact that it had been written and directed by a Vietnam-combat veteran, Oliver Stone.

We had been looking forward to seeing the movie. We believed what Hollywood was selling—that this was the one movie we'd been waiting for and that it was the truth about those who had fought in the war. We believed because it had been made by one of our own—one who had the credentials and experience to get the story right.

Like most Vietnam vets, we are thoroughly sick of seeing ourselves portrayed in movies, in books and in the news as undisciplined, dope-smoking, psychotic killers of innocent Vietnamese (and of our officers and of one another). And we hoped—just once—to see an honest presentation of the facts about the soldiers who served in the war. We were desperate for the truth.

What we got instead angered and depressed us. We felt betrayed.

Part of our sense of betrayal comes from the fact that Stone has done such a terrific job of portraying *some* aspects of the war. The geography is incredibly realistic, as are the horror of combat, the loneliness, the boredom, the anxiety and the terror. The movie captures the physical terrain and the mental anguish accurately. We wish it hadn't stopped there.

The movies' erroneous image of the Vietnam veteran is one that's been around since the war ended 13 years ago: The Vietnam veteran is a drug addict, a psychotic, a killer. He is uneducated, ignorant and naïve. He is poor, with no future except what he can get from the military. He was a draftee, was undisciplined, unprofessional and confused. Either he was a criminal when he joined the Service or his experiences in Southeast Asia turned him into one. He was a rapist. He had no idea why he was in Vietnam.

Platoon does nothing to dispel that image; it does everything to reinforce it.

We don't know how Hollywood justifies its gross misrepresentation of the facts, but we know how vets were and are, and it's not the way we are consistently portrayed. Perhaps Hollywood is just plain ignorant (though we wouldn't expect Stone to be), but we hope Americans realize that this movie is slandering Americans whose only crime was being responsible and patriotic citizens.

B. J. Perrett Frank Burnett Louisiana Veterans Association Kenner, Louisiana the Navy Commendation Medal, the Vietnamese Cross of Gallantry and the Purple Heart. He is currently a contributing editor to Veteran, the monthly magazine of the Vietnam Veterans of America, and is in private practice as a social worker.

THE M WORD

Jim Bakker says he gave up his ministry because he feared a hostile take-over; Jerry Falwell's flock criticizes him for assuming a big chunk of bad debt. If they're not careful, we're going to get the wrong impression. Sooner or later, we'll wonder what this TV preaching is all about. We may even begin to believe that it's just centered on, you know, that M word.

Frederic W. Donour, Jr. Virginia Beach, Virginia

Fundamentalists are against advertisers who use sex to sell? I'm surprised—they can hardly afford to point their pious fingers at anyone for capitalizing on human weakness. All TV evangelists know—to the penny—the power of television, and they certainly prey on people's weaknesses in their shows. At least when Madison Avenue uses television, it is bound by truth-in-advertising laws. And when you buy a product advertised on TV, you get

something for your money.

M. Cohen Seattle, Washington

PREGNANCY: A MAN'S ISSUE

I read an article called "Facing a Fact of Life." It began with the rather bald assertion that "only women get pregnant. Only women experience the physical disability of pregnancy."

Welcome to the world of invisible fatherhood. One of the landmark cases of the decade was treated as a women's-rights issue, as though men simply did not exist, except in the role as harassing, heartless businessmen.

In California Federal Savings and Loan Association vs. Guerra, the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that a state law requiring employers to give women time off for pregnancy and to guarantee their jobs for as long as four months was constitutional—even though it violated a Federal law.

The Federal law states that pregnant women "shall be treated the same for all employment-related purposes . . . as other persons not so affected, but similar in their ability or inability to work." If men are not entitled to job security, then neither are pregnant women.

The National Organization for Women took the bank's side against Garland (a receptionist who left her job to have a child and then was not allowed to return to that job after her pregnancy leave). Perhaps the organization should be retitled The National Organization for Single, Career-Oriented, Non-Child-Bearing Women, or Future Spinsters of America. NOW argued that if an employer had to give pregnant women leave, he would hire single men instead, or older women.

It strikes me as odd that this is a view of men as being without a stake in paternity. Pregnancy or impending fatherhood clearly affects men. Studies have shown a dramatic increase in stress, as men face new responsibilities and a change in role and identity as significant as that which mothers undergo. A sane lawunsuccessfully introduced by U.S. Representative Patricia Schroeder-would require employers to grant all employees, both men and women, an 18-week unpaid leave of absence when a child was born or adopted or was seriously ill, or when the worker was seriously ill. The leave would be job-protected.

The law would not make such leave mandatory, but it would give parents both male and female—the freedom to structure their own schedules. American business sometimes treats workers as sexless drones. What is good for the family is viewed as bad for business. But it needn't be. The concessions made for this genera-

FACT OF THE MATTER

AND THE "POOR MAN'S FIFTH"

The "Miranda" decision was wrong.... Its practical effect is to prevent the police from talking to the person who knows the most about the crime—namely, the perpetrator.

-ATTORNEY GENERAL EDWIN MEESE III

It is all too easy to characterize Attorney General Edwin Meese III as an intentionally evil man, possessed, so to speak, by a demon sent from the section of hell reserved for the damnably intolerant. This view of Meese, however, lacks the compassion we've rushed to demonstrate to his boss, whom we consider merely dreadfully uninformed.

We are willing to extend the same tolerance to Meese, since, after all, he is merely following the lead of the man who hired him; and if operating in an informational vacuum is an acceptable way to run a Presidency, then it's certainly a good enough way to run the Justice Department. Unfortunately, history shows us that the ignorance and misdirected good intentions of people in high places have led to the downfall of far more great nations than has the rise to power of the truly wicked. A zealous but uninformed government is a dangerous thing.

Meese's most recent obsession is the Miranda warning, also called the "poor man's Fifth [Amendment]," which police are required to give criminal suspects before subjecting them to questioning.

There are slight variations on Miranda, but most of them read something like this: "You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say may be used against you in a court of law. You have the right to consult an attorney. If you cannot afford an attorney, one will be provided for you at no cost to you." If a policeman fails to read the suspect his rights, any resulting confession or admission of guilt may be considered inadmission.

sible evidence.

Attorney General Meese seems to think that the exclusion of non-"Mirandized" confessions from court testimony has made it too easy for legal technicalities to put criminals back on the street.

But if Miranda were perceived by cops as a serious obstacle to their investigation of crimes, police officials from coast to coast would join Meese in denouncing it. Instead, Gerald Arenberg, executive director of the National Association of Chiefs of Police, says, "Miranda isn't the problem with crime. The problem is we don't have enough jails . . . and we're not targeting career criminals. . . . This tampering with the Miranda rule can only be confusing, costly and needless at a time when police have learned to live and work efficiently with the Miranda warning."

Arenberg's sentiments have been echoed by police officials all over the tion may result in future generations that are more able, apt, connected.

Why should PLAYBOY be concerned? Is pregnancy an issue for single men? You bet. Most of your readers will eventually marry and become fathers. Better to fight for improved conditions now—when you have the energy—than later, when you are preoccupied with your family.

Men should focus on child care as a male issue. Today, most couples are dual-career couples. Treating child care as only a feminist issue is denying the father's role in the family unit. Knowing your children will be cared for affects both parents.

I find it remarkable that of all the industrialized nations, only the U.S. and South Africa do not have a national program of child care. We know why South Africa doesn't have one, but why don't we?

M. McCarthy New York, New York

IMPEACH MEESE

Paul R. Williams indicates (*The Playboy Forum*, March) that he's starting a campaign to impeach Attorney General Edwin Meese. The American Civil Liberties Union is way ahead of him. The A.C.L.U. began mailing petitions some months ago requesting either that Meese resign or that Reagan fire him. Neither has happened

yet; but with enough public outcry, maybe that will change.

Matthew Mason New Paltz, New York

ROOM SERVICE

Despite Canada's conservative views on pornography, some Canadians are doing something right. A hotel in Montreal has decided to place condoms, tastefully packaged with the hotel's logo, in every hotel room. This gesture is in response to public concern about AIDS. The hotel manager was quoted as saying, "We feel it is a responsibility to conform to reality . . . and we care enough to regard this as one more amenity for our guests."

S. Moore Montreal, Quebec

Some University of Texas entrepreneurs have a great idea: They sell and deliver condoms and spermicidal sponges. Their service is called the Protection Connection, and their point—aside from making money—is to save their customers the embarrassment of purchasing contraceptives at the local drugstore. I'm no longer a college student, but this is a service I'd use. Now, if they'd only deliver a pizza and an adult movie, too, our evenings would be complete.

R. Riley Austin, Texas

VATICAN BAN

I'd like to point out to your readers that the Catholic ban on test-tube conception and some artificial-insemination procedures means that Catholic hospitals will no longer be able to provide those techniques to their patients. And, more important, those hospitals will have to halt their research on these procedures. The Vatican is imposing its views not only on Catholics but also on any non-Catholics who have a Catholic doctor or who have a doctor affiliated with a Catholic hospital.

T. Dean Omaha, Nebraska

SURELY, YOU JEST

A letter from Jay Stuller (*The Playboy Forum*, April) says that "last year marked a curious offensive thrust in a growing war against offensive humor." I can add that this year is shaping up much the same way. In Long Branch, New Jersey, some jokes are not considered funny—they're considered illegal. The 250 employees of the city are not allowed to tell "jokes or stories based on ethnic or racial types or sex" in any part of the city buildings. The punishment for joke telling ranges from a reprimand to firing—and *that*'s no joke.

J. Fullerton Newark, New Jersey

country:

"We've had no problems with the Miranda ruling. We haven't found it to be a hamper or a hindrance in any way."—Portland, Oregon, former police chief Jim Davis.

"If [Miranda] is overturned, I don't know that I'd order my officers not to give the Miranda rights. They can't tell me not to."—Cambridge, Massachusetts police chief Anthony J. Paolillo.

"In the long run, the [Miranda] decision increased the general competence of police investigators."—Captain Raymond Risley, administrative assistant to Chicago police superintendent Fred Rice.

We could present a much longer list, but the point is that the policemen whom Meese thinks he would help by overturning Miranda don't want that kind of help—and they are right. For it seems obvious that the best way to fight crime is to focus attention on the 80 percent of people who commit serious crimes and are never apprehended, rather than on those few who invoke the Miranda ruling.

Perhaps Meese expected to tap a conservative groundswell of support for his attack on *Miranda*. If so, he overlooked the fact that the current Supreme Court—a rather conservative one, by most standards—reaffirmed the constitutionality of *Miranda* just last year, and

that Justice Sandra Day O'Connor, certainly one of the most conservative Supreme Court members, wrote that the Miranda decision "as written, strikes the proper balance between society's legitimate law-enforcement interests and the protection of the defendant's Fifth Amendment rights." Keeping up with Supreme Court decisions apparently isn't Meese's strong suit.

Aside from the hard facts, we might

expect Meese to recall that Benjamin Franklin called the right not to incriminate oneself one of the "common Rights of Mankind"; but then again, that's probably asking too much. He may not think much of Franklin, anyway.

After all, Franklin was among those who contributed to the Constitution, a document with which Meese seems to be in perpetual disagreement.

-WALTER LOWE, JR.



COMMENTARY (continued)

making a pass at my husband, and that was a very real fear to me. I knew that I was a very loyal person to Jim, and I prayed that he was to me.

"But, you know you're never sure,' so says Satan. You hear so much about men, and everyone says that all men are sex maniacs.

"I think God wants us to protect our

sexual urges from Satan. In America and all over, we are constantly bombarded with Satan's sexual traps. He gets housewives to watch soap operas on TV that show broken marriages and sexual fantasies. . . .

"Satan gets men to hide from admitting that they have strong sexual drives, and he makes them live in fear that they are not normal and that someone might find out that they do not have totally 'pure' minds."

ALKING OUNDED?

We think that it's time to sponsor a national telethon for the victims of the sexual revolution. You know, all you lonely, love-starved singles.

Surprised to be called lonely and love-starved? You haven't been reading your newspapers lately. For if some columnists are to be believed, if you are single, you are unhealthy and miserable.

In a Chicago Tribune editorial, columnist Joan Beck wonders, "If the women won the sex battle, why aren't they happy?" Beck takes to task Barbara Ehrenreich, Elizabeth Hess and Gloria Jacobs who wrote Remaking Love: The Feminization of Sex. Their viewpoint is that women are better off now than before the sexual revolution. They celebrate the young, attractive, economically independent pleasure seeker-that is, the girl who moved away from next door. Beck throws water on their celebration. It doesn't trouble the authors, she writes, "that the sexual revolution has left millions of walking wounded-women who have been hurt by sexually transmitted diseases, by divorce, by disappointment, by the need to terminate an unwanted pregnancy, by loneliness, by lack of an enduring marriage and family."

David B. Wilson, columnist for *The Boston Globe*, couldn't agree more—only Wilson takes the view that *men* have been hurt by the revolution. "Male aggressiveness, competitiveness, 'manliness,' if you will, heretofore tamed, focused and directed toward the support—the 'keeping'—of women and children, now wastes itself in drink, casual lechery, costly toys and sports."

And because men are single, there is "sports mania, football riots, casual violence, brutality toward women, muscle cars, off-road vehicles and motorcycle gangs, the scarcely sub-

dued rage of expressway drivers, rampant homosexuality and the dank, sour glare of pornographic narcissism." Wilson apparently believes that rushhour traffic can be cured by the love of a good woman. He obviously has never driven with a back-seat driver. And doesn't it seem just a bit unlikely that the only people misbehaving on our crowded freeways are singles?

Then we have George Gilder, author of *Men and Marriage*. "The single man," Gilder writes, "is disposed to criminality, drugs and violence. He is irresponsible about his debts, alcoholic, accident-prone and susceptible to disease. Unless he can marry, he is often destined for a troubled life."

Ah, but the worst is yet to come: For a woman "to be liberated from homemaking all too often implies eventual homelessness," Wilson writes. You see, "homelessness . . . is overwhelmingly an affliction of people who have abandoned [marriage]."

Maybe our telethon should feature a picture of a young woman. This poor thing is lonely, disappointed, deprived of husband and children. For \$10,000 a month, she can live happily ever after, fulfilled in marriage.

It's obvious that these columnists can justify the institution of marriage only by wildly exaggerating the dangers of the single life, by creating legions of unhappy, unhealthy unmarried people. But if marriage cannot be justified on its own terms, why bother?

And it strikes us that we never hear from committed single people. Maybe they're too busy riding the expressways, watching the Chicago Bears, rewinding *Debbie Does Dallas*. Or maybe they're having too much fun. There's an old question: How come there are so many songs written about unrequited love? Answer: When love is requited, you've got better things to do than write songs.

—JAMES R. PETERSEN

TAMMY LEARNS THE FACTS OF LIFE

"I started to get nervous about sex at about age 15, after I started dating. I got to thinking about how people got pregnant. I couldn't figure it out for the life of me, and I didn't dare ask anybody. . . . I knew I had to know about sex because a boy had kissed me. And, oh, Lord, I thought I was pregnant. I summoned all the courage I could muster and went to Mother. . . . I said, 'Momma, can I talk to you?'

"'Sure, honey.'

"'If a boy kisses you, can you get pregnant?'

"She should have told me yes, but she said, 'No.'"

HOW TAMMY HANDLES STRESS

"I got down on my knees and sobbed my heart out into the green carpet."

"I screamed and velled at him."

HOW JIM HANDLES STRESS

"He lay in the pastor's office on the rug, face on the carpet, and sobbed and sobbed."

"When Jim had his nervous breakdown, the doctor told him that we needed a child."

THAT OLD DEVIL MASCARA

"I decided I would put some on my eyelashes, and when I did I realized I had superlong eyelashes and that I looked prettier with eye make-up. Then I knew that it had to be wrong and of the Devil. It scared me when I first saw make-up on me. I took it right off and said, 'Oh, I can't do this! I can't do this!' Then I thought, Why can't I do this? If it makes me look prettier, why can't I do this? So I began to wear make-up. Just eye make-up. The kids on the church bus saw it and talked about my eyes, but I didn't care. I was very close to the Lord and felt that God would speak to me in my heart if I really shouldn't wear it.... When I did wear the make-up I didn't feel condemned. I began to wonder if maybe there wasn't more to serving the Lord than I thought. I discovered that God was more open than I had realized. I searched the Bible and read books, always searching for truth. Way down deep in my heart I felt many of the people at our church had been old fuddy-duddies on such things and that there was a place of liberation with the Lord."

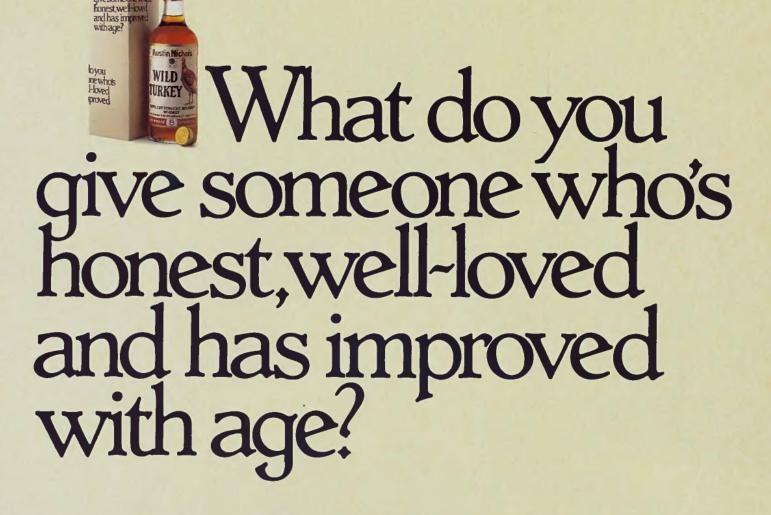
TAMMY'S SEX TIPS

"I wear wigs all the time, and Jim never knows who I'm going to be."

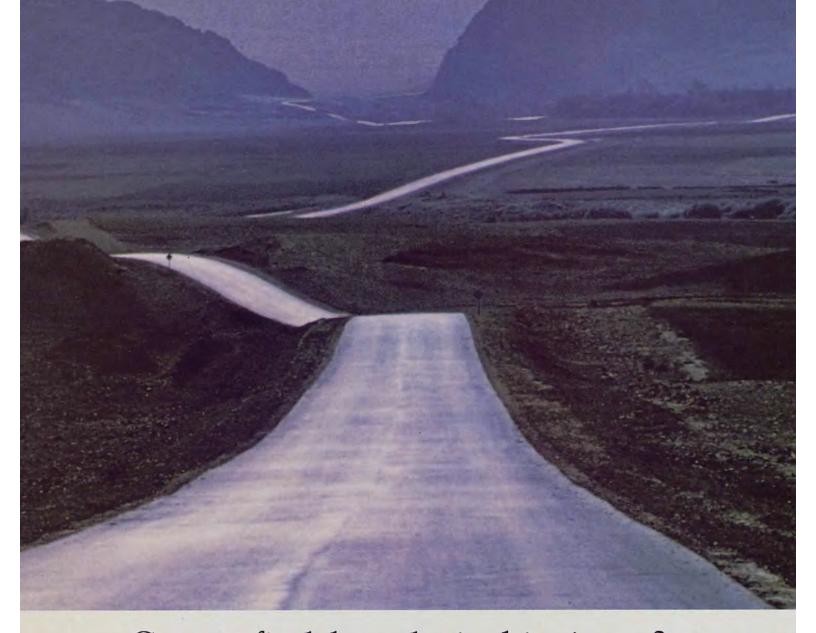
"I think a wife should keep a man guessing."

"I always compliment Jim when he looks nice."

"I still flirt with my husband. I tease and kid him."







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Oh, the radar? Take a good look. It's just beyond the bend, behind the row of trees on the right. Still can't see it? Better get a Cobra.



PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: WADE BOGGS

a candid conversation with the best hitter in baseball about connecting with the ball, eating good-luck chicken and the jinx of the boston red sox

The best hitter in baseball? Wade Boggs of the Boston Red Sox, we say. Want to make something of it?

As with all great baseball debates, it comes down to the stats. Check these out: At the end of the 1986 season, though his personal achievements were overshadowed by the Mets' thrilling world-series victory over the Sox, Boggs was hitting .357. He set an American League record for rookies in 1982 by batting .349 and has led the league in hitting for three of the past four years. He has already tied the major-league mark for hitting safely in most games (135) in a single season, and his 240 hits in 1985 were the most by a major-leaguer in more than half a century. Boggs leads all active players with a career batting average of .352 and, except for three guys named Lou Gehrig, Babe Ruth and Ted Williams, has reached base more often in a single season than any other player in baseball history.

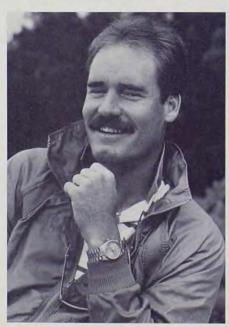
Flashy, he's not. At the plate, Boggs is almost obsessively methodical, and by now, fans have grown accustomed to the sight of him routinely spraying drives all over the ball park. "Wade's a machine," says Boston pitcher Roger Clemens, the American League's Most Valuable Player in 1986. "His bat is like a magic wand."

Williams, the Red Sox' Hall of Famer who played in parts of four separate decades, thinks that more than sleight of hand is involved. "Boggs is as smart a hitter as I've ever seen," he says. "The next five or six years will tell the tale, but if he keeps up like he's going now, he stands to be one of the greatest hitters of all time."

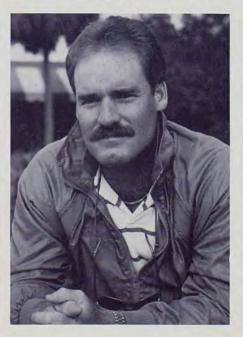
Still, that doesn't cut much ice among baseball's front-office types. The knock on Boggs is that he can't hit home runs, especially compared with that other powerhouse, Yankee Don Mattingly. And that's true. At the start of the current season, Boggs had a career total of just 32 homers. But he'd also banged out 178 doubles and 17 triples, so he can hardly be regarded as punchless. Boggs, whose favorite fare is fowl, has also been criticized for being no faster than a speeding pullet, and that's not true. Although he's built like a burly barkeep, he was timed in 1984 at getting from home plate to first base in 3.78 seconds-second only in the American League to Kansas City's Willie Wilson, who did it in 3.65 seconds. Boggs's defensive skills have also been taken lightly. In 1984, however, he led American League third basemen in starting double plays, and last year, he made only 19 errors; the Mets' third-base tandem of Ray Knight and Howard Johnson committed a combined 36. As he himself would readily admit, there's very little that Wade Boggs can't do.

Born in Omaha, Nebraska, on June 15, 1958, Wade Anthony Boggs was the youngest of Win and Susan Boggs's three children. His mother was a pilot, his father an Air Force master sergeant who was one of the fastest softball pitchers in the nation-he pitched for various Air Force units for more than 15 years. A Service brat, Wade grew up in Puerto Rico, Brunswick, Georgia, and Tampa, Florida, where the family settled after his father retired from the Air Force in 1967. Before Wade was two, Win Boggs recognized that the baby of the family was an athlete and began preparing him for a career in the big leagues. "I was ambidextrous, so my father used to tie my left hand behind my back and make me throw right-handed to increase the possibility of my playing more positions," Boggs recalls. "He worked with me batting left-handed, because he figured that would be to my advantage as a hitter. By the time I was six, I knew I wanted to be a professional ballplayer."

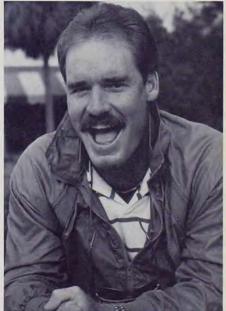
He never lost sight of that objective. At Tampa's H. B. Plant High School, Boggs was the only member of the baseball team who didn't use an aluminum bat. "I knew they



"Unlike most players, I prefer to play at night. When my pupils dilate, they produce a bigger image on my retina, which allows me to see the pitches better. It means a difference of about 40 points in my batting average."



"Line-drive hitters don't hit home runs. Home-run hitters are your pop-up and flyball hitters. Wade Boggs does not hit fly balls and does not pop up. I popped up five times—in more than 1200 at-bats."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVIO MECEY

"I got to the point of paranoia when I couldn't find any chicken to eat before a game. Now I know all the restaurants in American League cities that serve excellent chicken, and those are the places I frequent."

didn't use aluminum in the big leagues," he says. In his junior year, he batted .522the highest average among high schoolers in the state—and shortly before his graduation, he was drafted by the Boston Red Sox. After five seasons in the minor leagues, Boggs was hitting well over .300, but Boston's talent scouts were not impressed. In fact, in 1980, the Red Sox chose not to protect him from being drafted by other clubs-any of the 25 other major-league teams could have claimed him for a paltry \$25,000. None did. "I didn't know anything about that rule at the time, and I'm glad I didn't," he says. "If I'd known that everybody had passed me up, I would have been crushed."

In 1981, Boggs won the International League batting title; and the following season, he finally made the Red Sox roster. He was used sparingly until the end of June, when starting third baseman Carney Lansford broke his ankle. After he became a regular, Boggs batted .361. Before the 1983 season, the Red Sox traded away Lansford and installed Boggs as their starting third baseman. "If Carney Lansford had never broken his ankle, no one would ever have found out about Wade Boggs," he says.

He believes that. For an All-Star who recently signed a three-year contract worth \$5,200,000—counting incentive clauses, the Sox could wind up paying him \$2,000,000 per season—Boggs often sounds like a man hanging on by the skin of his teeth.

To interview the American League's leading hitter of 1983, 1985 and 1986, PLAYBOY sent Lawrence Linderman to meet with Boggs at his home in Tampa just prior to his departure for spring training. Linderman reports:

"Wade Boggs is a jock, no doubt about it. During the off season, he spends his time playing golf—his home is on the fairway of a golf course; fishing (he's building a fishing resort in northern Florida called Finway Park) and bodybuilding. This last activity is somewhat new for him. A few years back, Boggs was told that he was too pudgy; in 1982, he began a winter regimen of working out three times a week on Nautilus equipment, and he has since become relatively sleek.

"Boggs and his wife, Debbie (she was his high school sweetheart), have an eight-year-old daughter, Meagann, and an infant son, Brett. Their boy is named after Boggs's idol turned buddy, George Brett of the Kansas City Royals. The Boggs household is cluttered and comfortable—the only bits of ostentation are Wade's stuffed fishing trophies on the walls. Boggs seems more at ease about being a millionaire than any other highly paid athlete I've ever met.

"Beginning in December, he takes hitting and fielding practice five days a week, three hours a day, at his old high school. His workouts are conducted with a few old buddies who pitch batting practice and with members of the H. B. Plant High baseball team, most of whom ask him for hitting pointers. Boggs obliges; he enjoys the little bit of coaching that he does. He feels that baseball is a full-time job and can't imagine not picking up a bat during the winter. That's one reason he

still lives in Tampa—Florida's weather allows him to play ball all year long. He feels that that alone gives him an edge over many players who live up North.

"The day I arrived, Tampa underwent a cold snap. When I drove out to meet Boggs the next morning, however, all was warm and sunny. The same was true of Boggs himself. Although he's an introvert, he loves to talk about baseball. After he introduced me to his wife and children, he sat me down in his living room and we began our conversation.

"The subject of Boston's world-series loss to the Mets was still on Boggs's mind, and that provided our opening question."

PLAYBOY: So . . . how is Boston going to do this year?

BOGGS: Great. Before I reported to spring training this season, I talked with Jim Rice, Marty Barrett, Roger Clemens and some other Red Sox players, and we all felt that losing the series has made us hungrier. Last year, we *got* to the world series; this season, we want to win it.

PLAYBOY: But the Red Sox haven't won a world series since 1918. After last season's defeat, even their most ardent fans—especially their most ardent fans—think

"There are players who couldn't hit curves or change-ups if they were standing at the plate with 40 bats in their hands."

Boston's fate is to snatch defeat from the jaws of victory. Is it possible that the Sox really *are* jinxed?

BOGGS: No, and I think we proved it. We certainly proved it to the so-called experts: Before the season started, they all predicted we'd finish fifth in our division. The Red Sox now have about 22 guys on the team who weren't around during the years when everyone was calling us chokers. Players like Don Baylor, Dave Henderson, Spike Owen, Marty Barrett, Bill Buckner and me are not chokers. We lost a game when Billy Buck let a ball go through his legs; the Mets lost a game when Tim Teufel let a ball go through his legs. Toward the end of the season, when Toronto got within two and a half games of us, everyone was convinced that we were going to fold-it was almost proper Red Sox etiquette for us to fold. Instead, we tightened our belts, won our division by five and a half games, then came from way back to win the American League play-offs. PLAYBOY: Still, you lost the series, and the St. Louis Cardinals sank like a stone after a bad loss in the '85 series. What's to prevent the same thing from happening to the Sox this season?

BOGGS: I think the only way we'll go

South will be if the team doesn't sign Rich Gedman, our All-Star catcher—and your readers will know all about that by the time this interview comes out. Other than that, I don't see any comparison between this year's Red Sox and last year's Cardinals. In '86, St. Louis had a lot of injuries and several of its best players didn't have a great year. The main question for us will be whether or not everybody plays up to his potential.

PLAYBOY: And whether or not Wade Boggs is hitting. Ted Williams once said that hitting a pitched ball was the single most difficult act in sports. Do you agree?

BOGGS: That's tough to answer, because hitting ultimately comes down to a question of natural ability. Although constant practice can help, I know players who hit .270 and say, "Listen, I want to get better-I want to hit .300 this year." And they'll work hard all season long, really beat their heads against the wall and still wind up hitting .270. There are players who couldn't hit curves or change-ups if they were standing at the plate with 40 bats in their hands. The ability to hit well is a definite gift, like being a great pianist or a great fighter pilot. There's really no secret to hitting. It's an instinct and a talent you're born with. One time, on Game of the Week, NBC showed a very old photograph of me swinging a baseball bat. Ted Williams was in the booth that day, and he said, "That's a perfect swing." I was 18 months old when that photo was taken.

PLAYBOY: Has hitting always come easily? BOGGS: That depends on how you look at it. People might say that Wade Boggs doesn't find it difficult to hit a baseball, but I do find it difficult. It's very difficult, but I practice so much that it's become second nature to me. Over the course of my lifetime, I've probably taken millions of swings at pitches. There's no secret to hitting. There's plenty of technique and mechanics involved-perfecting a good, fluid swing is almost like building a finely tuned machine-but your instincts have to be there for you to really excel. If they are, and if you practice hard, they'll come to the surface.

PLAYBOY: When did you start to excel?

BOGGS: When I was five years old, I was able to hit well off little-league pitchers who were nine, ten and 11 years old. I played six years of little-league ball, then went to senior league and then played for my high school in Tampa, Florida. I was Florida's All-State shortstop in my junior year, and in my senior year, I was a high school all-American.

PLAYBOY: Baseball scouts were not exactly clamoring for your services at that point—the Red Sox didn't draft you until the seventh round. What put them off?

BOGGS: Probably something I had told a sportswriter: I had said that if I didn't get drafted high enough, I would go to college instead of playing professional baseball. And I think that's why I was passed over. I had ten or 11 offers of college baseball



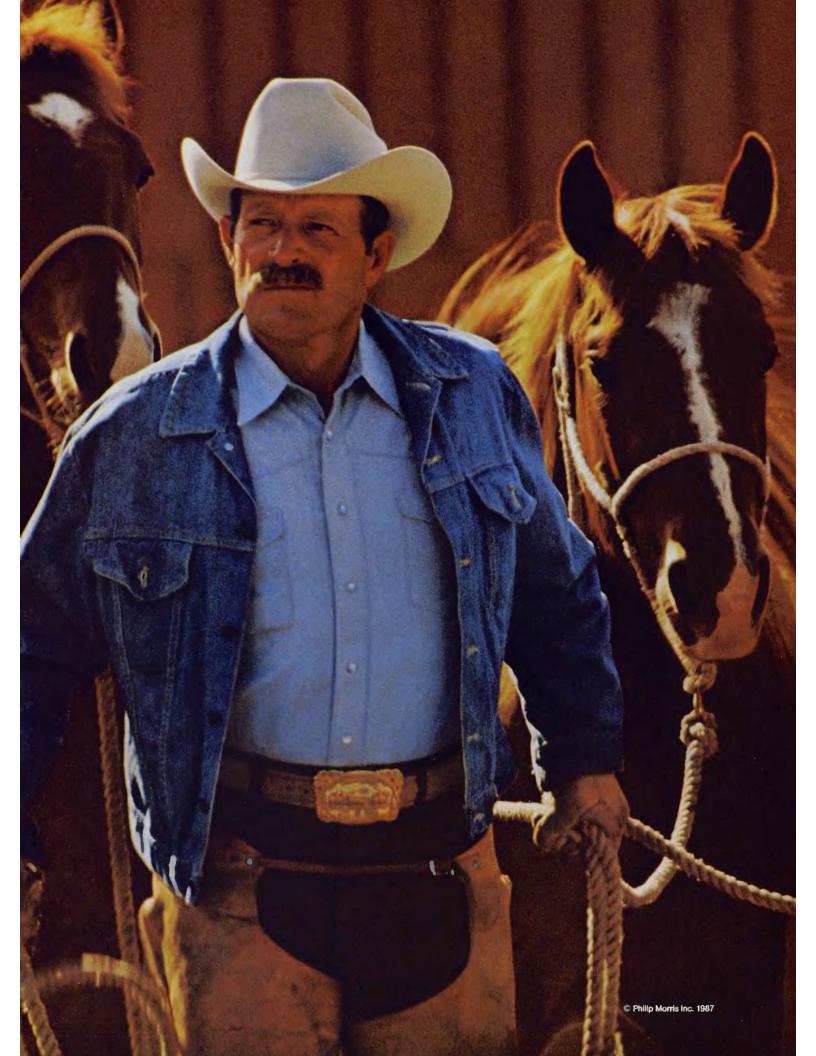
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scholarships, and I was offered football scholarships to Pittsburgh—Tony Dorsett was still there—The Citadel, Georgia Tech and a few other schools.

PLAYBOY: Had you harbored any thoughts of playing in the N.F.L.?

BOGGS: If I had, they disappeared after my junior year. I was the quarterback on our high school team, and that year, running a veer offense, I got my brains beat in. In one game, I was knocked unconscious three times and had to get 39 stitches in my chin. I realized that if I wanted to play professional baseball, my body wouldn't stand up to another year of playing quarterback. So after that, I decided to stick to kicking; and in my senior year, I was an All-State punter-that's why I was offered those football scholarships. By the time I graduated, I'd decided I did want to play professional baseball. I was disappointed that I wasn't drafted higher, but when the Red Sox drafted me, off I went to Elmira, New York, to play in the Penn-New York rookie league.

PLAYBOY: You spent six seasons in the minor leagues, and except for your first summer out of high school, you always hit well above .300. Why did the Red Sox wait so long before calling you up in 1982? BOGGS: That's one question I can't answer, because I really don't know. In 1981, at Pawtucket, I led the International League in hitting, and I still didn't get called up to Boston in September, which is when a lot of rookies are brought up to the majors. I'd never even been invited to the Red Sox spring-training camp. Meanwhile, I'd see guys who'd hit .214 called up to the majors and, yes, it was frustrating. After my 1981 season, I signed up to play winter ball in Puerto Rico, where I hit .370. One day, I called my folks longdistance and they told me that the Red Sox had finally invited me to spring training in Winter Haven, Florida. When I got there, Ralph Houk, Boston's manager at the time, told me he needed a pinch hitter who could be a utility infielder. I told him, "I can do it all. I can play first, second, shortstop and third. Anything you want, I'll do." I had a good spring, and three days before the Red Sox left for Boston, I found out I'd made the team. At long last, I was going to be a majorleaguer. Like Ted Williams.

PLAYBOY: Williams is a hitting consultant for the Red Sox. Did you get a chance to learn from him when you came up from the minors?

BOGGS: I picked his brain every chance I got. Williams told me I'd hit for a higher average in the major leagues because of better umpiring, better travel arrangements—instead of riding a bus for eight hours, you're on and off a plane—and better pitching. When you get to the big leagues, pitchers are around the plate more consistently, and you're not always dancing away from curve balls thrown in the dirt. Williams also said I'd benefit

from better lighting, and I found that to be a real key. Unlike most players, I prefer to play at night.

PLAYBOY: For what reason?

BOGGS: When you play at night, your pupils dilate much more than they do during the day, when you have to squint to compensate for the sun shining in your eyes. At night, when my pupils are wider, they produce a bigger image on the retina, which allows me to see pitches better.

PLAYBOY: You're getting fairly technical here, Wade. On a practical level, what does that really mean?

BOGGs: To me, it means a difference of about 40 points in my batting average—I hit much better at night. Because of the lighting, I can recognize a slider the instant it leaves a pitcher's hand. A slider comes up to the plate looking like a



LUCKY BREAK. When the Boston Red Sox' third baseman broke his ankle in 1982, rookie Boggs stepped in and hit a record .349.

fastball; but at the last second, just as you start to swing, it breaks in on your hands. As a hitter, you want to be able to tell a slider from a fastball as quickly as possible. Well, when somebody throws me a slider, I know it's a slider, because the ball rotates in such a way that I can see a little red dot on it.

PLAYBOY: Are you telling us that if the American League used an all-white ball instead of one with red stitching, you'd have more trouble hitting sliders?

BOGGS: That's exactly what I'm telling you. And I can see that dot more clearly at night, just as I can see the arc of a curve ball. The lighting's almost as good for me in domed stadiums. When we have afternoon games, I pray for cloudy days. My idea of hell would be to play for the Chicago Cubs—Wrigley Field is the only major-league stadium without lights.

PLAYBOY: Did you and Williams compare

notes on hitting?

BOGGS: Yes, but his philosophy and mine are different. Williams, a left-handed hitter like myself, always pulled the ball to right field. He had the innate ability-Mattingly has it, too-to pull outside pitches with power. I go the opposite way-mostly to the left side, though I work the ball from left center to right center, which is the largest part of the ball park. That's more in line with the new hitting philosophy of the Eighties that was popularized by the late Charlie Lau and his most famous student, George Brett. I make up my mind to pull the ball only when certain situations dictate that I do so. For instance, with a man on second and none out, I'll pull the ball to the right to advance our runner to third base. Or if we're tied in the ninth inning, I might try to pull the ball and hit a home run.

PLAYBOY: Which brings us to the chief criticism one hears about Wade Boggs: You don't hit home runs. At 6'2" and 190 pounds, you certainly aren't built like a singles hitter. Why don't you hit more home runs, or is that simply beyond your capabilities?

BOGGS: Oh, no, I can hit the long ball. In Chicago a couple of years ago, I won a home-run-hitting contest between the Red Sox and the White Sox; and in batting practice, I can put on the greatest spectacle in the world. I've hit B.P. home runs into the fountains in Kansas City, onto the roof in Detroit, into the upper deck at Yankee Stadium, and I may have hit them as far as Reggie Jackson did in Anaheim. Visiting teams take batting practice after home teams, so when the Red Sox are on the road, people are already in the stands when we take B.P., and I like to put on a show. I have to admit that I'm an exhibitionist. I think Rene Lachemann, our third-base coach, phrased it best. He said that in a game, I'm Dr. Jekyll, but in batting practice, I'm Mr. Hyde.

PLAYBOY: That still docsn't explain why you don't hit home runs during games.

BOGGS: The reason I do it in batting practice is that pitches are thrown to you at one constant speed, and all you do is lift. It's easy to do that when you're just gearing up for one pitch, but you can't do that in a game-you've got fastballs, sliders, curves, change-ups and, once in a while, knuckle balls and fork balls to worry about. As I get older and face the pitchers enough times, I'll be able to gear up for that one pitch and probably turn on it and hit the ball out of the park more often. For now, though, I'll continue to be a linedrive hitter, and line-drive hitters don't hit home runs, because the ball will carry only so far. Home-run hitters are your pop-up and fly-ball hitters. Wade Boggs does not hit fly balls and he does not pop up. In 1985, I hit two pop-ups, and last year I popped up three times. That's five pop-ups in more than 1200 times at bat, not counting walks.

PLAYBOY: That's an interesting statistic;

but still, doesn't Mr. Hyde ever rear his ugly head during a game?

BOGGS: He reared his head twice in Detroit last year, but only because the wind was blowing out to right field and Detroit has a short right-field porch. I think the day I hit 20 home runs in a season, my critics will be silent; but in the meantime, I work to minimize my mistakes and get base hits. If I really set my mind to it and decided, OK, I'm going to try to beat Roger Maris' record of 61 home runs, I think I could do it, but I don't think I could live with myself.

PLAYBOY: Is there some special shame you associate with hitting 61 home runs?

BOGGS: Of course not. It's just that if Wade Boggs is going to start swinging from the heels and trying to pull every pitch for a home run, the outside pitches I've feasted on for five years by hitting to left field will wind up as ferocious ground balls to second basemen. My strike-outs will jump from 35 or 45 a season to 90, I'll walk only 30 times instead of 100 and my batting average may fall down to .240. I'll also pop up in situations when we have men on second and third or the bases loaded, and just the thought of that upsets me. There may come a time when I revert to being 12 years old and wanting to become Reggie Jackson-he was my idol then-but I don't see that happening in the foreseeable future. I've worked long and hard toward a different goal: I want to be the best hitter in baseball.

PLAYBOY: And being the best hitter means having the highest batting average?

BOGGS: I've got three silver bats that prove it, and I would have had a fourth, but in my rookic year, when I hit .349, I was about 100 at-bats short of qualifying for the batting title-Willie Wilson of Kansas City won it that year by hitting .332. I want to mention something else on the subject of home runs: A lot of the doubles I hit off the top of the wall in Fenway Park would be homers in Seattle or Detroit or down the line in Yankee Stadium. I do hit with power. In one series at the Seattle Kingdome, I hit three line drives over Kirby Puckett's head and off the 410-foot sign in center field. I suppose that if I wanted to be like Babe Ruth, the home runs would come, but I'm more interested in hitting like Ty Cobb. There's an old saying that home-run hitters drive Cadillacs and singles hitters drive Chevrolets. I don't drive a Chevrolet.

PLAYBOY: Considering the kind of money you make, that doesn't come as a surprise. In fact, you may be even tougher to deal with at the bargaining table than at the plate. Before you signed a three-year contract with the Sox in January, there was a lot of comment in Boston to the effect that you were a fairly greedy guy. How do you respond to that?

BOGGS: I don't think I've been greedy; I think I was just trying to find out what I was worth, and there are only a couple of ways to do it: arbitration or free



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Two of our barrelmen have some whiskey to unload in a nearby warehouse. But first they're taking time to chat about crops and ball scores and where good fish can be found. You see, both of these gentlemen know it takes years and years for a batch of Jack Daniel's to gain maturity. If it's five minutes late to the warehouse, there's not much cause for concern.

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 agency. I've never wanted to be a free agent, because, like Ted Williams and Carl Yastrzemski, I want to play my entire career in Boston. What you're left with is to find out what other players are making, and based on that, you guess at what you're worth. In 1985, I asked for \$1,000,000, the Red Sox offered \$650,000 and the arbitrator awarded me \$1,000,000. In 1986, I asked for \$1,850,000, the Red Sox offered \$1,350,000 and the arbitrator—and I have a lot of respect for baseball's arbitration bureau—ruled in favor of the Red Sox. This year, I again asked for \$1,850,000, the Red Sox offered \$1,600,000 and we

were able to come to an agreement. I didn't want to go to arbitration for a third time, and I don't think they did, either. After going through it twice, I must tell you that arbitration is a very degrading process. The people who represent the owners act like divorce attorneys. They laugh at you and insult you and say you don't contribute to the team, and that leaves scars that have to heal before you go to spring training. People talk about whether the player or the club wins an arbitration, but in reality, no one wins. I thrive on positive thinking and building people up, rather than tearing them down. Even if you get what you ask for, you walk

away feeling brutalized.

PLAYBOY: No matter how nasty the 1986 negotiations might have been, few base-ball fans would feel brutalized by earning \$1,350,000 a year. Much of the sporting public, in fact, thinks baseball players are wildly overpaid. Are they?

BOGGS: I don't think so. Athletes are entertainers who are every bit as valuable as singers and actors. It's true, a lot of players are making big money now, but they won't be making it very long—I think the average major-league career lasts four years. And once we're out of baseball, we've all got to find other occupations, which is something other entertainers don't have to worry about. We're the bad guys, though, if we try to earn as much money as we think we're worth—and meanwhile, a lot of team owners are making megabucks.

PLAYBOY: Do you think players are entitled

to a slice of the profits?

BOGGS: I don't have any big arguments to make along that line, because we are making good salaries. Money wasn't really the main issue between me and the Red Sox. We'd never have gone to arbitration if the team had agreed to what I considered a very fair request: I wanted a three-year contract with a no-trade clause. The Red Sox offered me good money for three vears, but they wouldn't agree to a notrade clause, and that's what I was most worried about. The salary I agreed to accept for three years would not be enough to prevent another club from being able to afford me, and I just didn't want to wind up being traded to a team in Outer Mongolia.

PLAYBOY: In baseball geography, where do you place Outer Mongolia?

BOGGS: Probably Pittsburgh and certainly Montreal, where it's cold all the time.

PLAYBOY: Why were you so worried about being shipped off to another team?

BOGGS: Because I'd been on the trading block every year. One season, they said I was going to be replaced by an up-and-coming star named Steve Lyons—he wound up being traded to the Chicago White Sox. In 1984, I think I came very close to being traded to the Los Angeles Dodgers. In '85, the talk was that I was going to the Mets. The Red Sox definitely were shopping me around.

PLAYBOY: Were you as adamant about not wanting to play for the Dodgers and the Mets as you were about the Pirates and the Expos?

BOGGS: I think L.A. wouldn't have been half bad, and if I'd gone to New York, I'd now be a member of the team that won the world series. I guess visiting a city and living there are two different things, but I don't like New York at all.

PLAYBOY: Is Boston very different from New York?

BOGGS: They're both Northeastern cities, but when you compare Boston and New York, they're as different as night and day—especially from the viewpoint of a



ballplayer. Number one, we don't throw knives at players in Boston. Last year, at Yankee Stadium, someone threw a knife at Wally Joyner, the Angels' first baseman. During the season, the guys in the Red Sox bull pen had darts and batteries thrown at them in Yankee Stadiumwe're lucky none of the guys was seriously injured. At Shea Stadium, after the last game of the world series, our team's traveling secretary was hit in the head by a bottle thrown from the upper deck. And then, when the team was leaving, a small mob of Mets fans tried to tip our bus over. Bostonians aren't as violent. Red Sox fans will abuse you verbally rather than try to harm you physically. Boston's a great razz

PLAYBOY: What has Boston got that makes you feel so strongly about playing your entire career there?

BOGGS: Fenway Park. I've always had the ability to drive outside and inside pitches to left field. For some reason that I really can't explain, I've never wanted to pull the ball. When I was drafted by Boston out of high school, the first thing I said was "Fenway Park was built for me," and so far it's worked out great.

PLAYBOY: Do you think your hitting would suffer significantly if you played in a stadium without a short left-field wall, such as Fenway Park has?

BOGGS: No, but I'd have to make major adjustments—baseball players have to

adjust their swings to their home team's ball park. If I were traded to the Yanks, I'd have to start pulling the ball to right—either that or go crazy watching outfielders catch every long drive I'd hit to left center, which is very deep in Yankee Stadium. I could do it, but I've got the luxury of Fenway Park, so I don't want to do it.

PLAYBOY: According to your teammates, you're either the most superstitious or the most eccentric player in baseball. Is that a burn rap?

BOGGS: No, it's true. There's probably about 100 little things I do before a ball game, but they're all aids to concentration. If we're playing a night game at home, it all begins for me at two o'clock, when I sit down for lunch. I eat chicken every day-that's my biggest superstition. I didn't start consuming chicken on a daily basis until 1983, when I won my first batting title. Debbie, my wife, fixes chicken about a dozen different ways for me; but each year, I look for a good-luck chicken, a dish that every time I eat it, I know will pay off in hits for me that night. And I really have to believe that. In '83, my good-luck chicken was lemon chicken; in '84 and '85, I went with baked chicken, Italian style; and last year, it was barbecued chicken.

PLAYBOY: Have you found your good-luckchicken dish for '87 yet?

BOGGS: No, this year's good-luck chicken has yet to be determined, but it will reveal

itself. Usually, on a 12-day home stand, I'll eat my good-luck chicken six or seven times. It's like a rabbit's foot to me, except instead of carrying it around, I have it inside me.

PLAYBOY: Sounds logical to us, Wade. But what would happen if some truly diabolical Yankees fan found a way to cut off your supply of chicken? Would you be like Samson after Delilah cut off his hair?

BOGGS: I think of it more as Achilles and his heel. I probably could replace chicken with something else, but it's something I've grown accustomed to. When I eat my chicken, I want to feel like a Roman gladiator who's got a big turkey leg in his hand at a banquet before entering the arena.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever had problems finding suitable chicken when the Red Sox were on the road?

BOGGS: Yes, and I really got to the point of paranoia when I couldn't find any. When I first got into the league and went into restaurants that didn't have chicken, I'd immediately get up and leave. Now that I've been in the league for five years, I know all the restaurants in American League cities that serve excellent chicken, and those are the places I frequent. I don't eat any fast-food chicken. They call me the Chicken Man, you know.

PLAYBOY: Do you go through a lot of rituals when you reach the ball park?

BOGGS: Yes—far too many to list here. The object of all of them is to build a



cocoon around myself, a shell in which I block out all outside interference and concentrate on nothing but the pitcher I'll be facing and the opposing team's hitters—I try to visualize both defensive and offensive strategies. Before every game, I go through several routines at the same exact times. I get to Fenway at 3:17 every afternoon, and at four o'clock, I'm out on the field with coach Joe Morgan. We play catch for about 15 minutes, and then he'll hit me grounders for maybe 20 minutes. At 5:17, I go into the locker room and get my helmet and bats.

PLAYBOY: You keep your bats in your locker?

BOGGS: Right, two batting-practice bats and two game bats. I always carry my bats back and forth to my locker; I kid the guys that I don't want my bats sitting in the bat rack and picking up bad habits. It's a little unusual, but it's something I've always done. I feel it gives me a kind of personal relationship with my bats.

PLAYBOY: Do you do a lot of relating to your bats?

BOGGS: Yes. It's weird, but there's a bond between me and my game bat. It's not just another piece of wood; I mean, if I treat it nice, it'll treat me nice.

PLAYBOY: Besides trying to curry favor with your bats, what else do you do before a ball game?

BOGGS: I take my four minutes of batting practice right at 5:30. Infield practice starts at 6:50, and usually, from 6:40 to 6:50, I throw a baseball against the tunnel wall that leads to our dugout-it's a little like what Steve McQueen did in The Great Escape, and it's my final quiet moment before we take the field. At 7:17 precisely, I run my wind sprints. When the game starts, I step over the third-base line on my way out to the field and step on it coming back. The last little act I perform takes place just before I get into the batter's box-I stick my bat into the dirt and draw the Hebrew word chai to wish myself good luck and good health. And then I step up to the plate.

PLAYBOY: What are you feeling then?

BOGGS: At that moment, I'm all concentration, totally into my cocoon; but I also feel combative, almost as if I were a boxer. Baseball is a team sport, but when you go up to hit, it's just you and the pitcher—nobody can set a pick or throw a block for you or pass you the puck. It's you against him, and I like that.

PLAYBOY: Do you play any mind games with pitchers?

BOGGs: The main thing I try to do is work the pitcher so that I can see all of his pitches. I don't think I swing at the first pitch more than 15 times a year. Taking the first pitch allows me to gauge a pitcher's speed. The more pitches you see, the better your chances are of getting a hit. I average 4.3 pitches per at-bat, which means that I either walk or get at least one or two good pitches to hit. I try to swing only at strikes, and I can tell if a ball is

three inches outside the strike zone.

PLAYBOY: Don Baylor says that when a pitcher gets two strikes on you, you have him just where you want him. Since it sounds so off the wall, it's probably true. Is it?

BOGGS: Certainly is. That's when I go to work. Most of my doubles and a few of my home runs have come on one-two counts. I haven't analyzed all my statistics for last year, but in 1985, I got 63 percent of my hits with two strikes on me. I think I'm more aggressive when I have two strikes, and there's no reason I shouldn't be: By then, I know what the pitcher can do, and I make contact with the ball on 95 percent of my swings, so I don't have any fear of striking out. I think I concentrate harder when I have two strikes. I know I concentrate harder when I'm at bat and we have



SLUGGING IT OUT. In 1986, Boggs overcame mental and physical trauma to bat .357 (lifetime .351) and lead the Sox to the series.

runners on second or third. My batting average with runners in scoring position is usually somewhere between .390 and .410. **PLAYBOY:** What do you think of the Red

Sox pitching staff?

BOGGS: Well, if Roger Clemens has another year like he had in '86—he won the Cy Young Award—and if Bruce Hurst picks up where he left off, I don't see how the Red Sox are going to have any long losing streaks. In the biggest pitching match-ups of the world series, Clemens and Hurst each went up against Dwight Gooden, and they were practically untouchable. Dwight wasn't.

PLAYBOY: As it turns out, the reason may well have been his involvement with drugs. What was your reaction upon learning about Gooden's cocaine problem?

BOGGS: I was just surprised that a guy that young would jeopardize his future. I mean, when you're at the top of your profession and making the elite money—I'm really amazed that anybody would want to throw all that away on something as idiotic as drugs.

PLAYBOY: Last year, baseball commissioner Peter Ueberroth, after instituting a set of reforms, declared that baseball's drug problems were pretty much a thing of the past—but, obviously, they're not. How widespread do you think drug use is among major-leaguers?

BOGGS: You know, when Ueberroth first came out and said baseball had a drug problem, I didn't realize it. I'd been in the big leagues for four years, and I could look around at the guys I'd associated with and players I knew about and feel sure there wasn't a drug problem. I was wrong about that, but I don't think drug use is more widespread among baseball players than in any other segment of society. Doctors, lawyers, air-traffic controllers, truck drivers-to some extent, everybody's involved, and it's not just athletes who are the isolated few. The only reason we seem to come off that way is that we're under a microscope. Doctors and lawyers aren't on television every night demonstrating their talents; we are. For me, this whole thing would be a lot easier to deal with if there were outward signs of drug use, but there aren't any-you just don't see that.

PLAYBOY: You don't think that Gooden's over-all performance in 1986—way below the standards he'd set for himself—was an indication that something was wrong?

BOGGS: No, because a 17-and-six record is not exactly shabby. By no stretch of the imagination did Dwight Gooden have a bad year. If he didn't win 20 games, well, no one else on the Mets' staff did, either. Everyone said that he didn't pitch like the Dwight Gooden of old, but I didn't think that was the case. Even if he'd fallen off in a more dramatic fashion, I wouldn't have linked that to drug use-I don't make that kind of judgment. If a guy goes out one year and wins 20 games and then comes back the next and wins only ten, someone's automatically going to say, "Well, he's on drugs." But you really can't make that assessment.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

BOGGS: Because pitchers are a strange breed-they really are. It's a tough occupation. A hitter can go out and have one bad game, but he can come back the next night and have a good one. If a pitcher has a bad outing, he's got five days to think about it before his next start, and it can eat at him mentally and physically and just tear him down. Pitchers are on such a high at the start of a game, but if the other team gets to them early, they're taken out of the game, and that's very demoralizing. Dwight was shelled twice in the world series, and that alone was going to be on his mind all winter. This drug thing is going to make it very tough for him to come back.

PLAYBOY: Even if he has no problem getting

off cocaine?

BOGGS: His confidence is still going to suffer. The main thing in this game is fan involvement—if you don't have the fans behind you, it makes it *much* more difficult to perform well. Dwight will now probably have to work twice as hard to come back. What's so strange about this sport is the fact that a pitcher *can* win 20 games one year and only ten the next. It's really unexplainable. I mean, it could happen to Bruce Hurst, too.

PLAYBOY: Would that surprise you?

BOGGS: Yeah, that would *really* surprise me, because I expect Hurst to become as dominating a pitcher as Roger Clemens. Hurst's confidence level is *so* high now, and it should be. Bruce has perfected the split-fingered fastball—he calls it a fork ball—which is the pitch of the Eighties. Like Jack Morris of the Detroit Tigers, he learned how to throw the pitch from Roger Craig, who's the guru of the split-fingered fastball. It's a very difficult pitch to hit, mostly because it's a very deceptive pitch. PLAYBOY: What kind of deception are we talking about here?

BOGGS: On its way to the plate, it looks like a fastball; but at the last split second, a fork ball drops down. That means you have to watch out for two things: If it's a low pitch, the ball's going to break down and out of the strike zone, and you'll wind up swinging on top of it and beating it into the dirt. Or else it'll start out as a high fastball. A hitter's tendency will be to lay off it, but then it'll break down into the strike zone. Any way you look at it, it's a tough pitch to handle.

PLAYBOY: How do you handle the split-fingered fastball?

BOGGS: Sometimes I can recognize it coming. A few pitchers throw it in such a way that the ball seems to come in with an oblong rotation—it'll look uneven. But that's not true about the guys who've absolutely mastered the pitch. When a Jack Morris, a Bruce Sutter or a Bruce Hurst throws the fork ball, it looks exactly like a fastball, and the only way to hit it is to make contact before the pitch breaks down. You have to commit yourself early and then hope for the best.

PLAYBOY: Have you been working on ways to hit the pitch more effectively?

BOGGS: There's no way of doing that, because the only guys who can throw it are specialists at it. You can't get batting-practice pitchers to come out and throw you fork balls—they just *can't*.

PLAYBOY: You've been hitting lead-off for quite some time. Does that make sense, considering your batting average?

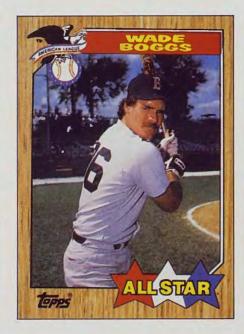
BOGGS: On one level, yes, it makes sense. I get more than 200 hits and more than 100 walks a season, and my on-base percentage is .450, which means I'm usually out there lighting a fire for hitters like Baylor and Jim Rice. But I also think a lead-off man should steal 60 to 100 bases a year—and last season, I didn't steal one. By using me to lead off, I don't think the

team is getting the most out of me that it could. I'd like to bat third and have Baylor and Rice behind me.

PLAYBOY: Have you expressed this to your manager, John McNamara?

BOGGS: Oh, yeah, I talked with Mac about it. He said, "We'll see." It all depends on whether or not the Red Sox can come up with someone else to stick in the lead-off spot, and I'm not sure they can. It's just as tough finding a good lead-off man as it is finding somebody who can bat third in your line-up. Whoever bats first is a vital part of the team; he has to get everything going. We'll see what happens.

PLAYBOY: You became a symbol of the team in the final moments of last season, when there was a TV close-up of you sitting alone on the Boston bench, watching



UP NEXT. Boggs is now swinging to banish Boston's choker image and to earn recognition as baseball's all-time-greatest hitter.

the Mets celebrate their victory while tears cascaded down your cheeks. Was that an example of what Jim McKay would call "the agony of defeat"?

BOGGS: No, I remember very vividly what was going through my mind at the time. The reason for the tears wasn't just because we'd lost the world series or because the Mets were jumping up and down on the field-we did the same thing when our team beat the California Angels in the play-offs. What truly got to me was the realization that that was the culmination of the worst year of my life. From October of '85 to October of '86, so many negative things happened to me and my family that there actually were times when I thought, How much pain can a man stand? At that moment, my only outlet was to just sit there knowing there was no more baseball to play and that I was finally going home.

PLAYBOY: What happened during that year?

BOGGS: [Pauses] It began in October of '85, when my sister, Ann, became paralyzed from the waist down. We've always been very close, and I'd seen her just a few days before, and she'd been fine. Suddenly, she was in the hospital and the doctors didn't know what was wrong with her. Their first diagnosis was encephalitis; but about ten days later, after further testing, they discovered Ann had multiple sclerosis. It was very depressing to see just how fast this disease could hit a person between the ages of 25 and 35.

I decided to dedicate my life to fighting M.S. and to do everything possible to get Ann to walk again. Bobby Doerr, who played second base for the Red Sox during the Forties and early Fifties, contacted me. His wife has M.S., and he gave me the names of several doctors in Houston. So I flew Ann to Houston, where she went through a period of peaks and valleys. She'd get better for a week and then regress for two weeks. Ann is bedridden again.

PLAYBOY: And you had problems with your own health, didn't you?

BOGGS: I always have problems with my back. Every season, the pain gets so bad that I have to take a couple of days off at a time, but last year I began treatment with D.L.P.A. and amino acids, and my back felt much better. I always start out slowly—I'm a warm-weather hitter and Boston's very cold in April—but in May, I hit .471 and I was really on my way. At the beginning of June, though, I had an accident that was so freaky, I'm almost embarrassed to talk about it.

PLAYBOY: What happened?

BOGGS: Well, I wear boots, and they're just not easy to take off—I've actually fallen out of chairs taking off my boots. After a night game in Toronto, I went back to my hotel room and was pulling off one boot while standing up, and I lost my balance. I fell against the arm of a couch. I think Canadian couches jump up and bite you—I was in so much pain, I thought I was going to die. I could barely breathe for five minutes. When I went to the ball park the next day and I came up for batting practice, I could not swing.

PLAYBOY: What was the problem?

BOGGS: Dr. Pappas, our team physician, told me that cartilage had been pulled away from the bone. No X rays were taken. A couple of weeks later, I found out I'd broken a rib.

PLAYBOY: Why didn't you insist on X rays? BOGGS: If our doctor didn't think they were necessary, I wasn't going to question him. As long as I could breathe, I was going to go out there and play. I guess I felt that if I didn't have a punctured lung, then I didn't have a broken rib. But I was getting to a point where I really couldn't breathe. A few days later, in a game against Milwaukee, I led off an inning with a double; and when I got to second

base, the pain was so intense that my legs started throbbing and I could hardly stand up. After I went to third on a ground ball, Jim Rice hit a fly ball to center field. While it was still up in the air, I turned to third-base coach Rene Lachemann and told him I couldn't score on it-I couldn't run. Luckily, Don Baylor, who was up next, hit a single, and I walked home. When I got to the dugout, I went up to McNamara and said, "Mac, I got to come out of the game. I can't breathe." And then I went into the clubhouse and Dr. Pappas gave me a shot of cortisone, hoping it would get me ready for a threegame series with the Yankees in New York. PLAYBOY: Did it?

BOGGS: No way. I was on the bench for the first two games of that series, both of which we won. I went out to Yankee Stadium early the next day, feeling a little bit better and thinking maybe I could play that night. Around 2:45, Charlie Moss, our trainer, was icing down my back and putting hot packs on my ribs when the phone rang. The call was for me. It was a doctor at a hospital in Tampa, and the first thing—the *only* thing—he said was, "Your mother has died." He may have said more, but I don't know, because I blacked out.

PLAYBOY: How did your mother die?

BOGGS: She was killed in a car accident, My mother had been driving my grandmother to the library in a new Chevrolet Blazer I'd just bought her, and a man in a cement truck ran a red light and broadsided the Blazer at an intersection. My mother died a day before her birthday. My grandmother was in the hospital for about four months with a broken collarbone, a broken hip, a broken leg and a lot of internal injuries. She's fine now and moving around like crazy.

You know, you sit back and wonder how something like this could happen and people say, "Well, it's meant to be." But I can't figure out how it was meant to be, because the truck driver was supposed to be making a delivery 35 minutes away on the other side of town and instead had gone downtown to visit his mother. It was the first time I'd visited home during 11 summers of playing pro ball, and I wished I'd never come back. I went home on a Monday, my mother's funeral was on a Thursday, and I returned to Boston the following Sunday. I was still having trouble breathing, so on the Friday before I left, I had my ribs X-rayed. I'd broken the second rib up from the bottom on the right side. The doctor told me that if I'd been playing that week, the rib would have broken in half and ruptured a lung.

PLAYBOY: How long did you stay out of the line-up after you returned to Boston?

got back, Mac said, "Take as long as you need." I said, "OK, I'll think about it and let you know." We had a Monday-night game, and I went to Fenway Park a little after three, which is when I always get

there. McNamara walked into the clubhouse around four o'clock and said, "What are you doing?" I told him, "Life goes on. I'm not going to sit around doing nothing. I've got responsibilities to uphold here." We were in first place at the time and I told him, "Put me in the line-up tonight. That's all I want." Mac let me play.

PLAYBOY: What did your wife think about all that?

BOGGS: Debbie thought I was crazy. But as it turned out, I wasn't. I don't know if you want to call it a minor miracle or just the result of a week's rest—I'd done nothing during the week of my mother's funeral—but when I went out onto the field, I could pick up grounders, throw and hit. I mean, I wasn't to the point where I could go full bore, but I could play. Mac came up to me and asked how I felt. I said, "I'm OK."

PLAYBOY: But you weren't.

BOGGS: I wouldn't tell him that. If I had your basic nine-to-five job, I probably wouldn't have gone back to work for six months. I needed the outlet baseball gives me to get out of myself. When I went up to the plate that night, the fans at Fenway gave me a five-minute standing ovation for coming back so soon-they knew about everything by then. I got all choked up and kept backing out of the batter's box, because trying to eatch your breath with a broken rib isn't the easiest thing in the world. When I got a hit, they gave me another long ovation. Came up again, got another ovation, got another hit and another ovation. I'll never forget that night.

PLAYBOY: How long did it take before you were back to normal again?

BOGGS: The pain was completely gone about a month later. But just as that happened, I went into a deep depression. One morning in Chicago, before a game against the White Sox, I woke up and I didn't care if I went to the ball park or not. When I got to Comiskey Park, I found myself just going through the motions. Nothing really mattered to me.

PLAYBOY: Were you thinking about your mother?

BOGGS: No, that wasn't it. I was trying to block the whole thing out of my mind and think of cheery things, but it didn't work. I'd always enjoyed our team's bus rides from airports to hotels, because everyone spends the time telling jokes, carrying on and laughing. For the first time, I found those rides annoying. I didn't want to be around people. I didn't know what I wanted, except for this down feeling to be over. I made the American League All-Star team, but I didn't really enjoy the game. I had no desire to do anything. That July, I hit .212. It was especially tough on my wife, because Debbie was trying to comfort me during that period and I was acting like a zombie.

PLAYBOY: How long were you depressed? BOGGS: About three weeks—until the end of July. At that point, we were again in Chicago. I visited my agent in a suburb north of the city. Someone in our agent group knew how I was feeling and drove me back down to Chicago mainly to play a positive-thinking tape—You Become What You Believe, by Napoleon Hill-for me in his car. One phrase on that tape stuck in my mind: "progressive realization of reoccurring ideals." I needed to hear that, because I'd always worked very methodically to be the best I could, and I obviously had gotten away from that. That afternoon, when I got to Comiskey Park, I went up to Walt Hriniak, our batting instructor, and said, "Walt, I'm back." I got three hits that night and wound up hitting over .400 for the rest of the season.

PLAYBOY: Was it all smooth sailing from then on?

BOGGS: Mentally, yes; physically, no. In a game against Baltimore—just before our last series of the season—I tore my right hamstring muscle. When Dr. Pappas examined me, he was able to stick his thumb halfway down into my hamstring—I had a tear in it the size of a quarter. We'd already clinched our division championship, and there were only four games left in the season—against the Yankees. Dr. Pappas told me to sit out that series. I took his advice, but I really didn't want to.

PLAYBOY: Was that because you and the Yankees' Don Mattingly were in a close battle for the American League title?

BOGGS: Right, and I knew I'd get ripped in the press if I sat on the bench. Don had a chance to catch me, and those games were being played at Yankee Stadium. I've never backed into anything in my life, and I didn't want anyone thinking that's what I was trying to do. But the doctors warned me that if I sprinted down to first, I might really tear that hamstring up, which would finish me for the year. I didn't want to jeopardize my taking part in the American League play-offs and a possible world series, so I sat on the bench. I wound up winning the batting title with a .357 average; Mattingly was second, with .352.

PLAYBOY: How did he feel about your not playing in those last four games?

BOGGS: Don said, "If I was in your situation, I'd have done the same thing." The New York Post ran a story calling me a chicken for not showing up against the Yanks, but the play-offs meant more to me than trying to please sportswriters. The hamstring was still in bad shape when we started our play-offs against the California Angels. I had my leg wrapped, and it bothered me at the plate. I wound up hitting only .212 in the play-offs, and it carried over into the series, where I hit .290.

PLAYBOY: Before you got to the series you

were in one of the most dramatic play-off games ever. The Angels were ahead of the Red Sox three games to one; in the fifth game, you were losing five to two going into the ninth inning. At that point, did

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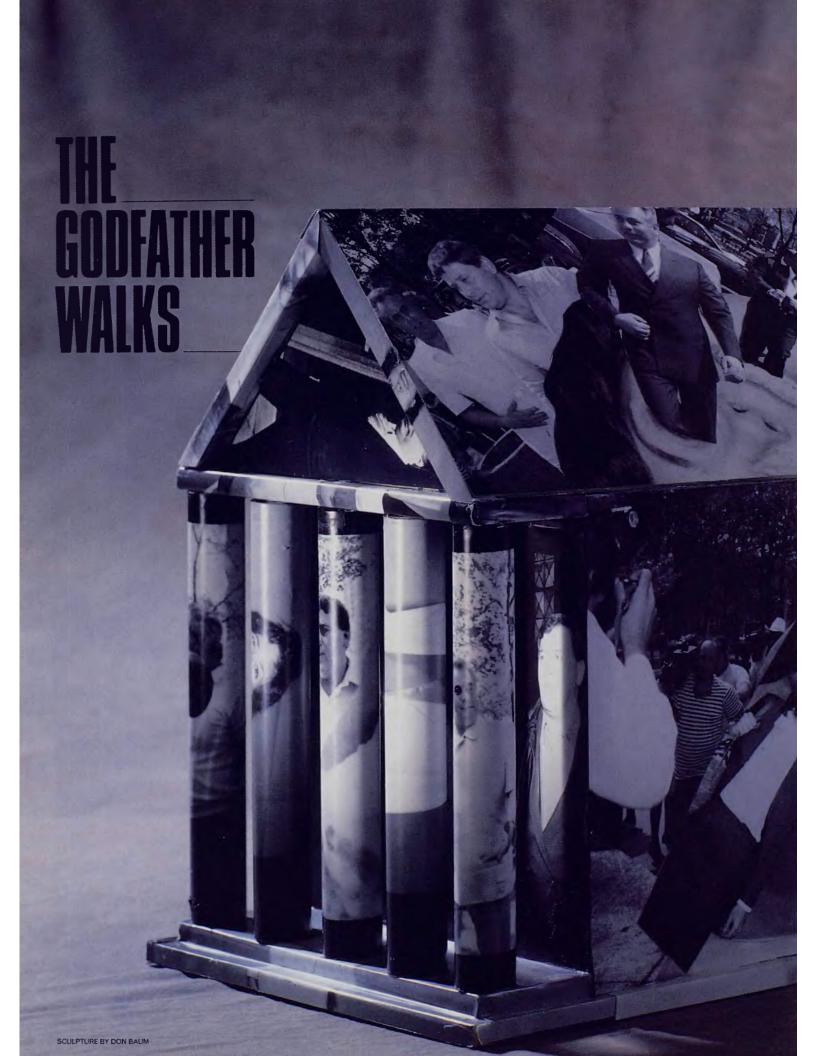
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why bother?

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© Lorillard, Inc., U.S.A., 1987 Kings: 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report February 1985.





postal employee. Most claimed they knew little or nothing about Gotti, leading one defense lawyer to call them a jury "of the totally uninformed." If there was a clue as to how they might respond, it came during jury selection, when one of the ex-Marines admitted that he would have trouble with the testimony of witnesses who were criminal accomplices. But he was seated anyway after the judge told him to get rid of the murder mystery he was reading.

On September 25, Giacalone, assistant U.S. Attorney for the Eastern District of New York, rose to deliver her opening statement. Poised and calm, wearing a red suit and a white blouse, her hands behind her back, this slim woman of 36 addressed the jury in a level, modulated voice. The seven men on trial, she said, were all part of an enterprise whose affairs had been conducted through a pattern of racketeering that included robbery, extortion, illegal gambling and murder. The prosecution, which was using the Racketeer-Influenced and Corrupt Organizations Act (RICO) to get around the Mafia vows of silence, would prove that these men were in the business of crime. "Horrible people" would be presented as witnesses, she warned. "Does the Gambino family exist?" Giacalone asked. "By your guilty verdict, you will say the Gambino family exists." She then went to the green chalkboard and illustrated the crime family's chain of command.

When she was done, Gotti's counsel, Bruce Cutler, stood. He was about 45, stocky and balding, and spoke in a voice that sounded like water running in an iron bathtub. "The Government's case is lies and half-truths," he declared. "The entire case is a fantasy." To emphasize his outrage at the Government's indictment of his client, Cutler then charged around the courtroom, slamming chairs. He brought his fist down hard on the podium. Inexplicably, he grabbed his backside and fondled the microphone. He wet his thumb each time he turned a page of his pad.

"The indictment is a stew with rotten meat that makes you retch and vomit!" he exclaimed. He tore the document up and threw it into a garbage can.

The Gotti supporters among the spectators applauded. Over the next six months, the audience would come to love Cutler. Even at his most tendentious, he was never boring.

For the first few days of the trial, there was confusion among the press and spectators as to who was who. Fourteen men sat in the well of this courtroom, and since the defendants wore smart suits, several of the lawyers were mistaken for the accused. People shrank from them in the courthouse corridors. Eventually, one of the courtroom artists drew a diagram of the seating arrangement and photocopied it

for the benefit of newcomers. That was a big help.

The defendants sat in a row behind Giacalone and her second, John Gleeson-"the G and G show," as the defense counsel referred to them. At the far left sat Nicky Corozzo, a short, bulky man. The Government charged him with running gambling and Shylock operations. Next to him sat his colleague Lenny DiMaria, already serving seven years for trafficking in contraband and stolen cigarettes. Lenny was a big favorite of the press. Whenever Giacalone asked a detective to identify him, Lenny would make it easy on the guy by raising his hand and waving. When a detective left the stand, Lenny always growled, "Take care, pal."

Next to DiMaria was John Gotti's brother, Gene, a gambling man whose weakness for a good football point spread had been recorded on Government tapes. ("I don't know, Ange. So far, I'm leaning toward San Diego. I'm betting Dallas seven and a half points; I'm bein' very honest wid you.") To his right were John Carneglia, charged with murder, and Anthony "Tony Roach" Rampino, whose cadaverous face was a valuable asset; he could contort it into all sorts of frightening expressions and then would check regularly with the courtroom artist.

To his right was Wilfred "Willie Boy" Johnson. He had a craggy face and hands like bear paws, with the letters L-O-V-E tattooed on the knuckles. Willie Boy, who was part Italian, part American Indian, had been meeting secretly with an FBI agent for years, but he wound up as a defendant. When his meetings with the FBI were made known at a pretrial hearing, John Gotti said to him, "Youse the reason we're here, huh?" From then on, Willie Boy was snubbed by the other defendants and spent his trial in virtual isolation.

At the far end of the row, closest to the judge, sat the man the newspapers called The Dapper Don—John Gotti. In an expansive mood, stroking his lapels, chatting with reporters about baseball, he was the very picture of a successful C.E.O.—except for the diamond pinkie ring. The BBC reporter considered him "fabulous, just fabulous." John Gotti, after all, did not shrink from the limelight. Until Judge Nickerson revoked his bail, he had been making the social rounds. Chauffeured about town in a black Mercedes 500 SEL, he dropped in at sports bars and the Club A disco and the city's fanciest restaurants.

But as one New York City detective said, "John Gotti was a caterpillar metamorphosed into a beautiful butterfly." In his youth, he had belonged to a street gang in East New York. During the Sixties, he had served three years in prison for stealing goods from Kennedy Airport. In the Seventies, he did a two-year stretch for attempted manslaughter. In 1980, one of his five children was killed, run over accidentally by a neighbor. A few months later, the neighbor disappeared from a parking lot and was never seen again. No charges were brought against Gotti, who had been in Florida at the time.

By 1981, the Government charged, Gotti was running his own enterprise. He oversaw a profitable gambling operation in Queens and reported to Gambinofamily underboss Aniello Dellacroce.

On December 2, 1985, Dellacroce died of natural causes; exactly two weeks later, Paul Castellano, the Gambino-family boss, and his lieutenant, Tommy Bilotti, were shot to death outside Sparks Restaurant in midtown Manhattan. Federal officials maintain that it was Gotti who plotted the murders. With all the publicity the killings received, his notoriety began to build. On Christmas Eve, eight days later, he was observed at the Ravenite Social Club in Manhattan's Little Italy, receiving the respects and embraces of other capos and soldiers.

John Gotti had arrived. He had come up through the ranks, the hard way. His only problem was the matter of this indictment. Its charges dated back as far as 19 years and the Government's aim was to prove that he and his colleagues were engaged in a criminal business.

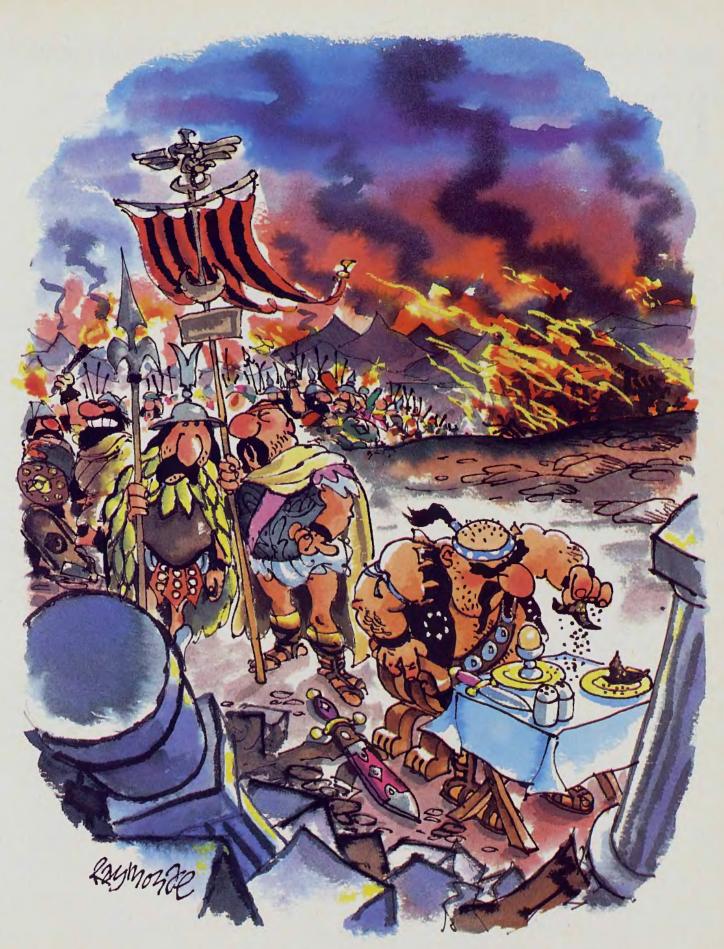
To win her case against them, Giacalone had to prove that they had conducted, or conspired to conduct, the affairs of a criminal enterprise through a "pattern" of racketeering. She also had to prove that at least two individual crimes by a defendant had been committed within a ten-year period, prison time excluded. If convicted, the defendants faced stiff sentences, up to 20 years on each charge.

In a RICO case, the prosecutors throw in everything. They try to assemble a jigsaw puzzle that they admit will never be complete but that they hope will give a jury the full picture. The defense, in turn, disputes everything and everyone, not leaving to chance the possibility that some minor piece of the puzzle may turn out to be significant.

Giacalone had amassed volumes of evidence—photos, records, audio and video tapes, police and FBI surveillance reports and, of course, witnesses. The first of her "horrible people" was Sal Polisi, her "foundation" witness. He was a soft-spoken man in a green polo shirt who took the stand October second after several days of police and FBI testimony.

Through Polisi, Giacalone wanted to establish that Gotti and his codefendants had been in their current line of work for many years. After eliciting Polisi's criminal past, Giacalone began asking him about a Brooklyn gambling house he had owned in 1971 called the Sinatra Club.

"Do you see anybody in this courtroom (continued on page 155)



"Uh-oh! Better find out who burned Attila's toast!"

this sunny californian isn't about to let disability diminish her lust for life

HE LETTER (reproduced below) bounced around the office for a while. It had opened up an area of debate in which no one stayed neutral. Some editors were impressed by Ellen Stohl's pluck. Just as the movie Coming Home—about a disabled vet—had transformed our views about love and even lust, so did Ellen force us to reas-

sess our view of the handicapped as "victims." Here, after all, was a woman who refused to let a disabling accident spoil her dream. She embodied true grit. There was, however, a vocal minority of editors who worried that running Ellen's pictorial would leave the magazine open to charges of questionable taste. Surely, the argument went, people would misstudies martial arts-and is confined to a wheelchair.

hen I came here to Cal State Fullerton, in 1982, I was fresh out of high school. At that time, I was walking." Ellen is introducing herself to the members of a class in the psychology of human sexuality on her university campus. She and two friends, also

wheelchair-bound, have agreed to participate in a panel on the sexuality of the handicapped-or "gimps," as they call themselves with a kind of gallows humor.

t that time, I was majoring in theater and doing modeling," Ellen continues. "I became a contestant in the Miss Anaheim pageant right here in California and had just signed a contract to do an



Ellen Stohl at the typewriter on which she wrote the understand, would fail to see the letter below, which led to this pictorial. She shares celebration of life in these an Orange County, California, apartment with a sister. aerobics video tape for a production

pictures. We hope not. Meet, therefore, Ellen Stohl. She's a full-time student, a part-time actress, model and a public speaker; she drives a car, rides a horse, skis,

December 16, 1985

Mr. Hugh Hefner Playboy Magazine Chicago, Illinois

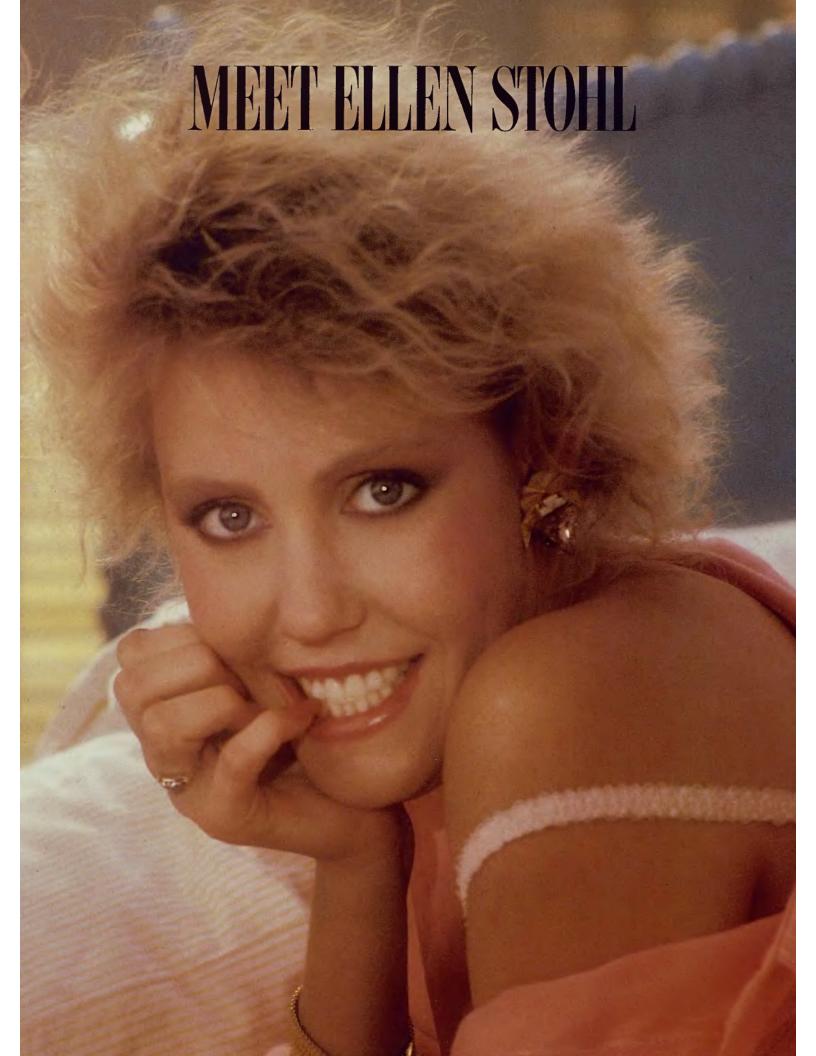
My name is Ellen Stohl. I am a model/actress who three years ago was my name is the Ston. I am a model actress who three years ago was injured in a tragic auto accident. At first, I had given up hope of a lot of learning the store of the mouths and a lot of learning the surgice nujured in a tragic auto accident. At ILIST, I had given up hope of pursuing my career; but after a few months and a lot of learning, I specified that a wheelchair should not make a difference. Since that pursuing my career; but after a rew months and a fot of fearning, I realized that a wheelchair should not make a difference. Since that Dear Mr. Hefner: realization, I have been working twice as hard to achieve my career realization, I have been working twice as here conjugate the beach conjugate that being discovered to the conjugate that being discovered to the conjugate that the conjugate realization, I have been working twice as hard to achieve my career goals—not only for myself but also to teach society that being disabled does not make a difference

does not make a difference.

The reason I chose Playboy for this endeavor is that sexuality is the that they are not capable but rather than the capab that they are not capable but, rather, that society's emphasis on perfection puts a definite damner on self-esteem

Well, I believe it is time to show society the real story. Anyone can be perfection puts a definite damper on self-esteem.

well, I believe it is time to snow society the real story. Anyone can be sexy; it is a matter of how a person feels about himself or herself—and personally, I feel great.





company in Los Angeles. Then, during winter break—in January 1983—I was involved in an auto accident. I broke five vertebrae in my neck and for about a month and a half, I was paralyzed from the neck down. Then, slowly, I started getting a little bit back, into my hands and arms and abdo-

men and lower back. But I never regained the use of my legs." As she speaks, Ellen is cheerfully matter-of-fact, betraying little of the mental anguish and just plain hard, sweating work it has cost her to get from that hospital bed to this classroom stage—and onto the pages of PLAYBOY.

've always been a scrapper,' Ellen had told us over *fajitas* at a nearby Mexican restaurant before the class. "I was always into

sports—the tough, make-it-through-anything type. And when I was in the hospital, I told myself I was going to make it. I was going to walk again. And then I realized I wasn't going to walk again, and I went through some really tough times." A lot of those tough times, Ellen was sur-

prised to realize, had to do with her feelings about sex.

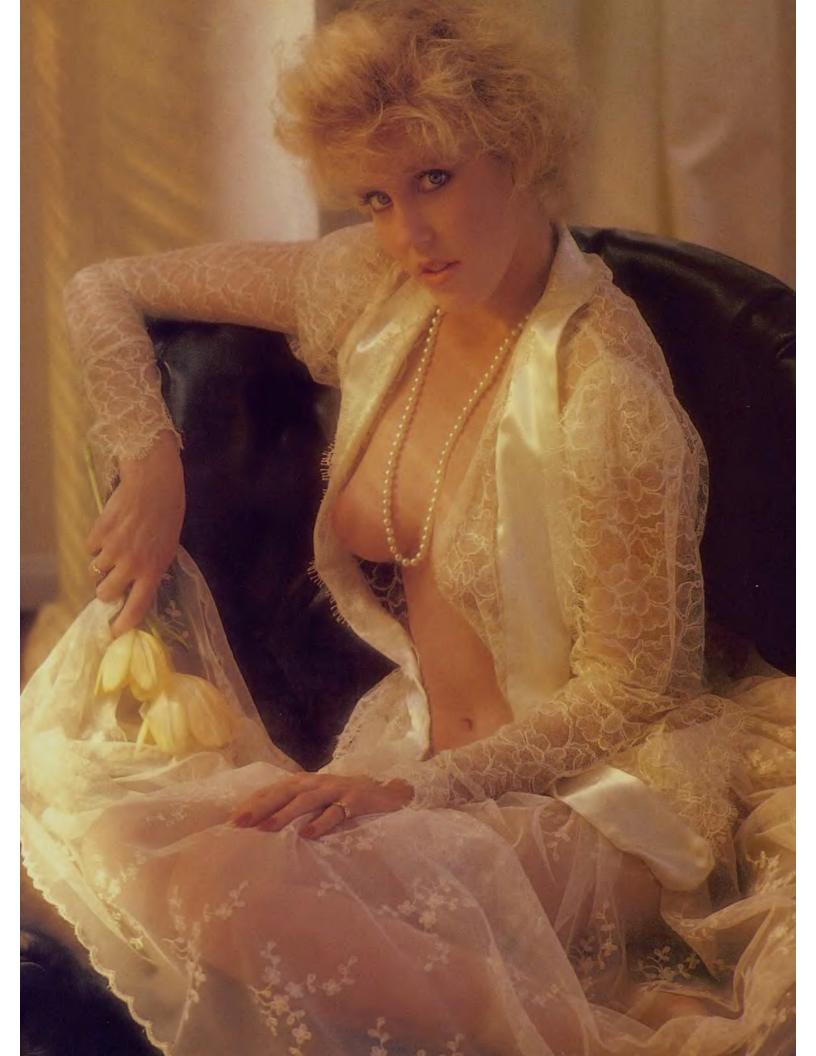
specially since my accident, I've felt that sexuality is the very essence of who we are," she says. "When you're born, the first thing people want to know is, 'Is it a boy or a girl?' People treat you differently

according to whether you're a boy or a girl; and from the way they react to you, you begin to build your image, your self-esteem. And if somebody or something takes away your sexuality, you don't know who you are or where you fit in. I was 18 at the time of my accident, and I was a virgin. I was a late bloomer, just beginning to realize my sexuality, and suddenly it was taken away from me.' For Ellen, the accident took a toll far beyond the



Ellen was elected a little sister of Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity after her accident; it's a role she still enjoys. "A lot of people put down the Greek system, saying it's all stereotyped, but it's a nice thing to be involved in."

physical. "I was a child again, and people treated me as such, not as a woman. After the accident, the first thing I asked my mom was, 'Will I live?' and the second was, 'Can I have sex?' And I cried with my mom for a day and a half over the fact that I was still a virgin and it was all over."







s it turned out, it wasn't all over. "I was really lucky in that two orderlies in the hospital harassed me relentlessly—tried to pull my sheets off and stuff. They treated me like a woman. One of them, whom I ended up dating a couple of times, told me that he'd

never thought of having an affair with somebody in a wheelchair until he met me. And that opened doors. I started going out and meeting people, and as I gained more confidence in myself, I started becoming more sexually interested. I had my first sexual relationship a year and a half after the accident. I think I was quicker to get involved in sex than I would have been if I hadn't had the accident. because I was curious. I had

thought I'd never be able to have sex, and now that I was getting the opportunity, I certainly wanted to see what it felt like. So I got involved in that relationship, and it was wonderful. It lasted for about eight months. Since then, I've been involved in other sexual relationships, and they get better, more exciting,

each time, as I learn more and can communicate more."

ommunication, in fact, has become Ellen's specialty. She's majoring in it, along with advertising, and she is using her skills to spread her message about the importance of sexuality in the lives of the handi-

capped. Several times a month, she's called upon to speak somewhere. "It all started when I had a social-psychology class for which, instead of taking one of the tests, we could do an oral report. This was about the time I posed for PLAYBOY, and I had been thinking about my reasons for doing it. And I thought, I'm explaining the importance of this to the people from PLAYBOY but I'm not doing anything in my own back yard. To change the world, the back



A theater major before her crash, Ellen is venturing back into showbiz. Above, director Robert Conrad (left) outlines her role in the cable soap opera *Balboa*; she appeared in three episodes as the daughter of a *mafioso*.

yard's the best place to start. So I did a report for the class. And next the teacher said, 'I teach a class in the psychology of human sexuality. Would you like to speak on a panel?' So I said, 'Sure, that would be great.' And another couple of friends and I got together a panel. Since then, I've done all that

teacher's classes and have been asked to do others. The more that people know, the fewer problems for me. If people are educated, I don't have to educate them every time I go out—which becomes a pain in the butt. And they'll treat the next handicapped person they meet like a person instead of like a wheelchair."

he questions people toss at Ellen aren't exactly marshmallows. "I've been asked at a club, by someone who'd just met me, 'Can you have sex?' And I feel like saying, 'Yes, I can engage in sexual activity. But what is this, a prerequisite to buying me a drink? If I can't, I

don't get the drink—is that what you're saying?' Sometimes, in a classroom setting, it's hard for people to ask questions. I remember one time, a man asked me what my favorite position was. I told him being on top, because when you can't move your legs, you can still move your upper body, and then you're a more active participant. That really opened up the questioning."

n this particular night at Cal State, Ellen and her friends Jan and Jim field the students' questions with practiced ease. Jim tells the class that he's in the process of getting a divorce, partly because his wife feels he's oversexed ("I don't agree with her"). Jan describes how her life has seesawed in the past ten years, from pre-accident virginity through episodes of drugs and promiscuous sex to her present

state of commitment to one lover. A questioner asks the trio how their sex lives were affected by their respective paralyzing accidents.

llen replies: "When you go through something like this—well, I read every book out there on sex. I learned how to do things that a lot of people still don't know how to do, because I was so unsure about what I could do. I wanted to make sure I could compete with the able-bodied women out there. You kind of overeducate yourself, so that you know all the tricks. You get really good at oral sex. I think that's pretty true of everybody I've talked

to. You just become a whiz." Jan and Jim nod in agreement. The audience laughs. Another question: "Do you have sensation in your lower body?" "I have heightened sensitivity in my genital area, and that's great—I admit it," Ellen answers. "But even where I have lessened feeling, on my legs, if I can watch a lover touch me, I can be visually stimulated. Orgasms really happen in the brain, after all. I can tell whether or not a guy is really interested in me by where he touches me. A guy who just wants a physical thing will be all over my upper body, whereas somebody who's really interested in me will be touching my feet, asking, 'Can you feel this?'"





For fun, Ellen rides (top); for self-protection, she studies martial arts at Casa Colina Hospital for Rehabilitative Medicine (above). Instructor Ron Scanlon, who earned his eighth-degree black belt in kung fu san soo in a wheelchair, shows her how to clobber a would-be assailant (played by Ben Smith) whom she'd downed with an earlier blow.

he next question, directed at Jim, is predictable. "Can you get an erection?" "Yes, but it doesn't last as long as I would like it to." Observes Jan: "Does it ever?" To more laughter, the class comes to an end with Jan's parting advice to female students: "Well, girls, Jim's getting divorced pretty soon. He's going to be single, and you just heard him say he can get it up."

t's going on ten P.M. now and Ellen maneuvers herself and her collapsible yellow wheelchair into her '79 Mustang. We're headed for Crackers, her favorite hangout, where everybody from bouncer to bartender to lead singer obviously adores Ellen. One brawny fellow swings her out of her chair and onto a barstool. "It's funny," she tells us. "If I sit in my wheelchair, a lot of guys don't want to

approach me, because they don't know how. But if I'm on a barstool, I'll be ripped off it and asked to dance. And I'm not doing anything different; I'm just sitting in a different chair." Ellen's friends at Crackers are looking forward to her PLAYBOY appearance. What kind of reaction does she expect from the public? "Oh, I suppose there'll be those women's libbers who say, 'I don't want to be seen as just a sex object.' No, of course you don't want to be seen as just that. But would you want that taken away from you? What does that make you? I think every woman wants to be a sex symbol of some sort. When you take that aspect away from us, we're not whole."

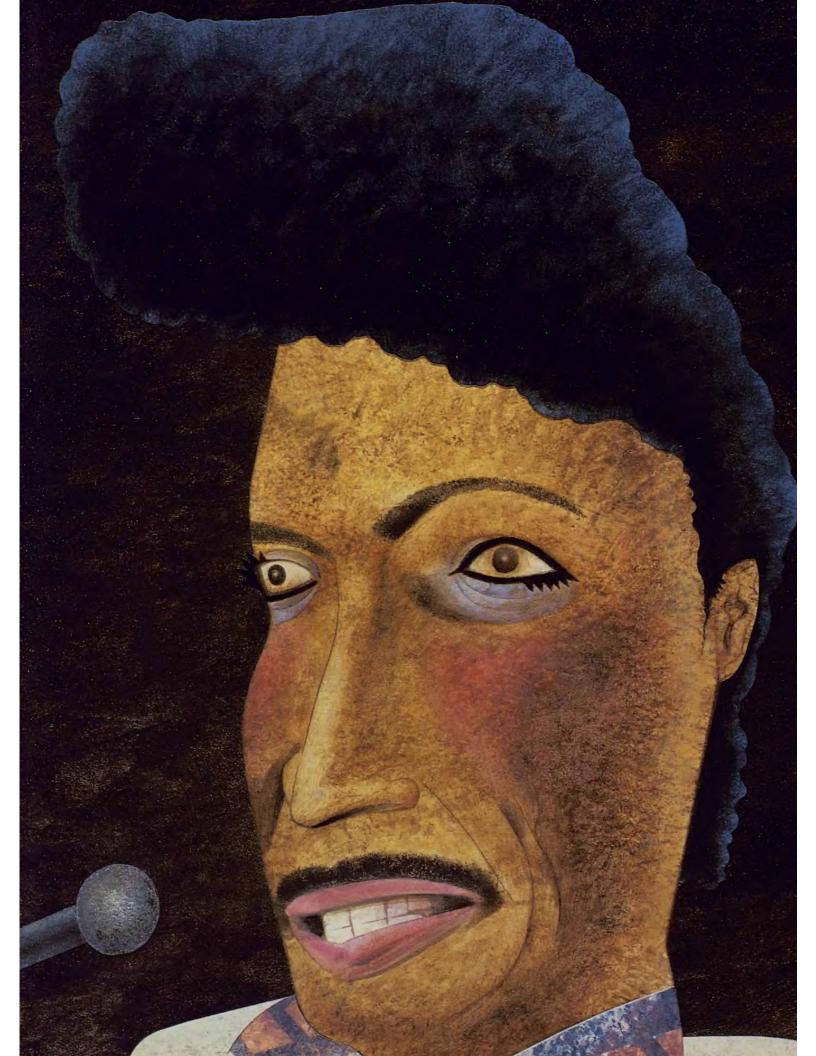


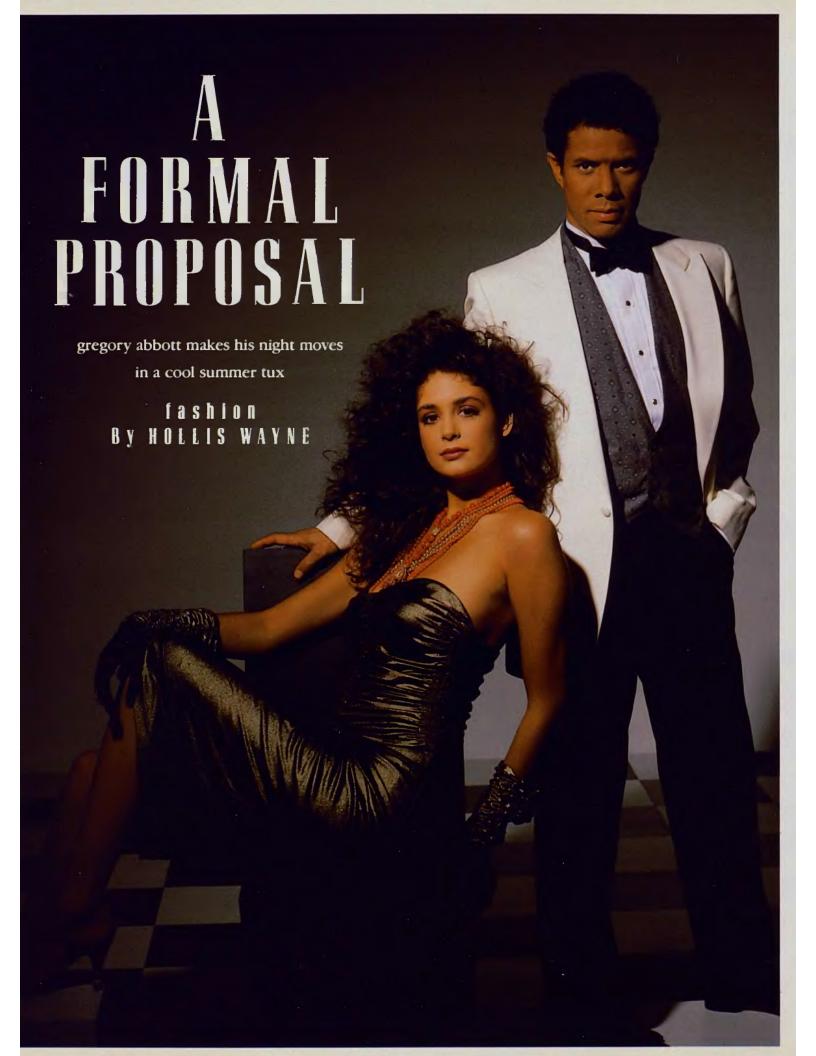


the magnificent one prepares to meet his maker—himself personality By JOHN WATERS

ITTLE RICHARD scared my grandmother in 1957. I was 11 years old, on the way to her house for dinner with my parents, and had just shoplifted for the first time. Right in the five-and-dime, and Mom and Dad hadn't even noticed. Easy pickings—the 45 rpm of Lucille on the Specialty label. My favorite record. I felt happily defiant in the back seat of the car with the sharp edge of the single jabbing my stomach beneath the sweater. Once inside Granny's, I made a beeline to her out-

of-date hi-fi and let it roll. "L-u-c-i-l-l-e! You won't do your sister's will!" came blaring through the house like a pack of rabid dogs. It was as if a Martian had landed. My grandmother stopped in her tracks, face ashen, beyond comprehension. The antiques rattled. My parents looked stunned. In one magical moment, every fear of my white, middle-class family had been laid bare: An uninvited, screaming, flamboyant black man was in the living room. Even Dr. Spock hadn't warned (continued on page 140)





N REAL LIFE, rhythm-and-blues-pop star

Gregory Abbott wears coats of many colors. Not only is he a talented writer and producer, but his recent gold album, *Shake You Down*, and award-winning video of the title song have precipitated a world-wide promotional tour this spring and summer. On these pages, however, Abbott's dinner-jacket color is basic black or white. Peacock hues in tuxedos are for the birds—and we're not talking about the gorgeous one on his arm.

Left: A dinner jacket and formal trousers, both by Hartz for Givenchy, \$425; plus wingcollar shirt, by Ferrell Reed, \$77.50; vest, by Reporter Italian Menswear, \$175; bow tie, by Alan Flusser, about \$40; pocket square, by Ashear Bros., about \$10; and stud/cuff-link set, by Alfred Dunhill of London, \$225. (His date's dress, jewelry and gloves are by OMO Norma Kamali.) Right: A dinner jacket with trousers, by Bill Blass for After Six, \$325; tux shirt, by Alfred **Dunhill of London,** \$110; bow tie/ cummerbund, by Ferrell Reed, \$46.50; and evening pumps, by Cole Haan, \$195. (Her dress, by Tracy Mills; jewelry, by Kenneth Jay Lane.)



PHOTOGRAPHY BY GORDON MUNRO

ote that Abbott has gone tieless in one

outfit (below). It's a daring approach that calls for an elegant evening suit, such as the one pictured in this feature, combined with a dress shirt worn buttoned to the top. Traditionally, of course, going black tie requires a tie that's actually tied, suspenders and a cummerbund or a vest, plus a wing-collar shirt, studs and cuff links. Either way, Abbott in formalwear is the very soul of taste. Like his singing, the man's a class act.



Left: A crinkledcrepe evening suit, jacket, about \$365, and formal trousers that have a Hollywood waist, about \$175, both by Byblos; plus dress shirt, by Matsuda, about \$310. (Abbott's close friend has on eveningwear and jewelry by Douglas Ferguson.) Right: A silk dinner jacket with black-pin-dot pattern, crossover vest and pleated lightweight wool formal trousers, all by Bill Kaiserman, \$1200; plus ribbed-front tux shirt, by Hilditch & Key, \$150, including studs; and silk bow tie, by Richel, about \$27.50. (The lady's dress is by Tracy Mills; jewelry, by Kenneth Jay Lane. All her shoes in this feature are by Roger Vivier.)

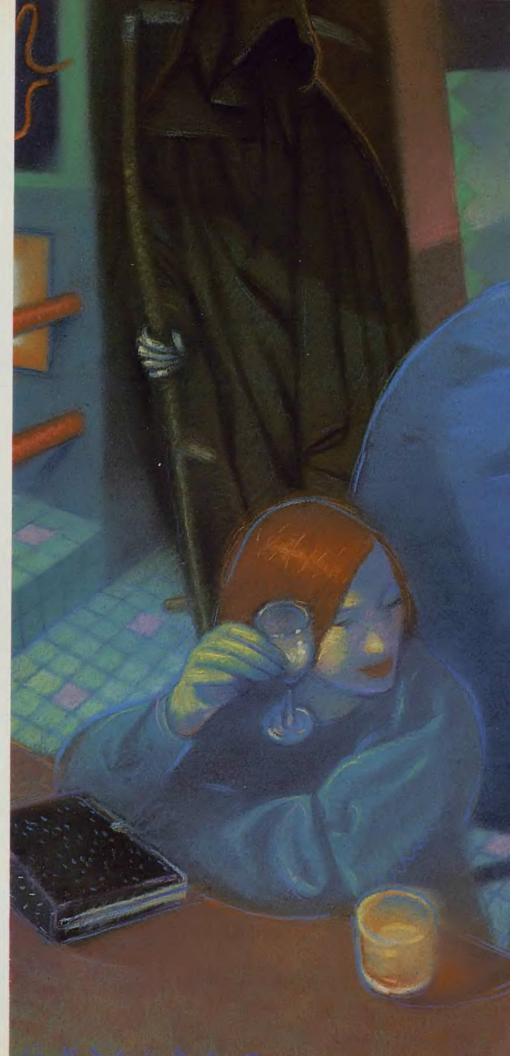


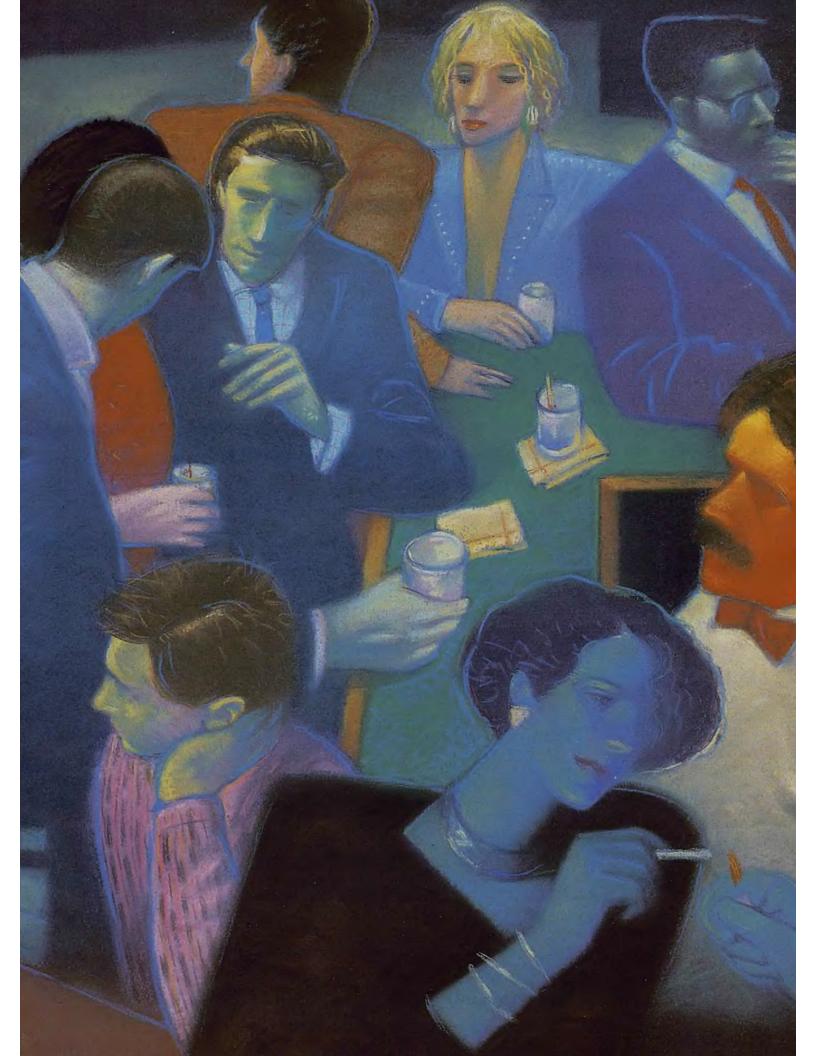
NIGHT LIFE INTHE AGE OF AIDS

THESE DAYS, WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN, THERE'S A NOTICEABLE CHILL IN THE AIR

article By David Seeley

RE YOU afraid of AIDS? If you're straight and you aren't, it's probably only a matter of time. This past spring, after a series of events-the deaths of Liberace and other celebrities, the controversy over AIDS testing and condom ads on TV, the passing out of free Trojans at a New England church and reports of increased AIDS cases among heterosexuals-people who'd rarely talked about the disease were suddenly talking about it constantly, in health clubs, in singles bars, at the office. In cities across America, local TV news crews turned their lights on in churning discos and asked heterosexuals, "Are you nervous about AIDS?" If they hadn't





been nervous before, being asked the question made them think twice. And simply seeing those reports on TV made people wonder if they were in danger. Could making love to a stranger, or even a long-time lover, be an embrace with death?

It was bad. Then it got worse.

"You haven't heard or read anything yet," Health and Human Services Secretary Otis R. Bowen said in February, predicting that AIDS might make the black plague, smallpox and typhoid epidemics "pale by comparison."

"I think the risk groups should be abandoned," Dr. Robert Redfield of the Walter Reed Institute of Research in Washington said that month. "There's really only one risk group—that's someone who has sexual... exposure to the virus" that

causes AIDS.

Just weeks after those reports came out, I traveled to New York, Denver and Los Angeles, talking with heterosexuals about AIDS. I went to places where single people meet—discos, parties, restaurants, neighborhood bars—and I heard some amazing things. Some people blamed AIDS on gays or a Commie plot or the wrath of God. Some wouldn't go anywhere without a condom. Some were angry; most guys joked about it. But nearly everyone felt the danger looming on the horizon, and worried that it might only become greater with the passage of time.

NEW YORK CITY

I lived in New York two years ago, right in the heart of Greenwich Village, where there may be more AIDS cases than any other neighborhood in the country. But like most heterosexuals, I hadn't worried about it personally. But this trip, there was no avoiding the subject-there were screaming AIDS headlines in the Post and the Daily News almost every day. Even the staid New York Times checked in-albeit in a mild-mannered way-with an amazingly frank Jane E. Brody column about condoms. It included such advice as "For disease prevention during anal sex, use the toughest condoms you can get, since ultrathin ones may not hold up.

I visited some of my old journalist friends. "You know what I think?" said a woman at Cable News Network. "It's only going to get worse. And as long as we live,

it's never going away."

An editor at *Newsweek* said it wasn't fun anymore to go out in Manhattan. "Heterosexual angst has settled over every suck palace downtown," he said.

At midnight Friday night, the Limelight disco on Sixth Avenue had a waiting line 50 feet long. The crowd inside the converted 18th Century church was a microcosm of Manhattan: stockbrokers in Versace suits, coolly sipping Scotch; tough Brooklyn kids in suede jackets; Jersey girls

applying lipstick in the half-dark; models and cabbies and nobodies and maybe a star or two, watching out for *paparazzi*. They moved around the dance floor, sat on the floor of a haremlike lounge and smoked cigarettes at tables in a quiet bar near the back.

In the quiet bar near the back, I noticed four women sitting at a low table, drinking and laughing, watching men walk by. They were eager to talk about AIDS. This is the same way every woman I talked with in every city reacted; I think women find it difficult to talk with men about AIDS, and they were glad to have the chance. One of the women asked me to sit down.

"I never worried about that stuff before, but now it's on everybody's mind," she said. She told me that her name was Irene, she was 26 and she and her friends were all in advertising. "You hear about more and more people dying of it, and then all this stuff about the condom ads. I'm starting to wonder if maybe I should carry some around with me."

"Before, people would go out, they'd meet someone in a bar and they'd go home together," said Colette, a 23-year-old who was visiting from Chicago. "Now you think twice about it. Jesus Christ, I go to the bathroom in a public place and I worry about it."

"And when you think about all those wild times you had in college," said Denise, 25, "you're, like, 'Fuck!' You just go, 'Oh, those one-night stands!' You think about them now and it's scary."

I asked them if AIDS had changed the way people met and dated, and they all nodded.

"My mother's generation, the way they waited for marriage, that's coming back," said Colette.

"A few years ago, you might've just slept with a person and had a good time and that was it," said Irene. "Now more people are just starting to think, Stop it. Because you don't know."

They admitted that they'd done little to protect themselves from the disease short of holding guys off, since it's hard for them to ask men about their sexual histories or get them to wear condoms.

Colette stabbed my chest with her index finger. "Let's say you and I just met tonight. How would you feel if I said to you, 'Have you ever slept with a man?' Or if I said, 'Hey, let's go get some condoms.' Wouldn't that be insulting?"

She took a sip from her drink, rubbed a knuckle across her lips. "There was one time when I dated a guy"—she looked at her girlfriends—"I didn't tell you guys, but now that it's come up... I went out with this guy a couple of times. And the first time that we were going to sleep together, he got up and got a condom. At the time, I was really dumb about it. I was impressed, because (continued on page 130)

CALM LOOK AT AIDS

ear is the main source of superstition, and one of the main sources of cruelty. To conquer fear is the beginning of wisdom.

—BERTRAND RUSSELL, "An Outline of Intellectual Rubbish"

a special report By David Black "AIDS WILL NEVER BECOME an overwhelming danger to the general public," Dr. Robert C. Gallo said to me in February 1987. Dr. Gallo is the codiscoverer of the AIDS virus and the chief of the National Cancer Institute's Laboratory of Tumor Cell Biology at the National Institutes of Health. He has the first patent to produce the

whelm people-that's not true."

Gallo's view is unorthodox, but a few years ago, when heterosexuals were ignoring AIDS, he recognized the danger of the illness. Fearful that straights would dismiss it as a gay disease, resist funding research and abandon those who were infected, he worked to alert the public.

Now Gallo is afraid that people particularly heterosexuals not in a highrisk category—are succumbing to an unnecessary panic that could have political and sociological repercussions for everyone: gays, straights, men and women.

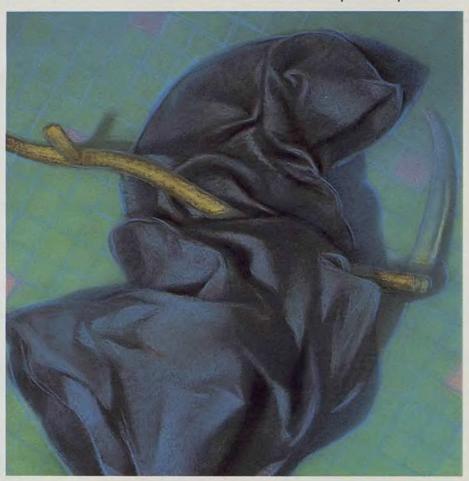
"We're in a difficult position," Gallo said. "If you underestimate the danger, you can cause trouble." He believes that people should not be lulled into a false security—and advocates the use of condoms and safe sex. "But if you overestimate the danger, you can also cause trouble," he said. "You can even drive people to suicide. I wouldn't promote any panic. The worst thing we can do is overdo it, exaggerate the danger."

Gallo pointed out that he is not an epidemiologist and does not work on a dayto-day basis with patients, though he is a physician. He said that it has been "established" that an infected man can pass the AIDS virus to a woman through heterosexual intercourse. The AIDS virus, carried in semen, can enter a woman's system through ruptures in the vagina, the mouth or the anus. It can even be transmitted from a man to a woman through artificial insemination, a procedure that is unlikely to cause trauma or rupture. But the virus is not easily transmitted. "You don't get infected in small doses; you need a big dose," Gallo said.

Although the virus may be transmitted from women to men, Gallo and others who agree with him say that unless it moves easily from females to males, the risk of large-scale infection of the heterosexual population is slight. And since he believes there is little evidence that women can transmit the virus to men "efficiently enough," the danger of AIDS to the heterosexual community is being overstated.

"Woman-to-man transmission," Gallo said. "It's more difficult to get hard data on that. I personally don't know of a single case [in America] of a man getting the virus from a woman [through heterosexual intercourse]. In Africa [where AIDS seems to affect men and women in equal numbers], it happens; but that may be due to differences in sexual practices, more promiscuity or a greater incidence of venereal disease."

Or it may be due, as some researchers suggest, to the use of insufficiently sterilized needles in clinics; to the use of dirty needles in tattooing; to ritual clitoridectomy (removal of part of the female genitalia), which can lead to pain



SOME EXPERTS NOW THINK THE THREAT TO HETEROSEXUALS IS BEING DANGER-OUSLY OVERSTATED virus for laboratory study and is acknowledged as a leading AIDS researcher.

Gallo said this during an unprecedented wave of media hysteria and confusion about AIDS. Public-health officials appeared to be outdoing one another in predicting widespread catastrophe. Magazine-cover stories and broadcasts warned about the danger of AIDS to all sexually active people, heterosexual as well as homosexual. And although everyone agrees that for those in high-risk groups, the disease has reached epidemic proportions, there is growing controversy among researchers about the gravity of the crisis threatening the heterosexual public.

"It is not a plague," Gallo said firmly. "To start saying that this is going to over-

and bleeding during vaginal intercourse and a corresponding increase in anal sex.

"In America," Gallo said, "it's very difficult to find the virus in vaginal fluid. We've never found it." (Researchers at the University of California at San Francisco have found the virus in vaginal secretions, but in amounts so small that, according to Dr. Jay A. Levy, "the disease cannot easily be passed from women to men through vaginal intercourse.")

Gallo is not alone in calling for a calmer look at the facts. Dr. Joseph Sonnabend, who helped discover interferon in the blood of AIDS patients and is a founder of the AIDS Medical Foundation, has been one of Gallo's most prominent critics. From the very beginning of the AIDS crisis, they have disagreed on almost every aspect of AIDS theory. Gallo suggested the single-virus, single-disease model. Dr. Sonnabend suggested the multifactorial (many causes) model. One of the few points on which they agree is that there is little evidence that the disease can be readily transmitted from women to men and that, as a result, there is little reason to believe that AIDS will spread among the heterosexual, non-needle-abusing population as it has among homosexuals.

"I've never seen a case of female-tomale transmission," said Sonnabend, who, as a New York City physician, has treated hundreds of AIDS and AIDS Related Complex cases. "I don't believe they exist.

"Women are at risk," he added, "but I see no evidence that women can transmit AIDS to men. In fact, I see a lot of evidence that they cannot. AIDS is caused by exposure to infected semen and blood that's introduced into the body; since women don't make semen and don't usually introduce blood into the male during sex, it is unlikely that they can transmit the disease to their male partners.

"The scenario they [many Government researchers and much of the media] are promoting is that the disease will spread among heterosexuals through sexual contact the same way it spread among homosexuals," Sonnabend said. "But if women do not give it to men, the only way you can get the disease is if you have sex with a homosexual or bisexual man or an I.V.drug abuser. If you don't, you won't get it. You won't get it even if you have sex with a woman who has had sex with someone in a high-risk group."

Like Gallo, Sonnabend dismisses the relevance of AIDS in Africa to Americans: "In Africa, you have to look at conditions that are peculiar to those cultures."

Gallo called for caution, saying that unless scientists find a vaccine for AIDS, the disease "will be with us forever; and if you get infected, you're infected for life. Every group [both gay and straight] coming into its sexually active period will face some danger."

But he said the risk of infection may resemble the epidemiological danger people face from syphilis and gonorrhea, which today appear in persistent but sporadic clusters of cases.

"For the general public, the magnitude of risk of getting AIDS is not great," said Gallo. "AIDS will never spread in the heterosexual community the way it did in the homosexual community."

Both researchers emphasize that they are in no way downgrading the severity of the crisis for homosexuals and other highrisk groups, among whom the disease has, indeed, reached epidemic proportions. But even in the beleaguered homosexual community, safe sex and other changes in sexual behavior seem to be slowing the rate of increase of the disease.

In America in 1982, the number of cases doubled every six months; by the fall of 1986, it took ten months to a year for the number of cases to double; and if the Centers for Disease Control's prediction of a tenfold increase of cases by 1991 comes true, it will take a year and a half to two years for the number of cases to double. Which means the rate of increase of cases is decreasing.

There are some AIDS researchers and analysts who forecast a much bleaker picture than do Gallo and Sonnabend. Drs. Margaret Fischl and Gordon Dickinson of the University of Miami School of Medicine, among others, believe that there is evidence that heterosexuals—both men and women—are, indeed, at risk. "AIDS travels in both directions," Dr. Dickinson said. "There is no scientific reason to suppose it doesn't."

Dickinson acknowledged that they were dealing with extremely small numbers. In the Fischl-Dickinson study, three of eight men with female sexual partners with AIDS tested positive for the virus during the period they were being monitored, and those men were thought to be monogamous, heterosexual and non-drug users, "though you can never be absolutely certain," Dickinson said. He believes that it is possible for the virus to be transmitted from women to men during vaginal sex through tiny breaks in the skin on the penis. He feels that AIDS will have a major impact among heterosexuals, "but not the degree of spread it had in the homosexual community.'

Dr. Mathilde Krim, the founding cochair of the American Foundation for AIDS Research, one of the most visible advocates for AIDS research, also believes that it poses a danger for all sexually active people. She, like others who share her view, speaks of a future in which the disease could sweep through society with the severity of a plague or the world-wide influenza epidemic of 1918.

"AIDS has the potential for becoming a true pandemic," said Dr. Krim. She rejected Gallo's conclusions on heterosexual transmission, saying she believes that AIDS can be spread with equal ease between men and women. "In ten years, it could affect even 1,000,000 people. Worldwide, it could be 10,000,000, 100,000,000. God knows."

Krim cites three sources in support of her opinion: the Fischl-Dickinson study discussed above, a researcher at Montefiore Hospital in New York City and calculations on heterosexual transmission by Dr. Timothy Dondero of the CDC.

The Fischl-Dickinson study involves small numbers of men. The researcher at Montefiore declined to have his name used or to confirm any statement about his work. And Dr. Dondero confirmed that his statistics showed a rise in heterosexual transmission but said that the data on male-to-female and female-to-male transmission were unclear. "People who say the virus spreads with equal efficiency are speculating," Dondero said. He added that the spread of AIDS into the heterosexual community is "difficult to project."

Among people who are at high risk for the disease, AIDS is a terrifying threat to life. Any analysis of the situation must confront the possibility that Krim and those who believe as she does are correct. Those who believe the grimmer scenarios also fear—justifiably—that to downplay AIDS's threat to heterosexuals is to undercut efforts to cure, or to control, the disease. They are right. Any error should be on the side of caution.

Yet, as an editorial in *The New York Times* said of AIDS earlier this year, "dramatic alarms are well meant. They may one day be genuinely alarming.... But in the meantime, fears that it is spreading into the heterosexual population are just that, fears.... AIDS is grim enough without exaggeration."

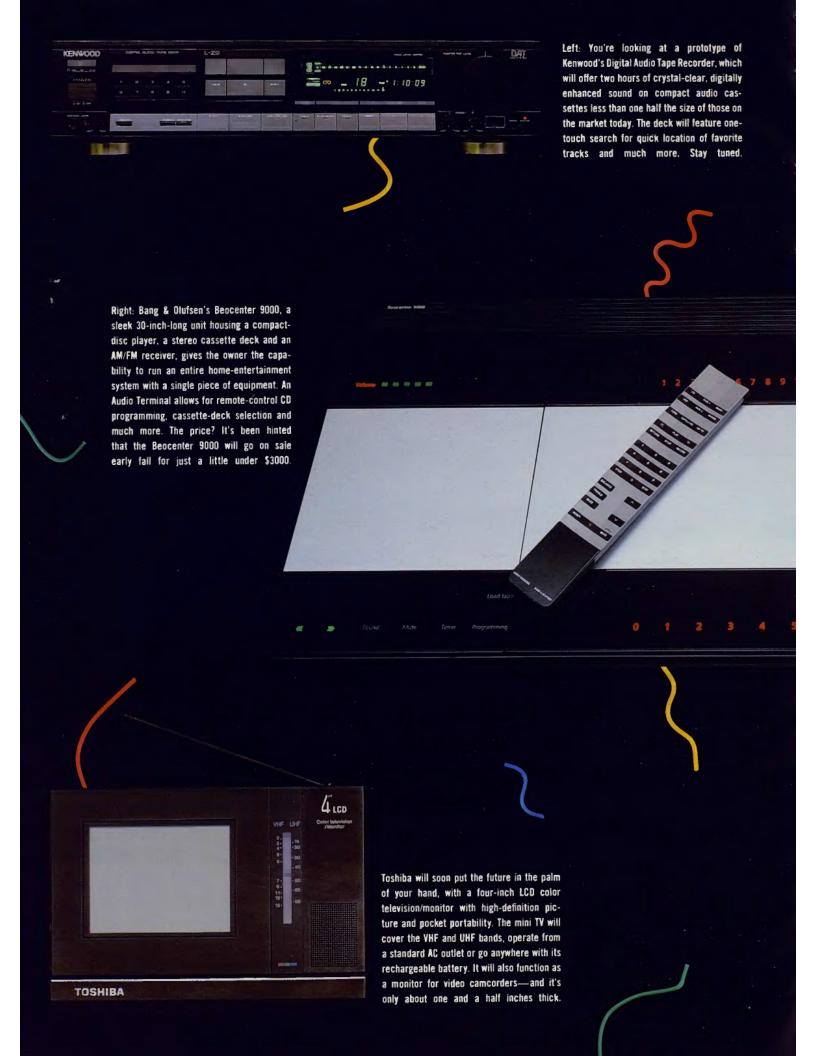
In an examination of AIDS and heterosexuals published in the *Times* in October 1986, reporter Erik Eckholm concluded, "For now... most of the country's heterosexuals apparently face only a slight risk of exposure to AIDS."

And in a *Times* article in March 1987, Philip M. Boffey wrote: "Although most people . . . visualize the disease sweeping through singles bars, swingers clubs and colleges or high schools, that sort of transmission has thus far been minor. The overwhelming majority of the AIDS cases attributed to heterosexual transmission so far have been caused by intravenous drug users, especially in the Northeast."

Some recently published research also supports the contention that AIDS is not spreading among heterosexuals as it has among homosexuals. New York City's Department of Health published a report in its City Health bulletin late in 1986 stating that "over seven years, this route of [female-to-male] transmission should be measurable."

(continued on page 162)







donna's feelings about tom run hot and cold. depending on the, uh, atmosphere

fiction By HARRY TURTLEDOVE THE WEATHER'S FINALE FINALE THE WEATHER'S FINALE FINALE THE WEATHER'S FINALE THE WEATHER'S THE WEATHER'

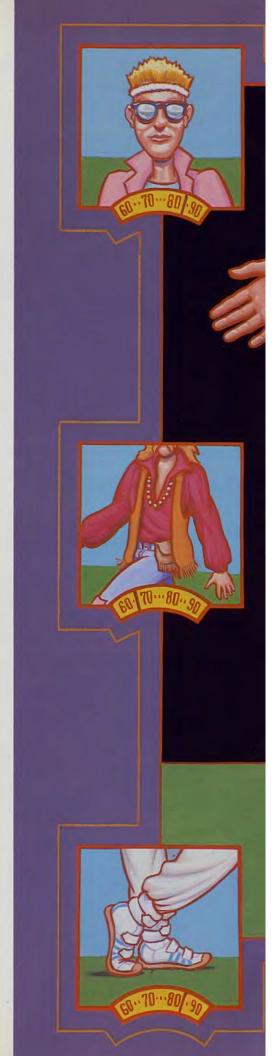
OM CROWELL goes into the little kitchen of his apartment, pulls a Bud out of the refrigerator. To save money, the place is conditioned to only the mid-seventies. He pulls off the ring tab and tosses it into the trash. Then he goes into the living room and turns on the TV news. The couch squeaks as he flops down onto it. Even in the mid-seventies, it isn't new.

As always, the weather is big news, especially in other parts of the country: "The old front sweeping down out of Canada continues to ravage our northern tier of states. It has caused widespread communications breakdowns. Authorities are doing their best to combat them, but problems remain far too widespread for portable generators to be adequate. This film footage, some of the little coming out of the area, is from Milwaukee."

The weatherman disappears from the screen, to be replaced by jerky, grainy black-and-white footage. The streets are tree-lined; horse carts and boxy cars compete for space. The men wear hats, and the women's skirts reach to the ground.

Not for the first time, Tom is glad he lives in southern California, where the weather rarely gets below the fifties. No wonder so many people move here, he thinks.

The weatherman comes back with the local forecast. The weather





will be about standard for Los Angeles in April: mostly in the late sixties. Tom decides he won't bother with the conditioner in the car tomorrow. He looks good in long sideburns.

After the news, he stays in front of the TV. No matter where he sets the year conditioner, TV is pretty bad, he thinks. That doesn't stop him from watching it. Finally, he gives up and goes to bed.

He leaves the window down as he drives to work. The Doors, the Stones when they're really the Stones, the Airplane, Creedence—the music coming out of the car radio is better than it will be. The speaker, though, sounds tinny as hell. Trade-offs, Tom thinks.

He feels more businesslike when he gets into the buying office. The boss keeps the conditioner really cranked up. Eighties computer technology makes the expense worth while, he claims. Tom doesn't complain, but he does wonder, What price computers when the only links to the upper Midwest are telegraphs and operator-assisted telephones?

He sighs and buckles down to his terminal. It's not his problem. Besides, things could be worse. He remembers the horrible winter when Europe was stuck in the early forties for weeks. He hopes that won't happen again any time soon.

His pants start flapping at the ankles as he trots for his car at quitting time. He grins. He likes bell-bottoms. He remembers he has a cousin with a birthday coming up and decides to go to the mall before he heads home.

Everyone else in the world, it seems, has a cousin with a birthday coming up, too. Tom has to drive around for ten minutes before he can find a parking space. He hikes toward the nearest entrance. "Which isn't any too damn near," he says out loud. Living alone, he has picked up the habit of talking to himself.

Some people are getting up to the entrance, turning around and heading back toward their cars. Tom wonders why until he sees the sign taped to the glass door: SORRY, OUR YEAR CONDITIONER HAS FAILED. PLEASE COME IN ANYHOW. Maybe the people who are leaving really don't have cousins with birthdays coming up. Tom sighs. He does. He pulls the door open and goes in.

Sure enough, the conditioner is down. He doesn't feel the blast of air it ought to be putting out, doesn't hear its almost subliminal hum. The inside of the mall is stuck in the late sixties, same as outside.

Tom smells incense and scented candles. He hasn't been in a shopping center this downyear for a long while. He wonders what he can find for his cousin here and now. He smiles a little as he walks past a Jeans West, with its striped pants and Day-Glo turtlenecks. He doesn't go in. His cousin's taste runs more to cutoffs

and T-shirts.

He climbs the stairs. The Pier I Imports is a better bet. No matter what the weather is like, they always have all kinds of strange things. The long-hair behind the counter nods at him. "Help you find something, man?"

"Just looking now, thanks."

"No problem. Holler if you need me."

The sitar music coming out of the stereo goes with the rugs from India that are hanging on the walls and the rickety rattan furniture in the center of the store. It's not as good an accompaniment for the shelves of German beer steins or for the silver-and-turquoise jewelry "imported from the Navaho nation." Wrong kind of Indians, Tom thinks.

He picks up a liter stein, hefts it thoughtfully, puts it down. It will do if he can't find anything better. He turns a corner, goes past some cheap flatware from Taiwan, turns another corner and finds himself in front of a display of Greek pottery: modern copies of ancient pieces.

He's seen this kind of thing before, but most of it is crude. This has the unmistakable feel of authenticity to it. The lines of the pots are spare and perfect, the painting elegantly simple. He picks up a pot, turns it over. His cousin doesn't have anything like it, but it goes with everything he does have.

Tom is just turning to thread his way through the maze toward the cash register when a girl comes round the corner. She sees him, rocks back on her heels, then cries, "Tom!" and throws herself into his arms.

"Donna!" he exclaims in surprise. She is a big armful, every bit as tall as his own 5'8", with not a thing missing—she's good to hug.

She tosses her head, a characteristic Donna gesture, to get her long, straight black hair out of her face. Then she kisses him on the mouth. When Tom finally comes up for air, he looks at the familiar gray eyes a couple of inches from his, asks, "Are you here for anything special?"

She grins. "Just to spend money." Very much her kind of answer, he thinks.

"Let me pay for this; then do you want to come home with me?"

Her grin gets wider. "I thought you'd never ask." They link arms and head for the front of the store. She whistles Side by Side. Now he is grinning, too.

When he sets the pot on the counter so the clerk can ring it up, Donna exclaims over it. "I didn't even notice it before," she says. "I was too busy looking at you." That makes Tom feel ten feet tall as the long-hair gives him his change.

When they get to the glass door with the sign on it, he holds it open so she can go through. The only thing he can think when he sees what dark, patterned hose and a short skirt do for her legs is, Gilding the lily. Or lilies, he amends—she defi-

nitely has two of them. He admires them both.

He opens the passenger door to let her in, then goes around to his own side. He doesn't bother with the year conditioner. He likes the weather fine the way it is. He does keep having to remind himself to pay attention to his driving. Her skirt is even shorter when she's sitting down.

There is a parking space right in front of his building. He slides the car into it. "Sometimes you'd rather be lucky than good," he says.

Donna looks at him. "I think you're

pretty good."

His right arm slips around her waist as they climb the stairs to his apartment. When he takes it away so he can get out his keys, she is pressed so tightly against him that he can hardly put his hand in his pocket. He enjoys trying, though. She doesn't seem unhappy, either. If anything, she moves closer to him.

She turns her head and nibbles his ear while he is undoing the dead bolt. After that, he has to try more than once before he can work the regular lock. Finally, the key goes in, turns. He opens the door.

The conditioned air inside blows on him and Donna. He can feel his memories shift forward. Because he stands outside instead of going straight in, it happens slowly. It's probably worse that way.

Now he looks at Donna with new eyes. She can't stand the seventies, even when she's in them. He always just goes on with his life, or tries to. And because of that, they always fight.

He remembers a glass shattering against a wall—not on his head, but only by luck and because she can't throw worth a damn. Her hand jumps up to her cheek. He knows she is remembering a slap. He feels his face go hot with mingled shame and rage. With a sound like a strangled sob, she turns away and starts, half stumbling, down the steps.

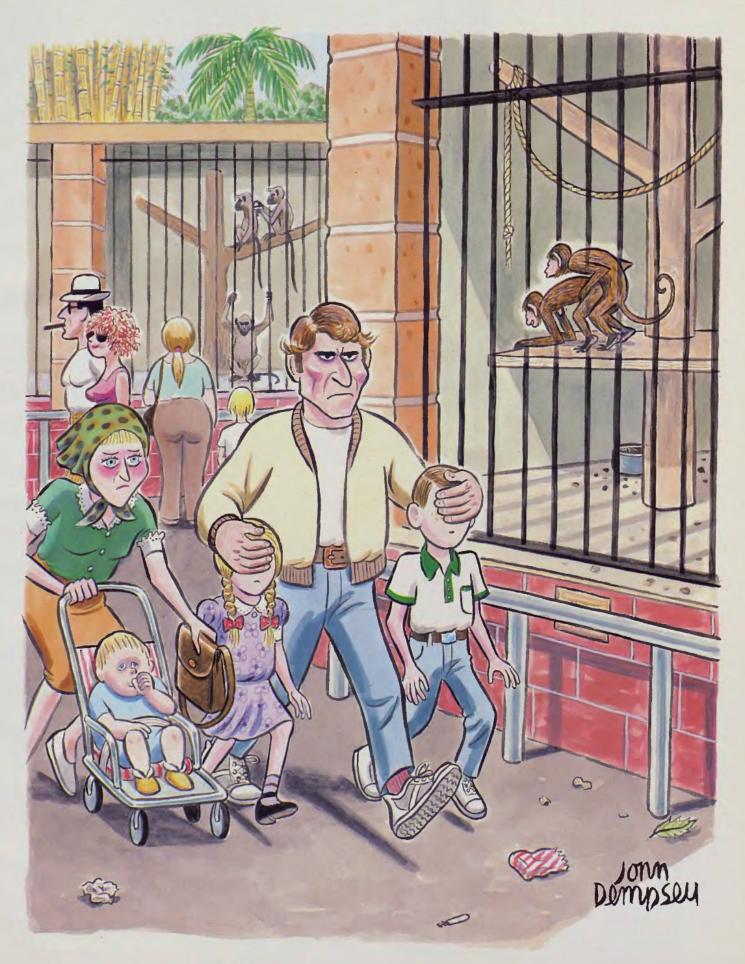
He takes a reflexive step after her. It moves him far enough from his apartment for the bad times to fade a bit in his mind. She stops, too. She looks at him from the stairs. She shakes her head. "That was a bad one," she says. "No wonder we don't hang out together all the times."

"No wonder," he says tonelessly. He feels beat up, hung over; too much has happened too fast. He is horny and angry and emotionally bruised, all at once. He walks down the stairs to Donna. She doesn't run or swing on him, which is something. Standing by her, he feels better. In the sixties, he usually feels better standing by her.

He takes a deep breath. "Let me go inside and turn the conditioner off."

"Are you sure you want to? I don't want you to mess up your place just for me."

"It won't be bad," he says, and hopes (continued on page 147)



ARMEN BERG'S father is an auctioneer in Bismarck, North Dakota. From the time she was five or six, he took her along when he went to do the fast talk to sell off someone's house or farm. "I think it would have made him happy if I'd gone to auctioneer's school and followed in his footsteps," she says now. But Carmen never learned to talk fast enough and instead set out on her own at the age of 19 to seek her fortune as a model. She eventually wound up in Chicago, which is both our good fortune and a long way from Bismarck.

typical day for Carmen
Berg: walking her dogs
along the lake front
(below), calling her agency from a
State Street phone booth (bottom),
upstaging the artwork at the State of
Illinois Center (bottom right).









FROM NORTH DAKOTA TO CHICAGO, MISS JULY HAS DONE IT HER WAY



FREE SPIRIT











ne thing about my personality I might like to change would be my shyness. I'm a loving person, but my shyness makes it difficult for me to express feelings sometimes, and I think that's held me back."

ot that Carmen has anything against her home town. It's just that "not much happens there. For instance, when Vanity was in PLAYBOY [May 1985], it was big news in Bismarck, because she was from somewhere *near* North Dakota: Minnesota." To



be perfectly honest, Bismarck didn't look very promising for Carmen unless she wanted to go into auctioneering. "I worked all through high school and I never had a job that paid more than minimum wage." One of those jobs, however, turned out to be a blessing in disguise. Carmen started working out at a Nautilus fitness center during her senior year in high school, then landed a job as a Nautilus instructor at the local Y.M.C.A.







fter a year of practicing what she was teaching, "I developed enough confidence in my body to enter the annual Peace Garden bodybuilding competition held in Grand Forks." She won third place-not bad for someone who'd been working out for such a short time. Her self-esteem bolstered ("I had always been very shy"), she decided to move to Minneapolis, where, she hoped, she could make a living modeling. It wasn't easy at first. "I found an apartment I could afford, but it was in a really bad neighborhood. I had no furnitureslept on the floor. I didn't have a phone, so I had to make my calls from pay phones. When I was out telephoning (text concluded on page 152)



remarital sex isn't necessarily wrong if there's love and commitment. After all, people were falling in love and making commitments to each other long before marriage was invented."



Since I was about 11 years old, I've admired the women in PLAYBOY, have always had a secret fantasy of someday being one of them. Now that it's actually happened to me, I can hardly believe it's true."



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Carmer Bug
BUST: 35" WAIST: 23" HIPS: 35"

WEIGHT://5/63.

BIRTH DATE: 8/17/63 BIRTHPLACE: BISMONCK, YOUTH DOKOTA

AMBITIONS: To take way day of my life as it is, and to trust in God that it is just light, just what it needs to be for me

TURN-ONS: Bring Jourd

TURN-OFFS: Mot being respected or appreciated

IDEAL MAN: a man who loves himself enough

to become tuly intimate with me

for walks with my dogs, signing the sun come up and taking time to meditale on the day ahead time, love and money

GOODIES I WANT OUT OF LIFE: the material wide of me wants a red Dorsche, designer clother and a lot of money!



High school graduation 1st modeling





picture at 18 junin the lingue Islands



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A famous golfer was on trial for beating another golfer senseless. The defendant's attorney appealed to the judge, "Your Honor, the plaintiff was drunk and abusive and kept interrupting the game. My client, in desperation, beat him unconscious with a golf club.'

"I see," the judge said, considering the evi-

dence. "In how many strokes?"

The married couple was enjoying a dinner out when a statuesque blonde walked over to their table, exchanged warm greetings with the hus-band and walked off. "Who was that?" the wife demanded.

"If you must know," he coolly replied, "that

was my mistress."
"Your mistress? I want a divorce!"

"Are you sure you want to give up a big house in the suburbs, a Mercedes, furs, jewelry and a vacation home in Mexico?'

They continued dining in silence. Finally, the woman nudged her husband and said, "Isn't

that Howard over there? Who's he with?"
"That's his mistress," her husband replied. "Oh," she said, taking a bite of dessert. "I think ours is cuter."

A prestigious medical journal reports that surgeons were very encouraged following their first penis-transplant procedure, despite a slight postsurgical hitch. The organ responded normally, but the patient's hands rejected it.



The novice parachutist desperately clawed at his reserve chute when the main chute failed to open. At 1000 feet, falling helplessly to earth, he met a woman coming up.

"Do you know anything about parachutes?"

he shouted frantically.
"No!" she yelled. "Do you know anything about gas ovens?"

Every night, the strapping 16-year-old bought a three-pack of condoms at the local drugstore. The druggist finally suggested that buying a gross would be more economical.

The next afternoon, the boy returned and told the druggist that there were only 143 condoms in

the package he had bought.

"Sorry," the man said, handing him a single condom. "Hope to hell it didn't spoil your evening."

After drifting on the high seas in a life raft for a week, the survivors of a shipwreck ran out of food. As panic spread, the captain calmly announced, "It is both my duty and my honor to die so that you men may live.

As he slowly raised a pistol to his temple, one of the crew shouted, "No, Captain! Don't do it!"

The captain, moved by his crewman's concern, uncocked his pistol.

"Not in the head, anyway," the man continued. "I love brains."



n honor of the world-champion New York Giants, bartenders in the Big Apple created a special drink called the Super Bowl Slurp. It's made of vodka and Gatorade and tossed over customers' heads.

Although it was previously unreported, it is now known that Robert McFarlane and the Ayatollah Khomeini met face to face during the American's secret journey to Iran.

In the course of their talks, the ayatollah noticed a red phone in the envoy's briefcase. The

Iranian asked about it.

"Holiness," McFarlane said, "I can call anywhere in the world with this phone. In fact, I can

even call the Devil.

McFarlane dialed a number and handed Khomeini the receiver. The amazed ayatollah talked with the Devil for five minutes. At the end of their conversation, an operator said, "That will be \$20, please."

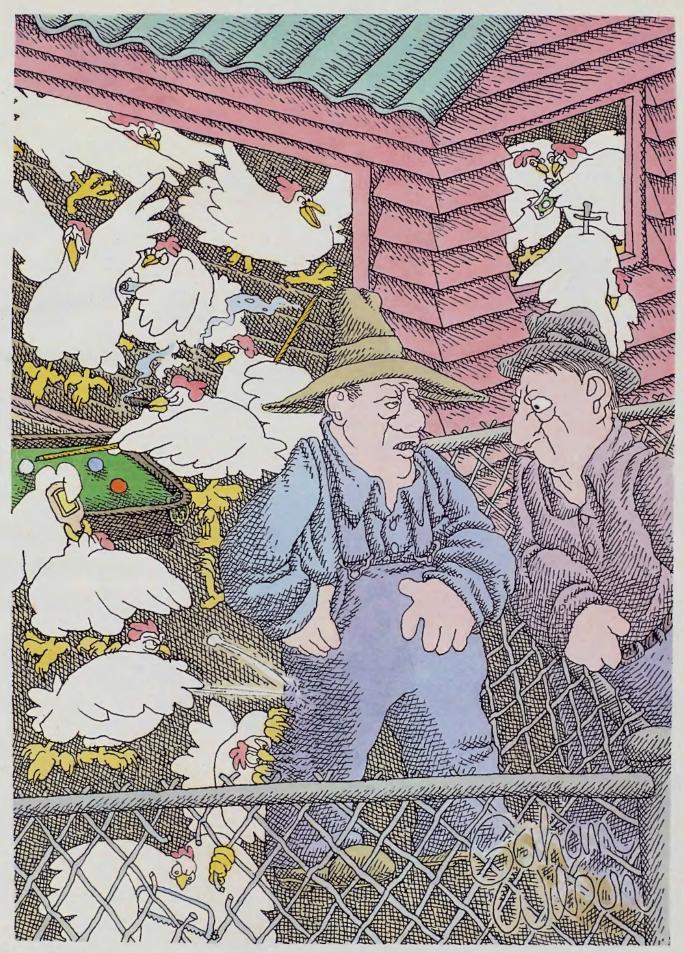
"Mr. McFarlane, is it possible to have such a

phone installed here in Tehran?"

McFarlane promised to check and, indeed, in a few days a red phone arrived and was installed. Khomeini decided to call the Devil again. After their five-minute conversation, an operator said, "That will be 45 cents."
"Forty-five cents?" the puzzled leader said.
"Why is it so cheap?"

"Local call," the operator replied.

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.



"Of course, lack of discipline is a major problem in raising free-range chickens!"



RESTRAINT

she's an extraordinary three-dimensional construct—and i'm inclined to disregard caution

fiction

By FREDERICK BARTHELME

o I pass this woman in the hall. I'm leaving my room at the office, entering a corridor-it's a big office, three floors of this just-up building inside the Loop, Philip Johnson or something. Arquitectonica. So here comes this woman-neat, got a nice suit, lemoncolored high heels, the usual-so I'm reading this memo I just got from Harriet Somes, our director of personnel, not really reading it but sort of holding it, and I look up as I pass the woman, because that's what I always do, and . . . well, she's the most extraordinary three-dimensional construct on the planet in more than 40 years, without exception. Person-person on the planet. So, anyway, I'm cool. I don't jump her, I just look, but I'm stunned like somebody's hit me with a floor lamp. Maybe I gawk some. I must seem like a goon to her-I mean, she's a young girl, I don't know, maybe 22, 21, 17, and she's not used to people looking the way I'm looking, not guys like me, three-piece guys. In the world of high finance, we don't do mouth drops at our women in the hall-she has a right to be scared. Me, if I were her, I'd scream. But she's very relaxed. She's 5'9", maybe a trace over that, to start with, and has a little constellation of freckles perfectly deployed across the bridge of a nose from antiquity-unassailable, impeccable, prototype. It's got this curve to it, a rim at the nostrils-we're talking slight, barely perceptible, so fine it might as well be an optical effect, a passing condor emerging from a gray-green cloud bank casting a shadow that flickers through the mirrored exterior of our building and spins then, distorted and partial, up off the polished corridor floor, up into my eye. And the freckles, sweet and off center, specks floating before her face, under the eyes, hovering like scout ships in advanced mathematical formation, fractals, ready for some mission into this soiled universe. Ready for Buster music. I don't know-it's like some scene from Trancers, full of New Age stuff, thunder volume, my redundant heart. A big

thing. All backed by the eyes, guarded and protected, and yet clear as some glassflute melody lilting from out of nowhere over flat, distant grassland at last light on a disarticulated winter's afternoon in Montana, Wyoming or some other state of that persuasion. These eyes are not blue, thank God. These eyes really aren't any color you'd recognize or be able to name, and they are probably not any color that exists elsewhere in our planetary system, though in the universe, I am certain, the painstaking research assistant might locate a color proximate with respect to hue, holding aside the paradox of texture. Of course, neither color, which in our radically diminished world of prepared things we'd call brown, nor texture, which remains elusive to verbal signification (i.e., can't be named), adequately suggests these eyes through which this young woman in the hall of our architecturally up-to-date corporate headquarters looks out upon a world that must seem to her a vile parody, host site for yet another thinwalled condo community wherein lesser beings, their cramped hopes whitened by grip, scoot hither and thither in search of niggling satisfactions. These eyes swell with hope and anticipation, ambition, crushing vulnerability, quick wit and vivid imagination, large heart, sweet disposition (which I had thought lost to the 18th Century), all compressed in a twodimensional array the size of a radio knob, or two thereof. I hasten to add that this is not all they swell with, but the merest sketch still some significance short of beginning to hint at the outline of a rendering of an artist's concept of a TV reporter's version-we got aces on the eyes. We got a fine nose, freckles in the proper number and distribution. We got tall. The hair's good-why, the hair's from the edge of Orion. Shines. Sways back and forth. Got a wispy aspect. Got secrets in it so marvelous as to rewhack the plexus. It's about a thousand colors, each so close to the next that the mordant eye can't tell the difference, only knows up there there's something otherworldly. Soft-looking hair, floats around at the telling moment, otherwise sits like pure angel

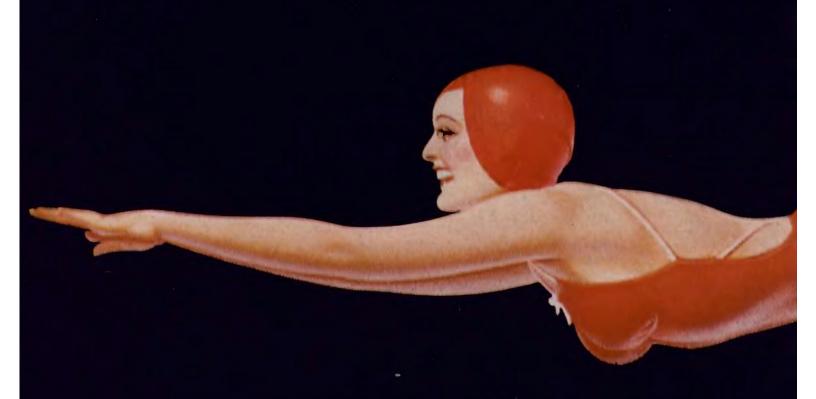
grace. It moves slowly, a rocking motion, coming toward you, then dodging away at the instant of maximum extension, in perfect sync with the smile, which gets you to the teeth-white like small wet cliffs and straight enough to set your watch. No untoward lip curling, either-they retain their exquisite shape through the whole procedure, do these lips, they slide a little, opening into a gesture of welcome as if readying the private whispered report of some lovely indiscretion, something to brace the skin. There is, about this young woman, some quivering possibility I cannot place, a wonder that veils her like the barest morning mist, an interior surprise, a perfect curiosity regarding this time and place that strikes the onlooker more powerfully than icy Oriental scents. One is inclined, against one's will, to follow, to disregard caution and to throw, with all might, the self at the other. And yet I, in the cooling afternoon light of this outer corridor, restrain all still-operative nerve tissue, reduce and control motor behavior, and I do not, I am pleased to report, knock the young woman to the corridor floor, drag her by the gray-veined hair to my dark little post. No. I am an adult. I am a decent man. I grip a potted plant, lean inelegantly against a carpeted wall, gape like a monkey at the biggest banana ever to prowl up out of a tree, but I do not accost, maul, mash, whistle or deliver myself of some gratuitous oral discharge apropos her stride, her skirt, her slight little ivory-shadowed calves, the taut muscles of which I can already feel swelling into my curled palm. No. I take what is given. As she passes, I bathe in the fragrance of 1000-year-old lilacs on a stone path at misty dawn in Shanghai; and, when she turns the corner and leaves my sight, I return to my own boxy place, where there is little to agitate the senses, sit in my gray-vinyl chair, cock my feet on the round-cornered desk and, lips pursed, eves shut like vault doors, I count blessings, first health and family, then friends, finally appliances, working my way from the large to the small.

BEACHBALLS

GUIDE TO THE BEST OF SUMMER

THE JOYS OF SUMMER. String bikinis, as flimsy as dental floss, on lean ladies' loins. The sound of The Beach Boys, vintage and today. The tactile sensation of oil on skin tanned to a supple mocha. Need we say more? The surf is up, the sun is high, we're heading for the beach and you're coming along. There'll be plenty of beach noise, because we'll tell you how to create the

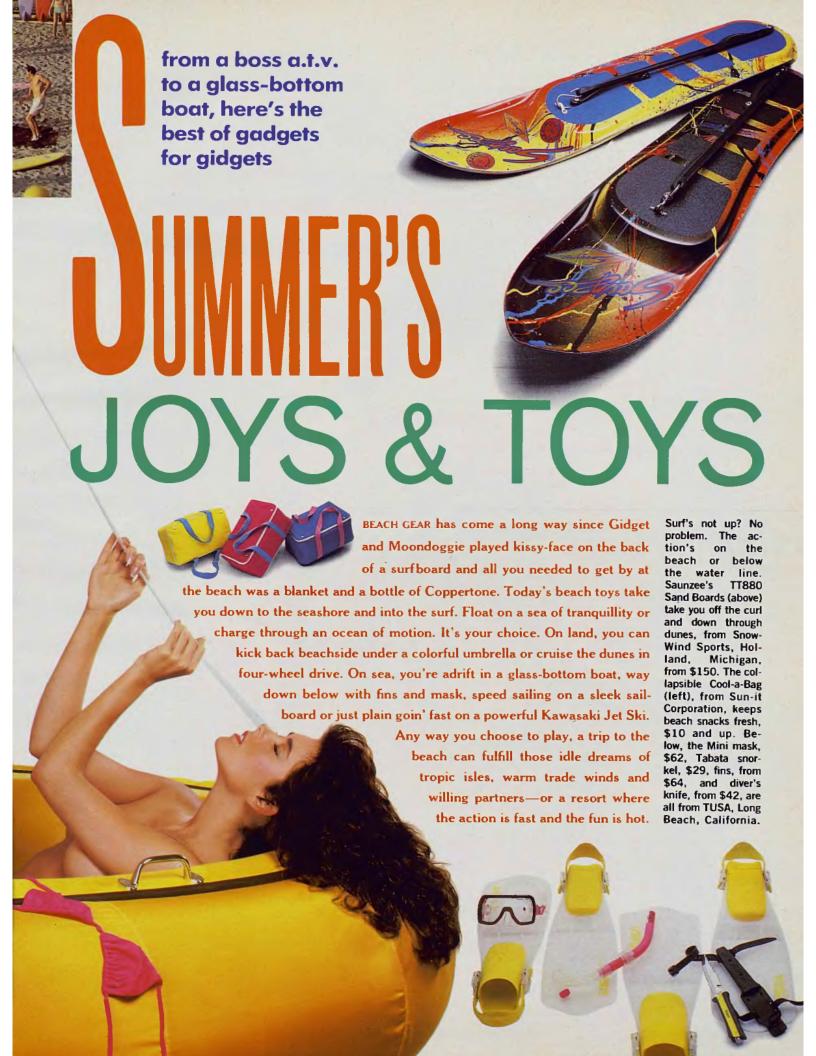
ultimate beach tape. We've got the perfect drink and lots of beach toys, including a surf-rider's-eye view of the brand-new Kawasaki Jet Ski 650SX. And pages of beach girls—who prove, once and for all, that less bathing suit definitely means more fun. Speaking of less suit, there's even a guide to the world's best nudist beaches. Come on in. The water's *fine!*



sun! surf! sex! we're throwing a splashy 20-page party and













HOW IT
PAYS TO
SAVE
LIVES

hink a lifeguard has the ultimate cushy jobperch in the sun and flex the pecs for lovelorn admirers? Think again. Any major-league lifeguard squad, such as Oahu's, requires Red Cross certification just to fill out an applica-Next comes competitive performance tests-running, swimming, surfboard paddling. And all this merely qualifies you for the 100-hour training program. Here are typical lifeguard pay scales: Waikiki Beach, Oahu:

Full-time pay is \$1300 a month and up. Hotel del Coronado, San Diego: Pool attendants earn \$3.45 to \$6 an hour. California state beaches: \$1764 to \$3345 a month. Chicago employs more lifeguards (1000) than any other city, county or state. Wages are \$6.10 per hour. New York City, including Coney Island, pays about \$52 to \$63 a day, depending on seniority. The pay at hotels near Walt Disney World is Mickey Mouse—\$5 to \$7 an hour-and no free rides.



Official records are hard

to come

by, but reputedly the largest sand castle the world was built by the Sand Sculptures International Group of San Diego in 1986 at Treasure Island, Florida. It was a replica of Atlantis, 53 feet high, 200 feet wide and 258 feet long. Anheuser-Busch sponsored the castle's building, which called for 48,384 tons of sand. We'll drink to that.

CASTLES IN THE SAND

he fusion of youth. sunshine, cinema stretches of and sandy ocean-front real estate became a certifiable film genre circa 1963, when a movie titled Beach Party caught the attention of teenaged America like the

snap of a string bikini. So brace body's mom and dad in Back to the Beach. Awesome? Thank God there's more to such flicks than initially meets the roving eye. Letting my mind wander back to all the beaches and sons nf beaches ever devised by movieland, I'd pick the following bests in alphabetical order.

1. Beach Blanket Bingo (1965): The fifth and generally hailed as the maximal boy Frankie-meetsgirl Annette clambake. With young Linda Evans as a bonus beauty.

2. The Blue Lagoon (1980): More than slightly idiotic but lush. Brooke Shields, on an atoll with Christopher Atkins, starts growing up under the appreciative eye of a great cinematographer, Nestor Almendros.

3. The Endless Summer (1966): Bruce Brown circled the globe in search of the perfect wave and came home with the definitive documentary about surfing.

4. From Here to Eternity

6. Jaws (1975): Seaside suspense from Steven Spielberg that knocked everyone's socks off. I recommend this despite the fact that the ugly brute offshore was unofficially known as Bruce.

7. Lifeguard (1976): Sam Elliott starred in a new breed of surf movie as a guy

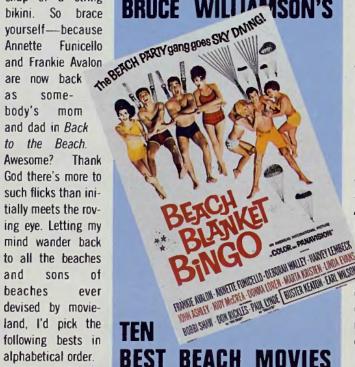
> who'd rather catch rays than join the rat-race.

8. Pauline at the Beach (1983): Eric Rohmer's rather wordy, witty essay on summer romance is equally easy on mind and eye.

9. Swept Away by an Unusual Destiny in the Blue Sea of August (1975):Mariangela Melato, as a snooty rich bitch. and Giancarlo Giannini, as a Commie deck hand, are marooned on a desert islandwhere they combine class war with the

battle of the sexes to generate some singular heat.

10. Where the Boys Are (1960): Connie Francis' movie debut isn't enough reason for this to make the list, but there's got to be a spring-break romp set in Fort Lauderdale on this list somewhere. Forget the 1984 remake, which should have been washed out to sea.



(1953): Deborah Kerr and Burt Lancaster, writhing in that orgasmic Hawaiian surf, created what may be the lustiest, most imitated beach boff in screen history.

5. Fun in Acapulco (1963): Presley as a singing lifeguard certainly earns his keep-and the splendid scenery flung up around him includes Ursula Andress.



Lancaster and Kerr come to grips with World War Two and high tide.

BEST ALL-TIME BEACH REA

ut what to read while lying there in God's own tanning salon? Here are some classics we think are beachin'. Dry-fi: It's vacation, so why not visit another universe while you're at it? And if ever there was a scibeach epic full of sand, it's Frank Herbert's Dune.

Hot lit: Head for Henry Miller's Tropics—either Cancer or Capricorn-to turn up your own temperature at the beach.

Margaritaville: For tropical angst by the sea, plus nymphets, liquor and sexual high-jinks, take along copies of Tennessee Williams' The Night of the Iguana. His Suddenly, Last Summer also features a memorable beach picnic.

Heat up, cool down: Often a good way to go in beach reading. Visit the invigorating icy blasts, polar bears and glaciers of Barry Lopez' Arctic Dreams.

Classy trash: You know, the big fat ones that go on for generations. Hawaii and Shogun still take top honors for their pleasing blends of history and adultery.

Whodunit? For the alltime whodunit, it's tough to beat Ross Macdonald's The Chill.

Classical sand: Sometimes you can't beat the oldies. And a true oldie with lots of good beaches in it is Homer's Odysseythe Robert Fitzgerald translation.

The heart of beachness: For those so beachstruck they need to read about them, too, we suggest Islands in the Sun, by Alec Waugh; Islands in the Stream, by Ernest Hemingway; Far Tortuga, by Peter Matthiessen; and the all-time classic desert-island saga, Robinson Crusoe, by Daniel Defoe.



op Beach Resorts:
Caneel Bay (St. John, U.S.): A
170-acre peninsula surrounded by a national
park offers privacy and
luxury—a beautiful setting
that attracts the famous.

Boca Raton Hotel & Club (Boca Raton, Florida): Accommodations ranging from tower suites to private golf villas. Top service.

El San Juan Hotel & Casino (Puerto Rico): Following a recent \$40,000,000 renovation, El San Juan now offers 392 luxurious rooms (some with private Jacuzzis), night clubs. gambling, wonderful restaurants and a great beach. The poolside

bar is open 24 hours and El San Juan is only a short cab ride from the airport.

The Half Moon Club (Montego Bay, Jamaica): Choose

a room decorated with Jamaican antiques—or a private villa. Then choose your sport: golf, tennis, squash, horseback riding, scuba and much more. Half Moon has them all, plus the ambience of a private Caribbean beach club.

members to every one guest.

Westin Mauna Kea (Kohala, Hawaii): Located on the big island at the foot of an extinct volcano. Broad, delightful beach. Championship Robert Jones golf course and 13-court tennis park.

OF PALMS AND PARADISE



Down beside the she side at El San Juan Hotel & Casino pool. El San Juan gives great beach, too. iVamonos, amigos!

Hôtel du Cap (Antibes, France): The princely Hôtel du Cap is one of the landing strips for the international jet set. No wonder—there are three attentive staff

Tahara'a (Tahiti):
All rooms have terraces overlooking
Matavai Bay and its
black-sand beach. A
real getaway.

Windermere Island Club (Eleuthera, Bahamas): A resort for royalty—Hollywood or titled. The beach is five miles long, private houses are available and emphasis is on quiet.

Oberoi (Bali): Modeled on a Balinese village, it

boasts 34 acres of gorgeous beach, beautiful gardens, villas and sumptuous suites in charming thatched-roof guest cottages. A not-soprimitive paradise to try.

THE ULTIMATE

egin by collecting obscure recordings, such as Shootin' Beavers and The Inebriated Surfer, both by The Tornados, from the golden age of surf music, 1961–1964, track down Dick Dale's Enlistment Twist, a collector's find released only to Army recruiting officers, then add the following.

1. My Baby Looks but He Don't Touch/Lonely Little Beach Girl, by Carol Connors, a.k.a. the Surfettes, on Mira Records. One of the few females in surf music. Connors achieved greater fame with the Teddy Bears (To Know Him Is to Love Him) but on this single filled both sides with the truth about the boys of Brian Wilson's summer. 2. Hava Nagila, by Dick Dale and the Del-Tones, on Capitol. (Dale was the "king of the surf guitar.") 3. Nose Rider, by Squiddly Diddly's Surfin' Safari, on Hanna-Barbera. 4. Selected cuts from the album Look Who's Surfin' Now, by James Brown, Freddy King, Little Willie John, King Curtis and Johnny Otis, on King Records. (Just imagine James Brown hangin' ten in his Cuban heels.) 5. Four-Wheeled Ball-Bearing Surfboard, by Ray Hildegrand and Jill Jackson, on Dot. 6. I Saw Santa Surfin' (on Christmas Day), by Pete Cronin and the Coppertones, on Hodaddy. (Cronin, who billed himself as the anti-Pope of the surf guitar, became an East Coast legend by encouraging lurid on-stage confessions and conducting a communion he claimed turned beer into the blood of Frankie

If you don't choose to search through

garage sales in Orange County, take the easy way out and pick up a copy of The Beach Boys' 20 Golden Greats—an English release on Capitol/EMI. Over years, the Beach

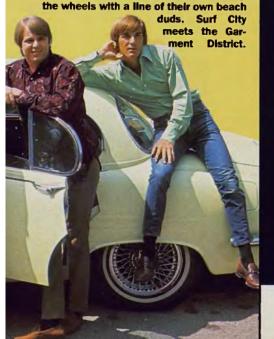
BEACH TAPE

Boys have paid about as much attention to their repackaging as has Jimi Hendrix, who is dead. The LP 20 Golden Greats has by far a better sound than the various American anthologies, probably because of better mastering. The English Help Me Rhonda makes people over 30 dance and chant. The American version sends them home early. The CD version may be the solution.

For a little variety, always keeping in mind the need to remain true to the surf sound in its purest form; also look for Surfin' Sixties, part of the Baby Boomer Classics series on JCI. Offensive though it is to be reduced to a demographic stereotype, this album includes almost all the non-Beach Boy essentials: Surf City, by Jan & Dean; Pipeline, by the Chantays; California Sun, by the Rivieras: Wipeout, by Surfaris, and eight more. After these two albums, the only other song you absolutely must seek out is the immortal Surfin' Bird, by The Trashmen. Minnesota's only contribution to beach culture.

A word of warning: Unless you seek a girl who actually came of age in Southern California in the early Sixties, do not play the above music. Research indicates that 78.4 percent of all girls who hang out at the beach are extroverts; that is, their values, such as they are, are outwardly directed. They think that if a lot of people are listening to a song, it is a good song, and if nobody but pale fat guys with eye problems and chubby bodies awash in zinc oxide are listening to a song, it is a bad song. So if you want to get laid, buy a radio and tune it to a Top 40 station. It may not be as much fun, but it works every time.

From the Pipeline to the clothesilne: After 25 years, The Beach Boys are loadin' up



The monopoly Europe once held on hassle-free nude beaches has been broken; aficionados can now enjoy carefree suitless bathing almost everywhere. Here are some of the top spots to go without.

Black's Beach, San Diego, California: Access is via steep cliffs, adjacent Torrey Pines State Beach or La Jolla. A collegiate crowd.

Ferradurinha
Beach, Rio de
Janeiro, Brazil: Favored by the rich and
famous, with crazy
weekend night life.

Wreck Beach, Vancouver, British Columbia: Play a banjo or toss volleyballs. No services, but the view is great.

BEST

Ansebourdel Beach, Guadeloupe: A white strand backed by lawns and palms. Adjacent to Club Med Caravelle.

Negril, Jamaica: Several miles of nude

bathing on the island's western tip.

Orient Bay Beach, Saint Martin: A spectacular mile of white sand protected by a reef.

Lady Jane Beach, Sydney, Australia: Tops in the city called

Australia's nude-beach capital.

Agua Blanca Beach, Ibiza, Spain: Perennially sunny mother of the nude beaches.

Paradise Beach, Mykonos, Greece: Plays host to jet setters in the buff. Accessible by fishing boat from town.



Peak peeks. The barest essentials at San Diego's Black's Beach. Whee!

Cap d'Agde, France: A totally mude city, where you can swim, bask, bank or shop totally in the buff.

THE SANDS OF TIME

aves and weather mill minerals into the specks we call sand. But all beaches are not created equal. Most sand is common quartz, often snow-white. But some sands are ground-down gems, such as garnets or

topazes. Thus, beaches can be the colors of precious stones. North Carolina has beaches of petrified wood. Island beaches, such as Bermuda's, often are granulated sea shells or coral. Hawaii's greenish-yellow sands are olivine, from lava, while the white sands of New Mexico are gypsum. Sand grains may be smooth or jagged, powdery or coarse underfoot. Moistened sands are solid, like the old Daytona Speedway. But in ultrawatery sand, you sink: quicksand. When you walk on a beach near Manchester, Massachusetts, it crackles. Sand on Egypt's Mount Sinai sings like a harp in the wind. On Hawaii's Kauai, some beaches sing bass. But if you stir the sands with your hand, they bark. Nobody knows why.



A true son of a beach. Champion Frisbee catcher Kato, a five-year-old Labrador/setter, maxes out at the Ashley Whippet World Championships.

FAR-FLUNG FRISBEE FACTS

an you imagine a beach without a Frisbee? No flingers flinging. No catchers catching. No aerodynamic discs skimming just above the water line or sailing past the girl on the blanket. Unthinkable? Here are some far-flung facts for the record.

1. Longest outdoor throw: 550.8 feet, by Frank Aguilera of La Puente, California, February 4, 1984.

2. Longest two-person game: 110 hours, 40 minutes, between Jamie Knerr and Keith Biery, Allentown, Pennsylvania, August 23–27, 1981.

3. Group marathon record: 1198 hours, Prince George's Community College Flying High Club, Largo, Maryland, June 1–July 21, 1981.

4. Record for canine run and catch: Black Labrador Martha Faye, 334.6 feet, June 11, 1978, Wilmette, Illinois.

5. First intercollegiate Frisbee game: Rutgers vs. Princeton, 1972.

6. Record for keeping a flying disc aloft: 16.72 seconds, by Don Cain, East Brunswick, New Jersey, May 26, 1984.

7. Fastest disc toss terminating in a clean catch: 74 miles per hour, by Alan Bonopane to Tim Selinske, San Marino, California, August 25, 1980.

8. Most discs in air at one time: 1572 discs thrown by 1572 people in Washington, D.C., August 31, 1986.

9. World's three top Frisbee beaches (world-champion free-stylers practice there): Palm Park in Santa Barbara, Venice Beach in Los Angeles and La Jolla Cove in San Diego.

10. Top tournament: U.S. Open Flying Disc Championship, La Mirada, California; \$40,000 cash purse, annually in June.

SUN SENSE

o tan, perchance to burn? In the sun, it's your choice. Choose tanning products with a high S.P.F. (sunprotection factor). The S.P.F. indicates how long you can stay in the sun without becoming burned. If you normally redden in ten minutes, you would redden in 80 minutes using a sunscreen with an eight S.P.F. Reapply after swimming or any hotblooded beach activity. Wear sunglasses that have 95-100 percent U.V. filtering. Don't be fooled by an overcast day. Ultraviolet rays penetrate fog or haze; you still need protection. Resist the temptation to peel a sunburn. Soothe it with an emollient or an over-the-counter hydrocortisone cream. If the burn is fiery, see a doctor.

BEST SURFING BEACHES

The Association of Surfing Professionals circuit is a ten-month international competition that begins in Japan and circles the globe, attracting wave jockeys to shoot the big ones. For the first time, an American, Tom Curren (he's on Ocean Pacific Sunwear's professional surfing team), walked away with the championship for 1985–1986. Want to know Curren's pick of the world's ten best surfing beaches? Sure you do.



A.S.P. world-champion surfer Tom Curren shoots the curi off California's Rincon beach, his number-one choice for tastlest waves.

- 1. Rincon, California
- 2. Blarritz, France
- 3. The Pipeline, Hawaii
- 4. Sunset Beach, California
- 5. Todos Santos, Baja California
- 6. Mundaca, Spain
- 7. Margaret River, Australia
- 8. Haleiwa, Hawali
- 9. Hollister Ranch, California
- 10. Natividad, Baja California

THE ENDLESS BEACH PARTY

EVENTS TO KEEP YOU IN THE SWIM YEAR ROUND ► Gunston 500, Bay of Plenty, Durban, South Africa, July 8—12, 1987: Top pro surfers vs. world-class waves.

➤ Stubbies U.S. Michelob Pro, Oceanside, California, July 28—August 2, 1987: Association of Surfing Professionals boardsmen duel for points, prizes.

► Op Pro, Huntington Beach, California, August 3–8, 1987: Top mainland U.S. surfing event. urprise. A beach does not require pounding surf or even salt. Who needs tides? Think scenery.

Lone Rock Beach, Lake Powell. Utah: One and a half miles of sandy beach on a spectacular 186mile man-made lake.

Seward Park. Washington, Lake Seattle, Washington: Bask in Seattle's heart, with snowy Mount Rainier on the horizon.

Oak Street Beach. Chicago: This midcity beach on Lake Michigan (just a

stone's throw from our offices) attracts 2,000,000 swimmers, baskers, assorted pro volleyballers and well-defined

triathloners every summer, from bankers to ex-Bunnies. A Midwest Waikiki, sans palms.

AMERICA'S BEST FRESH-WATER

BEACHES



Oak Street Beach: Fresh water, fresh faces, fast fun in the city of the big shoulders.

Bear Dunes Sleeping National Lakeshore, Lake Michigan: Near Traverse City, Michigan, you'll find 50 miles of beaches with the world's largest (500 feet) fresh-water sand dunes.

Million Dollar Beach, Lake George, New York: This

beach, on the beautiful Adirondack lake's southern shore, was named for what it cost to create it.

Lake Eufaula Beaches. Oklahoma: Number Nine Cove is the most popular of this jumbo lake's fine beaches. Fountainhead Beach has deluxe hotel: Arrowhead Beach offers a resort run by the Choctaw Indian nation.

Cedar Point, Lake Erie, Ohio: Lake Erie's best

beach, a mile long, just 55 miles west of Cleveland. Check out the Hotel Breakers and amusement park.

Last year drew 100,000 spectators.

► Hawaiian Am. Maui, Hawaii, August 23-31, 1987: Threeevent international windsurfing meet-Budweiser slalom, Kanaha Beach; Molokai Channel Crossing (Kapalua to Molokai and back): Wailea Speed Molokini, round trip).

► Endurance Triathlon, Craigville Beach, Cape Cod, September 12, 1987: This serves as a qualifier for Hawaii's Competition held on October 10.

Hibara ► Marui Pro. Beach, Japan, October 4-12, 1987: For their pro surfing meet, the Japanese unleash the yenmegaprizes, banquets, five-star hospitality.

▶ Stubbies Classic, Burleigh Heads, Australia, November 10-15, 1987: Hang ten at one of the world's top pro surf meets. Jumbo waves.

► Triple Crown of Surf-Hawaii. Oahu. November 24-December 22, 1987: Surfing's Super Bowl. Twenty-fivefoot waves, including The Pipeline.

▶ Windsurfer World Championships, Plettenberg Bay, South Africa, December 28, 1987, through January 8, 1988: World's top sailboard event.

▶ Buffalo's Big Board Surfing Classic, Makaha Beach, Oahu, Hawaii, February 1988 (exact dates depend on wave conditions): Backto-roots surfing on oldstyle ten-foot-or-longer boards, plus trick surfing.

▶ Rip Curl Easter Classic, Bells Beach, Victoria, Australia, March 26-April 4, 1988: Top pro surfers compete.

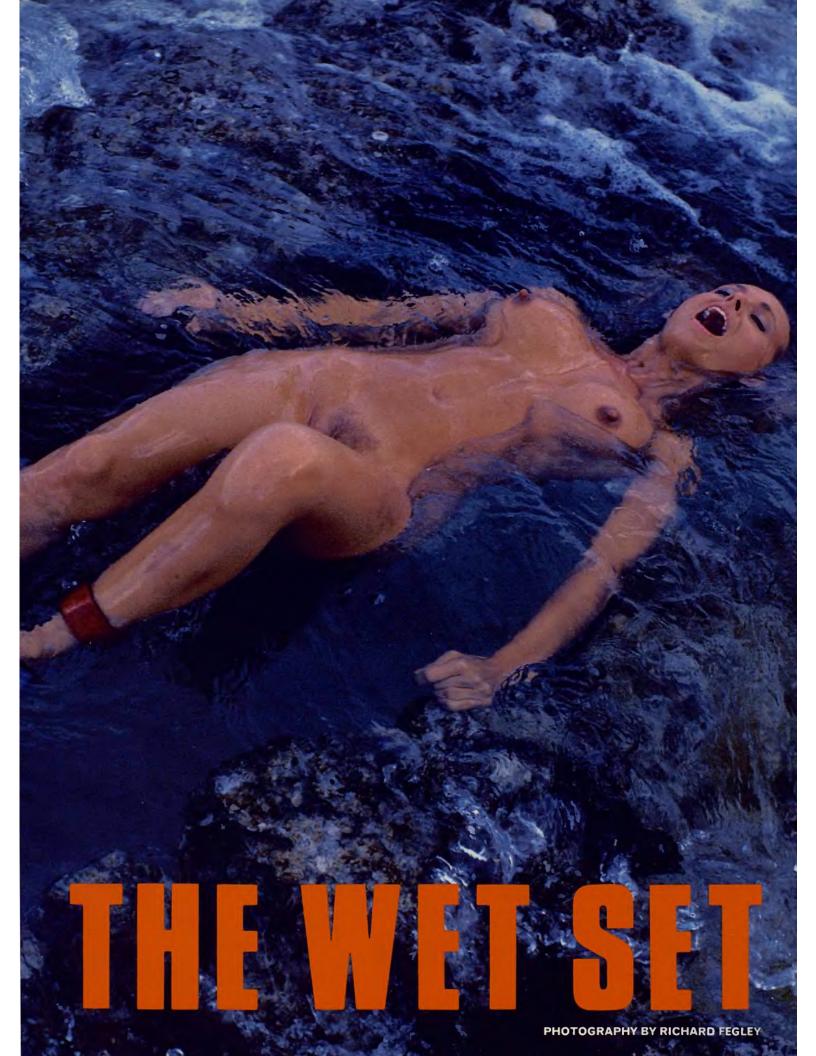
► Coca-Cola Classic. Manly Beach, Australia, April 10-17, 1988: This meet caps the A.S.P. circuit with world surfing championships announced at a gala banquet.

HOW TO STUFF A WILD PINEAPPLE

tuffing a wild pineapple isn't quite the same as stuffing a wild bikini, but each has its points. Note that they're not mutually exclusive, so you can enjoy both. But first things first. To make a wild pineapple (for two): Cut the leafy top off a large, ripe pineapple and halve the pineapple crosswise. With a sharp, thin blade, remove the fruit in each half, leaving a one-half-inch shell. Cut the fruit into chunks and purée it in a food processor or blender. Combine in a blender one half cup of the pineapple purée with one fourth cup guava nectar, plus two ounces dark rum, one ounce orange liqueur and one half cup crushed ice. Blend until smooth. Divide between pineapple shells and top with chilled tonic water. Stir; serve with large straws. Use remaining pineapple purée for another round, or use it in a Maui breeze: Prepare pineapple as above. Set aside three fourths cup pineapple chunks. Purée the rest, strain it and combine one half cup of the resulting juice with the pineapple chunks, two and one half ounces white rum, one half ounce crème de menthe, one half ounce triple sec, two teaspoons sugar and



















NIGHT LIFE (continued from page 84)

"Lisa had had the unbelievably bad luck of being exposed to every single AIDS-risk group."

I thought he didn't want me to get pregnant. Then, the very next day, I read an article on AIDS. And I remembered he knew I was on the pill. So I called him and said, 'You son of a bitch, how dare you assume I'd have something you could catch?' I was very insulted. To me, that's dirty. I never saw him again."

Wendy was 22, sweaty from dancing, maybe a little tipsy. "I think guys are hard up and wanna have sex. And a lot of girls won't care. What are you gonna do, ask a guy if he has a doctor's note? Guys wanna get laid. You think a guy who wants to get laid is gonna tell some girl that he has AIDS? No! And they won't wear condoms because it feels . . . whatever."

Colette sipped her drink and leaned closer to me.

"Look, I'm here for the weekend," she said quietly. "And, yeah, you go to another state, you meet somebody and, sure, you jump in the sack. You're on vacation; what the hell? It's not a big deal. But now it is a big deal. Because you may take something home with you that you're gonna live with, or die with.'

Back out on the dance floor, three guys in suits surveyed the action. I cornered them in a hallway and asked if I could interview them. They laughed, scratched their heads, joked around.

"Well, I'm nervous about it and he's nervous about it," said one of them, a 25-year-old attorney from Long Island named Mitch. He hooked his thumb toward one of his friends. "He's actually

gay." They all laughed.
"Yeah," Mitch said, trying to keep a straight face. "I think most people are aware of it. Everyone jokes about it all the time now, because if you're not going to joke about it, the alternative is to live in fear. There's a lot of hype in the paper, and you wonder about the legitimacy of it all. Nevertheless, I'm concerned.'

"But it's not a major topic of conversation, really," said Steve, 25. He was from Long Island, too, where he worked for a car dealership. The third guy was a 24year-old named Frank, who lived in Queens and worked in the Garment District.

They said no women had ever asked them to use condoms, and they didn't seem to have the inclination to try them.

Would they be insulted if a woman asked them to pull on protection?

"I wouldn't be insulted, because I'd probably be worried the same way," said Mitch. "I might be a little disappointed, a little taken aback. But in the heat of the moment, you know. . . . "

"Condoms make it less pleasurable for women as well as men," Steve offered.

"Unless you use those big studded suckers," Frank said. "They're tough to carry in your wallet, though."

They didn't sense much change yet in the New York singles scene.

"I think it's going to take a few years until AIDS really hits home-with people who are close to people, their friends, their families," Mitch said. "Then maybe they'll listen up. But until then, I doubt

The next night, I was in my old haunt, the East Village. It's a strange, raw neighborhood full of old Polish immigrants and tough young punks, weirdo artists and transvestite junkies. It also has some of the best clubs in town.

I decabbed at Avenue A and Seventh Street, site of King Tut's Wah Wah Hut. A knot of punks jammed against the door, trying to get past the huge black bouncer, but he was counting heads-firemen had been coming around lately to enforce the club's capacity limit. I paid the one-dollar cover and squeezed in. It was seething inside, packed to the gills, but the drinks were cheap and the music great. King Tut's is a long, narrow bar that gets louder and hotter the farther back you go, and that's where I was going.

"I've sworn off sex for 1987," said a guy leaning against a column by the bathrooms. He had long black hair combed back from his forehead and wore a few black O rings twisted around the watch on his wrist. Very cool, very New York. He said his name was Chris; he was 24, lived across the Hudson in Jersey, worked as a cable-TV production assistant, and he was kidding about swearing off sex. But he was being careful.

"Bohemian girls in these downtown clubs are no go," he said. "Totally. Any girl with an artistic slant you have to stay away from, because she's definitely slept with bisexual guys. I'm only interested in a girl if she's from the suburbs."

I asked him about condoms.

"Even before the whole AIDS thing, I was always a big believer in condoms," he said. "I made up a little poem today for my friends. I'll tell you how it went." He pushed back his hair, concentrated. "Don't stammer and stutter/If you need a rubber/Ask Chris for a loaner/For something safe for your boner." He twirled around his beer, pleased. "I was shaving this morning, and I made that up. I

always carry condoms with me for my friends, or for anybody.'

Were his friends as worried as he was?

"My friends aren't that worried. They're much more cavalier in their attitudes than I. They're like, 'Oh, she's clean,' those clichés, you know? They really think a girl who might be kind of conservative is OK, but that's ridiculous. There's a little more animosity toward gays now, too. Something's wrong, something's kookie now. I'm an atheist, but there's some bad karma going on in the gay community.'

At that point, a friend of his came up with a beaming Nabokovian vixen, who just might have been 18. She wore a brown bomber jacket, black tights, red Keds. "Hey, Chris, this girl wants to talk to you," his friend said.

"OK." Chris leaned toward me and slapped me on the back. "I'm gonna go hang around teenagers," he whispered. "They're safe, too."

Near the fire exit, I ran into a girl I had met at King Tut's last year-a beautiful, fragile, tough little girl in a big Nazi leather jacket. Lisa was 25; she led a very wild and often dangerous life, yet she managed to go to work each day as a receptionist uptown. She had had the unbelievably bad luck of being exposed to every single AIDS-risk group: She used to shoot up coke on the street; she had lived with a junkie for three years; and she had spent a summer in a SoHo loft with a bisexual who had a Haitian boyfriend.

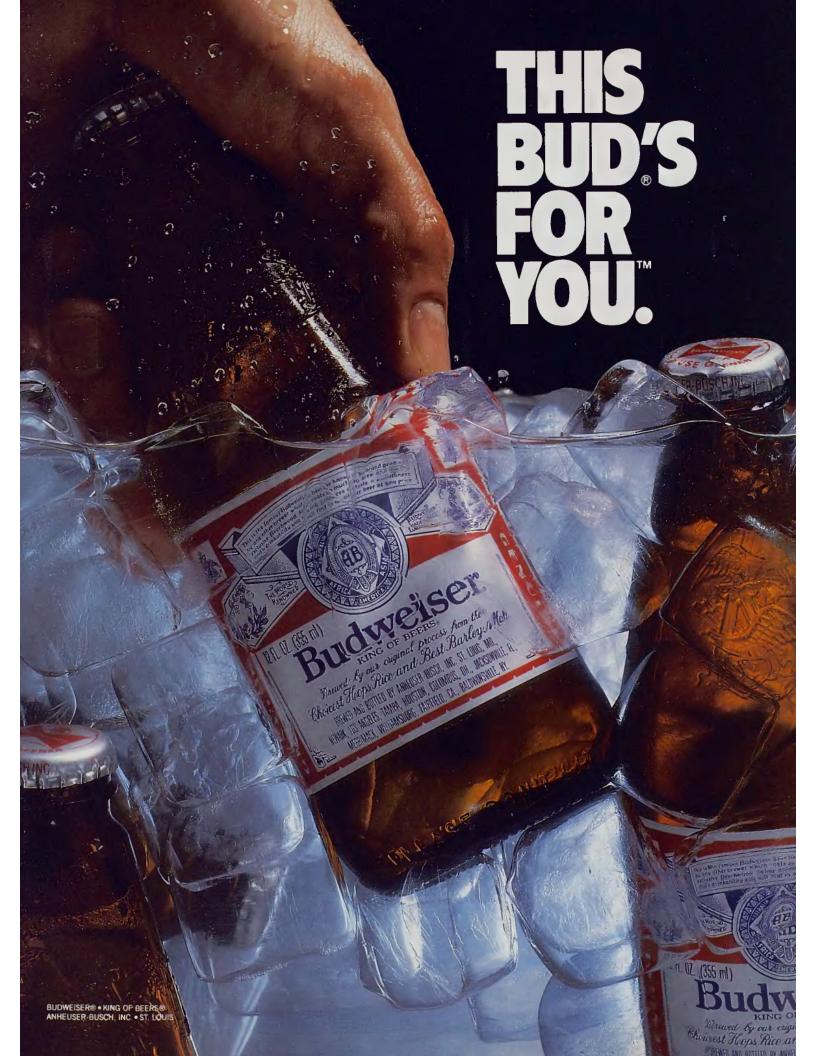
"Yeah, it's pretty unbelievable," she said. "The only thing I haven't done is get a blood transfusion."

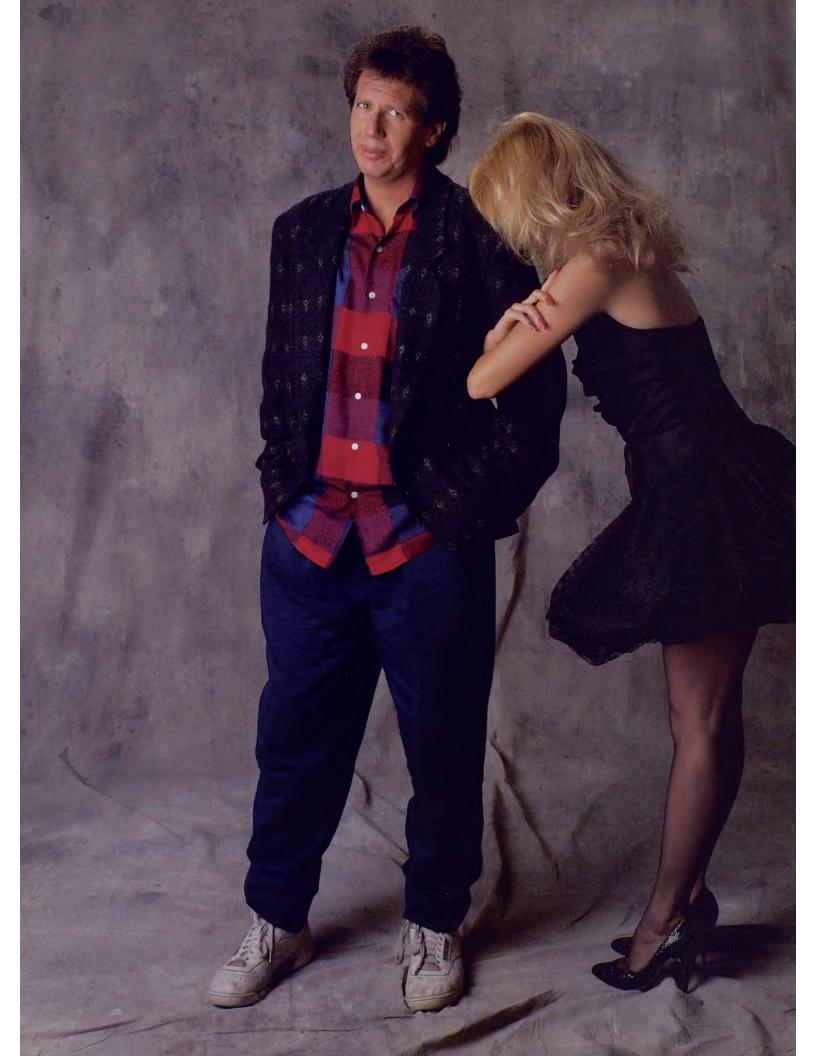
Lisa has known more than ten people who've died of AIDS, half of them gays, half drug addicts. The night we talked, two of her friends were close to death from it. I asked her if she was afraid.

"I don't know." She downed a little gulp of vodka. "There's so many other bad things that can happen to you, you know? It's, like, getting sick with some dreaded disease is not as bad as everyday stuff."

Lisa had been up for 48 hours; she'd hooked up with a punk band two nights before and had been partying with them since. "I think I may have gotten married last night," she said. "I remember I had to go back to my place for my white veil and my Nazi coat, so I could go to a wedding. But I don't remember much after that." She lifted up her sleeve to show me a large red wound. "Look, I got branded last night. I'm such an idiot. We were in this kitchen, and they were making sandwiches on this plate on the stove, and I said, 'Why don't you just burn me?' And I got it. That's what happens when you open your mouth too much."

It was just like Lisa. She's gone home to find Puerto Ricans murdered on her (continued on page 164)





GARRY SHANDLING

Those lips! That hair! And a sense of humor, too. Garry Shandling, though well known for his relationship-oriented comic routines and for guest-hosting "The Tonight Show," has recently resurrected the Burns-and-Allen style with great fanfare. And success. "It's Garry Shandling's Show," on Showtime, has just been renewed for three years. Contributing Editor David Rensin spoke with him between script meetings at the comedian's Los Angeles office. Said Rensin later, "While interviewing Shandling, I realized that I had seen him three weeks before in a restaurant, dining with four very attractive women. At the time, I figured he had to be David Brenner."

1.

PLAYBOY: On stage, your tales of dating woes seem so genuine we suspect the private Garry Shandling is not much different. Is it you or is it a character?

"character" SHANDLING: My exaggeration. I am basically a single guy who is as normal as you-which is frightening. When I host The Tonight Show, for example, that's Garry. If I look at a video tape and see myself being fake, I get very pissed. Work should be an extension of expressing who you are. Some people need their work to give them an identity. I don't. The act is a little more intense than my real life, because the funniest parts of being single are those lonely, painful moments. The great dates and great relationships aren't funny. So I talk about the bad ones and people assume that I have a horrible dating

> life—which is, unfortunately, true.

america's
funniest
strike-out
artist explains
his love dos
and don'ts
and why his
dating should
be taxdeductible

9

PLAYBOY: Who usually breaks up with whom?
SHANDLING: In my early 20s, it was always the woman, which is why I was insecure then. As I grew older, it became half and half. Now I bail out the second I know

3.

dump me.

a woman's gonna

PLAYBOY: Have you ever found the ideal woman?

SHANDLING: I've never been gripped with that feeling that this is the one—even when it comes to a pet. I had to go to The Humane Society once to pick out a dog, and I had to go back three times before I found the dog I wanted.

4.

PLAYBOY: What if you found Miss Wonderful and got married? Would the act suffer?

SHANDLING: No, because I would feel just as awkward about marriage and be just as confused about how to handle it. Mostly, I'm confused about women, but I'm also confused about lots of other things in life. I can apply the confusion to anything.

5.

PLAYBOY: What confuses you about women?

SHANDLING: Like anybody else in a bad relationship or on a bad date, I wonder how the other person can actually be like that. Friends of mine say, "Well, how can you go out with somebody like that?" and I say, "Well, I couldn't see this coming." Now I can sense right away if it's not gonna work. A lot of guys will just instinctively hit on a woman without stopping to think about whether or not they even like her. But I'm way past that. OK. I'm three days past that.

6.

PLAYBOY: When was the last time you were surprised while picking up your date? SHANDLING: I once went out with a beauty queen who actually wore her crown on our date. She was wearing it when she opened the door. She wore it down the hallway and into the car. Soon, I was *driving* with her wearing a crown. So I said, "Do you need to wear that crown?" And she said, "Not really, but it's a calling card."

7.

PLAYBOY: It's Garry Shandling's Show is being touted as the heir of the George Burns and Jack Benny legacy. Imagine for us how you might use Burns if he were a guest.

SHANDLING: I'd probably have him come on and tell me that I'm doing the whole thing wrong. And then I'd have him say, "And I've met you personally and you're not doing that right, either."

8.

PLAYBOY: You tried to sell your show to the three major networks. All turned you

down, and you ended up on Showtime. But now you're getting such rave reviews that common wisdom suggests that the networks made a mistake. In retrospect, did you make the right decision, going with cable?

SHANDLING: I wanted to do a show where I talked to the camera and played a comedian. That hasn't been done successfully for many, many years. It was a risk for me and the networks, an understandable risk. Showtime was willing to take that risk. In retrospect, I made absolutely the right decision. Had the show been on a network, I would probably have had to make many more compromises.

The whole idea of my work is to be able to do creatively what I want to do. The reason I switched from writing television to performing was that I was creatively frustrated, not that I wanted millions of people to see me. I'm shy. I get nervous in front of millions of people. Seriously. I could never have performed at Woodstock.

9.

PLAYBOY: Your show's main set is a replica of your house in Los Angeles. When you made that decision and then realized that it would be seen by millions of people, did you have any second thoughts about your interior decoration?

shandling: No, I was just pleased that you couldn't see the street address from the inside of the set. I thought it might become confusing, two lives that meshed in an abstract sort of way between reality and the show. But I've never lost track of who I am. I've never caught myself talking to the cookie jar instead of the camera or making love to a woman and suddenly looking up for the red light, thinking, Are we on?

10.

PLAYBOY: What do women still not get right about men?

SHANDLING: Women need to know that not all guys are going to hurt them the way that guy did right before they started dating me. I know guys I wouldn't go out with.

11.

PLAYBOY: Your obsession with your hair is nearly as well known as your dating mishaps. What does a woman have to do before you allow her to touch your hair? SHANDLING: A woman is never allowed to touch my hair. It's one of the rules—even if I get married, one of the vows we'll be taking is, "promise to love and cherish and obey and don't touch the hair." The obsession is only a slight exaggeration. I've always thought I look goofy when my hair is flat on top. I'm not one of those guys who come out of the swimming pool looking cool. I look a little like Jerry Lewis. I even have a shower cap that has hair attached to it. Also, when my hair is full, it makes my lips look thinner.

12.

PLAYBOY: What's the first thing you do in the morning and the last thing you do at night?

SHANDLING: I have one bad habit. I take an Excedrin when I wake up in the morning. Waking up puts such a crimp in the day. There's nothing I like more than sleeping, and I wake up sometimes and just ache. Excedrin, I guess, is my equivalent of having that cup of coffee in the morning. I also have a banana and some yogurt and some juice.

The last thing I do before going to sleep is to feel the other side of the bed. Comb every inch of the other side of the bed!

13.

PLAYBOY: Since women are so crucial to your work, should dating expenses be tax-deductible?

SHANDLING: Yes. In fact, I should be able to claim some dates as emotional dependents. Either way—me on them or them on me. When the tax people say dependent, they really mean physical, don't they?

But there should be an emotionaldependency column. Imagine: They call you in for an audit and not only do you have to see the IRS auditor but they have an IRS psychologist. You take in the people you think are dependent upon you emotionally and, you know, have them break down. I could take a girl who says, "God. I need to be with him!" So the IRS says, "OK, we'll give you this one." That's very close, by the way, to a concept that's usable in stand-up. I'll probably jot that down right now and see later if it works. [Scribbles] In fact, it reminds me of another routine I was working on that came out of a friend's experience with group therapy. I said, "Well, how do you pay for that? At the end of the session, do they give you a check and you gotta go, 'OK, who had the heavy neuroses with the side of narcissism? Who had the dependent personality?""

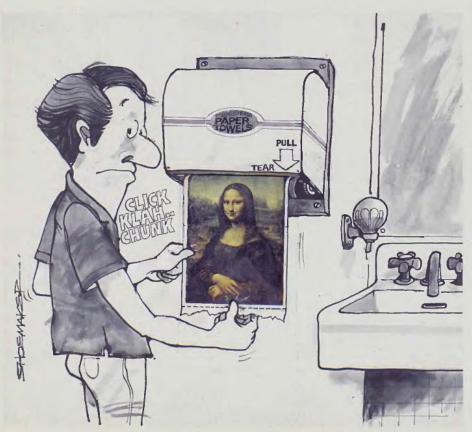
14.

PLAYBOY: Did either of your parents warn you about sex?

SHANDLING: Yes. My mother came into my bedroom and said, "One day you will feel something when you're with a woman. Just don't." And another time, I asked her how the chemicals mixed between the male and the female. And she said, "Go look at the dogs in the front yard. Have you ever seen two dogs?" To this day, I'm afraid of being hosed down while I'm making love.

15.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever tried to date any of your Tonight Show guests?



shandling: No. And I'm not just saying that. Believe me. However, I think Bronson Pinchot was coming on to me, but I'm not positive.

16.

PLAYBOY: With all your *Tonight Show* experience, you should be able to tell us some tales of the couch.

SHANDLING: Once, Larry Hagman and I were guests on The Tonight Show. Suddenly, he turned to me while another guest was talking and said, "You like fishing?" I said, "Yeah, pretty much." And Johnny was interviewing somebody! I don't remember what he said next, because I got nervous and turned away. I felt as if I were in school and Johnny was the teacher who would say, "No talking." Another time on the panel, Shelley Winters couldn't stop talking to me. I knew we were going to get caught. She kept saying things about Norman Mailer-to whom Johnny was talking! Stuff like, "Oh, what he's saying isn't right. That isn't how Marilyn was at all." And there I was, caught in the middle. Of course, it's been many years since I've seen Marilyn Monroe. OK, I've never seen Marilyn Monroe.

17.

PLAYBOY: Which half of which great comedy team would you like to be?

shandling: Dick Smothers. It would be interesting to see what it would be like if both brothers were funny. [Almost falls over laughing] I'll stand by that. You publish that. I know Tom. I had dinner with him recently and I kidded him the whole night about the fact that I have to go out and do my act alone. He more or less said he had to do the same thing.

18.

PLAYBOY: How important is a sense of humor on a date?

SHANDLING: Sense of humor is big with me. When I moved to California from Arizona in 1973, I went to Marina del Rey, which was a real singles scene. I met a girl and she was wearing the tallest platform shoes I'd seen—they were, like, ten inches high. But we were getting along, so I said to her, "When you take those shoes off, do you use them for coffee tables?" She stared at me and said, totally seriously, "No, they're shoes. Why would you use them for coffee tables?" That was it.

19

PLAYBOY: What about women are you so sure of that you'd go on the record with it? SHANDLING: That they're good in bed.

20.

PLAYBOY: What are people going to say when they find out you are such a sensitive, introspective guy?

SHANDLING: "We'd like to send him a gift."



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QUARTERLY

article
By ANDREW TOBIAS

MAKING A (GASP!) BUDGET

HAT KIND OF GUY are you? Are you the kind of guy who carries a handful of cents-off coupons into the supermarket each week and who calls driving over to Pizza Hut a big night out on the town? Are you unbelievably dull but prudent?

Or are you the kind of guy who dresses right, drives right, drinks right—and who'll pay that extra \$100 for good seats at the play-offs? Whose wallet swells with credit cards? I thought you were. This column is for you.

Now, don't get angry; what we're going to do today is make a budget. It's as much my fault as yours that you don't have one (well, you don't, do you?), because, like you, I've always thought it was too childish to write about. "First, tot up everything you own and subtract from it everything you owe," I've always written, itching to get on to the spice. "That tells you your net worth. Then, to make it grow, spend less each year than you earn. To do that," I've always written, "make a budget." And then, having paid homage to your budget in all of three words-"make a budget"-off I'd go on some endless story about how I lost my shirt in a dry-cleaning scam.

What has recently dawned on me, however (your mom called, if you must know, and, frankly, she's worried sick about the way you handle money), is that not only have you not made a budget, you're not entirely sure-really-how to do it. Oh, you know how to do it. Any idiot can do it. But, well, should it be a weekly budget? Monthly? What about taxes? How should you handle expenses versus investm-Stop! I see that forefinger coming down to turn the page. Well, you just put it right back wherever it was. The girls will wait. This column could change your whole life. Because it's really not just a budget you'll end up with, it's an over-all financial plan.

First, get a pencil and a yellow legal pad. Next, tell your secretary to hold your calls. If you are a secretary, get a smaller legal pad. If you neither are nor have a secretary—if you've got a man's job, like driving a truck or operating a crane—do this at home, in your favorite chair, late at "Do this in your favorite chair, late at night, when no one can see you. With the ball game off."

night, when no one can see you. (Real men make bets, not budgets.) With the ball game *off*.

No, no, no, no. Not next week. Now.

If you have a significant other, sit her or him down, too, and work on this together.

1. Tally your net worth.

OK. First thing you do, tot up everything you own, subtract everything you owe and that's your net worth.

In other words, before you even start to make the budget, take a few minutes to see where you stand. Down the left side of the first sheet of your pad, list all your assets and their approximate values—the house, the car, the savings account. Now, on the right side, list all your debts—the mortgage and car-loan and credit-card balances. Which total is greater?

If you own more than you owe, you have a positive net worth. You're already three steps ahead of the game.

If you have a negative net worth—you owe more than you own—you can see why your mother placed that call. (What's that? You say your mom's been dead for six years? You think just because she's dead, she doesn't worry?)

Subtract what you owe from what you own and write the total at the bottom of the page. MY NET WORTH:______.

2. Set goals.

Where would you like to be a year from now? "Out of debt" might be an appropriate goal. And two years from now? "Out of debt, with \$2000 in an IRA and \$2500 in the bank and a stereo system that will wake up the dead." (At which point, over the din, you can gloat to your mom that there was nothing to worry about in the first place, O she of little faith. Show her your bank balance. Show her your paid-up credit-card statements. Then turn down your amplifier and let the poor woman rest.) And five years from now? "A net worth of \$20,000, headed for half a million."

It is to reach these goals that you make your budget. Write them down on the second page of your pad. Don't make them too aggressive. Try to set goals that, after going back and forth with your budget for a while, you secretly think you'll be able to exceed. If you set goals you can meet and beat, you'll have fun and satisfaction doing it. If you aim too high, you'll never feel you're doing well enough.

You can still have unwritten goals and hopes and dreams—by all means!—but don't make them part of your official financial plan. Think of them (and not too often, if you can help it) as icing on the cake. Sure, you want a Porsche. Everybody seems to want one. (Not me, I want to be able to make myself invisible and to be able to fly.) But it's really nuts to want one so much you're unhappy you don't have one.

In setting your goals, spend a little time thinking about the things you have (your health, for example, and a \$359 box that will take you to a dozen colorful worlds at the touch of a button), in addition to the things you don't (eternal youth and a \$1995 box that will display the same

REPORTS

wherein we set your financial house in order once and for all

dozen worlds on a 36-inch screen).

3. Figure your annual earnings.

At the top of the third page, list all your sources of annual income: your takehome pay (just multiply your pay check by the 12, 24, 26 or 52 times a year you receive it), payments from Granddad's trust (and what a grand old dad he was), the \$20 a week you pick up reffing little league, dividends, and so on.

Note that for most of us, it's not a long list. TAKE-HOME PAY: \$18,400. End of list.

Note also:

- Precision is not the goal. Ball-park estimates are fine.
- When in doubt, estimate low. That way, any surprises are likely to be pleasant ones.
 - 4. Take a first pass at your expenses.

This is like naming all the states. If you picture the map and start with Maine, gradually working your way south and west, you will come up with 43 states. Then you'll remember Arkansas (if you're from Arkansas, you'll remember Delaware) and a few others and get to 47. The last three are murder, though you know them perfectly well (Nebraska! Of course! Alabama!), and you may even have to sneak a look at the map to find them.

So it goes with budget categories. You'll quickly come up with headings to cover most of your expenditures, though budget categories, unlike states, have no preset boundaries. You get to define the boundaries that make sense for you. You might have one broad category called entertainment or several narrower categories adding up to it: Bar-hopping, dinners, movies, records, video rentals, books and magazines, theatrical and sporting events, hookers. (Did I say that?)

Nor is there a specific number of budget items, the way there's a specific number of states, so you won't know with quite the same certainty whether or not you've missed a couple. You'll think you've thought of everything, just as, until you count up your list of states, you think you've hit them all. But, of course, you have not. (GASOLINE! Of course! LAWN SUPPLIES!)

I could make it easy for you by listing



100 sample categories, but what am I, your accountant? No. I am merely your mom's last, best hope of saving you from homelessness. The ranks of the formerly middle-class homeless are reportedly exploding (one budget category, accordingly: CHARITY! Of course!), and homelessness is not something I think you'd be good at. You know how you used to come back even from overnight camping trips with a fever and a rash.

So list your own budget categories; but, if you get stuck, sneak a look at the map—last year's checkbook and credit-card statements. Under which headings would last year's expenditures have fallen? (MISCELLANEOUS! Of course!)

Next to each category, estimate what you currently spend. If you haven't any idea what you currently spend—well, all the more reason to be going through this exercise. Two nights out a week at, oh, \$75 apiece, for dinner (\$45) and a movie (\$10)

and gas and parking or cab fare (\$10), plus a little nightcap (\$10) on the way home? That's \$7800 a year—call it \$8000.

Some categories, like this one, are best thought of in weekly terms and multiplied by 52. Your rent or mortgage payments and electric bills are naturally thought of in monthly amounts and multiplied by 12. Your semi-annual trips to the dentist are multiplied by two—but don't include them at all if you're reimbursed for dental care by your insurance. Reimbursable expenditures don't affect your financial plan, so ignore them.

On your first pass, jot down both the annual expenditure and the way you figured it (\$75 twice a week = \$8000). Make no effort to economize. When in doubt, estimate high. Round up. Your auto insurance runs \$875? Call it \$1000.

Leave for the end of your list those "expenditures" that aren't really expenditures at all: investments. The \$2000 you voluntarily contribute to an IRA is not like the \$2000 you blow on a weekend in Tangier. It's cash that merely moves from one pocket to another. Similarly, spending \$40,000 on an Oriental rug, if it's really worth \$40,000 (as the ones that fly clearly are), isn't spending money at all. It's merely shifting funds from one investment, like a savings bank, to another, like a rug. (If the rug would fetch only \$25,000 were you immediately to resell it, then you have, in effect, invested \$25,000 in a rug and spent \$15,000 on your living room.)

If you buy a new car every four years, for cash, don't budget zero for the first three and then \$12,000 for the fourth; budget \$3000 a year (plus maintenance, plus insurance). If you buy it on time, as most people do but with the help of this column you may someday not have to, just budget your monthly payments.

If you own your home, include an allowance for maintenance and repairs, even though you can't be sure when something may need fixing. If you budget \$1500 a year, planning to repaint, and the roof leaks—well, this year you might patch the roof and, if funds are scarce, hold off repainting until next year.

5. Take a second pass at your expenses:

What have you forgotten? Clothes? Furniture? Appliances?

Inevitably, you'll think of other things, but that's why you do this in pencil. Your eraser will be a crumbly stump by the time we're done.

(Don't include CREDIT CARDS as a budget category. It's what you charge to the cards that you're trying to keep track of. Only the annual credit-card fee itself and, more important, the credit-card interest are budget items.)

6. Refine your plan.

Add up your expenditures, not counting things that are really investments, like IRA contributions. How does what you expect to shell out compare with what you expect to rake in?

Ideally, you're raking more than you're shelling, and by enough to meet the goals you've set for yourself on the second page of this pad. Usually, though, you're not.

What's the shortfall? How far is your anticipated income from covering all your anticipated expenses, plus the \$2000 or \$15,000 or whatever it was you wanted to set aside to meet your goal for next year? Are you living a \$50,000 lifestyle on a \$40,000 income?

You have three ways to narrow the gap:

1. Spend less.

2. Earn more.

3. Set less aggressive goals.

Go back over your budget and, without being unrealistic, see what you can trim. How about buying a *hibachi* for \$30 (not one of those ridiculous \$159 gas grills that take all weekend to assemble) and converting some of those \$75 nights out to \$17 evenings of barbecued chicken (\$15, including the briquettes, Chablis and salad) and *Dr. Strangelove* (two dollars at the video store)?

How about shopping around for cheaper auto insurance (or at least trimming that \$1000 ball-park estimate we used to the \$875 you actually pay)? Before, shopping for the best price on auto insurance was a chore you never got around to. Now it's still a chore, but a chore that's part of a grand plan.

How about asking your doctor to prescribe diazepam for \$16 instead of Valium for \$33 (diazepam is Valium) and using the 69-cent shaving cream instead of the \$2.39 kind (shaving cream is shaving cream) and shopping in bulk when items are cheap and on sale?

"That's odd; I could have sworn I heard my beeper."

These are repugnant notions to a man of your breeding, but even the British nobility has had to economize, auctioning off the odd heirloom. It's actually worse for them, because they're living a little less well each year, with no end in sight. You, on the other hand, are merely making temporary, voluntary sacrifices in order to pole-vault into an entirely new, more comfortable and secure economic stratum. You're not buying cheaper shaving cream when you buy cheaper shaving creamyou're getting out of debt and into mutual funds. You're not waiting until after 11 P.M. to call when you wait till after 11 P.M. to call-you're taking control of your future. (Better still, let people call you.) Even your sex will be better-yes, it willbecause with money in the bank and a clear view of your future, you'll feel better about yourself. He drives an old Camaro, women will say, but he's hell on wheels in bed.

So first trim your budget.

But don't trim it unrealistically. Don't set yourself up to fail.

Next, trim your hair. ("And tuck in your shirt," advises your mom. "Look at you!") You can have your hair cut every three weeks at \$25 a clip—\$425 a year—or you can get one of those stainless-steel razor-blade hair-trimming doohickeys Brookstone and others sell for \$11.95 and save, over five years, \$2125, plus maybe 100 hours of getting to, sitting in and returning from the barber's chair. Or have it cut professionally a few times a year and trim it yourself the rest of the time.

7. Refine it some more.

If your expenditures and goals for saving still exceed your income, think about increasing your income.

Sadly, this often involves doing more work. I, for one, find it easier to trim expenses. But if you don't already work two jobs or live rent-free by acting as super for your building or drive a cab on weekends or wait tables on the side—and if you want to achieve your goals and work less hard in the future—you should consider it. For one thing, you'll earn more money. For another, you'll spend less. You'll be too busy and tired to spend it.

If you can't get or don't want more work, take yet another pass through your expenses—but a radical one this time. You could, for example, move to a cheaper home. You could give up skiing for jogging, take in a roommate or put the kids up for adoption.

Your other choice is simply to set less aggressive goals.

Round and round you go, juggling income, expenses and goals, brushing eraser nubble to all corners of the desk, until you arrive at an earning-spending-saving plan that adds up.

The process itself is useful. It helps you set priorities, see where your finances are headed and, if you like, head them somewhere else. What's involved here, really, is

taking control of your life.

By estimating your income low and your expenses high, you set yourself up to succeed. That makes your budget something you enjoy keeping instead of a constant burden of guilt and discouragement—so you're more likely to stick to it.

(Speaking of discouragement, if you've got three little kids, don't be discouraged because you're unable to save much. For many, it's only before the kids are born and after they've graduated from college that any serious saving is possible. But even just funding an IRA as they're growing up, while it's not easy, can put you \$250,000 or \$500,000 ahead of the game in your later years. So try to set something aside.)

8. Blow \$3.50 on a budget book.

Once you've settled on a plan, buy a simple budget book at any stationery store to track your progress. Or use the remainder of your pad to devise a record-keeping system of your own.

I know it's July. That doesn't matter. You don't have to wait until January to start.

What you're after is a separate sheet for each of your budget headings and then a summary sheet to track your monthly progress with the whole lot of them.

The individual budget-category sheets (one for AUTO-MOBILE EXPENSES, one for GROCERIES, etc.) should be numbered one through 31 down the left side of the page for each of the days of the month and one

through 12 across the top—a column for each of the next 12 months. When you spend \$35 on a new tie (are you out of your mind?), just enter \$35 on the sheet you've labeled CLOTHING, under the proper month and on the line for that day's date. If there's room, you might even write a tiny note to remind you: Y.S.L. TIE.

At the end of each month, go through those pages and add up the entries in each category. Then take the totals and enter them on a single summary sheet.

Down the left margin of that summary sheet are your income and expense headings: ALIMONY, BABY-SITTING, CARFARE. To the right are 15 columns. (OK, so tape

two pages together. This is not my problem.)

The first shows your annual targets; the second, those same targets divided by 12—your monthly targets. (For some items—CHRISTMAS GIFTS, say—you'd just leave this blank or make a little note to yourself, like: ALL DEC.)

The next 12 columns you'll fill in as you complete each of the next 12 months.

The final column is for summing the previous 12: your year-end total. For CLOTHING, it might read: \$2135. (Three custom-made suits and that stupid tie.) How does that compare with the target you began with?

9. Keep track of what you spend.

Before you go to bed each night, enter

system altogether:

Step number one: Destroy all your credit cards.

Step number two: Deposit the first 20 percent of each future pay check in one or more investment accounts from which you never, ever withdraw funds.

Step number three: Put the remaining 80 percent in a single checking account and make do, no matter what, with the balance in that account. Forget budgeting and record keeping. If you're hungry but there's nothing left in the account, eat roots. If the rent's due but there's nothing left in the account, sleep in the street. If your car breaks down and you can't get to work until you repair it, sleep in a street near work.

It's an unconventional financial discipline but perhaps better than the one most people usewhereunder VISA tells what you can afford to spend available (your credit) and how much to pay each month (your minimum monthly payment) and takes 19.8 percent of your life.

Give yourself a break.

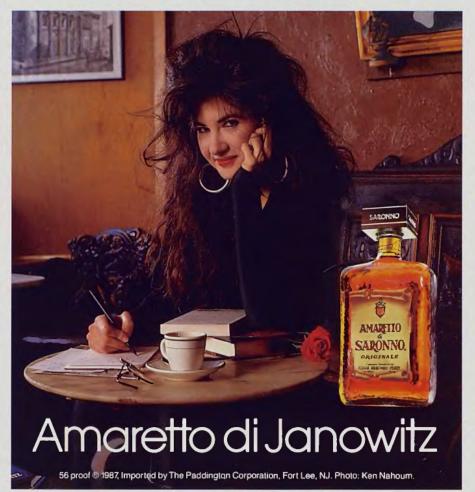
If you do take the time to plan your financial future and to track your progress as it unfolds, don't be slavish about it. Who cares if you forget to jot down every last expense? Who cares if you go over budget from time to time? The idea isn't to account for every penny compulsively and get a gold star; the idea is to spend less than you earn each year, get out of

debt and build a secure, comfortable future.

One way or another, the future will come. With a little planning, you can have a say in what it looks like. Even the difference between coming out just \$500 ahead each year, rather than \$500 behind—a tiny swing—is the difference for a 25-year-old (figuring he can invest money at five percent after tax or borrow it at ten percent) between having \$33,000 at the age of 55—or owing \$82,000.

Hint:

Think of your budget not as your albatross but as your secret weapon.



the day's expenditures on the appropriate budget pages. To help remember what you spent, save your receipts and carry a 3"x5" card in your wallet with one of those stubby eraserless pencils.

Is all this too tedious for words? Fine. See if I care that your mother is beside herself with worry. See if I care that she thinks of little else but this.

You can facilitate matters by buying a preprinted budget book, as I've said. Or you can rocket your finances into orbit by computerizing them (of course, for that you'll need a decent computer, and for that you'll need \$1200). Or you can forget all this nonsense and contrive another

"Resisting the urge to scream hallelujah, I sat there in The Church of Little Richard."

them about this.

Ever since, I've always wished I could somehow climb into Little Richard's body, hook up his heart and vocal cords to my own and switch identities with him. Admiring his processed pompadour on my own head in the mirror, feeling his blood pulsating in my veins as I looked down at his twitching, pencil-thin mustache over my lip, I'd stomp through the world screaming, "Awop-bop-a-loo-mop! Alopbam-boom!" and finally feel happy.

Strangers would jump back and shriek, "Good Lord, it's the Bronze Liberace—Show Business Personified!" while others genuflected to the Inventor of Rock 'n' Roll, and for once, just once, there'd be a real reason to live.

But a 54-year-old Richard Penniman, Little Richard himself, would have none of it when I gushed compliments over the phone 30 years later. "No, no, no, John," he cried in mock indignation over my flattery, still sounding as hysterical as his early recordings. "That will get you nowhere!" I knew that His Highness was frothing at the mouth over a Jet magazine cover story on him headlined "LITTLE RICH-ARD TELLS WHY HE QUIT BEING A MINISTER." Yes, he'd recently made another Hollywood comeback in the hit film Down and Out in Beverly Hills, had recorded his first all-new-material album in eight years, Lifetime Friend, with a video to match, had made guest appearances on Johnny, Joan and Hollywood Squares, had been honored at the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame and was planning yet another world tour, but he had definitely not left God!

"Why would Jet magazine do this?" he wondered, genuinely upset. "Little Richard has never quit the ministry! I believe in God! My music itself is the ministry." As he complained about telephone calls from his concerned religious constituency all over the country, I tried to calm him down with the information that writers usually don't do their own headlines and it was probably an innocent mistake. "OK, baby," he purred wearily, agreeing to the time of our meeting, "my bodyguards will get you. God bless you."

Gulp. Was Little Richard going to try to convert me? Please, God, not that. Oh, well, I thought, trying to be optimistic, maybe he'll speak in tongues.

Little Richard lives in a surprisingly ordinary hotel room in Los Angeles, while recovering from a 1985 Santa Monica Boulevard car accident that almost killed him. He is a king without a castle. The first home is long gone, the one he bought at the height of his fame next door to Joe Louis in West Los Angeles. His household

possessions from his last estate in Riverside, near Palm Springs, are in storage or have been given to relatives. His dog, Fluffy, is staying with his sister. The piano his grandfather gave him is at his brother's. God, fame, family and a small staff, including a physical therapist named Madison, are enough right now. Little Richard is thankful to be among the living.

Mark, who looks like a younger version of his boss, comes down to the hotel lobby to escort me up to the room. He had met Richard in the studio while they recorded *Great Gosh A'Mighty* and has been working for him, both privately and in his backup band, The CIA, for about a year. We wait outside while Richard finishes a phone conversation with one of his sisters. Hotel guests pass in the hall, unaware that a legend lurks on their floor.

Finally, the door opens, and I feel as if The Supreme One of Color has appeared before me. Looking trim and healthy (he has recently taken up bodybuilding) and, as always, a little frantic, he ushers us in, dressed in red open shirt, pleated brocade trousers and red ankle boots. He doesn't look his age ("Lord, when the time comes, I'm gonna have a face lift, jaw lift, eye lift; everything that is falling will be lifted and the things that can't be lifted will be moved!"). His hair, once done to extreme by "Willie Brown in Atlanta, Georgiamy beautician at the time" is more conservative now, and he does it himself. The pencil-thin mustache has mysteriously widened with the years.

One wishes that Little Richard were still crowned and bejeweled as sweating flunkies carried him about on an ornate throne; but unfortunately, there is only a couch to sit on in this very generic, modern hotel room. File cabinets are in one corner and family snapshots have been tucked into the frames of the "art" on the walls; but otherwise, there are few personal touches. I take my rightful place on the floor at his feet and turn on the tape recorder, resisting the urge to kiss his boots, as the fans once did in Germany. I don't even chain-smoke, knowing he'd probably object-a supreme sacrifice. Mark sits in front of the TV, watching with the volume turned off for the rest of

I tell Richard of the pilgrimage I had made that morning to the house he had bought for his mother. A very nice Christian lady named Mrs. Wilson now lives there, and she invited me in and told me that fans still come around at all hours searching for their idol. "She's probably getting my checks," Richard roars, then laughs so hard one can notice his perspira-

tion rising. "I wondered where they was going. I'm goin' by there and get them. Sister Wilson, where did my checks go?"

The palace, for which he paid \$27,000, is now worth \$300,000, and he remembers it fondly: "I had velvet and silk in the living room, green and gold—I had all this gold hanging down. In the bedroom, I had blue silk coming out of the wall with my bed in the middle. I had dreamed of that as a little boy—it was my design for my mother."

He plans on getting another house soon but feels "better here now in the hotel, around people. Mark is one of my main people. I need two more. My niece is my secretary, I have two bodyguards I travel with and a 24-hour limo. I need to get over my mother's death [in January 1984]. I don't want to be by myself in no house. Everybody is gone at night; that's lonely. You need responsibility, someone to take care of. My mother died and I couldn't stand to look at her bedroom anymore. I'd get sick. I've always been a momma's boy.

"My father was a bootlegger; he sold stump whiskey in Macon, Georgia. He hid it under the peppers and the corn and the collard greens. There was a black lady who used to watch me named Ma Sweetie, she would let him know when the police were coming—he would leap the fence in a single bound."

As Richard was beginning his career, his father was murdered. "I was appearing at the V.F.W. club and I came home. . . . It was pouring down rain, and those houses had tin tops and you could hear the rain. This guy had killed my daddy and I saw his coat lying on the porch. A raincoat with all this blood on it. It was just . . . something. I walked in the door, seein' my mother. I looked at this beautiful woman and she said, 'Bru?' My mother called me Bru and I called her Mu. She said, 'Bru?' and I said, 'What is it, Mu?' She said, 'You don't have no more dad,' and I just cried, 'Oh, no! Lord!' Everything inside me just broke. 'Cause my mother, that's my heart. When my mother cried, boy, that shakes my mind! I can do some drastic things behind Mu! I ain't scared of lions, tigers, snakes, puppydog tails or chickens! It [segregation] was so hard then. But you still had a peace, a serenity; that joy, that hope, that determination, that perseverance that someday, somehow, I will make it!"

Resisting the urge to leap up and scream a honkie hallelujah, I just sat there listening, a one-man congregation in The Church of Little Richard. I half expected Mark to pass a collection plate, but he's still glued to the TV; maybe he's heard it all before. On the other hand, when Richard's on a roll, he's not easily interrupted. "I look back on my life, comin' out of Macon, Georgia, I never thought I'd be a superstar, a living legend. I never heard of no rock 'n' roll in my life. Black people lived right by the railroad tracks and the train would shake their houses at night. I

would hear it as a boy and I thought, I'm gonna make a song that sounds like that. In the studio, we got low-down and they said, 'We ain't never heard anything like this.' I would sing and scream and make those high notes and low notes. Oh, I was a wild child! I had the piano talkin' and walkin'! I sent a tape to Specialty Records and they didn't get back in touch with me. I was in this hotel and I had a Chrysler my mother had mortgaged her home to get me. I went into the studio anyway, and they had me singing like Ray Charles, B. B. King. They wanted me to sing the blues, and that was not me. I got on the piano and started singing 'Wooooo!' They said, 'Oh, boy, where did you get that voice? 'Awop-bop-a-loo-mop! Alop-bam-

boom!' and they said, 'That's a hit,' and the rest is history."

history.' The fame came, all right, like burning lava, and today, Little Richard seems a happy prisoner of it, resting in his mantle, fretting and planning, unable to go outeven for a walk. "I'm afraid to. I might meet somebody who try to take me away. My chauffeur picks me up in the limo and we pass the girls and they start screaming. I'm talkin' 14 or 15 years old. They scream, 'Aaaghh! Aaaghh!' and I say, 'Oh, thank you, Lord.' It's such a good feelin'. It's a blessing sometimes and sometimes a lesson. It makes you feel good you're a living legend and not a dead one. People expect so much

from you, you got to live so much down. The burden of all this falls on you. It's hard to have a friend when your name's a household word."

He's quite well aware of his place in history, thank you. When I quizzed him on the best review he ever received, his voice shot up like a tape recorder on fast forward. "'There's only one originator, there's only one architect, Little Richard'—I love that. I saw that in so many write-ups. And when the people say my music inspired them—the Beatles, when James Brown was my vocalist, when Jimi Hendrix was my guitarist, when Joe Tex was singing with me, Otis Redding, when Billy Preston was my organist at

13-it makes me feel good!

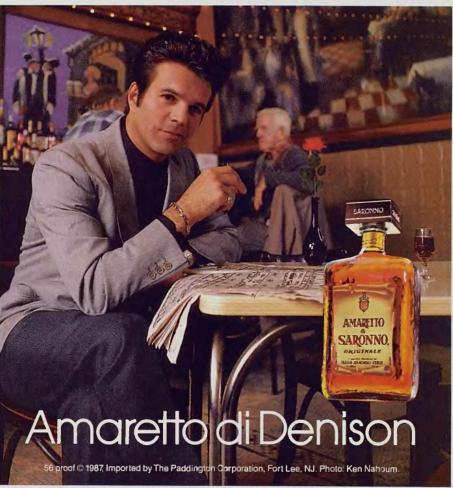
"Black entertainers today are getting more attention than I've ever seen. I've never seen a black person make the kind of money Michael Jackson is making. ["Hey, Michael, put me in your commercials!" he hollers on Joan Rivers' show the next night.] Lionel Richie is, too. Diana Ross. Tina Turner. I'm glad for Tina; I love her. I wouldn't want to call their names, but there's some new entertainers who make you feel like nobody—you go into their dressing room and they treat you like dirt. I could teach them a few things! They need to come and have a few classes."

He also admits to being hurt by the bad press, especially a caricature that once offended his vanity. "They called me bigfare family of six eating their last foodstamp dinner as a hyper Little Richard, followed by squealing fans, bursts through the door, uninvited, thrusting bags of groceries at the hungry, I bring up the book-The Life and Times of Little Richard, perhaps the best and most shocking celebrity tell-all book ever written. Written by Charles White with Little Richard's full cooperation and published in 1984, it is copyrighted in the names of the author, the star and his longtime, nowdeceased manager, Robert "Bumps" Blackwell. It's a real lulu. Detailing his early life, in which he traveled with a minstrel show, sold snake oil in Doctor Hudson's Medicine Show and performed in drag as Princess Lavonne, it touchingly includes early child-

hood anecdotes. such as the time Richard gave an old lady neighbor a bowel movement wrapped in a box for her birthday. Halfway through the book, you realize that you are in a stratosphere of lunacy. The bizarre lifestyle you'd fantasized for Little Richard is small potatoes compared with the truth. His onetime drug addictions and alcoholism, his hilarious threesome with Buddy Holly and his longtime stripper friend Lee Angel ("with a 50-inch bust"), his obsessions with voyeurism ("Richard the Watcher") and masturbation ("six or seven times a day") are all topped off with truly staggering photographs of his many fashion statements. Just

when you start thinking Nobel Prize, you get to the final chapter, a compilation of Richard's religious testimony that seems to sour the entire volume and turn off the very audience for whom the book was written. He seems to want it both ways.

"Some things that is said in the book are not really accurate in certain ways." He falters when I bring up some of his quotes about religion, rock 'n' roll and the Devil, homosexuality and his then-current views on sex in general. Does he regret telling all? "No, I think it's time for people to be truthful. I got so much publicity, the book is bigger overseas than here. It's a great book, the best book ever written; it's the truth about my life and thinking. I



headed with a little body. I didn't like that. In New York, they had this great big heeaaaad in the paper and a little bitty piano and a little body like Humpty Dumpty on a wall."

But he's not complaining. "I believe a star is living a lie if he doesn't want his picture taken. Be a dishwasher. Take my old job at the bus station! It's a joy when people holler. Mark will tell you, I go down to the slums. I go to poor people's houses; they don't even know I'm coming. I buy food and go around and hug them. I get out of the car and hug the winos. This is a joy to me, because I came from the slums; you can't forget!"

As I ponder the mental picture of a wel-

don't know how to put this, 'cause I don't want to hurt Dr. Rock [Charles White]. Some of the things accredited to me, I didn't say. I never fought it. I appreciate it . . . this man left his business [to do the book]; he's a foot doctor. Traveled all over the world."

Richard tries to set the record straight. "I love gay people. I believe I was the founder of gay. I'm the one who started to be so bold, tellin' the world! You got to remember my dad put me out of the house because of that. I used to take my mother's curtains and put them on my shoulders. And I used to call myself at the time The Magnificent One. I was wearing make-up and eyelashes when no men were wearing that. I was very beautiful; I had hair hanging everywhere. If you let anybody know you was gay, you was in trouble; so when I came out and didn't care what nobody thought, a lot of people were scared to be with me."

Politically relieved, I wonder aloud, "Is the 'good' Little Richard battling it out spiritually with the 'bad' Little Richard? Has he turned umpteen times from rock for God, only to be lured back by Devil fame and worship?"

"No, I don't think that way," he states emphatically, admitting that he's "amazed most people don't believe me. My God, I haven't grouped in so long. It's been almost 20 years since I've been out to have a good time. Life has changed for me now, I'm older, that's not my interest anymore; but at the time, it was. I was young, never had enough of nothing. When I was first started in the business, I used to look for that in every city so we could have a

ball, do it all, in the hall, even on the wall! When I was in Baltimore [at the Royal Theater], the girls would take off their—people didn't call them panties then, they called them drawers—and throw them on the stage. It was very terrible, but at the time, we didn't know better. All the girls would want to come in the room and you'd let them in and they'd never leave! I was shocked! Girl groupies, boy groupies, dog groupies, cat groupies! She would say, 'Give me a pillow' and I'd say, 'My God, ain't she going home?' And they'd stay for a week!"

Maybe I'll stay, too. As much as I believe that Richard's wild days are over, I can't help thinking that his onetime lunatic libido can't lie low forever. "Is sex out completely?" I finally ask point-blank.

"Well . . . uh," he stammers, "at this age, you don't have a lot of choice. I'll say this much. We still see a lot of cake in the showcase, but we closed the bakery."

Sex? Drugs? Rock 'n' roll? He's not buying any of it. "I'm not into drugs at all, God is the only cure for crack; He is the only one can bring you back. You can get over 'herrone.' Once, somebody slipped LSD in my food. My chauffeur and bodyguards kept me. I cried. I was afraid, like a little boy. I didn't take speed. I was going too fast. I needed to take some breaks and I did. God gave me a break. Do you know what I enjoy now? Tellin' people the right way to go, the pitfalls, how to love people."

And I believe him. But deep down, selfishly, I wish *somebody* could tempt him to fall from grace just one more time. Imagine that demon style rearing its ugly head in maturity! Sure, Great Gosh A'Mighty is a catchy tune, but it's so safe. I still want him rippin' it up, screeching, scaring all the white folks. Getting ahold of myself, I resist the urge to whisper conspiratorially, "Come on, Richard, let's put on some false eyelashes, snort poppers and call Lee Angel, your onetime 'sex-magnet,' and see what's cookin'!"

Richard looks up at the silent TV news, distracted.

"Excuse me; didn't the ayatollah get killed today?"

"He did?" I ask, alarmed. (He didn't.)
"Didn't Iraq bomb his home?" he asks,
blithely getting back to the conversation.

The thought enters my mind that maybe World War Three has broken out and I don't even know it. I'll spend the end of the world with Little Richard in a hotel room! Religion might come in handy, after all. Preach to me, Richard! The best of Reverend Ike and Tammy Bakker rolled into one. Show me a sign!

"I only came out of show business one time," he states, unaware of my inner turmoil. "I was in Australia and I saw Sputnik and I got afraid. When I was quitting, I was admitting I was scared of Sputnik. You know I came from the country, I'm not from the city, what a pity. I was scared to death to get back on the plane to come home. I was scared Sputnik would run into our plane, Russia done set this thing up. I had read about the Tower of Babel; you have to remember my people are Seventh-day Adventists, my people go to church on Saturdays...."

"Are you Jewish now?" I inquire, repeating published reports that Richard had followed in the footsteps of Sammy Davis Jr.

"There's something I prefer not saying," he teases mysteriously. "I will say this. I'm a believer in the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. I believe the seventh-day Sabbath is God's way. I believe we should eat kosher. I was invited to a party night before last. Rod Stewart's. I didn't go, because I open the Sabbath on Friday."

"How about the rumor that it was Bob Dylan who converted you to Judaism on your deathbed following the accident?"

"Bob Dylan is my brother. I love him same as Bobby Darin [deceased] is my baby. I feel like Bob Dylan is my blood brother. I believe if I didn't have a place to stay, Bob Dylan would buy me a house. He sat by my bed; he didn't move for hours. I was in pain that medicine couldn't stop. My tongue was cut out, leg all torn up, bladder punctured. I was supposed to be dead. Six feet under. God resurrected me; that's the reason I have to tell the world about it."

"I wish you had been Pope," I blurted out, all whipped up in a religious frenzy, throwing caution to the wind. Richard doesn't miss a beat and I wonder if he has already considered the possibility.

"I idolized the Pope when I was a little



"So write today for your official world-series drug-testing kit. . . ."

boy," he says reverently. "I liked the pumps he wore. I think the Pope really dresses!" But there were other, more low-down ecclesiastical fashion casualties who seemed a bigger influence. "There was Prophet Jones out of Detroit—he used to walk on this carpet. They would spread this carpet out of the limo and he would walk on it. When I got famous, I had the guys just spreading carpet for me to walk on, and they would kiss my hand . . . and I used to like to live like that."

How about one of my personal favorites, Father Divine, the black messiah who ruled his fanatic flock of millions with an iron fist and blatantly proclaimed, "I am God"? "I [tried] to have dinner in one of his kingdoms in Philadelphia, but the lady

put me out. . . . I just had on one of my typical outfits, my hair hanging down, and she said, 'The Father don't allow nothing like that in here.' I felt bad, 'cause I went there to eat; they had a good dinner, you could eat all you wanted for a dollar. I'll never forget it."

Finally, I pop the question I've been saving: "Did you ever speak in tongues?"

"No," he answered simply, bringing me back to earth with a thud. I was even hoping he had levitated. Just once.

It's time to go. The phone is ringing. The Grand Ole Opry. The Joan Rivers show. Richard is getting a headache. "What about the future?" I lamely ask, hoping for a few more minutes.

"I was just offered a role with Gary Coleman. They wanted me to be his father. And they wanted me to weigh 300 pounds. He was to be a bad little boy, like a demon. My management people thought it was not a good idea, 'cause there wasn't no other name people in the cast. I'd like to play a detective. I can see myself playing something really rugged—macho!" Little Richard starts growling, and this tears Mark away from his silent TV program. He laughs out loud. "Mark, that ain't funny! He always laughs when I say macho. I can't be macho? Shoot, I'll be macho if I want."

Vainly trying to picture him calmed down, alone, reflecting or, God forbid, falling asleep, I ask, "What kind of music do *you* listen to?"

"I like classical music," he answers bashfully, "something quiet. Strings. It just makes me think, relaxes me. I've been doing that for years, but I was afraid to tell anyone. They might not like my music anymore."

Suddenly, all business, Richard rises and hands me a typed release. "This is something we give everybody. I'd appreciate it if you'd sign this here."

Good Lord, what is this? I wonder, reading, "We agree that you (Little Richard) shall have approval of the content of any article written hereunder predicated

Amaretto di Legere

in whole or in part upon the interview."

oof © 1987, Imported by The Paddington Corporation, Fort L

"But, Richard," I sputter, mentally cursing Jet magazine for causing his press paranoia. "I can't sign this; all freedom of the press is gone. If you had shown me this first, PLAYBOY would never have sent me."

"Why not?" he asks. "I don't want people to hate me. I saw Elizabeth Taylor do this; I've seen Michael do this."

I call information and get my editor's home phone number in Chicago and wake him up. I explain. Richard is adamant. "Can't you just leave?" my editor quizzes. "Is somebody going to pull a gun?"

"Who knows?" I say, eying Mark, who has politely backed up his boss, and won-

dering if maybe even I could beat him up.

"I'd rather you not publish it at all, just leave the tapes; I'll pay you," announces Richard. Church is definitely out. I feel as if I've been excommunicated. Oh, great, I think, I'm going to be in the first fistfight of my life with my favorite role model over some goddamn tapes!

Richard then debates my baffled editor. "John asked me about my peeping! I'm so old I can't even see through the hole!" Suddenly, I'm afraid I'll start laughing hysterically. Why is Little Richard so worried? All his fans love him for his outrageousness. The book was published just three years ago and remains the definitive source; of course, reporters will ask about it. As for his religious followers, what are

they doing reading PLAYBOY, anyway?

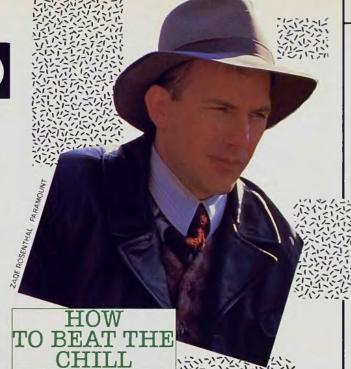
By now, an hour or so has passed. Are all celebrity interviews this hellish? Would Barbara Walters bolt? I then argue with Little Richard's lawyer on the phone. Talk about putting a damper on things! Being over budget and behind schedule on a film shoot would be a picnic compared with this. Finally, under extreme duress, we make up. Richard explains his worries. I explain my job. We hug. He signs his book to me, GOD ALWAYS CARES, LITTLE RICHARD. I think about how I usually sign mine SEE YOU IN HELL, JOHN WATERS and realize the miles we're apart. I stupidly leave him a copy of my new film script, even though there wasn't a shot in hell he'd play the

part I had in mind for him. Mentally, I deduct the binder from my income tax.

I rush out of the room and practically eat a pack of cigarettes. The world did end in its own peculiar way. Maybe I don't want to switch identities after all. A few days later, a press representative calls me at home announcing that Little Richard is threatening to call the NAACP. Later, I hear he's calmed down. He is still the undisputed king in my book. The man can't help it. But from now on, I'll think twice before meeting my idols. Psssst, Richard! Wanna see some naked pictures? Turn to the centerfold, but don't blame me.

FASTFORWARD





He began his career as a notorious casualty on the cutting-room floor (he played the dead guy in The Big Chill), so 32-year-old actor Kevin Costner now takes extra trouble to remain in the frame—he even insisted on performing his own stunts as Federal agent Eliot Ness in Brian De Palma's updated version of The Untouchables. "I did a lot of walking the ledges of 12-story buildings in Chicago," says Costner, who also starred in Silverado and the upcoming No Way Out. "I like to keep as close to the camera as possible, so if I'm on a horse, you're on a horse. If I'm not in a shot, it's because someone has his hand on my neck, saying no." Does this mean he might become a stunt man? "Hardly," he sniffs. "They never get to kiss the girl." -AMY ENGELER

GET GOES PRO

Frieda Zamba carries her trithruster Hope past grommets into killer peaks and shreds. Translation: The top-ranked female surfer in the world carries her three-finned board past younger, less accomplished surfers into eight-foot waves and kicks the ocean's butt. Zamba, 22, hung her first ten in the mushy peaks off her Flagler Beach, Florida, home eight years ago. She passed the grommet stage ("Grommets are surf rats," she explains, "young surfers-the kids on the beach first thing in the morning with zinc on their noses, messed-up hair and beat-up boards") with flying thrusters, rose through the amateur ranks, joined the Association of Surfing Professionals and found the pro surf circuit rough at first. "It's harder for women," she says. "Only the top four or five women get full sponsorship; probably the top 20 men do. I didn't get a good sponsor till I won my first title." This summer, having shredded the dreams of male grommets by getting married in June, she is on her board as usual, trying to avoid her least favorite thing: "Finishing second. I hate it. It feels the same as finishing last." Pro surfing, of course, presents other problems. "Traveling -KEVIN COOK

can be great, but you miss things from America. You can't get Pepto-Bismol in Australia. So I just surf and forget about everything."

FANCY FOOTWORK

s you'd expect from the hottest choreographer in music videos, Paula Abdul's past is littered with dance lessonsclassic ballet, tap, jazz, and even a scholarship to the prestigious Bella Lewitzky Dance Company. But when her big break came, Abdul wasn't dancing, she was jumping around as a cheerleader for the Los Angeles Lakers. A cheerleader? "Cheerleading has made a major breakthrough," she says proudly. "Nowadays, cheerleaders don't just lead yells-they have to know how to hear the music and how to dance to it." Abdul also began choreographing routines-not a bad showcase in the entertainment capital of Los Angeles. "One of the season-ticket holders was a record-company executive and he asked about our choreography." she remembers. "Then he hired me to do his videos." Since then, Abdul, 23, has come up with the moves for Janet Jackson, Dolly Parton and ZZ Top. "ZZ Top wanted a step that was cool, that only they could pull off," says Abdul, who created the Velcro Fly for them. She also choreographed videos for Duran Duran and the Pointer Sisters, and she staged tours for Jermaine Jackson, Klymaxx and Kool and the Gang. The funny thing is, the only wallflower is Abdul herself-men simply won't ask her to dance. "Guys are afraid," she moans. "They think I'm going to dance like I'm in a video. They just get all nervous around me."



MARK HANAUER



Soul of the Skyline

Michael Sonnenfeldt likes to build big. But he also builds with an eye on the bottom line; he is a prime mover behind an effort to rethink the way the Federal Government spends its money. Sonnenfeldt, 31, made a name for himself when he spearheaded the largest commercial renovation in American history—the Harborside Financial Center on the New Jersey shore across from Manhattan. "That area was perceived by the locals as a wasteland," he recalls. "But I noticed it was three and a half minutes by subway from downtown Manhattan." In five years, the project will be worth one billion dollars and it will have significantly expanded Manhattan's prime office district. Sonnenfeldt has also been directing his energies toward Business Executives for National Security, a group of C.E.O.s banded together to force the Government to restructure its priorities. "I have a responsibility to use my skills for social good," he says. "Spending money carefully seems to be one of them." - MARK CHRISTENSEN

To hear Jim Swift tell it, he's not attempting to cash in on a Yuppie craze with his fast-

growing Gelare premium

ROAD TO SUCCESS

THE ROCKY

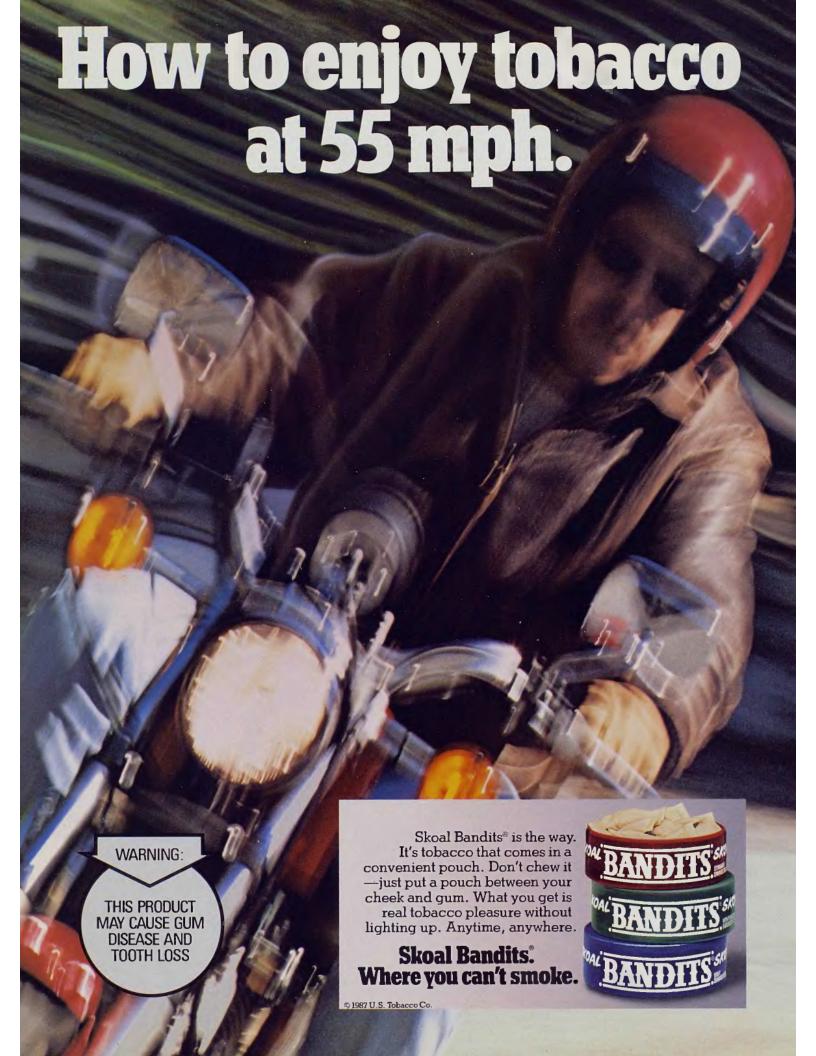
ice cream, he is simply upholding standards of a bygone era. "When I was growing up, there was an ice-cream parlor that produced a high-butterfat ice cream, and I became a complete fan." When the parlor changed hands and the quality plunged, Swift made a vow: "One day I would seek out the original

owners and resurrect their great ice cream." It

took him ten years, but Swift finally got that recipe. "It happened that I'd also just visited Italy and tasted their ice cream, so I decided to create a hybrid." The result is Gelare, an ultrarich, ultrapricey ice cream. "We have a loyal following," claims Swift, 41. "But I have no

1. "But I have no expectations that we're going to be a major force in the industry. Right now, we're just stepping around the elephants."

---ROBERT P. KEARNEY



"If I sleep with you tonight and we wake up in the early seventies, what's going to happen?""

he isn't lying.

She squeezes his hand. "You're sweet. I'll try to make you glad you did."

The promise in that is enough to send him up the stairs two at a time. A couple of half-trotting steps to the walkway and he is in the apartment.

He was right. Doing it all at once is better than a little bit at a time, the way diving into a cold swimming pool gets you used to it faster than going in by easy stages. The memories come rushing back, of course. They always do. But in the fully conditioned mid-seventies of his apartment, they are older, mostly healed; they don't have the hurt they did before, when they were fresher.

He puts his hand on the chronostat, turns it off with a decisive twist of his wrist. Its hum dies. He's used to the background noise. He goes into the bedroom, opens the window to let outside air in faster. The mingling makes memories jump into focus again, but only for a moment: Now they are going rather than coming.

When he walks back into the living room, the little calculator is gone from his coffee table. That's a good sign, he thinks. He glances at the chronostat needle. It's already down around seventy. He opens and closes the front door several times to bring in fresh air. The swirl is confusing, but only for a little while.

He looks at the needle again. Sixtyeight, he sees. That should be plenty good. Donna is still waiting on the stairs. "Come on in," he says.

"All right," she says. Now she takes the steps two at a time. She shows a lot of leg doing it.

"Wine?"

"Sure. Whatever you've got."

He opens the refrigerator. A half gallon of Spañada is in there. He pours a couple of glasses, takes them into the living room.

"I like the poster," she says. It's a black-light KEEP ON TRUCKIN' poster, about the size of a baby billboard. When the conditioner is running, it isn't there. That doesn't matter to Tom if Donna likes it. He won't even miss the Chinese print that will replace it.

And then, as they have done a lot of times before, they head for the bedroom. Afterward, still naked, Tom wheels the TV in from out front. He plugs it in, spins the dial till he finds some news, then flops back onto the bed with Donna.

For a while, he doesn't pay much attention to the TV. Watching the flush fade from between Donna's breasts is much more interesting. He does hear that Minnesota is finally up into the thirties. "Not good, but better," he says, to show he has been following what's going on.

Donna nods; she really is watching. "Remember last winter, when it got twenty below double zero and stayed there, and they had to try to get food to the markets with horses and buggies? People starved. In the United States, starved. I couldn't believe it."

"Terrible," Tom agrees. Then he has to start watching, too, because the weatherman is coming on.

As usual, the fellow is insanely cheerful. "The early seventies tomorrow through most of the metropolitan area," he says, whacking the map with his pointer, "rising into the mid- or late seventies in the valleys and the desert. Have a fine day, Los Angeles!" He whacks the map again.

Donna sucks in air between her teeth. "I'd better go," she says, catching Tom by surprise. She swings her feet onto the floor, turns her panties right side out, slides them up her legs.

"I'd hoped you'd spend the night," he says. He is trying to sound hurt but fears that the words have come out petulant

Evidently not. Donna replies gently, "Tom, right now, I love you very much. But if I sleep with you tonight-and I mean sleep-and we wake up in the early seventies, what's going to happen?"

His scowl says he knows the answer to that. Donna's nod is sad, but she stands up and starts pulling on her panty hose. Tom aches at the thought of having her go, and not just because he wants her again. Right now, he really loves her, too.

He says, "Tell you what. Suppose I set the conditioner for sixty-eight. Will you stay then?"

He has startled her. "Do you really want to?" she says. She doesn't sound as if she believes it, but she does get back onto

He wonders if he believes it himself. The place won't be the same in the late sixties. He'll miss that little calculator. There should be a slide rule around somewhere now, he thinks, but a slide rule won't help him keep his checkbook straight. And that's just the tip of the iceberg. The frozen pizzas will taste more like cardboard and less like pizza in the sixties. But-

"Let's try it," he says. Better cardboard

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with Donna, he thinks, than mozzarella without.

He shuts the bedroom window, goes out front to adjust the chronostat. It doesn't kick in right away, since the place is already around sixty-eight, but moving the needle makes him think again about what he's doing. A bookcase is gone, he sees. He'll miss some of those books.

"Hell with it," he says out loud and heads for the bathroom. While he is brushing his teeth, he starts rummaging frantically through the drawers by the sink. The toothbrush is still in his mouth; fluoridated foam dribbles down his chin, so that he looks like a mad dog. He stops as suddenly as he started. He does have a spare toothbrush, rather to his surprise. Donna giggles when, with a flourish, he hands it to her.

"When are you working these days?" she asks when she comes back to bed. "If it's close to when you had this place before—"

"No," he says quickly. He understands what she means. If he spends his office time reliving fights that are fresh to him, this will never fly, no matter how well they get on when they are home together. "How about you?" he asks.

She laughs. "I probably wouldn't have gone into the mall if I hadn't heard the year conditioner had broken down. I like the sixties. I work in a little record store called Barefoot Sounds. It suits me."

"I can see that," he says, nodding. Donna will never be a pragmatist. The more she stays out of the eighties, the better off she'll be. He yawns, lies down beside her. "Let's go to bed."

She smiles a broad's smile at him—there's no other word for it. "We've already done that."

He picks up a pillow, makes as if to hit her with it. "To sleep, I mean." "OK." She sprawls across him, warm and soft, to turn off the light. She has, he knows, a gift for falling asleep right away. Sure enough, only a couple of minutes later, her voice is blurry as she asks, "Drive me to work in the morning?"

"Sure." He hesitates. With a name like Barefoot Sounds, her record store sounds like a thoroughly sixties place. "If the weather changes, will I be able to find it?"

The mattress shifts to her nod. "It's year-conditioned. No matter what the weather's like outside, there are always sixties refugees popping in. We do a pretty good business, as a matter of fact."

"OK," he says again. A couple of minutes later, he can tell that she has dropped off. He takes longer to go to sleep himself. He hasn't shared a bed with a woman for a while. He is very conscious of her weight pressing down the bed, of the small noises her breathing makes, of her smell. To trust someone enough to sleep with him, he thinks, takes more faith in some ways than just to go to bed with him. Suddenly, he wants her even more than he did before.

He lies still in the darkness. He has never yet met a woman who is eager just after she wakes up. Besides, he thinks, she'll be here tomorrow.

He hopes. . . . Weather in the early seventies tomorrow. Nasty weather for him and Donna.

He falls asleep worrying about it. Sometime around two in the morning, the year conditioner kicks in. He wakes with a start. Donna never stirs. He reaches over, softly puts his hand on the curve of her hip. She mutters something, rolls onto her stomach. He jerks his hand away. She doesn't wake up. He takes a long time to go back to sleep.

The alarm clock's buzz might as well be a bomb going off by his ear. He needs a loud one. The adrenaline rush keeps him going till his first cup of coffee. The only thing that wakes Donna is his bouncing out of bed. He has forgotten what a dedicated sleeper she is.

But she has two plates of eggs scrambled, toast buttered and the coffee perking by the time his tie is knotted. "Now I know why I asked you to stay," he says. "I just eat corn flakes when I'm here by myself."

"Poor baby," she croons. He makes a face at her.

While he is stacking the dishes in the sink, he asks, "So where is this Barefoot Sounds of yours?"

"Down in Gardena, on Crenshaw. I hope I'm not going to make you late."

He looks at his watch, calculates in his head. "I ought to make it. I won't bother washing up now, though. I'll get 'em tonight. Shall I pick you up? What time do you get off?"

"Four-thirty."

He grunts. "I probably can't get up that way till maybe half past five."

"I'll stay inside," she promises. "That way, I'll be sure to be glad to see you."

She does have sense, he knows, no matter how she sometimes hides it. "Sounds like a good idea to me," he says.

Just how good it is he discovers the minute they walk out the door. It's in the seventies, all right: The weatherman had it right on the button. By the time Tom and Donna get to the bottom of the stairs, they aren't holding hands anymore.

He strides ahead of her, turns back to snap, "I don't have all day to get you where you're going, you know."

"Don't do me any favors." She puts her hands on her hips. "If you're in such a hurry, just tell me where the nearest bus stop is and take off. I'll manage fine."

"It's——" All that saves things is that he has no idea where the nearest bus stop is. Like a lot of people in L.A., he's helpless without a car. "Just come on," he says. In the seventies, she really does drive him crazy. The angry click of her heels on the walk tells him it's mutual.

He unlocks her door, goes around to unlock his, slides behind the wheel; he's not opening doors for her, not right now. He doesn't even look at her as she gets in. The engine roars to life when he turns the key, floors the gas pedal. He doesn't wait for it to warm up before he reaches for the year-conditioner switch. He has to change the setting; usually, he keeps it in the eighties, to help him gear up for work.

The conditioner takes a while to make a difference; but little by little, the tense silence between Tom and Donna becomes friendlier. "My last car didn't have a year conditioner," he says.

She shakes her head. "I couldn't live like that."

He finds Barefoot Sounds without much trouble. It's at the back of a little shopping



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center where most of the stores are kept a lot newer. He shrugs. From what Donna says, the place pays the rent, and that's what counts. Besides, he likes sixties

"Maybe I'll stop in when I pick you up," he says.

"Sure, why not? I'll introduce you to Rick, the guy who runs the place." She leans over to kiss him, then gets out. He drives right off; he's left the motor running while he stops in the parking lot—he doesn't want the year conditioner to die.

But he doesn't like the look on Donna's face that he sees in the rearview mirror. The seventies are hard on them, and that's all there is to it. He hopes she does remember to wait for him in the store. If she stays outside, she'll be ready to spit in his eye by the time he gets there.

More likely, he thinks, she'll just up and leave.

If she does, she does; there's nothing he can do about it. He chews on that unsatisfying bit of philosophy all the way down the San Diego Freeway into Orange County.

When he gets out of the car, in the company lot, he hopes she *won't* be there in the afternoon. He hurries across the asphalt to the mirror-fronted office building, which is firmly in the eighties. A little more of this whipsawing and he won't be good for anything the rest of the day.

But he gains detachment even before he gets his computer booted up. As soon as he gets on line, he is too busy to worry about anything but his job. Now that the old front in the upper Midwest is finally breaking up, new orders come flooding in, and he has to integrate them into everything the system thinks it already knows.

He doesn't begin to get his head above water till lunchtime. Even then, he is too rushed to go out; he grabs a cheeseburger and a diet cola at the little in-house cafeteria. As he wolfs them down, Donna returns to the surface of his mind.

Being so far upvear gives him perspec-

tive on things. He knows that whenever the weather is in the early seventies, it'll be a dash from one year-conditioned place to another. Can he handle that? With eighties practicality, he realizes he'd better if he wants to keep her. He wonders what going from this long-distance indifference to a hot affair every night will do to him.

He also wonders what Donna is like in the eighties. He doubts he'll find out. She has made her choice, and this isn't it.

He has second thoughts again as he goes back out into the seventies at quitting time. But he has to go to his car anyhow, and as soon as it starts, he's all right again—he's left the year conditioner on. It's tough on his timing belt but good for his peace of mind.

Traffic is appalling. He's stoic about that. When the weather is in the eighties, things are even worse, with more cars on the road. When it drops into the fifties, the San Diego Freeway isn't there. Getting into town from Orange County on surface streets is a different kind of thrill.

He pulls into a parking space in front of Barefoot Sounds around 5:15. Not bad. Again he lets the year conditioner die with the engine without turning it off. He's trotting to the record store before the hum has altogether faded.

He's hardly out in the seventies long enough to remember to get hostile toward Donna. Then he's inside Barefoot Sounds and in the late sixties with a vengeance.

The place is wall-to-wall posters: a KEEP ON TRUCKIN' even gaudier than his, Peter Fonda on a motorcycle, Nixon so stoned his face is dribbling out between his fingers, Mickey and Minnie Mouse doing something obscene. Patchouli fills the air, thick enough to slice. And blasting out of the big speakers is "Love one another," not the Youngbloods singing but a cover version: slower, more haunting, not one he hears much on the radio, no matter when he is.....

"My God!" Tom says. "That's H. P. Lovecraft!"

The fellow behind the cash register raises an eyebrow. He has frizzy brown hair and a Fu Manchu mustache. "I'm impressed," he says. "Half my regulars wouldn't know that one, and you're new here. Can I help you find something?"

"Only in a manner of speaking. I'm here to pick up Donna." Tom looks around. He docsn't see her. He starts worrying. There aren't many places to hide.

But the fellow—he must be the Rick she mentioned, Tom realizes—sticks his head behind a curtain, says, "Hon, your ride's here." *Hon?* Tom scowls until he notices that the guy is wearing a wedding ring. Then he relaxes—a little.

Donna comes out. The way her face lights up when she sees him makes him put his silly fears in the trash, where they belong. In the late sixties, he and Donna



"When he's ready to ask for money, he'll stop talking in tongues."

are good together. He whistles a couple of bars from the Doors song.

Rick cocks that eyebrow again. "You know your stuff. You should be coming in here all the time."

"Maybe I should. This is quite a place." Tom takes another long look around. He rubs his chin, considering. "Who does your buying for you?"

"You're looking at him, my man," Rick says, laughing. He jabs himself in the chest with a thumb. "Why?"

"Nothing, really. Just a thought." Tom turns to Donna. "Are you ready to go?"

"And then some."

She's been waiting for him, Tom realizes. She can't be happy standing around while he chews the fat with her boss. "Sorry," he says. He nods at Rick. "Good to meet you."

"You, too." Rick pulls his wallet out of the hip pocket of his striped bell-bottoms. He extends a card, hands it to Tom. He may be a freak, but he's not running Barefoot Sounds to starve. "You ever get anywhere on that thought of yours, let me know, you hear?"

"I will." Tom sticks the card in his own wallet. Donna is at the door, tapping her foot. No matter how good he and she are, she is going to be one unhappy lady any second now. Maybe gallantry will help. With an extravagant bow, Tom holds the door open for her.

She steps through. "Took you long enough," she says. Her voice has an edge to it—she's outside, back in the early seventies. As he joins her, Tom feels his stomach start to churn.

This time, the tension breaks before it builds to a full-scale fight, thanks to Tom's car's being just a couple of steps away. They are inside and the year conditioner is going before they can do much more than start to glare at each other.

They both relax as it goes to work. Tom heads for his apartment. After a while, Donna asks, "What were you thinking about back there in the store?"

But Tom says, "Let it keep for now. It isn't ripe yet. Let's see how things go with us, then maybe I'll bring it up again."

"The curiosity will kill me." Donna doesn't push, though. In the seventies, she'd be all over him, which would only make him clam up harder. Luckily, she's thinking of something else when he pulls up in front of his building. The silence is guarded as they go up the stairs, but at least it is silence, and things are fine again once they're inside his place.

Come the weekend, Donna moves her stuff into his apartment. Without ever much talking about it, they fall into a routine that gets firmer day by day. Tom likes it. The only fly in the ointment, in fact, is his job. It's not the commute that bothers him. But he doesn't like not caring about Donna eight hours a day. He can deal with it, but he doesn't like it.

Finally, he digs out Rick's card and calls him. "You sure?" Rick says when he's done talking. "The pay would be peanuts next to what you're pulling down in your eighties job."

"Get serious," Tom says. "Every twenty-dollar bill I have in my wallet there turns into a five here."

Rick is silent awhile, thinking it over. At last, he says, "I'd say I've got myself a new buyer." He hesitates. "You love her a lot, don't you? You'd have to, to do something like this."

"In the sixties, I love her a lot, and she's a sixties person. If I want to stay with her, I'd better be one, too. Hell," Tom laughs, "I'm getting good on my slide rule again."

Donna's smile stretches across her entire face the first day they go into Barefoot Sounds together to work. This time, she holds the door open for him. "Come on in," she says. "The weather's fine."

"Yes," he says. "It is." She follows him in. The door closes after them.





IMISPIRIT

(continued from page 99) at night, policemen would drive by and warn me that it was dangerous; but people from North Dakota tend to be very trusting, and I never seriously considered what might have happened to me out there. I guess I was lucky." But you can't keep a good woman down, and within four months, Carmen was making enough money modeling to move to a better apartment and have a phone installed. "Things have been better ever since."

She moved to our home town in March 1986, signed on with Playboy Models and met PLAYBOY Senior Staff Photographer Pompeo Posar one day on her way to the agency's office in the Playboy Building. Posar offered to take some gatefold test shots and, once again, those years of Nautilus work paid off. Her photographs were, as you can see, fantastic.

What makes Carmen particularly appealing is her paradoxical personality. On the one hand, she can perform a sultry striptease like the one she did for Posar's camera; on the other, she says, "I have a lot of old-fashioned values," including a strong belief in the Catholic Church and adherence to the moral philosophy that love and commitment should precede sex.

"I know some people will think it's contradictory to say that I'm a strong Catholic, that I believe in God and that I'm posing for PLAYBOY. The Church probably wouldn't favor my posing nude, but I feel that I have a close personal relationship with God and that He won't condemn me.

"God didn't make up all these rules that you shouldn't pose nude, that people aren't supposed to use contraception or that women shouldn't have abortions. We don't have the right to impose our views on others."

Carmen also practices her religious beliefs in a practical way, volunteering time each week to work at a shelter for teenaged unwed mothers in Chicago.

"I think that a lot of those girls wouldn't be in that situation if they'd had more information about sex. I feel pretty lucky that I didn't get into trouble in high school; but then, I hardly ever dated. I spent most of my time studying."

Carmen is still choosy. "I tend to want long-term, committed relationships. When I marry, I want to stay married for life, just like my parents, who've been together for more than 40 years. But I want to see how far I can go in my modeling career first. And even after I marry, I'll always want to work. It's more fun spending your own money than someone else's." Hmm—we'd never thought of it quite that way.

¥



"Can he call you back? He's outside unwinding."

WADE BOGGS

(continued from page 62) you think your team had any real chance to come back?

BOGGS: We knew it was as close to being over as it could be. We were playing in Anaheim, and after our first two guys up in the inning struck out, the crowd started going crazy. The thing that really sticks out in my mind is that, after our second out, I saw Reggie Jackson take off his sunglasses and hand them to the trainer and then go over and put his arms around Gene Mauch, the Angels' manager. After that, the rest of the Angels took off their caps and got ready to run out onto the field and celebrate.

PLAYBOY: How did your teammates feel? BOGGS: Like a patient who's had a heart attack-the doctors try to revive him, get no heartbeat and send in the priest to perform last rites. Rich Gedman, our next batter, was hit by a pitch; and then-just before the patient drew his last breath-Don Baylor hit a home run. The score was now five to four, and we could hear the faintest heartbeat: We weren't dead yet. Up comes Dave Henderson. He gets two strikes on him, but we're all holding our breath, thinking the same thing: A home run would tie the game up. Then Henderson pulls the ball deep and I find myself standing on the top step of the dugout, blowing as hard as I can to lift that ball out of there. Boom! Home run! We're tied!

When Henderson's ball cleared the fence, there was pandemonium in our dugout—and the rest of the stadium was so silent you could have heard a pin drop. The crowd was completely quiet. Two innings later, Henderson came up again, with the bases loaded, and knocked in the winning run with a sacrifice fly. We had what we wanted: the chance to take the play-offs back to Boston. We felt there was no stopping us now, and when we got the Angels back to Fenway Park, both games were blowouts: We beat them ten to four and eight to one, and we were going to the world series.

PLAYBOY: Your opponents in the series, the New York Mets, had a well-publicized reputation for being an arrogant, cocky collection of ballplayers. Did you find that to be the case?

BOGGS: No, not at all. I didn't socialize with them, but they didn't strike me as cocky and arrogant.

PLAYBOY: What did they strike you as?

BOGGS: Mostly, they struck me as surprised. The Mets were big favorites to beat us in the world series, but we went into Shea Stadium and ate 'em up, one to nothing and nine to three. I was sure we had better hitters, but our defense really caught them off guard, especially in game two. Henderson and Dwight Evans both made diving catches in the outfield; Spike Owen, our shortstop, made a great play on a ground ball up the middle; and I

made three strong plays in one inning. That shook up the Mets and a lot of others. PLAYBOY: In what way?

BOGGS: It was like-ding!-lights went on and bells went off: Wade Boggs was not a butcher at third base.

PLAYBOY: You had that reputation?

BOGGS: It had followed me from the minor leagues, and I'd never been able to shake it, no matter how well I played.

PLAYBOY: Were you a lousy fielder in the

BOGGS: I wasn't nearly as lousy as the fields I played on. In the minors, you play on some very ratty infields and, naturally, the balls take bad hops. When they do, not only don't you catch them, you get gun-shy-you don't stay down on them as long as you should. If you do, the ball comes up in your face and you periodically find yourself visiting a dentist. Since coming up to the majors, I've worked hard at making myself a good third baseman, but I think most of my improvement is due to experience—as the years have gone by, I've learned where to play hitters. Baseball people often talk about a third baseman's "range," but I don't think third basemen can have any range: After the ball's hit in your direction, you have time for only two steps and a dive. When I first came up and didn't know where to play the hitters, I'd take my two steps and dive, and I wouldn't come close to the ball. Now that I know where to play the hitters, I take my two steps and dive and I do catch the ball. I've been doing it for years, but it took a spectacle like the world series to wake people up to that fact.

PLAYBOY: In the series, after Boston went ahead three games to two, there was a moment when you and everyone else thought the series was yours, wasn't there? BOGGS: Yeah. When we flew down to New York again, we were very confident about winning the series. Little did we know that we'd suffer the same death as the Angels: I'm sure they felt the same thing at the end of the play-offs as we did at the end of the world series.

PLAYBOY: Which was?

BOGGS: Shock. Great disappointment. Game six went into extra innings, and in the top of the tenth, with the score tied three to three, I drove in our fourth run and scored our fifth. When we came out for the bottom of the inning, we all felt, "Here we go-we've got it now." After we got two quick outs, the Mets' management flashed a message on the scoreboard that read, CONGRATULATIONS 1986 WORLD SERIES CHAMPIONS, BOSTON RED SOX. Harry Wendelstedt, the third-base umpire, came over to me and said, "Throw me your cap before you go out on the mound and start celebrating"-he wanted a souvenir. I told him, "Harry, it's not over yet." I got that right.

Gary Carter hit a single to left center. The Mets' next batter, Kevin Mitchell, got jammed on a two-strike pitch and blooped a single to center that sent Carter



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ADVANCE FEE **Employment not guaranteed** to third. Ray Knight then blooped another single to left center, scoring Carter and moving Mitchell to third. The score was now five to four, and Mac brought in Bob Stanley to relieve Calvin Schiraldi. Bob had had an up-and-down season, but he was just tremendous in the play-offs and the world series. He went two and two on Mookie Wilson, and then an inside pitch got away from him and I still can't believe it didn't hit Wilson. I don't know how he got out of the way, but he did, and the ball rolled to the backstop and Mitchell scored to tie it at five to five.

PLAYBOY: What were you feeling?

BOGGS: I felt like I was on the outside looking in, because I didn't have a play the entire inning. The roof was caving in, and I was just watching players run by me. On the passed ball that scored Mitchell, Knight went to second, and he was standing there when Mookie hit a little

grounder to Billy Buckner at first base. Just as I started to think, Whew, at least we're out of the inning, the ball went through Billy's legs. Knight scored the winning run. NBC had set up its cameras in our dressing room, there were cases of champagne on ice, and the world-series trophy had been brought down to be presented to us. Between the time the ball rolled through Billy's legs and the time John McNamara walked into the clubhouse, everything had been cleared out.

PLAYBOY: Did you begin to suspect that 1986 wasn't the year of the Red Sox?

BOGGS: Well, it was a tough game to lose, but we had come back before. All we had to do was win the seventh game. With Hurst pitching his third series game, we were feeling really loosy-goosy. And after we jumped out to a three-nothing lead, everyone in the dugout started saying, "Snowball!"—meaning just keep

pushing for more runs. We were glowing, thinking, Well, the wait was worth it.

And then—boom!—here come the Mets. They tied the score, and then Ray Knight hit a home run to put them ahead for good. The score was eight to five when we came up in the ninth inning, and with two out and Marty Barrett at the plate, somebody threw a red smoke bomb onto the field. A red cloud literally descended upon the Red Sox, and after Barrett struck out, that was all she wrote. We got to game seven, and we lost. It would have been the greatest thing in the world to win, but we didn't.

PLAYBOY: Maybe this year. And just one more note on your hitting: As most fans know, no major-leaguer has hit .400 since Ted Williams did it in 1941. Your career batting average is higher than Williams', and it seems to us that you just might be the next man to break the .400 barrier. Is that a goal of yours?

BOGGS: No, the only goal I set for myself is to be the best; and if that should entail hitting .400 because another player is hitting .399, then to be the best, I'd have to hit .400. It could also become a goal if there were maybe three days left in the season and I was hitting about .400. Otherwise, no. I mean, it's just not realistic to sit down at the start of a season and say, "Well, I'd like to hit .400 this year." Sure, I'd like to hit .400, but we're talking about something so difficult to achieve that I think the next guy who does it will be considered immortal. It would be the biggest thing that had ever happened to baseball. My personal goals don't really stretch that far: I want to be the league's best hitter, and I want to play until I'm 40 years old. PLAYBOY: If you're able to play that long, what would you hope to have accomplished by the time you left the sport?

BOGGS: What I set out to do: to be the best player I could be. And to give as much enjoyment to people watching me as I get out of playing the game.

PLAYBOY: That's modest. Are you sure you wouldn't want people to remember Wade Boggs as the greatest hitter in modern baseball history?

BOGGS: I'd love it. I'd also love to meet Kathleen Turner, but I don't walk around thinking about either of those things. I'm much more of a year-to-year person, and I know what I want this year: a world-series title for the Red Sox. It's great to win individual honors, but if you check with the Mets, you'll discover that nothing feels as good as being able to collectively say, "We're the best"-that's when you know you've really accomplished something. This year's Red Sox want to go one step beyond 1986 and win the world serieswe've got the talent and we've got the appetite. And our fans deserve it. Why should the Celtics be the only team in Boston that goes to the play-offs and championships every year?



"I've often had sex with strangers, but never with a perfect stranger. . . ."

"The defendants appeared to be enjoying the parts about Polisi's sexual proclivities immensely."

who frequented the Sinatra Club?"

"Yes, I do."

"Who?"

"John Gotti, Gene Gotti, Willie Boy Johnson.'

"Were the conversations conducted at the Sinatra Club criminal conversations?"

"Yes."

"What kind of crimes?"

"Hijacking, stick-ups, numbers. gambling."

Barry Slotnick, a tall man with a trim beard, stood up. He was John Carneglia's

"Your Honor, most respectfully," he said, "may we have a brief voir dire?"

"Please don't keep saying 'most respectfully," Nickerson said. "I know you do it in good faith, but please don't. It makes

Polisi testified that the defendants were associated with the Bergen Hunt and Fish Club, a storefront in Ozone Park.

"Did you come to an understanding of whether these frequenters of the Bergen Hunt and Fish Club were members of a criminal organization?" Giacalone asked.

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"Absolutely."

"What was this understanding?"

"They were members of the Gambino crime family.

For Giacalone, it seemed like a solid start. The defense lawyers then took turns cross-examining. If Polisi had been a police detective testifying for the prosecution, defense strategy would have had to show he was a liar. Since Polisi was a criminal-arrested on drug charges in 1984-the effort went into showing he was both a liar and a low-life.

To assist in their undermining of Polisi, the defense had obtained several hours of tapes he had recorded with an author. In these, he talked about his dislike of blacks and his habit of paying for oral intercourse with prostitutes. Judge Nickerson carefully considered the admissibility of those issues.

"I'll admit his dislike of blacks," he decided finally. "Not the prostitutes."

The lawyers were glad to have Polisi's racial attitudes admitted: There were two blacks on the jury. The defendants, however, were disappointed; they appeared to be enjoying the parts about Polisi's sexual proclivities immensely. The main business at hand had been forgotten temporarily. They rocked in their seats, hands clasped over their mouths.

Cutler rose to cross-examine.

"Mr. Polisi," he began, "haven't you spent your adult life taking advantage of the weak, the infirmed, the diseased and women?"

"No, sir."

"These neighborhoods where you supplied your heroin and cocaine," Cutler continued, "are these the same neighborhoods where John Gotti is loved and revered? Just yes or no."

"Yes."

Giacalone redirect:

"Mr. Polisi, are you proud of the way you played your life in the past 20 years?"

"No," said Polisi. "I think it's completely un-American, and I'm ashamed of the way I lived my life."

The defense counsel groaned. The Gotti supporters in the spectator seats whistled. Cutler recross:

"Mr. Polisi," he said, pointing to the American flag, "didn't you sully that like you sullied everything in life you touch?"

'Objection.' "When did you get this new religion?" Cutler demanded. "Tell us so we can free the jails of low-lifes like you."

"Objection!"

"Sustained."

"I have no further questions," Cutler



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said, strolling back to his seat.

There was much satisfied stirring in the spectator seats. Neighbors of Gotti's who were present thought highly of the man on trial; indeed, their Howard Beach neighborhood in Queens was comparatively free of drugs and street crime. (In December, Howard Beach would also be the scene of a celebrated incident in which three black men were beaten and chased out of the area by whites, after which one of the black men was struck and killed by a car.) Gotti drummed his fingers on the table and smiled. He was among friends.

Throughout Polisi's testimony, the other attorneys asked Polisi about his past lying, his drug dealing and his discharge from the Marines. They got him to admit that he had collected full disability by pretending to be mentally unstable. Gotti smiled again. Two former Marines on the jury.

When Polisi was excused, the defendants clapped their attorneys on the backs. The judge called a recess. Giacalone packed her files on a trolley and left the courtroom. No, she told reporters, she had no comment to make about the case.

The press did. "3-DAY DEFENSE BARRAGE HITS WITNESS' PAST CRIMES," one headline read.

Outside the courtroom one afternoon, a spectator asked Giacalone if she felt anything personal about the case. "No," she replied shortly, "it just crossed my desk"; and, as was her habit, she left quickly.

But by then, nobody believed that Giacalone did not feel strongly about her case. Her attitude in the courtroom suggested a moral indignation toward the defendants. The defense lawyers felt that she viewed the trial not as a case but as a cause. Was it because of her Catholic upbringing? they speculated. Was she determined to prove that not all Italian Americans were like the defendants?

Whatever Giacalone's motivation, the case had not simply crossed her desk. She had built it. She had begun assembling it in the early Eighties, after she had successfully prosecuted two cases known as the IBI armored-car robberies. In trying to determine how the IBI money had been spent, she had learned that some of it allegedly had gone, as a token of respect, to members of the Bergen Hunt and Fish Club—John Gotti's club.

It was a building block in her case against the defendants, but it was also a personal reference point. As a young girl making her way to Our Lady of Wisdom girls' school in Ozone Park, Diane Giacalone had wandered by the Bergen Hunt and Fish Club, had taken note of the men who hung out there and wondered what they did. Twenty years later, when it came time to learn about the club, she discovered that there was plenty to read about it, reams of files, 18 years of accumulated surveillance. Yet for all this, only a few arrests had been made, as the result of gambling raids.

And so, on weekends for the next two years, while Gotti was being chauffeured around town in his Mercedes, Giacalone had put on her jeans and sneakers, taken the subway to her office and read "thousands of pieces of paper." Finally, in late 1984, her case was presented to the Justice Department. It was approved, and on March 28, 1985, a grand jury handed up indictments against Aniello Dellacroce (who died within the year), John Gotti and eight other men.

"They're in the business of being gangsters," she said to explain the indictment.

Nineteen months later, she was shifting into high gear in order to prove it.

In the second week of October, Giacalone called as a witness one Edward Maloney, a remarkably resilient man. In 1982, he testified, he had been having a drink at the Cozy Corner, a social club run by Gotti, when he was shot ten times. He survived, became a Government informer and wore a wire. Giacalone was using his tapes and testimony to establish that Gotti ran the gambling operation at the Cozy Corner. She was also hoping to introduce into evidence a tape recording in which Maloney alleged that Gotti "got his wings" by "whacking out" one James McBratney.

At 10:30, with the jury waiting outside the courtroom, the judge was still listening to defense motions to strike part of the tape transcript. The press and the spectators stirred restlessly.

"Where does it begin?" Judge Nickerson asked one of the defense attorneys. "From which line?"

The lawyer rummaged through his files. While the court waited, Daniel Hays, reporter for the *Daily News*, puzzled over his crossword. He needed a few more clues. "Thirty-three across," he asked Len Buder of the *Times*. "German author, four letters?"

Buder scratched his head.

In the well of the courtroom, the defendants reached into their table drawers for their favorite candy, Nestlé's white chocolate. They munched slowly as the lawyer turned his pages.

"Line 14, judge," he said. "From 'McBratney would have fucked him in the ass."

The defendants chuckled. Buder still scratched his head.

"And where does it end?" the judge asked.

"Your Honor, I object," Giacalone's associate, Gleeson, said, getting up.

"You'd better come up here," the judge said wearily.

The lawyers went up to the bench. Mumble, mumble, mumble. With all the motions, the jury was regularly kept waiting more than an hour.

"Kant!" Buder exclaimed, and a sigh of relief swept the press seats.

Judge Nickerson looked up over his glasses, clearly mystified about the role the founder of German idealism might purport to play in this trial. Then, as he returned to his transcript, the courtroom doors flew open and a big, menacing figure in mirrored Ray-Bans strode in.

"Oh, shit," the wire reporter said. "Not him again."

Ray-Bans was one of several wise-guy (a New York term for gangster) hangerson who attended the trial from time to time. But unlike the others, he took no notice of the sign on the row clearly marked PRESS. He was about 25, wearing a windbreaker over a T-shirt; and this morning, as usual, he set himself down squarely among the reporters. The press inched away from him.

Up on the bench, the judge was saying, "I won't admit the stuff about how he got his wings. That's incredibly prejudicial."

Gleeson gave up.

"Get the witness and bring the jury in," the judge said.

The court officer thumped on the door to announce the jury's entrance. The press and spectators rose. Ray-Bans remained seated. Gleeson started to question Maloney, and the press took notes. After a few minutes, two of the women jurors began whispering. One woman exchanged a smile with the other.

"Derr. Whad she t'ink's so damn funny?"

Ray-Bans' voice, which had cut through the courtroom buzz, startled everyone. The attorneys glanced around. Ray-Bans' metallic stare was fixed on the juror who had smiled.

"She t'inks it's funny. You'd t'ink she'd be payin' attenshun."

Ray-Bans took off his windbreaker and flexed his biceps. A court officer got up, thought better of it and sat down. The press was going to have to suffer Ray-Bans all morning.

By 12:30, the defendants' candy supply was running low. They were glancing at the clock. Food. It was a big issue throughout the trial. According to one news report, John Gotti had obtained veal sandwiches in the Metropolitan Correction Center. The story implied that he was receiving favored treatment, and Cutler insisted that Giacalone had leaked it and was making an issue of it. He complained bitterly to the judge. "My client doesn't even *like* yeal!" he howled.

Each lunchtime, heaping plates of Italian food were delivered to the courtroom, where Federal marshals checked them. After the big lunches and the candy, digestive disturbances were audible throughout the afternoon, much to the distress of the attorneys.

One day, the defendants offered to treat the attorneys to lunch and, as a concession to the fact that several of the lawyers were Jewish, a vast spread of lox, bagels and cream cheese was brought in. The defendants nibbled sparingly and grimaced politely. Then, as the hour went by, they whispered orders to the marshals for more food. They waited eagerly. When a delivery boy finally showed up, they rushed out to the anteroom to meet him. Seven hero sandwiches were quickly unwrapped and devoured out of sight of the lawyers, so as not to offend.

The best days for the reporters were always those when the Government played tapes recorded from bugs or taps at social clubs and various homes. There was, for example, the exchange between John Gotti and Willie Boy Johnson about the problems of sharing profits and apportioning work.

GOTTI [talking to someone in the background]: You know, Joey, you try to do the right thing, you know, you try to do the right thing with everybody. But you can't do it, looks like. That's my, my, my shortcoming. I try to do the right thing with everybody. I wind up with nothing. Everyone else winds up with the buttercup.

WILLIE BOY: Hello.

GOTTI: Yeah, er, youse guys don't want to come around no more or what?

WILLIE BOY: I was up all morning! I tried to sleep in the afternoon. I just got up now.

GOTTI: Oh, minga, it's a new game now. Whoever goes to the fucking crap game can sleep all fucking day.

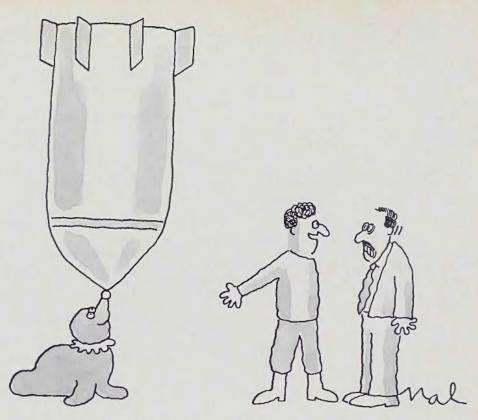
By November, things were going better for the Government. A former gambler, among other witnesses, had tied Corozzo and DiMaria to loan-shark operations. Giacalone had played a series of tapes that seemed especially damaging to Gene Gotti, as well as to other defendants. Then she called a witness who testified that he had been having a drink in a Staten Island bar one night in 1973 when John Gotti and Angelo Ruggiero arm-locked James McBratney, suspected of having kidnaped and murdered Carlo Gambino's nephew. Gotti and Ruggiero had allegedly tried to drag McBratney out of the bar before a third man shot and killed him.

Gotti had been arrested after that killing and had pleaded guilty to a reduced charge of attempted manslaughter and served two years of a four-year term in prison. But Giacalone was now charging that he had participated in the murder to gain favor with Gambino; and, indeed, her witness testified it was "not likely" that the killing was the result of a barroom brawl.

Then came a series of detectives who gave accounts of their surveillances of the Bergen and Ravenite social clubs. The defendants perked up for that. One detective, Mike Falciano, said he had followed Ruggiero around, taking notes of overheard conversations on matchbooks, even on his hands.

"Describe Ruggiero," Gleeson said.

"Oh, heavy," Falciano replied. "Bull face. You know, he wasn't a handsome guy. How would I describe him? Animal



"The act is <u>much</u> more exciting since we started using the bomb!"

or human? He looked like a fire pump." The defendants loved this assessment of their colleague. They all agreed Ruggiero wasn't pretty.

Another detective, John Gurnee, said he had used police lock pickers one night to try to place a bug in the Ravenite. But a guard dog had attacked him, and before long, they were face to face on the floor. The next night, Gurnee returned with a plan. His wife had made meatballs, and he put a tranquilizer pill in each one. The dog ate six.

Despite the tranquilizers, the dog kept jumping at the door, and Gurnee returned the next night with more meatballs.

"How did the dog react?" Gleeson asked.

"Oh, by then he was happy to see me," Gurnee said.

But that night, the mission had to be aborted when Gurnee was discovered by club members, some wielding baseball bats. Two days later, a detective overheard John Gotti saying to someone, "Next time, shoot them. Say you thought they were burglars."

On Monday, December first, Giacalone called James Cardinali to the stand. She described him as "a critical witness." He was 37, good-looking, wearing a gray sweat shirt over a muscular body. For a man with a 20-year drug habit, Cardinali looked in good shape despite a periodic rasping cough.

He had met John Gotti, he said, while serving time in state prison. Following his release, Gotti got him a no-show job with a trucking company. He told the jury that he and another man had once robbed a cemetery-workers' payroll and that he had offered Gotti part of the money. Gotti told him, "All I want is your love and respect. Put that in your pocket." One day, Cardinali said, they had gone to meet a man who was seeking to be released from Gotti's influence. Gotti pointed to Cardinali and told the man, "He's in charge of the release department," then added, "You live with John Gotti, you die with John Gotti."

Cardinali said that Gotti received a cut from a gambling operation, as did DiMaria and Corozzo. He named Gene Gotti as head of a loan-sharking operation and tied John to another. Cardinali also said that when John Gotti found out that he was hanging around with men whom Gotti suspected of kidnaping, Gotti told him, "I already killed a kidnaper."

Throughout this testimony, Gotti's eyes grew dark. At times, he directed a hard glare at the jury, at the witness, at Giacalone's back.

During the afternoon recess, the defense lawyers gathered gloomily in the corridor outside the courtroom.

"Is there anything this guy doesn't know?" defense attorney Jeffrey Hoffman asked.

The testimony resumed. In 1981, Cardinali claimed, John Gotti heard that he had been selling drugs. "If I find out it's true, I'm going to kill you. I'm going to make an example of you," Gotti allegedly said. Cardinali then said he had learned that a man named Michael Costagliola had told Gotti about his drug dealings.

"Did you do something the next day?" Giacalone asked.

"Yes," Cardinali replied, serenely immune. "I killed Michael Costagliola."

By the third day of Cardinali's testimony, it was tough to get a seat in the press row. He had more to tell. He calmly told of five murders he had committed or participated in during planned rip-offs of drug dealers. He told of his aborted plan to kill an FBI agent. He described how, as a favor to John Gotti, he had given a nearfatal beating to a Staten Island numbers operator who was running an illegal gambling business in competition with the Gambino family.

"Did you hurt him very badly?" Giacalone asked.

"Yes," said the witness.

"Did you think he died?" Giacalone asked.

"I felt he was dead," said the witness.

"Your witness," Giacalone said, turning to the defense.

"Mr. Cardinali," DiMaria's attorney, Michael Santangelo, asked, "do you think you made a good deal with the Government?"

"In my opinion," Cardinali replied, "I think I made a fantastic deal."

"Understatement of the year," Hoffman said during the next recess.

In exchange for his cooperation and a plea of guilty to one murder, Cardinali had received a five-to-ten-year sentence, immunity from prosecution for other crimes, the promise of a new identity, eventual relocation and \$10,000.

The attorneys took him through his résumé of killings, trying to demonstrate that the man testifying was far worse than any of the defendants and that he would do just about anything to save his own skin.

"Did you have any qualms about taking a human life in order to get \$10,000 and cocaine?" Hoffman asked him.

"At the time, I had no qualms," Cardinali said.

"Do you have any qualms about telling a lie for \$10,000?" Hoffman asked.

"Repeat the question."

"I have no further questions," Hoffman said.

David DePetris, Rampino's attorney, wanted to know all the details of two murders in Florida for which Cardinali could have received the death penalty.

"I arrived [at the motel]," Cardinali said. "When they came in, I looked at my partner, he nodded and I shot the guy in the face."

After another vivid description by Cardinali, the judge balked at admitting the grislier details. "Please, no more," he said.

The courtroom was silent. Even the defendants were paying total attention.

DePetris began questioning Cardinali about his immunity: "As to your additional crimes——"

"My additional crimes?"

DePetris' voice fell an octave. "I'm talking about your murders, Mr. Cardinali," he said.

Cutler took over. He demanded to know if Cardinali was testifying to save himself. Cardinali said he was, then added that he was telling the truth. But wasn't it also true, Cutler asked him, that in a fit of pique last spring, he had called Cutler's office and complained about Diane Giacalone?

"Yes, that's true," Cardinali again admitted.

"Do you recall saying you weren't sure you'd even testify in this case [because] the Government wants to bury John Gotti?" Cutler asked.

"Yes," Cardinali said.

"Did you also say that 'from the day I met John Gotti, he did nothing but good for me. He only put money in my pocket . . . he's the finest man I've ever known'?"

"That's true," Cardinali said.

After cross-examination, the defense lawyers were still despondent. Despite Cardinali's catalog of crimes, several of them felt that he had been a convincing witness. Gotti did not. He dismissed Cardinali as the errand boy to the errand boy. But the lawyers thought Cardinali's testimony and the tapes were the Government's most damaging evidence.

After Cardinali, Gotti got serious. There were huddles throughout the day during recesses. With a quick hand gesture, Gotti would summon attorneys and codefendants to form an attentive group around him. From then on, he wanted the witnesses pummeled, "motherfucked."

The defense also launched a new offensive, an all-out campaign to rattle Giacalone. The defendants participated with sneers and mutterings. Gotti told reporters that Giacalone's smile was "as phony as a three-dollar bill."

Giacalone struck back, charging Gotti with a number of offenses not in the indictment—such as the claim that he had muttered an obscenity at a Government witness. Two days later, she complained to the judge that he had made another disparaging remark the jury could hear. This time, Gotti did not leave the objection to his lawyer. He leaped to his feet, waving his arms.

"Your Honor, it's not true!" he shouted.
"If anyone's made comments, it's her!"

The eruptions continued daily. A few days later, Giacalone asked the judge to excuse the jury and told him, "Your Honor, I just heard Mr. Cutler say—and I'm sure the jury heard it—'Ask this tramp if she'll give us an offer of proof."

Cutler was on his feet, furious, yelling, "Your Honor! Witnesses, reporters, people call us all the time saying they're threatened by this woman . . . !"

"Stop!" Judge Nickerson ordered.

"I'm going to finish, Judge!" Cutler roared. "This is a very treacherous and dangerous woman! She's trying to intimidate me—I'm not ashamed to say it—she's trying to prejudice this jury against our clients!"

"You are going to wait for me to finish!" Nickerson shouted. He was as angry as anyone in court had ever seen him, but within seconds, he regained control. "I'm astonished at my moderation in dealing with you in this case, sir."

By January, the Government had called nearly 80 witnesses and filled more than 13,000 pages of transcripts, and the animosity between the lawyers for the two sides was headed for new highs. The morning of January 13 was a particularly galling one for Giacalone. Defense counsel was demanding several items from the Chimento Trucking Company's employment records, and Giacalone was going to have to rummage through approximately 16 cardboard boxes to locate them.

The judge called a recess and left the bench. Giacalone marched over to attorney George Santangelo, Michael's brother, and wagged her finger at him.

"You are lying!" she accused him.

"Get your finger out of my face and stick it up your ass!" Santangelo yelled at her. (Giacalone was not easily cowed. According to one story making the rounds, an FBI man had once told her that if she were a man, he would slug her. Giacalone had squared off at the agent, all 110 pounds of her, and said, "Take your best shot.") The exchange continued, and the reporters scribbled away. In the corridor outside the courtroom, the press swapped notes on what had been said, arriving at a consensus. Giacalone marched by. She was conferring with Gleeson when a reporter broke the news.

At the "Commission Trial" in Manhattan, a Federal judge had just handed out 100-year prison terms to Anthony "Fat Tony" Salerno, Carmine "Junior" Persico and Anthony "Tony Ducks" Corallo, the respective bosses of the Genovese, Colombo and Lucchese crime families.

"A hundred years! A century!" Hoffman exclaimed and darted back into court to report the news to Gotti. At the defense table, Gotti absorbed this information without a visible show of emotion. He glanced across the court at Giacalone. She had returned to her desk and was sorting through her files. A half smile played on her lips.

Gotti stepped up to the courtroom railing and addressed the reporters.

"Those cases got nothing to do with us," he said. "We're walking out of here."

The next day, the courtroom was full of men from the state's Organized Crime Task Force. They were not happy with Giacalone. She had called one of their informants, Dominick Lofaro, to testify, cutting short his informant role. They glared at her throughout the day, to little effect, as she played the tapes Lofaro had recorded while wearing a wire.

On one of those tapes, an associate of John Gotti's described him as a "hood-lum's hoodlum." All eyes focused on the Dapper Don, who shrugged. On the second tape, recorded while he drove through Queens, one Carmine Fiore was heard saying of Gotti, "Minga, does he have this place locked up." On the third tape, Fiore volunteered that "the Naps"—the Neapolitan faction—were making their moves. At this juncture, a Newsday reporter had to step outside, because he was laughing so hard.

On cross-examination, Cutler got Lofaro to admit he'd lied to the state's Organized Crime Task Force about being "on the in" with the Gambino family.

"These big-shot Federal prosecutors!" Cutler shouted, making an inexplicable grab at his rear end. "When they found out you were lying, did they take your agreement and rip it up?"

Cutler tore his yellow pad and waited. Lofaro said no, the Government had not torn up his agreement. Given what else was on his tapes, it seemed a minor point.

A few days later, the Government rested its case. The final evidence had been tapes secretly recorded in Dellacroce's home, in which John Gotti's name figured prominently. On tape, Dellacroce was heard lambasting a man named Michael Caiazza, who was about to be drummed out of the Gambino family. It was an elegiac ending.

"If this was like 20 years ago, youse would have found yourself in some fuckin' hole someplace," Dellacroce said. "You know what I mean? People don't train their people no more. There's no more respect. There's no more nothing."

Now it was the defense's turn.

"How long will your defense be?" Judge Nickerson inquired, adding pointedly, "I gather from reading the papers it's not going to be very long. That's where I get most of my information."

"Not very long," Cutler assured the judge. But it took a little longer than expected.

The defense called, in turn, Andrew Curro and Peter Zuccaro. These were the two men Giacalone had prosecuted for the IBI armored-car robberies.

On direct examination and on cross, both Curro and Zuccaro denied that they had ever given any money to anyone at the Bergen Hunt and Fish Club.

"I don't give money to nobody," Zuccaro said. "What am I, Santa Claus?"

Their testimony seemed to some to lack credibility. Curro, who had also been convicted of a girlfriend's murder, was serving 41 to life. Zuccaro had received 12 for the IBI robberies. Neither man gave straight answers to Giacalone, and they lashed out at her with sarcasm. The defense lawyers decided someone else

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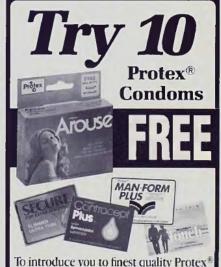
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would be needed and, after consultations, announced that they were going to call Matthew Traynor. In a trial teeming with bizarre and menacing figures, this was the witness Giacalone described as "some strange uncle you can't keep in the closet." Traynor was originally to have been a witness for the Government, but he had fallen out with Giacalone and since then, he had been feeding the defense a steady stream of stories and incidents involving her.

Traynor, a cherub-faced Irishman with a propensity for robbing banks, had been brought in from the Nassau County jail, where he was awaiting trial. In the course of one bank robbery, he had been shot, and the peculiar twitches he exhibited on the stand were apparently a result of lead particles still embedded in him. His testimony was a lot rougher than even Giacalone had expected. He began by describing her as "the lady with the stringy hair," and he claimed that Giacalone had told him she had it in for the defendants because, as a girl, they had ridiculed her for being skinny.

"She had a hard-on for Mr. Gotti," Traynor said with an impish grin, after which he sincerely apologized to the jury for his use of the expression.

Traynor went on. He claimed that Giacalone had tried to get him to give false testimony in order to frame John Gotti. He claimed she had supplied him with the drugs he needed-specifically, Valium and codeine-to induce him to testify. He said he had taken several the day he was taken to her office in Brooklyn. During that meeting, he claimed, he had consumed a large supply of beer and pizza, which had combined with the drugs to make him sick. He had vomited on Giacalone's desk, he said, after which she had screamed, "Get him out of here!" He said he had been hustled out of the office and driven up and down Manhattan's F.D.R. Drive, his head hanging out of a car window, as efforts were made to straighten him out.

Traynor told the story of the panties.

He said that as a part of the prosecution's care and feeding of its witness, he had demanded that Giacalone get him laid. "I told her, 'What about a policewoman?' Instead, she gave me her panties out of her bottom drawer—for me to facilitate myself. She said, 'Make do with these.'"

Traynor leaned back and lecred. The jury averted their eyes. At the prosecutor's table, Giacalone coolly continued to take notes. Her face registered not the slightest movement of a muscle.

Gleeson—rather than Giacalone—rose to cross-examine Traynor. Under tough questioning, he stuck to his story. Despite the farfetched claims, the over-all impact of his testimony was exactly what the defense had hoped for: It distracted the jury from the racketeering case and raised a flurry of questions that needed answer-

ing. In a sense, Traynor had managed to put Diane Giacalone on trial.

Giacalone first tried to get his testimony stricken, but Nickerson would not strike it. The charges that the Government had, in effect, tried to suborn perjury were too serious, he said.

"Then the Government will be making a rebuttal case," Giacalone announced. On February ninth, Nickerson asked how many witnesses she intended to call to rebut Traynor's allegations.

"Seventeen," she said.

"Seventeen!" the judge exclaimed.

For Giacalone, it was a tough decision. She was taking a big chance. The jury looked fed up. It had expected the trial to be over by Christmas, and here it was February and it would be running into March. But Giacalone could not let Traynor's charges go unanswered.

And so she wheeled in her witnesses, one by one: FBI agents, a prison psychologist, the doctor who had given Traynor drugs. The pills had been legitimately prescribed; an agent testified that Traynor had never thrown up in Giacalone's office; witnesses denied that there had ever been any scene with panties. Finally, painfully, on February 26, Giacalone's rebuttal case ended. The court was ready for summations.

On Monday, March second, the day of the Government's summation, Giacalone was losing her voice. Between sips of water, she told the jury that the Gambino family was a "frightening reality," not a "fantasy," as Cutler said. "When you listen to those tapes again," she said, "what you will hear are the administrators of a business discussing their management problems."

She took the jury once more through the strongest points of evidence—how and why McBratney was killed; the Dellacroce tapes; Cardinali's testimony.

"Some of the Government witnesses led reprehensible lives," she admitted. "But what you hear is the truth of their testimony. Consider the evidence as a whole."

The defense summation began with George Santangelo's setting up a board with a huge chart headed CRIMINAL ACTIVITY OF GOVERNMENT INFORMANTS. Sixty-nine separate crimes were posted, ranging from pistol-whipping a priest to murder.

Santangelo's presentation got off to a shaky start when the board collapsed on him. He and the other lawyers took turns invoking the same issue: that the only crime family in this court was the Government's—"a group of men who all came from the same sewer," as attorney Slotnick put it. "Were the defense witnesses getting money and immunity?" Santangelo asked. "Did they have a motive to lie?"

Cutler went last. He managed to perform a few deep knee bends, but his earlier rambunctiousness was gone. He was subdued, almost soft-spoken. "I never said my client was a saint," he said. "I told you he grew up dirt-poor and that when he was younger, he got in trouble and went to jail. But that does not mean he is guilty of the crimes for which he is on trial here.

"You can convict John Gotti because he curses a lot on the telephone," Cutler continued. "You can convict John Gotti because he gambles a lot. You can convict him because his lifestyle is different from yours. Because that's what these prosecutors want you to do. You want to get John Gotti? Get some evidence on him. Find a witness. Do it the right way!"

Moments later, the defendants gathered at the courtroom railing to talk with friends and reporters.

"Hey, we did all right, huh?" DiMaria was saying. "You think we did OK? Yeah? Give him an envelope."

The reporters laughed. DiMaria was referring to a fake exploding envelope—triggered by a rubber band—that John Gotti had sent to Michael Santangelo during the prosecution's summation. It had succeeded in causing a diversion. But to the Government team, this was a last-ditch show of bravado. In their opinion, John Gotti and company were going to jail for a long time. Most reporters agreed.

The judge took nearly a day to charge the jury. He said the testimony of cooperating criminal witnesses "should be examined by you with greater care than the testimony of ordinary witnesses," but he added that it was not the jury's concern whether or not the Government had showed good judgment in using such witnesses. He then excused the alternates and told the jury to pick its own foreperson. The defendants all bet that the jury would pick one of the ex-Marines, number ten. They were right. The jury was then sequestered.

The next day, the jurors sent out the first of several requests to have testimony reread. First they asked for Lofaro's testimony. Then they asked for Cardinali's. They did not ask to rehear Traynor's testimony, and Giacalone took that as a good sign. Meanwhile, in the courtroom, DePetris and Michael Santangelo played gin rummy as John Gotti, reputed head of the nation's largest crime family, watched General Hospital on TV.

A week dragged by. Then, on Friday the 13th, the jury asked for verdict forms. The end was near. By the time print reporters came back from lunch, the front press row had been "reserved" by newly arrived TV reporters; coats and briefcases covered the bench, with do not remove signs laid on top. "Fuck these guys," muttered one enraged print reporter as he tossed the coats onto the row behind. "A bunch of Johnny-come-latelies." The TV press would have to compete for space among the throngs of Gotti supporters from Queens who began to fill up the scats.

At 1:45, Judge Nickerson's clerk announced that the jury had reached a unanimous verdict. John Gotti greeted this news with a broad, confident smile. He said, "We're all walking out of here." The press sat with its verdict sheets on its laps, pens poised. There were 14 charges—one conspiracy charge and one substantive charge for each of the seven defendants.

The judge entered and summoned the jury. The jurors filed in, eyes cast down. The court deputy read from the charge sheet. "Count one [conspiracy]. John Gotti. How do you find the defendant?"

The level voice of the foreman replied, "Not guilty."

There is such a thing as a collective gasp; it was heard that afternoon in Brooklyn.

"John Carneglia. Count one. How do you find the defendant?"

"Not guilty."

The tension in the room was overwhelming. The defendants and lawyers braced themselves. The deputy and the foreman went down the list. "Not guilty" five more times. Gotti punched Cutler's shoulder and held his breath. There was still the substantive count, and not one juror was smiling.

"Count two," the clerk read. "John Gotti. How do you find the defendant?"

"Not guilty."

In the press row, disbelief. From the Gotti supporters, a joyous surge, fists in the air, as everyone in the courtroom realized no one on trial was going to jail.

During the remaining six "Not guilties," the sound was like air being let out of a giant balloon. Then, from the spectator rows, came a cry of "Justice!" The prosecutors sat motionless, staring at nothing. The judge's shoulders slumped forward. One FBI man looked as if he wanted to take all the jurors and bang their heads against the wall.

Then the courtroom erupted. Defendants and counsel leaped to their feet and began embracing one another. Michael Santangelo was kissing DiMaria. His brother George held Nicky Corozzo in a bear hug. John Gotti and the other defendants stood and applauded the jury. Gotti pointed at the prosecutors' seats, which had been quickly vacated, and shouted, "Shame on them! I'd like to see the verdict on them!"

The judge struggled to re-establish order. Hoffman made a motion that John Gotti be released. The judge so ordered. In response to shouts from the press for comment, Gotti said he might talk to reporters downstairs, then decided otherwise. He left the court through a rear entrance, made a dash for a gray Cadillac and was driven away.

In the vast lobby of the Federal courthouse, Cutler was standing before a battery of lights and TV cameras. "They didn't like the witnesses," he was saying. "They didn't like some of the things the prosecutor did, and I think they had the courage to say so."



"Those were today's specials. Now here's a list of today's most active stocks. . . ."

The reporters went from the lobby to the fifth floor, to the offices of the U.S. Attorney for the Eastern District. There, Giacalone faced an unruly mob of TV press and cameramen, most of whom she had never seen until that day. She said, "The jury has spoken, and that is that." Her chin wobbled ever so slightly.

"A jury verdict is the end of the case," she continued. "We presented the best evidence we could, and the jury did their job. My personal feelings are far less important than the fact that the case was decided by a jury based on the evidence."

"What are your personal feelings?" someone asked.

"My personal feelings are mine," she replied calmly.

Out in Ozone Park, the gray Cadillac drew up at a small red-brick building—the Bergen Hunt and Fish Club. John Gotti stepped out to receive the congratulations and respects of his men. Then he was driven to nearby Howard Beach, where his daughter, Angel, had tied a yellow ribbon to a tree in front of his modest blue-and-white frame house. Many neighbors had done the same.

Back at the Brooklyn Federal courthouse, people groped for explanations. Had Traynor been a factor? Had his testimony suggested favored treatment of other witnesses? That evening, a juror told a reporter in a phone interview that a majority of the jurors had favored acquittal from the moment deliberations began. "We didn't believe those witnesses," she said. "There was something in it for them."

"Who needed witnesses?" one of the defense attorneys said later, privately. "Why didn't they believe the tapes? Those tapes were devastating."

In the Brooklyn Federal courthouse later that evening, a group of detectives and FBI men stood waiting for an elevator. These were the men who had worked on this case since 1979, who had sat for thousands of tedious hours conducting surveillance, who had followed dangerous people on dangerous streets, who had risked their lives to plant bugs in alleged Mafia clubs. They had come to court that day to see their labors rewarded, and now they were huddled in silence.

The elevator arrived. They got in. A reporter got in with them.

"Friday the 13th," one detective said. Another remarked, "I need liquor—intravenously."

They got out at the ground floor and trudged off to their cars. They were men of duty, men who would be back at work Monday, and they certainly deserved a little respect.

Ä

CALM LOOK AT AIDS (continued from page 86)

"People visualize AIDS sweeping through singles bars . . . that sort of transmission has been minor."

But the measurements have been statistically insignificant, according to the report. Although infected women have been able to provide much substantiation about the men "at risk for AIDS" with whom they had sex, only two infected men-out of all those studied-claimed to be able to identify the women who had infected them.

That suggests that a considerable number of men with AIDS-many of whom may be closet gays or secret drug addicts-are lying about how they contracted the disease. The report cited 102 men with AIDS who in previous interviews had claimed that they had contracted it through sexual encounters with prostitutes. Twenty-four who were located and were willing to talk later admitted that they had really gotten infected through gay sex or by sharing needles. Three men who had originally claimed that they had gotten AIDS from sleeping with Haitian women later admitted that they were homosexual.

'The fact that the New York City Department of Health reclassifies 39 percent of these cases," the report said, "strengthens the belief among clinicians and investigators that most, if not all, N.I.R. [no identified risk] patients probably have engaged in high-risk behavior." That is, drug use or homosexual acts.

The conclusions of the New York City Department of Health report may well reflect the situation in other cities (particularly those in which homosexuality is less acceptable and in which men are more likely to hide homosexual encounters). Nationwide, there has been no meaningful increase in AIDS cases among the noidentified-risk category, which, according to the CDC, comprised three percent of all cases five years ago and still accounts for only three percent.

Some researchers tend to view skeptically other national statistics on AIDS, such as those being released by the Armed Forces. When men test positive and are asked about their behavior, the fact that they may face disciplinary action or discharge for admitting to drug use or homosexual acts taints the statistics. Men may claim only to have had contact with prostitutes, which tends to inflate the figures surrounding prostitution and AIDS.

A recent study done at the El Paso County Health Department in Colorado Springs, Colorado, and published in the April third Journal of the American Medical Association indicated that, in fact, the controversial Army study of 1985, which has been used to prove heterosexual AIDS transmission, was seriously flawed. The

Los Angeles Times of April seventh quoted Dr. John Muth, director of the health department, as saying that the military statistics "are almost certainly wrong."

John Potterat, director of the sexually transmitted disease-control program for Colorado Springs, told U.P.I., "There's this idea that there's going to be this real flood of heterosexual cases and I don't think we're going to see that. Why panic the entire population when, in point of fact, the risk is very, very small?"

Dr. Joyce I. Wallace of the Foundation for Research on Sexually Transmitted Diseases has conducted studies on 175 heterosexual men who frequent prostitutes and believes that "all sexually transmitted diseases are bidirectional." She said, "Please don't give your male readers a false sense of security," adding, "not that AIDS is caught easily; it isn't." Her studies found that five of 175 men who claimed no other risk factors than their many visits to prostitutes (two percent) contracted AIDS; but of the five, three were later reinterviewed and found to have engaged in high-risk activity. That left only two men (one percent) who were presumed by Dr. Wallace to have been infected by the prostitutes.

Dr. George Rutherford, medical director of the AIDS office at the San Francisco Health Department, believes that femaleto-male transmission is probably significantly less efficient and that, therefore, the dangers of prostitutes' spreading the virus have been overstated. He told the Chicago Tribune that heterosexual AIDS would remain a disease of inner-city narcotics addicts. "There's not going to be widespread transmission in the middle class," Dr. Rutherford said.

In any case, those skewed statistics make it seem as if there were a greater risk of getting AIDS through straight sex than there may really be. As the New York City Department of Health bulletin said in its special AIDS issue, number five, "Despite the increasing magnitude of the AIDS epidemic since 1981, there has been no data to support new modes of transmission of human immunodeficiency virus since 1982."

"New modes" means heterosexual transmission.

"The proportion of cases not explained by blood transfusion, needle sharing or sexual exposure to semen"-cases of possible heterosexual transmission-"has decreased over the period 1981-1986."

The Department of Health concluded that it was "unable to prove female-tomale transmission.'

Other studies bear that conclusion out. Dr. Frank Polk of Johns Hopkins University said in the December 13, 1985, issue of The Journal of the American Medical Association that there was virtually no evidence of significant female-to-male transmission of the AIDS virus.

The evidence of heterosexual, femaleto-male spread of AIDS so far has primarily rested on the stories of men-many of whom, like those cited in the New York City Department of Health report, may have something to hide. And anecdotal evidence is a poor basis for public policy.

(As we went to press, JAMA published the newest report from the CDC on heterosexual transmission. "In the United States at the present time, a heterosexual woman is at greater risk for acquiring AIDS through sexual intercourse than is a heterosexual man," the study concluded. The percentage of women who were infected through heterosexual contact rose from 12 to 26, the report said, but women still made up 6.7 percent of all AIDS cases-the same as five years earlierand most of those were infected through intercourse with drug users and bisexual men. The report tends to confirm earlier opinion that the virus moves with greater efficiency from men to women than from women to men.)

None of this is meant to suggest that AIDS is not a serious threat to public health. Or that since the disease may not spread among straights as it has among gays, straights should not be concerned about it. Or that heterosexual men should be less concerned than heterosexual women. The problem is real and tragic.

But when the nature of the problem is exaggerated or misstated, other serious problems result. Even among researchers who do not share Gallo's and Sonnabend's conclusions, there is a growing awareness that all the talk about epidemic has produced its own backlash.

Dr. Tom Peterman, a medical epidemiologist in the AIDS program at CDC and director of the centers' heterosexualcontact study, is among those who believe that AIDS can be spread through all sexual acts, including fellatio, and that as a result, heterosexuals-especially those with a large number of partners-"need to take precautions." Even so, he said, "if you want to ask, Do I think there are going to be millions of heterosexuals infected? the answer is no."

To accept the idea that the general heterosexual population is not at great risk, say some who fought hardest to arouse public concern, is to chance the renewed neglect of the homosexual community. But to deny it is to chance a backlash of violence against homosexuals.

Indeed, in Seattle, even before the current wave of AIDS hysteria, a gang armed with baseball bats roamed the streets attacking anyone they suspected of having AIDS with a ferocity that a local newspaper compared to that of a Ku Klux Klan lynching. National statistics show that reported attacks against gays have increased by 100 percent. As USA Today



"Someone whose opinion I respect has been advising me to use condoms. He's the Surgeon General of the United States."

"To quote the man directly: 'The best protection against infection right now, barring abstinence, is use of a condom.'

Now, it's not like I haven't heard this anywhere else.

These days, unless you never read the papers, watch TV, or talk to your friends, you're definitely going to hear something about sexually transmitted diseases.

How serious they are. How anyone can get them. How condoms can help protect you. Sometimes you wonder how much is real danger. And how much is just panic. But when the Surgeon General says something about health, I'd give it more weight.

And act on it. Especially in this case. After all, I've got absolutely nothing to lose if I follow his advice. And maybe a terrible lot to lose, if I don't."

Trojan condoms, the most widely used brand in America, help reduce the risk of sexually transmitted diseases.















reported in March 1987, "Every month, more and more cases of gays' being attacked are reported. . . . Many are attributed to 'AIDS backlash.'" Thus, the civil rights of high-risk groups, which include those who have most recently become politically empowered, become more vulnerable to attack.

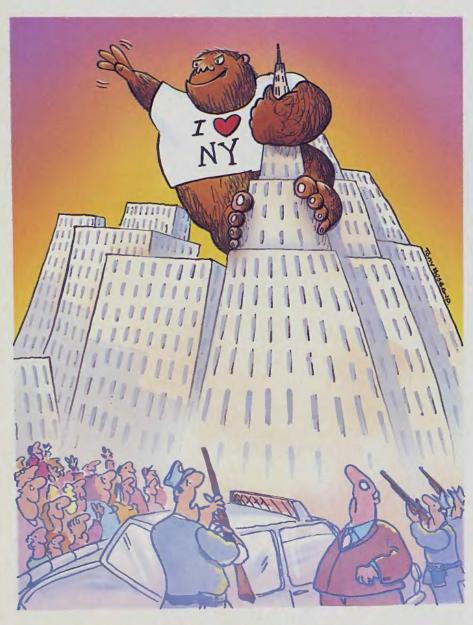
As to other long-term effects of AIDS hysteria, researchers are concerned about the psychological implications of a constant drumbeat of AIDS fear. "If you unnecessarily create panic," said Sonnabend, "it brutalizes people emotionally as badly as beating them physically." Some also question the effects on children who are learning about sex in the context of disease and death. Are the risks to all heterosexuals convincing enough to justify the dread that may be engendered in an

entire generation? How will that generation view its own sexuality? What idea of human sexuality will it pass along to the next generation?

Looking calmly at the research gives us a chance to catch our breath and to take an alternative view: As terrible as it is, AIDS may affect a relatively small portion of the population. Fear of AIDS, on the other hand, affects everyone.

The real AIDS crisis is as much psychological as medical. The plague is one of fear and ignorance that has the potential to wreak as much havoc as any disease. Exaggerating the risks of AIDS for whatever reasons, even humane reasonspromoting funding for research, avoiding stigmatizing gays-benefits no one.

Ä



"There's not much we can do while he's wearing that T-shirt, Mr. Mayor!"

(continued from page 130)

stoop, she was nearly strangled in a disco once and another time, she was walking to work when a car being chased by the police flipped over a cab and nearly landed on her. She attracts trouble, but she always seems to come through it OK.

Lisa knows nothing about safe sex; she's seen a condom only once in her life, when a guy she met at Danceteria used one with her. Usually, when she has sex, she's too far gone to think about such things. Anyhow, she thinks condoms are too weird.

I asked her if she ever thought about getting AIDS.

"No. This girlfriend of mine sometimes mentions it. We just, like, joke, you know? We believe in reincarnation and stuff like that. We believe we used to be together in a past life and everything, so we just keep on going, whatever happens."

I wanted to throw a blanket around her and take her away from New York, to some peaceful little town in the Carolinas, to a life where she'd be healthy and safe. But for people like Lisa, there's nothing you can do. They can't survive outside Manhattan. I like to think they're tough enough that nothing can ever really beat them. I know that's naïve, but it's some-

thing I try to believe in.

I'd done the discos and braved the East Village-now it was time to check out the singles scene on the Upper West Side. Clark Kenowitz is the bartender at Amsterdam's at 80th Street and Amsterdam Avenue, which has long been one of the hottest pickup spots in Manhattan. When I got there, it was still warm from the lights of a TV news crew. "They were doing the same thing you're doing," Clark said. "All the people they talked to said they think about it now."

So the fear of AIDS had reached Amsterdam's?

"No doubt about it," he said, rubbing a twist around the rim of a glass. "In fact, we were half joking about putting a condom dispenser in the bar on Friday and Saturday nights, when this place is unbelievably crowded and there's a lot of 'Hi, what's your sign?' things going on."

Do people talk with the barkeep about

"Yeah. People will be standing around bullshitting, and it'll come up. It never did before. It's really been just the past six months. When I'm speaking with a guy, he'll be a little more open about it. A woman won't say, 'Yeah, I've been screwing Tom, Dick and Harry, and now I'm only screwin' Tom.' But a guy will say the equivalent of that."

Lucy's Retired Surfer café was only a few blocks away, but there was a tenbelow wind-chill factor to consider, so I hailed a cab and made the short, careening trip. Lucy's gets a younger crowd; it's a bit of California on Columbus Avenue, with "Hey, dude" bartenders and marlins

and surfboards on the walls. I shook off the frightening March cold and encountered four handsome lads clutching beers near the door.

Three of them-Tim, Doug and Chris-went to Villanova. The fourth guy, Mark, went to Georgetown. They were all from Brooklyn.

"At Villanova, the girls aren't that liberal," Tim said. "If we were going to school here, I'd be worried. But it would be pretty easy to tell which girls potentially had AIDS. Pigs are pigs. You have to know how to tell the pigs from the nonpigs."

How do you do that?

"A pig is someone who looks like a tramp. Someone who's easy to pick up. Which is, of course, what you're looking for." His friends all laughed. "It's a double-edged sword."

I asked them about condoms. This being the Upper West Side, Chris pointed out, "That's good stock to invest in."
"I agree," said Doug.

"I read an article in my school paper two weeks ago that talked about heterosexual AIDS cases," Tim said. "They were warning that you should use protection. And for a Catholic university, that's-" We all paused. We were clogging the main artery toward the bathroom, and a luscious young blonde needed to squeeze through. When she was past, Tim said, "Now, she is the type of girl who wouldn't have AIDS. And even if she did, I don't think I'd think about it."

So, were they scared of AIDS? Did they worry about it?

"It's like we're almost convinced that middle-class white Americans don't get girls pregnant," Tim said.

"You don't think it's going to happen to you until it happens," Mark agreed. "You know there's nothing you can do about it, so the best way to cope with it is to try to

deny it."

I thanked the guys and went to talk with the blonde, the one Tim was sure did not have AIDS. She was sitting with a girlfriend at the bar; the bartender had given them little rubber whales and they were playfully batting each other with them. I ordered a screwdriver.

"Oh, do you want your mermaid?" the blonde girl said.

"Nope. It's yours."

She took the little plastic mermaid off the edge of my glass, licked the screwdriver drips off it and added it to her little mound of souvenirs. She said her name was Sarah; she was 21 and went to Columbia. Her friend Julie, a girl with flowing brown hair and amazing hazel eyes, was 21, too; she was a student at the Parsons School of Design. They were lifelong friends from a small town, who'd been sent to the big city for an education. And now their folks were worried.

"My parents have been sending me information about AIDS," Julie said. "They'd rather I be celibate. They'd

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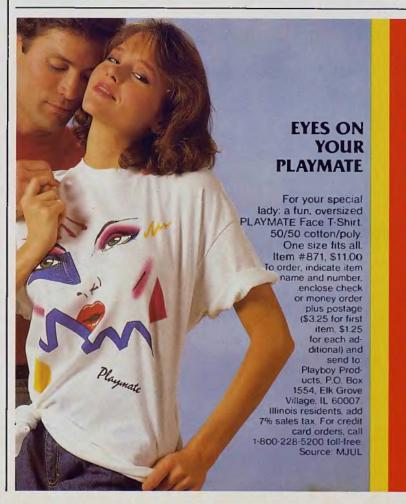
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rather I hadn't lost my virginity at all. But they know I have, so they're really, really hyper. They don't want a dead daughter on their hands. If you sleep with just two people, you can get it, because sleeping with one person can be like sleeping with 20 people. Who's to say? I've had a lot of boyfriends who slept around a lot."

"Plus, a lot of people around here are actors and dancers and stuff," Sarah said. "There's a high percentage of them who are bisexual, and that's a scary thing."

"I've pretty much abstained for the past month," Julie said. "I mean, my boyfriend left town and I stopped sleeping around. Before I had a boyfriend, I slept with whoever struck me. Now I'm waiting for another boyfriend, and even then, I would use condoms."

Like the guys across the bar, Sarah and Julie have friends who think their higher station is a barrier against AIDS.

"They don't worry about it," Sarah

said. "They think it's a junkie-and-fag disease from downtown, and they're uptown, so it doesn't affect them. So they continue sleeping around."

When the girls left, they waved their whales at the bartender. "Thanks for the fish," Sarah yelled. Then they were out in the cold, and a cab appeared like magic to sweep them home. I sat at the bar. There were pictures of surfers on the wall, crates of Mexican beer stacked on the floor, blond guys with sunglasses doing shots for the hell of it. Shades of things to come.

LOS ANGELES

I used to think of L.A. as a crazy, sunsoaked land of Porsches and palm trees, surf punks and motion-picture executives. I've added another impression: Of all the places I've been in the past year, it's the most frightening place to be a sexually active heterosexual. It may not be statistically more dangerous than New York, but for some reason, the level of hysteria in L.A. seems strikingly higher. From the moment I touched down at LAX, I was inundated with the AIDS issue. It was on page one of the Los Angeles Times ("S.F. LEADS WAY IN TRACING PARTNERS OF AIDS PATIENTS"). I'd barely turned on the radio in my rented Pontiac when I heard a promo for a report on Eyewitness News about straights and AIDS. ("I like sex," a woman's pained voice said as I tooled down La Cienega, "but I'm not willing to die for it.")

After the freezing weather in New York, at least it was warm in L.A. I had dinner that Friday at a Thai restaurant in a rather rough section of Hollywood with my friends Tom and Barbara and a friend of Barbara's named Diana. Diana was single; she was involved in myriad film and video projects, with acting credits that included a role in the film *Reform School Girls*. She was wildly beautiful, with jetblack hair and the most striking eyes. Barbara had told me she had a very funny, caustic sense of humor. But it was hard to work humor into our talk that night.

Tom and Barbara had recently lost a friend to AIDS. They'd visited him over the months, as he died a slow and agonizing death, and they described how their friend, who was a homosexual, had wasted away before their eyes. I was struck again by how differently people feel about AIDS when they've known someone who died of it; in a strange way, they're not as hysterical about it. They're more compassionate, more serious.

"I've had seven friends die of AIDS," Diana said. There were many gays in her business—actors, singers, artists—and she'd forged close friendships with a lot of them. She's been aware longer than most people of the dangers heterosexuals face.

"I'm extremely nervous," she said.

"Did you used to have sex with anybody without even thinking about it?" Barbara asked her friend a tad jokingly.

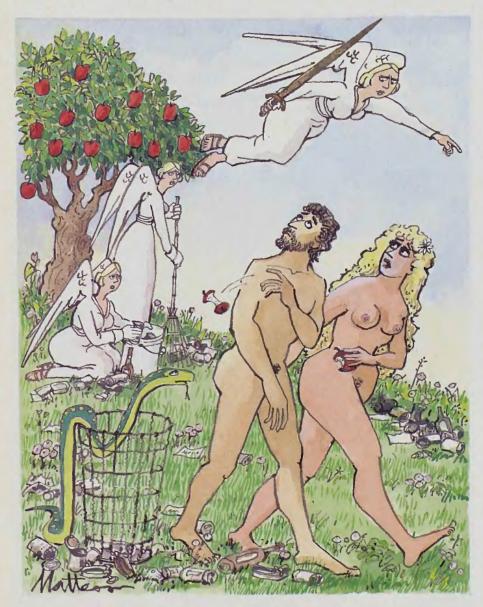
"Yes, in the olden days," Diana laughed back. "Sex any time, with not just anybody, but, you know... when it was my choice. I mean, my tastes are peculiar."

"Do they run to bisexual men?"

"No, I hope not. The thing is, I'm more concerned about the partners of my partners than my actual partners. There are only a few men that I'm nervous might have been really wild men. I'd be real surprised if any guy I ever slept with was bisexual, and I just hope that people they've slept with have the same history."

An amazing thing about L.A.: Almost every woman with whom I talked had taken an AIDS test or was about to take one. Diana was on the brink.

"Well, someone was saying how inaccurate the test is. And how you can be free of the virus now and two months from now, it'll show up. I've thought about taking the test, but when I heard that, I figured...." Diana gripped the edge of



"I don't want it known we were evicted for littering. Think of another story."

the table so hard her knuckles got white. "Just hang on and hope. I mean, it's not permeating my every thought."

I asked her if she'd changed her sexual practices, if she used condoms, had cut out casual sex.

"To be honest with you, Dave, I haven't gone out this year. And next time, I'm going to try something new. I'm going to employ the old-fashioned courtship before sleeping with somebody. Women look at sex a whole lot differently than men do. I don't know many women who take it casually and just think of it as something to say, 'Hey, guess what I did last night?' Barring AIDS, I also just want to make sure the next time around, somebody feels strongly about me—not just here today and gone tomorrow.

"It's interesting how many heterosexuals have at this point not even thought they could get it," Diana added. "I spoke with a friend six weeks ago, and she'd been seeing this guy who was real sexual. After they'd gone out for three months, he wanted to introduce another man into their sexual situation. And I said, 'Casey, are you kidding me?' She said, 'I wasn't interested.' 'Well, this guy has had male relationships!' 'I think he's had only one or two,' she said. So I asked her if she used condoms, and we talked about AIDS a little bit, and she completely, totally freaked out. She was convinced she had it. They've since broken up, and she took an AIDS test last week. But, you know, it could still show up.'

Later that night, I went to a party at a movie producer's house in the Hollywood hills. It was an amazing stucco house built into the side of a steep, high hill. The lights of L.A. were spread out like a winking carpet down below. My friend Tom, who's a screenwriter, wangled me into the party, and I became one of its themes: Go off to a back bedroom and get interviewed by PLAYBOY. People treated it almost as a lark out by the bar, by the chips and dip, by the stereo booming a Los Lobos tape. But when I talked with people alone, they were, without exception, serious, concerned and worried.

"The other day, I was driving," said a 30-year-old *shiatsu*-massage technician named Jill. "And I suddenly felt this wave of fatigue. And I thought that maybe I had it." She noticed my surprise and laughed. "Really! It passed through my mind. I'm very aware of my immune system, and I felt something coming on. And I thought, Oh, God, it could be a possibility."

"Do you and your friends talk about it?"

"Yes. All the time. It's a terrifying notion that if you have an affair, you can get it. I think a lot of people are hesitant about getting into new sexual relationships. I am. I haven't bought condoms, though. Some of my friends have—both men and women. The responsible ones."

Jill said that single life in L.A. had defi-

nitely changed.

"It seems like there's just less of a sexual vibe being put out, by everybody. It's kind of neat, because people may show their childlike side, or their intellect, before they show their sexuality. It adds mystery. It's getting back to a kind of romantic innocence before having sex. I just wish we could have taken this turn without having a disease cause it."

Had she been tested for AIDS?

"I don't know where to go, and I hate getting needles in my arm. I want to get one, kind of. Everybody should have a test. They should have block parties and have tests, if only to lessen people's panic."

She said she was in a relationship right now but that if she had to start a new one, she'd be very careful.

"At this point, if a man told me he was a fabulous lover and he thought I was the cat's meow, I still wouldn't sleep with him. I'd want to like him. You know, his essence. So that when we got out of bed, we'd still have something. I wouldn't be embarrassed or hesitant to get an AIDS test with that person. My ex-boyfriend actually did that with this girl he wanted to have an affair with. The Red Cross people were at UCLA for a blood drive, so they gave blood and got tested together."

Robert, a 27-year-old carpenter in the film business, had a special insight about AIDS. And people kept saying to me, "You should talk with Robert." "Go talk with Robert." So I went and talked with Robert.

'I'm worried, because my brother is gay," Robert said, smoking a cigarette as he sat on the edge of a bed, away from the noise of the party. "He's been active in the AIDS Project L.A. program. In my social circle, I know two people who've died of AIDS and another one who tested positive for it. My brother has worked with ten or 11 people who've died of it. We're going into retrograde homophobia. All of a sudden, it's back again: queer bashing, guys beating up guys just because they're gay. And now you're hearing jokes about gays and AIDS in regular conversation, from people you wouldn't expect to hear that from. I'm working on a movie right now, and the whole cast and crew, you can hear it in the way people are speaking.'

Robert said he wasn't sure whether or not to be personally afraid of AIDS. He's wary of the media hype and he said he doesn't sleep around.

"The religious fanatics say that it's a plague that was predicted and will start and have no finish," he said. "I've heard people say that once it's on the college campuses, it's all over. The whole population will have it. It's like the Red scare all over again."

Do his straight friends worry about AIDS?

"No, it's sort of over there in the gray area. They aren't using condoms. It's like, 'Yeah, it's in the news, and it's topical—

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let's talk about it—but it's not going to affect me.' It's even like that in the homosexual community—people see their friends dying, and they still carry on the same lifestyle. All you have to do is go up and down Santa Monica Boulevard and you can see it's just a meat market, a mess. It's a place where people go, they fuck somebody; the next night they go, they fuck somebody else.

"I think that once it gets across to heterosexuals, it's going to be hard to stop. Because sex is the most powerful drug. Sexual attraction is like fire. And it's amazingly evident among my straight male friends that sex has to do with being virile and strong."

But Robert thought women were different. And he expressed, better than any woman with whom I'd talked, why women and men may be reacting differently to the threat of AIDS, why women may be so much more serious about it.

"Women have an innate sense of their physical being," he said. "They menstruate. They have these serious things going on in their bodies that men don't. We have this thing between our legs that doesn't change—it doesn't put us through any cycles; we don't have to have contact with our bodies. But women have to deal with their bodies all the time. Birth control generally falls to the women. And it's going to be women who put the brakes on, especially since it seems that it's the women who are being infected by the men, more than vice versa.

"I have a friend who has the best attitude about sex: He just says, 'Listen, I don't want it to fall off. You've only got one—it doesn't grow back. And Γ'm gonna know the girl before we have sex.' And he stands by it. It comes down to just being responsible for yourself."

I talked with others at the party: people who'd had an AIDS test, people who hadn't because they "didn't want to know," someone who'd heard rumors that the Russians introduced AIDS into the U.S. as germ warfare, a woman in her 20s whose father had given her a box of condoms and said, "If you're going to have sex, use these."

The weekend I was in L.A., carnaval was raging in Rio de Janeiro. I went to a local version of carnaval: a pre-Lenten Mardi Gras extravaganza held at the Palladium on Sunset Boulevard. Tickets were a whopping \$25 a person, and still the cavernous night club was jammed with thousands of revelers.

There were scores of women walking around in dental-floss bikinis, with boa feathers rising from their hair. Dozens of musicians kept up an incessant samba beat, with whistles and cymbals screaming and crashing in the air. Everyone was drunk and dancing, gripping the hips of strangers and making long conga lines on the dance floor. It was hot and sweaty, but something was missing. I'd been there for

an hour before I realized what it was: carnality. There was an amazing absence of sexual vibrations in the place. Sure, there was lots of flesh. One woman strolled around, a six-foot-tall blonde with only an excuse for a skirt, which blew off her ass with the slightest breeze, and a black-fishnet top that offered a glimpse of her large, firm breasts virtually nude. Fat Latin men followed her around, showering her with light from their flash cameras. But all they did was look—the safest sex of all.

I noticed two women cruising the place, dancing slightly as they took in the spectacle around them, and I asked them to talk with me. They said they were both high school teachers in their late 20s and, yes, they were afraid of AIDS.

"My friends and I talk about it a lot," said Carmen, a blonde in shiny black tights and a bright-red shirt. "Because you don't know about the past of someone you sleep with. I've been very careful. I haven't been with anyone, unless it was a boyfriend, for eight months."

Her friend Stephanie said it was difficult to take steps to protect herself.

"I was going out with this guy, and I asked him if he was bi or a homo or if he'd ever had a relationship with a man. And he was quite pissed, insulted. He said, 'No, don't worry about it.' But he got over it, and then he asked me the same question, if I'd ever been with a woman. And I . . . got pissed." She laughed. "But you have to ask that."

"Yeah, you have to now," Carmen agreed. "Because of the incubation period, I think more and more people are going to find out they have it. I can have it. Anyone can. I'm having an AIDS blood test next week. I'm paranoid. I mean, I've had nine lovers in the past two years. I counted them, just because of all I've been reading. So I'm taking the test, just so I can be at peace with myself."

Her friend looked at her, stunned. "They have a blood test for AIDS? I didn't know that."

"It's to see if you carry the antibodies," Carmen told her. "My best friend just had hers. It takes two weeks to get the results, so she doesn't know yet. I'm getting it at the free clinic in Santa Ana."

"Oh," Stephanie said, shaking her head. "I wouldn't want to know."

By the end of the night, the star of L.A.'s carnaval—the amazing blonde with the see-through fish-net top-had decided on a man. She'd been dancing for hours with him-a tall, very young guy with rumpled brown hair and a face as chiseled and perfect as something you'd see on a Greek statue. He seemed almost bashful, dancing with that statuesque, erotic woman-he must have known that every man in the Palladium wanted to be in his shoes. When I last saw them together, they were at a table off in a corner, mauling each other; her hands glided through his hair; her white breasts were painfully visible even from 100 feet away.

And then I saw her leave alone, stamping out in a huff. I looked around and saw the young man walking by himself. If I was going to talk with anybody, anywhere, for this story, it would be with him.

He told me he was 18 and his name was Egas. He'd moved to L.A. from Brazil three years before and had just graduated from high school. And, yes, he couldn't believe his good fortune when that woman picked him up.

"Not bad, huh?" he said, ducking his head shyly and looking around. "Everyone was looking at her—everyone. I don't know why she picked me."

I asked him if he was nervous about AIDS.

"Yes, I'm nervous about it. I first heard about it one year ago. I thought it was just gays. Now I know it's dangerous. I know if you wear condoms, it reduces the risk, but still, it's dangerous."

"Would you wear a condom?"

"Yeah. I think everybody would."

I asked, as delicately as I could, what had happened with the blonde woman. Why hadn't be gone with her?

"I'm kind of scared," he said, shrugging. "She's . . . too anxious to have sex. Maybe she's got AIDS; I don't know. I just got her phone number. I'm gonna think about it."

Everywhere I went in L.A.—the beaches, the restaurants in Westwood, the comedy clubs in Hollywood-I heard the same things. Everyone was scared, many people were thinking of getting tested and condoms, if they weren't being used, were at least the talk of the town. My last night there, I went to Pizazz, a singles bar in Marina del Rev. It was your basic "Hi, what's your sign?" disco-in previous incarnations, it had been called Popcorn and Big Daddy's. But it was still the same: polished bars, a dance floor, revolving lights, blasting Top 40 dance hits. I leaned against the wall near the dance floor and watched a young couple dance. She was a cute blonde; he was a handsome young guy with a tan and a John Travolta dance technique-very flashy, with lots of spins. They ruled the dance floor and even had a table that was connected to it, like a throne.

Now, throughout my research for this article, I'd avoided going up to a couple in progress, sticking my recorder in their faces and saying, "Hey, what about AIDS?" It seemed a sure-fire way to ruin a guy's line, to quell a burgeoning romance. I didn't want to burn out young lovers. But that night, I figured I'd do it. The worst thing that could happen was that I'd get knifed. I went up to the guy the next time he sat down and asked if I could interview him and his girlfriend. "Well, is there money involved?" he said. "Because if there's money involved, you'll have to go through my agent."

I broke the news to him—no dough and he called his girlfriend over. His name was Jeff; he was 21. His girlfriend, Katie, was 22. We talked about the basic stuff: how some people were afraid of AIDS, how others continued to screw around without precautions, how it was hard to think about AIDS and safe sex in the heat of the moment. And then our talk took a sudden turn.

"If you're going to be promiscuous enough to sleep with anybody who comes your way," Jeff said, "for sex and not love, then you deserve to get it and you deserve

I was stunned; I just kind of nodded.

"This is going to sound off the wall," he went on, "but I've done a lot of thinking about it. And I think that God has done this, because AIDS is contracted not only by people who are sexually promiscuous but by drug abusers-and people who abuse drugs heavily are thieves, prostitutes, rapists; they will do anything for money to buy drugs. God is doing this to eliminate homosexuals and drug abusers and people who are sexually promiscuous."

Katie disagreed.

"What about babies?" she said. "Babies are getting AIDS. That would be like God being like Hitler-killing people who aren't perfect. That's not right.'

"But say I had AIDS, and I was sleeping with you and guys and everybody. And what if you got pregnant? That baby would have AIDS! That baby would be deformed; it would have one arm, whatever.'

"But why would God kill that baby just because you were bad? It's not fair.'

"It's like, Why does God allow abortions? Why does He allow miscarriages? Being gay is against God; it's against the Bible. And I think He started it by making it just in the gay populace, and now He's taking it to sexually promiscuous people. There are people who are bisexual—as disgusting as that sounds-who will go to a gay bar one night and sleep with a guy and come here the next night and sleep with a girl. And I think the people who are dumb enough to sleep with a guy like that . . . should get it.'

I told him it sounded almost as if he were glad about AIDS.

"I'm thankful for it," he said. "Because I've never been sexually promiscuous-I've slept with only three people in my life. And I think something should be done about people who are.'

"I don't," Katie said. "It's going to kill a lot of innocent people, and I don't think it's fair at all."

"How can people be innocent if they're sleeping with a different person-

"Because," she interrupted, getting angry, "if my husband went out and had sex with someone and brought it home to me and I got AIDS, and my children got AIDS, I'd be an innocent person, and my children would be innocent.'

I sat back and watched them argue. Only a while ago, they'd been dancing,

holding hands, looking into each other's eyes. Now they were shouting over the music about Hitler and rapists and anal sex, and this guy was espousing the kind of gay-bashing, fundamentalist attitudes I'd heard about at that party my first night in L.A. Jeff and Katie raged back and forth for maybe half an hour. I hadn't said anything in a long time. Then Katie looked at her boyfriend with a kind of resignation and said, "Honey, let's dance." And so they stood up, and they went back

DENVER

By the time we were circling two miles above the Mile High City, I would have given anything for a break from AIDS hysteria. I'd have preferred to be on a tropical island, sipping rum from a coconut, flirting with native girls who'd never heard of safe sex. But I figured Denver would be at least a relief compared with New York and L.A. I'd picked it as my third city to visit because I'd heard that AIDS paranoia hadn't yet spread to the Rocky Mountains. Denver represented to me something robust, healthy, buttkicking. It was a mountain town, a town of the West. It wasn't a media center or a place one associated with junkies or gaypride parades. As we made our approach, I looked at the lights of Denver and hoped all was calm down there.

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In a recent survey of doctors, most said they would recommend condoms with the spermicide Nonoxynol-9 rather than ordinary condoms. Ramses EXTRA is the only leading condom with Nonoxynol-9 in its lubricant (no other spermicide is more effective)*. It's on both the inside and outside.

Ramses EXTRA gives you maximum condom protection available against AIDS, herpes and other sexually transmitted diseases. And it gives you EXTRA protection against pregnancy.

There's more: every Ramses EXTRA is individually tested for reliability. They're effective, yet ultra-thin for maximum sensitivity. They're easy to use. They produce no side effects. And no prescription is needed.

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Ramses EXTRA: the "Take Care" Condom with two kinds of protection.

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My first stop was Rick's Café, a restaurant/bar in the Cherry Creek area. Rick's had a healthy crowd for Thursday night-people stood around the long bar unwinding from work, smoking and drinking, a vaguely Yuppie crowd. At the tables, people were eating such things as salmon steaks with juniper berries, beef stew served in hollowed-out bread loaves-mountain food. Near the bar, two young women sat at a table, having a drink and talking.

"AIDS concerns me, but it doesn't concern a lot of people," said Beth, a 25-yearold account executive for AT&T. "One of my real good friends just broke up with his girlfriend, and we were talking the other night. I told him, 'Hey, you'd better be careful.' And he said, 'Oh, I figure I have another couple of years to be promiscuous before I really have to start worrying.' So there are a lot of people out there who are aware, but it hasn't really sunk in yet.'

Beth's friend Kim was also 25; she worked for AT&T as a technical consultant. She said they both had steady boyfriends, but that didn't entirely ease their concern.

"Even when you start dating someone, you worry," Kim said. "You see these commercials they're showing in Europe that say, 'You didn't just sleep with her, you slept with the last ten people she slept with and that they slept with. . . . 'I think about that."

But their fear didn't seem to be a major force in their lives, as it was for women in New York and L.A.

"If I knew a guy, if I really trusted him and respected him enough to have a sexual relationship, I probably wouldn't ask him to use a condom," Beth said.

Not far down the road, I checked out the Pearl Street Grill. It was a woodpaneled pub, a cozy place to drink with friends or watch Broncos games. It was also a little artsy-writer types hang out there, and a foreign-film house operates a few doors away.

At the bar, a guy named Wes sat drinking an enormous glass of Watney's beer. He was 22, a student at Denver University, and he tore himself away from the hockey highlights on ESPN to talk with

"The media play AIDS up so big," he said. "I don't know if it's as big a problem as they play it up to be. It's like drugswhen Reagan was after them for those short months, they played that up real big and made it more of a problem than it was. But AIDS is definitely a problemwe should be concerned about it. We're a little more sheltered out here than other people are, like in New York."

But Wes admitted that it was hard to ignore the hype completely.

"If I'm going out with a girl and I know her pretty well, I won't give it a second thought. But if I've just met her, I'll definitely take precautions, maybe by abstaining for a while. A couple of years ago, I

would've been more likely to jump into the sack."

While I was talking with Wes, two women came in and claimed a table near the bar, causing quite a stir among the men in the place. I was the first one who got to them.

Maren, dressed in black, with a hammered-silver brooch at her neck, said she was a flight attendant. Her friend Jill worked in retail sales; they were both 23.

"People are starting to talk about it," Maren said. "A friend of mine just died of AIDS. He was a hemophiliac-he got bad blood. That was the first time that it struck anybody I know. I don't do any drugs and I don't sleep around, so I don't have to worry about it that much."

"I don't know anybody who's really

concerned about it," Jill said.
"I don't, either." Maren took her drink from the waitress, took a sip. "I think when you're around people your age in college, and everybody's like you, it's probably like, 'Naw, nobody has it.' I think the only way to learn is the scary, hard way. People in New York and L.A. are a lot more afraid because they've had so many more people die of AIDS than Denver has."

By the end of the night, I felt an almost euphoric sense of relief. The people with whom I'd talked were aware of AIDS, but it wasn't a horrific abyss at the edge of their consciousness. I felt-reassured. I felt safe.

The next day was perfect: The sky was a solid sheet of blue, it was 60 degrees and I had the keys to a friend's Suzuki. I rode up into the mountains, went hiking, poked around some gold mines, paid my respects at Buffalo Bill's grave. I felt as if I'd escaped to a safer world.

But I was fooling myself. Within a few hours, I would talk with women who wished they could live on another planet, with men who had condoms burning a hole in their wallets. In a few hours, I would be at Neo.

Every city has its strips of singles bars where bright, hopeful young people meet to drink, dance and pick up tropical sex diseases. In Denver, most of these clubs are in a small inner-city suburb called Glendale. My friend-the one who had lent me his Suzuki-said I had to go there, that I'd gotten the wrong impression. Scott was a news writer for the CBS affiliate in Denver, so I'd discounted his theories. Too many hours spent watching the satellite news feed, I figured.

We pulled up about a mile from Neothat's how far it seemed we had to walk past parked cars to get there. It was a three-story boxlike place rising from a parking lot, with the letters NEO spelled out against it. Inside, everything was stylish: Italian lamps, black TV monitors, splashy New Wave art on the walls. Neo was packed with a Friday-night crowd that probably numbered around 1200; it

was shaking and mingling to the thump of Prince's Kiss. Everywhere—outside the bathrooms downstairs, on the edges of the dance floor, on carpeted steps near the ceiling-people were on the prowl. I felt those strong sexual vibes, that raw sense of carnal possibility, that had been so lacking at the Palladium in L.A. It was like a time warp to 1979, this atmosphere. Wolf packs of single guys moved through the crowd, their eves flicking from one girl to the next. Women in slinky dresses crossed their legs at the bar, tonguing the straws in their drinks and smiling. It was invigorating, unbelievable.

But it didn't mean that people weren't afraid of AIDS.

"I'm scared to death," said Kristi, 23. She worked at a financial company in Denver with her 21-year-old girlfriend Elise; they were sitting on one of those carpeted seats high above the dance floor, watching the goings on around them.

"I'm so scared of AIDS, I'm not even scared of cancer anymore," said Elise. "My whole family's had cancer-my mom, my aunt. I had cervical cancer when I was 16. But I don't think anything about that now. It doesn't frighten me at all. But I'll tell you something, if I had AIDS, I don't know what I'd do."

"Let me put it this way," Kristi said. "We're pretty good girls. It's not like we go to a bar and we take every guy home. But even if you do it once in three years, it stops you from doing that. Like that guy right there in the striped shirt, talking to that girl"-I looked over at him-"he could have AIDS right now. And it just really terrifies me."

Elise told me about the time, a month before, when she had slept with her boyfriend's best friend on the spur of the moment. It was something that happened once, but it's still affecting her.

"For three weeks afterward, I was so paranoid that he had diseases. I don't do it that often, but all it takes is once. And I thought, God, maybe he has this disease and he doesn't care."

"People are going to use AIDS to get back at other people," Kristi predicted. Then she told me this horrifying story. A guy she knows-the friend of someone she works with-met a girl at a club named Josephina's. He flirted with her, she responded; and before he knew it, they were at his place, having sex. He couldn't believe his good fortune. The next morning, he woke up alone, went to the bathroom and nearly fainted. There, written in lipstick on his mirror, was a note the girl had left him. It said, WELCOME TO THE AIDS

"That's murder," Kristi said. "That girl murdered that guy. He knows her name. I think he should take her to court. Two days later, he was scared and he took an AIDS test, and he had AIDS. He just sat in his apartment after that for three days. He said, 'I might as well kill myself. I don't want to go through it.'

"You know how they talk about the atom bomb? If AIDS really spreads, I think it'll kill us off before the bomb does. Why make bombs? By the time you use them, there may be only 30 people left on earth. I wish that I could get into a space-ship and go to another planet and start over. This world sucks, it really does."

Shaken from that talk, I went to the bar and did a shot. Jesus Christ. I looked around at the hundreds of people and began to feel scared again. Maybe more scared than I'd felt the entire time in New York and L.A.

Later, near the d.j.s' NASAlike control center, I talked with a blond guy named Jake. He was 25, very handsome and stylish-looking, and worked for a movie theater. He wore a black sweater, gripped a cold beer. We had to shout over Big Audio Dynamite's *Bad Rock City*.

"Condoms are a big thing now," Jake said. "I know girls who never even saw one before, and now they want you to have one before you even talk to them. That's no lie. It's pretty damn recent, too, just in the past couple of months. I never heard of a woman carrying a condom, but they are now. I am, too. It's something I never had to deal with before. You're insulted at first. But I understand why after talking with some girls. I think women are more worried right now. I don't see any problem with it. If they don't mind, I sure don't."

Was the fear of AIDS changing things? "Oh, definitely. People are being a lot more cautious, a lot more discriminating. If you don't look your cleanest, your best, they make a prejudgment right there."

So people were having casual sex less often?

"I think so. Unfortunately." He smiled. "But a place like this, I don't think it makes much difference. People are here for basically one reason. They take as many precautions as they can—they know the risks in coming to a place like this. But other places, and as far as dating goes, I think it's getting a lot more cautious."

I asked him if he was trying to be careful. He gave his head an aw-shucks scratch.

"Well, you know, old habits are hard to break," he said. "A man needs a woman; you know what I mean?"

I had a troubled sleep that night and woke up Saturday morning to this lead headline in *The Denver Post*: "AIDS TESTING CLINICS SWAMPED BY CALLS." I read the story over my coffee:

AIDS-testing clinics in several cities, including Denver, are being swamped by heterosexuals who fear they have been exposed to the deadly disease, health officials said Friday.

In Colorado alone, the number of AIDS tests administered state-wide has doubled since December, officials said

Health officials in Los Angeles, Long Beach, Atlanta, San Francisco,



"First we roll out the TV ads, and then he becomes a beloved character on the Saturday-morning cartoon shows!"

Boston and Florida concurred. They told The Associated Press that the trend probably is the result of stepped-up education programs and wide publicity about Liberace and other victims of acquired-immune-deficiency syndrome. . . .

"We're swamped here on the phones," said the executive director of the Boston AIDS Action Committee, Larry Kessler. "For February, we had more than 4000 calls; 3000 were asking about the test. It's a whole different scenario, because 80 percent were calls from heterosexuals, highly anxious people."

I went to a party my last night in Denver. It was no different from parties I'd been to in L.A. and New York—I tried to talk with people about AIDS, and it got out of hand. Within ten minutes, half the party was in the kitchen, arguing about

AIDS testing, about how you could get it, about whether or not gays who have the disease should be quarantined. I heard that lipstick-on-the-mirror story again, not once but twice. Later on, I would hear that the same story was circulating around New York and Texas. It's an urban myth, like alligators in the sewer system-an expression of people's deepest fears. It's also a perfect illustration of the way things stand right now for heterosexuals in America and their fear of AIDS. They may be nervous, they may be scared, but the vast majority of them lead lives untouched by the disease. They have to make up strange, quirky stories to feel some connection to the deadly illness, which has already claimed 30,000 lives in the U.S. I guess that all we can do is hope things stay that way, that we never reach a time when we all have true stories of our own to tell.



Why draft beer is real beer.

The best things in life are the real things, and there's no better example of this than a mug of cold draft beer.

Draft Beer: The Essence of Beer

Draft beer is real beer because it is the original beer. Long before there were bottles or cans there was only draft beer. It was not pasteurized. It was not tampered with in any way. It was just pure beer.

Today, draft beer is still the richest, smoothest, freshest-tasting beer, a taste that beer in bottles or cans just can't seem to match.

Pasteurization: Cooked Beer, Anyone?

The basic difference between draft beer and packaged beer is pasteurization. Most beers

in bottles or cans are pasteurized—or cooked—to preserve them. But the high temperatures of pasteurization can com-

original, genuine taste of the beer.
Which is why many discriminating beer drinkers feel that draft beer is fresher, richer and smoother than bottled beer.

Cold-Filtering: A Long-Awaited Breakthrough

Now, at last, there is a real draft beer in bottles and cans: Miller Genuine Draft. Thanks to a process called cold-filtering, Miller Genuine Draft does not have to be pasteurized—or cooked. Utilizing a super-fine ceramic filter, cold-filtering purifies beer much like spring water is purified in nature when it is filtered through layers of clay, gravel and sand. Because Miller Genuine Draft is not pasteurized, it retains all of its original gen-

we invite you to enjoy this exceptional beer. We think you'll agree that Miller Genuine Draft is as

uine taste so it's as rich and



Miller Genuine Draft. As real as it gets.

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THE NEW SOFT SHOE-

all them huaraches, espadrilles or just good old-fashioned moccasins. They all have one thing in common—no socks. Whether you're at the beach, bicycling or just lazing in a hammock, softly constructed footwear is the perfect alternative to sneakers. Casual basket-weave patterns and the more open weaves let air

circulate on a sweltering day; thin suede married to buttery leather or pliable linen is another choice for fancy footwork. Beach neutrals, bright solids and stripes are the colors and patterns we opt for. The look is old money and down home. Sundowners in the solarium? Cocktails on the quay? Better put some shoes on, old boy. Hey, nice huaraches!



Above, you see a collection of casual footwear that's a winning combination of comfort and style—and that's no mean feat. Clockwise from 11: Leather lace-up oxford, by Kenneth Cole, \$89. Awning-striped canvas espadrille, by Baker-Benjes, \$52. Linen-and-leather espadrille, from Colours by Alexander Julian, \$49. Suede hand-sewn slip-on moccasin, by Cole Haan, \$90. Leather huarache, from Jag by Rio Rio, about \$30.









NEXT MONTH







CYCLING



WRESTLERS



PAULINA

"SEN YEN BABBO & THE HEAVENLY HOST"—FANS OF THE JIM AND TAMMY BAKKER TUSSLES, BEWARE! THE AGE OF EVANGELICAL WRESTLING IS DAWNING, AND IT'LL TEAR YOU APART—BY CHET WILLIAMSON "THE ART OF URBAN CYCLING"—OLYMPIC RACER AND FORMER MANHATTAN BIKE MESSENGER NELSON VAILS OFFERS TIPS ON SURVIVAL IN THE ASPHALT JUNGLE—AS TOLD TO KEVIN COOK

"COMING BACK"—SOUND ADVICE ON HOW TO LOOK ADVERSITY SQUARELY IN THE EYE AND TRIUMPH OVER TROUBLES—BY ANTHONY BRANDT PLUS: "THE COMEBACK KIDS"—A GALLERY OF MEN AND WOMEN WHO HAVE REGAINED THEIR NICHES IN OUR HEARTS AND MINDS: DENNIS HOPPER, LEE IACOCCA, BETTE MIDLER, GUMBY AND MORE

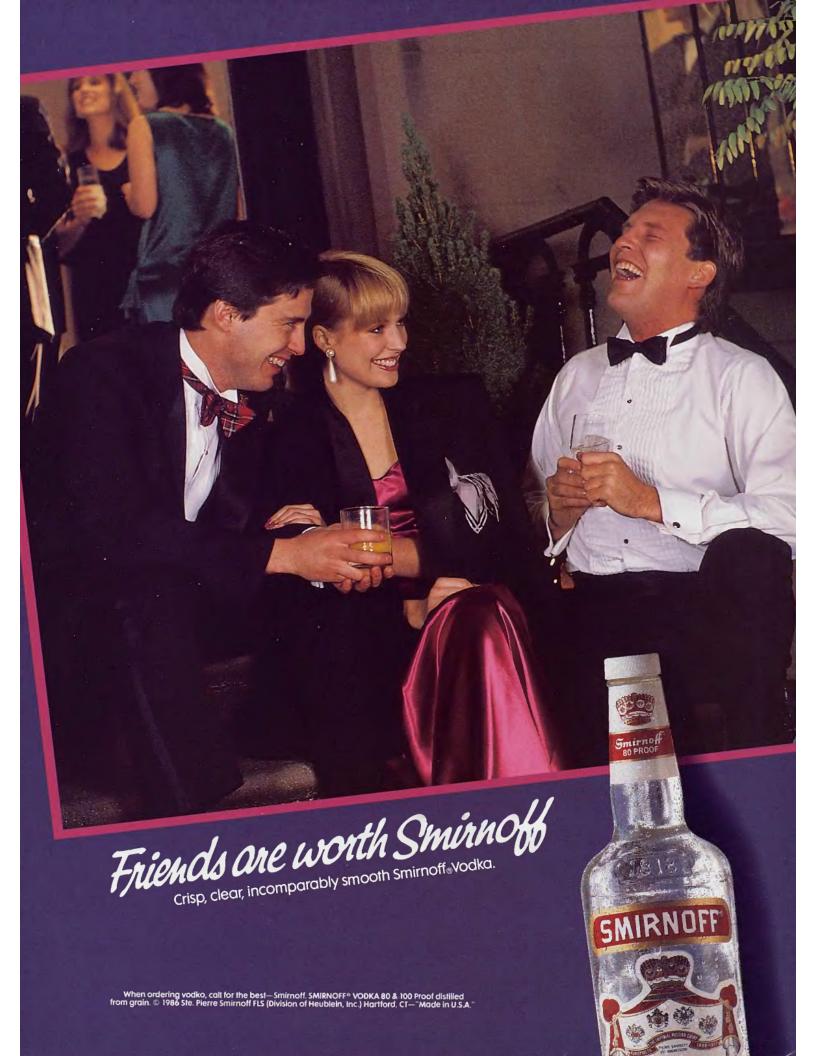
"DESTINY'S DARLING"—THE METS' RON DARLING, A FRENCH-ENGLISH-CHINESE-HAWAIIAN, YALE-EDUCAT-ED FIREBALLER, HAS ONE SIMPLE CAREER GOAL: PERFECTION—BY LEWIS GROSSBERGER

"INIMITABLY, PAULINA"—MISS PORIZKOVA IS AT MODELING'S PINNACLE. WE SHOW YOU WHY, IN WORDS AND HEART-STOPPING PICTURES

"GIRLS OF FLORIDA"—THE SUNSHINE STATE MAY BE TAKING OVER AS THE CALIFORNIA OF THE EIGHTIES. JOIN US FOR A ROUNDUP OF FUN, SUN AND SKIN FROM THE GULF TO THE ATLANTIC

FERDINAND AND IMELDA MARCOS: DICTATOR AND DRAGON LADY, OR DEMOCRAT AND DOTING WIFE? THE FILIPINO EXPATRIATES TELL THEIR SIDE OF THE STORY IN A TOPICAL, TESTY AND EVEN TUNEFUL PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

PLUS: "GAMBLING HEAVEN, GAMBLING HELL"—AS LONG AS YOU'RE GOING TO RISK ALL THAT MONEY, YOU MAY AS WELL DO IT IN A PICTURESQUE PLACE—BY STEVEN CRIST; "20 QUESTIONS" WITH DAVID LEE ROTH; "CARIBBEAN COCKTAILS," BY EMANUEL GREENBERG; AND MUCH, MUCH MORE



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Now you can have your MR2 with a new T-Bar Roof. A 4-speed automatic overdrive transmission is also available.



BEST INTERIOR

Car and Driver magazine editors also called its ergonomic layout "the best in the industry."* You can dress yours in optional full leather.

MRZ. THE ONE FOR FUN.

Get into the 1987 Toyota MR2 and feel what real sports car fun is all about. It's mid-engine designed for pure, sporty handling, with a hot 16-valve, twin cam, 112 hp jewel to make it go. And it's surprisingly affordable. Car and Driver wrote, "Any car with a higher fun-per-dollar quotient would never be allowed by the IRS."*



Get More From Life...Buckle Up!

*Car and Driver magazine, January and June, 1986. © 1986 Toyota Motor Sales U.S.A., Inc.