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AND THE SECRETS
OF HUMAN NATURE**

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GUYS WHO HAVE TURNED
FAILURE INTO SUCCESS**

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PLAYBILL

THINKING ABOUT a vacation? This is, after all, the kick-back-and-relax time of year. Maybe you're dreaming of an exile to a tropical paradise, where you could rehash the good old days, praise your friends, trash your enemies and cook up some revolutionary plans for the future. Some people actually live that way—specifically, deposed Philippines dictator **Ferdinand Marcos** and his controversial spouse, **Imelda**, this month's *Playboy Interview* subjects, who were questioned by **Ken Kelley** and **Phil Bronstein**. Veteran *PLAYBOY* interviewer Kelley, who has conversed with **Anita Bryant**, **Sparky Anderson** and **Arthur C. Clarke**, among others, and Bronstein, the *San Francisco Examiner's* correspondent in Manila, joined the renowned couple in a comfortable upper-middle-class Hawaiian home, where the reputedly wealthy ex-presidential pair had been holed up waiting for the other, uh, shoe to drop back home. Despite Bronstein's sometimes scathing critical stories during the years he covered the Marcos regime, he and Kelley were allowed to speak at length with the exiles. What was Ferdinand and Imelda's favorite topic? (No, not footwear, though that subject did come up.) Their comeback, of course. Nothing peps them up more than a little talk about returning to power in the Philippines.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcos may profit from a good look at **Anthony Brandt's** article *Comebacks*—it explains how best to triumph over adversity. And just to prove the point, writers **Bill Zehme** and **Jay Stuller** have assembled *Rallies & Resurrections*, an inspiring line-up of those mercurial types who've gone under in one way or another only to be borne again on the waves of success. If their meanderings can teach you one thing, it's that life is pretty much a gamble. Which brings us to **Steven Crist's** *Gambling in America* (illustrated by **Philippe Weisbecker**), a roundup of the best and worst betting spots in the U.S. And **Maurice Zolotow** tracked down the heavy action—bets in the four-, five- and six-figure range—for *High Rollers*.

The Fiction Department delivers **Chet Williamson's** weird and wacky fantasy *Sen Yen Babbo & the Heavenly Host* (illustrated by **Ed Girard**), which is about a world in which evangelical wrestling is bigger than the Super Bowl. Proving once again that fact is stranger than fiction, **P. J. O'Rourke** went after the real evangelist story for his *Travel* column on Heritage USA, the theme park that was created by fallen TV preachers **Jim** and **Tammy Faye Bakker**.

When ace Mets pitcher **Ron Darling** got off to a bad start this season, **Lewis Grossberger** cringed. That's because he had just turned in our profile of Darling, *Pitcher Perfect* (illustrated by **Anita Kunz**). Figuring that he'd jinxed the Yale-educated jock millionaire, Grossberger assumed full responsibility for Darling's slump—and, we suppose, for all his later triumphs, too. To make the streets a little safer this summer, ace cyclist **Nelson Vails** put his shoulder to the wheels to write *The Art of Urban Cycling*, a complete two-wheeler tutorial for city bikers, including Vails's tear-out tips on pumping your way around town—and surviving. Thanks go to **Kevin Cook** for putting it into high gear editorially.

And for the rest—we must reach for the superlatives. Writer **Mark Zussman** stayed hot on the heels of the hardest-working woman in the modeling business to contribute the text for *Paulina*, a sexy sample of shots from **Paulina Porizkova's** upcoming calendar. One of the top photographer's models in the country, Paulina is also our cover girl this month. Watch for her film debut in *Anna*. And don't miss the Sunshine State's finest natural resources, the *Women of Florida*. Possibly our 20 *Questions* subject wishes they all could be California girls. **David Rensin** interviewed **David Lee Roth** about tight pants and stuff like that. Contributing Photographer **Stephen Wayda** snapped **Sherry Konopski**, our August Playmate, who's the prettiest pizza slinger in the great Northwest. Appetite whetted? Turn the page.



F. MARCOS, KELLEY, BRONSTEIN



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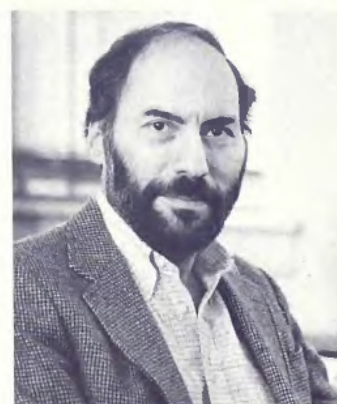
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PLAYBOY®

vol. 34, no. 8—august 1987

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Florida's Femmes

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Best Bets

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Ahh, August

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Caribbean Cocktails

P. 96



COVER STORY Paulina Porizkova looks like what millions of American women wish they looked like. That's why, to herald our pictorial on Paulina, we asked Marco Glaviano (who also photographed her new calendar) to take this exclusive photo of America's favorite cover girl. The foldout cover provides twice as much hiding space for the *Oryctologus cuniculus*.

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GOOD MESSAGE, BAD MEDICINE

As a treatment professional struggling to assist the recovery of chemically dependent clients sentenced by the courts to treatment programs, I must applaud your article on addiction (*Addiction and Rehabilitation*, PLAYBOY, May) as the most coherent, well-researched piece I have yet encountered on the subject in a popular magazine. I congratulate your staff on providing this valuable information to our drug- and alcohol-susceptible public.

What amazes me is that the Government's "war on drugs" emphasizes mass urinalysis, more sophisticated law-enforcement technology, more manpower and additional prison cells rather than education and treatment to deal with a population we have long recognized as suffering from a treatable disease. Would we simply "warehouse" cancer and heart-disease victims?

Marlin Fitts, M.S.

Program Coordinator

Storefront Centers for Counseling

Drug & Alcohol Treatment Systems
Sarasota, Florida

I salute you on the fine job your staff did in reporting the facts of the disease concept of addiction in *Addiction and Rehabilitation* in your May issue.

As a recovering addict and an intake counselor in a drug-treatment center, I found your report accurate, informative and medically sound. It is our duty as recovering individuals to carry the message to the addict who still suffers. Your report has helped us in that work and also has enlightened thousands of others for whom drugs may become a problem.

Thank you for a job well done.

(Name withheld by request)
Grand Rapids, Michigan

I bought my first copy of PLAYBOY in 1962 while serving in the Navy. I've continued to read the magazine monthly, having nearly a quarter century's back issues on my shelves.

In all those years, I've had indescriba-

ble enjoyment and entertainment but have felt a few times that you unknowingly undermined a little of your credibility in regard to the use of drugs.

But with the last three words on page 148 of your May issue, you have a very well-deserved right to feel proud. Those three words? "Don't take drugs."

I never have, and because PLAYBOY has spoken out, others won't, either.

Michael Frysinger
Lima, Ohio

VANNA MANNA

Concerning pages 134-143 of your May issue: Is there a T? How about an R? Oh, there are two Rs. OK, is there an F? Now how about a C? Hey, I'm doing all right. Now I'd like to buy a vowel or two. Is there an E? Second letter is an E, huh? Wow, I think I know what the word is. I'd like to buy an I. Two I's, you say? I know I've got it! Vanna is spelled T-E-R-R-I-F-I-C!

Lanny R. Middings

San Ramon, California

To be honest, when I first read of your plans to publish photos of Vanna White, I thought, Here we go again; another guy crawls out from under some rock and sells pictures of a celebrity that were taken aeons ago. Well, I couldn't have been more pleasantly surprised. David Gurian's shots of Miss White in your May issue are terrific. He maintains a level of professionalism and good taste that meets the high standards of your Playmate pictorials. I'm sure readers across the country will agree with me and say thanks to you and to Gurian for capturing these delightful glimpses of a spectacular woman.

Paul Yuratich

Metairie, Louisiana

Your pictorial of Vanna White is beautifully done. I feel that I speak for the vast majority of men when I say that these pictures in no way change how we feel about Vanna. On the contrary, I, for one,



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admire her even more after seeing her in your magazine. My friends and co-workers agree on two things: She's gorgeous and we all love her. Good luck, Vanna!

Hal Simonsen
St. Paul, Minnesota

Having been a *Wheel of Fortune* fan for the past two years, I've had ample opportunity to relish the fully clothed Vanna White, while at the same time practicing the time-honored male art of undressing a woman with one's eyes. However, no matter how intently I exercised my imaginative powers, I've always felt I was missing some of the crucial details—Vanna's navel, for instance. (Innie or outie?) Thanks to the photos on pages 134–143, my question has been answered.

Wayne Presley
Little Rock, Arkansas

Vanna White is what every woman wants to look like in gorgeous lingerie. So what's the fuss?

Mr. and Mrs. John Alger
Wixom, Michigan

The three biggest hypes so far this year are the declaration by Oral Roberts that God is a terrorist Who held him for ransom; that gal's publicizing her brief sexual liaison with Jim Bakker, after seven years and a \$265,000 trust fund as hush money; and Vanna White's \$5,000,000-plus law-

suit against PLAYBOY.

I have a snapshot of my aunt Emma in a bathrobe that has about as much eroticism as those pictures of Miss White. As for nudity and embarrassment, you see far more at any public beach. And the text that accompanies the pix is very supportive of her. Instead of suing your magazine, she ought to be paying you for the exposure.

S. R. Durkee
Bethesda, Maryland

THE BOMBER'S NO BOMB

While a Senate staffer with some hard questions for the Air Force in the wake of the Libya raid, I had the rare opportunity to fly with the 380th Bombardment Wing stationed at Plattsburgh AFB, New York. This introduction to the capabilities of the FB-111 (the slightly heavier and longer-winged sibling of the F-111s) did not jibe with Andrew Cockburn's critical assessment in *Sixty Seconds over Tripoli* (PLAYBOY, May).

Screaming over the Adirondacks at 600 miles per hour at 200 feet in zero visibility, an act of supreme faith for me, was routine fare for the 380th. We engaged in a mock attack that demanded that the pilot, doing double duty without a weapons officer, simultaneously fly, navigate, monitor the terrain-following radar, operate the E.C.M., handle the radio and teach me offset bombing. I sensed no "task overload." As for the FB-111 itself, it is an

amazing weapons system. The assertion that the F-111 is "less maneuverable than the Boeing 707" is ludicrous. Acrobatics, however, are of questionable relevance when the mission is low-level, all-weather night attack. Where speed, stealth and surprise are everything, the F-111 has no equal.

It is true that bombs strayed. Technology will never eliminate the "fog of war." Highly accurate weapons can minimize collateral damage and spare innocent civilians the horror of indiscriminate carpet bombing. Considering the grueling nature of the mission and the extremely tight rules of engagement, the Air Force and the nation have every reason to be proud of the performance of the men and craft of the 48th Tactical Fighter Wing.

Kevin Linskey
The Asahi Shimbun
American General Bureau
Washington, D.C.

CA-CA CARS

After reading *Cars '87: The Best* and Editorial Director and Associate Publisher Arthur Kretchmer's sidebar, *And from Where I Sit...*, in the May issue of PLAYBOY, I thought perhaps Kretchmer might like some help in answering his "marketing question number two: Is General Motors going to be in the car business in 1997?"

It's tragic that my G.M. car, terminally

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ill and not even two years old, will never experience life in the fast lane. This marvel of high technology is a supersaver on gasoline, averaging 27 miles to the gallon, thanks to its mighty four-cylinder engine with turbocharger. Of course, most of the time, it won't shift into second gear, so the turbo probably is still new.

I can confirm the engine power. When I'm sitting still at traffic lights with my foot on the brake, the rpms register 5000! It took only three trips to the garage to get that little kink worked out. The electronic dashboard is a terrific feature. Had to have it replaced the first year, but it really works now. When the car is motionless, the speedometer reads seven miles per hour. I figure it's merely making up for the 1700 miles that were erased when the new unit was installed.

The interior looks brand-new. Had to replace leather seat covers and the rubber molding on the doors the first year, not to mention the air conditioner.

It's becoming obvious to me why we should not buy foreign cars. By supporting the American automobile industry, we are endorsing big wages for inferior work. By purchasing gas savers, we are restricting OPEC's power, as suggested by our Government. And, not least, we are giving muscle to our garage mechanics, whose earning power is a mere \$40-plus an hour.

Wanda Kopczynski
Tacoma, Washington

I MAKE A MESS, THEREFORE I AM

I bought your May issue just to see Vanna White; but in my haste, my usually accurate thumb fell a few pages short to P. J. O'Rourke's *The Bachelor's Home Companion*. I can understand that some of your readers may find O'Rourke's article humorous. However, I find the tips and insights truly gifted—just good common sense for the less glamorous side of bachelorhood. I was so impressed with the article that I nailed a copy to the refrigerator door for handy reference.

Albert Gay
Tallahassee, Florida

The Bachelor's Home Companion is so hilarious that I had to write and congratulate you on another superior humor article.

Pat Massey
St. Louis, Missouri

A PAIGE WORTH TURNING TO

I would like to thank you for your pictorial of May Playmate Kym Paige. What can I say, except "Wow!" How 'bout a parting shot for all your readers who must have been as moved as I was? Thanks, and keep up the excellent work.

Ronald H. Curry
Enfield, Connecticut

We don't get many letters from Enfield, Ron, but you've asked the right question. We wouldn't mind taking another look at Kym our-

selves. The rodeo-loving Miss Paige brings out the bronco in a guy, don't you think?



BARING GIFTS

Since Ed Meese, no doubt approving of the centerfold in a recent issue, has determined that PLAYBOY does not, in fact, fall "within the Supreme Court definition of obscenity," I have decided to enlighten the gentleman with a gift subscription. Please bill me in accordance with your regular billing practices relative to such subscriptions. I hope Ed enjoys the pictures, since in my humble opinion, he seems to be rather illiterate.

Mark E. Mascara, Esq.
Washington, Pennsylvania



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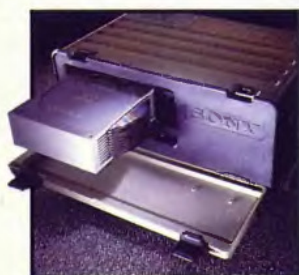


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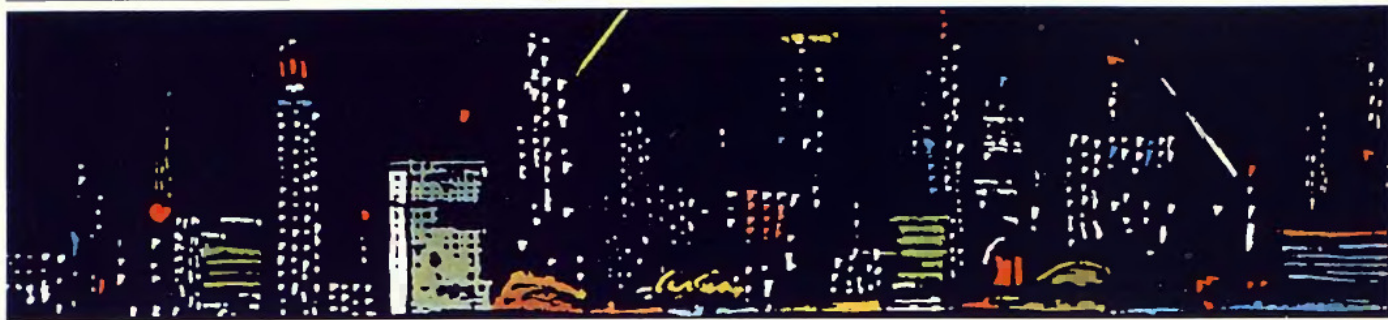
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



AIR STERNO

Howard Stern, talk radio's current bad boy, is now assaulting television. Fox Broadcasting Company is developing a pilot featuring Stern, the notorious New Yorker whose morning talk show originating on WXRK-FM combines jokes, insults and parodies (and caught the ear of the FCC—see page 44).

If Fox censors try to limit Stern's forays into religion and sex, he may be cut off from his best material. For example, his referring, on the air, to his former boss at New York's WNBC-AM, Kevin Metheny, as Pig Virus; "Not for Goyim Only," a periodic Stern feature starring Rabbi and Mrs. Murray Kahane of Temple B'nai Vegas of Atlantic City, confronting such issues as Jewish pornography (*The Devil and Miss Cohen*, *Debbie Does Yeshiva*); his playing the Ku Klux Klan's hotline message; or his lampooning of Mary Beth "Mother M" Whitehead ("Hair like an Egyptian," sings Stern). Of course, if scandal's a problem, he can always become a TV evangelist.

WALK THIS WAY OR YOU BE ILLIN'

When Run-D.M.C. and the Beastie Boys started touring together in June, they weren't the only ones who'd been rehearsing. Rush Productions, management for both groups, didn't want a repeat of some unfortunate goings on just prior to last year's Run-D.M.C. show in Long Beach, California, so it started prepping for security this spring. Rush even produced its own video, with the rap on good and bad security practices, and passed it on to security teams working various venues—sort of STV. That, plus the walk-through and hand-held metal detectors, ought to do the trick.

PLAY IT AGAIN, SAN

As if the trade deficit needed to get another Japanese import. Not geisha girls. Not kabuki. When the tired Tokyo businessman goes out with the boys, he's likely to hit a *karaoke* bar. *Karaoke* (that's cara-

oh-kay) literally means "empty orchestra." There's no piano player, no piano—just a special laser-disc machine that plays an orchestral arrangement while a video is screened on strategically placed TV monitors that also scroll printed words to the song. A bar patron, fortified by sake or the drink of choice, Chivas Regal, stands in a spotlight and sings his heart out—solo.

There are literally thousands of *karaoke* bars in Tokyo and a growing number in New York and Los Angeles. We checked out Chicago's Café Shino, where owner Hitoshi "Tommy" Tamura told us, "I try to make my place as authentic as possible, just like a real Japanese night club." There are six attractive hostesses who, among them, speak Japanese, Korean and Chinese as well as English, and 1000 Japanese songs on *karaoke* discs, plus 25 English ones. We asked a hostess to put on *New York, New York*, a big favorite with the Japanese customers. Images of the Manhattan skyline flashed on the TV monitors. Oh, did we croon—all to enthu-

siastic applause. It was another Japanese breakthrough: a big improvement on our shower.

TAPE DOCTOR

So the N.B.A. play-offs are finally over; and 16 years and two dozen farewell parties later, we've sadly seen the last of Julius Erving, right? Well, through the magic of video tape, Dr. J lives on. CBS/Fox Video Sports has just come out with a tape slugged *Dr. J's Basketball Stuff*. It's part instruction and part magic. In addition to basic tips for kids and weekend warriors alike (haven't you always wanted to learn how to do a finger roll?), the action highlights make you sit back and wonder how a human can fly.

The tape, priced at \$19.98, is the first installment in a series of hoopla to come out of an agreement between CBS/Fox and the N.B.A. The video company will now have exclusive rights to all game highlights shot by the league. In the near future, you can expect to see season footage—your favorite team, the best slam dunks, the biggest bobbles—as well as instant videos of championship play-offs.

The deal should put CBS/Fox right up there in a league with N.F.L. Films in both quantity and quality of production. It will also make a lot of money for Julius Erving. Just what the Doctor ordered.

HITS Y MISSES

An attack of *déjà vu* hit when we saw the new movie about *chicano* pop star Ritchie Valens—*La Bamba*, which is also the name of his biggest hit. How many recorded versions of the bar-band staple exist? Well, it turns out that the tune's been waxed more than 140 times between Valens' 1958 version and the one on the movie sound track by Los Lobos. Among the notables:

La Bamba by The Youngbloods, who sing Spanish with a deep Southern drawl. The post-Buddy Holly Crickets turn the song into surf music: "They call my baby



RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"I don't know anything now, and I'm 22. I'm still trying to figure out what's going on. I wasn't working, I wasn't trying to find a job, so I figured, What else to do? Come out."—New York debutante Cornelia Guest in *Interview*.

IT'S A LIVING

Current salary range for dental hygienists, \$12,000–\$23,000; dentists' median gross is \$150,288 per year. College professors make \$25,000 to \$38,000 per year, while college football head coaches' base salaries are between \$50,000 and \$103,000.

BABY STUFF

Age at which infants are now believed to be able to distinguish happy, sad and angry facial expressions: ten weeks.

•
Earliest age at which a child can speak two languages: three years.

•
Age at which most children learn how to skip: five years.

KIDS TODAY

Number of American kids (aged 12 to 18) who run away from home each year: 500,000 to 1,000,000.

•
Number of American girls under 15 who get pregnant every year: 30,000.

•
Number of American adolescents (male and female) who become prostitutes each year: 900,000.

•
Percentage of American kids who graduate from high school: 76.1.

•
Money spent in a year on records,



FACT OF THE MONTH

It's even money who's in more trouble: preachers or divorce lawyers. Since 1970, the percentage of men between the ages of 25 and 34 who have never married has increased from 15 to 30. And the percentage of women between the ages of 25 and 34 who have remained unmarried has increased from nine to 20.

RJR Nabisco, Inc., owns R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company.

IT'S A TOUGH WORLD IN HERE

Number of annual U.S. bathroom accidents involving toilets, 21,000; sinks, 18,000; towel racks, 2700; drapes, curtains and shower curtains, 4300; washcloths and towels, 2300.

LAST WORDS

The word lady is derived from the Old English *hlæfdige*, which means "bread-kneader."

•
"Red tape" comes from the color of the tape that was tied around official documents in 17th Century England.

•
The nickname gat for gun, often heard in the gangster movies of the Thirties, derives from Richard Jordan Gatling, inventor of the machine gun.

•
Parasol comes from the Italian *parasole*, "to defend against the sun."

tapes and CDs by Americans under 19: 1.5 billion dollars.

•
Average number of kids who appear on *Soul Train* every week: 150.

•
Percentage of American kids (aged six to 15) who have their own TV sets: 45. Percentage who think they ought to have their own TV sets: 65.

CORPORATE ODD COUPLES

Campbell Soup Company owns Godiva Chocolatier, Inc.

•
Sara Lee Corporation owns Hanes Hosiery, Inc.

•
H. J. Heinz Company owns Weight Watchers International, Inc.

La Bamba. . . "New Riders of the Purple Sage make it a hipster C&W bar tune. By Johnny Rivers, *La Bamba* sounds as if it were recorded at the beach around a sunset wienie roast. Its mid-section segues into *Twist & Shout*, *La Bamba*'s bastard child, as do versions by The Sabras, an Israeli rock group popular in the Catskills, and Apache Spirit, a pop-folk band from the White Mountain Apache tribe in Arizona. Another Indian rendition, by Virgil Molina, wins honors for the most deliciously raunchy version.

Chubby Checker sings it half in English to a calypso-rock beat: "*Para bailar la bamba*/A little bit of limbo, a little bit of samba." Joan Baez' acoustic version disappoints; Dusty Springfield's good, journeywoman job sounds as if it were arranged for the Vegas stage.

Lawrence Welk: easy to snap your fingers to. The Mormon Tabernacle Choir: The world's most adaptable choral group proves here that versatility doesn't equal virtuosity. Still, the choir is better than 101 Strings, whose elevator-music *La Bamba* would make anyone push the emergency button. Oh, yes—there's a disco *La Bamba* (by Antonia Rodriguez) and several folkies' versions, more than a dozen courtesy of Travis Edmonson, who reports that in the Fifties, he was subpoenaed before a McCarthy committee that thought he was singing about the bomb. A *bomba* it isn't. And last, The Plugz, who from the first note sound as if they can't wait to finish, do the very worst version ever recorded.

A HORSE, A GUN AND A GOOD WOMAN

Mention the word party to the Ayatollah Khomeini of Iran and he'll think Party of God, right? We wondered, given Iran's restrictive social environment, what the average mullah might do to get happy. Abul-Fazl Shakuri, writing in *Kayhan International*, has clarified the Iranian concept of fun: "Playing is not suitable for a believer except in three cases." The exceptions: "1. Playing to train a mount. 2. Shooting exercise. 3. Playing with one's wife. These deeds are all right." Let the good times roll!

MAD GENIUS

We've always suspected as much, and now we've got research to back it up: There's a fine line between madness and creativity. *Psychology Today* reports that Dr. Nancy Andreasen studied members of the University of Iowa's prestigious Writers' Workshop for 15 years and found that 43 percent of them were manic-depressives to some degree, compared with ten percent of a similar but non-writing group. Looking on the bright side, *P.T.* suggests that manic-depressive illness may give creative individuals access to a richer and more intense experience not shared by the rest of us.


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No. History/Anniversary Titles

- 02 Boston Red Sox, "Forever Fenway: 75 Years of Red Sox Baseball" (60 min.)
- 03 Heroes and Heartaches: A Treasury of Boston Sports since 1975 (60 min.)
- 04 Chicago Cubs, "Chicago and the Cubs: A Lifelong Love Affair" (60 min.)
- 05 Chicago White Sox, "A Visual History" (60 min.)
- 06 Houston Astros, "1962-1986: A Silver Odyssey." 25 Years of Houston Astros Baseball (60 min.)
- 07 Los Angeles Dodgers, "Dodger Stadium: The First 25 Years" (70 min.)
- 08 Minnesota Twins 25th Anniversary, "Then... and now" (27 min.)
- 09 New York Mets 25th Anniversary, "An Amazin' Era" (71 min.)
- 10 New York Yankees, "Pinstripe Power," The Story of the 1961 Yankees (49 min.)
- 11 Oakland A's, "All Star Almanac," 50 Years of All Star Memories from Philadelphia to Kansas City to Oakland (25 min.)

- 12 Philadelphia Phillies, "Centennial: Over 100 Years of Philadelphia Phillies Baseball" (60 min.)
- 13 Pittsburgh Pirates, "THE BATTLIN' BUCS," The First 100 Years of the Pittsburgh Pirates (60 min.)
- 14 San Francisco Giants, "A Giants History: The Tale of Two Cities," From New York to the City by the Bay (60 min.)
- 15 Seattle Mariners, "A Diamond in the Emerald City": 10 Years of Mariner Baseball (59 min.)

"Double Headers"—'86 season team highlights (30 min.), plus "This Year in Baseball" (30 min.), an exciting recap of both leagues from opening day right through the climactic '86 World Series.

- 16 California Angels (60 min.)
- 17 Cleveland Indians (60 min.)
- 18 Milwaukee Brewers (60 min.)
- 19 Minnesota Twins (60 min.)
- 20 Philadelphia Phillies (60 min.)
- 21 San Francisco Giants (60 min.)
- 22 Texas Rangers (60 min.)

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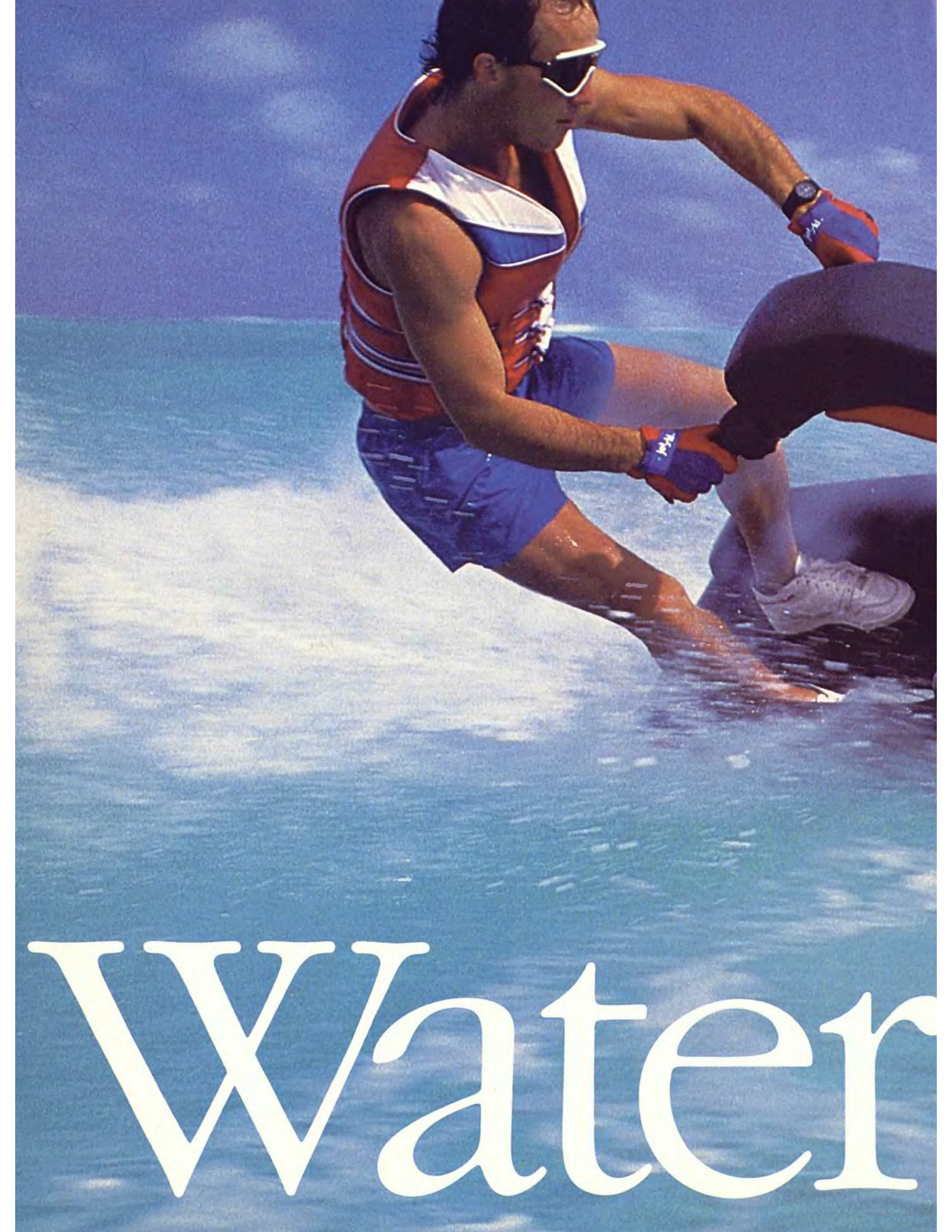
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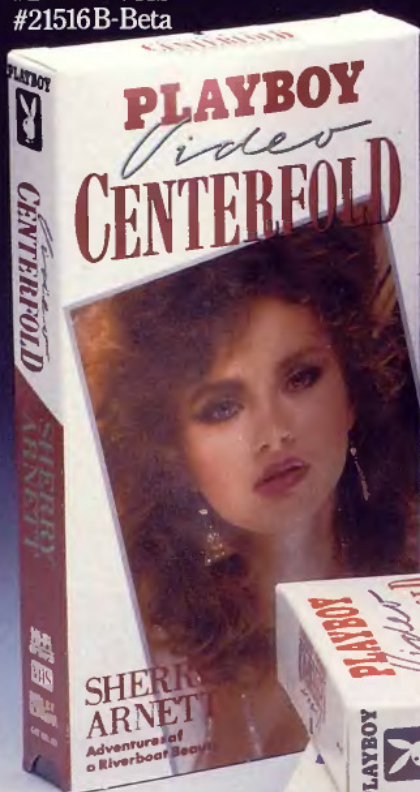
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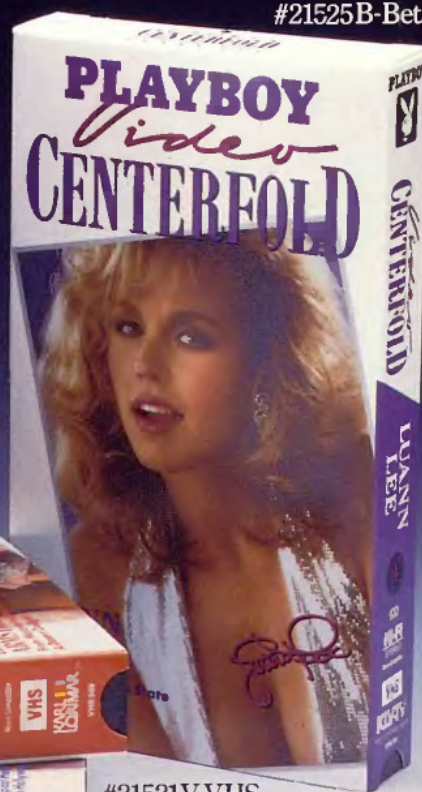
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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

LOVE BLOOMS AT a mountain resort in *Dirty Dancing* (Vestron), all about a nice New York girl who finds romance and rhythm with a resident entertainer when his regular partner (Cynthia Rhodes) takes time out to have an abortion. Jennifer Grey (Joel's talented daughter) and Patrick (Red Dawn) Swayze, a former ballet dancer here strutting his stuff on film as if to top Travolta, generate body heat as the principal duo, whose only real problem is the girl's father (Jerry Orbach). Dad's a bigot on the subject of boys with dubious seasonal employment and names such as Johnny Castle. Set in a not-so-distant past where *Flashdance* merges with Herman Wouk's *Marjorie Morningstar*, *Dirty Dancing* moves in more ways than one. ♫



Swayze, Grey hoofing it in *Dancing*.

A charming, small-scale comedy about the final summer of another Borscht Belt hotel in the Catskills, producer-director Steve Gomer's *Sweet Lorraine* (Angelika) is plainly a labor of love as well as a personal statement. As the aging proprietress of The Lorraine, Maureen Stapleton glows, as usual, opposite Trini Alvarado, as her loyal granddaughter, riding point for a cast of brash young performers who wait on tables, mock the clientele, improvise entertainment and generally give ethnic gags a good name. Without a shred of condescension, Gomer drums up nostalgia for the social traditions of an area affectionately known as the Jewish Alps. Even if you've never made such a trip, the kosher flavor is appealing. ♫

Scratch those early rumors that *Ishtar* (Columbia) would be an expensive disaster to rival *Heaven's Gate* or *Howard the Duck*. Yes, it's a decidedly muzzy "road" epic written and directed by Elaine May with an obvious tip of the hat to the Hope-Crosby comedies of yesteryear. But co-stars Warren Beatty and Dustin Hoffman aren't bad at all. Correction: They're so bad that they're often raffishly hilarious as a pair of inept songwriters who get mixed up with sheiks, CIA schemes and undeserved success in *Ishtar*, a Godforsaken Middle Eastern trouble spot. The troubles afoot are shared by Isabelle Adjani, Charles Grodin and Jack Weston (a hoot as Beatty and Hoffman's sleazeball agent) before the guys wind up recording a live-in-concert album. Their songs (written mostly by May, themselves and Paul Williams) are inspired drivel, topped by a cunningly witless Williams ditty called *Wardrobe of Love* ("There's a wardrobe of love in my eyes. . . / See if there's something your size. . ."). Dopey? You bet. *Ishtar* spotlights two magnetic superstars messing around, winning some, losing

Two from the Catskills; Warren and Dustin on the road; more from Murphy.

some in May's flawed but jaunty screenplay. Hope and Crosby faked their way through dry patches, too, remember. While Bob and Bing were far surer song-and-dance men, this odd couple turns all the traditions upside down, with Warren (ho, ho) as the bumbling partner who has no luck with girls. ♫

The first in a pair of films based on a two-volume novel by Marcel Pagnol, *Jean de Florette* (Orion Classics) is a bookish but brilliant drama that has drawn cheers and tears abroad for taking French cinema back to basics. If splendid acting, eye-filling cinematography and a strong story line are old-fashioned virtues, credit director Claude Berri with the courage to give Pagnol's fiction its due as a modern classic. In the title role, Gérard Depardieu wins instant sympathy as a hunchbacked city man who returns to his roots on a Provençal farm, taking along his wife and child and a headful of impractical dreams. Eventually destroyed because his land apparently has no water, the dreamer never recognizes the greed and cruelty of a treacherous neighbor (Yves Montand) who conspires with his nephew (Daniel Auteuil) to secretly block up a spring on Jean's property. Under Berri's direction, the meanness of French country life lights the movie with a kind of elemental energy, placing human folly in the scheme of things as much as rain, fire, frost or the changing seasons. Like a gnarled old oak against this landscape, Montand is

magnificent, a peasant in whom every normal passion except fierce family pride seems petrified. While *Jean de Florette* ends somewhat inconclusively on a note of evil does it, there's poetic justice and rich retribution in *Manon of the Spring*, the companion piece that resumes the story ten years later—though it's not slated for U.S. release until late 1987. No fair. Once hooked, you won't want to wait that long to learn how the hunchback's vengeful daughter pays back the wages of sin. ♫

Eddie Murphy's kiss-mine insolence, plus his percolating comic chemistry with Judge Reinhold and John Ashton, should be enough to make *Beverly Hills Cop II* (Paramount) a runaway box-office hit. The movie suffers from sequel slippage, with a plot so skimpy it could be printed on a pinhead with room to spare. Murphy loyalists probably will not care, and director Tony Scott (who did *Top Gun*) keeps the action fast, loud and just about nonstop, with Eddie's Axel Foley character sneaking off his beat in Detroit to help his West Coast buddies (Reinhold, Ashton) avenge an attack on their friend Bogomil (Ronny Cox). Germany's Jürgen Prochnow and svelte Brigitte Nielsen are the elegant villains who, in one sequence, crash a benefit party at Playboy Mansion West with Murphy's gangbusters in hot pursuit (Hef shows them the door; see June's *PLAYBOY* for further details). For me, the second time around is pure hype without much hilarity, but why cite logic against Murphy's law? Stay tuned for *B.H. Cop III*. ♫

Wildlife preservation is the underlying message of *Harry and the Hendersons* (Universal). Bearer of the message—the Harry of the title, designed by make-up wizard Rick Baker and portrayed by 7'2"-tall Kevin Peter Hall—is a bigfoot, or sasquatch, a critter of legend in the Pacific Northwest. John Lithgow and Melinda Dillon take charge as the Hendersons, playing Dad and Mom to two sitcom-sassy brats. They're a family of conspicuous consumers whose station wagon collides with Harry while they're driving home to Seattle from a camping trip. How a hirsute, humongous house pet subsequently disrupts life in the suburbs makes for some moments of droll domestic comedy, with Don Ameche called in on the case as a master of bigfoot lore. Produced by Steven Spielberg's Amblin Entertainment, *Harry* gets downright sloppy with sentiment about loving our furry friends and hating hunting rifles. It's a throwback to *E.T.*, amiable but not half as successful at bringing out the awe-struck child in all of us. ♫

Italy's Lina Wertmüller, a woman already acknowledged as a world-class

film maker, stirs up another heady mixture of sex and politics in *Summer Night* (New Line). Like her 1975 hit *Swept Away* . . . , this stylish, insubstantial satire casts Mariangela Melato as a wealthy blonde bitch who meets her match in a virile male from the overprivileged Sicilian underworld. Here, she's a billionaire so incensed by a wave of profitable kidnappings that she decides to restore the honor of the ruling class by kidnapping the master terrorist (Michele Placido) responsible for hijacking her high-and-mighty friends. Once captive at her sumptuous island retreat, milady's prey wears chains by Bulgari and is served caviar, champagne and a steady stream of insults. She calls him "a left-wing prick," while he challenges her to come to bed and try it. Wertmüller finally reduces the class war to a simple-minded joke about sex as the great equalizer. Pure fluff, but Melato and Placido grapple like spoiled Olympian gods going for the gold. ★★★

A startling Spanish import, *Padre Nuestro* (International Film Exchange) stars Fernando Rey as a dying Roman Catholic cardinal who returns to his native village to square accounts before the grim reaper calls. His Eminence's odyssey flushes some fairly earthy skeletons out of his family closets, revealing that he was quite a lusty young priest before his three decades of service in the Vatican. The past haunts him mainly through encounters with women: his tyrannical old mother, his wary grandchild, his daughter by a former mistress. The wayward daughter (Victoria Abril) is now a flamboyant prostitute who flouts convention by selling herself to clients as *la Cardenala*. As if that weren't enough, the ailing old cleric also has a bachelor brother (Francisco Rabal) who is hooked on the joys of masturbation. Performed with impeccable style, always understated, director Francisco Regueiro's *Padre Nuestro* (*Our Father*) may set religious zealots back on their heels, but for just about everyone else it puts the confounding human comedy in sharp perspective. ★★★

Talent, intelligence and good intentions cannot save *Gardens of Stone* (Tri-Star), a curiously flat Vietnam drama directed by Francis Coppola as if he had spent all his creative ammo several movies ago. Set back in 1968, among the so-called Old Guard who bury the nation's war dead at Arlington National Cemetery, *Gardens segues* from a eulogy into flashbacks highlighting how fate fingers an eager young Army recruit (D. B. Sweeney) who can hardly wait for reassignment to a combat unit in 'Nam. He's a naïve superpatriot surrounded by a home-front array of hawks, doves and peaceniks portrayed by James Caan, James Earl Jones, Anjelica



Placido, Melato: Who's the boss?

Back to the battlefield
of the sexes with Lina;
Caan almost saves Coppola.

Huston, Lonette McKee and Mary Stuart Masterson. Coppola's earnest but listless version of a novel by Nicholas Proffitt gets most of its emotional snap and crackle from the leathery top sergeant played by Caan—back on the screen after a five-year absence, he acts the bejesus out of the meatiest role he's had since Coppola directed him in *The Godfather*. Now they're even. ★★

Director John Schlesinger's acknowledged skills guarantee that *The Believers* (Orion) is always riveting, if not always plausible. Voodoo evil seems to be "in" as a subject for thrillers, and this one (smoothly concocted by Mark Frost from a Nicholas Conde novel) sets Martin Sheen down in Manhattan as a widowed psychologist whose young son becomes the target for a ring of ritual child murderers. Helen Shaver plays Sheen's glamorous landlady, who becomes involved with *santería*, a mysterious religion of Afro-Cuban origin. So do Robert Loggia, Jimmy Smits and an ace company, all reeling in horror from time to time with New York as a backdrop. With *Marathon Man* and *Midnight Cowboy* to his credit, Schlesinger could give lessons in how to combine urban glitter and ghoulishness. "Weird fuckin' city you moved into, Doc," snaps Loggia, playing a harried police lieutenant. Yeah. While the ending looks both overdone and predictable, by then *Believers* will have you in a tightened circle of terror. And for once, the shocks are unspeakable but largely unseen. ★★★

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

As of now, this column will hop up from a four- to a five-Rabbit rating system (see details below). The change is designed to be more precise, allowing a fairer shake—as well as fewer split hairs—for films listed.

L'Année des Méduses (Reviewed 7/87) Beach bums and boobs in France. ★

The Assault (5/87) Oscar's choice as best foreign-language film. ★★★★★

The Believers (See review) New York, N.Y., under Schlesinger's spell. ★★★

Beverly Hills Cop II (See review) If you dote on Eddie Murphy, smile. ★★

Blind Date (7/87) More like a bland date, directed by Blake Edwards. ★★

Dirty Dancing (See review) Mostly good clean fun in the Catskills. ★★★★★

Gardens of Stone (See review) Best of Coppola's slow show is James Caan as a disillusioned Vietnam vet. ★★

Gothic (6/87) Waxing poetic with Ken Russell on a Byron-Shelley trip. ★★★★★

Hannah and Her Sisters (3/86) Woody's Oscar-laden tale of Manhattan. ★★★★★

Harry and the Hendersons (See review) A sasquatch goes to suburbia. ★★

Heaven (6/87) The hereafter explored, sort of, by Diane Keaton. ★★½

Hollywood Shuffle (5/87) Being young, gifted and black in showbiz. ★★★★★

Ishtar (See review) Mixed bag, yeah, but yields a few good giggles. ★★★★★

Jean de Florette (See review) French country life with a vengeance. ★★★★★

Making Mr. Right (6/87) Robotic man on the rocky road to romance. ★★★★★

Padre Nuestro (See review) Cardinal sins come home to roost. ★★★★★

Project X (7/87) Matthew Broderick vs. scene-stealing chimps. ★★

Radio Days (4/87) Yesteryear fondly remembered by Woody Allen. ★★★★★

Raising Arizona (5/87) Baby snatchers in a rollicking comedy from the Coen brothers, with Nicolas Cage. ★★★★★

A Room with a View (5/86) From wall to wall, a stylish comic gem. ★★★★★

The Secret of My Success (7/87) Big business for Fox, Michael J. ★★★★★

Summer Night (See review) Turning the tables on a terrorist. ★★★★★

Sweet Lorraine (See review) Memories of a ramshackle mountain inn. ★★

Swimming to Cambodia (7/87) With Spalding Gray, a talking head. ★★★★★

Tin Men (6/87) Dreyfuss and DeVito trade insults, truths and Barbara Hershey. ★★★★★

Withnail and I (7/87) A lively lost weekend with two English hams. ★★★★★

★★★★★ Outstanding

★★★★ Don't miss ★★ Worth a look

★★ Good show ★ Forget it



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ROBERT CHRISTGAU

DAVID BOWIE changes images the way Cyndi Lauper changes hairdos, so the news that the old chameleon is making yet another comeback is no news at all. And he'll likely get away with it, but let's agree right here that this time, he deserves something worse—Chapter 11, maybe. *Never Let Me Down* is proudly but expediently described by EMI America as uncategorizable. This means that instead of coming up with something "new"—such as the mechanical but functional rock disco of 1983's *Let's Dance*—Bowie has cannibalized his own past. There's hard rock and pseudo soul, a *Spiders from Mars* rehash, some mechanical but functional rock disco and a ridiculous spoken-word fable called *Glass Spider*. Through it all, Bowie favors the worst of his many inadequate voices, that of the overwrought *chanteur* who first surfaced on 1973's *Time*. The accompanying profit-taking promotion will be trademarked the Glass Spider Tour. Don't get caught.

Having already crossed Run-D.M.C. with Aerosmith and set the Beastie Boys on A.C./D.C., Rick Rubin is now said to have transformed four Brit doom fops called The Cult into Led Zeppelin. Direct comparison, however, reveals that Jimmy Page's thunderclap riffs, Robert Plant's banshee yowls and John Bonham's ka-boom are as difficult to replicate as you'd imagine. *Electric* (Sire) is nothing more than a collection of rocking riff tunes that dispenses with the droning echoes and laggardly beats of 1986's *Love*. I hear lots of Led Zep simplified—no sagas, no tempo shifts, no blues. I hear Steppenwolf (an unconvincing *Born to Be Wild*), Cream (*Aphrodite Jacket* recalls *Tales of Brave Ulysses*) and lots of Aerosmith—fop but no fool, Ian Astbury apes Steve Tyler rather than the unapproachable Plant. And I hear an LP every bit as entertaining as, say, Aerosmith's underrated *Done with Mirrors*. Good work, Rick.

VIC GARBARINI

Tom Petty has always been more of a feeler than a thinker. So when he attempted the Big Statement on 1985's *Southern Accents*, the results were predictably mixed. *"Let Me Up (I've Had Enough)"* (MCA) is his best album since *Damn the Torpedoes*, not because it offers the Right Answers but because he asks the Right Questions—such as "Who the hell am I?" Petty goes back to musical basics, admits his confusion and attempts to make art out of it. He's at his best when he bursts through his inner muddling on the Stonesian title cut and on *Jammin' Me*, a witty generic protest song for the Eighties in which, with a little help from co-writer Bob Dylan, Petty gleefully focuses his frus-



Xgau on the eternal chameleon.

Charles M. attacks Mac;
Dave does Bryan; Vic gets
Petty; and Nelson gets down.

tration on the irritations of life in media/consumer land.

On *Hard Times in the Land of Plenty* (Columbia), Omar and the Howlers know exactly who they are: They're Creedence Clearwater Revival—revived. This legendary Louisiana bar band comes by its roots honestly. The populist title cut nearly out-Fogertys Fogerty, and if the loopy charm of *Dancing in the Canebrake* (imagine Sam the Sham fronting the Band) doesn't land the Howlers in the top ten this summer, then radio's even lamer than you feared.

DAVE MARSH

Bryan Adams intends *Into the Fire* (A & M), his fifth album, to establish his credentials as something more than a teen idol. There's no better formula for producing rock's most useless flops, but he gets away with his big ideas a fair percentage of the time. Those who think Adams a non-entity haven't been paying attention (which is what has driven him to this much self-consciousness, of course). He has already proved that he can write a rock ballad that tugs heartstrings (*Summer of '69*) and, in *Diana*, he displayed a sense of humor, trying to argue the princess of Wales into dumping her prince.

Although the songs on *Into the Fire* have ostensibly weightier topics, he sticks to his basic A.O.R.-guitar attack; most of the music here isn't anything Foreigner didn't think of first, though Adams has a much

less ponderous rhythmic touch and the advantage of coproducer Bob Clearmountain's crystalline sound. As a singer, he'll never be Lou Gramm, but he rasps close enough for rock 'n' roll. The lyrics are another question. Adams comes off well in some of the most difficult songs: He's smart enough to set his antiwar number in World War One and to make sure that his song supporting native Americans contains the line "All these changes cannot be undone." *Into the Fire* is an album about lives in flux. But its weakest songs are the ones in which Adams speaks most personally—*Home Again* and, especially, *Rebel*. Rebellion isn't one of his great virtues; and, whether he knows it or not, the flux he's describing is the product of greater forces than mere rock rebellion. But that doesn't mean he doesn't make

GUEST SHOT



WITHOUT QUESTION, Bruce Hornsby (with his band, the Range) is rock's rookie of the year—he's got the best-new-artist Grammy to prove it. Currently working on his second LP, he commented on another group making serious music—U2. Here's Bruce's word on "The Joshua Tree":

"I've liked U2 ever since I saw the band in 1983. On *The Unforgettable Fire*, U2 started expanding, with more variety in sound and production. *Joshua Tree* continues in that direction, from the beautiful church-organ opening—a lot of U2 songs have a certain spiritual quality—to the use of harmonica, acoustic guitar, percussion and, on *One Tree Hill*, even strings. The folk influences seem a bit more pronounced on *Running to Stand Still*.

"U2 retains its intensity, especially in Bono's vocals and The Edge's rhythmic guitar playing. Bono's range of vocal nuance and emotion on *With or Without You* just could make it my favorite song—I know it's the hit, but it really is the one that gets me the most. The lyrics are evocative and express a lot of feelings. I also love *I Still Haven't Found What I'm Looking For*. These guys do a lot of things that other pop musicians can learn from."

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some kick-ass rock 'n' roll or that it doesn't say something.

NELSON GEORGE

Jody Watley's *Looking for a New Love* was one of the spring's hottest singles and a real woman's anthem in the tradition of Donna Summer's *She Works Hard for the Money*. But **Jody Watley** (MCA) doesn't come near matching that instant dance classic. Despite several big-name writer-producers and a duet with George Michael, this album doesn't establish Watley as a distinctive vocalist. It's all gloss and little feeling.

Public Enemy emerges from a provocative set of cultural antecedents: Malcolm X, the Black Panthers and the Nation of Islam. P.E.'s logo is a Kangol-cap-wearing black urban teen framed in the gun sight of a police revolver. As you might imagine, these Long Island rappers aim to be as political as they are fresh. On *Yo! Bum Rush the Show* (Def Jam), Chucky D and Flavor-Flav, supported by d.j. Terminator X, are mean-spirited revolutionaries with such incendiary cuts as *Timebomb* and *Rightstarter* (*Message to a Black Man*). But even the nonpolitical raps rain verbal sniper fire on cops, upwardly mobile blacks and crack dealers.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

Of all the Fleetwood Mac-alumni solo albums, I have derived the most pleasure from Mick Fleetwood's *The Visitor*, recorded in Africa in 1980, when Paul Simon was still a one-trick pony. Despite its experiments with form, the record was solidly grounded in Fleetwood's brilliant sense of percussion, which ranks him right up there with Ringo and Charlie Watts for egoless taste. He and bassist John McVie guided Fleetwood Mac through all its incarnations over the years and seem to have discouraged the excesses of their songwriting peers—Lindsey Buckingham, Stevie Nicks and Christine McVie. Unfortunately, *Tango in the Night* (Warner) is not the latest proof that Fleetwood Mac is greater than the sum of its parts. *Tango* lacks the hypnotic weirdness of *Tusk* and the relentless hooks of *Rumours*, which was probably a once-in-a-lifetime pop masterpiece. But what it most lacks is the sanity of *Rumours*, the exhilaration of setting oneself and one's partner free from an addictive relationship. Here Buckingham yearns for a *Big Love* that will solve all his problems and Christine McVie thinks that the antidote to her broken heart is a lover who will tell her "sweet little lies." This is the romantic equivalent of a reformed drunk's slipping back into the bar for a final binge: Maybe it seemed like a good idea at the time, but it's hard to justify later, even with a great rhythm section.

FAST TRACKS

R	O C K M E T E R				
	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Bryan Adams <i>Into the Fire</i>	3	7	6	6	6
David Bowie <i>Never Let Me Down</i>	3	5	5	3	3
Fleetwood Mac <i>Tango in the Night</i>	7	3	8	5	4
Prince <i>Sign 'O' the Times</i>	10	6	9	7	7
Thompson Twins <i>Close to the Bone</i>	2	5	5	4	4

BORN TO SHOP DEPARTMENT: Musicade, known for the world's greatest rock-'n'-roll catalog, has opened its first store in San Diego. The store, like the catalog, will have, the owners say, the largest selection of rock T-shirts, posters and memorabilia anywhere. Look for a Musicade store in your city in the not-too-distant future.

REELING AND ROCKING: Club Nouveau's **Jay King** plans his film debut this fall in *Just Watch This Movie*. . . . **Tina Turner**, **Joe Cocker**, **Freddie Mercury** and **Robbie Nevil** are among the international artists contributing songs to the German movie *Zabou*. . . . **Adam Ant** is making *World Gone Wild* with **Bruce Dern**, **Michael Paré** and **Catherine Mary Stewart**. . . . Look for **Tom Waits** in *Ironweed*, starring **Meryl Streep** and **Jack Nicholson**. . . . **Michael Nesmith** has two films in production: *Zippyvision*, based on *Zippy the Pinhead*, and *Motorama*, set in the future. He'd like to work with **The Monkees** on a movie, if they asked him. . . . **Sam Moore** (of *Sam and Dave* fame) and **Jr. Walker** have teamed up in *Tapeheads*. They play a soul duo called *The Swanky Modes*. . . . **Stevie Wonder** is working on a concert feature that will have him performing songs from Motown's golden age right through to the present. Plans are to release it in theaters and then make it available as a home video. . . . We hear that **Michael Jackson** is working on a spoof of the making of music videos, calling it a "mockumentary." It will include celebrity cameos and be shown in theaters.

NEWSBREAKS: **Beach Boy Carl Wilson** is producing demos for **Maria Muldaur's** singing daughter, **Jenny**. He'd like to produce her debut album. . . . **Peter Wolf** may consider an invitation to rejoin **J. Geils**, but mostly he's focused on his own album. . . . Four of Motown's hottest Sixties stars, **Martha**

Reeves, **Mary Wells**, **Eddie Kendricks** and **David Ruffin**, are joining forces this summer for a *Dancin' in the Streets* tour. They'll be performing across the country, so come get those memories. . . . **Jan Hammer** is leaving *Miami Vice* to write, produce and perform on **Clarence Clemons'** new record. He may also tour with **Jeff Beck**. . . . **Bill Wyman** plans to tour England this summer with the **Stones'** mobile studio and record new talent free. He's calling the program *Opportunity Knocks* and plans to give the young musicians he finds legal and management help as well. "I want to give something back," he says. Those planning to be in England and wishing to submit tapes should send them to Hugh Anderson, Interaction Associates, Atlantic House, 351 Oxford Street, London W1R 1FA. . . . **Willie Nelson**, **The Judds** and **Manhattan Transfer** are all scheduled to play in China this fall. . . . **Frank Zappa** is writing his autobiography, with the working title of *The Real Frank Zappa Book*, for publication in the fall of 1988. . . . We cheer **Tom Petty**, who settled with the B. F. Goodrich Company, which used a song in a commercial that was too similar to one of his. The commercial has been withdrawn. . . . The rock group **Keel's** new song, *United Nations*, was recorded with 75 background singers, including other musicians, record-company staffers, journalists, girlfriends and people pulled in off the street. Then the producers reproduced the 75 voices 20 times, creating the effect of 1500 voices—a possible *Guinness* world record. . . . And finally, when **U2** was flying to the U.S. to start a tour, the plane was struck by lightning. **Sophia Loren** was on the same flight, causing **Bono** to comment, "It must have been God taking her picture."

—BARBARA NELLIS

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TRAVEL

By P. J. O'ROURKE

My girlfriend, Dorothy, and I spent a weekend at Heritage USA, the born-again-Christian resort and amusement park created by TV evangelists Jim and Tammy Bakker, who have lately been so much in the news. Dorothy and I came to scoff—but went away converted.

Unfortunately, we were converted to Satanism. Now we're up half the night going to witches' sabbaths and have to spend our free time reciting the Lord's Prayer backward and scouring the neighborhood for black dogs to sacrifice. Frankly, it's a nuisance; but if it keeps us from going to the Heritage USA part of heaven, it will be worth it.

Just kidding. In fact, we didn't actually go to Heritage USA to scoff. At least, I didn't. I went because I was pissed. I mean, normally, I take a live-and-let-live attitude toward refried Jesus wheezers. They've got their role in life and I've got mine. Their role is to be dim, sanctimonious and boring. My role is to have a good time. But when the founders of Heritage USA start having drug blasts and zany extramarital frolics, they're stepping on my turf.

Heritage USA is a fair-sized chunk of Christendom, 2300 acres. It's half an hour from the go-go New South Sun Belt town of Charlotte, North Carolina—just over the border in the poky Old South Bible Belt county of York, South Carolina. The Heritage entrance gate looks like a Colonial Williamsburg turnpike toll plaza. Admission is free, however. Inside the gate, you have the same vaguely depressing pine barrens that you have outside. A dozen roads meander through the scrub with the sly purposelessness of burglary lookouts. Not that Heritage USA is an "empty vessel" (*Jeremiah 51:34*). By no means. Recreation facilities are "ministered unto you abundantly" (*II Peter 1:11*). There are playgrounds, kiddie rides, bridle paths, tennis courts and swimming pools, where I guess you have to lose faith at least temporarily or you'll just stand around on top of the water. And there are vacation cottages for rent and condo homes for sale, plus campgrounds and acres of gravel to park your Winnebago on. A golf course is being laid out. I'll rush back as soon as it's done, just to hear what new kinds of blasphemy Christian golf leads to:

"This cup is the New Testament in my blood."—*I Corinthians 11:25*.

"I will put my hook in thy nose."—*II Kings 19:28*.



HERITAGE USA

And you can visit the world headquarters of PTL, which is in the middle of a huge scandal right now, just like a real television network.

Amid these lesser marvels is an artificial lake with a 52-foot water slide and the world's largest wave-making pool. A little choo-choo train goes all the way around the lake shore. And across from the train station is an enormous hotel, shopping, theater, restaurant and indoor inspirational-loitering center.

The architects must have been touched by the Holy Spirit, because they were definitely speaking the language of design in tongues when they did this. At one end, there's the Heritage Grand Hotel, Georgian on steroids, Monticello mated with a Ramada Inn and finished in Wendy's Old Fashioned Hamburgers Gothic. This is attached to a 200-yard stretch of bogus Victorian house fronts that screen the shopping mall. The house fronts have extruded-plastic-gingerbread details and are painted in colors unfit for baboon posteriors. Interesting that the same God Who inspired the cathedral at Chartres, Westminster Abbey and the Sistine Chapel inspired this. That Big Guy Upstairs can be a real kiddier.

Dorothy immediately went shopping. She's normally as good at this as any human female. But she was back in minutes, with no bags or packages and with a dazed, perplexed expression, like a

starved Ethiopian given a piece of wax fruit. What could be the matter?

We went into the bookstore and I found out. There on the shelves were personal affirmations of faith by Roy Rogers and Dale Evans, a born-again diet plan, a transcription of the horrible (though rather unimaginative) things you can hear if you play rock-'n'-roll records backward and a weighty tome arguing that every time the New Testament says wine, it really means grape juice. But I couldn't find anything you'd actually call a book. The Bibles themselves had names like *A Bible Even You Can Read* and *The Bible in English Just Like Jesus Talked*.

Then we went into the music store. It was the same thing. There were racks of tapes and records by Christian pop groups, Christian folk groups, Christian heavy-metal groups, Christian reggae groups, all of them singing original compositions about the Lord. No album was actually titled *I Found God and Lost My Talent*, but I'm sure that was just an oversight. There was even a "Christian rap music" cassette called *Bible Break*. (I was witnessing a miracle, I was sure, or auditing one, anyway: Here was something that sounded worse than genuine rap.)

The toy store was weirder yet. The stuffed toys had names like Born-Again Bunny and Devotion Duck. A child-sized panoply of Biblical weapons was for sale, including Armor of God, Helmet of Faith and a Sword of Truth that looked ideal for a clobber of little sister. And there were Biblical action figures—Goliath with a bashed skull, David looking fruity in a goatskin sarong, Samson and Delilah as Arnold Schwarzenegger and Maria Shriver. COMES SEDUCTIVELY DRESSED read the copy on Delilah's bubble pack. Here was a shopper's hell, indeed.

I looked at the people crowding the Heritage Main Street mall. They didn't seem to be having much fun here. Many of them were old; none looked very well off. There was a dullness in their movements and expressions. Even the little kids looked somber and thick. In the men's-room stall where I went to sneak a cigarette, there were only four bits of graffiti:

DO YOU KNOW WERE [sic] YOUR WIFE IS AT
JESUS IS #1

666

PLEASE DON'T MARK THESE WALLS

The last was scratched into the paint with a key or pocketknife.

I almost don't (concluded on page 153)

BOOKS

THERE IS HOPE, sometimes rewarded, that biographies will provide a golden key, unlocking some essential mystery about a person of unique interest—that and some good gossip. Timeless insights into the human condition, plus a little dirt, are what we're after.

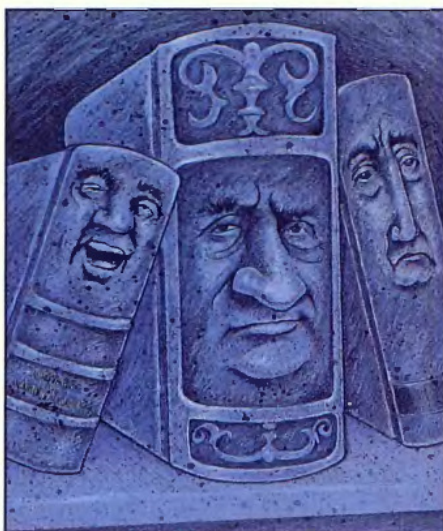
We didn't go for obvious ones; we tried to find those you might have missed.

Evelyn Waugh: *The Early Years 1903–1939* (J. M. Dent), by Martin Stannard: Waugh was a curmudgeon, peevish and crabby, and probably the funniest black humorist ever, his clean prose a lesson to us all. Waugh was also something of a boy wonder, a novelist famous before he was 30, who suffered from what might be called Robin Leach's disease—a compulsion to hang out with rich people. Served up in this somewhat academic but readable biography is plenty of roaring-Twenties bisexual debauchery, travel to exotic places and failed love affairs, which all add spice to a most unusual career.

William Faulkner: *The Man and the Artist* (Harper & Row), by Stephen B. Oates: Faulkner, considered by many the greatest 20th Century American novelist, was also a drunk, a charming liar and, when he chose to be, a cold son of a bitch. He loved airplanes but was a rotten pilot. Until late in his life, his books never made much money, so he labored through the Thirties and Forties in Hollywood, writing script after script to support the crowd of relatives back in Mississippi, taking comfort in bourbon, an understanding mistress and bird hunting with friends. Faulkner's is the triumph of vision over big feet of clay, here nicely told.

Mary Shelley (Dutton), by Muriel Spark: They didn't call them romantics for nothing! This new revision of Spark's first book reveals a novelist's narrative skill in pace and selective detail—which is to say that one of its virtues is that it's *short*. Mary was the daughter of the famous William Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft, wife of the more famous Shelley, whom she outlived by many years, and author, before she was 20, of *Frankenstein*. But hers is mainly a love story with a sad ending. Shelley, married at the time though soon to be divorced, young himself, fell in love with her when she was 17—and they took off running to Europe, giddily happy with each other. They kept a journal, traveled on the cheap, read and wrote; all but one of their children died, and Mary was left with a heart full of bitterness.

Wilbur and Orville (Knopf), by Fred Howard: While it could be a Horatio Alger novel—*Obscure Bicycle Makers from Dayton Make Good!*—this is also a romance, only here the love affair is with nuts and bolts, technology. Neither Wilbur nor Orville ever married, and they're noticeably short on girlfriends, even, in



A potpourri of intriguing biographies.

A biography roundup;
Dickey's tour de force;
a guide to music videos.

these pages—but they were long on good old American know-how and inventiveness. Howard is excellent at describing the thinking and scientific principles that went into the Wrights' early experiments with flight. What's more intriguing, however, is what happens *after* the invention—the competitive scramble to make the plane commercially viable (the Wrights' first prospective customers, naturally, were the military) and the long battles to protect patents—making this as much a business story as a saga of grit and personal daring.

Winsor McCay—*His Life and Art* (Abbeville Press), by John Canemaker: McCay's life was fairly uneventful, but he was the creator of *Little Nemo in Slumberland*, an early landmark Sunday comic that was an opium dream of a strip and that served as the basis of one of the first animated cartoons, predating Disney by 20 years. This handsomely produced volume brims with color reproductions of McCay's work; if the biography is less than compelling, it's well worth a spot on the coffee table of anyone who's interested in comic art.

Peter the Great (Dutton), by Henri Troyat: Czar Peter, on the other hand, couldn't have had a *more* eventful life. Brilliant, brutal, headstrong, tempestuous, passionate, he attempted nothing less than the modernization of early-18th Century Russia. Unfortunately, he wasn't above donating the lives of thousands of peasants to the cause—whether in war or in building St. Petersburg in the mud and

marshes. A man of vast appetites, with an array of quirks ranging from the endearing (he loved to travel incognito and work as a common laborer) to the ghastly (he loved torture, too, and personally tortured one of his own sons to death), Peter was a giant figure in a giant land. Troyat's biography does a good job of capturing the man and his place in legend.

Is That It? (Weidenfeld & Nicolson), by Bob Geldof with Paul Vallely: Who would have thought it? In many ways, the best of the lot is this autobiography of a rebel rocker, leader of the Boomtown Rats, who organized Band Aid and Live Aid and was nominated for a Nobel Peace Prize. The writing is surprisingly good, often funny, and Geldof comes off as a bright, likable chap—even while growing up delinquent in Dublin, at war with his old man and his Catholic teachers (he once wrote to China for 100 of Mao's *Little Red Books* and distributed them to classmates). Geldof's concern about the Ethiopian famine was no sudden publicity stunt but had roots dating back to his childhood. His tireless work to launch those benefits and then to remain a spokesman for the cause are sharpened by the fact that the Boomtown Rats' declining popularity found Geldof broke and in debt, even as he was meeting international heads of state to promote famine relief. A good lad. —DAVID STANDISH

There is a difference between a tour de force and a masterpiece, and if you want to know what it is, consider the works of James Dickey. His first novel, *Deliverance*, was a masterpiece; it was also a terrific modern adventure story, a book that put him in the honored company of Jack London. His new novel, *Alnilam* (Doubleday), is a tour de force that belongs in the company of, oh, Norman Mailer's *Ancient Evenings* or William Faulkner's *A Fable*. This is a big, enveloping book with astronomical goals (Alnilam happens to be the middle star in Orion's belt) and concerns aviation, blindness, fatherhood, even air. But it is also long and windy and relies on an irritating split-screen device that alternates the point of view of a blind man with that of a sighted observer. This technique does very little other than make the book mechanically, as well as conceptually, hard to read. In the end, one is grateful for the occasional flights of language and can hope that Dickey has gotten this one out of his system.

BOOK BAG

Music Video: *A Consumer's Guide* (Ballantine), by Michael Shore: Music journalist and MTV staff writer Shore has amassed 900 entries with info, reviews and rating system of must see and must avoid. A music-video addict? You'll want this book.



SPORTS

By DAN JENKINS

All of my patients are encouraged to drop by the office any time they wish, whether they have a session scheduled or not. Many of them do come just to sit around, drink coffee, read magazines, watch my secretary mail bills. Occasionally, some of them bring their deli sandwiches and sodas and have lunch in the waiting room. I would much prefer to have them here in the warmth and safety of my office rather than out on the street, where they might be tempted to go to another Red Sox game.

Basically, two kinds of patients come to me for help. There are those who are trying to fight their Red Sox addiction and those who have already been infected with the Red Sox virus and are struggling to cope with it, hoping to find some peace and happiness in the few months they have left.

Needless to say, I hear a lot of horror stories. Let me just play you a couple of tapes. First, here's part of a session I had last month with a Red Sox addict who now lives in New York:

"I never thought it could happen to me, Doc. I thought I could control it. At first, it was just bumper stickers. I didn't think anything about it. Everybody had a bumper sticker of some kind. Mine were harmless. They didn't say F*CK REAGAN or anything, they just said GO RED SOX.

"But then it gets a grip on you. Like, I went to this black-tie dinner and wore a Red Sox cap. I was getting seduced. Next, I was taking showers in my Red Sox warm-up jacket. I couldn't take a shit without it.

"Pretty soon, you start calling in sick at work. All you want to do is stay home and watch the games you've taped. Somebody says you're about to lose your job, but so what? The Red Sox are the only thing that's important any more.

"Then come the lies. My wife said, 'What are you doing wearing that stupid cap and warm-up jacket around the house?' I said, 'What cap? What jacket?'

"She took away my cap and jacket, but I had others stashed away. I kept them locked up in drawers. I'd unlock a drawer, sneak a peek at the B on a cap or a jacket, then slam the drawer shut. Thirty-seven minutes later, I'd have to do it again. I'd have to see that logo.

"After a while, you get paranoid. You start to close the curtains before you unlock the drawer and look at the logo.



THE DOCTOR IS IN

And you stand for hours peering out of the window, keeping a lookout for all the Yankee fans who are out there wanting to give you a urine test.

"It's everywhere, Doc. It's on the school grounds, in corporate offices, restaurants, any bar you frequent, the discos, all over the streets. Why can't the cops do something? They know where most of it comes from. Boston! They know who's bringing it in. Perfectly respectable-looking people. Grown-up men and women.

"I guess I finally realized I needed therapy when I started sleeping with the photograph of Roger Clemens. And I knew the heartbreak I was in for. I knew I'd lose my wife, the kids, the job, my home, everything. I tried to tell myself it would be worth it if the Red Sox won the world series; but somehow, I knew deep-down, it couldn't happen. They never win the world series. Not with Ted Williams or Yaz or nobody. So how were they gonna win it with this bunch of creeps?

"That's the worst thing it does to you. It makes you feel brilliant, like you and the Red Sox are gonna win the world series and you'll have these world-championship patches to put on your warm-up jacket and these world-championship bumper stickers to put on your car.

"You feel like nobody can outsmart you, but that's the Big Lie. All you're gonna do is wind up in the gutter.

"I know this is true, but I can feel it happening to me again. You got to help me, Doc. Make me a Met. Anything."

I'm happy to report that the patient is making some progress. I started him off on what I call the Texas Rangers program, and he's been clean for the past three weeks.

Of course, it's tougher to deal with someone who's been infected with the Red Sox virus. The tape you are about to hear is heartbreakingly typical of the person who's been stricken:

"My friends and I had always known how promiscuous the Red Sox are. We'd heard about all of these people who had been infected in '46 and others in '67 and still others in '75, but nothing serious happened to them, because penicillin took care of everything. Sure, a lot of them wound up in mental institutions, but nobody died, for God's sake.

"Now I don't know, Doc. I fear for the future. My life is over and I'm resigned to it, but what about the next generation?


"If we have a few more seasons like last year, there could be 20,000,000 cases of Red Sox virus by 1992. I don't think the Red Sox are going to stop fucking people, and that's mainly how you can catch it.

"It's so easy to get taken in. They flirt with you and fondle you, like they did last year, and you fall for it. You fall into the trap of making love with them in all the normal ways, and the next thing you know, they've stuck it up your ass.

"You know the risk you're taking, but somehow you can't resist. You get swept up in another world. The earth moves. You think, Here I am, just an ordinary person, but I'm making it with the Red Sox and we're going to win a world series.

"Your eyes roll back in your head and you claw them on the shoulders, and you're on this roller-coaster ride you hope never ends. You forget the dangers. All that seems to matter is the moment.

"But then it happens. The unthinkable. The same old thing. Just as you're in the middle of the most wonderful dream you've ever had—you can even envision the ticker-tape parades—the ball rolls between this guy's legs, and suddenly you realize that love never had anything to do with it; you've only been fucked again.

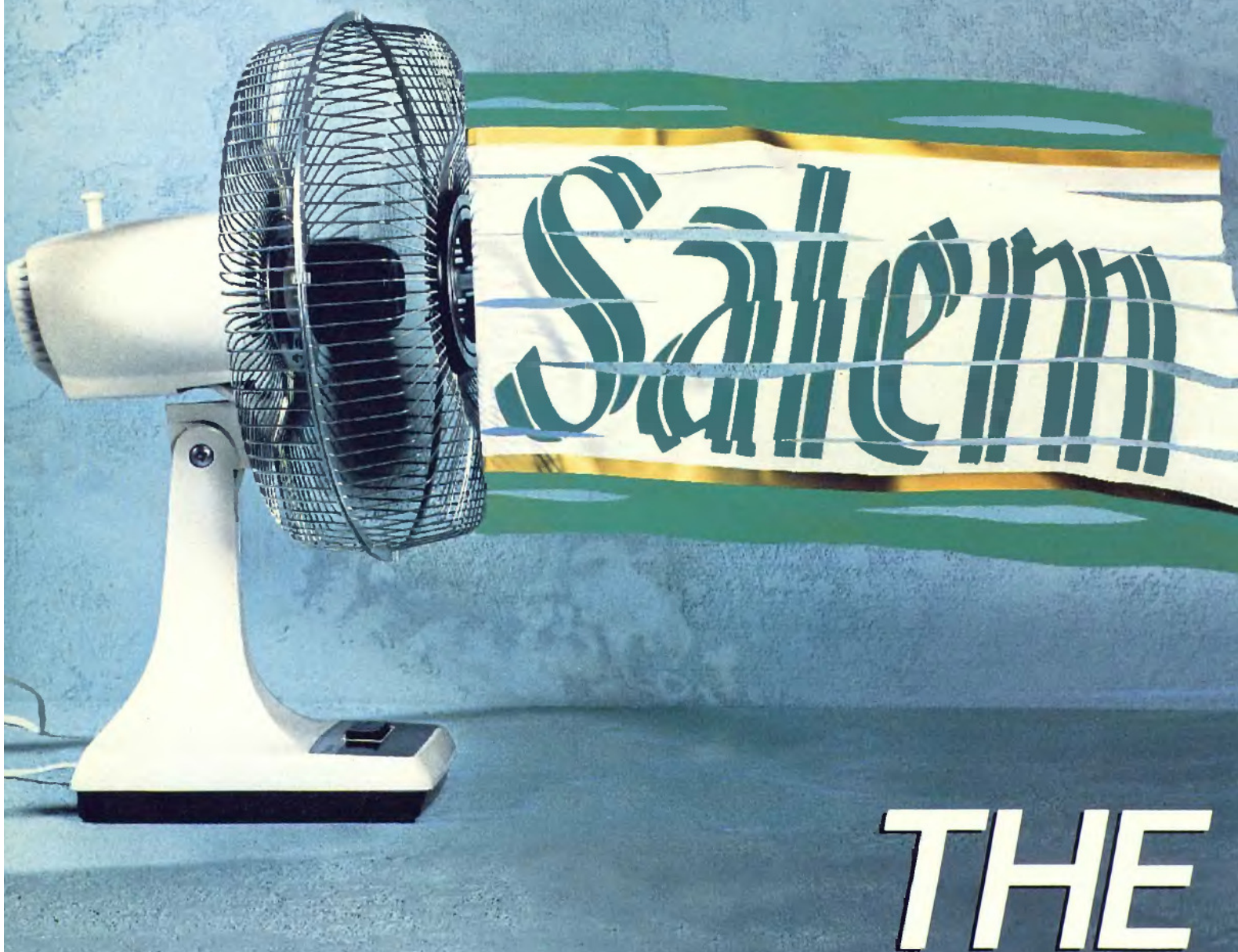
"Forget me, Doc. I'm done for. But if we care about the future, there's only one answer. We've got to find a way to make the Red Sox wear condoms." 



*When the
heat is on,

escape to
the ultimate...*

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



THE

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17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.



REFRESHEST

By ASA BABER

You're probably reading this while you're lying on the beach. You're probably looking around at the scenery every ten seconds. The hills and valleys and tan places with suntan oil on them—that's the scenery I'm talking about. You say it's taken you 15 minutes to read these four sentences? I understand.

You're trying to get up your nerve to talk to the women who appeal to you, aren't you? You're thinking of intros. "Nice day, isn't it?" "Excuse me, do you have the time?" "I'm sorry, but could I borrow a little suntan lotion?" "Do you know your back is getting sunburned?"

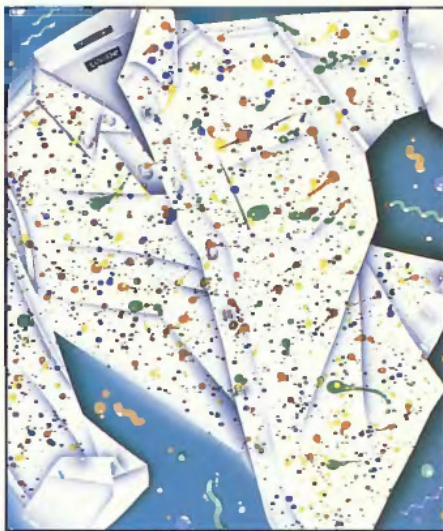
Oh, clever. Really clever. You know those are dumb lines. You know you'd like to have some new material. And you also know that you're not crazy about possible rejection. Face it: There's not a man alive who hasn't backed down, wussied out, walked away from a woman who was attractive to him—but who seemed too beautiful and formidable to deal with.

Well, you've come to the right column. There are ways around your shyness. It just takes a little thought, some minimal planning. All you need is a knee brace, an old shirt and a piece of paper—three items that will change your luck for the better. You use them at different times in different ways, but they all point to the same goal: meeting and greeting women.

1. *The knee brace.* We're talking much more than an Ace bandage here. We're talking a device, an implement, a big old thing that has straps and braces and leather and hinges, a medieval contraption that makes it look as if you definitely have a knee that doesn't work. Sure, it'll cost a little, but you can always buy the basic brace and then jazz it up at home.

Frankly, if you had your knee brace with you on your beach blanket, you probably wouldn't be alone now. If you'd limped onto the beach while wearing it—and you have to limp with a knee brace or you'll spoil the effect—you'd have been an immediate conversation piece. You'd have been noticed, and some of the women watching you would have felt sorry for you, which is exactly what you want.

Go back to the beach tomorrow wearing your knee brace. Limp toward the water. Smile bravely. If you see an attractive woman, sink suddenly to the sand while you hold your braced knee with both hands. Don't fall right on top of her. Have a little cough. Drop to one side of her towel and moan once. Only once. If she offers to



THREE TO GET LUCKY

help you, refuse that help. At first. But keep talking as you test your knee, collapse again, stare at the sky and silently curse your fate.

Do *not* claim that your injury is an old war wound. Women these days couldn't care less about veterans. They see them as stubborn and devious and preoccupied with sex, which is accurate. No, you want to come on as a professional athlete who has just signed a huge contract and has three months to go before time trials/football camp/spring training. The three months give you time to figure out another story.

The knee brace presents you as virile but temporarily fallen, a condition most women cannot resist. It is ideal for beaches, health clubs, jogging paths, swimming pools. It's almost as good as the shirt.

2. *The shirt.* I don't know which shirt. Just pick out one of your old shirts. Then buy some small tubes of paint from an artists'-supplies store. Put different colors on each of your finger tips. Slowly wipe them all over your shirt. Let the paint dry. Take the shirt with you wherever you go.

The gig is this: You go to the nearest art museum and find the room with the French painters in it. You're wearing your old shirt. You've mussed your hair slightly. You stand and stare at the paintings. You seem oblivious to everyone. Try

to look tortured, hungry and rebellious. Think of your last tax audit or something like that.

Within three minutes, one or two women will begin circling around you and the painting you're staring at. Sigh once. Only once. By this time, you'll probably be asked if you're a painter. Nod that yes, you are, and ask one of these three questions: (A) "Do you think Seurat was diabetic, or was he really exploring the nature of light and form?" (B) "If Dauter were drawing today, do you think Disney Studios would give him a job?" (C) "Do you ever want to get away from it all the way Gauguin did?"

There is a chance that you will be asked about your work. You should say, "I'm into acrylics, mostly, but I still like oils." If pressed further, say, "Look, I really don't like to talk about my work while it's in progress." Say this with a controlled hysteria that indicates that your brilliance often gives you agony. She'll love it.

3. *The piece of paper.* Any piece of paper will do. Write down some things you need for your home. Do not list brand names. That shows no imagination and defeats your purpose. Not much conversation can be made out of "Where's the Clorox?"

So you write vague descriptions of the things you need: "stuff to clean floors with," "something to eat," "bleach and soap." That's enough. You're doing categories, not names.

Then go to your nearest grocery store. Better make it a large one, because you're going to be hanging around for a while. Your face should be a combination of puzzled, hopeful, sorrowful, plucky, sexually neutral. Glance at the list, stare at the shelves, shake your head in confusion, look around shyly for help.

You are the ultimate helpless male. You are either divorced, widowed or just back from Central America (you pick it). As a helpless male, you have every right to ask advice from the women who happen to pass by and who, coincidentally, happen to appeal to you. You are harmless, vulnerable, trying to hold your own household together. How can any woman be offended? You and she are, at that moment, just two tired girls on the highway of life!

OK, that's three to get lucky. I've got more of them. Later I'll tell you about the toe shoes, the dark glasses and the goldfish.

WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

I packed my bags and left town with the kid. He had always wanted to go to the Caribbean. I didn't care much. My life was shot. OK, not shot.

But there comes a time in a woman's life when too much water has gone under the bridge and the idea of knitting seems awfully racy. When even fantasies are too much trouble. When the prospect of being sexual seems appalling. My friends scoffed when I said I was never taking my clothes off in company again. "Well, not for a year," I said. "I may not be retired, but I'm on a leave of absence. Anybody wants to fuck me, he can apply in June 1988."

"I'll bet you dinner at the Gotham you'll get laid in the next two months," said Rita.

"Don't be crude," I said. "We're talking about a life crisis here."

I have ironclad reasons. One is the male-shortage myth, political propaganda to make women feel desperate. Women are being pressured intensely to give up jobs and start batting their eyelashes again. Antifeminist propaganda has reached an alarming high. Even my erstwhile pal Asa Baber has joined the band wagon in his recent *Men* columns. This depresses me. Then there are the diseases; then there is my personal life.

Maybe this has happened to you: You're demented in love; you spend too long finding out it will never work. Then you spend an equally long time feeling like a plant that has been bending toward the sun but whose light source has changed; now it's time to start growing upright again. Please say you know what I mean.

Anyway, Barbados is just off Trinidad, near the equator; the heat is so thick you feel as if you're being ironed. The airport was probably ten miles from our hotel, but the cab ride took about 45 minutes, because the main highways were barely two cars wide and people walked on them, often holding parasols or carrying large parcels on their heads. Plenty of wild, strangely configured palms, plenty of monkeys.

We arrived at our hotel, the Colony Club, which probably has the best beach situation in the world. Overhanging trees, chaise longues under thatched umbrellas, the bar and open-air luncheon patio right there, so you can get a thickly rummed piña colada and lie there getting gently drunk and then stroll into the Caribbean, which cradles you like a baby.

I floated and stared at the poisonous



HOLIDAY HEALING

manchineel trees and got to feeling rickety and strange. The last thing I wanted was for the tension to ooze from my body, since it was holding me together. So I got dressed and went to the police station.

"I want a driving permit, please," I said to the cutest cop I've ever seen. He took my money, stared deep into my eyes and told me his name was Colin. Perked me right up.

The kid and I went to the flower forest and took pictures of each other. We went to the wildlife preserve, where I went into shock watching a monkey carrying around her dead baby while the other monkeys tried to wrest it from her grasp. We went to Bridgetown, the capital, and looked at hideous duty-free china. We sweated like pigs and drank Banks beer, which is wonderful. I was running around as if I were in New York.

That night, while I was dressing for dinner—which you have to do in Barbados, since there don't seem to be any inellegant restaurants—the telephone rang. This was obviously a mistake; no one was allowed to call me. It was the cop.

I swear I said I would go out with him only because the tourists in Barbados are so unappealing you don't want to talk with them. So I said, "Sure, Colin, come right over."

He doesn't drink; he is in the habit of busting people for drugs; he lives with his mother and several siblings. "How do you

like the tourists here?" I asked him.

"Is there a city in the United States called Georgia?" he wondered. "I shouldn't say this, but those people are rude. Why do they come here, where the population is 90 percent black?" What could I tell him?

I don't know, it became a relationship. The sun did the inevitable and relaxed me. I bought a tiger-print sarong from a beach vendor. I snorkeled and saw the pretty fishies. Colin called three times a day, often fresh from another drug bust. We had tiffs, even. More like negotiations. About my not being where I'd said I'd be, about his being late.

It seemed normal, which I'm not used to. I'm used to 1987, the attitudes between the sexes being basically "I hate you and I'm going to play every game I can think of." "Oh, yeah? Well, fuck you!" This vacation relationship was organic give-and-take; I started dimly remembering the way things used to be.

I was having vivid dreams and nightmares every night to the tune of the ceiling fan. One morning, I woke up and the unhappiness that had been permeating me suddenly seemed discrete, tangible. I could almost see it—a black bundle of misery—and I was beginning to separate from it. I don't want to be like this anymore, I thought. I'm going to stop.

"I'm hungry, Mom; let's go to breakfast," said the kid. We ate papaya and pancakes and drank strong tea and decided we were too lazy to ever move again. I felt my misery floating away, off into space. Tropical strangeness.

Meanwhile, I was hardly letting Colin hold my hand. Too soon it was my last night. Colin and I went walking on the beach. Every time he tried to touch me, I closed up. He thought I was a maniac. I used up some courage to put my arm around his waist, where I felt a bulge. He wasn't glad to see me; he had a pistol in his pocket. We came to some rocks.

"Let's go skinny-dipping."

"I don't want to."

"Why not?"

What could I say? Because I'm a dried-up prune? Untrusting and frightened?

"Let's go skinny-dipping."

Reader, I looked up. At that moment, a star dropped straight down from the sky. I looked at the sea, then at Colin, grinning in the dark. I started untying my sarong. What the hell, you gotta live.

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AGAINST THE WIND

By CRAIG VETTER

My accountant and I met for the first time at a place called The Adventurers Club. Very damned appropriate, it seemed to me, because I'd been crouched in the deep bush for years and years without paying Federal income tax (*Against the Wind*, PLAYBOY, April). I'd had my reasons at the time I went off the track, but I'd outgrown them; and now I wanted passage back over to the legal side of the border, which was going to take a guide who knew how to wield the big machete.

Just inside the door of the clubroom, a monstrous grizzly, arms spread, jaws open, loomed over us as if to say, "If I weren't dead, you'd be lunch." Antlered heads stared from the walls across the room into a glass case where a couple of shrunk heads napped side by side—a sort of reminder, I thought, that in some places, death and taxes are not only inevitable, they are the same thing.

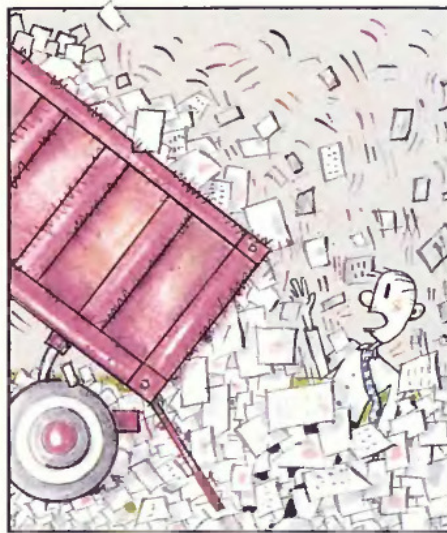
"Chances are good you won't go to jail," the accountant said by way of opening the conversation, trying to calm me down. "Unless, of course, you lie about your income or otherwise try to defraud the Government. I don't know of a single case where someone who has turned himself in voluntarily has actually done time." He was careful to add that nothing was guaranteed; anything was possible if somebody at the IRS got a hair up his ass.

I rendered my situation for him as honestly as I could: A decade or so outside the system, I don't know what I owe—and whatever it is, I didn't have it then and I don't have it now. He nodded, said he'd had cases like this before, and then he started talking logistics.

Finally, I said, "You know, I think the main reason I haven't kept up with this stuff is that I'm scared of money. Just deep down terrified."

"Me, too," said the accountant. I decided that was the right answer, in the spirit of great climbers I've known who say things like "If you're not afraid of heights, you don't belong up here."

A couple of days later, I sat amid the rubble of old checkbooks and receipts and 1099s. Over the years, I'd thrown all my financial records into a large trunk against the day I knew I'd have to take this trip; and once I had them out and on the floor around me, the situation didn't seem as bad as I'd expected—it seemed worse, much worse. I'd been trying to keep my sense of humor about the whole thing, and I'd done all right up to then; but as I



TAX FUGITIVE II

began picking through the garbage heap of my records, all laughter died a whimpering sort of death.

I'd put a quote from Ralph Waldo Emerson on an index card before I'd begun, and I read it again to try to get my mind moving in the right direction: "Money, which represents the prose of life, and which is hardly spoken of in parlors without an apology, is, in its effects and laws, as beautiful as roses."

I tried to remember as many of the laws of money as I could; and as I did, it became clear that if those laws are really anything like roses, what they amount to for people like me is the garden of agony. If money is just a way of keeping score, for instance, shouldn't there be a slaughter rule for those who fall hopelessly behind? And if money doesn't buy happiness, why is it that poverty seems to buy worry and trouble in such wholesale lots?

An hour after I'd begun sorting the nasty scraps, I had that sweat on me that smells more like piss than like perspiration. I took it to be the pure distilled essence of every fearful moment I'd spent fleeing financial adulthood. I tried to tell myself to relax, that it was only money we were dealing with here. Then I found a six-year-old telephone bill with a long-distance call on it that had cost me \$24. I remembered it vividly: a pathetic, anguished call, just one of a series of desperate late-night conversations that had

ended in the kind of pain it takes years to shake. And it hit me—none of this is about money. Every old envelope contained at least one canceled check, or a bill, or an I O U that was a trap door to some scene I didn't want replayed.

Just before I'd started the sorting, a reporter friend had said something he'd meant to be encouraging. "Once you've taken your deductions and figured them against your earnings, you probably won't owe that much. I mean, a journalist can pretty much write his whole life off." Over the 15 hours it took me to put those years on columnar paper, it occurred to me that there were three meanings to his words and that only one of them had to do with the IRS.

So far, it's taken five sessions, a couple of hours each, with the accountant to assemble the fragments of my sorry fiscal life into the kinds of line items and final sums that fit onto a tax return. A half an hour into the interviews, I was ready to bolt, to go to jail if that was what it meant—anything to end the horrible personal inventory he was taking.

"And what year were you divorced?"

"Oh, God . . . ah . . . 1983 for the formal decree, I think."

"No. I mean the first divorce."

"Oh, Christ . . ."

Then, while I sat there fighting off a memory with a face like a meat-eating bear, he'd riffle through the books and charts and tables that contained the applicable IRS laws of money—the Federal roses—for that year. Every now and then, he'd brighten and say something like "Oh, this is excellent," and then he'd read the double- and quadruple-negative speak of some old statute that seemed to move things a measly distance in my favor. I sat there wondering whether it's proper to thank the man who brings you a cup of poison because he's managed to spill some of it on the way out of the kitchen.

On my walks home from the sessions with the accountant, I gave myself all the little Zen sermons about the universe unfolding just as it should whether we know it or not, but they didn't work. The estimate of what I owe so far is awful. Of course, if the IRS lets me pay it off at a couple of hundred bucks a month, it's going to take only 10 or 12 years to settle up. Then again, I haven't even heard from the Government yet, and it may have another idea on how to prune my roses.

I can't wait.



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

In the June 1986 *Playboy Advisor*, you advised that there is no safe way to increase the length of one's penis. Let me ask you, is there an *unsafe* way to do it? I'm sick and tired of missing out on so much action just because I am a dimple dick. I am attractive, affectionate and virile, but my erections are on the small side of average and the flaccid state is downright embarrassing. The sex "experts" insist that size really doesn't matter, but that is a crock! Just check out any of the swingers' magazines. At bars, women will give me the eye; but when they reach the crotch, the eye is all I end up getting. I love sex, have a pleasant personality, have no sexually transmitted diseases and possess all the other qualities of a good lover; it is just that the tool doesn't measure up. I'm ready to try anything. To me, it's worth the risk. After all, when a hooker takes one look at you and offers a discount—what more can I say? Thanks for any advice or referrals.—D. L., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Sorry, but your argument doesn't measure up. We suspect that your basic problem is not in the size of your penis—it's in your head. Numerous studies have shown that clitoral stimulation—not the size of a lover's penis—is the key to sexual satisfaction in women. If you suspect that you're particularly underendowed, see a urologist or an endocrinologist for an examination that can determine whether there is a physiological or hormonal cause for your problem. Otherwise, you're just going to have to learn to live with yourself the way you are. In your letter, you describe yourself with many positive adjectives—and we think those are the traits and qualities you should emphasize when dealing with women. We believe that once you find a caring, understanding partner who will accept you as you are, your concerns will be banished forever. In the meantime, we repeat: There is no safe, effective means of increasing the size of the penis. Many of the products you see advertised that make such claims are not only ineffective but potentially dangerous. Change your attitude and save your money.

With a new equalizer added to my stereo system, I plan to record a lot of my cassettes in the near future. This equalizer features a pink-noise generator and is capable of recording equalized tapes. I am sure that this will greatly enhance the quality of my recordings, but my questions are: Am I better off recording the music equalized to my current listening room's acoustics, or will a nonequalized recording yield better sound quality when I adjust the equalizer to accommodate future apartments and rooms (considering varying room dimensions, carpeting, fur-



niture, etc.)? Will I minimize the equalizer's capability by playing equalized tape number one (recorded in room number one) in room number two with the equalizer compensating for that room's acoustical character? Of course, this is just another of life's quandaries. What's my best move?—G. J., Madison, Wisconsin.

We recommend that you not equalize your tapes when you record them. It would be best to use the equalizer to compensate for a room's acoustics at the time of playback. As you mentioned, you will get better sound quality in a future listening room by compensating for that room's acoustics with a nonequalized tape rather than by possibly having to make large compensations to balance out a tape equalized to a different room. Another reason is that nonequalized tapes will be available for playback in your car stereo, in a portable unit or at a friend's house. This would not be true of an equalized tape. If your room's acoustics dictate the need for severe equalizations, pre-equalized tapes may sound terrible in another environment. Your best bet is to record the tapes without equalizations and use the settings specified by the pink-noise generator for playback of your tapes. That approach will allow you the best sound quality now and in future applications.

AIDS has increased our awareness of safe sex. Now a lot of my friends are using condoms or trying to. The resistance we get is amazing—inane remarks such as "I can't feel a thing when I wear a condom; it's like wearing a raincoat in the shower." Got any witty responses for this situation?—Miss E. W., Hartford, Connecticut.

"Can't feel a thing? Then you won't mind if

I practice nipple piercing, or open-heart surgery, or my heavy-metal S/M act on your backside." No, we're not sure that levity is the best solution for this kind of confrontation. Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality ran a list of typical remarks of defensive, resistant or manipulative partners. There are those who argue they don't need to use condoms: "I know I'm clean [disease-free]; I haven't had sex with anyone in X months." The suggested response: "Thanks for telling me. As far as I know, I'm disease-free, too. But I'd still like to use a condom, since either of us could have an infection and not know it." Then there are partners who argue that "condoms are unnatural, fake and a total turn-off." The suggested response: "There's nothing great about genital infections, either—either give the condom a try or let's look for alternatives." "What alternatives do you have in mind?" "Just petting and maybe some manual stimulation. Or we could postpone orgasm, even though I know we both want it." Then there are the manipulative assholes who rant, "This is an insult. You seem to think I'm some sort of disease-ridden slut or gigolo." The prim-and-proper response: "I didn't say or imply that. I care about us both and about our relationship. In my opinion, it's best to use a condom." And then the last gasp of the desperate: "Just this once." Reply: "Once is all it takes." Clearly, there is a lot of pressure and urgency out there. Taking time to talk it out will not destroy the passion.

I recently joined a health club to get back in shape, lose my love handles and perhaps find someone to work out with in the best two out of three falls. What's the latest theory on the best time of day for exercising?—R. F., Des Moines, Iowa.

For over-all fitness, find a time that will fit your schedule. If you don't make your workouts, nothing happens. No matter what time of day you work out, your body does the same amount of work. However, according to a recent study, if you exercise in the morning on an empty stomach, the calories you burn come more from fat than from lean, so you may slim down faster if you skip that breakfast at McDonald's and hunker down over a short stack of iron. As for the social side of working out, it varies from club to club. If you like playing to crowds, the after-work sessions are prime time. The people you meet in the off hours are more likely to be serious fitness freaks, which, to our minds, makes them more interesting.

My girlfriend goes to a school in another state. One of the ways we keep this long-distance affair going is by exchanging sex fantasies by mail. We've read Anais Nin's and Lonnie Barbach's collections of sexual fantasies, as well as the books by Nancy Friday. We then try to

custom-tailor fantasies for each other. Neat, right? Now, here is the problem, if it is a problem: We've noticed that my fantasies are longer and more varied than hers. Does this bode ill for the relationship? I've read that different levels of desire in a couple can wreak havoc. Are different fantasies an early warning?—P. J., Boston, Massachusetts.

Relax. If you are uninhibited enough to share fantasies, this relationship has a great chance of making it into the Playboy Advisor Hall of Fame. Don't let distance be the only excuse for sharing X-rated scenarios; be sure to keep it up when you're next to each other. It happens that the differences you've noticed are normal. Two researchers at the University of South Carolina asked students to write sexual fantasies. Males wrote longer, more explicit and varied fantasies than did females. There were some interesting differences in how the sexes reacted to examples of fantasy. Males, when they read fantasies involving sexual activity within relationships, mentioned more specific sex organs than did males reading materials involving casual strangers. Females included more sex organs when they read examples describing sexual encounters between casual strangers than when they read fantasies describing sex within a relationship. You figure it out. Not surprisingly, the level of guilt that a participant experienced affected the length of the fantasy he or she wrote. When a person is uptight, his or her fantasies are shorter and show less variety. And people who feel guilty are less aroused by the fantasies they read or write. But listen—being totally without guilt and terminally horny, we enjoy a good fantasy, too. Next time you write, send us a fantasy. Maybe we'll publish it.

What is the best car?—J. R., Evanston, Illinois.

Best for what? Commuting to work? Transporting teenagers? Winning slalom competitions? Impressing the socks off your friends and neighbors? The point is, there is no "best car," though there may be a best one for you. To find it, first get your priorities straight: Decide which attributes and characteristics are most important to you. No car can be best at everything, so you will have to make some trade-offs and sacrifice some economy for performance, ride softness for cornering agility, style for practicality, features or quality for a lower price. List these things, in order of importance, along with financial and other considerations, and use them as a check list for shopping. Get some car magazines and buyers' guides and consult an expert, if possible. But beware the one-marque "expert" who believes his car is great and everything else is junk—such free advice is worth exactly what you pay for it. Above all, don't make the common mistake of deciding what you want and then focusing on the "deal." A good deal on the wrong car is not a good deal at all.

I met a woman some time ago, but we've seen each other infrequently and non-

exclusively. Recently, she let me know that someone she had been seeing had asked her to see him exclusively and that she had agreed. She added that she would like to continue seeing me as a friend and, when asked, made it clear that there could be something more than just friendship between us if the relationship didn't work out. Now, this woman is a 31-year-old (I'm 38), successful corporate type who I think wouldn't say something she didn't mean. My head tells me that if she's worth it, and I don't let this stop me from seeing other women, then there's no harm in an occasional drink with her after work. My heart says this will make me look like a stage-door Johnny, she'll see this as a willingness to be second choice, and why be a masochist? What's your opinion?—L. T., Los Angeles, California.

There's nothing wrong with being a friend to a woman—and besides, neither of you has ruled out the possibility that there might be something more between you down the line. If you are more hung up on this woman than you've realized or admitted and find that merely being friends is difficult, you'll have to make your feelings known to her or just withdraw gradually from dealing with her as time goes on. For now, however, why not at least give friendship a chance? At the same time, keep your options open by meeting and dating other women. You may find you need a friend.

An original suggestion for the Venus butterfly (*The Playboy Advisor*, March and June): Pucker your lips, drawing them tightly around your teeth. Then, keeping the tension up, form a small opening the diameter of a pencil between them. Place your pucker on your partner's clitoris and move your tongue to the back of your mouth, forming a suction and drawing her in. Release the suction by moving your tongue forward again. This technique is distinguished from similar ones by the fact that the tongue is not used for direct stimulation, and with a little practice, you can average between four and six reversals in direction per second.—H. B., Holbrook, New York.

Your entry was late but worth publishing. Thanks.

I'm 5'6" and a real fashion plate. I have my clothes altered and they are well fitting; however, I have a problem with ties' fitting properly. It seems the only way a tie is short enough is when I tie a Windsor knot. Any suggestions?—H. W., Sacramento, California.

A Windsor knot, as you suggest, is a very good way to shorten a too-long tie, since it takes up an extra inch or so with the wrap-over. Another solution is to tie the knot so that the wider outside piece is at the right position or length (mid-belt buckle) and the narrower piece in back is tucked inside the shirt (at about the second or third button), with the bottom of the tie tucked into the trousers. It is

also possible to have some ties altered; companies that narrow ties can shorten them.

How can you tell if your partner is frigid? I'm going with a woman whom I feel I love, but our sex life leaves something to be desired. I don't get the impression that she is even interested in sex. What are the symptoms of a real problem?—G. D., Atlanta, Georgia.

Frigid is a great word to describe the weather, not women. Helen Singer Kaplan created a set of guidelines for diagnosing inhibited sexual desire (I.S.D.). A person has to meet at least three of the following criteria: "a lifelong history of asexuality, phobic avoidance of sex, low level of initiation or sexual receptivity, low frequency of sexual activity, a consistent negative reaction to sexual activity, verbal expression of a lack of interest in sex, significant decrease in libido from a past norm for that particular individual, engaging in sex for reasons other than desire (e.g., to avoid hurting a partner's feelings) and partner complaint." A recent study published in Archives of Sexual Behavior compared a group of women suffering from I.S.D. with a group of other women. Some interesting differences emerged. Women with I.S.D. initiated intercourse five percent or less of the time; the majority of the non-I.S.D. women initiated sex 50 percent or more of the time. The majority of women with I.S.D. refused sex more than half the time, whereas 96.3 percent of the non-I.S.D. women refused five percent or less of the time. More than half of the husbands of the I.S.D. women had almost stopped initiating lovemaking because of the refusals, whereas none of the non-I.S.D. women reported this. Women with I.S.D. were less aroused by foreplay and intercourse. And they were less communicative: Only 33 percent of the I.S.D. women asked their partners for what pleased them, compared with 55 percent of the other group. The causes of the dysfunction are not completely clear: The researchers found, for example, that women suffering from I.S.D. thought their parents had negative attitudes toward sex and that they had grown up with little parental demonstration of affection. Contrary to some previous findings, women with I.S.D. were more likely to have engaged in premarital sex than were their non-I.S.D. peers. And many of the women had developed the problem during the course of their current marriage. If you think your relationship fits this picture, you should find a qualified sex therapist or family counselor. Change the things you can change and live with the rest.

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.



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DEAR PLAYMATES

The question for the month:

Is there anything about the way you look that you don't like?

I'm very happy with myself. I feel that I'm proportioned well, but if I could change anything, I'd change my height and my feet. I would be taller. I'm 5'5". I'd add two inches and I would be happier. It would make a big difference to a modeling career. Those two inches could take me into bigger cities, bigger markets. Otherwise, people think of me as a petite model. Then there are my feet. My feet aren't as petite as the rest of me. I don't like my toes. I'd like to have a more delicate-looking foot. Well, there it is.



Sherry Arnett

SHERRY ARNETT
JANUARY 1986

I've never been quite thrilled with my nose. It's kind of small. It doesn't have a perfect shape, like Heather Thomas'. My hands are kind of small, too, rather than long and slender. My butt's real little. I mean, it's nice, but it's small, you know? I've always liked the cheerleader bubble butt, and I've never had one. Back to my nose for a second. My fantasy is a glamorous, gorgeous nose—not my cute, short little nose with tiny nostrils. I have the tiniest nostrils in the world!



Lynne Austin

LYNNE AUSTIN
JULY 1986

Of course there is, but I would never tell a soul. Want to know why? Because sometimes there are parts of your body or face that you may be dissatisfied with that oth-

ers don't see. If you go to the trouble to point them out, someone may say, "Hey, she's right." If you say nothing, other people may not even notice. Why would I point out my flaws to your readers? I know I have them. It's not a big deal now the way it was when I was a teenager and used to dwell on such things. Now I say, "So what?" Nobody's perfect.



Carol Ficatier

CAROL FICATIER
DECEMBER 1985

If I could change one thing about myself, I'd give myself perfect vision. I see so badly that when I walk down the street, people I know think I'm ignoring them. If I could change anything else, I'd be physically stronger. To do that, I'd have to work out more. Otherwise, I try to be happy with the way I am. I don't think the physical things are as important as personality and character.



Laurie Carr

LAURIE CARR
DECEMBER 1986

There are lots of parts I don't like. I don't like my teeth; they're too big. Ask me to smile and all you see is teeth. I don't like my breasts. They're too big, too. I know men like them, but I can't run; they're always getting in the way. Clothes don't fit right, either. My hands are too big, also. They're bigger than most men's. I think that's it. Mostly, it's my teeth and



my breasts. I get jealous when I see women with really nice, small breasts. Then you can be more active. All of a sudden, at 17, I blossomed out. Until then, I never even got noticed. People kept saying, "You never used to look like this; you were a skinny little twerp."

Cher Butler

CHER BUTLER
AUGUST 1985

I think I look pretty glamorous. I'm comfortable with my looks, and I feel at ease when I'm nude in front of someone. I don't worry about it. I used to have a complex about my nose when I was getting ready for high school. It slopes up. They used to call me Ski Slope. It bothered me when they said it, but then, all of a sudden, it didn't bother me anymore. I guess I outgrew their teasing.



Rebekka Armstrong

REBEKKA ARMSTRONG
SEPTEMBER 1986

No. I like all of my body. If there is any part of me that I work harder on than any other, it's the hip area. Women seem to get in trouble around the hips, and a lot of our fat ends up there. I like my hips, but I work hard to keep them in shape. I think you have to accept what has been given to you and be happy with it, and I am happy with it. Of course, it's good to improve on what you have been given, too.



Donna Edmondson

DONNA EDMONDSON
NOVEMBER 1986

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



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SELLING GIN

PRAISE THE LORD AND PASS THE POPCORN

When the Meese commission issued its findings on the connection between pornography and violence, some of the researchers who had testified before the commission said that their work on pornography had been misinterpreted. Violence, not erotica, they said, causes harm to society. That point became a rallying cry for people who wanted to protect PLAYBOY from the pious anti-pornographers who wanted to keep *Debbie Does Dallas* out of the clutches of the National Federation for Decency.

We should have known better. You cannot escape being a scapegoat by offering up another scapegoat. One man's violence is another man's *Friday Night Video*.

We are finding that the dynamics of the violence witch-hunt are the same as those of the sexuality witch-hunt. A glimpse of a naked body, claim the witch-hunters, leads to rape; a glance at a fist-fight leads to murder. Witness the National Coalition on Television Violence, a group against violence in movies and in toy stores.

A copy of the N.C.T.V. newsletter reads like a *Consumer Reports* of carnage. It gives capsule summaries and ratings of some of our favorite junk movies. The Meese commission focused on the most violent forms of pornography, then tried to censor the mildest forms of erotica. N.C.T.V. starts with the most noteworthy examples of violence before moving on to the ridiculous. Once you start looking for violence, it's everywhere.

Avenging Force received N.C.T.V.'s highest rating, XUnfit, as the most violent movie of 1986. It has 121 acts of violence: "After dozens of murders and much pseudopolitical babble, the movie comes to its inevitable conclusion, a brutal man hunt in the bayou country of Louisiana. Alcohol glorified. Violence includes much shooting,

punching, stabbing, kicking, choking, bombing, impaling; attacks with spears, crossbow, grenades; car chases and crashes; men pushed off buildings."

Here's another winner of the XUnfit award. Guess the title: "In Texas, two demented brothers continue the string of chain-saw murders they started 14 years earlier. A disc jockey and a police lieutenant investigate the crimes, and they discover that the two lunatics work for their father, a chili maker who uses human flesh as a special ingredient in his sauce. Violence

includes many murders with chain saws and hammers; shooting, punching, chasing, choking, knifing. One of the heroes holds a lamp to the plate in a man's head and electrocutes him."

No contest—the film is *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre, Part 2*.

OK, we'll concede that these movies aren't what you'd want to watch with your five-year-old; but then again, we

haven't noticed a sudden epidemic of people with plates in their heads' being electrocuted in copycat killings.

And how about those movies you will want to watch with your kindergartner? How about that Walt Disney classic *Lady and the Tramp*?

"In this animated film, a foot-loose dog of the streets meets and falls in love with a pedigreed house dog. They have a series of adventures together, many of which relate to an ill-natured aunt who babysits for the children of Lady's master. . . . Violence includes biting, fighting, chasing, shooting."

N.C.T.V. has a hard-on for Disney: "Few entertainment writers have noted the high levels of violence in cer-

tain Disney movies like *The Black Hole*, *TRON* or *Something Wicked This Way Comes*. None has questioned the selling of war toys at Disneyland and the several violent amusements provided to children." OK, scratch the trip to Epcot Center. Let's take the kids to the ballet. Sorry; here is N.C.T.V.'s review of *The Nutcracker*: "The story concerns a young girl's dreams about her eccentric uncle and a nutcracker she receives as a Christmas gift. Violence includes a battle between soldiers and mice using swords, bayonets and cannons."

As self-appointed censors, the guys at N.C.T.V. are connoisseurs. They are like safe-crackers who sand their finger tips for increased sensitivity. In one movie, they found "violence limited to some shooting on a TV show." These guys go to a movie and look at what's on the tube in the movie? This must be violence's equivalent to passive smoking.

N.C.T.V.'s editors have gone where no man has gone before, let alone Gene and Roger. For *Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home*, they claimed "mild profanity, alcohol use. Violence includes chasing, gun threat, one Vulcan nerve pinch."

They borrow the boycott tactics of the Reverend Donald Wildmon, encouraging pressure campaigns against advertisers who support violence in television. If we hadn't read their newsletter, how would we have guessed that "the U.S. military was the number-one sponsor of violent TV programming, followed by General Motors and almost every U.S. and Japanese automotive company. . . ."

If you can't find people who actively engage in violence, then ferret out the fellow travelers. Are you now or have you ever been a Clint Eastwood fan? Gosh, these campaigns of gentle pressure are fun. We've got to drop these guys a line and tell them thanks. N.C.T.V.'s address is P.O. Box 2157, Campaign, Illinois 61820. We'd go there in person, but we don't want to join

a club of people who've seen more violent movies than we have. They're probably dangerous.

—JAMES R. PETERSEN



R E A D E R

MEDIA MINISTRY

It's interesting that the Reverend Jim Bakker has never had a problem with calling sin by its right name—until recently. Too bad we can't all blame our transgressions on "treacherous former friends" who "wickedly manipulated" us.

Mike Pusch
Omaha, Nebraska

I find it amazing that the media have made so little out of the television-evangelist scandals. Jim Bakker's sexual goofiness and Tammy Bakker's make-up artistry are being treated as something to elicit guffaws, while the real sins of these people are ignored. Televangelists are using the Gospel to make money—lots of it. They are preying upon people, many of whom can ill afford the gifts they give. *This* is the sin of the Bakkers and other evangelists like them. Let Jim have his tawdry affair and Tammy her mascara, but stop them from supporting their lavish lifestyle with money that should rightfully go to helping others.

J. Landers
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

We should thank whatever God there is that the behavior of fundamentalists is restricted by our culture and political traditions. If it weren't, we'd have the U.S. equivalent of Lebanon, where hostility between Moslem fundamentalists and Christians is at the heart of religious wars.

B. Collins
Bloomington, Indiana

Last year, the Bakkers' ministry reported \$129,000,000 in revenues, \$44,000,000 of that in the form of tax-exempt contributions from their television audience. *PTL Club* paid the Bakkers nearly \$5,000,000 in salary and bonuses, a decent wage even by Wall Street standards, and Tammy and Jim claim that PTL owes them as much as \$9,000,000 in royalty payments. IRS rules for tax-exempt organizations such as PTL require that no individual receive funds except as "reasonable" payment for goods and services—but that hasn't stopped the Bakkers from drawing a hefty pay check.



FOR THE RECORD

SEND IN THE CLOWNS

As usual, the porn-film industry is under fire—but this time from its own people. The reason? AIDS.

The fire's coming from two camps: those who feel that they should make only safe-sex porn movies and those who, like producer-actor Bill Margold, believe that safe-sex films are "a fad [and] not what America wants to see. They want to see us taking chances. It's like a circus. They don't want to see a net under the high-wire act."

Even the Assemblies of God church, in which Bakker was a minister, shows little interest in the financial aspects of the PTL scandal. Charles Cookman, the Assemblies of God superintendent in charge of investigating the affair, said he had not looked into the question of whose money had been used to hush up Jessica Hahn. "It's not under my purview," he said. "The question of morality is under my purview." Apparently, for these people, personal spending of money intended for religious purposes has no moral significance.

Tom Daubert
Helena, Montana

Televangelists seem to have brought to the tube only one practice of Christianity: the collection plate. They perform acts not

of charity but of greed and self-aggrandizement. At their best, churches are congregations of people who attend to one another in the spirit of their faith. Electronic ministries do away with the communal aspects of the church. Since teleministers never face their congregations, they get to use the cash contributions for their own ends, their own ideas of Christianity. In 1979, Billy Graham denounced the new breed of televangelists: He formed the Evangelical Council for Financial Accountability. According to journalist Henry Fairlie, not one of the top ten televangelists belongs to the council—in fact, all ten consistently breach its code. Even as the Reverend Jerry Falwell was calling for a new accountability, his money machine was sending out letters to several hundred thousand followers asking for more cash for Christ. This time, Falwell wants to raise \$8,000,000 to produce a television special on AIDS for prime-time preaching. (This is approximately eight times the average cost of an episode of "Moonlighting" or "Magnum, P.I.," and we can assure you that it won't have snappy dialog or a car chase.) Falwell, in his usual smarmy way, exploits a genuine concern, pumps it up with a taste of the apocalyptic and begs you to reach deeper into your pockets: "Please, I beg you, don't fail to heed this warning; for if we don't take immediate action, AIDS will prove to be the final epidemic, with millions dying each year. . . . Only God can save our nation from the AIDS epidemic. . . . The homosexual and the

prohomosexual politicians have joined together with the liberal gay-influenced media to cover up the facts concerning AIDS." Will Falwell make his special? Maybe. Will it cost \$8,000,000? Maybe. Will every penny he receives go for this project, as promised? Maybe. But you have no real way of knowing. If Jesus came back, would he do a TV special on AIDS, or would he minister to the dying?

FOREIGN RELATIONS

AIDS is causing new anti-American sentiment in the Philippines. Why? Because thousands of Filipina "hospitality girls" are being tested for AIDS—ostensibly to protect American Servicemen. Anti-American groups claim that the

REPRESSION

Servicemen brought the disease to their islands. They are demanding the removal of U.S. military bases and compensation from the U.S. Government to AIDS victims and their families.

AIDS is providing a new wrinkle not only in sexual relations but in foreign relations as well.

Mark Jenkins
Boston, Massachusetts

HOW WE DIE

One television ad says, "I'm a nice guy who goes out with nice girls. But these days, some pretty terrible things are happening to some pretty nice people." The speaker is referring to AIDS and the ad attempts to sell condoms. Out of curiosity—and as an attempt to allay my own fears about getting AIDS—I did a little checking and found out that some other pretty terrible things happen to some pretty nice people, too. In 1984, the most recent year for which statistics are complete, 765,114 people died of heart disease; 453,492 people died of cancer; 154,327 people died of strokes; 92,911 people died in accidents; 69,100 died of pulmonary disease; 58,894 people died of pneumonia and influenza; 35,787 people died of diabetes; 29,286 people committed suicide; 27,317 people died of cirrhosis of the liver; 24,462 people died of atherosclerosis; 20,126 people died of kidney disease; 19,796 people died as a result of homicide.

In 1984, 4380 people died of AIDS. The figure has increased in three years to 19,394, but even so, you still stand a greater chance of catching a lethal flu than you do of getting AIDS.

M. Cook
Los Angeles, California

AIDS RELIEF

I've read many stories about the AIDS epidemic, most of which indicate that *everyone* is going to catch the disease. But after reading the *New York Times* editorial "AIDS Alarms, and False Alarms," reprinted in *The Playboy Forum* in May, I realize that I have little reason to worry that I will get AIDS. I am currently in a mutually monogamous relationship and I know that none of my former sex partners would ever have had sex with a member of a high-risk group.

Brent Lee
Long Beach, California

Don't get carried away by confidence; the virus does exist, and you cannot tell if a person has ever used I.V. drugs or slept with a homosexual. It doesn't pay to be paranoid—

that was the point of the editorial—but there is still room for caution. For now, we'd agree that you have no cause for alarm. If your situation changes, practice safe sex. It won't hurt.

MAMMALS VS. REPTILES

Your "Commentary" "Does Repression Cause Violence?" (*The Playboy Forum*, May) illustrates that "mammalian" behavior, which includes nuzzling and hugging one's young, is behaviorally superior to—in fact, more *human* than—reptilian behavior, which is characterized by an absence of physical affection. The question we have to answer is, How do we encourage the pleasure-giving aspects of our society? It's obvious that repressive elements in the United States are in control—we have to change that situation.

Michael Rinella
Albany, New York

FATHERLY LOVE

I'm responding to a letter from Robert Banks (*The Playboy Forum*, May) in which he states that a woman he dated for three weeks became pregnant. Not wanting the child, Banks feels no obligation to support it financially. I cannot comprehend how any parent can be that callous toward his child. Such a person must have no capacity for love.

William D. Cobourn
Concord, New Hampshire

COST OF DRUGS

Your "Commentary" "The Social Cost of Drugs" (*The Playboy Forum*, April) hits home on a number of issues. How can I donate money to NORML (National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws)?

(Name and address
withheld by request)

Send all donations to NORML,
Suite 640, 2001 S Street, N.W.,
Washington, D.C. 20009.

NO OFFENSE

Florida state legislators are doing their best to protect the residents of their state from seeing anything offensive. Their latest target is bumper stickers. Offensive bumper stickers, according to the bill's sponsor, Democratic

state senator W. D. Childers, are those that mention sexual intercourse, sexual acts or human feces.

If the state's going to get rid of offensive bumper stickers, Let's start with I VOTED FOR REAGAN IN '84. Now, *that's* offensive!

Donald Vaughan
Greenacres, Florida

PRESCOTT REPLIES

I would like to amplify your "Commentary" "Does Repression Cause Violence?" (*The Playboy Forum*, May), in which my research was cited. Since my theories were published, cultural anthropologists have conducted further research indicating an even stronger correlation between the amount of affection in a culture and whether that culture is peaceful or violent. When all the variables—including physical affection given to infants, views of adolescent sexuality and attitudes toward premarital sex—are examined, we can accurately determine 100 percent of the time whether or not a culture is peaceful or violent.

The new research also indicates that deprivation of physical affection in infancy can be compensated for later by encouraging physical affection in the adolescent's sexual relationships. Conversely, the advantages of early-infant physical affection can be reversed by repressing adolescent sexual expression.

Neuropsychologists find that depriving an infant, child or adolescent of physical affection during the formative periods of brain development results in damage to the neural circuitry that controls and regulates depressive and violent behavior. This leads to an impaired ability to form intimate relationships and can cause dependency upon alcohol and drugs in an attempt to cope with the lack of affection.

When sexual repression is added to deprivation of affection, we can expect to see an even greater increase in depression, chemical dependency and violence. Because the human need for sexual affection cannot be met within a caring and nurturing relationship, it will be met within the context of sexual violence. Thus, there will be a higher incidence of rape, sexual exploitation and violence.

I think you'll agree that these studies provide a powerful rebuttal to the religious right's contention that sexual freedom increases sexual crimes—for, in fact, it does just the opposite.

James W. Prescott, Ph.D.
West Bethesda, Maryland

RADIO ~~FREE~~ AMERICA

WHOSE LIVING ROOM IS THIS, ANYWAY?

What we are doing here today is to correct an altogether too narrow interpretation of decency.

—FCC CHAIRMAN DENNIS PATRICK

On April 16, 1987, the Federal Communications Commission changed the rules of the game. Henceforth, when disc jockeys mention sex, even through innuendo, *double-entendre* or playful language, they risk censure by the FCC. They may no longer talk about sex with impunity, even if they avoid the famous seven dirty words banned in a 1976 FCC ruling (shit, piss, fuck, cunt, cocksucker, motherfucker and tits). Now the 1987 FCC has created a new yardstick, *generic indecency*. In the future, the FCC will enforce a definition of indecency as being "language or material that depicts or describes, in terms patently offensive as measured by contemporary community standards for the broadcast medium, sexual or excretory activities or organs."

Heralding this new era, the FCC issued warnings to a New York talk-show host, Howard Stern, for indulging in "shock radio"

during a time when children might be listening, and to a radio station at the University of California at Santa Barbara for playing a ten-year-old song called *Makin' Bacon*. It also handed over to the Justice Department for further action transcripts of a discussion of gay sex and excerpts from a play called *Jerker*, broadcast by a Los Angeles station, KPFK.

One would think that this broad definition, with its far-reaching consequences, could come about only with the wide support of the public. Wrong. Polls show that the majority of Americans are against the curtailment of First Amendment rights.

What, then, spurred the Government to broaden its interpretation of indecency? The answer: a very few complaints. Unfortunately, those complaints happened to coincide with the moral stance of the commissioners.

In July 1986, Nathan W. Post wrote a letter to Tipper Gore, champion of Parents' Music Resource Center. Gore passed the letter along to the FCC.

Last Saturday evening, I sat listening to the radio . . . KCSB, 91.9. The announcer was Eric Stone. Eric plays heavy metal, punk and what I'll term raunch. He does a show from 9:30 to midnight titled *Strictly Disco*. . . . Eric Stone . . . will generally throw in at least two extremely vulgar, sexually explicit songs per show. The others vary in shade and degree. Many are liberally sprinkled with the word fuck or one of a number of variations. . . . If the use of a few expletives were all I had to contend with, then I wouldn't have bothered writing a letter. The problem is that a number of these tunes go far beyond the occasional obscenity.

If these people were listening to these tunes in their . . . homes, it wouldn't matter much, either, but this is broadcast over the public airwaves and available to all ages. . . .

Perhaps you are wondering about the kind of lyrics I'm referring to. Well, this past Saturday night, they included:

"Come here, baby, make it quick / Kneel down there and suck on my dick / Makin' bacon is on my mind / Makin' bacon is on my mind / Turn 'round, baby; let me take you from behind. . . ."

Some people are shocked by lyrics many of us find amusing. They would no

doubt stop us from listening to such lyrics in the privacy of our homes. They haven't accomplished that—yet. They want the airwaves to be as clean as *PTL Club's* broadcasts. They're working on it. Their contemporary community standards are those of Salem, Massachusetts, circa the witch trials.

In September 1986, the FCC received another letter, this one from the Reverend Larry W. Poland.

On Sunday evening, August 31, 1986, I was driving home from the airport here in the Los Angeles area when my automatic-search radio picked up station KPFK, 90.7 FM. The program being aired between ten P.M. and 11 P.M. was *I Am Are You*. It was featuring excerpts from a play the broadcasters said was being performed in the Los Angeles area called *Jerker*. I was initially stunned when the individuals reading the script of the play used the words fuck and fucking freely but was totally unprepared for the content that followed. The hour was filled with dramatic reading of sexual fantasies between homosexual men. . . . I have six children. If one of them had tuned in to KPFK at the time that I did, they could have lost in one hour the precious innocence I as a father work so hard to protect year in and year out. This isn't narrowcasting we are talking about, this is broadcasting, broad enough to be picked up by every child with a five-dollar transistor radio.

Frankly, that hurts and angers me! It violates the values and sanctity of my home, my family and my faith!

God's hand, in the form of the autoscanner, subjected the Reverend Mr. Poland to an hour of gay dialog. He could have changed the station or turned off the radio; instead, he cruised the highways, taking notes of the broadcast.

Poland also protested announcements in simple, everyday language of events sponsored by gay groups. It was not the language but, it seems, the mere existence of such programming that he protested. Eminently concerned with the violation of *his* rights, he has no concern for the violation of *others'* rights.

"The broadcast was devoted to sensuality in the age of AIDS," said David Salnick, the executive director of the Pacifica Foundation, which owns KPFK. "It was broadcast at night, following a



disclaimer that warned that some listeners might find the material objectionable. If we can't do a show about AIDS in language everyone understands, where are we? The play in question has never been charged with obscenity in Los Angeles, but we have been referred to the Justice Department for broadcasting obscenity. The language was no different from what you hear on late-night sex-therapy shows. We now find that what was permissible is now literally a crime."

Two letters sent to the FCC were from a familiar person. The Reverend Donald E. Wildmon of Tupelo, Mississippi, complained about WYSP's *Howard Stern Show*. The minister from Tupelo must have incredible reception on his living-room radio: When he's not listening to God, he can pick up shows from halfway across the country. He sent the FCC tapes from shows that he had found offensive. The seven-dirty-words ruling was not enough to pacify Wildmon; his hit list included penis, prostate, tampon, hookers, cock, nipples, orgasm, kissing ass, K-Y jelly and breasts.

Should mentioning breasts, whether facetiously or in a graphic discussion of cancer, be against the law?

A New York group called Morality in Media suggested to Mary V. Keeley, a concerned mother, that she write a letter to the FCC complaining about Stern, which she did: "Despite the claims of this station that they are now appealing to a more mature audience, I personally know of many young people who tune in to this station every day. When I wrote and complained about the programming to the station manager, his response was that parents should exercise restraint over any material that we feel is inappropriate. This is difficult due to the use of headphones by the kids, and I would not... have known about... Stern if I had not accidentally tuned in one morning."

She enclosed a tape of Stern conversing with his assistant, Susan:

STERN: Hey, Susan, honey, remember the song *Does Your Chewing Gum Lose Its Flavor on the Bedpost Overnight?* Here's my version. You ready?

SUSAN: No, no, no.

STERN: "Does Berzerkowitz have a party on the bedpost every night? / When her boyfriend says, 'Don't do it,' does she mount right up in spite? / Does she grin and moan with passion and yell, 'Hi-ho, Silberclite'? / Does Berzerkowitz have a party on the bedpost every night?"

It's not exactly the height of Western civilization, but neither does it present a danger to society. To bedposts, maybe.

The letters read as though the authors
(concluded on page 46)

THE LEGAL LOW-DOWN

CENSORSHIP AND THE FCC:

The FCC's decision to expand the seven-dirty-words ruling alarms broadcasters and listeners alike. Although allegedly aimed at "shock radio" shows such as the Howard Stern program, originating in New York and simulcast in Philadelphia, it has far-reaching effects on radio programming of all kinds. To find out the legal implications of the ruling, we talked with the American Civil Liberties Union's legislative counsel, Barry Lynn.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that the complainants have a valid point in taking programs such as these to task?

LYNN: I've listened to Howard Stern and I personally find his program offensive. But my radio dial is not welded to Stern's station. Unfortunately, some people don't seem to realize that if you do not like what you're hearing, there are dozens of alternatives. And they don't seem to realize that the purpose of the FCC is not to be the national arbiter of good taste.

PLAYBOY: Diane Killory, FCC general counsel, maintains that the change in policy is warranted because there is no way to restrict children from hearing these broadcasts.

LYNN: There are plenty of programs on the radio for my eight-year-old not to hear. But in a free society, we cannot restrict the adult population of the country to hearing only those things suitable for my child. The policing of what children hear must be the responsibility of parents and not the responsibility of a national nanny in the form of the FCC.

PLAYBOY: But parents can't possibly police everything their children hear.

LYNN: No, parents can't have control all the time. But children who hear a Howard Stern broadcast are not likely to have their lives shattered because of it. This material does not have magical qualities that will subvert values taught by the family, schools, churches or synagogues. People overemphasize the impact of hearing what they consider untasteful or indecent remarks. Are these programs going to corrupt our children? I'm sure they won't.

PLAYBOY: The FCC claims to receive 20,000 complaints each year about indecent programming. Why, then, has it decided this year to revise its guidelines?

LYNN: The FCC has been perceived by the religious right as doing nothing about sexually salacious material. The FCC issued the new ruling because it's been under pressure—particularly since the Meese-commission report—to do something procensorship. I believe that the pressure is almost entirely from the religious right.

PLAYBOY: Americans are very much anticensorship. How does the FCC justify being procensorship?

LYNN: The FCC is now packed with censorship-minded people, people who like to scrutinize the American airwaves for any allegedly dirty, sexual material. They use the complaints of a few people as an excuse for acting in a censorial way against radio and television broadcasters—which has, I think, been their inclination for some time. Under the law, the FCC's obligation is to determine community standards—which it did not do in the Stern case. In fact, the FCC file about the Stern show contains only 35 complaints prior to this inquiry. And that's from a population in Philadelphia of 1,700,000 people. These figures make it very difficult to argue that the Stern program violates contemporary community standards.

PLAYBOY: Is the FCC going to start issuing fines and pulling licenses, or has it published the new standards merely to bring stations into line?

LYNN: The main purpose of this action was to intimidate broadcasters, who are not always the most courageous people in town. I don't believe that there will be more than a handful of efforts by the FCC, if that many, to utilize this new standard. But the damage has already been done. With all the hoopla surrounding this decision, broadcasters have already cut back and will continue to cut back on their willingness to be frank about sex, whether it's in the context of rock music, sex therapy, disc jockeys, presentations of radio plays or political commentary. This is intimidation. It's just like the Meese commission's sending letters to convenience stores saying, "We're not sure what we're going to do, but we want to put you people on notice: We think that you're engaged in some dirty enterprise."

(concluded on page 46)

WHOSE LIVING ROOM IS THIS, ANYWAY?

(continued from page 45)

had taken the same course in How to Complain to the FCC. It's postgraduate work, after you complete How to Complain to 7-Eleven and How to Coerce Dr Pepper. First, stress that you are an average citizen who would never listen to shock radio except by horrible accident. And imply that your shock incapacitated you, forcing you to listen almost against your will to the entire show, while tape-recording the highlights. Next, stress that you are concerned about the effect of fringe language on innocent children. Imply that your own children are model creatures who have never uttered a four-letter word and would not know what one meant. Ask for sympathy by stressing that technology, in the form of headphones or transistor radios, makes your task as a parent impossible. You need help.

The shocking fact of the matter is that apparently on the basis of those five letters, the FCC decided to expand its definition of obscenity.

At the heart of those complaints is the question "Whose living room is this, anyway?" Wildmon seems to argue that improper broadcasting is an invasion of his privacy, that even a chance hearing of the word breast would destroy a family member. Well, who's to say? Maybe he knows his family better than we do. How fragile their values are if mere contact with a conflicting idea will corrode them. In 1978, the Supreme Court bought the notion that broadcasters had to behave as if their material were being heard in the drawing room of someone as pristine, puritanical and easily offended as the Reverend Mr. Wildmon. In the seven-dirty-words ruling, the Court argued that broadcasting should follow the tastes of

the weakest links in society. Justice William Brennan, one of the dissenting Justices, pointed out the flaw in this position:

Without question, the privacy interests of an individual in his home are substantial and deserving of significant protection. In finding these interests sufficient to justify the content regulation of protected speech, however, the Court commits two errors. First, it misconceives the nature of the privacy interests involved where an individual voluntarily chooses to admit radio communications into his home. Second, it ignores the constitutionally protected interests of both those who wish to transmit and those who desire to receive broadcasts that many—including the FCC and this Court—might find offensive. . . .

We don't want to live in the Reverend Mr. Wildmon's living room. And we don't particularly want to live in a country where the politics of complaint dictate what we can listen to or see or read. America is diverse and, theoretically, tolerant of that diversity. People who enjoy candid conversation about sex or songs about a lusty love style have just been sent by the FCC to their room without supper.

We agree with Dennis Patrick's attempt to correct the interpretation of decency, but *we* consider it indecent that any faction of society can dictate to any other faction what it may or may not listen to on the public airwaves. Let the market place determine what is acceptable, not five commissioners in Washington or one minister in Tupelo. Generic freedom is not what the founding fathers had in mind.

THE LEGAL LOW-DOWN

(continued from page 45)

Sometimes, intimidation works better than lawsuits, particularly when the intimidation comes from a powerful organization such as the FCC.

PLAYBOY: How does this new ruling differ from the old seven-dirty-words ruling?

LYNN: The seven-dirty-words ruling was a terrible decision in its own right; but as bad as that decision was, there was nothing to indicate in it that anything other than a direct use of those particular seven words would constitute actionable indecency. So the FCC has expanded that ruling to cover innuendo, suggestiveness, *double-entendre*—things that are certainly well within constitutional protection.

PLAYBOY: Under the seven-dirty-words ruling, a station could broadcast "adult" programs after ten P.M. and before seven A.M., times when children probably were not listening. Is this still true?

LYNN: Under the peculiar reasoning of the new ruling, it seems that no time is absolutely safe except, possibly, really graveyard hours, literally in the middle of the night, for there is *no* time when children might not conceivably be listening; there are always children with insomnia!

PLAYBOY: Is there any way to combat the religious right's crusade for censorship?

LYNN: There *are* ways to combat it. People can support broadcasters' right to air controversial material in two ways: first, by writing letters to individual stations urging them to keep doing what they have been doing, even if that includes frank sexual discussions, and second, by writing to the FCC expressing displeasure with the new ruling. It doesn't hurt to build an FCC file of letters from people who don't approve of the decision. That helps buttress the argument that it has totally misrepresented community standards.

A SEXUAL

Bill of Rights

It is the 200th anniversary of the United States Constitution and, given the conservative temperature of the country, I feel that it's appropriate that we consider adding a parallel version of the Bill of Rights—the Sexual Bill of Rights:

We, the people of the human race, in order to form more perfect unions, establish justice and ensure the pursuit of happiness, hold these truths to be self-evident:

I. There shall be no law infringing on any private sexual act between consenting adults.

II. There shall be no law restricting sexual preference for private relations

between adults.

III. There shall be no law restricting housing or employment, or any public or private benefit, because of sexual preference or marital status.

IV. There shall be no law restricting the possession of visual imagery of nudity or sexuality (except insofar as children are depicted). Display or sale of sexual depictions may be restricted only as appropriate to the age of potential purchasers.

V. There shall be no law restricting information about, or access to, birth control.

VI. There shall be no law restricting information about abortion, nor any

restriction on access to abortion.

VII. There shall be no law criminalizing consenting sexual behavior before or outside of marriage.

VIII. There shall be a uniform age of consent (16); and public sex education shall be freely available, as appropriate to the age of each person.

IX. There shall be no law restricting the sale or possession of sexual accessories by adults.

X. Any enforcement of sexual limits not specified in this Bill of Rights shall not be assumed by Federal, religious or self-appointed authorities.

J. Gordon
Atlanta, Georgia

*what's happening in the sexual and social arenas***DEAD DRUGS**

SOUTH HOLLAND, ILLINOIS—Underwhelmed by the DRUGS ARE DEATH banner and general death motif of a three-year-old antidrug display, a burglar broke into a civic meeting hall and made off with 150 samples of illegal drugs and drug paraphernalia that had been arranged



inside a locked coffin. One civic official commented, "I guess this really shows the need for a drug-prevention program. This was done for the drugs. Nothing else was taken. The drugs were the only thing on this person's mind." But the township's youth director suspected that the thief was really "a 14-year-old boy who now has a shopping bag of stuff to impress his friends." In any case, the undereducated thief evidently didn't know that a lot of the drugs were phonies and that others may have changed chemical composition with age.

GAY COMMUNISTS

MOSCOW—In a display of candor new to the Russian press, a Communist Party youth newspaper reports that homosexuality appears to be on the rise in the Soviet Union. The report remains consistent with Soviet policy, however, by maintaining that homosexuality should continue to be treated as a crime to prevent the spread of AIDS: "If there is freedom for homosexuality, that means [AIDS] would automatically spread. It would be the same as advertising it." The article, which quotes a specialist who blames homosexuality on a breakdown of the traditional family structure due to an increasing divorce rate, endorses the state's position that

homosexuality can be cured through education and proper upbringing. It added that "the comparison will not please some people, but this can be treated by the same methods as alcoholism is treated."

CABLE CABAL

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The U.S. Supreme Court upheld two lower-court decisions and struck down, without comment, Utah's Cable Television Programming Decency Act. The 1983 law had loosely interpreted the term "indecent programming" and suspended such broadcasts during the hours when children and "unconsenting adults" normally watch TV, a period that the state's attorney general had declared to be from seven A.M. to midnight. Both the trial court and the appeals court had found that the law was too vague and focused solely on nudity and genital display without considering a work's artistic merit.

PICKING ON PORN

PARIS—France's conservative government has decided to prepare for next year's elections by attacking pornography and has effectively banned a number of sexually oriented magazines, including the French edition of Penthouse and a French magazine called Gay Foot, aimed at male homosexuals. Sale of the magazines is not actually prohibited, but because publishers now cannot use their accustomed magazine-distribution system, it will be prohibitively expensive for them to deliver their magazines to bookstores.

THE JOY OF CENSORSHIP

DUBLIN—Following a resurgence of right-wingism, Ireland's Censorship of Publications Board has come out of hibernation to ban the international best seller "The Joy of Sex." Within 90 minutes of the announcement, the Family Planning Association's stock of 25 copies was sold out. The chairman of Eason and Son, the country's largest bookseller, said he hoped the condemnation pouring in from medical, business and literary circles would eventually help end such censorship. "I think it's a bit of Irish weirdness that we will get over. What the censorship board obviously doesn't know is the difference between a manual and a piece of pornography."

DIRTY-TRICKS DEPARTMENT

CHICAGO—Postal authorities are investigating the case of a bogus "personals" ad in a local weekly paper in which a sup-

posedly gay University of Chicago student sought to meet other homosexuals. Several persons responded, only to find that whoever had placed the ad was sending copies of their letters to their landlords, neighbors and employers. The accompanying warning that the person in question "may be a carrier of AIDS" and should be avoided at all costs was on the letterhead of an organization called the Great White Brotherhood of the Iron Fist.

FEELING THEIR OATS

SAN FRANCISCO—A Chinese fish story has pointed the way to a natural food supplement with aphrodisiac qualities, at least according to the people who would like to parlay it into the biggest sex drug since the pill. The Institute for Advanced Study of Human Sexuality in San Francisco is testing what it calls ExSativa, an oat-based product originally developed by the Swiss as an antistress tonic, which the institute claims increases the sex drive and improves sexual performance. One researcher stated that "over 200 volunteers took the product for varying periods of time. . . . Not every person reported beneficial results, but many reported enhancement of desire, performance and/or sensation, and almost everyone felt better." The use of oats as an aphrodisiac was reportedly inspired by a Chinese farmer who dumped some prematurely harvested grain into a pond full of carp



and then noticed a dramatic increase in their breeding behavior. Although ExSativa is currently available as a food supplement, it is not yet being marketed as an aphrodisiac.

AIDS

H Y S T E R I A

A fatal disease that's transmitted by sexual contact and that as yet has no cure is bound to lead to hysterical or outrageous action. And despite almost daily reporting about AIDS in newspapers and on television, there are still people who are misinformed about this disease.

The following stories illustrate how deep the fear of AIDS goes, showing that people believe what they want to believe, facts notwithstanding, and that some will go to any length for protection—or revenge:

- Some 20 District of Columbia police officers raided a homosexual social club wearing gloves, face masks and bulletproof vests to "protect themselves from a lethal threat." An official of the Fraternal Order of Police told a D.C.-council-committee hearing that his men had not been trying to humiliate gays, as leaders of that community were charging, but added, "There is medical evidence that indicates a real possibility that the bite of an AIDS victim, or the resulting exchange of fluids that could occur if an officer had to hit an AIDS carrier in the mouth, may transmit AIDS. Due to fatal consequences of the infection, I could not in good conscience fail to alert my constituents and recommend safeguards." Referring to a program to teach all District-government employees about AIDS, a city councilman commented, "If this program is effective, and police were included, then why are we experiencing these kinds of foolish acts?"

- A British AIDS victim who died of the disease has been entombed in concrete at a cemetery in North Yorkshire as a precaution "in case we ever opened up the coffin again," explained a spokesman for the county's health department.

- A psychotherapist with London's National Children's Home says that he knows of 18 male prostitutes who are aware that they are infected with the AIDS virus but who are continuing to engage in "revenge sex" with customers. "They are like time bombs waiting to go off. They hate their [customers] . . . and they hate the world for what they feel it has done to them. They are so consumed by hate that they want to infect as many men as they can as a way of getting back."

- U.S. Surgeon General C. Everett Koop, an evangelical Presbyterian with conservative moral values, says that he has been besieged by hate mail



from fundamentalist Christians for championing sex education in schools and promoting condoms as a precaution against AIDS. Koop says that he has been accused of "sponsoring homosexually oriented curricula . . . in the third grade and providing condoms to eight-year-olds." According to Koop, "Nothing I ever said . . . would indicate I would ever discuss sodomy [with a child], let alone teach it. . . . [And] I know a lot more about the size of an eight-year-old's penis than they do—and let me tell you, condoms don't fit." Questions he has been asked by fundamentalists indicate that some of them still believe that AIDS can be spread through casual contact.

- A psychiatrist at San Francisco General Hospital reports that as many as ten men hospitalized for depression and self-destructive behavior have attempted suicide by trying to contract AIDS, either through multiple sex acts with members of high-risk groups or by sharing hypodermic needles.

- The Japanese government is threatening to impose compulsory AIDS testing on homosexuals, prostitutes and members of other high-risk groups if they do not cooperate with medical authorities by accepting counseling and guidance from health services. Other measures the government may take include setting up computer

centers to process data on the sexual contacts of AIDS victims and obtaining information on the employment and sexual behavior of foreigners suspected of having AIDS who are attempting to enter the country. Japanese legislators are also considering enacting laws to deny visas to known carriers of AIDS.

- The director of a Chicago AIDS clinic and information hotline reports a phone call from a worried motorist who had run over a pedestrian he believed to be gay. The motorist wanted to know how to decontaminate his car, which had the

man's blood on it.

- As initially reported by newspapers, Indiana police were seeking murder and attempted murder charges against a man who had bitten his intended robbery victim in a struggle over the robber's gun. The fight was witnessed by the victim's wife, who then died of heart failure after learning from police that the attacker was a hemophiliac who had contracted AIDS through a blood transfusion. Several months later, the truth came out: The "robber" was really the wife's lover, the fight was between the husband and lover over the relationship and the woman had committed suicide after learning that the man with whom she had been sleeping had AIDS.

- A new District of Columbia law bars insurance companies from testing for AIDS, bars insurers from denying coverage based on positive test results and prohibits them from raising premiums until the reliability of AIDS tests is proved. This action has prompted 82 percent of the district's major insurance companies to stop writing new individual-life policies rather than comply with the law. "The issue is whether insurance companies should be able to evaluate risk," said one insurance executive. "You're not going to go and put insurance on a burning building."



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

IMELDA AND FERDINAND MARCOS

a candid conversation with the former president and first lady of the philippines about tyranny, revolution, betrayal, love—and those shoes

On a good day, Ferdinand Marcos rises with the sun, does a few stretching exercises and gazes out at his domain: a couple of acres of grass and flowers in the hills of Honolulu, with a decent view of Diamond Head.

His wife, Imelda, wakes up a few hours later and prepares for her day: tending the rows of dark-red bougainvillea she's planted, pottering about in her garden—an assemblage of clay pots with plants from the homeland enclosed by a mesh of chicken wire. She then plans the day's main events—lunch and dinner. The rosary beads she fingers keep her constant company.

Theirs is a classic study in bathos—how the mighty have fallen. For 20 years, they ruled supreme as the president and first lady of the Philippines. Elected president in 1965, Marcos declared martial law in 1972 in the face of what he called “lawless elements” and the Communist-led insurgency and effectively turned his country into his own personal fiefdom. For 14 years, he consolidated his rule, resisting calls for fair elections, confident in his support by successive U.S. Governments, which were always eager to have a firm ally securing the two giant U.S. military bases in the Philippines. As

martial law stretched into the Eighties, there were increased reports of systematic looting of the public purse and more and more disregard for human rights.

Meanwhile, Marcos had named Imelda first governor of Metro Manila; she assumed vast control over the city's life. Always obsessed by “beauty,” she determined to leave her mark by gutting slums and erecting a huge cultural center in Manila, where she could entertain such famous friends as George Hamilton, Cristina Ford and Ronald Reagan. She also made the most of her position by jet-setting around the globe and meeting world leaders (Qaddafi, Castro, Mao, Kosygin, the shah, the Pope, to name a few), sometimes negotiating in her husband's stead. Her lavish taste for the finer things in life, the huge—some said obscene—amounts of money she spent on furs, jewelry and shoes, and her reputation for dealing harshly with perceived enemies earned her the title in the world press of Steel Butterfly.

“An enchanted fairy tale” is the way Imelda Marcos likes to describe her political and marital union with her husband. The fairy tale began to sour quickly in 1983,

when the Marcoses' major opposition leader, Benigno Aquino, returned from exile in the United States and was assassinated moments after his commercial flight landed in Manila. Although Philippine army troops had been on hand to meet him, under the command of Ferdinand Marcos' military chief of staff, General Fabian Ver, Marcos maintained that a Communist gunman had somehow made his way through the ranks and shot Aquino. International opinion said otherwise; Marcos was pressured into ordering a special court to investigate the matter. The middle class of the country took to the streets in an unprecedented display of opposition, which was covered by international television.

When Ver was officially acquitted and reinstated to his army post, the political pressure from the United States—the Reagan Administration having been a particularly staunch supporter of the Marcos regime—and the daily demonstrations in Manila led Marcos to call for a quick election. His opponent was Aquino's widow, Corazon, and her campaign pledge to rid the country of corruption led to a mass movement. An international team of observers, including a delegation from the United States Congress,



“I believe you have to make an accounting to God after death. For instance, He'd probably ask, ‘Weren't you a participant in killing Benigno Aquino?’ I'd tell Him, ‘You know better than that, Lord, because I was sick.’”



“After a leader has fallen, he's suddenly ugly, a crook. Somoza! The shah! Everybody! . . . Human rights! What about human right? We chose to be with America, and that's why we're now being crucified!”



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID HUME KENNERLY

“They claim I'm worth—how much? Thirty billion? I say, ‘Show me the paper and we can split it and say goodbye like friends.’ But they have to find it first! And not in pesos—in American dollars!”

was dispatched to watch the polling places in the February 1986 election. The reports of vote fraud were unambiguous: Marcos was the reported winner, but the election was rigged.

The pressure at home and from the U.S. continued unabated. Demonstrations increased. President Reagan dispatched his friend and advisor Senator Paul Laxalt to tell Marcos of U.S. concerns. Still, Marcos resisted. But within two weeks of the election, a key player, defense minister Juan Ponce Enrile, switched sides. He joined with Corazon Aquino to engineer a bloodless revolution. Ferdinand and Imelda Marcos, along with an assortment of family members and staff, were forced to flee the Malacañang Palace in the middle of the night, leaving half-eaten dinners on the table. After a stopover in Guam, they ended up in Honolulu. There they have been "marooned"—Imelda Marcos' word—ever since.

Aside from gardening and stargazing, the Marcoses spend a lot of time trying to avoid appearances before two American grand juries convened to investigate their finances—and those of the Philippines, since they were intertwined for more than 20 years. The Marcoses' reported wealth—his salary as president was less than \$6000 a year—is in the billions and is supposed to include real estate in Manhattan, entire corporations, countless foreign bank accounts.

Although they insist, as did General MacArthur, that they will return to the Philippines, many observers feel that their "retirement" in Hawaii is appropriate. Both Marcoses grew up while the Philippines was an American protectorate; and when they reminisce about the past and talk about the present, the tone of the conversation is almost that the Philippines, after all, is the 51st state—more American than America. Both have the ultimate colonial mentality.

Still, their desire to return, however far-fetched, seems sincere. Their eyes fill up when they talk of it, in impassioned speeches, in poetry, in bursts of song. Reclaiming their power in the Philippines is something they consider their divine destiny. **PLAYBOY** sent West Coast-based free-lance writer **Ken Kelley** and San Francisco Examiner reporter **Phil Bronstein** to Honolulu for a week to conduct the "Playboy Interview" with the deposed couple. Here is Kelley's account:

"I asked Bronstein to be my co-interviewer because he's been covering the chaotic Philippine scene for the past five years and knows Filipino politics on both sides of the Marcos fence. Most important, I knew that Ferdinand and Imelda Marcos trusted him to give a fair depiction of their predicament, even though some of his reports about them in the Examiner were quite scathing. He was the first reporter in the palace the night the Marcoses fled.

"I also knew that **PLAYBOY** had tried to interview Marcos while they were still in power, only to have the deal fall through at the last minute. And, indeed, this one almost

did, too: After the session had begun, Ferdinand began waffling about whether or not he wanted to go through with it. He was persuaded by Bronstein to carry on, perhaps aided by the reporter's spirited piano playing to accompany Imelda's versions of 'Sentimental Journey' and 'Don't Fence Me In.'

"Some of the old forms were followed. We drove up to chez Marcos and waited a good half hour before being admitted—beefy security guards shuffled about, but here the hired help were watching 'Wheel of Fortune' on a TV set in the vacant garage.

"Duly admitted, we waited an hour or so before Ferdinand Marcos emerged, impeccably attired in his pinstripe-wool suit. The temperature was around 90 degrees, and he didn't even sweat a drop. He did appear to have a lot of trouble walking. He teetered and tottered about, one step at a time.

"I figured we would be lucky to get an hour out of him. Wrong. We interviewed him for several hours in his living room; and as we talked, he became rejuvenated and would vigorously gesticulate when trying to emphasize a point—it was a remarkable transformation. So much so, in fact, that Imelda Marcos, who had arranged the daily lunch spread, one o'clock on the dot, was waving

*"There was fraud
on both sides.
But mine was
not massive."*

her hands in obvious displeasure—"Get in here now" motions.

"Eventually, we did.

"We ended up spending seven hours around that immense table, a piece of wood that seemed ten yards long. Ferdinand—"Mr. President," as he prefers to be called—sat at the south end of the table with Bronstein and his mike, while I sat at the other end zone with 'Ma'am,' Imelda's official appellation, my tape recorder running.

"It was a fascinating interplay. Bronstein was at one end, I was at the other; and although we'd have a lot of uninterrupted one-on-one discussion, Imelda has a finely tuned ear. And a strong voice. Occasionally, while talking with me, she'd interrupt the Bronstein-Ferdinand conversation to interject her own opinions, to which her husband would sometimes reply with exasperation.

"Talking with Imelda Marcos is like talking with the Filipina version of Maria von Trapp—she sings her point of view so often, songs from Broadway classics to nursery rhymes she'd learned as a child. She does it to make her point in a light way. Her husband, on the other hand, likes to lighten things up by telling lawyer jokes; having been one for so long, he knows them all, and so does every-

body he's telling them to, and the staff cracks up because he's telling a joke—he's Marcos, after all. But when you boil it down to sheer entertainment value, Imelda wins hands down. She plays her living room with gusto.

"During our luncheon session, the conversations were repeatedly interrupted by calls from the Philippines. Some were taken in the dining room, some just outside; but Ferdinand's and Imelda's responses could be still heard. His voice was much more low-key; hers, much more animated. 'Now you make sure that you get your act together, combine all the liberation forces, make sure that the Moslems and the Christians get together and we'll free the country and become one nation again,' she shouted at one point. It was not just for the benefit of the reporters' ears. Ferdinand and Imelda Marcos desperately want to return. And that was the topic with which we began our conversations."

PLAYBOY: Mr. President, if you were somehow to return to power in the Philippines, what would be the first thing you would do?

FERDINAND: Immediately stop the corruption taking place under Madame Aquino.

PLAYBOY: The same corruption that many feel drove you from office in the first place?

FERDINAND: That is the popular perception, encouraged by the media. What is never mentioned is that Madame Aquino's family has been one of the largest landholders in the Philippines for centuries.

PLAYBOY: How would you stop this alleged corruption?

FERDINAND: Arrest everybody engaged in it. Madame Aquino doesn't have the nerve to do that.

PLAYBOY: So if you went back into power, you would arrest Mrs. Aquino on corruption charges?

FERDINAND: No, I would just prevent her people from participating in all the enterprises they are engaged in. Like Peping Cojuangco [Aquino's brother]. He should just be anesthetized. [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: Speaking of corruption, your old friend former defense minister Johnny Ponce Enrile, who helped stage the revolt against you, said he committed fraud for you during the last presidential election, the one you claim you rightfully won.

FERDINAND: Come on! Come on! He doesn't have the guts to commit fraud. He is a guy who always orders somebody else to do the dirty work.

PLAYBOY: Don't you concede it was possible that there was fraud during the elections?

FERDINAND: Yes. There was fraud on both sides. But mine was not massive. In the last weeks, my opposition was using greenbacks to buy votes. We have the sworn statements of some of these people.

PLAYBOY: Did you give these statements to the team of U.S. observers that charged your side with voter fraud?

FERDINAND: The team didn't really bother. One gentleman—I won't name him—visited one election precinct, then went to

the bar and made up stories about us.

PLAYBOY: Thinking back about your downfall, do you now think you relied on people who betrayed you? How did you know whom to trust?

FERDINAND: It came down to a choice between bad and worse.

PLAYBOY: Meaning?

FERDINAND: Meaning General [Fidel] Ramos or General Ver. How can you choose? One guy, Ramos, is a weakling, and his people are traitors. The other, Ver, would give his life for you—but he's too rough. He kicks people—things like that. Like Patton.

IMELDA: [Speaking at the other end of the table] I used to tell him, "The palace is a snake farm."

FERDINAND: Still, I think the first lady and I acquired an instinct in determining who can be trusted. We flatter ourselves in believing we have been largely right.

IMELDA: Our instincts? Well, remember, he's a very linear thinker—very precise, logical, one, two, three. But I think very . . . woman, very holistic. So sometimes he thinks I'm dumb and spaced out.

PLAYBOY: What's an example?

IMELDA: I'll tell him this or that guy is no good. He'll say, "Wanna bet? His credentials are this, that, fantastic; he comes from Harvard or wherever." I'll say, "Funny, but he just doesn't look right."

PLAYBOY: And you always mistrusted Enrile?

IMELDA: Yes, and I'm sorry I was proved right.

PLAYBOY: Mr. President, Mrs. Marcos says you are rational and logical, yet others say you are superstitious. Don't you believe in special numbers and carry a talisman?

FERDINAND: I am not superstitious. But I do believe in clairvoyance. I believe in extrasensory perception. I believe in telepathic messages. I get the idea to watch out for a particular fellow—he may have a pistol in his pocket, ready to shoot me.

PLAYBOY: Does your clairvoyance tell you anything about a possible return?

FERDINAND: Yes. I have that feeling. God, or the Big Guy up there, my guardian angel, tells me. I keep asking, "Give me a sign if I can return."

PLAYBOY: Any signs so far?

FERDINAND: So far, the sign has been "Don't move yet."

PLAYBOY: What about the move you made in January, when there was a private jet waiting for you at Honolulu Airport to fly you back to rally your supporters just after an attempted coup?

FERDINAND: No, no, wait a minute. Let's clarify this. There was someone representing this fellow who made inquiries to us here, but we never got in touch with anybody—except when they were already here and sent word they were available [laughs] if we wanted to use them. I said, "After all this hullabaloo, how can I accept your offer? I'm not going to be shot down in the middle of the Pacific. That's not the graveyard I choose!"

PLAYBOY: You mean because the matter had become so public?

FERDINAND: Yes, all the hubbub that was created. But back to your question: Do I believe in the spiritual, in the effectiveness of, well, communicating with your God? Yes. And I believe you will have to make an accounting to Him after death. Say you'd killed so-and-so. I would have to say, "Yes, Lord, forgive me." If I did. Like, for instance, He would probably ask me, "Weren't you a participant in the conspiracy to kill Benigno Aquino?" And, of course, I'd tell Him, "You know better than that, Lord, because I was sick; I wasn't even working at the time it happened. I really ripped into the office of security."

PLAYBOY: Does that mean you still believe in the lone-assassin theory—that the gunman, Rolando Galman, managed to penetrate all the airport security that your



BEFORE THE FALL. The Marcoses preside over Malacañang Palace in 1982. Four years later, they took more modest quarters in Hawaii.

friend and military chief of staff General Fabian Ver had set up?

FERDINAND: I don't "believe." I know.

PLAYBOY: Yet you announced that theory even before your own investigators had concluded their study.

FERDINAND: That was because the American Ambassador and the State Department people were pestering me, along with my other critics.

PLAYBOY: What would you have done with Aquino if he had not been murdered?

FERDINAND: Bring him back to prison! Because he already had a death sentence over him, there was no need to assassinate him. All you had to do is bring him back to prison and let the execution take place.

PLAYBOY: You mean you would have killed him anyway?

FERDINAND: Throughout my 20 years in office, I executed only one prisoner—a heroin dealer who took pride in having destroyed the lives of so many Filipinos. Aquino, though, he was a sly one. He kept calling me to see if he could negotiate his way into the government. He even tried to do that a couple of months before he came back.

IMELDA: I ran against Aquino [in congressional elections]. He was no threat to the president and me. I beat Aquino by more

than 1,000,000 votes.

PLAYBOY: But, Mrs. Marcos, he was in jail at the time.

IMELDA: Well, my God! That was the most romantic place to be in! I would like to be in jail when I'm running for office. No, my conscience is clear on Aquino. After [the assassination], people suspected me of conspiring with General Ver, but I'd be surprised if I've spoken ten sentences to the general in the past 20 years. In fact, when I called him, he would be terrorized.

PLAYBOY: Mr. President, wasn't Aquino's assassination the turning point for you? If he hadn't been killed, wouldn't you still be in Malacañang Palace?

FERDINAND: His assassination just added to the resolve of the U.S. embassy to try to knock me out. It was [former U.S. Ambassador to the Philippines Michael] Armacost, I think, who masterminded the whole thing. But, look, he's now number three in the State Department. Let's not pick a quarrel with him. We have enough enemies.

PLAYBOY: The first lady is signaling us that it's time to eat.

FERDINAND: Well, she's the mistress of the house. In the Philippines, we say that once the lady of the house has spoken, you say, "Amen."

[There is a break for lunch, during which Mr. and Mrs. Marcos agree to keep taping the interview. Mrs. Marcos has laid out a buffet lunch.]

IMELDA: You know, these are all my recipes. I don't make the food myself, but they're all from my family tradition. Let's see—why don't you sit down next to me.

[Mrs. Marcos is at one end of the table, the president at the other.]

PLAYBOY: Mrs. Marcos, do you feel a bit of cabin fever, overseeing the running of a small compound here in Hawaii, instead of the glory you once commanded?

IMELDA: No, because I feel that this is just an intermission in my life. I don't have as much to do as I did when I was in my country, but I feel very happy. I have my garden to tend to. My bougainvilleas are blooming, and I feel hopeful.

One of the things for which I pat myself on the back is that I have not missed my possessions. It would be wonderful if I could see them once in a while, but I have a good memory. Malacañang Palace will always stay with me.

PLAYBOY: Still, to go from dining with heads of state to gardening—it must bother you.

IMELDA: What bothers me more is that the press has got it all wrong. My husband, a great humanist, is called a tyrant! A great dict—uh, I mean a great democrat is called a dictator! That bothers me. Fighting for the Philippines is like fighting for America, because we are one in spirit. And yet you leave the Philippines, this jewel of a country, in the hands of a coconut!

What bothers me even more is that being here in America, the most beautiful country in the world—oh, why do you let

Japan outsmart you, beat you?

Let me show you something. [*Gets up, goes out of the dining room and returns*] Look at this—what's this?

PLAYBOY: It looks to us like Uncle Sam in a clown outfit—

IMELDA: It *is*! Uncle Sam as a clown, and when you wind it up, it has a music box underneath that plays *God Bless America*. This is what American kids buy now. What a disgrace to us Americans—

PLAYBOY: *Us* Americans?

IMELDA: [*Laughs*] I can't believe I said that, us. [*Knocks on her temples*] Can you imagine, me being an American? But you see what I am saying—in America, this is what is being offered to American kids for playthings. Look at this one, too.

PLAYBOY: It's a sort of G.I. Joe with a walrus head and long tusks holding a bazooka.

IMELDA: That's what it is. [*Detaches bazooka and fingers it*] These walrus fangs—that's what they painted on our pictures in the Philippines after Cory Aquino took over, all over the place, fangs everywhere on the posters of me and the president. [*Turns over toys*] Let's see where these things were made—I knew it! Japan. The country saved by America after it tried to destroy America—they turn around and do this thing to America, and America just gobbles it all up. It's so terrible. Children, American children, are buying Japanese toys that ridicule America.

PLAYBOY: Why do you have these items, then, if you're so disgusted by them?

IMELDA: My grandchildren wanted some toys, and someone bought them. If I were a policeman, I'd shoot them down, these symbols of America. My friends in the Philippines tell me that they're now making Cory Aquino dolls that look like those horrible rag dolls—what do you call them?

PLAYBOY: Cabbage Patch Kids?

IMELDA: Yes, those. And they're ugly. All the time I was in the Philippines, they never made a doll of *me*. I guess it's not my fault, because I'm not ugly.

PLAYBOY: Whereas Mrs. Aquino is?

IMELDA: No comment. [*Laughs*] I just believe in beauty. Take **PLAYBOY**, for instance. **PLAYBOY** really shows beautiful women in a way they can be admired. Some people call it pornographic, but I don't think so. I think **PLAYBOY** shows the beauty of the female body. Goya did the same thing a century ago. Americans have always admired beauty, and I admire Americans because of that. But—look at these toys! This is not beauty!

PLAYBOY: We recall that you had something of a problem with naked pictures of yourself way back when—

IMELDA: Yes, I got into trouble during the 1965 election. Somebody mounted my face on naked pictures. I was so furious—they were very naked, very ugly bodies. If they had used Marilyn Monroe's body,

then I would have had no problem. I might even have ordered some. [*Laughs*]

But, again, I just don't understand why, when you have the most beautiful country in the world, you let other countries outsmart you.

PLAYBOY: What would be a better system?

IMELDA: There should be only one leader. Too many cooks spoil the broth! You have the Congress, a very strong Congress; you have the Justice Department—

PLAYBOY: You mean the Judiciary—

IMELDA: Yes, that. And then you have the President, and then you have a fourth—the *media*! Who think of nothing but perceptions.

PLAYBOY: Mr. Marcos began with a system like ours. You had in the Philippines the *Batasang Pambansa*, your own congress—

IMELDA: Yes, and that is why Marcos



WORKING OUT. Marcos showed his fitness to rule in an exercise video tape shot in Hawaii and then released in the Philippines.

changed it. Originally, it was like yours, but it did not work, because we were all spread out—7150 islands. So Marcos changed it to a parliamentary system.

FERDINAND: Excuse me, you're wrong. The reason was that in the old days, the congress system ended up with some congressmen blackmailing the president when the president tried to—well, systematize the expenditure of public funds. Why? Because a lot of the congressmen were collecting bribes.

IMELDA: I didn't know this.

FERDINAND: If we hadn't stepped in, the entire system would have collapsed.

IMELDA: And as the days went by, it would have—

FERDINAND: Please hold on! Instead of the simple martial law we declared, the alternative would have been the commander in chief's taking over the entire government.

PLAYBOY: Of course, your critics charge that that's exactly what you did.

FERDINAND: You must understand that I was also protecting my life and the life of my family. After the 1969 election, two American gunmen were caught in an attempt to assassinate me.

IMELDA: And they were hired by—

FERDINAND: Hold it! They were hired by Eugenio Lopez, Sr., and many other of my

enemies. Many of them confessed. Even when Eugenio came to the Malacañang Palace to confess and apologize—he was coughing all over the place—I just said, "You didn't need to come here. I know what's going on. Furthermore, the lies you have spread about me and my wife—"

IMELDA: The president and myself—

FERDINAND: Hold it, hold it! Lopez apologized to me. He said, "I had nothing to do with the assassination plot, but I admit that the information I published about your wife was fabricated." [U.S. press reports tell a different story: A member of a prominent family, Eugenio Lopez, Jr., was imprisoned without formal charges for two years, while his family refrained from public criticism of the Marcos regime and turned over more than \$400,000,000 worth of holdings—including a newspaper and a broadcasting network—to Marcos' relatives and supporters. In 1974, Lopez Sr., then dying of cancer, visited the Marcoses at the palace, but his son was not released. Lopez Jr. then went on a hunger strike, and his family spoke out against Marcos. It was not until 1976 that Marcos first charged Lopez Jr. with attempted assassination.]

IMELDA: The worst things he'd published were stories that I was stupid! And that I hadn't grown up across the street from where General MacArthur had his headquarters—that I grew up in a little shop. Can you imagine that?

PLAYBOY: Why were you called stupid?

IMELDA: I went to a Benedictine convent for my entire education. And in this yearbook that you'd autograph for your classmates, I would miss an E or an I or whatever. At least I wrote some words.

FERDINAND: She was also the student-council president.

IMELDA: That's not the point—a psychiatrist came to look at how I wrote, and he said, "She thinks faster than she can write." I always mistake words when I write, even today.

[*Marcos leaves to take a phone call.*]

PLAYBOY: Earlier, we were talking about the betrayal by Enrile—

IMELDA: On the *day* we arrived here, knowing exactly that the main culprit of the coup was Johnny Ponce Enrile—J.P.E., Marcos called him. Can you imagine that—calling your enemy—

PLAYBOY: Who had been your friend for 20 years?

IMELDA: Exactly. But Marcos said, "You take over the prime ministership of the parliament and I will support you." Imagine! Mrs. Aquino did not offer the prime ministership to J.P.E.!

PLAYBOY: Did that make you angry? That your husband had—

IMELDA: I was very angry. All of us were in a state of shock. This man Enrile, the one who caused all of these problems—it was so terrible. We suffered all these indignities when we left. We were dumped into a C-141, were all on top of each other; there was no opening in the airplane, and we

could barely breathe, and it went from so cold to so hot—it was a plane meant only for cattle! So on the day, the very moment, we arrived in Hawaii, he put in a call to J.P.E., saying he'd support him.

PLAYBOY: And how did you react?

IMELDA: I said, "You are insane!"

[*Marcos returns to the room in time for that remark.*]

PLAYBOY: Mr. President, what do you think?

FERDINAND: Take her, take her, please. [*Laughs*]

IMELDA: I'm serious. Mrs. Aquino abolished the constitution, abolished the parliament—and they talk about Marcos as a dictator? Marcos as oppressive? Marcos, a tyrant? Mrs. Aquino, do you think that if you destroy Marcos, the Philippines will flourish? If Marcos was the problem, OK; he's out. Why do you have to spit at him, curse him, kick him?

This woman, Aquino, she is *satanic*. In the name of God, she used God to package communism, these crazy things.

PLAYBOY: Mr. President, if you do not succeed in going back, how do you think history will remember you?

FERDINAND: I cannot answer that yet. There are several scenarios.

PLAYBOY: Meaning you still hope to return?

FERDINAND: Let's put it this way: History is not through with me yet. I still believe that justice, no matter how slowly, it grinds. But it grinds exceedingly well.

PLAYBOY: Well, let us put it this way: When you hear your wife refer to you as honest, generous, loving and the most wonderful man on earth, do you believe her?

FERDINAND: [*Pauses*] I am a full man.

IMELDA: No, you're a whole man.

FERDINAND: Right, I'm a whole man.

PLAYBOY: Which means?

FERDINAND: Most of the Third World people have lost the values that made them a whole man—the perception of dignity, the true meaning of freedom and the willingness to fight for that freedom.

IMELDA: Can I grab your pen for a minute? I can draw it for you, to show what I mean. [*Takes pen and draws circles, squares and other shapes*] We're talking about the whole man—body, mind and spirit. You give the body what is good and makes him healthy [*draws circle*]. Give the mind the truth to make him educated [*draws stars over the circle*]. And then, when everything is in harmony, he is whole and starts to smile [*draws a smiling face over the other drawings*]. And if you take off one part of that, the picture will look like a crocodile, and we are not content with that. We want fulfillment and happiness to make a truly happy face. If he has an unhappy face, it's this [*draws an upside-down heart*]. Mind, body and spirit—and we all have a happy face!

PLAYBOY: Is this semeiology a way of expressing a, what shall we say—

IMELDA: I call it a theology. It's a little presumptuous, but it is correct. I made a the-

ology toward a new human order, using symbols. And I call it Seven Portals to Peace. [*Takes pen in hand again*] Here I'm going to use only the numerical symbols of one and zero. Number one, how does the children [*sic*] draw a tree? Zero and one. See? As long as there is one tree on the planet, there will be infinity to bring about ecological order. [*Keeps drawing*]

Number two, as long as there is one woman—this is the sex symbol of the woman—and one man, the phallic symbol, there you have it: woman and man. So there will be infinity and there will be a human order. Are you following me?

PLAYBOY: We're trying. Please go on.

IMELDA: Number three, as long as you're not thinking of the dollar and going in circles for the dollar like a porcupine, man will be the center, and man will flourish, the dollar will go around and there will be an economic order. Using only zero and one! Zero, zero, zero, zero, zero. And man is the center. And here's number four—I always say the problem is also an opportunity. I don't solve problems. I recycle problems into assets.

PLAYBOY: Of course, your financial assets, many of which are being held, have been of great interest to the U.S. media.

IMELDA: That's my problem. I have an American mind; I'm honest and open. That's what my problem is and the problem of America is—we tell everything.

PLAYBOY: You haven't told everything to the courts about your assets.

IMELDA: My dear, I *will* survive. Assets—

PLAYBOY: Such as, of course, the shoes in your palace closet—

IMELDA: At least there were no *skeletons* in my closet, no? [*Laughs*] People forget. In the Philippines, shoes are now 60 pesos a pair—that's three dollars. And this business of my having 3000 pairs of shoes—even if I'd had 10,000 pairs of shoes for 20 years, that's only \$30,000. Many people spend a lot more than that in ten years.

The thing is, I was promoting anything that was Filipino—I was the first lady; remember that.

PLAYBOY: Did you wear only Filipino shoes?

IMELDA: Well—I was not always parochial, let's say. [*Laughs*] But I did wear a lot of Filipino-made shoes. Look at these, for instance. [*Takes shoe off right foot*] This is Oleg Cassini, franchised in the Philippines, and it was made in two hours. [*Holds up shoe for inspection*] In Italy, the shoes would have taken two days to make. Two days!

PLAYBOY: Yes, but if they'd been made in Italy, they wouldn't have rubber soles, as yours do, would they?

IMELDA: They still stand up for wear. The point is, by making these shoes, we were able to give jobs to our people. Shoes were not even my weakness.

PLAYBOY: What was?

IMELDA: [*Laughs*] I'm certainly not going to say it out loud for **PLAYBOY**; are you kid-

ding? Seriously, my weakness was trusting people I shouldn't have trusted.

FERDINAND: One thing about her shoes—she lost a shoe on a state visit to China, because so many people were bugging her. Later, when the media publicized the 3000, we joked that we should have taken them all along on that trip.

IMELDA: I got along the rest of the day in China with one shoe by wearing a long gown. But when I got back to the hotel, I threw that shoe away. Then, a few days after we got back to Manila, the Chinese ambassador came to call. He had with him the shoe I had thrown away!

The moral is, never throw shoes away, because they will catch up with you. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: President and Mrs. Reagan made their own state visit to Bali last year. Were you disappointed that you didn't get to speak with them in person?

IMELDA: [*Pauses*] No, I was happy that we got to speak with them on the phone. We were grateful that they remembered to call, that they took time to speak with us. I had spoken with Mrs. Reagan during the final days in Manila.

PLAYBOY: Really? You spoke with Mrs. Reagan on the phone during that period?

IMELDA: Yes. On the day the palace was under attack by rockets, she said to me, "Come, Mrs. Marcos, I invite you to the United States." The Reagans were very sweet and wanted us to be their guests. I had to say that I would be the *last* to leave my country. Unfortunately, the Reagans were then fed lies by bureaucrats. But I surely appreciated their humane concern.

PLAYBOY: Has it ever occurred to you, now that the Reagans have their own troubles with the Iran/*Contra* crisis, to call up Nancy Reagan and return the favor—tell her to just hang in there, that sort of thing?

IMELDA: Yes, I feel there will be a time for all of that, but I don't want to be presumptuous. They're smart enough to do this thing right, and what President Reagan did has a moral foundation to it.

PLAYBOY: Selling arms to Iran has a moral foundation?

IMELDA: You just cannot argue with me about it—President Reagan did what he did because he wanted to protect America. Reagan's number-one oath is to protect America. And the system would not help, so he had to go an illegal way. But it was morally right!

And, of course, I understand what it is like to be in distress. Last year, just before Thanksgiving, we were getting so congested in our home here—people were getting hotheaded with each other, wounding each other, hurting each other; it was like everybody had his own foxhole. So then some of our people came and said, "Mr. President, we are leaving; we can't stand this anymore; we're up to here." [*Points to neck*]

PLAYBOY: A mutiny?

IMELDA: A mutiny. So the president said, "Gentlemen, this situation reminds me of

my namesake, Ferdinand Magellan." He said, "When Magellan and his crew had not seen land for many months as they were circumnavigating the globe, Magellan went before all of his men and said, 'Gentlemen, today we are no longer ordinary mortals. We have just turned into gods. And let us thank the Lord for this great privilege of having been so deprived, so humiliated, and given all these indignities, because these are all instruments for heroism and greatness.'

"And I promise you," said Marcos, "that this is one fight no one will lose—even if we fail, we fail as martyrs for freedom." There were three or four minutes of silence; then everybody stood up and saluted Marcos and said, "We're sorry, sir." I have never seen the president in a more glorious and shining moment than then.

When I saw this, I had to go and embrace the president. I said, "Hallelujah, this is *something*!" And ever since then, things have been fine with our staff.

PLAYBOY: You think of yourselves as gods, then?

IMELDA: Yes, because we are on a divine mission.

PLAYBOY: Which is?

IMELDA: To return to the Philippines to reclaim our destiny.

FERDINAND: We are part of the achievement of being a god. That is what we are about now. An ordinary mortal would not be able to stand it. All of our statements now have to prove that we have not gone back to being ordinary mortals.

IMELDA: And even if we fall—

FERDINAND: We'll fall as martyrs for the cause; we'll fall with honor.

PLAYBOY: You've said you would do anything to keep the "flame" alive—

IMELDA: The flame of freedom!

PLAYBOY: What, exactly, does that mean?

FERDINAND: I'm willing to die! If necessary. But I don't think that may be necessary. . . . I will not be surprised if by the time this appears in print, we are enjoying the Manila sunsets.

[*Marcos leaves to take a phone call.*]

IMELDA: After you've been deposed, after a leader has fallen, he's suddenly ugly, a crook. Somoza! The shah! Everybody! You know who was the first to call us when we got here? The shah's widow.

But, again, why did Marcos proclaim martial law? Because the Communists were already pounding on the gates of Malacañang Palace and in congress. Did Americans realize why we did it? No!

PLAYBOY: What Americans did hear were the many allegations by human-rights groups, such as Amnesty International, of the terrible things the Marcoses had ordered done to people—

IMELDA: Human rights! Human rights! How about human *right*? We chose to be with America, not the Communists, and that's why we're now being crucified!

PLAYBOY: You keep invoking the Deity. Do

you think God has something special in mind for you?

IMELDA: Yes. I think He *has* something special in mind for me. This has been too much of a preparation. And I don't just believe in God—I make God *real*. I want to be surrounded by what is beautiful. I want to do beautiful things.

FERDINAND: [*Returning to the table*] My doctors have been telling me to take my nap. I said I had an interesting interview with **PLAYBOY**. They asked, "Are they making you the centerfold?" [*Laughs*] Maybe we should send them the immigration commissioner's picture.

IMELDA: They can't use your picture; I don't want you to look too healthy now. You'll be forced to sit down before the grand jury in Virginia [about alleged misuse of U.S. Government funds]. [*Laughs*] Me, I recycle everything—even being in jail would be very positive for me if they called me to a grand jury.

FERDINAND: I do not want to go home that way. [*Laughs*]

IMELDA: Andy, tell them about your bitterest enemy.

FERDINAND: You're talking about the guy who tried to turn me into a *queer*, which I'm not and don't intend to be!

PLAYBOY: A homosexual political enemy?

FERDINAND: We won't mention his name.

PLAYBOY: Yet enemies of Marcos had real reasons to fear you, didn't they?

IMELDA: OK. What so terrorizes a lot of people in the Philippines who would fight against Marcos is that, always, all of Marcos' enemies somehow go and get sick, or something terrible happens. [*Laughs*] From time immemorial [*sic*].

FERDINAND: Unfortunately, my enemies are slowly dying away. And so the game is not as exciting as it used to be. I am surprised at the way they are disappearing from the scene.

PLAYBOY: Some people charge that, over the years, *you* have been responsible for some of their disappearances.

FERDINAND: Let them say what they want. It's not true.

PLAYBOY: What if something terrible were to befall Cory Aquino?

FERDINAND: The Communists will probably try to kill Madame Aquino and blame it on me. It's in their blood.

PLAYBOY: It's in their blood to kill Cory?

FERDINAND: What do you mean, Cory? Everybody! All the leaders of every party, including ours. All *she* did was release from jail the 441 most prominent Communist leaders our government had spent years trying to track down! The way the Communists are conducting themselves, even if Madame Aquino survives the elections, she will not last the year.

[*The interview resumes in the living room.*]

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about the hours before your downfall. Why didn't you try to mount a counterattack with troops loyal to you?

FERDINAND: I could have had the Mala-

cañang Palace bombed. I could have done a number of things to ward off the attackers. But I had another plan. I was going to cut off all the palace's utilities and then infiltrate the defense building—friends of Enrile's are also friends of mine. So I called him and said, "Let's stop this foolishness." Enrile promised me he would try to work it out; but by that time, I suspect, Cory was already in touch with him—through the Americans.

PLAYBOY: Why do you suspect that?

FERDINAND: Because I received a threat that the Marines would be used against me. The U.S. Marines! I got a formal note—unsigned—from I won't say whom, but it was a high-ranking U.S. official. [Marcos has elsewhere named former Ambassador Stephen Bosworth as the official who threatened him. Bosworth denies this.]

PLAYBOY: How did you respond?

FERDINAND: I said, "You show me this note, but signed by President Reagan, and I'll surrender to you." I mean, if President Reagan was declaring war on me—what the heck! I surrender! I face reality! I'll go to the President and say, "I'm your prisoner; what's happening?" [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Yet it seems clear that the order for you to step down came from the President.

FERDINAND: I seriously doubt it. It was the diplomatic-level people at the U.S. embassy. The policy there was to get Marcos out. There was a U.S. Senator there whose 24-year-old daughter felt insulted because there was a party she wasn't invited to attend. [State Department sources say that no one of that description was in the U.S. embassy at that time.] I talked with President Reagan later and I think he was unaware; he was misled.

PLAYBOY: And the assassination of Aquino, as we have discussed, was crucial.

FERDINAND: The Aquino assassination added to the resolve of the U.S. embassy to try to knock me off. But I'm not going to fault anyone. All I know is that somebody from a Senator's office [presumably that of then-Senator Paul Laxalt, who served as go-between during that period] called and said, "You'd better get out of there. Even gunboats will be used against you." So I immediately issued an order that if any American gunboat came into Manila Bay, or if the Marines landed, no firing. [Laxalt denies this and says that Marcos was "terrified" by reports of gunboats, which Laxalt checked out. Laxalt then called Marcos to assure him that there was no such threat.]

PLAYBOY: So, in effect, Senator Laxalt told you that you had to cut and run.

FERDINAND: No, he never said those words to me. In fact, I do not know what Laxalt's memory is, but the truth is that I did *not* talk with him before the events that ended in my departure from the Philippines. I talked with him afterward. [Laxalt says this is not true and that he and Marcos spoke several times before

his departure.] If he had ever said those words to me, I would have said, "May I talk to President Reagan?"

PLAYBOY: And what would you have said to your old friend President Reagan?

FERDINAND: I would have said, "You know you're ordering the use of American troops and violating the law. You are supposed to submit this to the Congress within 90 days."

But the President did not know what was happening to us. I know this because he stopped off in Honolulu last year, on his way to Bali, and he gave me the impression that he did not know. It was all underlings. The same type of underlings that, in my case, I say stole so much money from the Philippines.

PLAYBOY: Since you bring it up, do you know what your net worth is?

FERDINAND: Yes. But I'm not about to tell you. [Laughs] The true answer is yes and no. My net worth is covered by the documents I have, and I am ready to show them at the proper time. My enemies say I have deposits in the Bahamas, in Panama. Now, I'd like to see those, because I don't have any paper on those.

They claim I'm worth—how much? Thirty billion? I say, "Show me the paper, and we can split it. You take 29 billion, give me one billion and let's say goodbye like friends." But they have to find it first! And not in pesos—in American dollars! [Laughs]

IMELDA: You remember *The Wall Street Journal* had stories that either the money didn't exist or Marcos was smart to have hidden it so well. Which was it, Andy?

FERDINAND: Well—

IMELDA: You were smart! [Laughs]

[Mrs. Marcos leaves for a while.]

PLAYBOY: Earlier, when you talked about America, and when Mrs. Marcos referred to "us Americans," it seemed as if your history is so tightly intertwined with U.S. history—

FERDINAND: Look, I learned the Gettysburg Address before I could read. We were under the U.S. educational system. But my grandfather headed the revolutionary forces and fought to the death!

PLAYBOY: Against the Americans?

FERDINAND: First against the Spanish, then against the Americans. So I knew about American history through his stories, and I was fascinated by American heroes—Teddy Roosevelt, all the guys my grandfather fought. I guess I was always fascinated by America.

PLAYBOY: So you grew up in an essentially American way.

FERDINAND: Yeah, with hopes of going to Harvard, only I was ordered into the military. But I had, I remember, a yellow convertible, a Chrysler fireball, all kinds of other cars. I lived the bachelor existence.

PLAYBOY: A pretty lavish one, too. You had some early success as a lawyer, didn't you?

FERDINAND: Yes, I was earning a good liv-

ing, because I had a reputation for having represented myself successfully before I got my law degree.

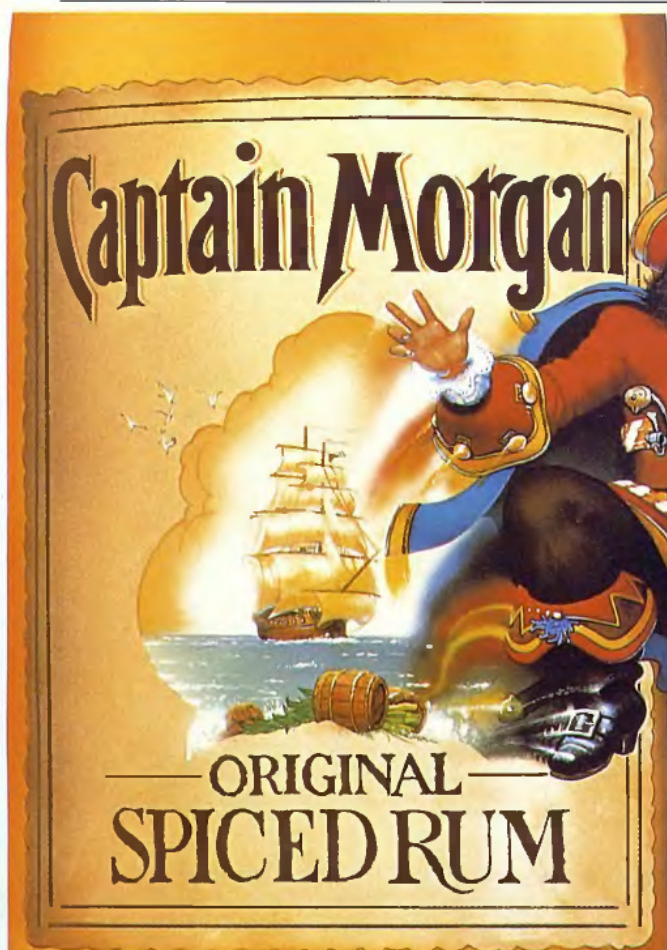
PLAYBOY: What case was that?

FERDINAND: I was accused of murder. In '39. The guy testifying against me as an eyewitness was someone I'd never seen before. I jumped on him right in court and started to choke him. I was strong and forgot myself. I was actually in jail when I took my bar exam and, of course, everyone said, "He'll never be able to concentrate and take the exam." But I am the type who can put aside tensions and worries, and I took the exam, passed it and began handling big cases right away. Although I specialized in corporate law, I decided to practice some criminal law, for the sake of the criminals who had been in the penitentiary with me.

Anyway, when you're a lawyer in the Philippines, you're automatically considered presidential material. One of my first cases was that of a *bon vivant* charged in a gold-mining scam. He was living quite the bachelor life.

PLAYBOY: Unlike yourself? Didn't you say you led a fast life—cars, ladies?

FERDINAND: God, we're returning to sex! I try to avoid it. The answer is yes and no. There's a saying in the Philippines, "You can be hungry in the eyes but no further than that." My greatest fear was that someday I might wake up and discover somebody I was not in love with beside



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me in bed. I was afraid I would go crazy and shoot myself. So I promised myself I would never have an affair to the extent that a woman could, well, corner me into a shotgun wedding. So I kept window shopping. But when I met Imelda, I was swept off my feet. I proposed to her in the first 30 minutes.

PLAYBOY: What persuaded you?

FERDINAND: First, I made her stand up to find out how tall she was. She was about my height, and I said, "I guess you'll do." I told her I felt bells, I smelled roses, I could quote poetry the whole night through—I had never felt like that about any other woman.

PLAYBOY: And you did not even kiss her until—

FERDINAND: The altar. She was very circumspect and had a chaperon before we were married. Our wedding was in '55, and I was running for congress, and she started having these migraine headaches. [Both were involved with others at the time of their wedding, which was in 1954, and Marcos was already a congressman.]

We went to the doctors and they told me the headaches were caused by my desire to become involved in politics. They said, "Either you give up politics or she will not be able to perform normally as a wife."

So I said to Imelda, "I'll give up politics. I'll practice law, write books and amass a fortune—part of which I could put into a foundation for the poor." But she cried, "I cannot make you give up your life's ambition! Everyone says you will run for president in 20 years!" I beat them by nine years, by the way—I ran for president 11 years later. But basically, she said, "I'm going to be a politician's wife."

PLAYBOY: Then it must have hurt when, over the years, she was portrayed as the ultimate dragon lady.

FERDINAND: Of course. She was not anything like that. She was not ambitious. She was not grasping.

PLAYBOY: Then why is the world's perception of her the opposite?

FERDINAND: Because she did not bother to explain herself—I had to do it. In the early days, she was always afraid of appearing before a crowd—until I got her to sing. She'd always been a good singer. When she was a kid in the Benedictine convent, she lived right across the street from General MacArthur's headquarters, and he used to have her come over and sing for his staff.

PLAYBOY: And you then began to sing together as a campaign trademark, right?

FERDINAND: Yes. Before I knew it, she was also delivering speeches.

PLAYBOY: And—

FERDINAND: And she stopped having migraine headaches. [Laughs]

[Mrs. Marcos rejoins the interview.]

PLAYBOY: We've heard that there is an interesting story about your first public appearance as a singer. What year are we talking about?

IMELDA: Oh, don't ask me this! It was

1944, and I was singing at a garden party in the MacArthur compound. I sang a song—*God Bless the Philippines*—and Irving Berlin, who was there, heard me. He came up to me and embraced me and said, "Dear girl, this song is *God Bless America*!" I said, "No, this is *God Bless the Philippines*." He said, "I composed this song, and it's *God Bless America*." I said, "There's no difference, because America and the Philippines are the same." He said, "No, no, no. Almost the same but not really the same; this song is really meant for America." So Irving Berlin went off into a little corner and stayed for a while. He came over to me and said, "I must have a piano." So he went to our house right across the street and played a new song. "I have this new song for you," he said—*Heaven Watch the Philippines*. "You'll learn this," he said, "and tomorrow there's going to be a big show I'm



HIGH NOTE. Imelda Marcos, pianist in exile, claims that in 1944, she sang before General MacArthur and the entire U.S. Eighth Army.

going to present. You'll premiere this in front of 40,000 men." So the next day, I sang it in front of the entire Eighth Army, with General MacArthur and Admiral Nimitz and Admiral Halsey, and I had a backup chorus of 200 soldiers! You should have seen me! [Irving Berlin, 99, says he composed the song in 1945, not 1944, and "definitely not" for Mrs. Marcos. Pentagon sources say that it is highly unlikely that such an event took place during that period.] This is how I first became public—I was ten or 12 years old. [Laughs] I still do love to sing, but I don't get much of a chance anymore.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps you could sing a song or two for us. We'll play the piano.

[Phil Bronstein, one of the two interviewers, sits down at the piano.]

IMELDA: Well . . . all right. Let's start with *Sentimental Journey*—do you know it?

PLAYBOY: We'll try.

IMELDA: [Gives a rousing rendition] "I'll be counting every mile of railroad track that takes me back./Never thought my heart could be so yearny./[Slowly, then more upbeat] Like a child in wild anticipation./ . . . [Breathy voice] Never thought my heart could be so yearny./Why did I decide to roam?/Got to take the senti-

mental journey, sentimental journey hommmmmmmmmme."

PLAYBOY: Bravo.

IMELDA: Now let's try *Don't Fence Me In*. [Sings with great gusto] "I want to ride to the ridge where the West commences./ Gaze at the moon till I lose my senses. . . / Don't fence me in. [Winds up] Oh, baby, now, don't fence me in. Don't you fence me in!" [Applause]

PLAYBOY: Do you have a secret desire to be on Broadway?

IMELDA: I do have an offer to do a show. It's called *Aloha*. It has seven beautiful songs, and it's the story of Hawaii. In it, the queen, Alikia, comes out beautifully dressed in her lei and grass skirt and long hair—my hair is long, anyway. But the nice part is, my first public appearance will be with beautiful things in my hair, wearing a grass skirt—and without shoes! [Laughs] I'm going to make money on those shoes, you know. How is that for recycling a problem into an asset?

PLAYBOY: Is there a singer whom you particularly admire?

IMELDA: Elvis Presley. He was ahead of his time, because he had deep feelings. He had the privilege of deep feelings because he was deeply loved by his mother, Gladys. He was able to appreciate deep, profound beauty in sounds. And he started a musical revolution. They say all revolutions start from love.

PLAYBOY: Including the Aquino revolution?

IMELDA: No! That was started in vengeance!

PLAYBOY: Your own love story was pretty special, according to President Marcos—

IMELDA: Yes, it was made in heaven. I've been so blessed. Our life is a fairy tale.

PLAYBOY: Yet the rumors persist about extramarital affairs. Yours, for instance, with George Hamilton.

IMELDA: Well [pauses], at least he's good-looking, isn't he? I'm in good company, because he's got one of the most beautiful women in the world as his girlfriend, Elizabeth Taylor. We are beautiful women, beautiful people. Why does the press lap up all this stuff? Because we are all beautiful people. But George Hamilton and I were never more than good friends.

PLAYBOY: Then, too, there has been much publicity of late about your husband's alleged affair with a starlet, Dovie Beams de Villagran, a former B-movie actress who claims she was once his mistress.

IMELDA: [Laughs] Wait a minute! I know better. I have a special sensitivity about these things. You can tell when they're playing hooky. We're too close. I would be able to tell if he was with someone else.

[Mrs. Marcos leaves for a while.]

PLAYBOY: Mr. President, your own health became the topic of speculation through the last years of your presidency. There were reports that you were a candidate for a kidney transplant. Is that true?

FERDINAND: I was ready for a transplant,

yes. But when I came to the U.S. in 1982 and the doctors saw the results of my kidneys' performing, they laughed me off the operating table. I said, "Be frank with me; do I need one?" Because I might have had to give up my duties as president, and I said I would have to settle my affairs and would like to die in the Philippines—or, better yet, live in the Philippines. They said, "Don't worry."

PLAYBOY: Kidney dialysis is a procedure that many people cannot afford. Yet when the Aquino forces took over the palace, they found seven dialysis machines.

FERDINAND: That's right, seven. When a doctor friend of mine was asked why I would need seven dialysis machines, he said I probably had seven kidneys. [Laughs] The truth of the matter is, we were preparing for a battle, so we were setting up an emergency hospital. The first wounds in battle are usually those that affect your kidneys. That's why they were there.

PLAYBOY: There was also a stir raised on American TV when a video of your own version of a Jane Fonda workout was broadcast. Was it to show people in the Philippines that you were healthy, despite the rumors?

FERDINAND: To be frank, I did not intend for it to be shown in the Philippines, though it was. I wanted it as a record of how I was feeling. Somebody apparently got hold of it and sold it.

PLAYBOY: How could that happen?

FERDINAND: That's like asking how someone can tap my phone—but they do. The telephone company even told me so. I wrote a letter to the State Department complaining, but to no avail.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk briefly about some of the world leaders you've met. Can you give us some thumbnail sketches of the greatest—Mao Tse-tung, to start?

FERDINAND: I admire all leaders who attain their objective, no matter what their politics. I appreciated Mao because it was always said that no one would ever be able to unite China. He did. He probably killed more people than were lost in World War Two, but at least he kept to his objective—until the last few years. He wiped out Chiang Kai-shek.

PLAYBOY: Did Fidel Castro impress you?

FERDINAND: Yes, very much. A flamboyant person. He impressed me in this sense: He's one of the leaders who believe that in war, as in love, deceit is acceptable. [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: And Margaret Thatcher?

FERDINAND: Her? The Iron Lady? Don't they say she's the best man in England? [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: Didn't you say, when Mrs. Aquino ran against you, that it was beneath your dignity to run against a woman?

FERDINAND: Oh, no! Not all women are that incompetent!

PLAYBOY: Yet didn't you have Mrs. Marcos

negotiate the Tripoli Agreement with Muammar el-Qaddafi in 1977, when you were seeking to have him cease funding the Moslem rebels on the Philippine island of Mindanao?

FERDINAND: Yes, Mrs. Marcos had been over in Libya for a few days, and I talked with Qaddafi through her efforts. In 15 minutes, we had reached an agreement through the persistence of Mrs. Marcos.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't she threatened by the P.L.O. during that trip?

FERDINAND: Yes, they were going to bomb the plane she was on. And so all the *macho* soldiers, including Ramos and Enrile, abandoned her and took another plane back to Rome. She stayed on the plane, on the theory that the P.L.O. didn't kill women. I said, "Knock on wood," because they *had* killed women.

[Mrs. Marcos rejoins the interview.]

IMELDA: So, what are we talking about here?

PLAYBOY: World leaders and your role in dealing with some of them.

IMELDA: Who?

PLAYBOY: Qaddafi.

IMELDA: Oh, *him*. You know, I really went out of my way to be friends with Qaddafi. The stories I could tell! But I will tell you this: I think he has a real problem because he was spoiled by his mother—whom I met and who is a wonderful lady—but it's this whole Arab *macho* thing.

PLAYBOY: Mr. President, is there one achievement you're proudest of during your 20 years in office?

FERDINAND: Yes. Getting rid of this slavish colonial mentality in the Philippines. Converting a people to learn their own past, to stand up for themselves. None of that whining, beggary, mendicant posture.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the people appreciate that?

FERDINAND: Why do you think they cling to these ideas even after I'm gone? It's only because of me. Those young kids—they're not just fighting for Marcos but for what he may have taught them. I was a symbol. Those in their 20s knew no other president except me. They knew Marcos as a guy who could crack jokes, who could demystify the complicated philosophy of life. He could quote Rousseau and explain it—which no one had ever done.

IMELDA: That was one reason the U.S. was so fascinated by us, as well. When we were elected, we were called the Kennedys of the Far East. I remember that *The New York Times*, *Life*, *Time*, *Newsweek* covered us. I even had my own articles in *Reader's Digest*. Because we were fighting for the same thing America stands for. This estrangement now is just an interlude, an intermission. Wait till the second time around. It's going to be a big, big love affair. [Sings] "Love is lovelier the second time around. . . ."

PLAYBOY: Yet your reputation now, both in the U.S. and in the Philippines, is of your

wealth and extravagance in a poor country—

IMELDA: What the president and I see in the Philippines is not what you see. When you go to the Philippines, you see poor people. You must remember how poor they were yesterday.

PLAYBOY: Still, your own extravagance—

IMELDA: I always believed there was no extravagance in good taste. There was no extravagance in what I did and bought for my country. I lost my mother, the prime giver of love, when I was nine. We were poor. Then, years later, when I was able to give, I was crucified for it. If you want to be intimate with poverty, be a poor relation. And I was. I came from a third-class province of a Third World country to become leader of the country for more than 20 years, to travel in all the major corridors of power in my time. Isn't that something?

PLAYBOY: When you sang *Don't Fence Me In*, we couldn't help feeling that you were singing that your soul *does* feel fenced in, living in exile.

IMELDA: It's a divine birthright to live and die in one's country. I never willed and desired to be born in the Philippines—it was just destiny.

PLAYBOY: If you got the opportunity, would you go back to the Philippines without President Marcos?

IMELDA: The president is no longer here in mind and spirit—this is only the shell of a man. He's physically in Hawaii, but his mind and heart are in the Philippines.

PLAYBOY: Yes, but if he had to stay here—let's say for health reasons—and you had the chance to go back by yourself, would you go?

IMELDA: Yes, oh, yes, I would. Right at this moment, I'd go home. It's the only place I'm obsessed with. Thirty-five years ago, I went to Manila with a youthful face, a dream and five pesos in my pocket. This time, I will not go home even with a face, because I've been deprived of my honor and my dignity. I'll go back with five pesos and make *billions and billions* of dollars, because what I do comes from the heart and the brain—I've got both.

PLAYBOY: Mr. President, we'll be winding up now—

FERDINAND: Did I tire you? Did I bore you? As long as I did not bore you.

PLAYBOY: Not at all. But one more question: something we alluded to before. You said you're not yet ready to say what your place in history will be. But how would you want your epitaph to read?

FERDINAND: I don't . . . what's the lawyer's epitaph? HERE LIES A LAWYER—

IMELDA: WHO LIES NO MORE.

FERDINAND: WHO LIES STILL.

PLAYBOY: Your epitaph, Mrs. Marcos?

IMELDA: One word: LOVE.

PLAYBOY: And *your* place in history?

IMELDA: I just want to be in heaven.







GAMBLING IN AMERICA

A SLOW tropical breeze wafts through the sun-baked marble veranda overlooking the walking ring at Hialeah Park. It is ten minutes to post time for the eighth race, an event that now seems certain to deny me the \$96,000 Pick-Six payoff that should be mine, all mine. So far today, I have been the Lord of the Races, picking the first five winners in the Pick-Six, horses that looked like baffling long shots to the

It's not
whether you win or
lose, it's where
you play the game

mere mortals in the stands but were routinely brilliant selections for a Lord of the Races. Now, though, I have only one horse going for me in the sixth and final leg of the Pick-Six, a filly named Clay Path, and I am certain she will lose.

Clay Path, a class act who today is matched against a pack of second-raters, has not raced in six months, but she is so much more talented than her opponents that she need be only halfway ready to win. The odds board is telling me, though, that she is out for only a prep and some exercise today, not to make me rich. She should be an overwhelming favorite, but instead she is a tepid choice and her price is not falling. She is a dead piece, and the sharpies are staying away.

I explain all this to my beautiful

article
By STEVEN CRIST

ILLUSTRATION BY PHILIPPE WEISBECKER

companion on the veranda, a five percent investor in my Pick-Six syndicate and, thus, the beneficiary of \$4800 if Clay Path gets home first.

"It doesn't matter," she says, sipping her banana daiquiri. "Where in the world would you rather be? I hear it's snowing back in New York."

Here, it is a balmy 72 degrees at the country's most beautiful race track, a palatial tribute to French architecture. From where we stand, we can see the dreaded Clay Path and her rivals being saddled up in a grassy walking ring that is surrounded by tall, swaying palms. Beside them is a bronze of the great horse Citation, surrounded by a pool filled with water lilies. On the other side are fountains, beds of flowers as vibrant in their color as the South American parrots in the aviary on the grounds of the race track.

On the front side of the track a few minutes later, the world's largest colony of pink flamingos preens on the two islands in the track infield as the gates open for the eighth race. Clay Path, away from the gate sharply, is cannily snatched up and taken back to the end of the pack by a jockey who holds the reins as tightly as a frightened child on a merry-go-round. He loosens them slightly when the cause is lost, letting Clay Path finally advance to fifth place, a dozen lengths behind the winner.

The Pick-Six is lost and the final two races on the card are a bust, but the splendor of Hialeah and a gorgeous south Florida sunset remain to soothe me on the way out of the track, along with my companion's uttering the magic words "Let's go to the dog track for dinner."

I am, in a sense, \$96,000 poorer, but I am in Gambling Heaven. Six months later and 1000 miles north, I find myself in the heart of a lower circle. The road maps call it Atlantic City, and the sign at the entrance to this place says DEL WEBB'S CLARIDGE CASINO HOTEL, but I know that I have found Gambling Hell.

I have been sitting at a \$25 blackjack table for seven hours, trying to win back the \$1200 that virtually disappeared in the first half hour. I have worked the remaining \$75 back to \$800, but every time I approach the \$1000 threshold, the cards fall with cosmic injustice. The dealer, sullen and hostile, is snapping the cards at me, grabbing my losing bets with enthusiasm. Only a few feet away, the clanging slot machines are hammering at my brain.

Finally, the cards start falling, and 20 minutes later, there is \$1600 in front of me. I stand up, almost falling as I find that both legs have fallen asleep, and begin to shove through the slot-machine crowds to the cashier. It takes 20 minutes to get to the front of the cashier's line. Staggering toward the lobby now, I feel the eyes of the Casino Undead upon me: It is a pack of the Bus People, the backbone of business in Atlantic City, desperate

wretches who lose their quarters early in the day and then sit in the lobby, staring vacantly ahead, until it is time for the bus to take them home. Finally reaching the pavement and the first fresh air I have breathed in half a day, I can look forward to the 20-minute wait for the valet-parking drones to find my car and then a two-hour drive home on a dark and rainy turnpike.

Paradise Lost's Satan and *Star Trek's* Khan said they would rather rule in hell than serve in heaven, but I preferred losing out on \$96,000 in Gambling Heaven to winning \$400 in Gambling Hell. Even a gambler does not live by bread alone.

The American gambling landscape has plenty of examples of both paradise and inferno, with a lot of purgatories in between. For most novice or casual gamblers, it is hard to tell them apart until one's sentence is sealed. Unfortunately, there is no sign on some of Las Vegas' most opulent gambling halls saying, WE TAKE YOUR MONEY AND TREAT YOU LIKE GARBAGE, no caveats at some race tracks that OUR RACING IS AWFUL AND SO IS THIS TRACK.

Finding a good place to gamble does not mean finding a place to win money. Ninety-nine percent of the people reading this article are going to lose money gambling in the course of their lives, and the more they gamble, the more they will lose. The remaining one percent comprises professional gamblers, the winners of lotteries and those who work the winning side of gambling—bookmakers and race-track and casino owners.

This is not meant to be discouraging. One hundred percent of the people reading this article will lose money the next time they go to the movies or out to dinner. The point is finding value for the entertainment dollar. In gambling, there is the additional lure that the nonprofessional may actually go home a few dollars ahead. If not, the idea is to walk away enriched from the fun of it.

Casino gambling in this country is legal only in Nevada, Atlantic City, New Jersey, and Puerto Rico, though the action on that commonwealth island is a minor attraction for tourists and lures few serious gamblers. Nevada and Atlantic City offer the same major games—blackjack, craps, roulette, baccarat and slot machines—and the biggest casinos in both places are attached to luxury hotels. Otherwise, they could hardly be more different.

All the best Nevada action is in Las Vegas, our national monument to greed and vulgarity. A 24-hour-a-day psychedelic engine, the city turns mild-mannered folk from the heartland into depraved gamblers. The idea is to go wallow in it.

A good rule of thumb for the Vegas greenhorn is to forget about staying in or doing any serious gambling at the casino/hotels you've heard of, but by all means

to walk through them. Caesars Palace's moving sidewalks and replica of Cleopatra's barge are wonderfully wacky. The gambling tables, though, attract an inordinate number of high-rolling sleazeballs, fat dentists and contractors in country-club sweaters. The scene is similar at Bally's Las Vegas, formerly the famous MGM Grand, which is as big as its old name but a cold and hostile place.

Las Vegas is essentially two cities, the Las Vegas Strip and downtown Las Vegas. The Strip is where the Rat Pack used to run and where the highest rollers play, but downtown is where to have fun. Downtown not only is Vegas in its most glorious tackiness but also offers the most favorable and pleasant gambling venues.

Downtown is packed into five long blocks that seem like one continuous neon casino. Audio-animatronic monkeys and cowboys beckon pedestrians to come inside and try their luck, and homely girls in wild West garb shove coupons at everyone for free slot pulls and souvenirs. (Forget about finding hookers, though; the street trade has all been moved indoors after a rash of incidents in which husbands were boldly solicited despite wearing wives on their arms.) Almost invisible amid the gaudiness of downtown is the city's best-kept secret, a casino/hotel with the aptly invisible name of the Las Vegas Club. The rooms cost \$25 to \$40 a night and are as nice as those renting for twice as much on the Strip. The casino is an even better deal. The Las Vegas Club advertises itself as having the world's best blackjack rules, and it's right. A player can double down not just on his first two cards but on his first three or even first four cards, pairs and aces can be split and resplit indefinitely, the surrender rule is in effect and there is an automatic winning payoff for any six-card hand totaling 21 or less. For those to whom the preceding is gibberish, suffice it to say that those rules give a good player an advantage over the house even without counting cards.

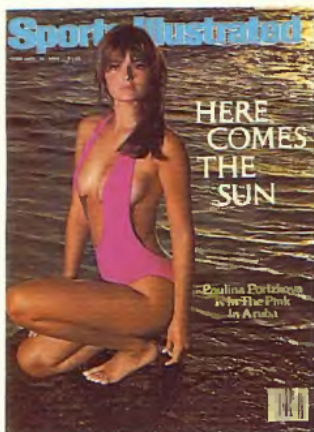
The entire place is roomy and sedate and the dominant motif is baseball, owner Mel Exber's passion. The dealers dress in sedate baseball jerseys, easy on the eyes, and are uniformly talkative and cheerful. This is the rule downtown, where many of the casinos are owned by old-timers. On the Strip, home of the corporate conglomerates, the dealers are instructed to talk as little as possible, to keep the game and the profits going quicker.

Many of the downtown casinos, including the Mint, the Horseshoe and the Fremont, offer single-deck or double-deck blackjack instead of the four-, six- and eight-deck games elsewhere. The dealers are under orders to shuffle up early if blatant card counters tip their hands, but a good, discreet player can get a real edge in the single- and double-deck games.

(continued on page 138)



"Really? That's exciting! Which one of the Beatles are you?"



Irreverent...
 Outrageous...
 Sizzling...

PAULINA

WHEN SHE was a 15-year-old kid in Paris, at an age at which most girls are still sleeping in kitten-print flannel pajamas, trying to make sense of trigonometry and dreaming of



boys they'd never have the nerve to talk to, Paulina Porizkova was living in night clubs, dancing on tables and pouring drinks down the necks of strangers. Her tiny Latin Quarter apartment served as headquarters to a horde of fashion-industry kids who stumbled in at

with her new swimsuit calendar, the hottest model in the world could give a man sunstroke

By MARK ZUSSMAN

dawn, only to revive hours later for more raucous revelry. That, though, was years ago. This past spring, the world's hottest model—also the world's smartest, brashest and most controversial model and, arguably, the world's most beautiful woman—turned 22. The days when

she is said to have worn her TOO DRUNK TO FUCK T-shirt are apparently history.

"I was a wild kid, but who wouldn't have been?" she says. "You're in Paris. You're 15 years old. All of a sudden, after having been rather ugly as a child, you discover that you're attractive to boys. You're earning tons of money—and there are no parents around. Who wouldn't go completely nuts? My old philosophy, which I formulated when I was about ten, was that I wanted to



experience everything, good and bad, whatever it was, so that when I died, I could say, 'Boy, I've done it.' So I did do it. And I'm still doing it. Except..."

Here the voice trails off and turns vaguely serious. Yes, there have been some adjustments. There are more in the works. Paulina, for example,



has recently abandoned her highly principled take-me-as-I-am impudence and has had her formerly crooked teeth bonded. For the first time, she has begun to appear on magazine covers with her mouth open. This exquisite and expensive mouth, moreover, is on the verge of turning a bit proper. "I do read my press, and when I see what I've been saying," she says, "sometimes I go, 'Uh-oh.' Here I am, trying to present myself as the intelligent model. In one line, I'm saying that I read Dostoevsky and Dickens for



fun. Then, in the next line, I'm saying shit and fuck. My experience tells me that the people who read Dostoevsky usually don't say shit and fuck. So I'm not going to say them anymore."

Paulina is one of those bright-burning cosmic phenomena that occasionally blast into view in high-profile

fields such as modeling. Yet she stands apart; she is one of those notorious exceptions who are at the same time huge successes and rebels (or at least not true believers). From that megabuck mouth have come shocking irreverence, disdain for the code of sentimental mush that those models who can speak speak, along with regular aggressive (text continued on page 128)

The world's hottest model has the magazine covers to prove it; on the following pages, shots from her new calendar.















personality

By LEWIS GROSSBERGER



PITCHER PERFECT

HEY, WHO'S that guy in the subway, the one who looks tall, dark and famous? Isn't that . . . ? Yeah, it was, but he's gone. Zoom! Ron Darling is on the run, and the question is, Why? He rushes to a cable station to do some dinky talk show on dancing, of all things. He rushes to his about-to-open restaurant, gets down on his knees and hammers flooring. He rushes to the gym and hammers away at his body, which you'd swear looked perfect already. Now he's off to school to lecture kids about evil Mr. Drug Abuse. Now to a photo studio to get his comely mug on some magazine cover.

Run, Ron, run. Can't ever seem to stop, can't even slow down. Taxi, subway, feet; whatever gets there fastest, he grabs it. Everywhere, people do double takes and try to mooch a signature or a handshake. Phone messages pile up at all stops.

Hey, Ron! Whoa! Hold it up. Take a break. You're entitled. Your team won the

world series last year, for Chrissake. You're a certified, honest-to-God hero; but instead of going moose fishing or bass shooting or suds gulping or whatever the hell normal ballplayers are supposed to do off season, you're running harder than ever. Listen, Ron, relax. Go home. Toni's pregnant and lonely, and you could lean back and catch some tube and chat about baby furniture. Before you know it, winter's gone and it's back to work. Now's your time to take it slow.

But no, not you.

The Dr. Sun Yat Sen Intermediate School in lower Manhattan. A welcoming committee is out front—Chinese men in suits, anxiously watching for the guest. The guest is late. Whoops, there he is now, striding briskly down the sidewalk in a black-leather jacket with long, Western-style fringe. He wears a backpack, which is full of autographable photos, and also holds a racket, just in case he can steal

some time later for tennis. No chance.

The kids waiting in the gym give him a boisterous welcome. Girls squeal as if he were a rock star. "Why are you so cute?" one asks in a question-and-answer session. With the desperate shortage of Asian celebrities in America, Darling is a major idol in Chinatown, though he's only part Chinese on his mom's side. He gets a sure-fire laugh here with the line "I got my height from my dad and my patience, looks and intelligence from my mom." At the end, order crumbles and Darling is mobbed, a calm giant (6'3") among burbling Lilliputians. Finally, he breaks free, and off he goes. Run!

At this point in Ron Darling's life, so much is going on that he often seems more like a corporation than a person. To coordinate all his public appointments, he has his own public-relations man. In Philadelphia, his financial agent is readying his salary arbitration with the Mets. There is another (continued on page 118)

WITH A MILLION BUCKS,
A GORGEOUS WIFE AND
A MEAN SPLITTER, YOU'D
THINK RON DARLING
WOULD TAKE IT EASY.
THINK AGAIN

A GENTLEMAN'S BASIC WARDROBE

DRESSING WELL IS THE BEST REVENGE: FASHION BY HOLLIS WAYNE

GRAY-WOOL-FLANNEL SLACKS, a crocodile belt, a striped shirt of Sea Island cotton and a double-breasted navy-blue blazer with gold buttons—these are the cornerstones of a well-built wardrobe. But don't kid yourself: The luxury of wearing things that wear well doesn't come cheap. The initial dollar outlay, of course, is returned to you in the quality and the longevity of the wardrobe you build. Call it investment dressing. A single-breasted gray-pinstripe suit is a tried-and-true mark of a gentleman that pays back dividends every time you wear it. A cashmere pullover is an old friend that just gets better with age. Whether you choose a richly textured cardigan, a pair of custom-made shoes or an ancient-madder dressing gown, the result is the kind of personal satisfaction that comes from the ownership of something that never goes out of style. Give yourself a pat on the well-tailored back.

Following the numbers: 1. Custom-made English wing-tip brogues, by John Lobb, \$1150. 2. Silk ancient-madder-patterned tie, by Cutlass & Moore, about \$35. 3. Leather shoeshine kit with brushes and supplies, from Barneys New York, \$65. 4. through 8. A Swiss cotton pocket square with a navy border and a hand-rolled edge, \$9.50, a cotton tone-on-tone pocket square, \$5, a pocket square with a navy-and-red-striped border, \$9.50, a cotton pocket square with tone-on-tone checks, \$5, and an Irish-linen pocket square, \$8, all from Barneys New York. 9. Ostrich-leather credit-card case, by Hermès, \$465. 10. Cowhide key case with brass key rings, by J. & F. Martell, \$66. 11. Onyx-and-gold cuff links, by Alfred Dunhill of London, \$225.



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LETITRE

U.S.A

LOVE

request the



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More basic

togs to bank on: 1. Double-breasted camel's-hair overcoat with peaked lapels and a self-belt, from Polo by Ralph Lauren, \$1100. 2. and 3. Tropical-weight-wool pinstripe suit with twin vents and double-pleated trousers, \$995, plus a cotton pocket square with a blue border, \$9.50, both by Alfred Dunhill of London. 4. Silk Jacquard foulard tie, by Aquascutum, \$40. 5. Silk twill tie, by Hermès, \$65. 6. Red-silk tie with a mini paisley print, by Alfred Dunhill of London, \$55. 7. Black-calfskin belt with a brass buckle, by Peter Barton, about \$60. 8. Sea Island cotton dress shirt with blue pinstripes and a pointed collar, by Alfred Dunhill of London, \$95. 9. Cotton-broadcloth dress shirt with a straight-pointed collar, by Ermenegildo Zegna, about \$110. 10. Pink-cotton-broadcloth dress shirt with a regular pointed collar, by Van Laack, \$95. 11. Striped Sea Island cotton-broadcloth dress shirt, by Cutlass & Moore, \$80. 12. Sterling-silver cuff links, by Hermès, \$275. 13. Calfskin straight-tipped shoes that have been hand-lasted, -welted and -finished, by Johnston & Murphy, \$650. 14. Silk ancient-madder dressing gown with a shawl collar, patch pockets and a self-belt, by Cutlass & Moore, about \$400.

The finishing

touches: 1. Treated-cotton trench coat with a button-in wool robe liner, detachable wool collar, stitched belt and leather buckles, by Aquascutum, \$575. 2. Crocodile belt, by Trafalgar, \$120. 3. Cashmere cable-knit crew-neck, from Cashmere-Cashmere, \$295. 4. Cashmere hand-framed crew-neck, by Alan Paine, about \$500. 5. Sea Island cotton-broadcloth shirt with a button-down collar, by Cutlass & Moore, \$80. 6. Pleated wool-flannel slacks, from Polo by Ralph Lauren, \$185. 7. Ostrich-leather eyeglass case, by Hermès, \$475. 8. Silk rep tie, by Alfred Dunhill of London, \$65. 9. Silk paisley bow tie, from Polo by Ralph Lauren, \$22.50. 10. Silk braces trimmed with lizardskin, by Cole Haan Accessories, about \$50. 11. Wool schoolboy scarf, by J. Press, \$32.50. 12. Silk pocket square, by Hermès, \$45. 13. Double-breasted cashmere blazer with a silk lining and 14-kt.-gold-plated antique buttons, by Robert Mannino, to order, about \$800. 14. Calfskin handmade tasseled slippers, by J. M. Weston, \$335. 15. Lamb's-wool socks with contrast tipping, by J. Press, \$6.50. 16. and 17. Cashmere socks with a golf motif, \$55, and a cashmere cable-knit cardigan, \$530, both from Cashmere-Cashmere.





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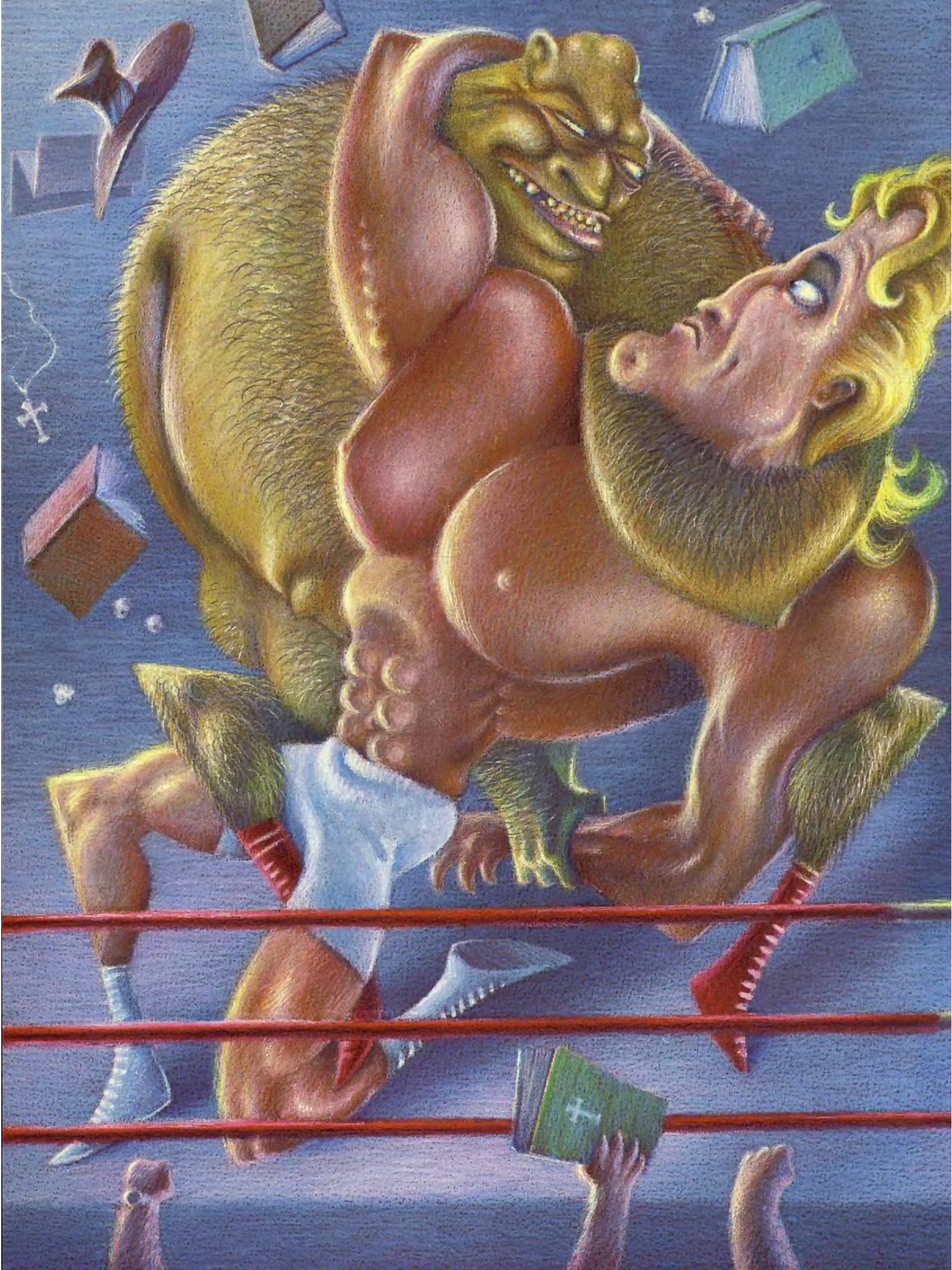
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S EN YEN BABBO & THE HEAVENLY HOST

in the cosmic world of evangelical wrestling, there rises a
diabolical new star!

fiction By CHET WILLIAMSON

I USED TO tell my students at the seminary that an evangelical wrestling match was a morality play for our time. Gone were the days of politically ideological wrestling, of grunting Iranian tag teams and fat, sweating pseudo sheiks. Now saints and sinners grappled with each other on a stage of sin and redemption, the struggle between good and evil so clearly delineated that even the most obtuse spectator could comprehend and shout, "Hallelujah!" We could now—thank you, Jesus—see the power, not of a man or even a country, but of the Lord. God was not only good, He was bigger and better than ever.

Unfortunately, He also cursed me with a weakness for libidinous and willing coeds, a weakness that eventually cost me my professorship at the seminary.

It was therefore with a joyful heart that I received a comcall from the Reverend Donald Devout of Denver, a man whose outrageous piety was equaled only by his love of alliteration. "Harry, boy, how are you?" His down-home accent was so thick Moses couldn't have parted it, even though he was from Philadelphia, same as me. "Understand you got some problems at the seminary."

It was the first I had heard from Don since we'd been roommates at Good News of the Airwaves Bible College. In the intervening years, he had become the king of evangelical wrestling and had grown reputedly wealthy and definitely famous in the process. "How did you know I'd been fired?" I asked him.

"How did *Daniel* know the dreams of *Nebuchadnezzar*? A Vision came to me in which you dipped into a tender virgin's inner temple!"

I was irked. "For heaven's sake, Don, she was twenty-two if she was a—"

"*Blasphemy, too?*" he bellowed so loudly my ear hurt. "But Jesus forgives. So do I. Ever think about the wrestling ministry, Harry? It's a great way to serve the Lord." He was finally speaking without italics. "Your plight has reached my ears just as I have lost one of the Lord's servants. It is a sign."

To make a long sermon short, Don offered me the job of villain manager.

Evangelical wrestling, of course, required villainous instruments of Satan, and villains required managers. The managers were to find appropriately ugly baddies and train and outfit them. Reverend Don, fortunately, paid for the cyberprosthetics. (continued on page 106)



S HARRY



TAKE A LONG LOOK AT LONGVIEW'S NATURAL RESOURCE

IF YOU'RE ever in Longview, Washington—a logging town beside the Columbia River where firs, cedars and alders brood until Sharry Konopski's dad and his men cut them down—stop at Bruno's Pizzeria. There you'll find the prettiest pizza slinger in the great Northwest. "Someday I'll be a model, actress, mom or all three," says Sharry with a smile that could fell the tallest fir or the most *macho* lumberman. "Right now, I'm 19. I'm still figuring out my life. I'm a waitress, a good one, who also happens to be *PLAYBOY's* Playmate of the Month. It's my way of saying to the world, 'Voilà! Here I am!'"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA



When the news got around," Sharry says, "people started coming to Bruno's to look for the PLAYBOY girl. Now, at work, I wear my hair up—nobody wants a hair in his pizza—my nails aren't done and I'm in jeans and a T-shirt. They looked right past me! I stayed behind the counter and thought, You'll never find me!" They will now. Longviewers will find Sharry unpretentious (her fave date is a movie and a long walk), resourceful (she recently rebuilt her car's engine) and—almost despite herself—glamorous, even though she does prefer pizza to *nouvelle cuisine*.





I don't like to wear clothes all the time. I like to be comfortable. Sometimes I like to be silly. I like to run around the house nude, so posing nude wasn't so different. When we were kids, my girlfriend and I used to strip and climb trees bare-assed, feeling silly and free."





*M*arilyn Monroe was gorgeous, witty, sexy—I idolize her. When I was ten or 11, I used to dream of being like her. And one morning I woke up and had *breasts*. I thought, Isn't this neat?"

*W*hen I was little, I was *really* little. As a baby, I slept in a shoe box, and later a dresser drawer. I still think I'm kind of short and stubby, but people don't seem to mind."





I'm sexy—when I want to be. I don't want to be pushed or grabbed. I like things slow. I want the kind of guy who flatters me, shows me off and makes me *feel* sexy."



Some people in Longview are going to say it's wrong being in *PLAYBOY*. My thinking is, it's like pressing a rose in a book. Someday, I'll be a grandma—might as well get a picture of it while I've got it."





MISS AUGUST

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Sherry Konopski

BUST: 32DD WAIST: 22 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'2" WEIGHT: 100

BIRTH DATE: 12-2-67 BIRTHPLACE: Longview, Washington

AMBITIONS: I want to have a great modeling career and succeed at what I do.

FAVORITE THINGS: My dog Bear, the beach, jet skiing, hot summer nights.

PET PEEVES: Smoking, drug abuse, pizza w/ pineapple, procrastination, people who say "I can't."

ROLE MODELS: Marilyn Monroe, Shirley Temple, Abraham Lincoln, Sandra Day O'Connor, Def!

A GOOD MAN IS: Ambitious, honest, hard-working, tender, romantic, with gorgeous, striking eyes

LIGHT READING: The Prophet, Cosmopolitan, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest

A PERFECT NIGHT: We start with a candlelight dinner, go dancing or to a show, walk on the beach in the moon light, then go home and drink hot chocolate.



8th Grade yearbook



Keeping up with Dad



Two Bumpson a log



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Vatican sources report that during Oral Roberts' dollars-or-death vigil, the evangelist called the Pope and asked if it would be possible for him to be buried in Vatican City should the Lord call him home. The Holy Father replied that that would be most unusual, but he promised to take it up with the cardinals and get back to him.

A few days later, the Pope called. "Mr. Roberts, because of your lifelong dedication to God's work, we have agreed to make a special exception in your case. However, the fee will be \$100,000."

"A hundred thousand?" the startled preacher replied. "But, Your Holiness, I expect to be there for only three days."



On his first day in the shop, the novice barber nicked a customer badly while giving him a shave. "I'm terribly sorry," the barber apologized. "Let me wrap your head in a towel."

"No, thanks," the customer replied. "I'll just take it home under my arm."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *impotent loser* as a guy who can't even get his hopes up.

Climbing onto a bar stool, a piece of string asked for a beer.

"Wait a minute. Aren't you a string?"

"Yes, I am."

"I'm sorry. We don't serve strings here."

The determined string left the bar and stopped a passer-by. "Excuse me," it said. "Would you shred my ends and tie me up like a pretzel?" The passer-by obliged, and the string re-entered the bar. "May I have a beer, please?" it asked the bartender.

The barkeep set a beer in front of the string, then suddenly asked, "Hey, aren't you the string I just threw out of here?"

"No, I'm a frayed knot."

An elderly guest at a large hotel accidentally locked himself, stark-naked, out of his room. The poor fellow, in an effort to locate a staff member to readmit him, opened a door down the hall and found himself in the midst of a ladies' flower show. Spotting an exit sign across the room, the horrified man sped for the door and escaped—but not before the three judges awarded him a blue ribbon for best dried arrangement.

The fellow sat down at a bar, ordered a drink and asked the bartender if he wanted to hear a dumb-jock joke.

"Hey, buddy," the bartender said, "see those two guys next to you? They used to be with the Chicago Bears. The two dudes behind you made the U.S. Olympic wrestling team. And for your information, I used to play center at Notre Dame."

"Forget it," the customer said. "I don't have time to explain it to five guys."

What do you get when you cross the Godfather with an attorney? An offer you can't understand.

A sheep farmer troubled by coyote attacks was visited by a Department of the Interior bureaucrat just as he was taking aim with his rifle.

"Wait!" the official shouted. "There's no need to kill them. We have a drug that makes them impotent."

"I don't know what y'all do back in Washington," the farmer drawled, taking aim again, "but out here, the coyotes eat the sheep."



Delroy Newman

What do you do with 365 used rubbers? You make a tire and call it a good year.

A man in a small town applied to become a police officer. Since his uncle was the police chief, the interviewer overlooked his lack of qualifications and posed only one examination question. "Who shot President Lincoln?" he asked.

"Hmmm," the man pondered. "May I think about it?"

"Sure. Come back tomorrow."

When the man returned home, his wife asked, "Did you get the job?"

"Yes," he replied happily. "They already have me working on a case."

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.



"Well, how's the old celibate doin' today?"



Paradise FROST

drink By EMANUEL GREENBERG

From all those islands

in the fun come great

caribbean cocktails to

cool the long, hot summer

FORGET THE HEAT, ignore the humidity. People with summer smarts know that the antidote to thermal blahs comes in a tall, frosty, spirit-laced goblet tinkling with ice. In fact, sipping such a cooling quaff is one of the great leisure-time activities—attested to by generations of visitors to Caribbean resorts.

Island bars employ a variety of spirits in their creations, but more often than not, rum is the liquor of choice. Better make that rums, since the Caribbean offers innumerable variations on the theme. The largest source, by far, is Puerto Rico, which produces clean, dry rums known for their mixability. Rum is an important part of the commonwealth economy, and the government imposes strict quality-control standards. As an example, the spirit comes off the still at extremely high proofs of up to 189 degrees, purportedly eliminating a number of hangover-inducing *(continued on page 151)*





article **By ANTHONY BRANDT**

DENNIS CONNER did it. After losing the America's Cup in 1983, the first time in 132 years an American skipper had suffered such humiliation, Conner came back three and a half years later to compete again for sailing's Holy Grail. After dispatching 16 other 12-meter yachts in a series of 43 round-robin challenge races, he blew the Australians away four-zip in the showdown finale. Dennis Conner, the carpet salesman from San Diego.

Sugar Ray Leonard did it. Leonard, an Olympic champion, then the world welterweight champion, the good guy of boxing, had been forced to quit the ring five years earlier because of a dangerous injury to his eye that required surgery. In defiance of much wise counsel, he emerged from retirement to fight a machine of destruction who hadn't lost in ten years, who was a middleweight, not a welterweight, and whose motto was "No mercy." Leonard beat Marvin Hagler and to his three other titles added middleweight champion of the world.

We associate comebacks with sports, and these were two of the most thrilling in recent memory. Sports, of course, epitomizes the back-from-the-dead saga, perhaps because the setback often seems so final, the end of a career. Joe Louis endured a humiliating defeat at the hands of the great Aryan hope Max Schmeling in 1936, then destroyed him two years later. I wasn't even born then, but I know the story well; people talked about it for years. But businessmen make comebacks, too;



RECOVER GIRL: Moonlighting as Maddie, Cybill Shepherd, last seen in a prom plunge, has surfaced as the comeback queen.

Lee Iacocca took the moribund Chrysler Corporation and restored it and himself to health, after having been fired by Henry Ford II because Ford didn't like the cut of his jaw. Iacocca made \$20,600,000 last year in salary, bonuses and stock options; Chrysler made close to 1.5 billion dollars. Performers make comebacks. Where was Cybill Shepherd a scant few years ago? Down and out in Beverly Hills. Tina Turner, abused and dismissed, turned up the volume on her ageless sexual energy and made entire busloads of younger rock stars look insipid. Dennis Hopper, the bad boy of Hollywood, shook off drug rampages and scandal to re-emerge as an Oscar contender. Now he's *directing* a film.

We love comebacks. More than that, we seem to need them. We need to know that

C O M E B A C K S

Here's to that gutsy gang that's been fired, jailed, knocked out, expelled and forgotten—and returned to triumph

the tide turns, that after defeat can come victory, after failure, success. We need it so much that we let Richard Nixon come back, the man in all the United States who may have least deserved it. We don't need Nixon, we need the myth of revival, of renewal. A man is down, he's been hit hard, but he picks himself up off the floor, dusts himself off and is ready to try again. He does and he wins! Like little children with a favorite book, we never tire of hearing this tale. We'll forgive just about anybody if he makes a comeback.

We even forgave Bobby Ewing for dying.

Sort of. There are people who make comebacks, there are others who merely come back, and Patrick Duffy's return to *Dallas* required no triumph of will or wile; he was just an actor coming in from the cold. Stacy Keach, on the other hand, shrugged off a cocaine conviction in England to star once again as TV's Mike Hammer—a character, by the way, created by a writer everyone had generally dismissed as a has-been but who has made a remarkable comeback of his own. Count no man out till he's out, and then count a little longer (wasn't Gene Tunney saved, after all, when he survived a count of 11 and went on to knock out Jack Dempsey?). We need this stuff; we need it because we've all been there, or somewhere like it. We've all passed through our personal Slough of Despond and had to find the resolve, the means, the courage to face our mistakes, our bad luck, and come back strong. We need the Dennis Connors and Sugar Ray Leonards and Richard Nixons because of what they signify: Don't forget me, pal. I'll be back.

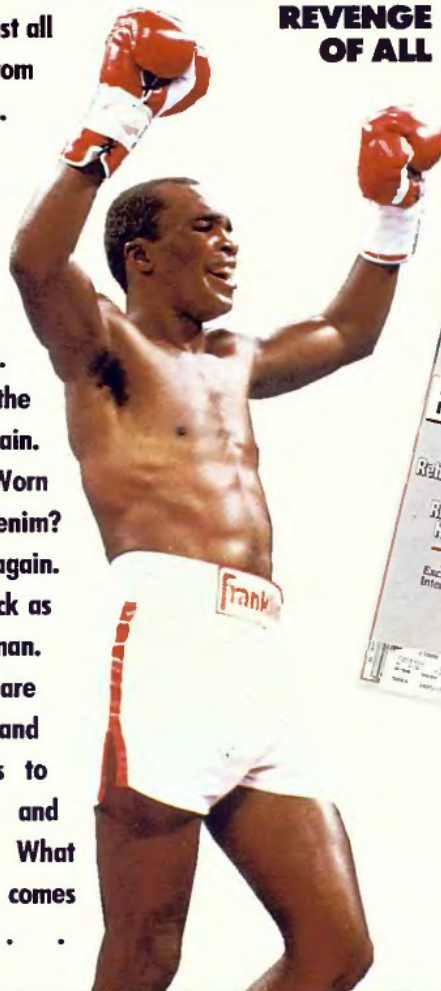
An example. A friend of mine on the West Coast was doing well as an independent video producer; he had shot some documentaries for (concluded on page 125)

RALLIES & RESURRECTIONS

They are down but never out. Against all odds, they go from sneers to cheers.

The comeback trail, that circular avenue, is clogged with their numbers. Remember the Mets? Born again. Miniskirts? Worn again. Faded denim? Ralph Lauren again. Pinky Lee is back as Pee-wee Herman. Nick and Nora are back as David and Maddie. Here's to Halley's comet and Hayley Mills: What goes around comes around. . . .

THE SWEETEST REVENGE OF ALL



WHO ASKED YOU BACK?



DAVID CROSBY
DICK CAVETT
TWIGGY
LUCILLE BALL
G. GORDON LIDDY
JERRY RUBIN
ED ASNER
GERALD RIVERA
KHDWEINI
THE KLAN

BILLY CLUBS

Twin Billy



Tiger Billy



Ranger Billy



Athletic Billy



Yankee Billy



He brawled, pub crawled, managed half the American League; and now, as color man on Yankees broadcasts, Billy Martin still gives George Steinbrenner fits.



B

BRANDON TARTIKOFF

NBC's Plucked Peacock

In 1983, programming chief Tartikoff launched nine prime-time bombs, all of which were off the air in a matter of months. But in the best come-back fashion, he was able to clear the rubble and build NBC into

the number-one network by 1985. Still, he's more than willing to rerun the disaster, that others might steer clear.

Brandon Tartikoff: "I've prided myself that in seven years, I've made a lot of mistakes but not the same ones twice. I find new ways to screw up. I look back at that fall-1983 schedule and realize that I made the classic mistake of trying to serve too many masters.

"Your main master should be the Nielsen. After that come the affiliates; you want good ratings for them so they won't hang you in effigy during their annual meeting. But with the nine programs that failed, I scheduled them for too many other reasons.

(concluded on page 148)



Ex-National Velveeta

WE'RE STILL WAITING FOR THE DIET BOOK, LIZ



BACK FROM THE BRINK

NORMAN COUSINS
BARBARA MANDRELL
DAVID GEFFEN
BILL WALTON
JOSEPH HELLER
TEDDY PENDERGRASS
ORAL ROBERTS
DAVID BEGELMAN
PIA ZADORA
SILAS MARNER
JACKIE MASON

CLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

Gumby and Pokey



TAKE A HIKE, IKE

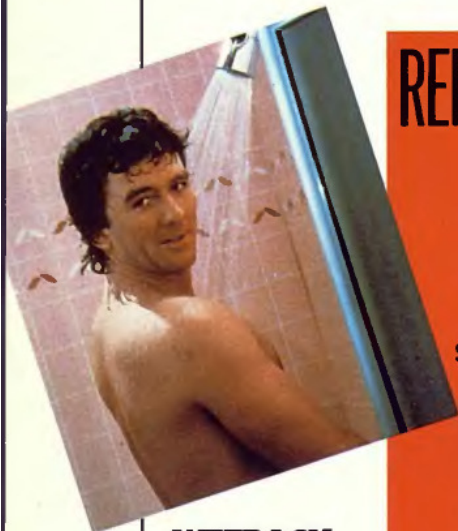
Tina turned on after spiking hubby Ike and began private dancing.





BACK FROM THE CLINK

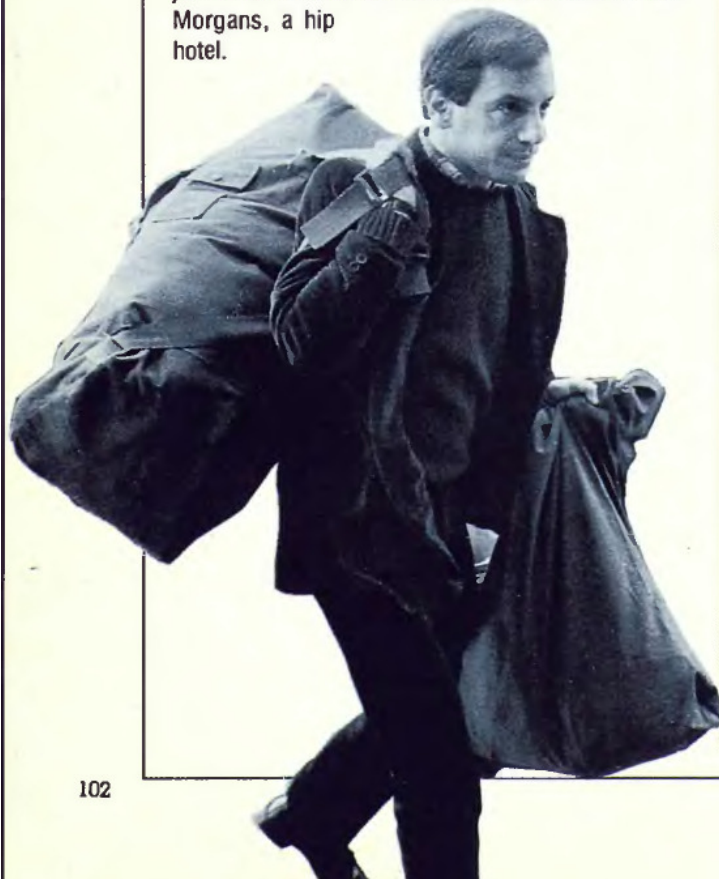
Johnnys off the spot: DeLorean beat a trumped-up drug rap and Mob boss Gotti walked away from RICO charges.



WETBACK
Patrick Duffy

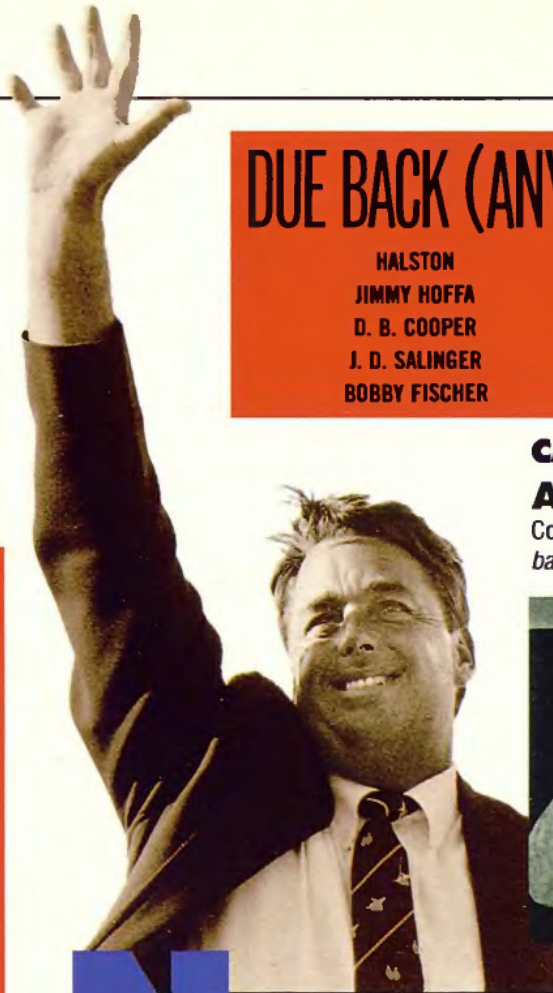
FIFTY-FOUR SKIDOO

Studio 54 clubmeister Steve Rubell packed off to jail for tax evasion but now runs the Palladium and Morgans, a hip hotel.



RERUNNERS

JOAN COLLINS
ALAN THICKE
SUSAN O'NEILL
BOB NEWHART
LARRY HAGMAN
JANE CURTIN
SUSAN SAINT JAMES
CYBILL SHEPHERD
ANDY GRIFFITH
STACY KEACH
BEAVER CLEAVER
JANE WYMAN
CESAR ROMERO



NOLAN BUSHNELL

Video Game Casualty

Bushnell's Atari Corporation, a bleeping success story in the Seventies, crashed hard when video gaming went bust. At the same time, he also lost all the dough he'd invested in a restaurant chain called Pizza Time Theater. Now Bushnell's back on a roll in the toy biz, but his memories of disaster are horrifically clear.

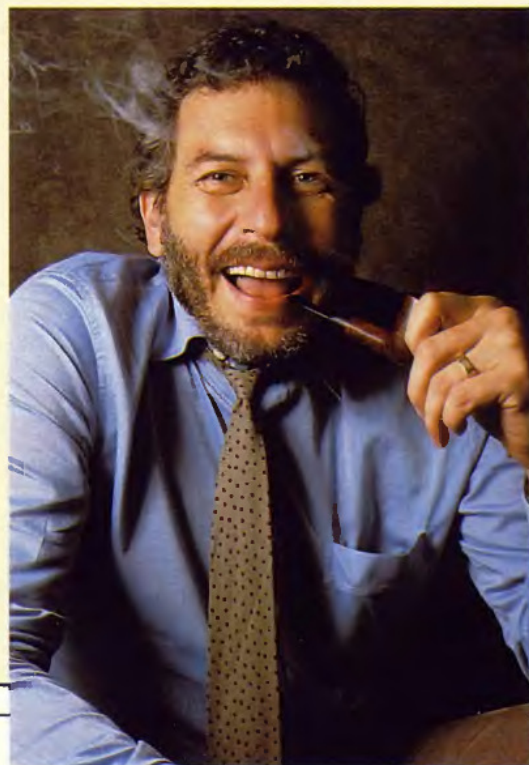
Nolan Bushnell: "Before Pizza Time Theater, I was flying much too high to be brought down by a small arrow; it took a three-stage rocket, because I was in the stratosphere."

"With the tremendous success of Atari

and Pizza Time, you start believing that you are a *Wunderkind* and that you can do no wrong. This is very dangerous. The minute you get that feeling, you become reckless, and reckless-

ness has no place in business.

"But more than that, I felt I could handle other things besides Pizza Time, and they started taking 30, 40 and 60 (concluded on page 148)



DUE BACK (ANY MINUTE NOW)

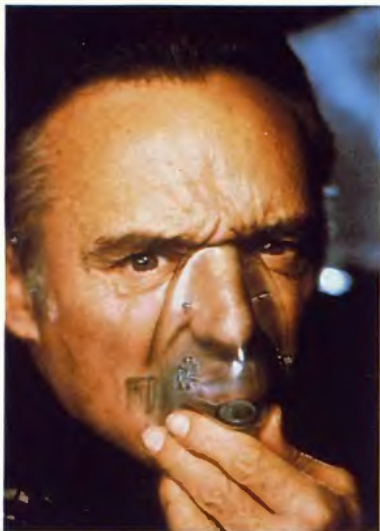
HALSTON
JIMMY HOFFA
D. B. COOPER
J. D. SALINGER
BOBBY FISCHER

GARBO
LASSIE
SHANE
BO DEREK
EVEL KNEIVEL

CATCH THE WAVE

America's Cup skipper Dennis Conner aptly titled his book *Come-back*; Mao's book is still well Red.





EASY RIDER GETS HIS SECOND WIND

Dennis Hopper



YOU BETTE YOUR LIFE

Former tipsy First Lady Betty licked substance abuse; Miss M divinely rose again after emotional collapse.



ROCKIN' REDUX

FLEETWOOD MAC

PRINCE

PAUL SIMON

RY COODER

THE MONKEES

IGGY POP

STEVE WINWOOD

BOSTON

JOHN FOGERTY

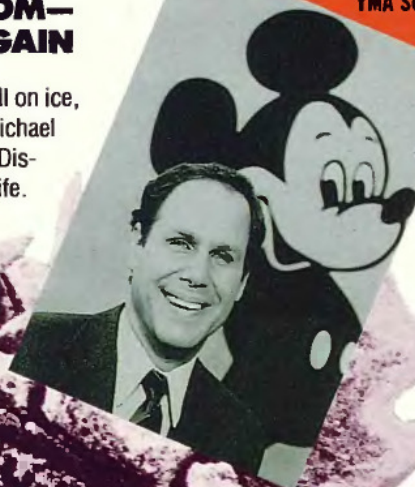
PETER FRAMPTON

ERIC CLAPTON

YMA SUMAC

MAGIC KINGDOM— COME AGAIN

Uncle Walt is still on ice, but new boss Michael Eisner has given Disney Studios new life.



BACK FROM THE DEAD

KING TUT
SHERLOCK HOLMES
ELVIS
MAGNUM, P.I.
ULYSSES
SHIRLEY MACLAINE

OL' BUTANE BREATH IS FIRED ANEW

Godzilla



YA CAN'T KEEP A GOOD MANIAC DOWN

CHRYSLER IS RISEN



Lee Iacocca





THE ART OF URBAN

**an olympic
silver medalist
and former
manhattan
bike messenger
reveals his
two-wheel
survival tricks
in the asphalt
jungle**

Nelson Vails, 26, a National Sprint Cycling champion, Pan-Am Games gold medalist and 1984 Olympic silver medalist, learned to ride on the streets of his native New York. Friends called him Cheeta for his speed and competitive drive. Irrate drivers called him less flattering names for his hell-bent style. Vails served as technical advisor for the 1986 movie "Quicksilver." He also starred in the film's opening sequence, a mano a mano race between a cab and himself on wheels. He is now training with the U.S. team for the upcoming Pan-Am Games.

Manhattan to Queens without having to stop for a single traffic light?

A lap around New York is a great test for any cyclist. All recreational riders should try it. Take your life in your hands. If you don't live in New York, any big city will do, but a weekday afternoon in Manhattan is the best. I want you blasting down Broadway on Friday at five o'clock. You've got to put your behind on the line.

Of course, if you think it's going to be a joy ride in the park, don't waste your time—or clog the streets.

Y C L I N G

By Nelson Vails

RIDING A BIKE in the city is like playing a game with your life. If a cab, a bus or a truck doesn't run you down, and if the cramps, crazies and traffic cops don't get you, you win. I always win. I've been playing the game since I was a Harlem kid on his first bike. I got great at it when I spent two years as a bicycle messenger in New York City. Now I ride on tracks all over the world. But for me, urban cycling is still the all-time thrill. How else could you make it all the way from the World Trade Center in lower

At the very least, you'll need professional help. You wouldn't go into a combat zone without a little basic training, would you? Well, urban cycling is as different from riding in the park as *Platoon* is from *Radio Days*.

I'll be your drill instructor. My ability to stay on a bike has kept me alive for the past 20 years. I've never hit a car, truck, bus, limo, hot-dog cart or mailbox. I have hit a pedestrian or two, but they were asking for it. Trust me.

Awareness—that's lesson one (continued on page 150)



"At last I heard Reverend Don introduce me, painting me as one of the great sinners of our age."

Cybercrossing was what really made evangelical wrestling succeed. The public never would have stood for it in old-time pro wrestling. The outcry had been bad enough when the old-time wrestlers cut themselves with hidden razor blades. So can you imagine the clamor at seeing hands ripped off, ragged stumps pumping blood (oh, yes, human—Reverend Don also owned a medical center) all over the first few rows? Washed in the blood of the Lamb, indeed.

But evangelical wrestling got away with it. Its popularity was so strong that for a public official to condemn it would be suicidal. Literally. The fans were fans in the worst way—fanatics. And it was a pack of those fanatics who unknowingly made an opening for me.

Sinning Sam Silverstein, who not only managed Pilate the Proud and Horrible Herod but was also a Jew, had been savaged by an angry mob outside the stage door. It seems that Herod and Pilate had unwisely roughed up David and Jonathan in a tag-team match before they had allowed themselves to be battered into submission by David's harp, and the crowd took it out on poor Sam, who was pronounced D.O.A. at Denver General. Bad luck for Sam, good luck for me. Reverend Don gave me a week to find a wrestler. "The uglier and meaner and the bigger enemy of *Christ* the better!" he told me, promising to banklink money for expenses.

I found my man easily enough, a 40ish black brother named Mustafa who was ugly enough and mean enough but depressingly neutral toward Christ. We flew to Denver, where Reverend Don met us. Since our seminary days, he had become a huge, hearty man with a crown of hair like a shellacked air bag. Once in his limo, he wasted no time in telling Mustafa and me what the next few weeks would hold.

"You," he said unto me, "are now Harry the *Heretic*, manager of *Mammon*, and you," he said unto Mustafa, "are *Asphodel*, the *Ebony Demon*!" Then he smiled broadly and generously. "Now, young man, whom the *Lord* hath seen fit to deliver unto me, which hand would you prefer to have replaced—the right or the left?"

Such was my introduction to evangelical wrestling. Mustafa, who required a minimal amount of persuasion and much less money than I would have asked for,

chose to have his left hand replaced by a cyberprosthetic one. It was, admittedly, an extraordinary piece of craftsmanship. The technology was so far beyond the myoelectric limbs of the Eighties that it made their owners look like Captain Hook in comparison. Instead of operating through muscle movement, a cyberprosthetic limb is controlled through brain waves whizzing through a micromini implanted beneath the rib cage. Mustafa's new hand, fitted firmly into the slot installed between ulna and radius, did everything a real hand could do, and with extra strength. It was a shame that he would have only the one match in which to show it off publicly.

That Saturday night, we were both extremely nervous as we stood in the ramp waiting to make our entrance. It was nearly eight, and soon Mustafa and I would be on TBS world-wide, seen by tens of millions of people, a significant number of them rabid Bornies howling for Mustafa's blood. Everything was ready. The redpaks and the raw liver had been tucked into the phony wrist, and my man's face had been painted by Reverend Don's make-up artist, though I thought he looked more like a little-theater Mikado than like a demon.

At last I heard Reverend Don introduce me, painting me as one of the great sinners of our age, a man hurled out of the seminary for teaching not only free love and communism but also demonology and photographic techniques in child pornography. The more Reverend Don talked, the more the crowd shrieked out their hatred for me. But his diatribe against me was nothing compared with the number he did on poor Mustafa. There was nothing racially oriented, since Reverend Don had his share of black followers; but when he was finished, there couldn't have been a soul in that arena who believed that Mustafa was anything less than the vilest, most depraved demon of the pit.

For all their hatred, they were well behaved when Mustafa and I entered the arena. They shouted and threw things at us, but nothing heavier than a pair of binoculars. The ring was blazing with light, and high on the eastern wall hung a video screen that displayed a compugenerated Jacob wrestling with the Angel, the same footage that began and ended each show. We climbed through the red-velvet ropes, and then Reverend Don introduced "*Solomon* the *Slammer*! The *Wise*st Wrestler beneath the *Heavens*!" Solomon came on, handsome, bearded, golden-robed, surrounded by modestly dressed handmaidens.

The match began, and in a brief time Solomon was slamming the Devil out of poor Mustafa, or Asphodel, as I tried to think of him. The fatal moment at last came to pass, and Solomon grasped the left hand, wrenched and stood up with a cry of godly triumph, holding the hand high above his head, the myriad circuits making the fingers flex and twitch as though still connected to the screaming demon writhing on the floor. Mustafa seemed thoroughly possessed by the spirit of the thing, flailing his arm so that the geyser of blood doused a woman in the front row who had been calling him a "nigger Devil" throughout the match.

Finally, the redpak ran dry and the implanted sensors shut off the pump, the chunks of liver hiding the plastic and metal that formed Mustafa's wrist. His struggle subsided and medicos rushed into the ring with a stretcher, tossed Mustafa onto it and whisked him away before anyone could see that he was still breathing. I followed, shaking my head and making in the air what I thought might be interpreted as arcane signs. I was booed, I was spat upon, but I was not hit. At least not hard.

For his pains, Mustafa received five figures, a ticket back East and the cyberprosthetic hand, a \$50,000 consolation prize with which he could win bar bets until the day he died.

As for me, my remuneration was sufficient but not extravagant. Reverend Don kept the big bucks, and I learned as the months went by that charity was one of the areas in which the reverend could have more closely emulated the Master.

The money, you see, is not in the baddies but in the good guys. They're the ones, always angelically handsome (as though goodness had something to do with looks), who get the commercials, the product endorsements, the workout vids, the guest spots on *The 700 Club*. My boys got used and abused and tossed back into the anonymity from whence they came, and I spent my days hanging around gyms looking for more canonical fodder. My hopes of managing a hero were nil, because all of them were already managed by—you foretold it—the Reverend of the Ring his divine self. And Don Devout liked it that way.

Weeks went by, and I saw Mary the Virgin trash my gal, the Whore of Babylon; watched David smash my seven-foot-tall Goliath; beheld Moses the Mighty mash my gilded Golden Calf, ripping off his implanted horns and piercing each of his four liquid-hydrogen stomachs with a startling blast of hell-fire. What could a Golden Calf endorse? And a dead one at that? But seeing the calf get sautéed made me think about other livestock, and soon

(continued on page 133)



*"We sure appreciate your doing all you can to make
the weather interesting, Herb!"*

if the beach boys
could see these
girls, they would
definitely change
their tune



WOMEN OF



FLORIDA

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG AND DAVID MCEY





We had suspected for quite a while that something was, well, *happening* in the southernmost of our contiguous states. What with its burgeoning economy, sunny climate and relatively low cost of living, Florida seems to be attracting the sort



of adventurous young woman who used to head for San Francisco or L.A. Could Florida be turning into the California of the Eighties? We sent Contributing Photographers David Mecey and Amy Freytag to crisscross the state—from the fast lanes of Daytona to the tequila sunrises of the Keys and points between. What did they find? Replied Mecey, “Remember that song *California Girls*? Let’s just say it doesn’t tell the whole story.”

“Something wild is going on here,” says Lynne Austin, Miss July 1986 (above), who helped spark our Florida campaign. From the looks of Sunshine Staters Anita Faircloth, Amy Weiss and Robin Zourelis (lounging below), we can’t disagree.



Well, Tampa girls are hip; we really dig the smiles they wear . . .



Ahoy! On board the **Scarab** (at left), in which Don Johnson chases the bad guys in *Miami Vice*, is Ormond Beach's Robin Zourelis, administrative assistant to Hawaiian Tropic suntan-lotion founder Ron Rice. Hosing down ashore (above and near right) is Tampa's Kristin Leslie, who, like Lynne Austin, works for the popular Hooters bar-restaurant chain. The **SQUEEZE ME** gal in the sequence at near right is Barbara Ward, a singer from Plantation. At far right, another look at Orlando's Anita Faircloth, who insists, "Girls would get along better if they started thinking like guys."







And Orlando girls, playin' in the sand,
make the lifeguards float on air . . .

Beach bums had better be on their best behavior when approaching Clearwater's Pamela Stein (far left). She's not only the baby of her family, she has five brothers—*big* brothers. You might have better luck, though, with Altamonte Springs' Christina Murphy (relaxing at right and going through the motions at left): She's got six sisters. "Then again, most of them are married,"

Christina says, "which is something I don't want to do right now. I'm having too much fun!" Kicking back at the Parkesdale strawberry farm in Plant City is Tampa's Kelly Jo Dennis (top right). Kelly Jo devotes most of her spare time to reading novels and writing poetry. Finally, meet Boca Raton's Linda Carroll (above). Why is Linda sitting in an air boat powered by a giant fan? Well, if *you* were into windsurfing, parasailing, roller skating and fast cars, you'd need to cool off, too!



♪ **D**aytona girls love sunshine and they really
are a sight . . . ♪

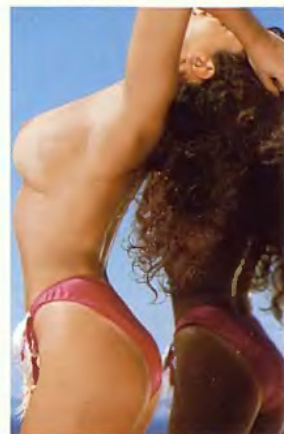




■ Lounging poolside (left) is Brenda Muenzner, a 19-year-old student who's an admitted pushover for "adventurous men with good, creative ideas." Brenda, like Christina Murphy, comes from tiny Altamonte Springs—obviously a reliable source of beauty. Busy chasing down a cosmetology degree is Ashley Brooks (above), a student and part-time model from the Lake Mary area. Sun and surf aren't entirely unfamiliar to Ashley—her dad's a Navy man. Heidi Guenther (right) is a waitress and hot-fudge-sundae freak from St. Petersburg. If you're trying to figure out what's on this lovely's mind, you can be sure she'd be doing the same with you if she had the opportunity: Heidi is working toward a Ph.D. in psychology.



♫ **A**nd Miami girls, with the way they move, ♫
make the stars come out at night. . . .



Would you buy insurance from Kristina Hauser? We sure would. The 20-year-old from Sarasota (above) is aiming toward opening her own agency. We've posed her in a traditional Florida setting, the Arturo Fuente Cigar Factory in Tampa. Amy Weiss (top) of West Palm Beach is looking for a mysterious, sensitive guy with blue eyes and blue jeans. A "stargazer" and an actress, Amy claims that her main ambition in life is "to make my dreams into a reality." At last, we come to Myra Baldwin (far right), a football-and-boxing enthusiast from Tampa. What else is she doing when she's not putting in hours working at the local tanning salon? She's out on the beach, of course, soaking up the real thing.



RON DARLING

(continued from page 73)

"Here's Mr. P.!" Carter shouts when Darling shows up. 'It must be the perfect time for practice.'"

agent to handle product endorsements. In Houston, a lawyer is preparing for Darling's trial resulting from The Notorious Incident in a Texas saloon. In a gym uptown, there is his personal-conditioning coach to oversee his workouts. At home, a manuscript awaits Darling's labors at the word processor. Today every star must publish a book, but only Darling insists on writing his.

Why is Darling doing all this? He didn't have to go to the restaurant every morning to bang on nails. He had zero restaurant experience and three partners who would have been content to have him just show up and look pretty once the place opened. He didn't have to go to the gym four afternoons a week and pay a professional to lock him into Nautilus and Polarises to pound his flesh away and then pedal off still more on an exercise bike that simulates hills, for crying out loud.

Why, Ron, why? "I really wanted to go all out this winter to put myself in the best possible shape," he says. But, Ron, the Mets came in *first*. See this gold ring with the shiny rock stuck in it? That means you won. What's the story here, Ron? Turn on *Friday Night Videos* and there you are introducing the Bangles. Why all the TV? Beats him. "Sometimes I ask myself that," he says. "I wonder why I do so much." Maybe someone else can toss us a clue here. Someone like Gary Carter.

Turns out that the exuberant Mets catcher has his own name for Darling. "Hey, here's Mr. P.!" Carter has been heard to shout when Darling shows up. "Must be the perfect time for practice." To the naked eye, his life must, indeed, seem perfect. At the age of 26, Ron Darling has everything: looks, wealth, fame, brains, talent, youth, three quarters of a Yale education, a Manhattan duplex penthouse, a foreign sports car, a restaurant, frequent offers to appear on TV and a world-championship ring.

There's also a beautiful wife. In fact, a model wife. In the former Toni O'Reilly, model and sometime actress, Darling found himself the perfect Mrs. P. Together, these aptly named Darlings make up a spectacular package. With the contrast of her red hair, blue eyes and fair skin against his basic dark motif, there is an exceptionally high incidence of over-all cuteness. This is an act with a future in showbiz. Ron's a bit stiff on camera, but he's learning; Toni's a natural. When they co-hosted *Good Morning America*, actress

Susan Sullivan could not keep from blurring, "You two are adorable!"

Yes, Carter is on to something with that Mr. P. routine. Except that it implies perfection achieved. Fact is, the man has a deep need to *become* perfect. Despite his placid, shy, withdrawn exterior, Ron Darling is a driven man. A man who can't sit still. Even when he finally does get home and watches TV, he drives Toni batty, madly remoting from channel to channel. And he hates to lose, even if it's just a card game with his wife. Behind that sleepy-handsome face, so impassive, cool and controlled, a turbine roars.

Sometimes he allows us a peek inside. Shea Stadium. The world series. Mets vs. Red Sox. Darling gets the start in game one, and he is pumped. He pitches perhaps his best game of the year. His team, however, is in a stupor. The Mets have not yet recovered from their torture marathon with Houston for the league championship and can muster no offense. Boston ekes out one unearned run on a Mets error; it's enough to win.

Normally, win or lose, Darling doesn't hold on to a game. But this one he had wanted more than any he could remember. He pitched again twice in the series; overall, he did fine. So did the Mets. New York rejoiced; champagne flowed. But Darling stayed up nights obsessing over game one. Replaying it. Wondering what on earth he could have done differently, thinking, I did everything perfectly and I still got the loss. Ron, let go! You did all you could! For heaven's sake, go to sleep!

Dream about the good old days.

Worcester, Massachusetts. The Sixties. Search back far enough and you find that every adult had a childhood. Never fails. Ron Darling had a fairly normal one, complete with two parents, though an exotic pair they are. His father, Ron Sr., is an orphan, raised in French Canada and New England. He was a fine athlete but turned down college scholarships to join the Air Force. Stationed in Hawaii, he met and married Luciana Mikina Aikala, of Hawaiian-Chinese descent. She was only 18 when Ron was born. The couple moved to Worcester to raise a family. With four sons, both parents had to work hard. Ron Sr. was a machinist and worked at other jobs on the side. His wife, though a tiny woman, loaded trucks for United Parcel.

The oldest son and namesake, Ron Jr. became the focus for his father's ambition. He was expected to do well in sports and in school. Every day, despite his heavy work load, Senior took Junior out

back and drilled him in the sport *du jour*. Summers, it was hit 100 balls, field 100 grounders. This is where Ron must have learned the lesson that he wasn't ever good enough. He had to get better.

Part of the curriculum was learning not to show pain. If little Ronnie got whacked by a bad bounce, he knew better than to whimper or the next one from Dad would come in twice as hard. Jump ahead a decade or so and see that lesson pay off:

Yale. (Well, of course. Would a perfectionist be content with some jock factory?) Somewhat bigger Ronnie is pitching. A scholar from East Carolina College drops him hard with an unstoppable smash off the knee. Darling limps off the field. In the stands, major-league baseball is watching. Joe McIlvaine, then a scout for the New York Mets, thinks, Well, that's the last I'll see of that kid today. Darling goes back to the mound, takes some warm-ups and resumes pitching. "It really showed me something," McIlvaine says. "A lesser guy would have quit at that point."

That's our species for you. Find a pattern early and stick with it. You are what you were and what you'll be. No wonder Ron do run run. Dad fired the starting gun. And it wasn't long before Ron found yet another endlessly demanding father to keep him hopping.

Ron, meet Davey Johnson. Well, no, not quite yet. Tulsa, Oklahoma, 1981. As much as you love Old Eli, major-league moola is tough for a working-class kid to kiss off. So when the Texas Rangers draft you number one, you trade your senior year in New Haven for double-A ball in Tulsa; you're such hot stuff, the Rangers promise you'll be up to the bigs in a blink. Next thing you know, they trade you! You're stunned. You're depressed. All you can think is, Hey, this outfit picks me number one and now they don't want me at all. Don't worry, Ron. It's all gonna work out OK, because you're headed for your team of destiny and the manager you were born to play for.

OK, Tidewater, Virginia, 1983. Up in New York, the Mets are a long-run disaster; but below, things are quietly changing. A new management has been stocking the minor-league system with young talent. Down on the farm grow Strawberry and Gooden. By Ron's second year in Tidewater, he and his teammates believe they are a better team than the Mets. So does their supremely confident leader, Davey Johnson. Coach feels that he is building the nucleus of a new, winning Mets team and that its new, winning manager will be Coach himself.

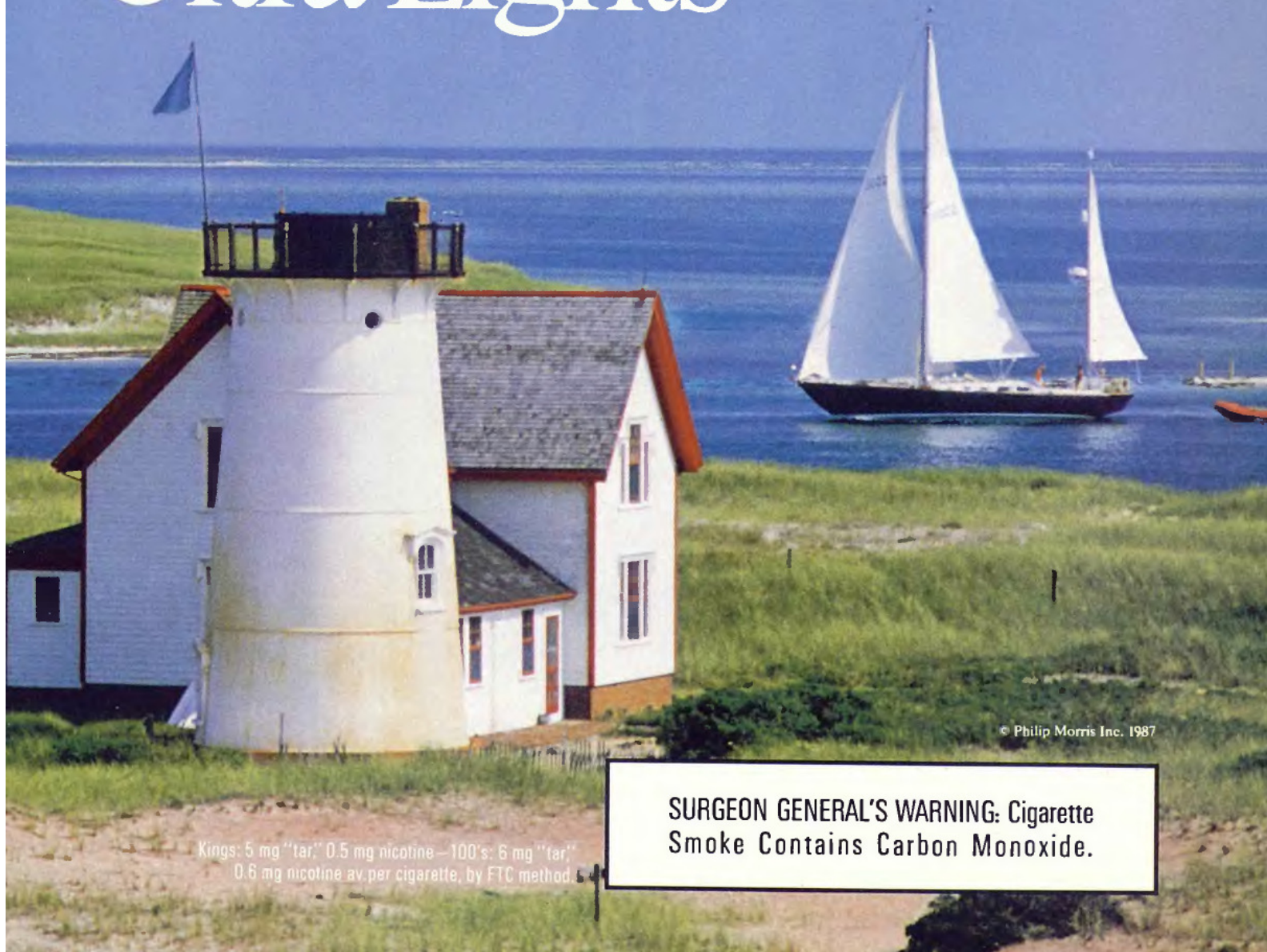
Johnson helped Darling a lot. As when he decided that the Rangers had screwed up Darling's natural delivery. "Have you always thrown overhand?" he asked during a game in Syracuse. Darling said no.

(continued on page 131)

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DAVID LEE ROTH

Contributing Editor David Rensin met with the Louis Prima of rock, David Lee Roth, on the San Francisco leg of his "Eat 'Em and Smile" tour. In his hotel suite, Roth shed a safari jacket, offered some sparkling water and nuts, asked his ladyfriend to amuse herself in the bedroom for a couple of hours and started talking even before the tape was rolling. Rensin asked us afterward, "What can I say about Dave that he hasn't already said himself?"

1.

PLAYBOY: You're surrounded by beautiful women in your videos. But we wonder why we have never seen you socially with a member of the other sex.

ROTH: What you're talking about is my private life. I'm not a television star. This is not *The Love Boat*. I'm not in the movies. I'm not a stand-up comic. I'm not in the *National Enquirer* unless some TV star gets involved in my little piece of the world. So I guard my privacy—or I'll have an audience for that as well. Look, I share more of what I am and what I do with the public than 90 percent of my colleagues in the music business do. Sure, it's exaggerated. Sure, it's in Technicolor. That's the way I see it and that's the way I live it. But I don't believe in putting nonshowbiz people I'm involved with on the pages of magazines.

2.

PLAYBOY: Why aren't you as press-shy as most big rockers? Have you ever been at a loss for words?

ROTH: America is the only place where people think you're stuck up for not promoting yourself, for hiding out, like Prince—though if you're wearing a Day-Glo red-white-and-blue tuxedo and you're

climbing out of a pearlescent limousine at the 7-Eleven, you can't wonder why everyone's looking at you. A lot of musicians are inarticulate because they communicate solely with their instruments—especially if they've spent the past 14 years practicing an E chord in private. I've always seen the press as a communications avenue.

rock's
spandex
whirlwind on
showmanship,
swordsmanship
and how van
halen hurt his
feelings

I love to entertain people. I'm part of an old, old tradition—only the latest model. But I don't talk much about the music. I talk about what's around me and what I am and what I see, because that *lights up* the music a little better for you when you hear it. I'm trying to get you to feel the way I feel for three and a half minutes. And when I get finished with my story, I have no problem disappearing. All I have to do is shut up.

3.

PLAYBOY: Is there life without an audience?

ROTH: I couldn't imagine it. I like show-and-tell time. I live for it. [Big laugh] And it means lots of different things. But that's not to say I'm *always* performing. I'm often asked if the line between David and Dave hasn't blurred quite a bit by now. Can I tell the difference? Absolutely.

4.

PLAYBOY: OK. Let's talk Dave. Define Daveness. What's the difference between Dave and David? When is Dave too much for even David? When is Dave most alone?

ROTH: Daves surf. They catch a wave and make it look good all the way. Daves think five moves ahead or, at least, master the ability to appear to do so—which may be better. A Dave is always stuck with a Paul Shaffer—in my case, Pete Picasso. In my case, Dave does not have a whole lot of responsibility in his life, does not have to worry about having his head in the clouds. Dave doesn't have to count past four. David carries the stop watch. David checks the gas gauge before leaving.

Dave is too much for even David when I get physically tired. I can stand my fair share of partying, and sometimes I just go completely Babylon. But that's intentional. All my training on the road is sport-specific. I can go for miles and miles. I can hurl my body off a drum riser with regularity and still dance until dawn backstage. I'm one of those kids who always bobbed and weaved in the back of the classroom. I'm like a Frisbee dog who chases and chases until he drops. So I have to be really careful of that.

Dave is most alone backstage before the show. It's the quiet before the storm—which is why the parties generally last so long.

5.

PLAYBOY: What prompted you to follow in the footsteps of Vikki Carr and Linda Ronstadt and re-record your latest album in Spanish? And what was the problem with translating the title?

ROTH: I wanted to go boldly where no rock band had gone before. I grew up in Southern California, going to schools with lots of Spanish-speaking kids. One of my first girlfriends was Mexican; the family owned a Mexican restaurant. My first job, when I was 13, was shoveling shit at a horse stable near the Santa Anita race track. Everyone I worked with spoke Spanish. I speak Spanish. That stuff's close to my heart. On top of that, I keep hearing about how the United States has one of the world's largest Spanish-speaking populations. I've been up and down the highway a few times, so when I hear people in Calgary, Chicago and Hartford speaking Spanish, I begin to discern a pattern.

As for the title, in English, "Eat 'em and smile" means different things. It's sexy, competitive, aggressive—a sense of humor and worldliness is implied. When you're forced to use your imagination to come up with what I meant, that's poetry. If you translate it into Spanish, it means only one thing—and then it's just a bumper sticker. When it's too specific, it ain't poetry.

6.

PLAYBOY: Every band has its method of spotting beautiful women from the stage and recruiting them for postconcert duty. How do you cast your net?

ROTH: Well, this is the Eighties. We have matrix-coded headsets that function on their own crystal wave lengths. We have security guards, wearing these headsets, on either wing of the stage, crouched behind the monitors. And they're connected to all the guys in the pit—which is the barricade between the stage and the audience. It's about four feet wide, and the inside of the pit is numbered in sections. During the guitar solo, I'll dance into a dark corner and say, "Beautiful blonde, red T-shirt, three feet back, number six." And a guard will radio down into the pit, and a guy will be on his way. [Laughs] See, the payoff out here is people. Not money. We're here to make friends. Besides, what the fuck else can I write about in my songs? The hotel? The airports? Sure, I have my girlfriends back home, specific people I always go back to. My best mates, companions. It's till death do us part—or a different time zone.

7.

PLAYBOY: What do you regret most about your breakup with Van Halen?

ROTH: [Tight-lipped stare] I regret most that Van Halen saw fit to kick me when

I was down and they were on their way up. It was unnecessary and particularly vicious, and I think they are a bunch of sick little morons for doing it. I'm angry. [Pauses] For six months, I thought I'd play it like a gentleman, because the last time I saw Edward, we shook hands and we both shed a tear and said, "Hey, like any band, we're making [the best of] a career difference." But two weeks later, I'm reading in the international press what an asshole I am and how Edward has had to put up with—I'm quoting—my bullshit for 12 years. And the band maintained that—even on stage—up until the very last show of their tour. They just went after me. They told the press that Dave left to be a movie star. When the public didn't buy that, they said, "We threw him out to get a better singer." When they didn't come up with one, they said there were other problems. Now, after

months of this, I'm bitter. They're little-time people, in a little-time band, making little-time music because of it. Spiritually, they're all fucked up, and that's going to come out in their music, their fat faces and their videos. In fact, they didn't make any videos *because* the people would see it. And it's all the same kind of lying and mindless word drool that led me to leave that bunch of guys in the first place.

8.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps the press blew it out of proportion.

ROTH: No. The press only quoted what was coming out of Van Halen's little faces. But the press sees through it now, because tape does not lie. I've got a new band and a show, and now we see where the *spirit* came from, where the *music* came from, where the *songwriting* came from. And you bet your ass I'm taking credit for it. I

don't want to hear any of this crap about Van Halen's being number one, either. Most people don't understand how the record business works. Besides, Van Halen still sold millions less than the last time I was in the band. But I'm already double platinum with a *new band*. And we're over 4,000,000 internationally—and that doesn't even include the Spanish album. So fuck you, pal. I'm not going to wait for you or anybody else to get out of bed. That's why I'm here and why they spent only 80 or 100 days on the road last year. They're tired and slow. Edward wanted to make music that took more than a year in the studio and play it live for two months. I wanted to make music in half that time and play it twice as much. You get to swing the bat only three times and then you're out. [Grins] It's cat-'em-and-smile time!

9.

PLAYBOY: What's your best memory of Van Halen?

ROTH: When the band was hungry, working to get somewhere, to make great records—to be great at whatever we did. That's where we put our hearts, souls, money. The concept of buying an all-terrain vehicle or going on a prolonged vacation never entered into it. Off? How do you spell that? Everything that happened while we were locked into that fast-forward mode is my best memory.

10.

PLAYBOY: After leaving your old band, you almost made a movie. Will we ever see it? What *was* the story? Did you want to be a movie star instead of a rock star?

ROTH: I was in no way going to give up singing and dancing and touring and making albums to make movies. I was just hoping to take the videos to the big screen, because it would look better. It's more colorful, more icing on the cake. The cake is music. The cake is being on stage live. The cake is the studio. Everything else is icing. Wanna make a video? Pink icing. Wanna sell a T-shirt? Orange icing. Wanna make a movie or talk about it all in an interview? Green icing. None of these aspects is essential, but what's a cake without the icing? The story was based on all the characters and the nuts and bolts of everything that is Diamond Dave. Essentially, my evil manager, Bernie Colon [laughs], sells my contract to a couple of clowns who are determined to have me work six shows a day at Caesars Palace. Then they follow me on my first vacation in many, many years.

11.

PLAYBOY: You're known for your jungle trips. What do you pack, and why?

ROTH: I always take books, for three reasons. First, toilet paper immediately rots from the jungle humidity. So you have to stay at least 15 to 20 pages ahead of



"She bought her phone, he leases his. That tells you a lot about the marriage."

yourself, because you're gonna get a bug and get sick. Unless you're a fast reader, you're gonna get ahead of the book. Second, personal reading enjoyment while you're sick. In fact, probably the only time you'll have to read is when you're lying around in your hammock. Third is to read out loud. After the 12th hour of the 12th day, you just don't want to carry your Walkman anymore. Besides, the batteries are dead and everything is rotting. I remember in New Guinea once, we didn't even bother setting up tents. We'd go for 14 hours, stop, carve a little place in the jungle, put up a tarp and everyone would camp down together like dogs and Australians—excuse me, aborigines. [Laughs] Five or six of us, plus eight little guys with bones in their noses and tribal scarring on their faces, were under a tarp in the pouring rain. And I was reading out loud to put everyone to sleep—only it was *National Lampoon's A Dirty Book*, so everyone was laughing. And the book was ultimately going to a great use anyway. But the only book the little guys had ever seen was a Bible, with a thumping missionary attached. And they couldn't figure out why everyone was laughing when I was reading from the Bible. [Laughs]

12.

PLAYBOY: After giving away some prizes on the MTV Awards show, did you discover any TV-show-hosting ambitions?

ROTH: Not for someone else's show. But I thought of one recently. We'd go on every Wednesday and have no specific format. We'd start with a Letterman-type interview, but we could always go ringside or show videos or just talk. And mostly we'd talk about what was wrong with everything. Mind you, I wouldn't critique somebody unless I thought he could stand up to it. This business is tough enough. We'd call the show *What's Wrong* [tiny pause] with Dave?

13.

PLAYBOY: Are your body-hugging jump suits more dangerous to get into or out of? And while you're at it, defend Underalls.

ROTH: The tough part is not getting into or out of them. It's finding somebody dependable who can get down on his knees and suck all the air out of the cuffs. Then you have to seal them off with a couple of bandannas—and even then, you never know. I had a blowout recently in Seattle. I started taking air in my left leg about the fifth song. Rock 'n' roll can be ugly. Ugly. It was a stage-front blowout and, of course, I can't carry a spare tire.

I'd have some trouble defending Underalls, counsel, because I love panty lines. They're the second-greatest thing I've seen in my life, the first greatest being what's contained therein. Packaging is only half the battle. The people at Pillsbury will tell you that. Jesus Christ, I discovered panty lines when I was seven



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years old, and I don't see why women would want to smooth that out. As for my jump suits, well, that's truth in packaging. I can't very well write the ingredients on my sleeve.

14.

PLAYBOY: Suppose you've had a lunch invitation from Tipper Gore of the Parents' Music Resource Center. How would you smooth things over and sweep her off her feet?

ROTH: Tipper Gore is not to be swept off her feet; she is to be contained. Besides, I think she has ulterior motives. Her husband, Albert, who wants to be President, is concurrently attacking the entire music industry, hustling to expose more payola and promotion scandals. They think that's going to get them a big name. People like them come along every eight to 12 years, peddling this nonsensical hysteria about lyrics' ruining our kids. But we can't ignore Tipper. She's sawing away at some of the basic tenets of our great society. I don't want to trade off my constitutional rights to someone who feels capable of censoring my reading and listening material. She wouldn't want me censoring hers. I would suggest to the record industry and my colleagues at large that we not play ostrich on this one, regardless of who is

spearheading the latest movement. Never play ostrich. You know what happens to ostriches' butts.

15.

PLAYBOY: How does Dave say no to drugs? What's your message for the youth of today?

ROTH: Oh, I go through my phases, though certainly not the way I used to. I do more than my fair share of partying—fooling around with my body chemistry—just in terms of pure energy. I've gone three days without sleeping, without any drugs, without any outside stimulus except sex—which finally wore me out. I guess I'm type A. I handle it by finding things I like better [than drugs]. I substitute. See, I like to throw myself around with great abandon, and I can't do that if I'm hung over, fat and slow. I've been fat and slow and know the difference. I love motorcycles, but I like dancing better. Maybe I'm not good enough to beat my addictive little personality. I won't even approach that question. I just substitute. It's a great way to start.

16.

PLAYBOY: All right, about what are you still insecure?

ROTH: I've got a big dream here to do it all.



It's easy to hide behind saying the agent fucked up or the record company didn't do its job or blaming the manager. But I'm out in the open now, and it's not toy time anymore. There are no *auteurs* in rock 'n' roll—though the press peddles it that way. When a rocket goes up and comes back OK, everyone interviews the astronaut. But there are 1700 guys in Houston who did all the major stuff. We're flying rockets here, and people are waiting for us to fail. What makes me insecure is the possibility that the different facets of the different teams may fall apart. Or that I'll do something wrong, make a bad decision that costs not in money but in time. And in career.

17.

PLAYBOY: What do you have left to prove?

ROTH: That we can complicate things even more, that we can really twist things up. We want to take complete control here and expand. We want to set up our own tours, videos, recording. There are bands that did these things singularly. The Stones had a record company. Zeppelin did a movie. But no band did it all—and I know we can. That is the rock-'n'-roll dream to me. This is a \$1,000,000 empire run by Spanky and Alfalfa. Maybe by Huck Finn. No—the two guys Huck picks up on his raft. [Laughs] That's who the Picasso Brothers are and where we're headed, and it will change some things in this industry. Maybe people will now think twice before signing everything away to the intermediaries.

18.

PLAYBOY: If a brand of rock 'n' roll were named after you, what would it be called?

ROTH: Big Rock. Big fun. Big time. Big sound. Big feeling on the way to the show. Big feeling afterward. Big videos. Big popularity. Big money. Big mouth. Big ass. Big tits. Big fist. Big microphone. Big laugh. Big everything. Big Rock!

19.

PLAYBOY: When is sex the last thing on your mind?

ROTH: [Very big smile]

20.

PLAYBOY: You once required that the brown M&M's be removed from the candy dishes backstage. What are your current idiosyncrasies?

ROTH: I tie the right shoe first and turn clockwise in the shower. Lucky pennies are heads up. And things are going just great. Fucking A! I used to work for a living. Now I've got my ninth platinum album. I'm not fucking around. If that's all I've got to do to stay in this tax bracket, I'll tie the right shoe first for the rest of my life!



"At our best and bravest, we mimic that same refusal to quit, that fist-shaking I'll-show-you grit."

public television, he'd worked on video productions with some big stars, he was slowly building a reputation and a career. Then a major long-term project he had going with Home Box Office went into turnaround. In other words, it was dead. About a month later, he found out he had diabetes.

I was in L.A. around this time, and we drove up and down the freeways in his little blue MG. He was a mess. He was 36 years old, his budding career had gone down the cathode tube, and he faced a lifetime of insulin shots, not to mention all the other problems, such as deteriorating circulation and impotence and blindness, that diabetics can suffer. He drove very fast, I remember. He didn't talk much. Then one evening, while he was building a fire in the fireplace, he started beating the kindling with the poker, sending splinters flying all over the room. Then he walked out the back door and didn't return for a long time.

He fought the disease for two years. He tried to lick it with diet and exercise, with specialist after specialist, with sheer will power. His weight fell to 110 pounds at one point; at 6'1", he looked like a corpse. Finally, he found a doctor who showed him how to test his own blood-sugar level every morning to see how much, if any, insulin he needed that day, and that was the turning point that allowed him to bring his condition under his personal control. He stopped fighting the disease, started taking insulin as he needed it, regained his weight, slept through the night again. Then he took a neglected talent for graphic design and turned it into a business. The titles on a recent TV blockbuster miniseries were his. His business is booming. A year ago, he got married. He's spirited, happy—I'm proud to have this guy as a friend.

The details vary, but the struggle is achingly familiar. We get fired from our jobs or we get diabetes or we slip into alcoholism—and have to claw our way back into the light. Friends who've been there inspire us—but it's the people who have made grand public comebacks whom we look to for proof that even the most embarrassing failures need not be final. If nothing seems as perilous as celebrity, nothing is so noteworthy as that return from celebrity lost, from obscurity and exile.

Like Frank Sinatra's. Sinatra, who, if Kitty Kelley's biography *His Way* is to be believed, has got to be one of the most arrogant, hot-tempered, nasty stars ever to fall out of the American heavens, completely messed up his life and career chas-

ing Ava Gardner around the world in the late Forties. As Kelley reports, he was still married to his first wife and his open defiance of the marriage vows did not endear him to his dwindling public. He was losing his touch as a performer, furthermore; his movies were bombing, his records weren't selling and his voice had a tendency to freeze at concert dates. He opened his mouth but nothing came out. He was deeply in debt. For a while, Ava Gardner supported them both.

But Sinatra is no Eddie Fisher, who, when he was finished, was finished. Sinatra is nothing if not determined. He went after the part of Maggio in *From Here to Eternity*, Maggio being the skinny Italian soldier who gets killed in the knife fight with Fatso, the sadistic sergeant. Nobody thought Sinatra could act, but he wouldn't give up. He sent telegrams to the producers of the film and signed them "Maggio." He tested for the part; big stars like Sinatra never tested for parts. He offered to do it for free. "I am Maggio," he said, over and over again. (Dennis Hopper said the same thing, trying to get the part of Frank in *Blue Velvet*: "I am Frank." And got the part. And made a comeback.) In the end, Sinatra was cast and was paid \$8000. Eight thousand dollars! He owed the IRS \$109,000, and that was a pittance compared with what he had agreed to pay his wife to get out of the marriage. But the film went on to win eight Academy Awards. Sinatra took home best supporting actor. *Variety* called it "the greatest comeback in theater history."

A story like that changes everybody's perception of the possibilities. This wasn't an obscure citizen wrestling with yet another job search or trying to figure out how not to screw up marriages number two and three. This was Sinatra, in full public disclosure—and that must really jack up the pressure. Plenty of public figures, after all, don't make comebacks; they wisely retreat to the background, like Gerald Ford, or attempt to come back, like Muhammad Ali, and only make sad fools of themselves. But Sinatra pulled it off, and his ultimate triumph makes our private setbacks a little less daunting, less overwhelming. At our best and bravest, we mimic that same refusal to quit, that fist-shaking I'll-show-you grit. The how of it is simple—defy and persevere. Use your head, too, of course; think out your strengths and weaknesses and plot a reasonable reach. We can't all be movie stars, but anybody can keep on trucking.

It's an inspirational story, all right. It's also, perhaps, a little phony. There are those who say that Sinatra got the role of

Maggio not because he was gutsy and determined but because certain well-connected buddies put the squeeze on the producers. That could be. Friends in high places help. And luck, too, plays a part in comebacks. Was it to the Mets' eternal credit that Bill Buckner let Mookie Wilson's easy grounder roll between his legs in the sixth game of the world series? Claus von Bülow got a second trial on his attempted-murder charge, but did he make a comeback or did he just fall into the hands of a friendlier jury? Did Nixon actually plot and stage a return—or did he simply wait in the wings, guarding his health till the climate shifted, till we forgave and forgot? On the other hand, let us not confuse moral fiber with mawkishness. Television is full of sentimental, slightly phony comeback scenarios. Retarded men struggle for dignity outside the asylum and achieve it. Quadriplegics, with enormous effort, learn to ski again. Vietnam vets get their lives together after hitting the skids for eight or nine years. It gets more than a little tearful, more than a little tiresome.

But we keep on watching in spite of ourselves. The market in comebacks continues bullish. With good reason: This is the original country of the comeback. This is what America is for. Europe was locked into the rigidities of a class system; a man out of luck in Europe was out of luck forever. Not here. Nobody cared here what had happened to a man elsewhere. This was the country of the second chance. It still is. I used to live near a guy who had been a successful Broadway dancer; then, when his legs gave out, he became a printer and set up a printing shop. It failed, and he went bankrupt. He opened an art-supply store. That didn't do too well, either. When last seen, he was cheerfully establishing yet another enterprise. It was almost laughable; like Charlie Chaplin, this was a man who, if you told him there was no food, would matter-of-factly make a stew of his shoes. But you had to respect him. Only the dauntless get the magic back. Yes, the Mets were ridiculously lucky, but luck and pluck frequently travel together.

We need the comeback story, sentimental or not. This is the country where Liz Taylor loses miraculous amounts of weight, where Bette Midler makes a virtue of vulgarity, where Betty Ford sobers up—and nobody mocks the spectacle of restoration; not at all, we cheer them on. Call no man beaten until he's dead, and maybe, in the land of the born-again, not even then. In this, the homeland of free enterprise, failure and defeat require a tonic to get us back on our feet, back in the market place. Not all of us, by any means, have what it takes. But the possibility exists: Others have done it; maybe we can, too. We all live by that possibility.



FAST FORWARD

B MORNING GLORY

Before most of us are out of pajamas, Deborah Norville's workday is finished. As the new anchor of *NBC News at Sunrise*, she rises at two A.M., arrives at the midtown Manhattan studio before four and appears fresh and alert as the broadcast rolls at six A.M.—actually *before* sunrise during the winter. For 29-year-old Norville, it is "the ideal job in television," allowing her to deliver news "that for some people is the only information they get to begin their day." It's also quite obviously the start of a major *major*-network career for Norville. Her intelligence, friendly Southern voice and ingénue manner have caught the attention of NBC's brass, who ask her to sit in on the *Today* show during Jane Pauley's absences. Norville, in fact, has always turned heads; in the late Seventies, a CBS station manager's wife saw her working as a college intern on the Atlanta PBS channel and tipped her husband off to her. "I think everybody hated me at the University of Georgia when I returned for my senior year," Norville admits. "They were asking, 'How did you get that job?' and I didn't have an answer." Later, at Chicago's WMAQ,

as some fans called her; but she quit to take over the New York rooster shift from Connie Chung, who advised her, "Get used to being tired." "Obviously, if I could change anything about my job," says Norville, "it would be the hours."

—AMY ENGELER

GEORGE LANGE



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THROUGH A LENS DARKLY

Black and white and spread all over the toniest publications in America, the photographs of Wayne Maser feature libidothrobs dressed in denim. The sultry, scorchy scenarios he's shot for Guess? jeans during the past four years have expanded the parameters of print advertising and heated up controversies aplenty. "I suppose I make taboos palpable," shrugs Maser, a boyish 40-year-old whose possum-playing demeanor makes him seem incapable of conjuring images of swollen-lipped nubile teasing truckers and mounting cow pokes. "Somehow, I author my own fantasies," he says. "I mean, anything can happen outdoors—it's real. What's funny is that people read more sex into these pictures than really is intended." Hollywood, of course, is intrigued: Maser has recently shot movie posters (*9½ Weeks*, *Fatal Attraction*) and directed a Daryl Hall music video, with a slew of other offers piling up. "The interesting thing is, everybody seems surprised that I'm this very normal guy," he chuckles. "I think they expect me to have a cattle pen in my bedroom."

—BILL ZEHME

HART AND SOUL OF ROCK 'N' ROLL

Will the real **Corey Hart** please stand up? Is he the rock star with the spiky-haired cuteness and boyish sex appeal who's the subject of so much hormonal gush from the teen-fan mags? Or is he the serious musician, the darling of critics who praise his "elliptical phrasings" and treat him like the rock incarnation of Samuel Beckett? "To be honest with you, I really don't see myself either way," insists Hart, 25. "If I ever started to believe any of that, I'd be in serious trouble. I think it's all kind of funny." What's not funny is the success Hart has had since his first hit, *Sunglasses at Night*. Since then, he's been in the upper reaches of the charts with *Never Surrender* and *I Am by Your Side*. He's sold more than 5,000,000 records, and he's done it with songs that have content. But does the teen-fanzine crowd even know it's getting music with a mes-

sage? "I honestly believe that the bulk of my fans are at my shows because they love what I do musically. They may want to know about my personal life, but when I sit down at the piano to play a song, I *know* they're listening to me sing." —MERRILL SHINDLER

Meet Miss Goodwrench

For the past five years, **Kim LaHaie** has worked 12-hour days in an auto shop, changing rods and pistons, retooling crankshafts and replacing cylinder walls. If that sounds prosaic, consider the fact that the motors she tinkers with propel the 3000-horsepower nitro-burning dragster driven by her dad, racer Dick LaHaie. *Car Craft* has twice nominated her for Crew Chief of the Year, a heady honor, considering her age—27—and the fact that she's the only woman to run a top-fuel pit. Of



STEPHEN PUMPHREY

course, drag racing's most notable woman, Shirley Muldowney, made her name behind the wheel, something LaHaie dreams about doing when she revs Daddy's hot rod before it hits the starting line. "We've talked a lot about my driving someday," says Kim. "It's a question of time and money. It's a costly thing. In these cars, you can make a mistake that costs you \$20,000." Of course, with a little luck—and the right mechanic—you can fix those mistakes back at the shop. —PAMELA MARIN

BONNIE SCHIFFMAN



NERD, INC.

If I seem weird," apologizes comedian **Taylor Negron**, "it's because I never fully recovered after they switched Darrins on *Bewitched*." And while that hardly explains Negron's termi-

nal on-stage nerdiness—when it comes to comedy, he may well be the quintessential nerd—a glimpse of his childhood may help. "In school, I was the one who came into class wearing slacks, a retainer, a dickey and clogs—you know, the one pushing the projector," he says. What's worse, he was an audio-visual nerd in Glendale, an L.A. suburb so dull, he claims, it "makes Burbank look like Berlin in the early Thirties." That background gives Negron plenty of on-stage fodder and hasn't hurt his burgeoning film career. His first and briefest role was a memorable cameo in *Fast Times at Ridgemont High*. "I delivered pizza to Sean Penn," he remembers. "Without me, there'd be no Sean Penn." Up next are two more impressive roles, one in *Moving*, with Richard Pryor, and another in *Punchline*, with Tom Hanks and Sally Field. Still, Negron, 30, insists he'll continue to work night clubs and college concerts, despite filmdom's obvious benefits. "In stand-up, you have to wait backstage with prostitutes and drug dealers," he observes. "In films, you can have them come directly to your trailer."

—DAVID SHEFF

PAULINA (continued from page 66)

"Paulina seems to recognize that the market place can bear a whiff of titillation."

sallies against the hand that feeds her: Modeling is stupid. (Alternately: "It sucks.") She hates the work. She's in it for the money. Beauty tips? Ask Christie Brinkley. There is, perhaps, something like a pissing contest going on here. The pictures featured here were photographed for Paulina's 1988 calendar, her first. Christie Brinkley has done three. Not, for the record, that Paulina has any ill to speak of her rival. "No, not at all. On the contrary. I'm saying she's very smart. You make a lot of money giving people tips on how to look."

Paulina not only doesn't dispense beauty tips, she doesn't listen to them. She considers exercise boring. She smokes. She drinks. Sometimes she falls asleep with her make-up on. "If you're a model, you tend to be about my age," she says, "and at my age, if you have one last late night, it doesn't really matter. Your eyes are red? You can always use Visine. When

I'm at an age at which I no longer look so good, obviously I'll no longer be able to model." This is cold, indecent reality but not necessarily the way things ought to be. "Modeling would be a great business to get into when you're a 30-year-old woman—30 or over. By that time, you know where you're going. The trouble with modeling is that agencies keep grabbing girls who are 14, 15 and 16, and they screw them up, and five years later, they're wacko."

Paulina, of course, can say anything she damned well pleases and still get paid \$5000 a day—minimum—for slipping her body into and out of clothes. She gets away with it for the simplest of reasons: Whatever she puts on in the way of clothes and whatever she has put out in the way of magazine covers—*Glamour*, *Mademoiselle*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Vogue*, *Self*, *Sports Illustrated*—sells. Far from self-destructive, she seems to recognize that the market

place can bear a whiff of titillation. Even today, she exercises only minimal self-censorship. She trusts in the good will of others, particularly journalists, not to misunderstand; and if they do, she doesn't really give a flying hoot. Another possible conclusion is that she is simply as exhibitionistic intellectually as a model has to be physically. In addition to a well-developed impulse to shock, she also has a well-developed impulse to please; and in her case, the two work nicely together, since the more she shocks, the more she pleases—if not everyone, then at least that sizable part of her audience with a taste for irreverence.

"You want something really shocking and outrageous to put in *PLAYBOY*?" she asks. "How about if the editors were outraged and shocked by the simple truth—that I'm a normal girl who happens to be a model."

Sure, Paulina.

Paulina Porizkova was born in 1965 in the Czech town of Prostějov, and she was three years old when Soviet armored vehicles rolled in from the east to put an end to liberalism. Her father, a sometime university student and occasional truck driver, periodically in trouble with the police authorities, and her mother, then a secretary, climbed onto a motorcycle and crossed to an Austrian refugee camp three days before the Soviets closed the border. Then, from Sweden, where they settled, they launched an aggressive media campaign—the centerpiece of which was a hunger strike—to get their daughter out, too. Pictures of Paulina, then an ungainly child with a dumb smile, made the front pages of Swedish newspapers—to no avail. In a recklessly bold rescue effort, Swedish pilots next put Paulina's mother, Anna, down at a small, little-used airfield close to where Paulina was living with her grandparents. But not even a wig, a doctored passport and cover of night were enough to pull this one off. The guys in the trench coats had been alerted. Anna was arrested, jailed and, because she was pregnant, finally released to house arrest. The relatively happy ending is that, three years later, the lot of them—mother, daughter and a little brother, Jachym, born while Anna was under arrest—were expelled unceremoniously and bidden never to show their faces in Czechoslovakia again.

For Paulina, the ordeal has had lasting consequences. First, anticommunism, inherited, in a sense, from her father and mother, runs pretty deep in her. Husák, the name of the current Prague front man, is also, she is quick to point out, the Czech word for goose. "A good name for him," she says. *Glasnost*? She's for it. "But who cares? It's about as interesting as Raisa Gorbachev's having her American Express card refused in New York."

Second, though she professes to believe in home and family, she doesn't really have a home, except where she hangs her



"I'll take a personal check from any Japanese bank."

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hat and has her piano moved in. Nowadays, she travels on a Swedish passport, but Sweden certainly isn't home. The five Swedish years were the really miserable ones. The family was, in fact, no sooner reunited than her father abandoned it and Paulina was left to cook and look after baby brother while her mother swabbed floors in a hospital. "Sweden is supposedly the freest country in the world, because you're allowed to be anybody or anything," she says, "but people kill themselves because it's so boring."

If Sweden isn't home, neither is Paris. She was invited there at the age of 15 when a friend put some make-up on her and took some pictures, which found their way into the hands of that impresario of style John Casablancas, head of the stable of beauties that is the Elite modeling agency. Her success was immediate and Paris was nice—but yesterday.

Even New York, the town with the big pay checks, the town that a girl like Paulina can't afford *not* to live in, is hardly more than a rest stop of opportunity. At first, she didn't like it, or America, at all—and, of course, said so. "Nobody in the damned place listens to Chopin!" she grouched. "Nobody in the damned place *reads*!" To add to her essential, one might even say existential, homelessness, the house in which she had been living burned down four years ago. "I had finally set myself up," she says. "I had a little kitty, a piano, a carpet, the whole bit. And I lost it all. I was lucky to get out alive—me and the cat. And it kind of

teaches you that material things are not that important. The next time I got an apartment, the first thing I bought was a new piano. That's one material thing that is very important to me. Next I got a bed. As long as I have a piano and a bed, I'm fine."

What motivates her, she claims, is money. If not for the pretty things it can buy, then for security? "No," she says, "I care about money as a source of freedom. I care about money because it can buy you less work."

The other thing that could keep Paulina in New York right now, the high-quality paydays aside, is a live-in American boyfriend. What she loves about him, she says, is everything, and she means to marry him as soon as possible, whatever that means; but his identity and what he does for a living are secrets. In the past, she has identified him as a starving writer or a starving artist. To PLAYBOY, she said, "There's no sense in my telling you what he does, because I'm not going to tell you the truth. . . . OK, he's a window washer." A few conclusions can be drawn about him, nevertheless. We know, for example, that Paulina doesn't much care about famous men, and she also doesn't much care about conventionally handsome men. "Tom Cruise, Richard Gere, all the national heartthrobs, all the pretty boys pretty much leave me cold. They look like male models to me, and male models excite me about as much as baby soap. My ideal dream prince, whom I started

constructing as a child, has to be mysterious-looking, and he has to be intelligent and have a sense of humor and he has to read books and be passionate about music and art." Asked if her friend's identity wouldn't be easy to discover simply by watching for the two of them at concerts and restaurants, she admitted, "Yes, but that just shows how uninteresting I must really be, because no journalists have been hunting me down to get at my private life."

Having appeared a couple of years ago in the Cars' video *Drive*, she has also recently completed a first feature film, *Anna*, which opened this past spring at the San Francisco Film Festival to positive reviews. It is expected to be distributed commercially in the fall. "It's a low-budget movie, a very low-budget movie, and I'm quite proud of it. I play a Czech farm girl named Krystyna, who's just gotten out of Czechoslovakia and comes to New York. She doesn't speak any English, and the only person she even knows of here is this Czech actress who was very big in the Sixties and then got expelled. Krystyna tracks her down, and then it becomes sort of an *All About Eve* story." Paulina accepted the part after turning down numerous offers to play corpses on *Miami Vice* and naked bimbos in space. No second movie is in the works.

She tries not to work more than three or four days a week, never evenings, never on weekends. "Work," she says, "is an irrational interruption of one's private life." She works, however, in pastels on canvas, plays Chopin on the piano, reads, takes an occasional stab at writing a children's book on the life of her cat, stays out of discos and night clubs.

Her two best friends are British-born model Joanne Russell, who appears on the cover of the February 1987 PLAYBOY, and Kenyan-born model Khadija. Sometimes they go horseback riding in Central Park. They also shop and help clean one another's apartments and sit around in coffee shops, smoking cigarettes and bitching about the business. "Being a model and being a girlfriend isn't any different from being a secretary and being a girlfriend. Girlfriends are girlfriends. We talk girl talk; we talk about work. What other chance do you have to really complain and say exactly what you think and not have anyone write it down and make headlines out of it?"

She was brought up as a Catholic but doesn't "think" Catholic, though she does still believe in God and occasionally likes to walk around in a church and maybe light a candle and "feel a little religious for about five minutes." She hasn't been to confession in a long time. "Are you kidding? I go to interviews," she says. "As long as you're allowed to talk about yourself for hours and hours, you're going to stay completely healthy and sane."



"Do you want your filthy little carbons, sir?"



RON DARLING

(continued from page 118)

At Yale, he'd thrown three-quarter style. Johnson told him to go back to the old way. He did and pitched better.

Johnson also criticized Darling a lot. And rarely praised him. Remind you of anyone, Ron? In their four years together, the two would develop a richly rewarding and irritating relationship. It was interrupted slightly at the tail end of 1983, when Darling was promoted to the Mets. For him, it was a sickening spectacle. The Mets were comfortably nestled in extreme last. "The team was a joke," Darling says. "No one was trying."

But he was. He debuted against the division-leading Phillies, and it was enough to unnerve a guy. The first three hitters he faced were Hall of Fame shoo-ins. He struck out Pete Rose and Joe Morgan, and he got Mike Schmidt to ground out. "When I walked back to the dugout," he says, "it was like I was walking on air."

Over the winter, the Mets metamorphosed. Johnson was named manager. His Young Arms, Gooden, Darling and Company, would become the backbone of a team that leaped from *rigor mortis* to instant contention. Johnson nursed the Arms along oh, so carefully, rationing their innings so as never to overtire them or undermine their confidence.

Johnson and Darling also nursed along a classic prickly relationship. Their shouting matches—never held in person, only through the media—evoked comparisons to Rome vs. Carthage, Earl Weaver vs. Jim Palmer and other famous feuds of history. After a game, Johnson (a known Roloids addict) might tell reporters that Darling had gotten behind on so many batters, it made his stomach ache. Darling would read that and gripe that Davey never talked with his pitchers. Davey would read that and belch anew for quotation. On they'd merrily growl.

Of course, what we have here is two world-class perfectionists butting heads. Good as Darling was, Johnson wanted him better. Fortunately, so did Darling. So

what else could happen? He got better. The Darling who first came up to the Mets was that great cliché, the hard-throwing but wild rookie. The Darling of today is a finesse pitcher. "For a young man, that's really quite a remarkable thing," says Keith Hernandez, the Mets' sagacious first baseman. "To do that in two years. It's like you almost forget that he used to be wild at one time."

Johnson's problem was that Darling always *acted* like a finesse pitcher—even before he had finesse. Always he was trying to outsmart the hitter. "Arrrrgh!" Johnson said one day in 1985. "I want to strangle him by the throat until he's dead!" Johnson was sick of Darling's trying to hit the corners and missing. He

lesson so thoroughly absorbed: *Gotta get better*. He knows that Johnson seems to understand something about him. "Davey criticized me more than anyone else," he said in a reflective moment. "At first I took offense at it, but I think Davey did it only because he knew I could be a lot better. And he was right. He was right."

Thus Ronnie runs. Ran to Manhattan when he arrived on the Mets, unlike most ballplayers, who cleave to the suburbs. He can't understand that. Here they have the chance to experience the great throbbing-whacked-out hub of the universe and they hide on Long Island.

Darling couldn't wait to hit Gotham. Before Toni, his hunger for experience seemed to focus primarily on night life, at

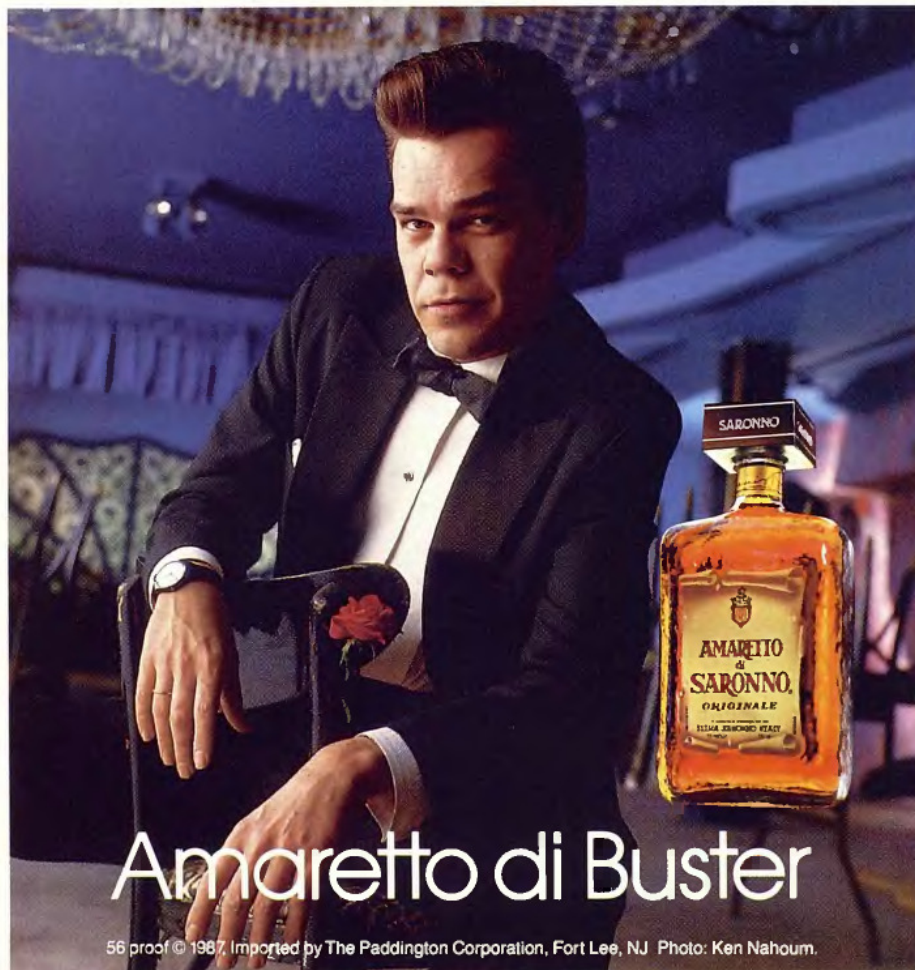
least according to the New York tabloids, which placed him in half the town's clubs and restaurants on a given evening. Ron did enjoy life. He had a much-publicized date with Madonna. He made *Cosmopolitan's* list of the ten most eligible athletes. But he says the debauchery was mostly media invention. Even so, his employers were nervous enough to start dropping hints for him to cool it. Johnson got up to speak at a promotional dinner on Long Island and began, "I'm glad Ron Darling has been able to take time away from the New York social scene to join us."

Marriage conferred instant respectability. Toni O'Reilly, out of an Irish family much like Darling's (lots

of kids, little money), escaped to the U.S. and a modeling career. Ron didn't settle for the shrinking, worshipful type; Toni likes to tease her husband and he seems to enjoy it. "I couldn't believe how shy he was," she says of their first date.

"I couldn't believe how brash she was," he shoots back.

As he's admittedly "not very good at planning evenings," Mr. Excitement mostly took Toni to basketball games. They went out for about a year before they got married. Toni has faced some of the classic adjustment problems of baseball wives—loneliness when Ron is on the road and the fame factor, which, after the world series, sometimes became



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said, "Don't get fancy—just fling it down the middle and let your natural hop get the outs." Darling tried but couldn't always manage it. Johnson seethed. You couldn't fool him. That damn Yalie was out there *thinking*.

Darling worked and evolved. He still walks people, but not so many. He has a good mix. He has mastered the trendy pitch of the Eighties, the split-fingered fastball. The splitter loves to do its impression of a normal fastball until the last millisecond, when it plunges insanely. The batter weeps.

Ron has thought about the parallels between the manager and the father whose back-yard drills pounded home the

overwhelming. "God Almighty," she says, "we can't even go to Macy's or the supermarket. People just mob him. And they're pushing me out of the way; some girl says, 'Can you believe he married her? God, she's not even pretty.'"

With the new season approaching, Mr. P. had to run harder than ever. Events were all converging. The most dreaded was the trial. Darling flew to Houston to finally resolve his most mortifying defeat, the Battle of Cooter's Saloon. The headlines had yowled about the four Mets arrested for fighting with cops in a bar. They were actually off-duty cops moonlighting as bouncers, and the problem started when they objected to Tim Teufel's attempt to leave with an open beer bottle—a crime in Texas. Scuffling broke out; Darling went to Teufel's aid and was accused of attacking the security men.

From the first, Darling had insisted that he was innocent and hoped to go on trial and prove it. But there was no trial. In Houston, his lawyer immediately plea bargained the felony-assault charges into oblivion. Even the sentence of a year's probation would be quietly quashed a month later as part of the deal.

What a relief it was to be rid of the cloud that had hung over him the past half year. For the man who would be perfect, the embarrassment had been intense. Here's a guy who gives antidrug talks for the governor's task force, who visits sick kids in hospitals, who thinks about maybe going to law school after his baseball days or becoming a TV newsmen or living in Europe, and now people must figure he's some low-life goon who brawls in bars. What he'd wanted for his public image was a Guy with Class! Oh, well. His public-relations man was working on it; but at least, Ron consoled himself, the people close to him knew the truth. "They

know I'm not this crazy monster."

Ron and Toni flew to Florida for a brief vacation before spring training. Then Ron flew right back to New York. Time for what he called his arbitrary hearing. It was his second in a row, and he was annoyed. For three years, he'd been overshadowed by the *Wunderkind* Dwight Gooden. If Ron was Mr. P., Dwight was Dr. K., and before his spring drug test, at least, he appeared to be of a higher order. So for Gooden, the Mets always went all out to negotiate a nice, friendly contract settlement; for him, Darling felt, they'd dig in and virtually dare him to try the crap shoot that is arbitration. His first time, asking for \$615,000, he had lost. This time, asking for \$1,050,000, he won.

Ron Jr. called Worcester to tell Ron Sr. that he had a millionaire son. This had seemed like an exhilarating thought; but then, when he made the call, it didn't seem so great. "My father worked his back off for 30 years," Ron says. "He won't earn \$1,000,000 in his lifetime. It seemed the height of something fanciful, almost frivolous."

In the midst of all the other chaos, the restaurant opened. The place pulled a big downtown lunch crowd, and one of the main reasons sat at a table and worked hard at playing host. Dressed in modish black, with a tiny diamond stud in one ear lobe, Darling obliged a stream of handshakers and autograph hounds. "I've got butterflies in my stomach," he said. "It doesn't make any sense. You know, I can pitch in front of 50,000 people, but I don't like to be in big crowds and I don't like to be the focus of attention."

Still, competitor that he is, Darling goes forth to slay the butterflies. He puts himself in situations where he draws attention, and he handles them with apparent confidence. He does have an extroverted side that peeps out now and then—like when

it's silly time at the ball park and in the midst of some gang of pranksters perpetrating a hotfoot, there is Darling. Then, suddenly, he's the cool loner again. "You never know which phase is on," says Hernandez. "He can be very distant or very much a social guy."

Darling loves the game. It's the sanctuary in which he can shut out all worldly distractions, unleash his laserlike concentration and shoot for the Big P. But when the game ends (unless it's a world-series loss by one unearned run), it is folded up and put away. Off duty, Darling wants to hear no baseball talk, hang with no baseball players. "I do not take my work home," he says. "We do not talk about baseball. Ever." It's important for Darling to think of himself as a well-rounded person, not just Joe Jock. It's also important for him to assert his individuality against the forced conformities of team life. So subtle little symbols of independence sometimes appear . . . such as that tiny earring of his.

St. Petersburg. Finally, the Darlings managed a few idyllic days in the sun together before training camp. Toni loved lolling on the beach. Ron was bored. So was Tyler Christian Darling, *in utero*. What, lie around till April? Forget it. The kid rushed into the world three weeks early. There could be no doubt that this was the son of Ron Darling. Run, Ty, run!

So with the baby on the scene and his court appearance behind him, it was time for . . . baseball! Ron was in the best shape of his life. He'd always had this problem with no-decisions; he'd get pulled out of a game ahead or tied and not get the win. What can a pitcher do? That's baseball, right? Not if you're Mr. P. "Make me awesome," he'd ordered his conditioner. The goal had been more stamina. Don't tire as quickly and stay in longer. You control your own fate. That was the plan.

Florida has dutifully provided the required supply of sun, palm trees, gentle breezes and sea gulls. Huge crowds belly into the flimsy fences guarding the Mets' practice fields, adequate when the team's stock was down but now bursting with humanity. Ron Darling works to Gary Carter with a fluid grace. He's back in the back yard, striving, as always, to do it better. The sweet old rhythm of pitch and catch thrums out as Darling throws and Carter plays Dad. "Get that movement," Carter says. "That's all I'm concerned about right now."

"Uhhh," Darling says. *Whump!*

"Don't come across the body."

"Uhhh." *Whump!*

"Good! That's it, right there."

"Uhhh." *Whump!*

"Let it out!"

The ball comes harder. A new season means a new chance for perfection. Mr. P. tries again.



SEN YEN BABBO

(continued from page 106)

the idea came to me for a hero of my very own.

"Samson," I told Reverend Don after the match that night, while I waited for the angry mob that wanted to kill me to disperse.

He raised an eyebrow that closely resembled a woolly-bear caterpillar. "And a horde of Philistines?" he inquired.

"One Philistine. Phil the Philistine."

"Phil the *Fornicating* Philistine!" he amended.

I nodded graciously. "Whatever. But the gimmick is that instead of beating him with the jawbone of an ass, Samson rips off the *Philistine's* jawbone."

"His . . . jawbone?" Reverend Don's wide and watery eyes glittered, and he stroked his blocky and clean-shaven chin. "His jawbone," he repeated thoughtfully. "I'll have to ask for divine guidance on that one. And find out if cyberpros can rig it up." He shook his head. "*Jawbone*. Sometimes, Harry, in spite of all your sins, I think the *Lord* touches you with *divine* inspiration!"

Maybe so, but the Reverend Don didn't touch me with increased funding after he used my idea. He managed Samson, and yours truly found the slob to play Phil the Philistine—an ex-jock jaw-cancer patient who was only too glad to trade a night in the ring for a state-of-the-art job of reconstructive cybernetic surgery. Everyone made out like a bandit except Harry the Heretic.

So the months passed, months of scuffling and hustling, of being the lackey of Reverend Don and the nemesis of good, born-again, wrestling-loving Christians everywhere, months of disguises and subterfuge to avoid being lynched by those same good Bornies. It was a lifestyle that I feared would go on as long as I survived. But that was before Reverend Don found the Hammer of Christ and I found Sen Yen Babbo.

The Hammer, like Samson, was my

idea. Reverend Don's imagination had never extended to using a cyberpros limb on a good guy, and when I made the suggestion, hoping against hope that he would let me be the one to find and manage the newest servant of Yahweh, his eyes lit up as quickly as my hopes dimmed. I could tell that he thought it was a great idea—an *inspired* idea—and that he would never entrust it to me.

I was right. He didn't. Within three days, he had found the Hammer in the guise of a wrestler at Colorado State. The kid was a senior and a glorious monster, with a face like a horny angel's. He was also a Bornie, all six feet eight inches and 300 pounds of him. Fifty pounds, however, were soon happily sacrificed for

The crowd was getting dulled out, as my man, Bad Battlin' Beelzebub, wasn't supposed to give the Hammer the works until after the sixth commercial. Beelzebub was doing all right, roaring and cursing and slamming the Hammer with an occasional forearm to get out of the corners, but the kid didn't seem as if his heart was in it.

I stood at ringside, making sorcerous gestures, yelling to the kid that his mom sacrificed to Baal, trying to get him to show a little zip, all to no avail. But, as we were to learn, the kid needed no urging. He'd been setting us up—us and the whole booing crowd.

Finally it was time. Beelzebub made a move that was amazingly slick for a man

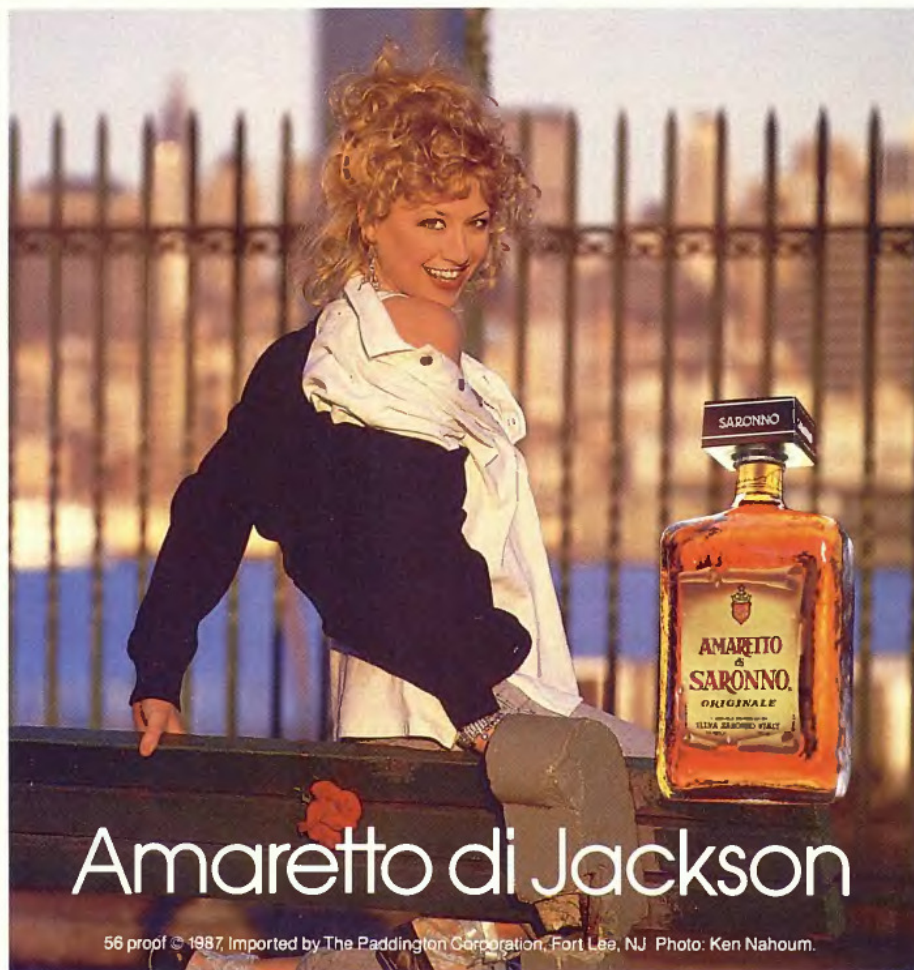
of his girth and age and had the kid's right arm wrenched up behind his back, pressing the hand and wrist ever higher, until they touched the kid's neck. Not once did the kid's face display the pain that it would have caused anyone with a *real* right arm.

Now the crowd started to quiet down, so that all 10,000 of them heard the sharp and heart-stopping *crack* that the cyberpros arm made as it split away from the shoulder in a rush of blood and dangling meat.

The crowd gasped. Even I gasped. Beelzebub laughed in premature triumph and held the dripping arm above his head with both hands, shouting, "Satanas! Satanas!" which endeared him not at

all to the shocked throng, who now started to buzz in a definitely menacing undercurrent, and I wondered if we had gone too far. After all, this had never happened before. Not Elijah nor Solomon nor Daniel nor any of the good guys had ever lost so much as a pinkie, and here we were ripping off an entire *arm*. I felt the blood leave my face as I looked around at all the dream-shattered Bornies apportioning their anger between me and Beelzebub, whose demoniac mirth had begun to be replaced by fear.

And then the Hammer of Christ made his move. Through all of Beelzebub's celebratory posturing, the Hammer had not winced nor cried aloud. He merely



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a cyberpros right arm, a perfect match for the left, natural one, right down to hair, moles and the tiniest pores. It slotted smoothly into the articular capsule, where it moved effortlessly and without the creaking noises that my own age-weary shoulders make.

At first, the Hammer was simple, trusting and enthusiastic. He didn't seem surprised to learn that the blood, sweat, toil and tears were all an act and didn't care, since the subterfuge was, in his words, "truly justified since it doth magnify the *Lord*." He spoke in italics, too—the Reverend Don influence. The kid was so nice, in fact, that I was afraid he was going to blow his first match.

stood, his face stony, his shoulder reservoir pumping a steadily diminishing supply of blood onto the ring floor. Now he slowly turned and fixed Beelzebub with an icy glare.

I will never forget that moment—the feel of the flop sweat sticking my sorcerous robe to my flesh, the mixed smells of body odor, popcorn and spilled grape juice, the sound of 10,000 drawn breaths—and, most of all, the look of *deity* on that young, beautiful and human face.

In utter silence, the Hammer of Christ walked the few steps to his adversary and, with one swift move, ripped the cyberpros arm from his hairy hands, raised it over his head like a maul and brought it down on the head of Beelzebub, driving him to the floor of the ring as brutally as Charlton Heston smashed the Golden Calf in *The Ten Commandments*.

The crowd loved it. They yelled and screamed and stomped and cheered and stood up and threw their programs and popcorn boxes and hats and coats and Bibles in the air, then picked up what had come down on their heads and threw it up again. And all the time, the Hammer of Christ kept whomping that cyberpros arm—all 50 pounds of it—down upon the

unconscious head and body of my boy Beelzebub, that fat, flabby, dumb 50-year-old widower who had just wanted to make enough money in this one night to move to Florida. It was wrong, all wrong. It had been planned, of course, for the Hammer to take the arm and strike down his opponent—but with a pulled blow. One blow—a fake one—not the deadly storm of them that the Hammer was raining down.

I couldn't do a thing. If the Hammer of Christ didn't lambaste me, the crowd would. I could only watch as the Hammer of Christ, the bastard whose sweet face had fooled all of us there in different ways, beat an ex-pug named Billy Petrossian to death while thousands cheered.

At last he stopped, held up the arm for all to see and pressed it back to his shoulder, guiding it skillfully in a move he had rehearsed for weeks, slotting it so that all those little circuits joined, all the little brain waves zipped and zapped and took that dead, ripped-off arm straight up over his head, where a false and bloody fist clenched in holy, inholistic victory.

The Hammer and Reverend Don found me sitting beside Petrossian's still form

when they came into the dressing room ten minutes later. The medicos had left. They were fakes, of course, and death scared them. Reverend Don had a thin smile on his full face, like a little boy who's won a game by cheating but is happy he's won just the same. The Hammer looked ecstatic. "He's dead," I told them. "You killed him."

The Hammer shook his head. "I'm only His instrument. It was the Lord that brought down destruction."

"It was *you* that brought down the arm!"

"I was filled with His spirit."

I couldn't believe it. "It's a *game*, you moron! It's a fake, a show, a fraud! None of it's real; it's not *supposed* to be real!"

Reverend Don smiled, fully now. "We grieve along with you for the loss of our brother here, Harry, but you must remember he died in the service of Christ and is so ensured of a place among the saints."

"A place . . . you mean that's it?" I looked from one face to the other. "That's all there is? Billy Petrossian dies, no sweat? And the Hammer lives to kill another day?"

"The Hammer," Reverend Don intoned, "is the greatest blessing evangelical wrestling has ever seen. He will win more souls to Christ by showing the power of the *Lord* than any servant of Christ in this sorry century."

"But . . . you've got a *dead* man here!"

"Zealousness in defense of the true and good is no crime. The death of this man is a pity, true, and it shall not happen again"—he gave the Hammer a sidelong glance—"but the ministry of the Hammer of Christ must not be stopped by an unfortunate accident."

I grabbed Reverend Don and hustled him into the hallway, away from the Hammer. "Accident? That was no accident—that kid *loved* it. It wasn't necessary, not at all! He's a *killer*, Don!"

"Not with peace but with a *sword*," Reverend Don reminded me.

I shook my head to try and understand. "You're going to wrestle this kid again? You're going to see he gets off?"

He shrugged. "An accident. One we can avoid in the future. I'll keep him under tighter control, and you find some foes of Christ with tougher skulls."

Reverend Don was serious, and he did what he said. There was an inquiry, but the Hammer was exonerated in full, wrestling being a "high risk" profession. It was not a surprising decision, as Reverend Don's influence reached high. I almost quit, but I didn't.

Instead, I did as Reverend Don had said and searched for hard skulls. I found them at the rate of one a week. It was easier, since they didn't have to undergo cyberprossing. Oh, sure, when they found out they had to wrestle the Hammer of Christ, some of them balked. But Reverend



"Apparently, Jefferson didn't say a word about drug testing."

Don kept the Hammer in check, and none of my boys was hurt too badly, except for the one who caught a concussion when he didn't twist his head at the right moment.

Still, I could see that urge in the Hammer, and I feared he would go over that thin edge again. For all his self-professed piety, he was no Christian but a pagan gladiator, and what I had foolishly mistaken for deity in his face had been an angelically pure blood lust.

I came across Sen Yen Babbo in a dirty little gym in Pueblo that looked as if it had tried to be a health spa and failed. The free weights looked well used, while Nautilus machines rusted in the corners. There were no beautiful people there, just a bunch of aging fighters, a few flabby bodybuilders and some young Turks punishing punching bags. I saw no one with the physical oddities that Reverend Don thought made for good villains and was just about to leave when Sen Yen Babbo walked in.

He was the oldest man there, probably in his mid-50s. He was wearing a Gold's Gym T-shirt with so many holes that one saw more flesh than cotton, and that flesh was unpleasant to behold. It was yellow in color, made a muddy ocher by the matted covering of gray-brown body hair that sprouted through the holes in the T-shirt. His bald head looked as though it were made of sponges slapped together with papier-mâché.

The nose had been broken times beyond counting, and the ears belonged on a relish tray. He was short and bandy-legged, and his stomach hung several inches over the sagging waistband of his gym shorts. In short, he was a perfect match for the beautiful, godly, diabolical Hammer of Christ.

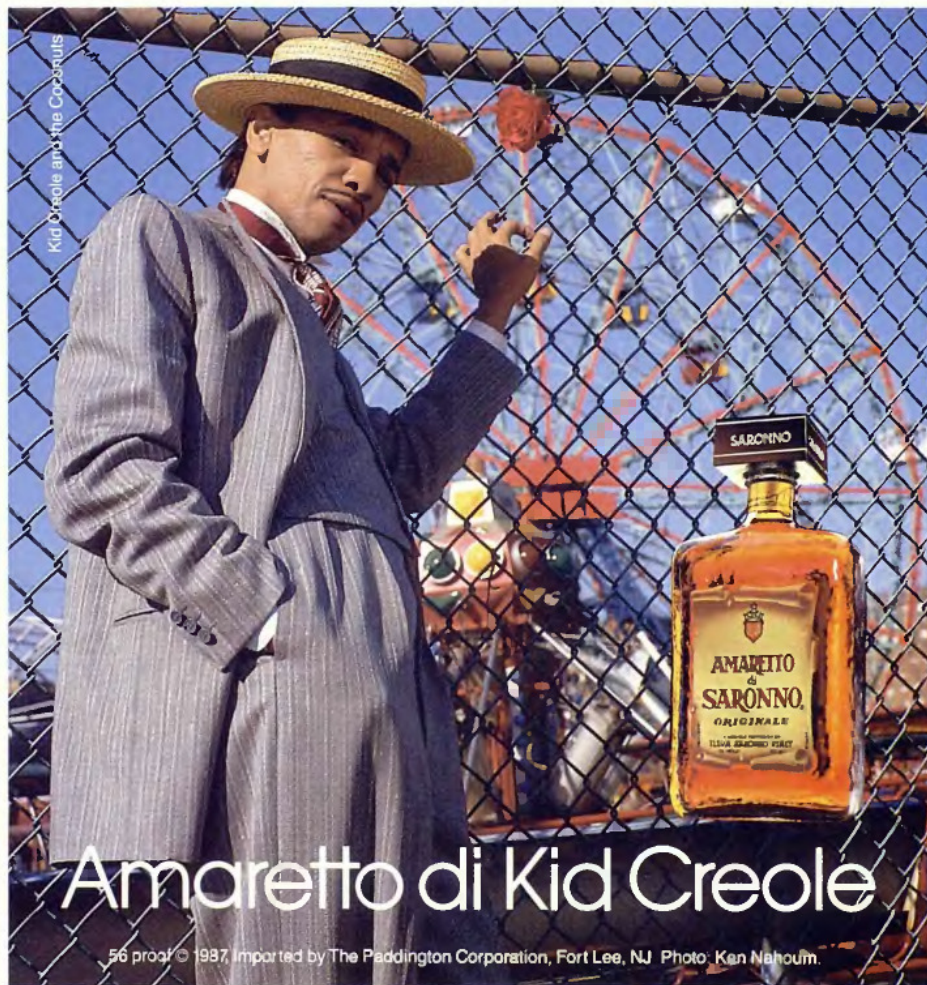
I walked over to where he'd begun bench pressing a bar with an absurdly large number of iron plates on it. "How you doing?" I asked him. He didn't respond. "That's sure a lot of weight," I observed. He still didn't answer. "My name's Harry," I tried again.

He dropped the bar bell into the sup-

ports and looked at me. "Sen Yen Babbo," he said. I must have looked blank, for he went on immediately, "That's m' name."

Sen Yen Babbo turned out to be extremely talkative for a man who didn't talk well. He possessed a host of impediments, all of them acquired from his varied career. Thirty-plus years of prize fighting, professional wrestling and just plain roughhousing with his peers had shattered his jaw, scattered his teeth and cleft his palate until he was left with the barely distinguishable slur of a stroke victim. Still, before long, I was able to make out most of the words and found him astute enough to comprehend the merits of my offer.

"Wan' me ta rassel this Hammer guy."



Amaretto di Kid Creole

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I nodded. "He's not very nice. He'll hit you hard. You have a tough skull?"

He laughed, an unpleasant, gargling sound. "Touch 't," he grunted, lowering his head so that the bald pate faced me like a small boulder. I felt, delicately, and found a slightly yielding top layer and, beneath, a hard, calcified *something*. "Scar tisha," he said proudly. "F ya can't bus it open, ya can't hur' me."

"Did anyone ever bust it open?"

"Harh!"

"Well, the Hammer might try."

"Leddin'."

Sen Yen Babbo didn't seem averse to losing. He'd lost plenty of times when he was a pro wrestler back in the Eighties.

"Think they ledda guy look like me win? Naah, I lose alla time, know howda lose good."

The agreement was made, and I took Sen Yen Babbo to see Reverend Don. The holy man loved Sen Yen Babbo, his face, his body, his manner, everything about him but his name. "Sen Yen Babbo? Nonsense, we'll call him the *Beast*, after the beast in the Book of Revelation."

"Sen Yen Babbo," answered Sen Yen Babbo.

"Pardon?" said Reverend Don.

"Sen Yen Babbo," answered Sen Yen Babbo again.

"I think," I tried to explain, "that he wants to use the name Sen Yen Babbo."

Sen Yen Babbo nodded. "Sen Yen Babbo," he repeated.

"But . . . but it doesn't mean anything; what does it mean?"

"Means *me*," clarified Sen Yen Babbo.

The *VideoGuide* listed the match as the Hammer of Christ vs. Sen Yen Babbo.

The night of the match, we went over the procedures one more time. Sen Yen Babbo had practiced with the Hammer all week, and I thought he was ready. Still, there was a lack of precision about him that made me edgy. I wanted him to remember everything that was supposed to happen, because I didn't want him hurt.

"After the third commercial break," I told him again, "is when you go for the right arm. It'll come off easy. I don't

know when he'll grab it back from you—he milks that like crazy. But when he does, be ready for the blow and go with it. Don't let him hit you head on, because if he sees he's really hurt you, well, something might snap and he might really bang you up."

Sen Yen Babbo looked at me oddly. "Wha' you so worried about me for, huh?"

"I just don't want anybody to get hurt."

"This Hammer guy, he killed that Petrossian, din' he?" I nodded. "Don' you worry about me. That Petrossian, he had a soft head." When he grinned at me, I was glad he liked me. "You good guy. Don'

worry. Things turn out aw right."

Surprisingly enough, Sen Yen Babbo was right.

The evening began auspiciously enough. The mob hurled imprecations and a number of popcorn boxes at Sen Yen Babbo and myself as we entered the arena. I was accustomed to it, and it didn't bother him. As he climbed into the ring, a juice bottle bounced off his head, but he gave no indication of its presence. Seeing that made me feel better. He strode immediately to the middle of the ring and twirled about with a body not built for twirling. The long red robe wafted outward like a film of blood, and he roared a guttural challenge to the world at large. Then he spat at the audience.

That was a new one on me and a new one on the audience as well. To be spat upon was bad enough, but to be spat upon by ancient, evil, repulsive Sen Yen Babbo was something else entirely. The first three rows stood en masse and moved toward the ring in a wave. But Sen Yen Babbo swirled around again and roared and stilled the waters as quickly as Jesus ever had. Then he laughed and shouted as clear-

ly as he could, "Bring me the *Christian*."

I was terrified. My previous wrestlers had bullied and blustered but had never spat, and no one had ever called for a *Christian* in that blasphemous tone of voice. It was fast becoming a nasty crowd.

As loudly as they had reviled Sen Yen Babbo, all the more loudly did they cheer the Hammer of Christ as he entered the arena. "Ham-mer, Ham-mer, Ham-mer!" rang the chant as the Scourge of God vaulted over the ropes and landed with a deft bounce. Here was a man who disdained twirling. He simply strode to the center of the ring, smiled a closed-mouth smile and raised his cyberpros right arm, fist clenched, showing the happy people the Hammer of the Hammer.

They cheered and continued to cheer, and I whispered to Sen Yen Babbo, "Third commercial."

He nodded. "Thir' commersh'."

The ring announcements, alternately laudatory and condemnatory, were made by Reverend Don, who looked crisp and clean and holy in a white-silk suit. The Hammer preened, Sen Yen Babbo snarled and the bell rang.

It was a good show. The Hammer

leaped and pirouetted and turned, punishing and being punished with grace and style. And Sen Yen Babbo was magnificent in his own right, biting and clawing and gouging with such artistry that had I not known it was all spurious, I would have been easily convinced that real mayhem was occurring. And every chance I got, I whispered *sotto voce* to Sen Yen Babbo, "Third commercial," and he would nod and mumble, "Thir' commersh'."

At last the time had come. Reverend Don had plugged the latest evangelical-wrestling viddiscs for the third time, and we were back to meat slapping meat. Now Sen Yen Babbo broke the Hammer's full nelson, spun, grasped the Hammer of Christ by the wrist and wrenched with all his strength. The arm went taut, snapped and Sen Yen Babbo wrenched again, as though trying to tear that last bit of gristle that tenaciously holds the drumstick to the rest of the Thanksgiving turkey.

The drumstick snapped off in a rush of blood, and Sen Yen Babbo held over his head, like some grisly trophy, the left arm of the Hammer of Christ.

Left arm?

Whoops.

I suppose I had thought everything was all right because the Hammer had not screamed. He had never screamed before, since screaming was not consistent with his miraculous aura. But the reason he didn't scream now was that he had fainted dead away from pain and shock. Reverend Don walked, trembling, to where the Hammer lay, oblivious to the pumping blood that was staining his ice-cream suit. Sen Yen Babbo still stood, the arm above his head, apparently waiting to have it snatched from his hand and get conked on the head with it. All this time, the crowd was deathly still.

At last Sen Yen Babbo turned impatiently and saw Reverend Don bending over the Hammer, saw how pale the Hammer was where he wasn't splashed with red and saw how pale Reverend Don was as well. It was enough to give Sen Yen Babbo pause and make him examine the grisly relic he held. A cursory glance at the strips of muscle and ligament dangling from the shoulder joint told him something was awry, and he then did the only thing that he apparently felt he could do under the circumstances. Clinging desperately to the now-aborted scenario, he attempted to knock himself unconscious with the arm, since it didn't look as though the Hammer of Christ was going to be able to in the near future.

The attempt was unsuccessful. The arm bent limply at the elbow and flopped over Sen Yen Babbo's shoulder. He dropped it and looked at me in dismay.

I could give him no consolation, for I knew that we were doomed. The crowd's



"I hope you're into foreplay."

stunned silence had ceased, and a low, turbulent roar was slowly growing. In another moment they would be upon us, destroying both the slayer and the manager who had been responsible for the destruction of their hero. Even now they were rising, shoulders hunched forward, eyes burning with the zealous fire of divine retribution. I started to pray.

And the prayer was answered. A voice spoke out that could be heard in each corner of the arena—

"Six-six-six!"

At first I thought it was God but quickly realized it was Reverend Don on his mike.

"The mark of the *beast*! Here on his *head*! Hidden in his *hair*! The sign of the *Antichrist*!"

I realized several things at once then. I realized that it was the Hammer's head Reverend Don was referring to and not Sen Yen Babbo's, since Sen Yen Babbo had no hair; and I realized, too, that no wrestler for God, in the six years in which evangelical wrestling flourished, had ever lost a match. And Reverend Don did not intend a wrestler for God to start now. If a wrestler for God lost, then he could be no wrestler for God. Reverend Don was a man who knew how to cut his losses.

"The Hammer of *Christ*? No, my friends—rather the Hammer of the *Anti-christ*!" He called to the medicos. "Remove this *pestilence* from our sight!"

They rushed into the ring, threw the unconscious and possibly dead Hammer onto the stretcher and dashed out.

"And *here*," Reverend Don went on, pointing to Sen Yen Babbo, "is God's *instrument*! As the *Lord Jesus* converted *Saul the sinner* to *Paul the saint*, so he has converted *this sinner* to his *truth*! No longer shall this man be Sen Yen Babbo, but he shall be *Paul the Convert*! And as such he shall battle for the *Lord* and smite the heads of the *sinners*!" I almost expected Sen Yen Babbo to decline the name change again, but he seemed to realize the gravity of the situation and accepted the new appellation with good grace.

Then I came to my last realization—that if I did not join in quickly, the train that was bound for glory and riches would leave without me.

"*Hallelujah!*" I cried in letters as italic as I could squeeze from a fear-parched throat, leaping into the ring and embracing first Sen Yen Babbo and a confused Reverend Don, whose microphone I took easily. "I have seen the *light* at *last*! Through my unwitting guidance has this man *Paul* defeated a minion of *Satan*!"

"*M' manager!*" Sen Yen Babbo grunted into the mike.

"*Hallelujah!* The manager of *Paul the Convert*! Born again—as are we *all*—to manage this man against the forces of *evil*! To join hands with *Reverend Don* and rid

this good world of the *sin* and the *vermin* that corrupt it!"

I grinned at the man in the strawberry-ice-cream suit, and handed him back his mike. "Right, Don?" I asked him, and he nodded dully as the crowd screamed their delight at the saving of the souls of Sen Yen Babbo and Harry the Heretic.

There's not much else to tell. The Hammer lived, which was more than he deserved, and sued Reverend Don when he wouldn't buy him a second cyberpros arm. The Hammer lost, of course. You just don't sue Reverend Don in Colorado. Paul the Convert became, as everyone knows, the most beloved wrestler since Hulk Hogan, and I've managed him ever since, along with the rest of the Apostles, the hottest tag team in the business. They're a good bunch, with a lot less violence and a lot more showmanship, which seems to be the direction in which evangelical wrestling is going.

One more thing. I found out from one of the Apostles that Sen Yen Babbo was a good friend of Billy Petrossian, the pug the Hammer killed in his first match. Maybe, despite the childish ignorance he conveys on *The 700 Club*, Sen Yen Babbo isn't quite as punchy as I gave him credit for being.

The *Lord* works in mysterious ways His blunders to perform.



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GAMBLING

(continued from page 64)

"If you regularly lose \$20,000, casino owners will gladly send a car or plane to get you."

Many of the downtown casinos also have installed the most entertaining slot machine ever invented, the Sigma Derby. As many as ten players sit around a mechanical race track, feed in coins, bet on one-two combinations of the five runners and then watch little plastic horses contest one of thousands of variations on races. Players root for their tiny Secretariats, and the whole thing is a lot more congenial than waiting for little pieces of fruit to appear in the slot-machine windows.

One real edge the Strip holds over downtown is in providing plush surroundings for sports and race betting. Caesars Palace has the world's best off-track-betting parlor, a high-tech room with giant-screen live telecasts from major tracks. The Stardust has a similar room, a bit dowdier but also livelier. A lot of sports bettors congregate in those two places to watch satellite telecasts of football games from around the country. In every major casino, there is a sports book that will take bets on virtually anything that moves. Sharpies shop from casino to casino for the best odds and point spreads.

Playing poker in Las Vegas for serious money should be left to the professionals, who wait hungrily to pick the bones of tourists who arrive expecting to repeat their success in kitchen-table games back home. The pros are content to put in eight

hours a day, play only one in 20 hands and grind out a profit, and many play as secret partners or as shills for the house. Amateurs should stick to the low-limit games and play 'em close to the chest.

(Draw poker, incidentally, is legal in some Southern California towns, but playing the big poker rooms there is extremely unpleasant. Those places have all the ambience of a high school gymnasium, and the players are a scary bunch of hustlers who are not above stealing a chip from your stack if you turn your back.)

Taking children to Las Vegas, or expecting to improve one's health while in town, seems to contradict the spirit of the place. For those who insist, the Las Vegas Hilton is strong in both areas. The Hilton, which is just off the Strip and is one of the world's largest hotels, with more than 3100 rooms, offers extensive supervised youth activities and even separate dormitories in which to pack away the kids while the folks are losing their college-tuition money at the tables. The sprawling spa area is well equipped, and even the dissolute can enjoy the ten-dollar oxygen pep-up offered to weary gamblers.

The rest of the Nevada gambling scene consists of Lake Tahoe, Reno and some smaller pit stops, such as Henderson and Carson City. Of those, only Lake Tahoe is

worth a visit, and then only for those who want some alpine scenery mixed with their gambling. The betting rules throughout northern Nevada are unfavorable to the blackjack player, and other games are limited, as is the choice and variety of casinos. In Lake Tahoe, Caesars has the best casino and hotel, with many of the rooms providing huge circular tubs for those intent on reliving the excesses of the latter Roman Empire.

Northern Nevada, despite its limitations, is paradise compared with Atlantic City, a living civics lesson in why casino gambling should probably not be legalized anywhere else in the country. Since the first casino opened there in 1978, the place has been a disaster for virtually everyone except the fabulously successful casino operators. Crime and housing costs have soared, driving out many residents, and few of the promised benefits that wooed New Jersey voters to approve casinos in a 1976 referendum have paid off.

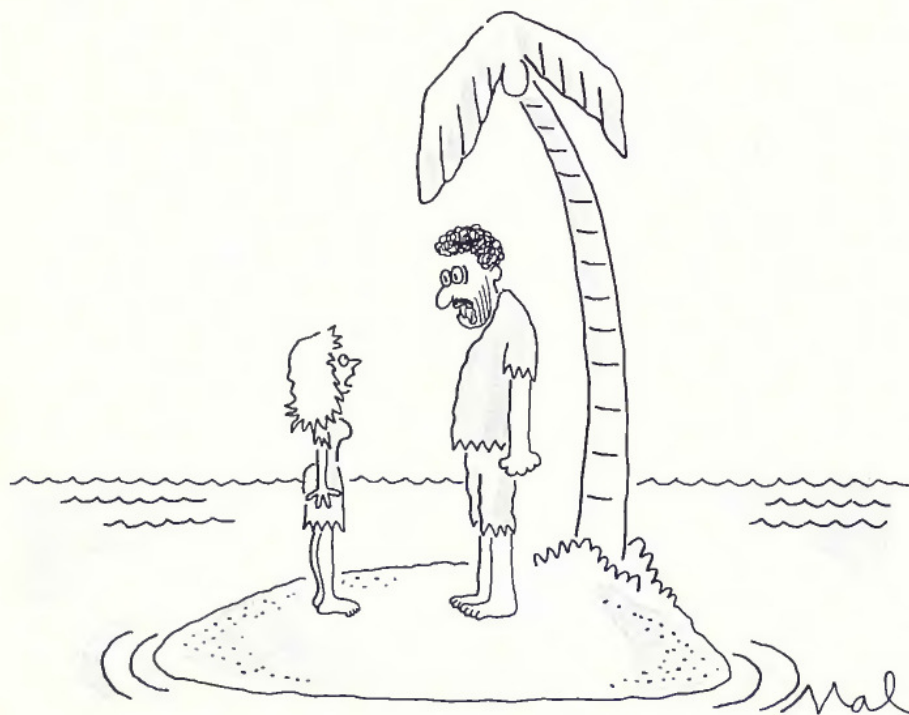
Atlantic City, an hour from Philadelphia, two and a half hours from New York City and within 200 miles of 20,000,000 Americans, is in essence a huge slum with ten palaces towering above it. While the famous boardwalk has a certain tacky seaside charm during daylight in the summer, the rest of the town is a frightening and gloomy ghetto that should not be navigated on foot at any hour.

The philosophy on which Las Vegas was built, and which survives there downtown, is to make everything attractively inexpensive so that people will gamble at your casino. In Las Vegas, parking is usually free, rooms fetch reasonable rates and meals are outrageously cheap. In Atlantic City, the prevailing attitude is "Gouge the customers at every turn." Rooms start at \$90 a night in most places, food prices are similarly inflated and posted parking rates are as high as ten dollars for 12 hours.

Casinos everywhere thrive on the business of high rollers, most of whom are extremely inept gamblers who like the feel of betting big bucks, either because their jobs provide no opportunities for risk taking or because they are self-destructive individuals. Any bettor who buys in for \$10,000 or more in the course of a visit can command a range of perks from meals to a suite and even air fare. Generous guys, those casino owners: If you regularly lose \$20,000, they will gladly send a car or plane to get you.

Anyone playing for more than spare change in the slot machines should ask the nearest casino pit boss to validate his parking stub, which is done without hesitation. Anyone who plays for a while at more than \$15 a hand can command at least a free meal in the coffee shop. Novices, though, should beware of seduction by freebie, a syndrome that once led to my purchasing history's most expensive sandwich.

On my first trip to Las Vegas ten years



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HIGH ROLLERS

Las Vegas may be tacky; it may be inhabited by polyester pod people. The noise from the slots may cause brain damage. But it's still the one place you'll find serious high rollers, gamblers who, in the words of gambling writer Howard Schwartz, play "with a bank roll that has a comma after the first number." They're attracted to Vegas by more than the desert air—not only do many of the major hotels and casinos woo big spenders with free room and board (and, for those who establish a credit line of \$20,000 or more, free air fare and a suite of rooms fit for Liz Taylor) but the more adventurous gaming rules make winning, or losing, large amounts of money easier than at a race track or in Atlantic City.

You'll rarely see a true high roller at the race track. High rollers like to be treated like royalty, and race tracks charge admission; in fact, they charge for everything from parking to beer. The track's share and taxes take a quick 17 to 21 percent out of every dollar that is wagered. And pari-mutuel betting—in which money is put in a pool so that bettors are actually betting against one another—works against those with a large amount of cash to wager. Putting too much money on a horse can significantly lower the odds, so that you'll make less money if you win. In some cases, such as a Pick-Six payoff, the track will even do the Government the favor of deducting your taxes on the spot. Serious horse players place their bets with bookies, and it's not unknown for a big spender to take his bookie to the track, whispering bets into his ear, rather than take the short but less profitable walk to the pari-mutuel window.

In Atlantic City, the Spartan amenities and more stringent credit restrictions inhibit the professional gambler. That's not the case in Las Vegas, where the red carpet is waiting. At Caesars Palace, for instance, those of us with a mere few hundred to squander play at blackjack tables with tiny Formica signs that read BETTING LIMITS AT THIS TABLE \$5 TO \$500; but for the high roller, the figures are a bit different. "Our limit is \$25,000 in blackjack and craps, \$100,000 in baccarat and \$500 on a single roulette number," says Dan Reichartz, president and C.O.O. of Caesars, adding, perhaps needlessly, "These are not limits we would extend to every player."

And in Vegas, betting action is not limited to the casinos. "Our sports book has a \$10,000 limit on college

football games and a \$20,000 limit on pro football," says Reichartz. "In championship prize fights, we are flexible. On the Hagler-Leonard bout, we were taking some very high action—in the five-figure category."

Of course, there are those who feel hemmed in even by those generous limits. Binion's Horseshoe on Fremont Street in downtown Las Vegas occasionally waives the limits—any limits.

It is also the site of the World Series of Poker. The climax of the event is a four-day no-limit-hold-'em game in which the buy-in is \$10,000 and the winner usually walks away with at least \$500,000. Over at the Golden Nugget, you may find such poker greats as Doyle "Texas Dolly" Brunson, Jack "Treetop" Straus, "Amarillo Slim" Preston and Johnny Moss sitting around a pot of \$50,000 or more.

Those aren't stakes for amateurs, to be sure, but the high roller generally follows his own path. A sophisticated blackjack player, for instance, would not want to play at a club with supposedly easy odds (which may not favor a smart gambler). And the pros gravitate to a different type of hotel as well, partly because of the fantastic amenities offered to big spenders, partly because the flexible house limits make gambling more lucrative.

Caesars Palace leads the list of the so-called Fabulous Four hotels favored by serious players. While some find its rococo extravagance florid, being comped one of the Olympic Tower suites (complete with four bedrooms—two with mirrored ceilings over the bed—and an indoor whirlpool with a floor-to-ceiling window overlooking the Vegas Strip) is not a bad way to relax while doing some high-limit gaming. Another favorite is the Desert Inn Hotel & Casino. Its luscious grounds make it easy to forget you're actually in Vegas, and it's also the only major Strip hotel/casino with a professional-tournament-class golf course.

The Golden Nugget is the only downtown hotel that can compete with the luxuries of the Strip, as well as provide the excitement of high-stakes poker. Outside Vegas, high rollers are most likely to visit Harrah's Lake Tahoe, one of the few U.S. hotels to carry both the A.A.A. 5-Diamond citation and the Mobil 5-Star award. Harrah's is the ideal place to combine the excitement of high rolling at the tables with the pleasures of fishing, skiing, golfing and hiking, while inhaling pure, pine-scented air.

In other words, it's a sure bet.

—MAURICE ZOLOTOW

ago, I was playing \$25 blackjack at the Union Plaza Hotel and Casino on a morning so slow that I was the biggest better in the pit. A bored casino floorman began stroking me, lighting my cigarettes, giving me tips on what to do in town and telling me to be sure to let him know if I wanted to get something to eat when I was done playing. Flattered by the attention, I felt slightly obliged to keep playing at a table where the cards were running badly and had run through all but \$100 of a \$1500 buy-in when I finally had the sense to give it a rest. The floorman, friendlier than ever, rushed over and gave me a chit for the coffee shop. Frustrated and furious with myself, I tried to get some of my losses back by searching for the most expensive thing on the menu. So I got a free \$12 crab-meat-and-gruyère-cheese sandwich that cost me only \$1400. And it wasn't even any good.

The typical Atlantic City player, though, is a day tripper and a low roller, giving the city an additionally cheap and desperate feeling. In Las Vegas or Lake Tahoe, almost everyone has a hotel room to go back to, some strolling and sight-seeing to do and a set number of days over which to budget a gambling bank roll. In Atlantic City, people are always checking their watches and betting more than they should in their last few minutes before heading home.

Atlantic City offers far less gambling variety than Nevada, without poker, keno or sports- and race-book betting on the menu. While the rules concerning double odds are favorable for those who insist on playing craps, a game of pure chance that demands no skill and offers no long-term chance of beating the house, blackjack is played with six or eight decks out of a shoe practically everywhere and pairs cannot be resplit, a bad deal for the player.

If one must go to Atlantic City, as even I must two or three times a year when the blackjack demon's call proves irresistible, the best bet is Bally's Park Place. (Yes, the properties in Monopoly really are named after Atlantic City streets all the way down to Mediterranean and Baltic avenues.) Bally's, alone among the 12 superstructures, keeps the slot machines decently separated from the gaming tables, offering some relief from the noisy machines and their yapping players. Bally's is darker, quieter and generally more civilized than its counterparts, and the personnel seem a tad friendlier. The irony here is that Bally is the world's largest manufacturer of slot machines, which would figure to make its casino the noisiest one-armed-bandit joint anywhere; but the opposite is true.

Bally's has the advantage of being centrally located among the ten casinos on the boardwalk and within walking distance of some of them. The two casinos off the boardwalk, Harrah's Marina and the



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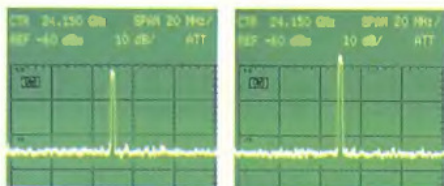


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Trump Castle, are a few miles away on a marina in what promoters call the other Atlantic City. True, they are somewhat less crowded, but their isolation from the city's lone attraction, the boardwalk, makes them unappealing.

The best place to gamble in Atlantic City is six miles from the nearest casino, at Atlantic City Race Course. It is not a particularly attractive track and the racing is generally second-class, but the fact that the game is horse racing and not craps, roulette or blackjack makes it a winner.

A quick way to win a bar bet is to challenge the nearest sucker to name America's most popular sport over the past decade. Give him three guesses. Professional basketball isn't even close, professional football is warmer and major-league baseball runs a strong second. But the winner on paid attendance seven out of the past ten years is horse racing. The figures are somewhat phony, though, because a hard-core of daily racegoers runs up the turnstile count while casual fans grow scarcer each year. The two main reasons are that racing remains largely absent from network-television exposure, and that the game carries an outdated stigma of disreputability. A race track, in the eyes of many Americans, is a place where your unemployed brother-in-law goes to hang out with creepy old guys and criminals, with a few rich cretins sitting in the box seats.

In fact, while horse racing may no

longer be the sport of kings, it is the game of choice among most professional gamblers, bettors who relish an intellectual challenge and players who enjoy some aesthetics along with their action. And while a cheerfully larcenous spirit is close to the heart of the game's appeal, race tracks are uniformly safe and honest enterprises.

The pleasure of betting on races, rather than on cards or dice, is the challenge and exhilaration of smoking out a winner. Fans are betting against one another, not against the house. There is a sense of triumph on choosing the right horse that is absent in the casino. The winning blackjack, craps or slot player has merely been sitting in the right place at the right time.

There are two or more tracks in virtually every major city in the country, except in those states, mostly in the South, that piously ban the sport because they prefer to keep gambling illegal. There are two types of racing: thoroughbred racing, the more popular kind, with jockeys riding sleek and fast horses, and harness racing, in which horses of a different breed pull little carts and drivers while trotting or pacing at a slower gait. Most thoroughbred racing is conducted during the day, and the big wheels roll at night.

The ideal thoroughbred track combines the best of zoos, botanical gardens and parks with the most challenging gambling around and a sport that is unrivaled for color, drama and pageantry. The most important racing in the country takes place in New York, Southern California

and south Florida, and those states have the nation's most splendid tracks.

The time to go racing in Florida is in the Season, the first three months of the year, when the action is at either Gulfstream Park, north of Miami, or Hialeah Park in the heart of that city. Hialeah, the aforementioned scene of the \$96,000 miss, was modeled on Longchamps in France but is far more attractive. The place reeks of tropical decadence at its best. Gulfstream, sleeker and more prosperous, lacks Hialeah's lushness but is still a lovely place to win or lose.

In California, Hollywood Park, near Los Angeles International Airport, is convenient but hardly worth seeing. An hour north, though, is Santa Anita Park, at the foot of the San Gabriel Mountains with a majestic backdrop and an architecturally appealing Spanish façade. Stargazers should hit the Turf Club, where the likes of Fred Astaire, Walter Matthau and Dick Van Patten regularly shovel their salaries through the pari-mutuel windows.

New York, home of the nation's best racing by a neck over California's, offers tracks that are open year round. Stay away from November through April, when dreary Aqueduct in Ozone Park, Queens, is playing. But Belmont Park, which operates the rest of the year except for August, is stately and grand, physically the nation's biggest track at one and a half miles around and a monument to good taste and simple elegance.

Visitors to New York City may be tempted to visit one of the 100 or so green-and-white Off-Track Betting shops around town, but they should resist. O.T.B. is a civic fiasco and a raw deal for bettors, offering lower payoffs than either tracks or bookmakers pay out and doing so in shabby and unpleasant surroundings.

Just about everyone involved in New York racing spends the year waiting for August to roll around, because then the action moves for four weeks to Saratoga Springs, 150 miles north of New York City. What ensues is a four-week party in a postcard-pretty small town that comes alive with glitter and raffishness and the classiest month of racing in the sport. The track, a wooden relic, has the feel of a county fair, with wholesome food and questionable hot tips being hawked with gusto behind the stands. In the mornings, the best horses in the world gallop through the dawn mist as waiters serve local melons and berries.

The racing, besides attracting the top horses from around the country, varies more than anywhere else, making it an invigorating challenge for the regulars and a primer of the sport for the novices. Races are run at many distances, grass racing is plentiful and there are even steeplechase races. This is also the meeting where the most blue-blooded and highly touted



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63

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two-year-olds are cracked out for their debuts, offering a preview of the following spring's Triple Crown races. California has its own version of Saratoga, a summer meeting at the Del Mar Thoroughbred Club near San Diego. The racing is not quite as good and the atmosphere nowhere near as electric, but the track is an attractive one and the ocean breezes are soothing. Every day after the last race, fans are serenaded with a recording of Bing Crosby crooning *Where the Surf Meets the Turf*.

Some of the nation's best-known tracks and races should be avoided like a slow horse with a bum ankle. Chief among those is the Kentucky Derby at Churchill Downs, a delight mainly for undergraduates who like to sit in the infield, swill and regurgitate beer and hold up signs exhorting female passers-by to SHOW US YOUR TITS. For horsemen in the business, rich folk who can afford the nearly \$4000 tables in the clubhouse and television viewers, it is a great race, the culmination of months of drama and speculation. For the rest of the public, it is an afternoon with all the charm of crawling through a commodities-trading pit. The betting lines are impossi-

bly long and it is difficult to see the races. In addition, one or two of those Derby-day races often have the suspicious look of local sharpies' putting a few good things over on the unsophisticated crowd. Those dying to experience the legendary mint julep should skip the trip and try tasting the combination of six spoons of sugar in a glass of bad bourbon. Stir with a stick of mint gum. Keep a spittoon and a chaser handy.

Probably the worst place to bet on horses in North America is Keeneland, the Lexington, Kentucky, track that is dear to the hearts of the nation's tony owners and breeders. Running only three weeks in the spring and fall, it functions largely as a social event for the area's horse gentry, who maintain a clubhouse that is truly a private club, with the public barred. Operating under the slogan "Racing as it was meant to be," Keeneland fulfills its self-appointed role as a guardian of tradition by offering no public-address system, no race caller and no exotic bets such as the trifecta or the Pick-Six. Add to this Kentucky's generally high-handed treatment of the horse player and Keeneland becomes a horse player's nightmare. This

is really a pity, because the track itself is pretty and the quality of horseflesh high.

The success of the Atlantic City casinos has forced several race tracks in the Northeast to close in recent years, but the shuttering of such dingy plants as Bowie and Timonium in Maryland was no loss. Track operators have finally realized that they must make their plants modern and somewhat competitive with the glitz of the casinos. Three tracks in particular deserve an A for effort and are worth seeing.

Garden State Park in Cherry Hill, New Jersey, just outside Philadelphia, is an ultramodern plant with a unique glassed-in paddock and the swankiest restaurant of any track in the country. It is largely modeled on Meadowlands, across the Hudson River from Manhattan. Meadowlands is probably the best night out in all of horse racing, with superior restaurants and, for the first eight months of the year, the richest and classiest harness racing in the country.

Laurel Race Course, outside Baltimore, was a dump for years; but under new ownership, it has opened the most sophisticated gambling facility at any track in the world: The Sports Palace, a horse player's toy store. A bank of video-cassette players allows a bettor to see a tape of any race run at the track in the past six months, and a computer system with 12 terminals lets a horse player research sophisticated statistical data about horses, trainers and jockeys. The Palace also features several huge television screens showing races and major sporting events around the country, and there is even a continuous ticker display of the latest sports results from around the country. Of course, betting on football games is illegal outside Nevada, but people have been known to get down a bet regardless.

If winning the bar bet on America's number-one spectator sport seemed easy, here's one that's a license to steal: Ask a mark, "What is Boston's number-one spectator sport?" It's not horse racing this time, and the Bruins, Celtics or Red Sox won't win the drink. The answer is that Boston has gone to the dogs.

Greyhound racing, legal in just 15 states but fabulously successful in New England, Florida and pockets of the West, may be America's most invisible gambling success. Mention of the sport unfairly conjures up images of dogfighting or cockfighting and stirs memories of the hilarious lead story on the inaugural episode of ABC-TV's *20/20* a decade ago: Geraldo Rivera went undercover amid much intrigue to yield a scaring exposé on the burning issue of whether or not racing dogs are trained to hunt down jack rabbits. The sport's visibility has further suffered because of concerted lobbying by the



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Bally's Park Place is a haven of restraint in Hell Town.

Tie: **Hialeah Park** in Miami is a soothing tropical paradise; **Saratoga** in Upstate New York has the best racing.

The **Hollywood Greyhound Track**, just north of Miami, has the sport's classiest facilities and fastest dawgs.

Caesars Palace in Las Vegas is a high-tech dream for horse players.

The **Golden Nugget** in Las Vegas has the most options and action.

WINNERS

Binion's Horseshoe in downtown Vegas for noisy, two-fisted whooping it up.

The **Las Vegas Club** has the world's best blackjack odds. Double-down heaven.

Bob Stupak's Vegas World has the best deal in town: For \$396, you get \$1000 in betting action, plus a room for two nights.

Bally's Park Place in Atlantic City actually permits employees to behave like human beings.

The slickest weasels and highest rollers just can't help going to **Caesars Palace**.

The Las Vegas **Golden Nugget** is so tastefully decorated, you won't believe you're in Vegas.

WINNERS

Saratoga in August is where all the good ones end up.

Only the brave of heart and bank roll can survive the winter meeting at **Aqueduct**.

At **Santa Anita** and **Hollywood Park**, the riders are so good that Bill Shoemaker is a liability on your horse.

The cowboys and crazies who fill **Oaklawn Park** hate to bet favorites: big prices on cinches here.

Hialeah Park makes *Miami Vice* look as if it's shot in black and white.

WINNERS

The pups at **Derby Lane** in St. Petersburg, **Hollywood Greyhound Track**, near Miami, and **Wanderland Park**, outside Boston, are the pick of the litter.

Seen one, seen 'em all.

The **Stardust** and **Caesars** in Las Vegas are more fun than a corner boogie—high tech all the way.

The ones right near the doors to the casino showrooms. Set to pay off frequently to make gamblers out of farmers waiting to see Wayne Newton.

WORST

Bally's Las Vegas Grand is cold, joyless and forbidding, with a staff to match.

Del Webb's Claridge is a study in depression and desperation.

Keeneland in Lexington, Kentucky, is the darling of monied breeders but an ill-equipped insult to the horse player.

Green Mountain Race Track, on the New York-Vermont border, attracts few bettors; the odds are poor, the atmosphere depressing.

Any New York City **O.T.B. Parlor**, where patrons get low pay-offs in shabby storefronts.

Keep an eye on your chips at any of the dismal poker clubs in **Southern California**.

LOSERS

Bally's Las Vegas on the Strip and **Harrah's Marina** in Atlantic City make nice mauseleums.

Anyone playing blackjack in **Northern Nevada** should be arrested for stupidity.

The computerized Comp Card at the **Claridge** in Atlantic City: Play for ten years and you may get a free sandwich.

Union Plaza in Las Vegas employees failed the niceness test at collection agencies.

Zombie Bus People can't stay away from A.C.'s first and worst, **Resorts International**.

The Atlantic City **Golden Nugget** is a noisy eyesore, making cheap and gaudy synonymous.

LOSERS

Horses you thought had died a decade ago are still running at **Penn National**.

The Northern New Jerseyans at **Meadowlands** came to eat and play lucky numbers and have yet to learn which end of the horse eats.

The champion jockey in **Louisiana** is the one who spends the fewest days a year testifying before grand juries in race-fixing cases.

The good ol' breeders who watch their pets run at **Keeneland** don't mind taking short odds on a sure thing.

Churchill Downs on Derby Day is a vibrant, swirling crush of humanity—sort of like hell.

LOSERS

Running at the **Arizona avals** shouldn't happen to a dog, but it does if it can't make it anywhere else.

Seen one, seen one too many.

Betting at an **O.T.B.** shop in New York City is only slightly less pleasant than waiting in line for an unemployment check.

The ones in the **Las Vegas** and **Reno** airports. Five more bucks won't get you even for a week at the crap table, and you'll need it for carfare home.

horse-racing industry, which has good reason to want dog racing suppressed: In every head-to-head clash between the two forms of gambling, dog racing has come out the winner.

The game is extremely appealing. Beyond the presence of man's best friend, the races are short, quick and easy to follow over a small track. There are no jockeys whose motives can be questioned, and the dogs show and hold steady form by racing twice a week. There are only a handful of professional dog bettors, because the betting pools at most tracks are too small to exploit and there are few opportunities for a major coup. But the game is readily accessible to the first-time or casual fan.

The world's best-named race track is where Bostonians bet the dogs: Wonderland Park in Revere. (Actually, Wonderland ties for best name with Phoenix' thoroughbred track: Turf Paradise.) Top dogs flock to Wonderland in the summertime, and the track is a lot nicer than its thoroughbred cousin down the road, Suffolk Downs.

There are dog tracks in Key West and up and down both Florida coasts, and most of them are surprisingly appealing. Derby Lane in St. Petersburg is particularly nice, and the Sanford-Orlando Kennel Club near Orlando is a perfect antidote to a day at Disney World or Epcot.

The very best place to play the pups is the Hollywood Greyhound Track in Hollywood, Florida, north of Miami and just up the road from Gulfstream Park. The best dogs in the country head south for the winter meeting and rich stake races from Christmas through April. Many dog tracks are cramped and rickety, but Hollywood is palatial by comparison and has two snappy restaurants specializing in stone crabs and Key-lime pie.

On the night of the \$96,000 near miss at Hialeah, Hollywood Greyhound Track was the logical place to recover—emotionally, if not financially. The waitress at the Greyhound Club restaurant didn't have to bring the menu.

"The usual vodka martini, shrimp cocktail, stone crabs and Key-lime pie, Mr. C.?" she asked, making me feel like a million bucks, give or take \$96,000. The sting of the day's losses was gone now, softened by the surroundings and the prospect of 13 dog races to come. The sleek and tawny greyhounds would run their hearts out for me, and I would be the Lord of the Races again. A tower of \$100 chips in the blackjack pits of Atlantic City could not have been as soothing.

I was happy and serene without having cashed a bet, a gambler's ultimate victory. The lesson was clear: Of course it matters whether you win or lose, but not as much as where you play the game.



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RALLIES & RESURRECTIONS (continued from page 101)

BUSHNELL (continued from page 102) percent of my time. But I believed the professional management I'd put in at Pizza Time was adequate. In three months, the company went from profits to major losses.

"I used to think I was very lucky. In the summer of 1983, my sailboat won the Transpac, one of the oldest yacht races in the world. We came into Hawaii first, past Waikiki Beach with spinnakers flying, outrunning powerboats. With airplanes and helicopters flying overhead, I stepped onto the dock and faced 2000 people and the news media and thought, *Shit, this is great!* But from the minute I stepped onto that dock, it was like my luck was all used up.

"The boat lost its keel while being ferried back to California and Pizza Time started down the tubes. I thought, I can control everything else, but not my luck, and when it's gone, it's gone.

"Well, you *can* control luck. Once you've used it up, you do three things: work hard to replace it, do good works for your fellow man or, if that fails, sacrifice a virgin. I'm kidding about the last one. During the fall of 1983, I would sit in my office on dark, rainy days and just stare out the window, trying to figure out what to do. About five months after I left Pizza Time, it went into Chapter 11.

"In the summer of 1984, I spent a month at my house in Paris, asking myself, 'What's next, big boy?' The experience of going from *Wunderkind* to goat showed me that if you're a part-time quarterback, some full-time quarterback is going to kick your head in. I figured that I'd been done in by a lack of focus, so I decided to concentrate on electronics and toys. And then an *Inc.* magazine story suggested that I knew how to start companies but couldn't run them. That not only pissed me off, it made me say, 'Well, I'll show the bastards.'"

TARTIKOFF (continued from page 101)

"I was reading the overnight ratings, and it looked bad. I'd be up early Saturday morning calling the first person to reach the office in New York and find we'd had a 15 share for Friday, and on Sunday I'd find we'd had only an 18 for Saturday. Each time, it was like a big punch in the mid-section.

"The point is, I was in trouble in November and we needed a show for Monday night at eight o'clock, where we were getting a 16 share. The normal time of gestation from a concept to a program is five months, and I had to bail myself out in five weeks. At that point, I was just this short of using snuff movies. Well, I'm not that immoral, but I was a desperate man.

"I brought Dick Clark and John McMahon from Carson Productions together in my office and married them in a civil ceremony and got a program—*TV's Bloopers and Practical Jokes*—that could go on the air five weeks later. And we also

had another new detective show for Tuesday nights called *Riptide*.

"*Riptide* solidified Tuesday and helped give us the first winning night we'd had in more than two years. By the end of the season, *Bloopers* averaged a 30 share, which doubled our ratings in that time slot. I was like a quarterback scrambling around, throwing to the opposite end of the field and getting a completion.

"I used to watch Kenny Stabler at the height of his game with the Oakland Raiders. He'd know that when his team was behind and there was 1:58 left on the clock, he could get them down the field, because he'd been there before. Well, no matter what kind of programming straits I get into, I know the drill to get out of it."

CHARLES SCHWAB Broker on the Rebound

Charles Schwab, as head of a high-performance mutual fund called Investment Indicators, suffered a humiliating defeat at the hands of the Securities and Exchange Commission, leaving him \$100,000 in debt. But he survived to become the Ray Kroc of discount stockbrokers, providing cheap, fast financial services nationwide. He offers his disaster-aversion advice at discount as well.

Charles Schwab: "Investment Indicators was very successful during the stock-market craze of the late Sixties. By 1970, we had some 10,000 shareholders, about \$18,000,000 in the fund and were one of the top performers in the country. Publications were mentioning that we were doing well, and we began receiving unsolicited orders from around the country. But that eventually led to our downfall. We ran into legal trouble with the state commissioner in Texas and with the Securities and Exchange Commission.

"Investment Indicators died a slow death, taking about two years. What I found most upsetting was that this thing was out of my control. It was an enormous setback to my confidence and ego. I didn't think about jumping off the Golden Gate Bridge, but I felt totally responsible for the situation, and I couldn't find anyone to help me out of it. The lawyers couldn't help. And while the issues eventually sorted themselves out, the result was that the lawyers who couldn't help made a substantial amount of money on it.

"I eventually walked away from Investment Indicators feeling I'd done the best I could for shareholders and conceded defeat. There were a lot of unhappy people, but most were empathetic toward me. I suffered more substantially, proportionally, than anyone else. Because I had borrowed heavily for the company, I was more than \$100,000 in debt. My personal life was in worse shape. Largely because of the strain I'd been under, my marriage got into trouble and I soon found myself divorced.

"There was absolute frustration emotionally and financially. I came to under-

stand that no matter how ethical you are or how strongly you feel about doing a good service for your customers, there are still elements outside your control.



SCHWAB: Down \$100,000 after an SEC probe, he rode a bull market straight back to the top.

"But it didn't take me too long to get going again. I had started a small brokerage operation in 1971 and I refocused my interest on it, preparing research reports on companies. I also did a couple of investment-banking deals, one of which provided enough to retire my debts. In 1973, I founded Charles Schwab & Company, and I launched the discount-brokerage concept the next year.

"On the positive side, Investment Indicators gave me empathy for setbacks had by others. I pay a high premium for people with that kind of experience, especially if they've learned something about themselves and how to manage their way through such swings."

ALLEN NEUHARTH Born-Again Publisher

With just two years as a journalist behind him, Allen Neuharth launched a weekly tabloid called SoDak Sports and lost \$50,000 of his friends' and relatives' money. Neuharth recovered to build Gannett into one of the world's mightiest media companies, but he hasn't forgotten the lessons of his early failure.

Allen Neuharth: "My partner, Bill Porter, and I were young, cocky and confident. In school, we talked about being rich and famous. We figured we knew everything about it.

"*SoDak Sports* was a weekly tabloid patterned after *The Sporting News*, covering high school and college sports in South Dakota. We had raised approximately \$50,000 from the sale of common stock, most of it to friends and relatives. We were going to build a publishing empire. And we worked like hell.

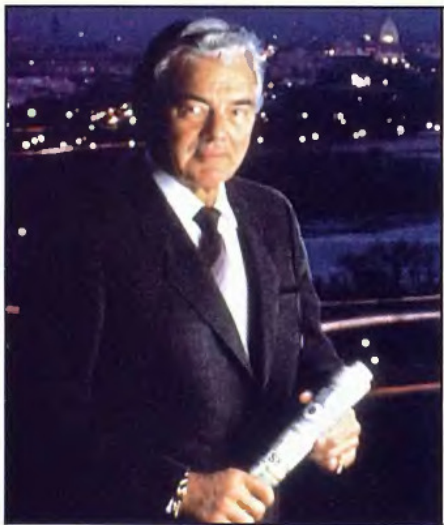
"But even as circulation kept going up, we kept losing money. We simply couldn't crack the solid advertisers. The situation kept getting worse. At one point, we

approached the Sioux Falls *Argus Leader*, the big paper in the area, and tried to sell the management on publishing our paper as a once-a-week supplement. But we'd been smartasses; our paper had been making fun of the *Argus Leader* and its sports coverage. Fred Christopherson, the publisher, laughed us out of his office and told his friends that the inevitable had happened.

"When bankruptcy proceedings started, I was struck by how routine it all was. Signs were put up and ads were placed in the classifieds, and people came in and bought our desks, typewriters and station wagons. What the hell; everything went. I cried. The stockholders never got a penny back on their investments.

"Completely broke, I took off for Florida and sat down to analyze what had gone wrong. I'd obviously screwed up on this one, and I learned that no matter how good an idea or product is, you've first got to be able to pay the rent. The *SoDak Sports* experience helped a great deal in making me aware of risks and rewards and of how to approach future endeavors.

"I was up front with the managing editor at *The Miami Herald* about *SoDak Sports*. He said he didn't give a damn about the paper but hired me because I



NEUHARTH: His sports tabloid wound up in the loss column, but at Gannett, he's unbeaten.

showed reasonable promise.

"I still think about *SoDak Sports* and it still bugs me. I think about what I should have done with capitalization and financial goals. It was a total, belly-up failure, but at least I was old enough to learn from it and young enough to recover. If it had been a success, I'd probably be putting out a couple of moderately successful papers in South Dakota and have a membership at the Minnehaha Country Club.

"Oh, yeah, in 1977, Gannett bought the *Argus Leader*. Fred Christopherson has retired. We laughed about it."

—JAY STULLER



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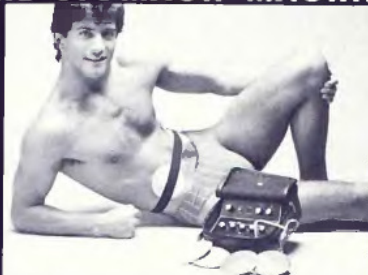
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CYCLING

(continued from page 104)

through 100. Urban cycling is all about timing and judgment. It's about the thrill of being aware. You have to think all the time. Think *Quicksilver*—the movie I made with Kevin Bacon. By “think *Quicksilver*,” I mean think *quick* and think *movie*.

The urban cyclist encounters think-fast situations everywhere. He may have a split second to make a move; and if that move isn't right, he's going to get clipped. If he's looking at a Bloomingdale's window or waving at a pretty girl, he's going to be looking up at the bottom of a truck.

He has to see everything. He has to *read* that scene in front of him, as if he's looking at a movie—see the things that could hurt him and think fast enough to avoid them.

Look at the car in the center lane. It may move over a lane and start a chain

reaction by forcing another car to move. Look at that lady on the curb. She's either going to step into the street to catch a cab or stand in the street and wait for the light. It doesn't matter that she's standing in a bike lane. Pedestrians think a bike lane is a standing-in-the-street-waiting-for-the-light-to-change lane. That chain reaction begun in the center lane may force you into that lady. If you've been watching all this unfold, like a movie, you have your next move planned. If the sidewalk isn't crowded, up you go. If you have to stop, you stop; but if you think ahead and watch that movie, you can almost always find a way to make it through.

One thing you *can't* do and still be aware of your surroundings is waste time fooling with gears. When I was a messenger, I had the perfect city bike, a one-speed coaster with two working hand brakes. You need only one speed in the city. If you have a ten-speed, put it in

whatever gear you're most comfortable with and leave it there. Or buy a mountain bike. They have big, rugged tires and they're sturdy. Their handle bars are too wide for city riding—if you go between cars, you'll get chopped by rearview mirrors—so have your bike dealer cut the handle bars to the width of your shoulders. That way, they can be like a cat's whiskers. If they make it through a tight spot, you know your body can make it, too.

So speed up and squeeze through, or slow down and weave around. Watch that movie and pick the straightest line. Make up your flight plan as you go. That's what makes urban riding interesting.

Drivers are what make urban riding frightening. Some of them hate you just because you're on a bike. They think of you as the enemy, and you can get in a street fight if you're not careful. My only real squabble was with a guy in a yellow Dodge Colt. We had stopped, waiting for a light to change, and I put my hand on the gutter over his window. This was a man with a grudge against cyclists or black guys or both, so instead of saying “Take your hand off my car,” he slapped me. I got off my bike, leaned it on the bumper of a parked car, went back and gave him some awareness of my fist. When the light changed, he was in the passenger seat.

Fighting is a last resort, though. I don't want trouble with anyone. I never pound on a car door, no matter how stupid the driver may have been. There's no point in denting someone's car. That pisses him off; and, in general, you don't need someone trying to kill you when he has a car and you have a bike. You can show a bad driver the error of his ways, but be courteous. Knock on his window and say, “Hey. Awareness.” If that doesn't work, catch him at the next light and park in front of him. He'll honk and call you four- and 12-letter words, but he can't just run you over.

Never underestimate a cab. Most cabdrivers are good drivers, and they're just out there making a living like everyone else. But you get some who think it's their job to test you. They'll play with you—squeeze you into a double-parked car or run you up the curb—just to see how you handle yourself. A lot of bikers get themselves into hard spots by pissing cabdrivers off. Don't. It's not in your best interest.

It's the same with a bus driver. His vehicle weighs something like 20 tons and yours weighs 22 pounds. That is a mismatch, but you're 1000 times more maneuverable, so you should be able to stay out of his way.

Trucks are tough, because you can't see around them, they turn very wide and they take up a lot of space. You can almost always go between cars, but two trucks side by side leave a space about as wide as your front tire. Give them room. Do what I say, not what I do, which is draft behind a truck if I can find one going a steady 25. A truck has two or three times the draft of a car—I'll get right up on its bumper and

NELSON VAILS'S

TEN RULES OF THE STREET

- 1. Prepare.** Stretch before you ride to prevent cramps. Dress for cycling success. If it's cold, wear wool underwear, ski gloves and ski goggles, take a bandanna to wear over your nose and mouth (you'll look like Jesse James, but your lungs won't freeze) and stick some paper under your shirt to keep the wind off your chest.
- 2. Be aware.** The surprised rider is the one who hasn't been paying attention. Watch out for mirrors when you go between cars. Watch cabs—they'll stop anywhere to pick up a fare. Watch people getting out of cars—they don't look first. Watch pedestrians. Watch that last car trying to cross on an orange light. Watch everything.
- 3. Be aggressive.** Too many people fear cars. They go wobbly when traffic gets heavy. Be positive in your cycling. If the traffic ahead of you closes up, find an alternative route. The best way to get clipped is to be indecisive and try to go two ways at once. If you do that, the way you'll usually go is down.
- 4. In a jam, stop if you can.** Aggressiveness is not the same as craziness. The recreational cyclist should always have a fallback—stopping. Risk your shins and your ankles, but not your life.
- 5. If you can't stop, go straight.** Going straight gives the other person an idea of where you will be a second from now, so he can be somewhere else.
- 6. Never trust a turn signal.** Self-explanatory: People don't know where they're going until they get there.
- 7. Make an educated guess.** You can see a problem coming when there are changes in traffic. A chain reaction starts when one car changes lanes. You can avoid it if you make your move early. A cab is going to stop traffic for anyone who sticks his hand up. It's like figuring out the plot of a movie before the events happen—you can keep yourself on your bike by seeing the things that could hurt you. Or help you.
- 8. No sight-seeing.** If they're having a big sale at Macy's, you can park. If there is a pretty girl on the sidewalk, you can walk your bike. Some bikers wipe out waving at their friends. If you want to see the sights, you should join a tour.
- 9. Be courteous.** Tip your cap to the ladies. Smile. In a confrontation with a pedestrian, listen to what the other person has to say. Help him up. Kill people with kindness, up to the point where you have to defend yourself.
- 10. Never hit a baby.** When you're up on the sidewalk, watch out for baby carriages. Set a good example for future cyclists by missing them.

do a little coasting. I don't recommend drafting to the recreational rider, though. It's dangerous. Trucks make a lot of sudden stops, and you can wind up pasted to a HOW AM I DRIVING? decal.

Limo drivers deserve respect. Most of them are careful. They don't want brake-lever scratches on their doors. The limo driver has a big, wide-turning machine to watch out for, so he's mellow. But limos change lanes without signaling, like everyone else. You have to watch that Cinerama in front of you at all times—even the whale with the mayor in it can hurt you.

Cops should also be treated with respect. It's perfectly all right, if you're in a hurry, to ride against traffic. Just don't do it in front of a cop. You may think you can jam right past him, since he has better things to do than chase a cyclist. Don't. Cops have radios.

Tourist drivers are the worst. They never seem to signal, they just weave back and forth in front of the Empire State Building. The driver will go from the left lane to the right lane while his wife is looking at a map and saying, "Look, honey! We were supposed to make a left here." Bingo—chain reaction. Everyone swerves left and you're running into people from Minnesota. There's not much you can do about tourists except give them room. Be aware of that out-of-state license plate. Don't take anything for granted. The only thing worse than a tourist driver with a map is a tourist driver without one.

You may think I am an expert at dodging dogs, but I'm not. There aren't many dogs in New York, at least without leashes. I've never been chased by one, but I think I know what I'd do if a dog came after me. I'd bark; and if that didn't work, I'd try to set a personal best in the sprints.

Remember this: There is nothing on the street—animal, mineral or vegetable (there *are* some vegetables with a driver's license)—that is going to hurt you if you're thinking fast and watching that movie in front of you. Don't be afraid. Don't wobble. Don't hesitate. He who hesitates gets clipped.

I've given you a lot of don'ts, but they all boil down to awareness. Use your wits and your common sense. You have nothing to fear from that cabdriver. When it comes right down to it, he's not going to run you over—he can't afford to have vehicular homicide on his record. You don't have to worry about that pedestrian; *he* has to worry about *you*. Go right through, man!

Coexist with the street. Look at everything in that movie. You're part of it. You're one bike in this huge city, and it's dangerous, but it's fun. You have the thrill of being aware. You're zigzagging in and out, beating the light. You've got to get somewhere and you can't afford to stop. But if you hear me yelling "Waaaaa!" behind you, make way.



COCKTAILS

(continued from page 97)

elements in the process. All Puerto Rican rums are given a minimum of one year in charred white-oak casks to smooth out and mellow. Specialty rums such as Bacardi Añejo, Don Q El Dorado and Barrilito are aged longer.

At the other end of the Caribbean-rum spectrum is the full-bodied Jamaican breed. Somewhere between these poles—more or less in order of intensity—are rums made in St. Croix (American Virgins), Barbados, Haiti, Trinidad-Tobago, British Virgins, Martinique and Guiana. The last is best known for its smoky Demerara.

Caribbean watering holes are the ideal setting for exploring the possibilities of the icy libation. Tending bar in the Caribbean is more than a job, it's almost a calling, and island bartenders are something else. They handle the mixing with aplomb, deftly rocking out a succession of audacious drinks: coladas, rum punches, coolers and other chilling concoctions. Caribbean mixologists say that people drink with their eyes. They'll drape a papaya slice or a curl of shrimp on the rim of a glass, top a drink with a sprinkle of cinnamon or simply garnish it with a tiny wild orchid or a hibiscus blossom to prove their point. Of course, it helps to have such delightful exotica literally growing on one's doorstep.

Another piece of local wisdom holds that drinks designed to be cooling should *look* that way. That means that all beverages are served snapping cold. Frigid!

Glasses are frosted, either by burying them in crushed ice or rinsing them in cold water, then setting them in the freezer for ten to 15 minutes. Even simpler, the rim of a glass can be moistened, then swirled in powdered sugar for that arctic image. Fresh, *hard-frozen* ice is preferred, and extra ice goes into the shaker. Tropical syrups such as Falernum, passion fruit, guava and soursop (guanábana) are staples of the Caribbean bar, adding subtle flavors and often replacing plain sugar.

Following are selected recipes from some of the best Caribbean resorts. Except for wild orchids and hibiscus, everything you need to make them can be found Stateside. And if you're moved to visit the islands, so much the better.

DIRTY BANANA

Guests at El San Juan Hotel & Casino, Puerto Rico, sun themselves on the spacious beach, then cool out with shivery drinks such as the Dirty Banana.

- 1 oz. Puerto Rican white rum
- 2 ozs. coffee liqueur
- 1 medium-size ripe banana, sliced
- 2 ozs. half-and-half
- 1 teaspoon superfine sugar
- ½ cup finely crushed ice

Place all ingredients in chilled blender container. Blend until just smooth. Serve in large tulip or highball glass. If you like, save slice of banana for garnish.

DORADO TRIPLE RUM

Dustin Hoffman, Howard Baker, Raul Julia, Valéry Giscard d'Estaing and Lee Trevino are just a few of the celebrities who have enjoyed the serene atmosphere and suave drinks at the Hyatt Dorado



"Just sit tight and, hey, no more surprise appearances with Phil Donahue, OK?"

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Beach Resort, Puerto Rico.

- 1 1/4 ozs. Paso Fino rum liqueur
- 1 oz. Puerto Rican white rum
- 1/4 oz. lemon juice
- 1 teaspoon superfine sugar
- 1 teaspoon grenadine
- 1/4 oz. Bacardi Añejo
- Pineapple wedge, for garnish

Briskly shake first 5 ingredients with ice. Strain over cracked ice in tall glass. Float Añejo by pouring slowly over the back of a spoon. Garnish with pineapple.

HALF MOON BROWN COW

When guests at the spiffy Half Moon Club, Jamaica, take a coffee break, it's apt to be with this relaxing number.

- 1 1/2 ozs. Tía María coffee liqueur
- 2 ozs. milk, chilled
- Roasted coffee beans, for garnish

Shake coffee liqueur and milk briskly with ice. Strain over fresh ice in old fashioned glass. Float several coffee beans on surface if desired.

JUMBY BEACH PEACH

Jumby Bay Resort is a very private, very special Caribbean retreat two miles north of Antigua. Below, a peachy house drink created by Jumby Bay's bartender, Woody Steele.

- 1 oz. apricot-flavored brandy
- 2 ozs. Riunite Natural Peach
- 2 ozs. orange juice
- Fresh peach slice or mango, for garnish

Shake first 3 ingredients with cracked ice. Pour unstrained into chilled highball glass. Top with slice of peach or mango.

TRYALL YELLOW BIRD

At the Tryall Golf and Beach Club, Jamaica, a Yellow Bird is not an ornithological species—it's a great cocktail.

- 1 1/4 ozs. light rum
- 1/4 oz. apricot-flavored brandy
- 1/4 oz. Galliano
- 1/4 oz. lime juice
- 2 ozs. orange juice
- Fruit in season, for garnish

Shake all ingredients except fruit with ice until chilled. Strain over fresh ice in highball glass. Garnish as desired.

CERROMAR BEACH COOLER

Enjoy a unique drinking experience! Sip a cooler while floating down a man-made stream, 1776 feet long—past waterfalls and water slides—at the unique Hyatt Regency Cerromar Beach hotel, Puerto Rico.

- 1 oz. Puerto Rican 151-degree rum
- 1 oz. Cointreau
- 1 1/2 ozs. tropical-fruit punch
- 1/2 oz. fresh lime juice
- 2 ozs. papaya nectar (or 1/4 cup cubed fresh papaya)
- 1 cup crushed ice
- Papaya slice, for garnish

Place first 6 ingredients in chilled blender container. Blend 30 seconds; stop and let contents settle. Blend until

smooth. Pour into *poco grande* (chimney) glass; hang garnish on rim.

PETER ISLAND BEACHCOMBER

Peter Island Hotel and Yacht Harbor, British Virgin Islands, is a superlative setting to do nothing but swig icy coolers, for which the bar is known.

- 1 oz. vodka
- 1 1/2 ozs. Puerto Rican white rum
- 6 ripe strawberries, stemmed and sliced
- 1 small ripe banana, sliced
- 1/2 oz. coconut cream
- 1/4 oz. lime juice
- 1/2 oz. grenadine
- 3/4 cup finely crushed ice
- Ground cinnamon, for garnish

To chilled blender container, add all ingredients except garnish. Blend until mixture is just smooth. Pour into tall glass or goblet. Sprinkle lightly with cinnamon. Serve with straws.

MOKO JUMBIE

An interesting combination of tastes from Williams and Daniels, a fine restaurant on St. Thomas.

- 2 ozs. Pertsovka vodka
- 4 ozs. orange juice, chilled
- Lime wedge
- Light splash grenadine
- Orange slice, for garnish

Pour Pertsovka and orange juice over ice cubes in tall glass. Squeeze in juice of lime; drop peel into glass. Add grenadine to taste. Stir until chilled. Garnish with orange slice.

BON BINI

From the Fort Nassau restaurant on the island of Curaçao, a light, sprightly sip.

- 1 oz. Don Q white rum
- 1 oz. curaçao liqueur
- 2 ozs. pineapple juice
- Pineapple wedge, for garnish

Shake all ingredients briskly with ice. Strain over fresh ice in old fashioned glass. Garnish with pineapple wedge.

BAHAMA MOMMA

When you want something that's good-tasting and good for you, go to Momma—Bahama Momma. You'll find her at smart eating and drinking spots all over the Bahamas.

- 1 1/2 ozs. Nassau Royale liqueur
- 1 1/4 ozs. Ronrico white rum
- 2 ozs. pineapple juice
- 2 ozs. orange juice
- Dash Angostura bitters
- 1/4 oz. grenadine, or to taste
- 1/2 orange slice or cherry, for garnish

Shake first 6 ingredients with ice. Strain over fresh ice in tall glass. Top with fruit garnish.

If you have the Caribbean in your blood but can't hie off to the islands just now, find solace—and savor—in these beguiling tropical drinks.



TRAVEL

(continued from page 24)

have the heart to make fun of these folks. It's like hunting dairy cows with a high-powered rifle and scope. Then again, I have to consider what they'd do to me if they caught me having my idea of a vacation—an undressed bimbo in a sleazy Florida hotel room, a bottle of lotion, some drugged wine. . . . In fact, you already know what they did when they caught Jim Bakker. Heck, they want to hang the likes of Jim and me. And all I want to do is rib them a little.

I've always figured that if God wanted us to go to church a lot, He'd have given us bigger behinds to sit on and smaller heads to think with. But God or carbohydrates or something had done that for these people. They all had huge bottoms, immense bottoms. It looked as if everyone in the place had stuffed a chair cushion down the back of his leisure slacks. And what leisure slacks! Heal them, O Lord, for they are injured in the buds of taste. Dorothy and I had dressed quietly for the occasion. But my butt-down shirt and chinos and her blue blazer and tartan skirt made us stick out like nude calypso dancers. We were wearing the only natural fibers for 2300 acres in any direction.

"You know what you've got here?" I said to Dorothy. "This is white trash behaving itself—the only thing worse than white trash *not* behaving itself."

"Shhhh!" said Dorothy. "That's mean."

"These people aren't having any fun," I said. "They should join the Klan. They'd be better off. They could hoot and holler and what not. The Klan doesn't do all that much really bad stuff anymore, because there are too many FBI double agents in it. And if these people joined the Klan, they could smoke and drink again. Plus, they'd get to wear something halfway decent, like an all-cotton bed sheet."

"P.J.!" said Dorothy, "stop it! Everybody can hear you."

"I'm serious," I said. "All you people, you ought to—" Dorothy slapped a hand over my mouth and pulled me outside.

The next day, Dorothy and I pretended to be married and went house hunting in the Christian condominium subdevelopment. The homes were mostly freestanding ranch jobs built on slab foundations and supplied with a couple of hundred dollars of old-tiny exterior trim. Each unit is supposedly built to order, but neither the designs nor the floor plans can be altered. (What God and contractor have joined together let no man put asunder.) Condo prices ranged from \$128,000 to \$144,000. I checked the real-estate sections in the local papers, and this seemed to be almost a third again the going rate.

The model homes showed no special religious features, no total-immersion adult baptismal pools in the johns, Last Supper-style dining areas, scapegoat pens

or walk-on-the-water beds. There was also a sad lack of evangelical hard sell.

Instead, there was a lonely-looking middle-aged lady with a layer of Tammy Bakker-style make-up. "Now, I live by myself here," she said, "but, gosh, there are so many things going on, I never have a moment to feel lonely." She was interrupted by a phone call from Maine. "Excuse me," she said, "this lady is calling from all the way up in Maine."

The caller was, I gathered, very elderly.

"Yes," said the real-estate lady on the phone, "you can live right here at Heritage USA. . . . No, dear, you shouldn't buy something you haven't even seen. . . . Well, maybe you can get your minister to drive you down."

We slipped out during the phone call, feeling a little creepy. Something is drawing forlorn old ladies and poor, troubled-looking families to Heritage USA. Five million went there in 1985. It can't be Jesus making them do a thing like that. He's a compassionate guy, isn't he?

We took one more walk through the mall. I was eavesdropping hard, hoping for some final, telling quote. No luck.

Everybody was on good behavior, just like the day before. There were no screaming toddlers, no running kids, no griping adults. It was like being in the First Church of Christ Hanging Out at the Mall. Dorothy heard a jewelry salesman tell his customer, "It has a lifetime guarantee, or until Jesus returns—whichever."

A Goody Two-shoes treacle seemed to flow sluggishly through the place, and I think it was making Dorothy a little crazy. She kept whispering that we should go behind a Coke machine or into a mop closet or someplace and "pet." They must have this problem a lot at Heritage USA, because all the Coke machines were right out in the middle of the rooms and the mop closets were locked. We tried a stair

well, but it had a floor-to-ceiling window opening on the hotel lobby.

And that was when it dawned on me. There's only one explanation for Heritage USA: Jim and Tammy are *working for the other side*. Their own recent behavior seems to make that obvious. And consider the other evidence: a bookstore without books, a record shop without music—what else could these be but the vain and empty works of the Devil? And Heritage USA has lots of rules and ugly architecture, just like Communist Russia, that den of Satan. And don't forget that fundamentalism prohibits premarital sex, yet you can't have a proper black Mass without using a naked virgin as an altar. Put two and two together—it's not a pretty picture. Furthermore, as a result of our visit to Heritage USA, Dorothy and I had committed every one of the seven deadly sins:

Pride—looking at our fellow visitors had turned us into awful snobs.

Wrath—we wanted to murder the architects.

Lust—if we could have found an open mop closet. . . .

Avarice—by proxy (Jim and Tammy Bakker, as founders of Heritage USA, had committed this sin for us).

Envy—how come Jim and Tammy get to live so high on the hog? Why didn't we think of Heritage USA?

Gluttony—especially for a quick drink.

Sloth—we spent three days in bed recovering from the drunk we went on after we got out of there.

This is no way to have fun. Everybody likes a good laugh, and there's nothing wrong with that. But on this year's vacation, steer clear of Heritage USA. For the sake of your immortal soul, stay home and take drugs and have sex, the way Jim and Tammy do. (After all, I understand they've been forgiven.)



"You're not going to watch 'Masterpiece Theatre' in that shirt!"

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PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

HOT SOCKS

Not long ago, the only patterned sock a man would, or could, wear was the familiar diamond-plaid Argyle. Now, when he puts his feet up on his desk, he's making a fashion statement. Socks today are a rainbow of color and a daring mixture of fun patterns and designs. Modern technology and the Nigata computerized knitting ma-

chine have turned the sock industry heels over toes. The Nigata makes possible intricately knitted designs that previously had to be applied by a printing process. Whether the knit is a richly textured Jacquard weave, a kicky over-all pattern or a clock design on the outer side of the sock, you definitely have something stylish to step into before stepping out.

From upper left to right: Abstract-patterned cotton/nylon socks, by Laura Pearson, about \$16.50. Jacquard wool/nylon socks, by Falke, about \$14. Striped acrylic/wool/nylon socks, by Head Phones, about \$13. Golfer-patterned acrylic/wool/nylon socks, by Modules at Format, \$9. Video-game/car-patterned cotton/nylon socks, by Christian Dior for Camp Hosiery, \$6.50. Red wool/acrylic socks, by Bill Dittfort, \$17.

JAMES IMBROGNO





It has a 1000-watt high-power motor, finger-tip controls and an on-board accessory compartment; it's German-made and an S 238i. Relax, BMW; we're talking about Miele's great-looking canister vacuum cleaner, the ultimate Yuppie baseboard racing machine. It features a triple-air-clean-filter system, plus blower capability, \$450; optional power brush, \$150.

The Italian-crafted Venezia couch is of aniline-vat-dyed cowhide atop a lacquered-wood base. Both ends of the 7½-foot-long unit swivel—as shown—revealing low-set lacquered corner cocktail tables and creating an intimate seating group, from Euro 2000, Escapades, Chicago, about \$1650.



The GTE 7400 Integrated Telephone/TAD is a space saver's savior. The unit features hands-free speaker-phone operation, one-touch memory access to 20 of your best telephone buddies, last-number redial, tone selection and pulse dialing. The Telephone Answering Device is built right in and offers beeperless remote, one-button playback and remote turn-on that activates the machine with ten rings of the phone, about \$200. Look, Ma Bell, no hands!

Donvier's Cordially Yours home cordial maker will create a tasty aperitif or a delicately colored after-dinner liqueur in two to eight hours, using radiant heat to release the natural essence of fruits, nuts and spices. The result is a do-it-yourself potion of flavor, nutrients and aroma that's an interesting alternative to brandy or port, distributed by Nikkal, about \$65.





The Exclusive Sunglasses, from Porsche Design, are as flattering as they are functional. The interchangeable lenses are surface-hardened, heat- and impact-resistant, and the gear-regulated folding hinges will withstand much abuse, \$195; extra lenses, \$25 each.



Breathe easy: The Instapure Air Filtration System Model AF1-W reduces dust, pollen, furnace gas and cigarette smoke by 99 percent and adsorbs common household odors. It's fully programmable and features a digital clock and wood-grained cabinet, from Teledyne Water Pik, \$375.

Clik Cases are tough, waterproof plastic travelers that you customize to hold cameras, cassettes or what have you. They're all yours in 12 classy colors, from Outer Circle Products, Chicago, \$12 each.



Look out below! Sony's MPK-M8 Marine Pack for its 8mm Handy-cam camera/recorder is a self-contained, sub-surface little wonder that takes home video all the way down to 165 feet, \$1975. Optional video light, \$35.



— GRAPEVINE —

This Snake Ain't Fake

THE FAT BOYS have an album, *Crushin'*, a mini summer tour with the Beach Boys and a new movie, *Disorderlies*, happening at the same time. The movie, co-starring Ralph Bellamy, has the boys, playing the three worst orderlies in nursing-care history, taking care of Bellamy, the world's richest man. Guaranteed laughs.

PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE



Here's Tracy, Looking Racy

Model TRACY OWEN made her first TV commercial when she was only five. Now she's going to Japan to model British-made clothes. While we wait for her next career move, feast your eyes on this. We sure can pick 'em, right?



© 1987 PIP / LGI

A Little Dab Will Do

Actress WANDA AGUNA knows where to put the frosting. You've seen Wanda, dressed, on *The Young and the Restless* and *Days of Our Lives* and on the big screen in *Man Killers*. We think this pic is a man-killer, too.



© 1987 MARK LEVDAL

Three's a Crowd

These boys from down under—New Zealand and Australia, to be exact—make up a hot new group called CROWDED HOUSE. They were an opening act this past winter in the U.S. and blew the main attractions, well, out of the house. We're telling you, these guys have moved in.





Bruce Is Loose

With *Moonlighting* in reruns and the fate of Maddie and David on hold, **BRUCE WILLIS** is working on a new Blake Edwards film, *Sunset*, with James Garner, set for a Christmas-time release. Willis is playing Tom Mix. In his free time, Bruno may return to rock clubs, harp in hand, wowing the ladies and making grown men chuckle.

I Read the News Today, Oh, Boy

Currently London's most-talked-about page-six girl, **MARIA WHITTAKER** has been on the TV talk-show circuit, has a race horse named after her, has won a bunch of dance contests and is making her first trip to the U.S.A. Welcome!

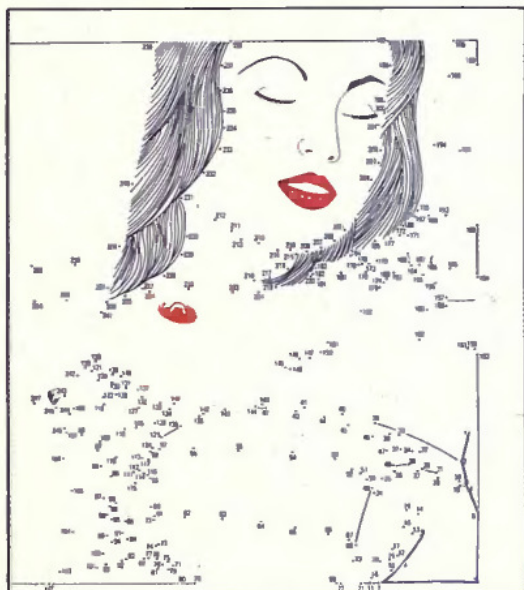


PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE



HOT TO DOT

If you're looking for a good reason to put some lead in your pencil, there's *Naughty Dots*, a \$5.95 softcover from Salem House Publishers in Topsfield, Massachusetts, filled with 30 connect-the-dots drawings that definitely aren't child's play. Each set of dots has its own caption (we especially like "Now it's your turn to look for my contact lens!"). Try it on your next date and see if it doesn't draw out some interests you'll like.



BEARIFONE WITH US

When K.C. Bearifone II speaks, people listen—and look. In fact, we first saw K.C. at the winter Consumer Electronics Show in Las Vegas, and it didn't take long before every showgirl in town wanted one. K.C. is a voice-activated speakerphone with mouth and eye movements synchronized to the caller's voice pattern. It even has a HOLD button. TeleConcepts is the manufacturer, and K.C. is available for about \$180 at Macy's, Spiegel and other outlets. Cute!



ALL THAT GLITTERS. . .

Glitter guru David Jerome, the president of Jerome Russell Cosmetics (U.S.A.), Inc., claims the inspiration for his Glittering Sun-tan Creme came while he was vacationing in the south of France, where "attractive half-naked female bodies are a dime a dozen." Obviously, the one who stood out in the crowd would get the most action, and Jerome's Creme (which is available in sun-block strengths of two, four and ten) definitely is an eye catcher. A 2.2-ounce foam-spray can sells for only \$5 at drug and department stores. Twinkle, twinkle, little starlet!



HOME COOKING—THE BANCHET WAY

It was Playboy that hired a talented young French chef named Jean Banchet to head up the kitchen at our late, great Club and Resort at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, some years ago. Today, as epicureans of the world (and all of you who read our 25 *Best Restaurants in America* feature in the March 1987 issue) know, Jean Banchet owns Le Français in Wheeling, Illinois, one of the true temples of gastronomy in this country. And to get you busy at the stove, Banchet has video-taped *Cooking for Guests*, a 37-minute VHS-only segment in which he tutors the viewer on how to prepare a scallop salad, a capon entree and a dessert the Banchet way. The tape sells for \$43.95, postpaid, sent to J. W. Starbuck Productions, 310 Clay Street, Woodstock, Illinois 60098, or call 1-800-338-9999 to put it on a credit card. *Bon appétit.*

The next time you curl up with *The Sun Also Rises*, make the earth move for you by spreading out the four-color 20" x 27" *Ernest Hemingway Adventure Map of the World*, which lists nearly 200 locations in Hemingway's fiction, as well as his homes and hangouts throughout the world. Aaron Blake Publishers sells the map for only \$5.75, postpaid, sent to them at Suite 130, 1800 South Robertson Boulevard, Los Angeles 90035. A poster is \$9.



Wonder what those tall and tan and young and lovely girls on the beach at Ipanema are wearing these days? Would you believe Tantalizer Tossaway Tops—maxipasties that are water-resistant and remain on the breasts a day or more with an FDA-approved adhesive? It's the next best thing to going topless, and two sets cost only \$9.50 sent to Temptu Marketing, 157 Hudson Street, New York 10013. Vavoom!



Big shots who have clawed their way to the top can now experience the equally exhilarating thrill of getting to the bottom fast by signing aboard the Lüft Taucher Alpine Rappelling tour for executives in the Bavarian Alps this October 17 through 24. While there, you'll climb with experienced mountain guides during the day (no previous mountaineering experience necessary) and be wine'd and dined in first-class accommodations at night. All for \$2500, including round-trip air fare, booked through Lüft Taucher International Rappelling Tours, 511 South 11 Avenue, Minneapolis 55415. You go first.



Slippery Stuff has been around for years, merchandised as "a unique silken liquid that enhances the pleasure of human contact." It was sold in a box that had about as much sex appeal as a busted rubber. Then Feathre Luv Enterprises put it in this zippy new packaging, and the rest is sales history. Ladies love to be the first to zip open Slippery Stuff's cardboard container. Order it for \$10 from Feathre Luv, P.O. Box 261, Harvard Square, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02238 and see what gets unzipped quick.



Harry Pearson is a perfectionist. As editor-publisher of the bimonthly magazine *The Absolute Sound*, he has spent the past 14 years fighting for improvements in home audio gear. Now he has given birth to *The Perfect Vision*, a quarterly sibling publication devoted to "the fine and not-so-fine points of video technology." Articles on laser rot and MTS stereo sound are in the first issue, along with just about everything else you've ever wanted to know about video and were too dumb to ask. A year's subscription goes for \$22 sent to *The Perfect Vision*, P.O. Box 357, Sea Cliff, New York 11579. Tune in.



NEXT MONTH



NEWTON'S NOTEBOOK



BONDED BEAUTY



PRO PICKS



ASPHALT ADVICE

"SPIES LIKE US"—INSIDE THE INSIDE STORY OF WHO'S DOING WHAT TO WHOM, ESPIONAGEWISE—BY **RUDY MAXA**; **PLUS: "THE LISTENING WARS"**—BY **JEFFREY RICHELSON**

"THE MAN WITH THE SILVER ANNIVERSARY"—SPEAKING OF SPIES, 007 IS CELEBRATING HIS 25TH YEAR IN THE MOVIES WITH HIS NEWEST RELEASE, *THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS*. *PLAYBOY* AND JAMES BOND GO BACK A LONG WAY; WE TOAST THE RELATIONSHIP THAT HAS BROUGHT YOU BEAUTIES FROM **URSULA ANDRESS** TO THE LATEST LOVELY, **MARYAM D'ABO**

"THE RULES OF ATTRACTION"—ROMANCE ON CAMPUS, EIGHTIES STYLE, BY THE HOT YOUNG AUTHOR OF *LESS THAN ZERO*, **BRET EASTON ELLIS**

"DRIVING IN THE REAL WORLD"—OFF-TRACK TIPS FROM TOP RACING PROS **DAN GURNEY**, **KEVIN COGAN**, **DANNY SULLIVAN** AND OTHERS

JOHN SCULLEY TALKS ABOUT BRINGING APPLE BACK FROM THE BRINK, THE **STEVE JOBS** AFFAIR AND THE DIFFERENCES BETWEEN U.S. AND JAPANESE ENTERPRISE IN A BUSINESSLIKE **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"PLAYBOY'S PRO FOOTBALL PREVIEW"—IT'S THE BEGINNING OF A NEW ERA: PIGSKIN PROGNOSTICATIONS BY OUR OWN **GARY COLE**

"THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING BON JOVI"—HOW DID THIS TESTOSTERONE-SOAKED ROCK BAND ZIP ITS *SLIPPERY WHEN WET* WAY UP THE CHARTS? WITH A LOT OF HELP FROM SOME UNCONVENTIONAL SOURCES, THAT'S HOW. **TIMOTHY WHITE** TAKES US BEHIND THE SCENES WITH A MUSIC PHENOM

"SEX SCANDALS OF 1987"—TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE IN A SASSY QUIZ: WHO WAS THE **HART STOPPER**? DID **BAKKER** HAVE A DOZEN? AND OTHER HOT QUESTIONS

"HELMUT NEWTON'S PLAYMATE PORTFOLIO"—YOU'VE SEEN **ROBERTA VASQUEZ**, **LESA ANN PEDRIANA**, **CHRISTINE RICHTERS**, **BARBARA EDWARDS** AND **KIMBERLY MCARTHUR** BEFORE. BUT NOT LIKE THIS

PLUS: "HAIR APPARENT," THE LATEST IN GROOMING ADVICE, PLUS A LOOK AT MINOXIDIL + A, THE NEW BALDNESS REMEDY; **"20 QUESTIONS"** WITH **PENN AND TELLER**; **"BACK TO CAMPUS FASHIONS"**; AND THE EVER-POPULAR MUCH, MUCH MORE



Can you find the radar in this picture? Cobra can.

By the time you see the radar source, chances are it's too late. But if you had a Cobra Trapshooter radar detector, it would sniff it out in an instant.

Cobra Trapshooters not only find radar wherever it lurks, but also filter out false signals that other detectors simply can't.

Both the miniaturized yet incredibly sensitive Cobra Trapshooter Ultra, and the Cobra Trapshooter employ the latest technology in electronic circuitry to warn you of radar, even over hills and around the bend.

The Cobra Trapshooter, for visor or dash mount, literally fits in the palm of your hand. The Trapshooter Ultra is even smaller, with its unique, sporty design, and 3 different alarm settings: voice warning, melody, and beep.

To find the dealer nearest you, call 1-800-COBRA 22.

Oh, the radar? Take a good look. It's just beyond the bend, behind the row of trees on the right.

Still can't see it? Better get a Cobra.



Cobra Trapshooter Ultra RD 3170

Cobra Trapshooter RD 3110

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**Real people
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Winston**

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

