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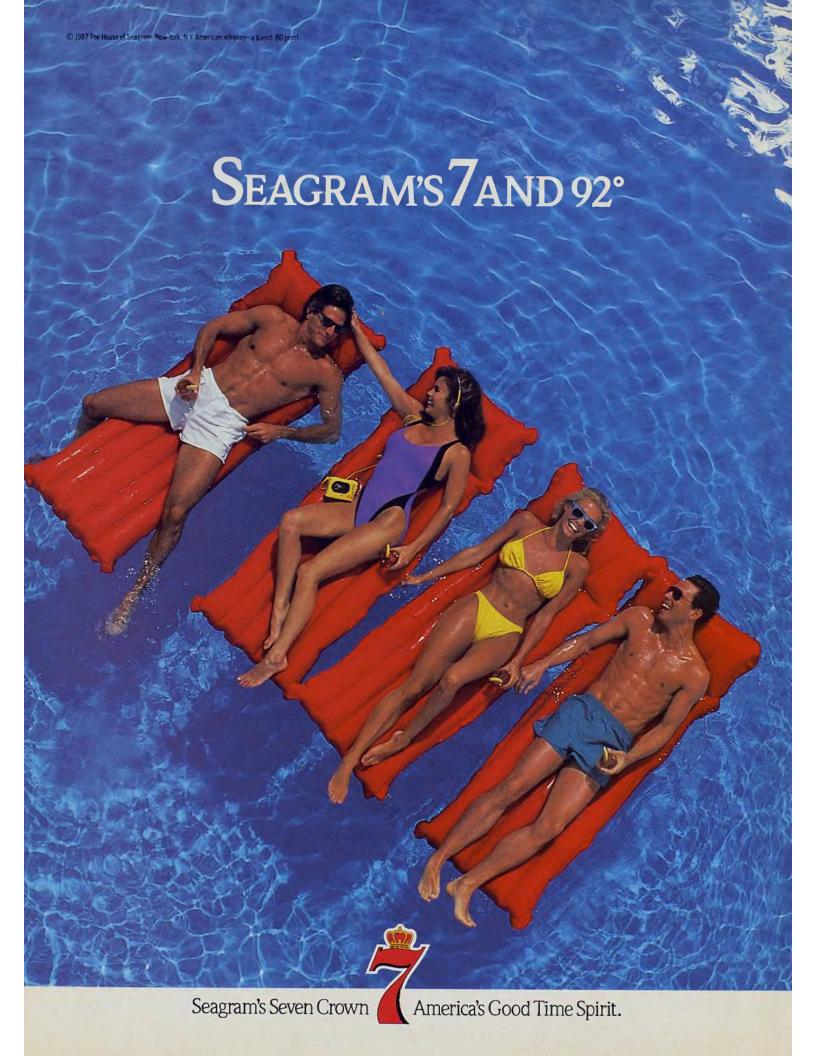
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PLAYBILL

AS THE COUNTRY girds itself for convention fever, we choose to take a fond look back—at Ronold Reagon. OK, the look isn't really fond. In fact, it's downright frightening. In *The Jelly-Bean Presidency*, Associate Articles Editor Peter Moore spills the beans about the boss. Here's a President who campaigned on a promise to eliminate the deficit, who swore he'd never deal with terrorists, who vowed he'd make America stand tall again. We all know how those commitments worked out; Moore's compilation, wittily illustrated by Steve Brodner, reminds us of further fiascoes. Moore found so much material that he couldn't use it all; our favorite such nugget is Reagan's statement "If I were lucky, I wouldn't have this job." If we were lucky, he wouldn't have that job.

On the 1988 campaign trail, one candidate has consistently confounded the pundits. What Makes Jesse Run? is an account by black poet-playwright Amiri Boroko (formerly Leroi Jones) of the astonishing run of the Reverend Jesse Jockson, who is, hands down, the most charismatic orator on the hustings today. Baraka, currently the director of Africana studies at the State University of New York at Stony Brook, traveled with Jackson, jetting from San Francisco to Iowa, and gives a rare intimate look at the man who may well select the next President.

Another road-show report is Contributing Editor Bill Zehme's A Stand-up Kind of Guy, which follows comic Joy Leno, "the hardest-working man in show business," from backstage at The Tonight Show to a gig in Las Vegas. "The amazing thing about Leno," says Zehme, "is that he actually is a nice guy. And hilarious." The illustration is by Bloir Drowson. Staking his own claim to being the hardest-working man in journalism, Zehme went on to interrogate actor Judge Reinhold for 20 Questions. Reinhold, the most affable galoot in pictures, proves that being funny can also be sexy.

Another busy man is famed author Lowrence Sonders, whose 24th novel, *Timothy's Game*, will be published by G. P. Putnam's Sons this month. *Run*, *Sally*, *Run* (illustrated for *Playboy* by Edison Girord) is one of three novellas about Timothy Cone, the Wall Street detective, to be included in the book.

A pace like Leno's, Zehme's or Sanders' can age a man fast. Don Greenburg, himself a prolific novelist, scenarist and longtime *Playboy* contributor, journeyed to Switzerland in search of his lost youth. The result is *Oh*, *Bury Me Not at Clinique La Prairie*, illustrated by Michel Guiré Voko. We won't reveal whether or not Dan took those lamb-embryo injections, but he *is* working simultaneously on three screenplays, another *Playboy* piece and a new horror novel—and co-writing and coproducing (with his wife, Suzonne O'Molley) an HBO/Cinemax Comedy Experiment, *How to Avoid Love and Marriage*.

One of our favorite ways to relax is with a glassful of ice with a good bourbon. Next to it on the coffee table we might place an elegant new book, *The World Guide to Whisky*, by Michael Jackson. No, not that Michael Jackson. This one is a British writer who has been described as "a Baedeker of booze," and here contributes Whiskey Américain, about bourbon, rye and Tennessee whiskeys.

British should never be confused with Australian, as anyone knows who has seen the world's most celebrated Aussie superstar, Poul Hogon, in his TV spots or in "Crocodile" Dundee. The subject of our Playboy Interview, conducted by Contributing Editor Dovid Rensin, Hogan has led a most extraordinary life, from his days as a pub crawler to a gig as a rigger on the Sydney Harbor Bridge.

There's more, of course: the latest in urbane fashions modeled by that denizen of New York night life, entertainer Buster Poindexter, in Buster Takes Manhattan (photographed by Douglas Keeve); a portfolio of Skinsuits photographed by Herb Ritts and featuring the hottest supermodel working today, Cindy Crawford; World-Class Beauties, in which photographer Byron Newman provides a ringside seat at the world's first Miss Playboy International Pageant in Hong Kong; Playmate of the Month Terri Lynn Doss, whom we'd like to serenade with a stirring rendition of Send in the Clowns; and all the Playboy columnists you've learned to love (or hate). Happy reading.







NEWMA



ZEHME



DRAWSON



SANDERS



GIRARI



GREENBURG



VAK



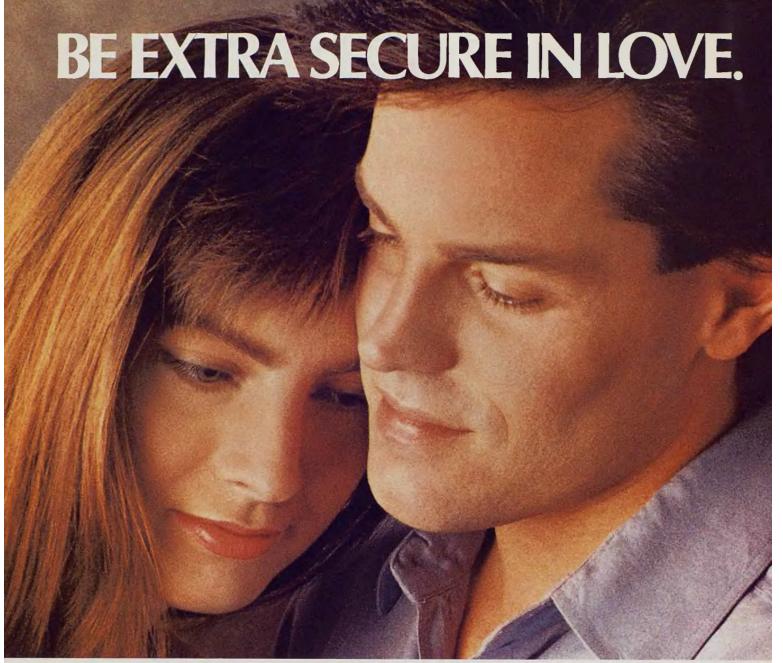
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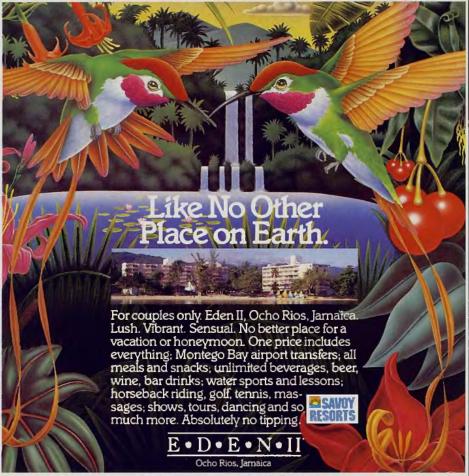
Fashion

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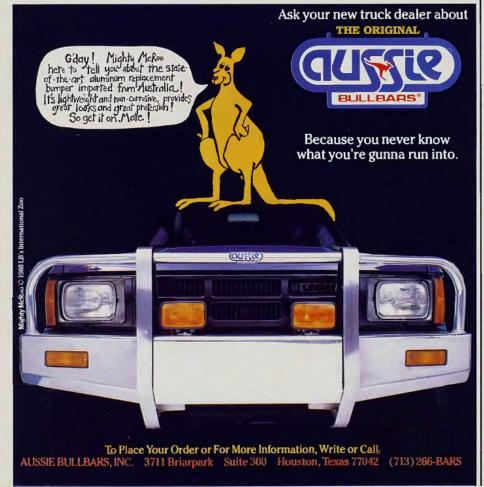
COVER STORY Here's just a detail of Herb Ritts's stunning portrait of supermodel Cindy Crawford—their collaboration begins on page 78. Her makeup and styling by George Newell and Sharon Simonaire (Visages Style, Los Angeles), respectively. Hair by Serena Radealli for Cloutier. Printing by Ty E. Allison. Monsieur Lapin hangs loose and would rather not be distressed.



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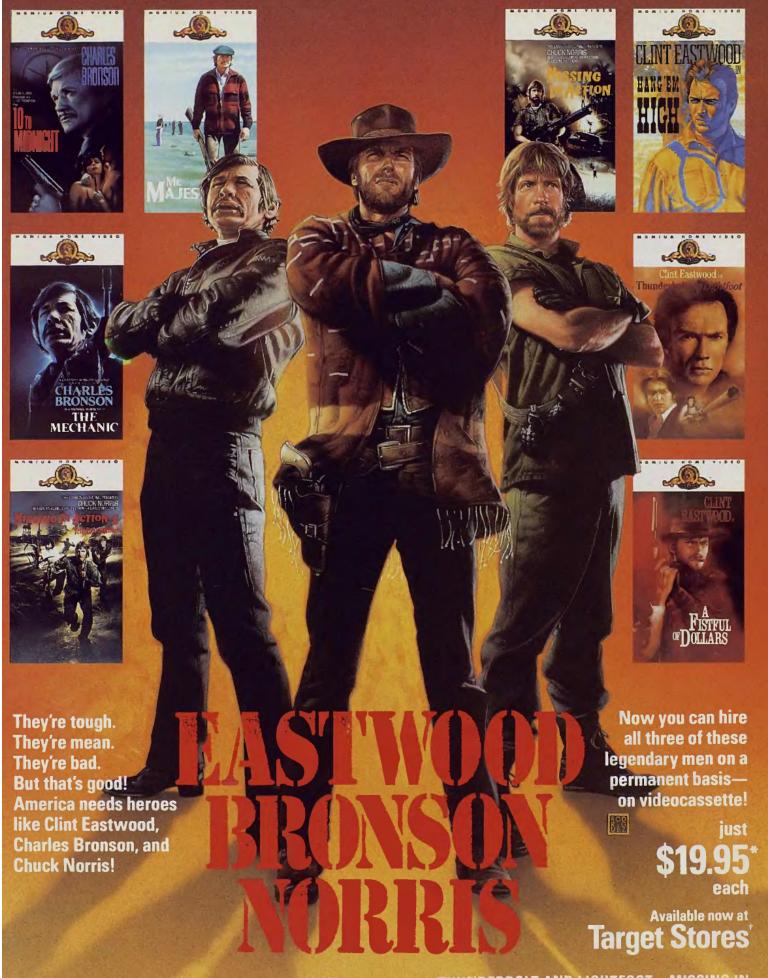
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CLANCY'S WEAPONS AND WORDS

I commend you for the *Playboy Interview* with author Tom Clancy (April). I especially enjoyed his intelligent, convincing argument for the Strategic Defense Initiative.

Unfortunately, Clancy does not dwell on the subject of Soviet use of the deadly minisubs lurking in Swedish waters. Also, Soviet intentions (and military projections) in Africa and the Soviet navy's aim of gaining control over the strategically crucial Cape route are not discussed at all. Obviously, South Africa's raw metals, minerals and strategic location are deemed by the Soviets to be important enough to keep a naval presence in the region. Nevertheless, kudos to *Playboy* for interviewing Tom Clancy!

Paul Stonehill Van Nuys, California

Just finished reading the Tom Clancy interview. I wish I had been the one to conduct that session. I was the head of intelligence collection for CINCLANT/ CINCLANTFLT J-2 during 1966-1968 at the U.S. naval base in Norfolk, Virginia, where some of Hunt for Red October's action takes place, and was the only Army officer with special submarine clearances. I would have loved to probe Clancy's contention that he got all of his information from the three books on his bookshelf to which he points. If I had written that book, I would have gone to jail for three lifetimes for violating the security oaths I signed when I turned in my clearances. I'm still wondering how he got the information he used.

> I. Thomas Sheppard, President Meridian Management Consultants, Ltd.

San Francisco, California

Ian Fleming, armed only with his manual Hermes and suffering a gin hangover, could write a more suspenseful, believable and engaging thriller than Clancy.

Red October is OK, but Patriot Games is thoroughly silly. Clancy may have a refreshing and intelligent view of Russian politics, but the guy needs some serious fiction classes or a less patronizing editor.

Vic Oberhaus Liberty Center, Ohio

In the April interview, Clancy calls a former Congressman an "arrogant little bastard" and "little prick" for having the nerve to be against the invasion of Grenada. Clancy's reason for name-calling is that he had a friend who had been shot at in Grenada. Shortly before the Grenada invasion, a few hundred Marines died in Beirut. Did Clancy know any of them?

If the arrogant little man of your interview had any perception, he would know that Grenada was a PR diversion and, militarily at least, a poorly executed one. Clancy's vision truly is myopic.

Mike Krebs Waukegan, Illinois

Despite his remarkable know-how, or, perhaps, because of it, Clancy remains just one more noisy technological fundamentalist. Like fundamentalists everywhere, he seems incapable of making the necessary and desirable discriminations that enable more rational minds to separate knowledge and belief and to recognize the difference between sober judgment and unlicensed abandon.

Of course, technology, as Clancy says, is a tool. But to argue, as he does, that it is simply a tool indicates that he can't tell a hammer from a nuclear submarine.

Any journeyman worker knows a good tool when he meets it; he judges it by inspection, by feel and by application. No system has yet been invented to test the tools of universal destruction in a similar way. And we'll not get very close to the invention of such a system by listening to the gushing of technological charismatics.

Jim Hiner Madison, Wisconsin

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PLAYBOY, PLAYBOY PREFERRED and RABBIT HEAD Design are trademarks of Playboy. (At) Ludicrous Speed (Playboy, April). His story is a dream come true for anyone who ever did any high school drag racing on the outskirts of town. We always imagined ourselves in something bigger and faster, but Vetter takes us beyond that to the biggest and the fastest! What's more, he lived to tell about it. Thanks for the memories, Craig, and may your pedal be always to the metal!

Charles Powell San Francisco, California

HEIMEL STRIKES A NERVE

A few words for Women columnist Cynthia Heimel ("Why I Hate Marilyn," Playboy, April): Cynthia, women objectify men every bit as much as men objectify women. Simply substitute blond-haired, blue-eyed hunk for young, big-breasted, leggy blonde and you have the same situation. You can be sure that if a Tom Selleck or a Don Johnson walks into a room, women will slobber all over him with gusto.

John Dietrich Tallahassee, Florida

Heimel's venomous column is a perfect example of what Dr. Andrew S. Ryan, Jr., writes about in his essay "Reverse Sexism" (*The Playboy Forum*, April). Heimel seems to subscribe to a currently popular tactic of the feminist movement, which is to blame men for everything but the weather while holding all women blameless for even their own shortcomings.

The really sad thing is that Heimel doesn't seem to realize that her writings only reveal her as an embittered manhater—one to be more pitied than reviled.

Steven Wineinger North Haven, Connecticut

I imagine that Cynthia Heimel would think it inconceivable that some men may find it just as distasteful to be viewed as predators as she finds it to be viewed as prey. Why all this bellyaching about direct sexual propositions' being an insult to her intelligence? Come on, Cynthia, make up your mind. Are men manipulative predators or are they just lobotomized penis prey for the likes of Marilyn? It's no wonder that many women are seen as prey when they advertise themselves as such to any available sugar daddy. Why don't you scream and yell about the women who perpetuate that sort of image? Why do you think it's worse to "write a demeaning sexual fantasy" than a demeaning sexual commentary such as yours?

> Daniel L. Hogan Germantown, Maryland

PUMPED-UP BABER

I sit here this afternoon watching Asa Baber trying to get a word in edgewise on The Oprah Winfrey Show. My personal observation is that Asa hit the button with his "angry women" comments. I know no small number of men in their 40s who are sitting out this entire shooting match.

There is a sea of angry women, seemingly unplacated by anything we do. So guys have taken to starting their own softball teams, hitting the movies together and hanging out over cards on Tuesday night rather than brave the bullets of dating these babes. Like Baber, I do not know what I did wrong.

> C. Roger Fulton, Jr. Tucson, Arizona

For Asa's own view of his "Oprah" debut, see this month's "Men" column.

I *loved* Asa Baber's *Men* column "Pumping Fur" (*Playboy*, April)! Does he practice what he preaches? I'd love to meet him!

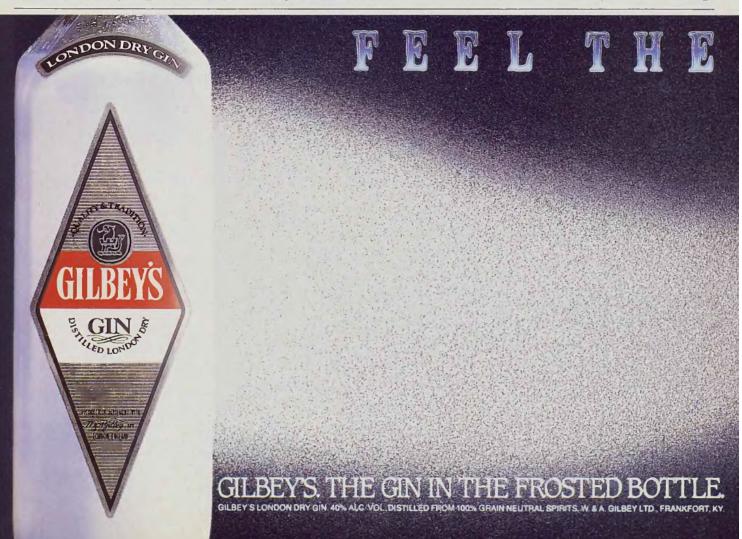
Kaye Hontel

La Crosse, Wisconsin

We expect all our writers to have firsthand experience with what they write about, Kaye. At least there's one woman out there who isn't angry with Asa.

RAW MILITARY PAY

I was entertained to find in *Raw Data* (*Playboy*, April) that a 35-year-old male college graduate in the military receives \$65,671. I find this especially entertaining because I am a 33-year-old male college



graduate, have been in the Air Force since graduation and am currently being paid \$38,919.71 per year. Does that mean that the Government has been holding out on me, or that I can expect a healthy pay raise in two years? Instead, I think that the amount you quote is the nontypical salary of a physician or a pilot receiving a bonus to make his military pay competitive with civilian salaries. As such, it is an example of misleading information.

John Seibert San Antonio, Texas

Our "Raw Data" writer responds:

The figures we quote, which were compiled and published by the U.S. General Accounting Office, include retirement and medical benefits, for which the Government also pays, and represent average dollar amounts, not the median salary.

HOT WHEELS

Tell your panel of judges who picked the best cars of 1988 (*Cars '88: The Best, Playboy*, March) to take a flying fuck in a rolling turbocharged doughnut. I agree with all the choices in the winners categories except one: Best Car to Tell Your Girlfriend to Buy. C'mon, gimme a break—a Volkswagen Cabriolet? It's a wonderful little car, but why can't she buy the supercharged Toyota MR2? Or the Jaguar XJ-S?

My husband bought me a five-speed turbocharged Toyota Supra for my birthday (see photo) and a radar detector to go with it. What a guy—thank God he doesn't share your panel's male-chauvinist opinions. I've had it up to 115 miles per hour on the freeway and loved every minute of it. I love my car. When I drive it, I don't fuck around, I drive it.

So tell your panel of judges that in the



future, they should recommend that readers' girlfriends buy some of the sportier, faster cars; and if they're good boys, maybe they'll get to drive them.

In case you're wondering about my vanity plate, MELP, it's a private joke between my husband and me—sort of a muffled cry for help. I leave the rest to your imagination. Cogito, ergo zoom.

Nancy Vanderstein Brunswick, Ohio

We stand corrected, Nancy. Thanks for your letter; we love it when you talk dirty.

DONNA, IN PERSON

It was a real pleasure to meet 1987 Playmate of the Year Donna Edmondson during the car show at the Kentucky State Fair and Exposition Center in Louisville this past February. She is an excellent representative of *Playboy* and surely upholds your first-rate image in the field of men's magazines and entertainment. With her warm, intelligent and exuberant personality, she has the ability to make each person she meets feel comfortable in her presence. Thanks for the opportunity to meet her.

William Walker III Louisville, Kentucky

VANITY FAIR

Thank you for the pictorial on Vanity (*Playboy*, April). I'd give a year's pay just to he one of her satin sheets for a night.

Ken Smith New York, New York





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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



MR. YUK?

The next time we have a craving for papaya-green-pepper or roast-red-beet ice cream, we'll head for Denver's Rattlesnake Club, whose chef, Jimmy Schmidt, turns unconventional food combinations into elegant meals, many of them garnished with wacky, sometimes Spanish names. Pesadilla China Frita Azul (Blue Fried Chinese Nightmare) is Schmidt's name for a bluecheese-and-risotto won ton in pimiento sauce. His Incandescent Pheasant is a ground-pheasant pizza topped with poblano peppers; the Rabbit's Wet Dream is an elaborate green salad. Schmidt has an obsession for mixing and matching ethnic foods: Consider grilled lamb on a corn tortilla with a salsa made of yams, Asian pears, prickly-pear cactus, scallions, jalabeños and starfruit.

"You have to taste the colors," Schmidt insists. Green, he says, tastes like Granny Smith apples and *poblano* peppers; red, like *jalapeños*, strawberries, tomatillos and red-wine vinegar.

"People love a dish," he sighs, "but they don't understand the components. They say they don't want a dessert with red-wine vinegar." But he makes it work by "illusion," he says, by concentrating the flavors and "floating the depth levels."

To wit, his chocolate ravioli are illusory right down to the scalloped edges on the white-chocolate pasta that is filled with dark chocolate. We can't decide yet whether Schmidt is the culinary equivalent of Scriabin or the chef from the Far Side comic strip.

MO' SATCHMO, PLEASE

The first pop-chart hit from the Good Morning, Vietnam sound track happens to be Louis Armstrong's immortal What a Wonderful World. Meanwhile, the theme to CBS' hit series Frank's Place is Armstrong's Do You Know What It Means to Miss New Orleans?

We think this marks the start of a new Satchmo craze, so we decided to ask Woody Allen, who has been using Armstrong recordings in his movies for years, who plays traditional jazz on the clarinet regularly at New York's Michael's Pub and who recently named his son Satchel (presumably after "Satchelmouth" Armstrong), to tell us just which cuts best reflect the essential Louis Armstrong.

Woody's picks: Potato Head Blues, available on MCA's The Best of Louis Armstrong, and the rare find Shine, which originally appeared on Columbia in 1929 but is not currently in print. Good hunting.

MINNEHAHA

Film director John Waters has pioneered a movie-publicity gambit—standup flackery. This past spring, he appeared in various night clubs across the country and cracked wise about his films, including the latest, *Hairspray*. We caught his show at Caroline's Pier 17 in Manhattan and gathered a sampling of the Waters world view.

On his films: "If it's true that your films are your children, mine are juvenile

delinquents."

On his new discovery, actress Ricki Lake: "She's sort of a baby Divine. I interviewed every fat girl in the country for the role. When we settled on her, she got nervous, started losing weight. So we force-fed her milk shakes."

Some inside information: "In *Hairspray*, Debbie Harry got scabs on her head from the giant wig we made her wear."

Regrets: "I wish I could have gotten Amy Carter to be in my latest movie."

Plans: "I was born to play the lead in The Don Knotts Story."

Moviehouse trivia: "Someone told me that thousands of crabs live on every movie seat in America."

Aw, John, is that any way to talk about your moviegoing public?

OLDSPEAK

We've learned from a retirement-industry insider that experts in the field think of their elderly clients in three categories: gogos, slow-gos and no-gos.

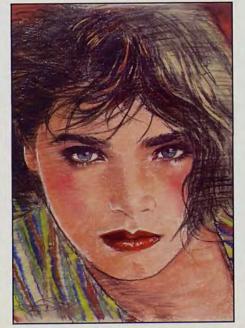
PICK A PACK

It appears that America's greatest surplus may be in celebrities, who now abound in such great supply that it's often hard to know who's who. Fortunately, someone invented The Brat Pack (Tom Cruise, Sean Penn, Emilio Estevez, Demi Moore, Rebecca De Mornay, Rob Lowe, Molly Ringwald et al.) and The Black Pack (Eddie Murphy, Spike Lee, Robert Townsend and Arsenio Hall). But that's not enough. How, for example, do you classify Billy Crystal? Or Jimmy the Greek? To help tie up such loose ends, we've come up with a few new packs:

The Don't Do Crack Pack—Rae Dawn Chong, Clint Eastwood, Nancy Reagan and James Woods.

The Pink Cadillac Pack—Aretha Franklin, Mary Kay (of the cosmetics empire) and Bruce Springsteen.

The Canuck Pack—John Candy, Michael J. Fox, Lorne Michaels, Martin



RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"Under the Chinese system, you're guilty until you admit to your guilt and then you're doubly guilty."—A lawyer from the People's Republic of China quoted in *The Economist*.

ROLE MODELS

Number of Federal officials indicted in 1975, 53; in 1985, 563.

Number convicted in 1975, 43; in 1985, 470.

I LOVE L.A.

Number of licensed drivers in Southern California: 8,700,000.

Number of trips they make per day: 40,200,000.

Number of miles Southern California drivers cover each day: 221,300,000.

Distance of an average commute in Southern California: 10.7 miles each way.

WANNA BET?

Percentage of Americans who say they bet on sporting events: 18.

Percentage who bet with their friends or family, 46; with fellow workers, 40; with professional gamblers, 12.

Sport on which most people bet: football (63 percent).

Amount of money spent on gambling in America in 1986: 198.8 billion dollars.

Amount donated to religious organizations, 33.6 billion dollars; to educational institutions, 10.5 billion dollars.

THE LOTTERY

Annual amount spent nationally on state lottery tickets: 12.5 billion dollars.



FACT OF THE MONTH

In his private deposition to the Iran/Contra committee last summer, Attorney General Edwin Meese III suffered a lapse of memory at least 340 times. During the Attorney General's Senate confirmation hearings, his memory failed him a mere 79 times.

Number of states with lotteries: 26.

Most profitable state lottery: New York's, with a \$666,800,000 profit in fiscal year 1987.

Percentage of New York State's general fund that comes from the lottery: 2.5.

RATE HIKE

Number of hours of prime-time TV for the 1960 Squaw Valley Winter Olympics, two; for the 1988 Calgary games, 53.

Fee paid by CBS to broadcast the 1960 games: \$50,000.

Fee paid by ABC to broadcast the 1988 games: \$309,000,000.

GRADUATION TIME

Percentage of American high school enrollees who graduate: 71.5.

State with the highest graduation rate: Minnesota, 91.4 percent; with the lowest: Florida, 62 percent.

Average amount spent per year on an American high school student: \$3752.

State with the highest per-pupil expenditure: Alaska, \$8253; with the lowest: Mississippi, \$2362.

Average amount spent per pupil in Minnesota: \$3941; in Florida: \$3529.

HOME, SWEET HOME

Average monthly mortgage payment for a new U.S. home in 1987: \$1063.

Cities averaging high monthly mortgage payments: Boston, \$1549.40; New York City, \$1467.33; and San Diego, \$1257.48.

Cities with low ones: Cleveland, \$938; Miami–Ft. Lauderdale, \$799; and St. Louis, \$768. Short, William Shatner, Suzanne Somers, Alan Thicke and Donald Sutherland.

The I Was a Star on Saturday Night Live, Dropped Off the Face of the Earth and Now I'm Back Pack—Jane Curtin, Tim Kazurinsky, Jim Belushi, Billy Crystal, Laraine Newman and Garrett Morris.

The I Said I'm Sorry; May I Please Come Back? Pack—Richard Nixon, Gary Hart and Jimmy the Greek.

The One Guy Who Is So Cool He Doesn't Need a Pack Pack—Bill Murray.

BOA CONSTRICTION?

Apparel researchers (apparelists?) at Cornell University recently pressed beyond the established literature on dangerous fashions. Earlier work showed that tight collars and ties can stem the flow of blood to the brain and other sensory (yes!) organs and that such reduced circulation can lead to fainting attacks and hardening of the arteries, among other disasters.

Now the Cornell crowd says that tight collars can cause poor eyesight, too. One subject wore his collar so tight that an ophthalmologist couldn't detect any pulse in the veins of his retinas. Twelve percent of the subjects wore their collars tighter than he did.

In a test that measures how rapidly the retina responds to changing frequencies of a flickering light, men with tight collars performed more slowly than others.

So what can you do about it? Loosen up. Researchers advise that you measure your neck once in a while to see that neck and collar size still match. Sixty-seven percent of the guys in the study wore collars that were too small. Must have been that Arnold Schwarzenegger workout video.

QUID PRO VID

The recent movie No Man's Land, in which hot Charlie Sheen plays a car thief with a penchant for Porsches, didn't do too well in theaters, but watch for it to come out flying on cassette. Why? Orion Home Video is adding a little incentive—a chance to win the picture's main prop, a custombuilt 911 Porsche wingback. Check it out at video stores. . . . George Jetson and his family finally get to meet the Flintstones, thanks to Hanna-Barbera and Worldvision Home Video. Even early-Saturday-morning risers haven't seen this one. It's an allnew full-length animated movie (and you thought they were real) that's sure to bridge the light-year gap. We hear Elroy really puts the moves on Pebbles. . . . And on the subject of hot romance, there's Heat. The Andy Warhol creation, directed by Paul Morrissey and starring Sylvia Miles and Joe Dallesandro, became a cult classic nearly two decades ago. Now Paramount's Mystic Fire division has released it on cassette as part of a hip and outlandish Warhol/Morrissey trilogy. The two other titles are Flesh and Trash. Pick some up.

For people who like to smoke...

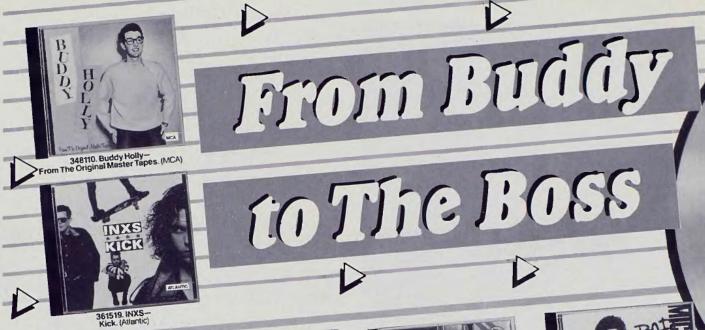




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365494, George Harrison-Cloud Nine. (Dark Horse)







354902. Fleetwood Mac —Tango In The Night. (Warner Bros.)

Babylon And On. (A&M)

354514. Jody Watley. [MCA] 354951. Mozart: Flute

354985. Billie Holiday From The Original Decca Masters. (Digitally Remas-tered—MCA)

364695. Wynton Marsails— Baroque Music For Trumpets. (CBS Masterworks)

355362. Whitesnake.

355115-395111. Prince-Sign 'O' The Times. (Paisley Park)

355172. Ravel: Rapsodie/ Valses/Pavane/Alborado/ etc. Previn, Royal Phil. (Digital—Angel)

35557B. Hanson: Sym phony No. 2 ("Romontic"). Sym. (Digital Angel)

356279. Glorio Estefan And Miami Sound Machine-Let It Loose.

356287. Suzonne Vega— Solitude Standing. (A&M)



362079. Michael Jackson-Bad. (Epic)

359075. Aerosmithmonent Vacation. (Geffen) 360107. Billy Idol-Vital

Idol. (Chrysalis) 357350. Duke Ellington Orchestra—Digital Duke. (Digital-GRP)

357368. Hiroshima—Go.

(Epic) 357640. Wynton Marsalis—Stondard

Time. (Columbia)

357657. Beethoven: Piano Concerto No. 5— Murray Perchia. [Digital—CBS Masterworks]

357B71. Tchaikovsky: Waltzes- S. Comissiona and Houstan Symphony (Digital-Pro Arte)

3578B9. Copland: Billy The Kid; Appolachian Spring; etc.— Bemstein, NY Phil. (Digitally Remastered— CBS Masterworks)

358127. Kronos Quartet White Man Sleeps. Volans; Ives; Bartok; etc (Digital—Nonesuch)

358663. The Art of Alfred Brendel Volume 1 — "Virtuoso Pieces." (Vanguard)

358929. Elton John Live In Austrolia. (MCA

358937. Hondel: Royal Fireworks Music — Menu-hin, Royal Phil. (Digital — MCA Classics/RPO

359018. Pot Metheny Group—Still Life (Talking). (Geffen)

359695. Saroh Voughn—Brazilian Romance with Milton Noscimento, (CBMA)

359711. Brahms: Piano Quartet, Op. 25— Murray Perahia, Members Of The Amadeus Quartet. (Digital—CBS Masterworks) 359927. Debbie Gibson

-Out of the Blue. (Atlantic)

366443. Good Morning Vietnam. —original motion picture soundtrack. (A&M) 346957. Steve Winwood

-Back In The High Life. (Island)

360016. Spyro Gyra— Stories Without Words. [Digital—MCA]

334607-394601. Corpenters—Yesterday Once More. (A&M)

339226. Gershwin: Rhapsody In Blue; more. Thomas, Los Angeles Phil. (Digital—CBS Mosterworks)

339903. The Cars Greatest Hits, (Elektrol)

342097. 8arbro Streisand—The Eroodwoy Album. (Columbia)

336396-396390. Billy Joel's Greatest Hits, Vol. 1 & 2. (Columbia)

343715. Vivoldi: Four Seasons—Maozel cond. (Digital—CBS Masterworks)

344184. Copland: Billy The Kid/Rodeo Ballets -Slatkin, St. Louis Sym (Digital—Angel)

344622. Anita 8aker— Ropture. (Elektra)

345199. Beethoven: Overtures— Bavarian Radio Orch., C. Davis. (Digital—C8S Masterworks)

345827. Bob James and David Sanborn—Double Vision. (Warner Bros.)

346544. Kenny G-Duotones. (Arista)

347492. Glenn Miller Orchestra—In The Digital Mood. (Digital—GRP) 354449. U2—The Joshua Tree. (Island)

347567. Gershwin's Song Book & Other Music For Piano Solo — Leonard Pennario, (Angel)

347955. Huey Lewis & The News-Forel (Chrysalis) 348318. The Police Every Breath You Toke-The Singles. (A&M)

348458. Dvorok: Cello Concerto — Yo-Yo Ma; Maazel, Berlin Philhar.

(Digital-CBS Masterworks) 348649, Pachelbel Canon & Other Digital Delights-Davis, Toronto Chamber Orch. (Digital—Fanfare)

348987-398982. Linda Ronstadt-'Round Midnight. (Asylum)

349134-399139 Beethoven: Sonatas Piano & Violin, Vol. 2— Istomin. (Digital-C8S Masterworks)

349985, Johnny Mathis/ Henry Mancini-Hollywood Musicols. (Calumbia)

350587. Kathleen Bottle Sings Mozart. (Angel)

351601. Mozart: Requiem— Malgorie, Grand Ecune. (Digital -CBS Masterworks

352534, Holst: Planets — A. Davis, Toronto Symph. (Digital—Angel)

352633. Dolly Porton/ Linda Ronstadt/Emmylou Harris-Trio. (Warner Bros.) 353771. Bolling/Rompal:

Suite #2 for Flute & Jazz

Piono Trio. (Digital—CBS)

360974. Squeeze-

354472. Expose--Expo-

Quartets—Rampal, Stern, Accordo, Rostropovich. (Digi tal-CBS Masterworks1

(Geffen)

355164. Vlodimir Horowitz Plays Favorite Encores.

Barber; Violin Concerto. Oliveira Slotkin, St. Louis

356667. Heart-Bad Animals. (Capitol)

357087. Grateful Dead-In The Dark. (Arista)

356329. Randy Travis-Always & Farever. (Warner Bros.)

356501. Benson/Klugh Collaboration. [Warner Bros.]

357079. Michael Brecker (Digital-MCA/Impulse)

Classics of the 50's, 60's & 70's

138586. Bob Dylon's Greotest Hits. (Columbia) 219477. Simon & Garfunkel's Greatest Hits. (Columbia)

231670. Janis Joplin's Greatest Hits. (Columbia) 244459. Santana's Greatest Hits. (Columbia)

260638. Chicago's Greatest Hits. (Columbia) 269365. The Band—The 8est Of The Bond. (Capitol)

286914. Fleetwood Mac -Rumours. (Warner Bros.) 287003. Eagles Greatest Hits 1971-1975. (Asylum)

291278. The Doobie Brothers—Best of the Doobies. (Warner Bros.) 291526. Emerson, Lake

& Palmer—Brain Surgery. (Atlantic)

292243. Jockson Browne The Pretender. (Asylum) 293597. Led Zeppelin-Houses Of The Holy

308049. Creedence Clearwater Revival Featuring John Fogerty/ -Chronicle. 20 greatest hits! (Fantasy)

319996-399998 Motown's 25 # 1 Hits From 25 Years. (Matown) 341073. A Decade of Steely Dan. (MCA) 342501. The Byrds Great-

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Aqualung. (Chrysalis) 346445. Beach Boys-Made In U.S.A. (Capital)

350645. Rolling Stones— Sticky Fingers. (Rolling Stones

351957. Yes-Fragile. (Atlantic)

353102. Jimi Hendrix Are You Experienced? (Reprise)

357616-397612. The Best Of The Doors. (Digitally Remastered—Elektral 358887. Grateful Dead —Workingman's Deod. (Warner Bros.)

364430. Cat Stevens— Clossics Volume 24. [A&M] 364935. Traffic-John Borleycorn Must Die.

365361. The Who's Greatest Hits. (MCA) 367102. Joni Mitchell-Court and Spark. (Asylum)

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362228. George Michael-Faith. (Columbia)

356154. Whitney Houston— Whitney. (Arista)

362525. Steve Win-wood—Chronicles, (Island)

362251. Ahmad Jamal-Crystal (Atlantic Jazz)

362277. Neil Diamond— Hot August Night II. (Columbia)

362293. Andres Segovia, —The Segovio Collection (Vol. 1) Boch. Digitally Remastered—MCA Classics)

362343. Stevie Wonder

-Choracters. (Matown)

362541. Pretenders-The

Singles. (Sire)



366435. Tom Scott— Streomlines. (Digital—GRP)

361139. R.E.M. Document. [I.R.S.]

361022. Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 6— Claudio Abbado, Chicago Symph. Orch. (Digital— (CBS Mosterworks)

361048. Dione Schuur and the Count Basie Orchestra. (Digital-(GRP)

361170. Yes-Big Generator. (Atco)

361147. Rodgers And Hammerstein's Corousel. Borbara Cook; Samuel Ramey. [Digital—MCA Classics

361279. World's Greatest Overtures-Strauss Suppe, more. (Digital-

361600. 10,000 Maniacs -In My Tribe (Elektra)

361972. Billy Joel— Kohuept (In Concert). (Columbia)

361618. Introducing The Hordline According To Terence Trent D'Arby.

362129. Belinda Corlisle
—Heaven On Earth. [MCA] 362152, Robbie Robertson, (Geffen)

362236. Tony Bennett— Bennett/Berlin. (Columbia)

362640. Lindo Ronstodt-Canciones De Mi Padre. (Asylum)

362657. Madanno-You Con Dance. (Sire)

364018. Foreigner— Inside Information. (Atlantic)

362665. Cher---Cher.

363051, Brohms: Piono Concerto No. 2; etc.-R. Serkin; Szell, Cleveland Orch. (Digitally Remas-tered—CBS Masterworks)

363655. Borry Moni--Swing Street. (Arista)

363739. Bronford Mar--Renaissance. Columbia)

363994. Lee Ritenour-Portrait, (GRP)

364257. Arthur Fiedler & The 8oston Pops— Capriccio Italien; Capriccio Espagnol. (Digital Orinda)

364885. Neville Marriner—The Sound Of The Acodemy. (Digital—Angel)

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365189. James Toylor— Never Die Young (Columbia)

365130. David Lee Roth— Skyscraper. (Warner Bros.)

SPHINGSTEEN

360115. Bruce Springsteen-Tunnel Of Love. (Columbia)

365247-395244. Verdi: Requiem — Muti, Phila. Or. (Digital—Angel)

365254-395251, Vlodimir Feltsmon's American "Live" Debut, Recorded live at Carnegie Hall. (Digital—CBS Mosterworks)

365379. Miles Davis-Milestones (Digitally Remas-tered—CL Jazz Most.)

365502. George Thoro-good and the Destroyers Born to be Bod. (EMI— Manhattani

365619. Beethoven: Symphony No. 9 (Choral) Norrington, London Classical Players. (*Digital*—Angel)

365825. Billy Ocean— Tear Down These Walls.

366161. AC/DC-Blow Up Your Video. (Atlantic)

366393. Ricky Skaggs— Comin' Home to Stay. (Epic)

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17

MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

AS A CRITIC who admitted relishing the lunatic pleasures of Lisztomania and Gothic, I can safely say that director Ken Russell has done it again with Salome's Last Dance (Vestron). This movie's decidedly not for everyone, and maybe not for anyone except previously committed Russellmaniacs with a high tolerance for wretched excess. Most of the movie is devoted to a campedup performance of Oscar Wilde's own Salome, banned as licentious back in 1892, here being privately staged for Wilde (Nickolas Grace) in a London brothel, with his lover Lord Douglas (Douglas Hodge) cast as John the Baptist. A squeaky-voiced housemaid (newcomer Imogen Millais-Scott) takes the head-hunting "daughter of Sodom" role, supported by a company that includes Glenda Jackson providing premium ham as Queen Herodias, opposite Stratford Johns as a very Wildean Herod. The general tone of the entertainment is established early on, when Wilde arrives with his paramour, Douglas, and announces that they are "as close as two testicles." The director himself appears briefly, typecast as an eccentric photographer recording the surrealistic scene for posterity. By the time the police crash in to arrest the author, it's clear that Last Dance-despite the usual freaks, flesh and fart jokes-is a relatively tame and literate evening with Russell. ¥¥1/2

Before the Kennedy and Martin Luther King assassinations, before whole chunks of scary political history, The Monchurian Condidate (MGM/UA) was an exhilarating 1962 suspense drama based on Richard Condon's best seller. GI war prisoners brainwashed in Korea and sent home with murder on their minds gave everyone goose bumps, without benefit of the graphic gore and special effects that audiences take for granted today. Re-released a quarter of a century later, John Frankenheimer's mind bender-about prophetic and frightening events linked to Presidential campaigning-looks better than ever. Laurence Harvey, Frank Sinatra, Janet Leigh and Angela Lansbury are the stars of a chilling, certified classic. YYYY

Director Henry Jaglom's movies, more often than not, are about a moviemaker very much like Jaglom himself. In Someone to Love (Rainbow/Castle Hill), he invites a group of Hollywood singles to a party in a Santa Monica theater, then asks them to talk to the camera about life, love and lone-liness. His guests—some famous, some simply talkative, some convinced that their host is crazy—range from Sally Kellerman, Kathryn Harrold and Andrea Marcovicci (Jaglom's valentine off screen) to his brother, actor Michael Emil. All are



Salome's Hodge caged as John the Baptist.

Attention, all Russellmaniacs; The Manchurian Candidate returns.

pretending to be characters somewhat like their private selves, and the results smack of group therapy-typically vague, satirical, silly, poignant or self-indulgent. All of which may get tiresome fast, except that Jaglom's guest of honor is his good friend the late, great Orson Welles, enthroned at the back of the theater to cajole and mock and contribute a kind of running commentary on the proceedings. In his last film appearance before his death in 1985, Welles mocks Jaglom and company as "a generation of people who walk around holding up mirrors to themselves." As witty and wise as he is hilarious, and selfmocking, as well, Welles reminds his host, "I'm speaking from the cheap seats, not from Mount Sinai." Jaglom succeeds by not taking his own egocentric sociology too seriously, but we owe him a greater debt for letting moviedom's legendary neglected genius have the last word. ***

Stallone and Schwarzenegger would be wise to make room for Steven Seagal. He's just as big, or bigger, also better-looking and likely to launch a whole new series of he-man action dramas with **Above the Low** (Warner). Seagal is a 6'4" hunk and martial-arts master who in real life has been a security agent/bodyguard to unnamed international statesmen. He dons two additional hats as co-author and coproducer of the story unfolded by *Law*, which concerns CIA and FBI plots to traffic in arms, drugs, terrorism and "democracy" in Central America. The subject could hardly be

more topical, and Seagal could hardly be more typical as a virtually bulletproof Chicago cop who fights the forces of evil (Henry Silva calling the shots), bravely backs his partner (Pam Grier) and tries to keep his gorgeous wife (Sharon Stone) out of harm's way. A mysterious death squad on the prowl in the Windy City proves to be no match for our guy. With director Andrew Davis at the controls (his last direct hit was Chuck Norris' 1985 Code of Silence), Seagal streaks through his screen debut like a state-of-the-art missile. ***

In A World Aport (Atlantic), another volatile political arena comes into focus under the penetrating glance of cinematographer Chris Menges, who won a 1984 Oscar for The Killing Fields. Here, Menges, making his impressive debut as a director, substitutes dramatic intensity for visual fireworks. The story he's telling, based on fact, is about one South African woman's stubborn fight against apartheid circa 1963. The heroine, vividly portrayed by Barbara Hershey, is a fanatic leftist liberal who's sent to jail for "serving alcoholic beverages to blacks" and is held there for other alleged crimes against white supremacy, particularly that of refusing to name her "Commie" associates. While she languishes behind bars, driven to selfdoubt and attempted suicide, her teenaged daughter (Jodhi May in a tour de force of precocity) becomes a kind of Devil's advocate, questioning whether political militancy should outweigh the obligations of motherhood. It's a bone-deep dilemma, projected with unrelenting honesty. ***

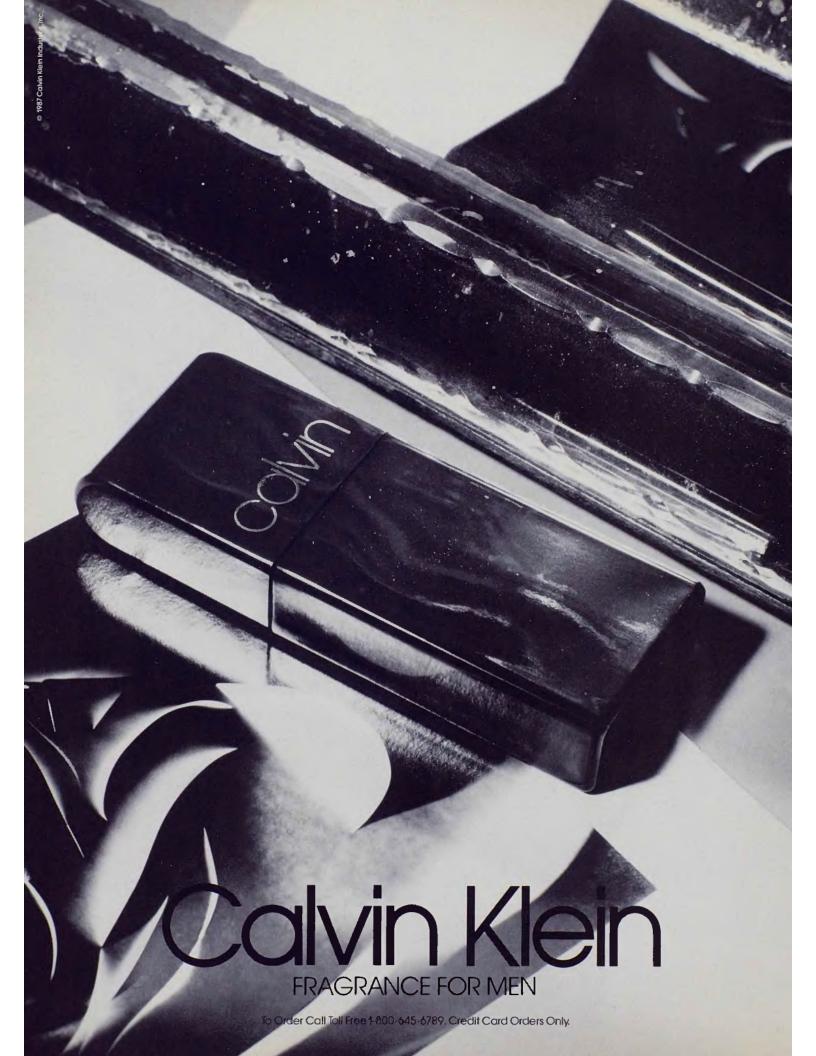
Sweet as it seems on the surface, there's surprising bite in Zelly and Me (Columbia), writer-director Tina Rathborne's minor but affecting drama about a poor, orphaned little rich girl down in Virginia caught between her cruel guardian grandma (Glynis Johns) and her beloved, loyal governess (Isabella Rossellini as Mademoiselle, a.k.a. Zelly). Child abuse disguised as discipline is the gist of it, with 11-year-old neophyte actress Alexandra Johnes a perfect Phoebe, whose youthful resilience turns out to be a greater asset than either of the strong-willed women in her life can comprehend. Not the least of director Rathborne's fresh touches is her casting of another director, David Lynch, in his first screen role. A man whose dark-side cinematic decadence runs the gamut from Eraserhead to Blue Velvet, Lynch is a surprise as Rossellini's mild-mannered beau Willie (yes, Virginia, they're an off-screen item, as well). Like Zelly, Lynch is enjoyable but not at all what you'd expect. ¥¥1/2

Imagine a blind woman on a pleasure boat in the Caribbean with three other passengers who will stop at nothing, but You used to hate it when he told you what to do. Now sometimes you wish he would.

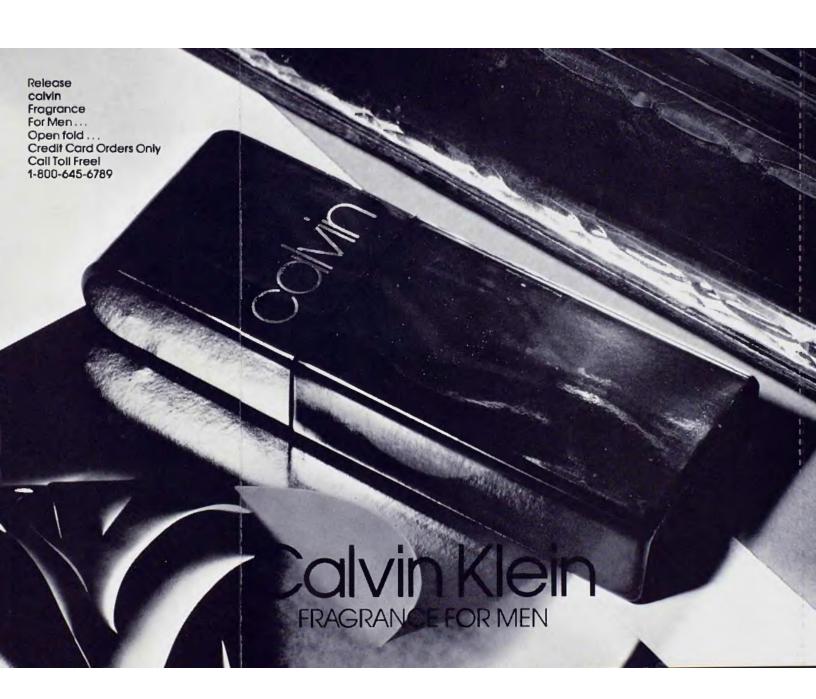


What are you saving the Chivas for?

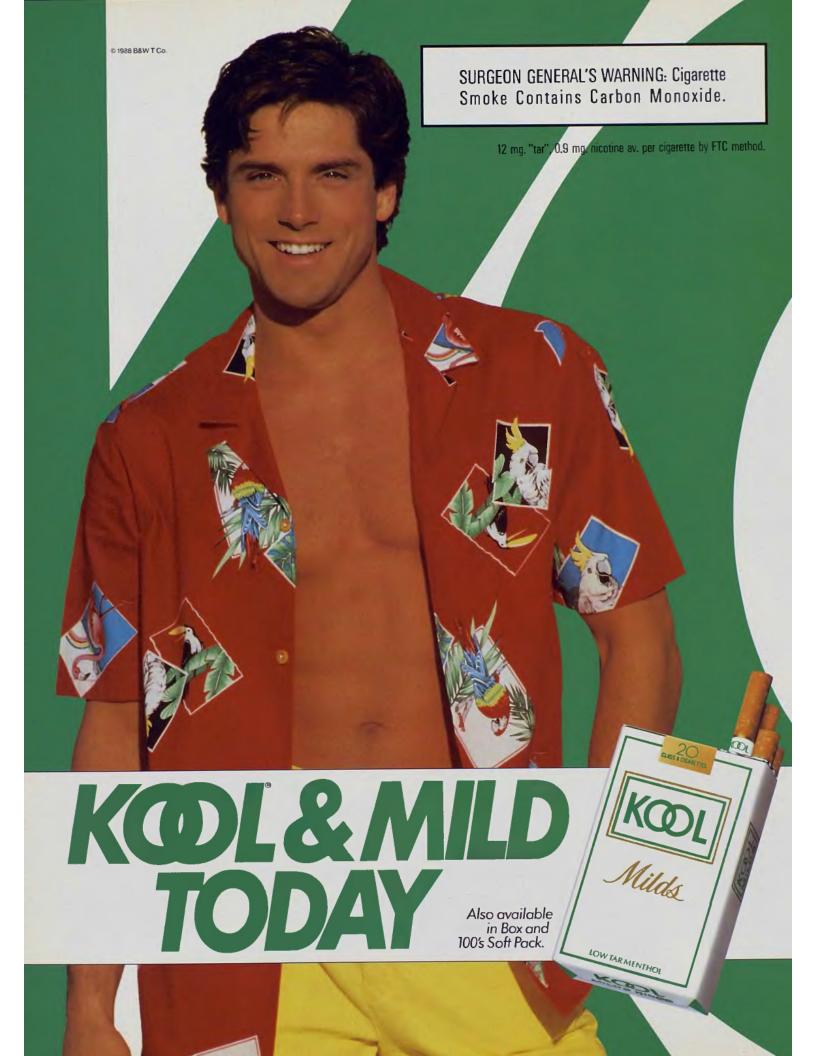




Calvin Klein Fragrance for Men







nothing, to lay their hands on some buried treasure. "Why did I get glaucoma?" groans Faye Dunaway in Midnight Crossing (Vestron) before she proceeds to outwit Daniel J. Travanti, as her treacherous husband. The real question ought to be, Why does a star of Dunaway's stature wind up in a soggy suspense potboiler? Answer: Show me a screenplay about a sightless woman in jeopardy, and I'll show you a flamboyant actress weighing an offer she can't refuse. What's more, Faye almost makes it work. But Crossing is clearly a case of the blind leading the bland. **Y

While fixing breakfast at his home in England, rocker Ozzy Osbourne chats amiably about sex, drugs and depravity. During a running interview with Aerosmith's Steve Tyler and Joe Perry, self-described as "the toxic twins," Tyler quips, "You can *really* fuck to a good Aerosmith song." And a member of the British group called London adds, "We are not role mod-



We like Sikes.

OFF CAMERA

There's a scrumptious new siren wooing Dudley Moore in Arthur 2 on the Rocks, a soon-due sequel to Arthur directed by Bud Yorkin. Seems Arthur's marriage to Liza Minnelli is a troubled one, making him fair game for Cynthia Sikes, playing his socialite ex-fiancée. Sikes did a long stint on NBC's St. Elsewhere in what she calls "a somewhat sterile doctor role, giving everyone shots," and just recently played a sexy judge in a multipart gig on L.A. Law. Coincidentally, her Arthur role is the one originated by L.A. Law's Jill Eikenberry. "Jill was too busy with the TV show to do the movie, which was my good luck. My character, the old girlfriend, has been running an art gallery and biding her time, still stuck on Arthur." On screen, Cynthia-well, you can guess-loses her man. Off screen, her Significant Other is Yorkin, who has cast her with Jeff Daniels in yet another romantic comedy, Love Hurts, and predicts, "She's definitely going to be a star. She's overdue."

els." He speaks for a majority of the musicians in The Decline of Western Civilization Part II: The Metal Years (New Line), director Penelope Spheeris' astute and outrageous sequel to her earlier epic about the L.A. punk scene. The heavy metalists of Decline are largely antisocial, antiparental and, perhaps, with some notable exceptions, antimusical. Take that as fair warning that the noisy performance footage here is overshadowed by Spheeris' candid glimpses of her subjects at leisure-Gene Simmons of Kiss apparently shopping at Frederick's of Hollywood, or his colleague Paul Stanley smugly lounging through an interview about groupies and sexism while affectionate bimbettes (including April 1986 Playmate Teri Weigel) stroke his thighs. The title cogently sums up the movie's message, which conceals its sly social comment with head-banging, nosethumbing impudence. ***

Adapted from a book by retired judge Herbert J. Stern (since chosen as an outside counsel to the Iran/Contra prosecutor), Judgment in Berlin (New Line) has Martin Sheen portraying Stern on one of his most famous cases. In 1979, Judge Stern bucked the U.S. State Department's prosecution of an East German defector who hijacked a Polish airliner and forced it to land in the American sector of West Berlin. While the U.S. was committed to a crackdown on international air piracy, Stern was committed to broader issues of freedom and justice. How the arguments were resolved before a jury in a tense Berlin courtroom is the business of Judgment, which brings out Sheen's staunchest do-gooder qualities. The big surprise in the movie, directed conscientiously by Leo Penn, is the compelling performance by his quick-tempered son Sean, sporting an entirely convincing accent as an East German refugee whose testimony clinches the defense. Although hardly more than a cameo, Sean's showstopping stint suggests that we have just begun to see what this mercurial actor can do. ¥¥1/2

As if to dispel the notion that William Hurt is a fail-safe superstar, A Time of Destiny (Columbia) intervenes with a role so dim-witted in a screen saga so turgid that no actor alive could save it. Neither can director Gregory (El Norte) Nava, who also has Timothy Hutton floundering gamely through a sea of clichés about two GI comrades in arms on the Italian front during World War Two. We're asked to believe that Hutton doesn't know that the buddy (Hurt) whose life he saves in battle is actually his sworn enemy, bent on revenge. How come? Because Hurt's the long-lost brother of the Greek girl (Melissa Leo) with whom Hutton eloped in reel one, whose father died in a tragic accident while trying to drag his daughter home. They don't make movies like this one anymore, and for perfectly good reasons. Destiny is vintage corn with precious little pop. ¥

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films by bruce williamson

Above the Law (See review) New macho man in town. Watch out, Rambo. *** Babette's Feast (Reviewed 5/88) Haute cuisine traumatizes and scandalizes a bleak Danish village. Biloxi Blues (6/88) Back to basic training with Neil Simon. XXX Bright Lights, Big City (6/88) Not so bad, but no way equals the book. 881/2 Colors (6/88) Head-on collision of cops and drug dealers in East L.A. *** Consuming Passions (6/88) La Redgrave slumming in British low comedy. 81/2 Do (6/88) Something about the Irish, richly sentimental and made magical by Barnard Hughes. The Decline of Western Civilization Part II (See review) Metallic. 222 Hairspray (4/88) A last hurrah from Divine, and a dandy one at that. 881/2 Judgment in Berlin (See review) Making XX1/2 a case for escape to the West. Lady in White (Listed only) Lukas Haas of Witness in a deft, eerie cliff-hanger about a sensitive boy whose visions entrap a child murderer. The Manchurian Candidate (See review) Revived, and still riveting. **** Midnight Crossing (See review) Miss Dunaway makes waves, and she can. ** The Milagro Beanfield War (Listed only) A colorful but fairly minor skirmish. Director Robert Redford means well, indeed, but doesn't seem to really know either his beans or his campesinos. **1/2 Mondo New York (Listed 6/88) All the downtown underground scene. 88 A New Life (6/88) Divorce starts it for Ann-Margret and Alan Alda. *** Salome's Last Dance (See review) Ken Russell getting Wilde and woolly. **1/2 Someone to Love (See review) Works best as a valentine to Orson. Stand and Deliver (5/88) Advanced calculus comes to the barrio. 881/2 Stormy Monday (6/88) Mostly churning around Melanie Griffith. 881/2 A Time of Destiny (See review) Hurt and Hutton stuck with a turkey. Tokyo Pop (6/88) A smashing debut for Carol Burnett's daughter Carrie. *** Track 29 (6/88) An odd but arresting psychodrama by Roeg with Russell. *** The Unbearable Lightness of Being (5/88) A womanizer in love—Daniel Day-Lewis in a sexy and truly adult drama. **** White Mischief (6/88) Decadent Brits in Africa during World War Two. A World Apart (See review) One woman's gallant battle against apartheid. Zelly and Me (See review) Mr. Lynch moonlighting in a mellow mood. >>>/2

YYYYY Outstanding

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



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Robert Plant: Now And Zen . Heaven Knows, Tall Cool One, Ship Of Fools, Es Paranza 134392

Emanuel Ax: Beethoven, Piano Concertos Nos. 3 & 4 • Royal Philharmonic/Previn.

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—Gramophone RCA DIGITAL 154077

Tina Turner: Break Every Rule • Two People, Typical Male, Back Where You Started, etc. Capitol DIGITAL 113333

George Harrison: Cloud Nine • Title song, I Got My Mind Set On You, more. Warner/ Dark Horse 174328

The Legendary Enrico Ceruso • Vesti la giubba, Celeste Aida, Cielo e mar, La donna è mobile, 17 more. RCA 134274

Decade/Best Of Steely Dan • Rikki Don't Lose That Number, Reeling in The Years, Do It Again, 11 more. MCA 154135

Sletkin Conducts Russien Showpieces Pictures At An Exhibition, Classical Sym-phony, more. RCA *DIGITAL* 154358

Kenny Rogers: I Prefer The Moonlight Make No Mistake She's Mine (w/Ronnie Mil-sap), etc. RCA *DIGITAL* 162743

Rod Stewart: Greatest Hits • Do Ya Think I'm Sexy?, Tonight's The Night, Maggie May, Hot Legs, etc. Warner Bros. 133779

The Sound Of Music • Julie Andrews in the original soundtrack! Do-Re-Mi, My Favorite Things, more. RCA 100046

Starship: No Protection • It's Not Over ("Til It's Over). Nothings Gonna Stop Us Now, etc. Grunt 163827

Perry Como: Today • Making Love To You, The Wind Beneath My Wings, The Best Of Times, You're Nearer, etc. RCA 114787



The Duke Ellington Orchestra: Digital Duke

Dire Straits: Brothers In Arms • Money For Nothing, etc. Warner Bros. DIGITAL 114734

Pops in Space • John Williams & The Boston Pops. Music from Close Encounters. Super-man, Star Wars, others. Philips DIGITAL 105392

La Bamba/Original Soundtrack • Los Lobos; Donna, La Bamba; more from Brian Setzer, Bo Diddley, others.

Brahms, Symphony No. 1 • Vienna Phil-harmonic Orchestra/Bernstein. DG DIGITAL

Elvis Presley: The Sun CD • That's All Right, Good Rockin' Tonight, Milkcow Blues Boogie, Mystery Train, etc. RCA 272289

Kitaro: The Light Of The Spirit • Sun-dance, Mysterious Encounter, The Field, In The Beginning, etc. Geffen DIGITAL 164228

Andrew Lloyd Webber, Variations; more Julian Lloyd Webber, cello, London Philhar-monic/Maazel. Philips *DIGITAL* 115473

Lionel Richie: Can't Slow Down • All Night Long, Penny Lover, Running With The Night. Hello, etc. Motown 110767

Tomita's Greatest Hits . Also sprach Zarathustra, Bolero, Pachelbel Canon, Clair de lune, 10 more, RCA 253955

Jimi Hendrix: Kiss The Sky • Purple Haze, All Along The Watchtower, Voodoo Child, Are You Experienced, etc. Reprise 161349

Parton/Ronstedt/Harris: Trio • To Know Him Is To Love Him, Those Memories Of You, etc. Warner Bros. 114804

Phil Collins: No Jacket Required • Sussudio, One More Night, Don't Lose My Number, Take Home, Inside Out, etc. 120771



Whitney Houston: Whitney 152854

Fleetwood Mac: Tengo In The Night • Big Love, Seven Wonders, Little Lies, title song. Mystilied, etc. Warner Bros. 154048

Kenny G: Duotones • Songbird, What Does It Take (To Win Your Love), etc. Arista 144343

Rimsky-Korsakov, Scheherazade • Vienna Phil./Previn. Philips DIGITAL 115415

Bon Jovi: Slippery When Wet • You Give Love A Bad Name, etc. Mercury 143465

Tchaikovsky, 1812 Overture; Romeo & Juliet; Nutcracker Suite • Chicago Sym-phony Orchestra/Sotti. London *DIGITAL* 125179

Strike Up The Band-The Canadian Brass Plays George Gershwin • Title song, Porgy & Bess Suite, more. RCA DIGITAL 160640

Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young: Greatest Hits (So Far) • Suite: Judy Blue Eyes, Teach Your Children, etc. Atlantic 130230

Bach, Brandenburg Concertos Nos. 1-3 The English Concert/Pinnock. Archiv DIGITAL 115541

Medonna: You Can Dence • Spotlight, Physical Attraction, Where's The Party, Into The Groove, more. Sire 134536

Dave Grusin: Cinemagic • Thems from Tootsie, Heaven Can Wait, On Golden Pond, Goonies, Three Days Of The Condor, etc. GRP DIGITAL 133316

Steve Winwood: Chronicles . Higher Love, While You See A Chance, Valerie, My Love's Leavin', more. Island 134501

Jimmy Buffet: Songs You Know By Heart/ Greatest Hit(s) • Margaritaville, Come Mon-day, A Pirate Looks At Forty, etc. MCA

Dvořák, Symphony No. 9 (New World) Chicago Symphony Orchestra/Solti. "Su-perlatively good."-<u>Gramophone</u> London *DIGITAL* 115168

Eric Clapton: Time Pieces (The Best Of) Layla, I Shot The Sherilf, After Midnight, Knockin On Heaven's Door, etc.

Itzhak Perlman: Mozart, Violin Concertos Nos. 3 & 5 • Vienna Philharmonic/ Levine. "Ravishing."—<u>Gramophone</u> DG DIGITAL 115146

Whitesnake • Here I Go Again, Still Of The Night, Give Me All Your Love, Crying In The Rain, Bad Boys, more, Geffen 163629

Galway & Yamashita: Italian Serenade Flute & guitar works by Paganini, Cimarosa, Giuliani and others. RCA DIGITAL 173824

Boston: Third Stage • Amanda, We're Ready, Can'tcha Say (You Believe Me), Still in Love, Holly Ann, etc. MCA 173392

Pops In Love . John Williams & The Boston Pops: Clair de lune, Gymnopédies Nos. 1 & 2, Pachelbel Canon, more.

Philips DIGITAL 125230



Original Soundtrack

182522

U2: The Joshua Tree • With Or Without You, I Still Haven't Found What I'm Looking For, Red Hill Mining Town, etc. Island 153501

Mozart, Symphonies Nos. 40 & 41 (Jupi-ter) • Chicago Symphony Orchestra led by James Levine. RCA DIGITAL 104810

Genesis: Invisible Touch • Land Of Confu-sion, title song, etc. Atlantic 153740

Van Cliburn: Rachmaninoff, Plano Con-certo No. 3; Prokofiev. Plano Concerto No. 3 • 73 minutes of brilliant keyboard artistry! RCA 163651

Heifetz: Bruch, Violin Concerto No. 1 & Scottish Fantasy; Vieuxtemps, Violin Concerto No. 5 • 65 minutes of pure perfection! RCA 144363

The Who: The Who's Greatest Hits . My Generation, Pinball Wizard, Won't Get Fooled Again, more. MCA 164160

Randy Travis: Always And Forever Forever And Ever Amen, Too Gone Too Long, more. Warner Bros. 163917



John Cougar Mellencamp: The Lonesome Jubilee 134420

Wagner, Orchestral Highlights From Wagner's Ring • Vienna Philharmonic/ Solti. Ride Of The Valkyries, others. London DIGITAL

Mr. Mister: Go Dn • Something Real (Inside Me/Inside You), The Border, Stand And De-liver, etc. RCA 144127

The Beach Boys: Endless Summer California Girls, Help Me Rhonda, Surfer Girl. more. Capitol 223559

Led Zepplin IV (Runes) • Stairway To Heaven, Rock & Roll, Black Dog, Misty Mountain Hop, others. Atlantic 112014

Heart: Bad Animals • Alone, Who Will You Run To, etc. Capitol 153552

Strauss, Also sprach Zarathustra • Plus Der Rosenkavalier Waltzes, more. Chicago Symphony Orchestra/Reiner. RCA 163627

Charlie Parker & Dizzy Gillespie: Bird & Diz • Leap Frog. My Melancholy Baby. Mohawk, Relaxin' With Lee, etc. GRP DIGITAL

Pat Metheny Group: Still Life (Talking) (It's Just) Talk, Last Train Home, Third Wind, more. Geffen 140079

The Jackson 5: Greatest Hits • I Want You Back, ABC, I'll Be There, The Love You Save, Maybe Tomorrow, etc. Motown 153875

U2: Under A Blood Red Sky • "Live" U2! Sunday Bloody Sunday, New Years Day, I Will Follow, Gloria, etc. Island 153598

Jazz CD Sampler • Over 67 minutes of jazz, with 15 classic performances by Ella, Armstrong, Basie, Getz, etc. PolyGram 173406



Horowitz in Moscow

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Huey Lewis & The News: Fore! • Hip To Be Square, Stuck With You, Jacob's Ladder, more. Chrysalis 154570

Bruce Hornsby & The Range: The Way It Is • Mandolin Rain, title hit, more.

Michael Feinstein: Remember/Irving Berlin Songs • Alexander's Ragtime Band, Puttin On The Ritz, Change Partners, more.

Foreigner: Inside Information • Title song, Say You Will, Heart Turns To Stone, more. Atlantic

The Judds: Heartland . Don't Be Cruel, Cow Cow Boogie, etc. RCA

Kingdom Come • Get It On, Loving You, What Love Can Be, more. Polydor 154082

Toscanini: Beethoven, Symphonies Nos. 1 & 3 (Eroica) • NBC Symphony Orchestra. Digitally remastered, sonically brand new! RCA

Robbie Robertson • Showdown At Big Sky, Sweet Fire Of Love, Fallen Angel, Broken Arrow, more. Geffen 144460

The Band: The Best Of The Band . The Weight, Stage Fright, The Shape I'm In, Up On Cripple Creek. Capitol 134485

Classic Old & Gold, Vol. 1 • 20 hits! A Little Bit Of Soul, He's So Fine, A Teenager In Love, Sweet Talkin Guy, etc. Laurie 134627

David Lee Roth: Skyscraper • Just Like Paradise, Damn Good, Knucklebones, Stand Up, more. Warner Bros. 153674

The Glenn Miller Orchestra: In The Digital Mood • In The Mood, Chattanooga Choo-Choo, more. GRP DIGITAL 143293

Billy Ocean: Tear Down The Walls • Title song, Get Outta My Dreams Get Into My Car, more. Jive 164177



Holst, The Planets/Dutoit 115448

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Buddy Holly: From The Original Master Tapes • That'll Be The Day, Peggy Sue, It's So Easy, Rave On, etc. MCA 120069

Vivaldi, The Four Seasons • Pinnock/English Concert, Archiv DIGITAL 115356

Anite Baker: Rapture • Sweet Love, Caught Up In The Rapture, Same Ole Love, You Bring Me Joy, more. Elektra 173404

Peter Gabriel: So • Sledgehammer, Big Time, In Your Eyes, Red Rain, etc. Geffen 114764 Paul Simon: Graceland • You Can Call Me Al, The Boy In The Bubble, Diamonds On The Soles Of Her Shoes, etc. Warner Bros 172315

Alabama: Greatest Hits • She And I, Why Lady Why, Feels So Right, etc RCA 120247

Previn: Gershwin • Rhapsody In Blue, Con-certo in F. more. Philips DIGITAL 115437

Eagles: Gt. Hits, Vol. 1 • Take It To The Limit, One Of These Nights, Take It Easy, others, 123481

Beethoven, Symphony No. 9 • M. Price, Horne, Vickers, Salminen, N.Y. Choral Artists; New York Philharmonic/Mehta.

Don Henley: Building The Perfect Beast The Boys Of Summer, All She Wants To Do Is Dance, Sunset Grill, etc. Geffen 150129

GRP Live in Session • Mountain Dance, St. Elsewhere, Oasis, The Rit Variations, etc. GRP DIGITAL. 134459

Dwight Yoakam; Hillblily Deluxe • Little Ways, Little Sister, Smoke Along The Track, Johnson's Love, etc. Reprise 164146

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MUSIC

DAVE MARSH

world por has always struck me as a dubious notion. We live in a world market, it's true, but music ought to have reasons other than marketing for coming to be. And the superficial virtues of *Graceland* aside, musicians speak the same language only to one another, not necessarily to their audiences. How do you contextualize African juju for American audiences, to whom even the salsa and norleño of their nearest neighbors seem too exotic?

As it happens, Talking Heads has the answer. *Noked* (Sire) simply adds elements of juju and *salsa*—not to mention country, which sounds equally foreign, or at least unfamiliar, to pop fans these days—to the band's usual funk-and-rock mix. What's startling is how effortlessly it works; *Naked* feels nothing like an experiment. And by giving the Heads a new and sturdy musical basis, it takes the emphasis off David Byrne's lyrics and puts it back on the sound as a whole, where it's better off.

Relieved of the obligation to carry the show, Byrne's words strike me as the best he's ever come up with. He's always sung about the end of the world as we know it, but most of the time, it has felt like any old world. This time, he gets down to cases. On (Nothing But) Flowers, Byrne imagines industrial society blasted back to the stage of primitive agriculture, and he sums up his feelings with a series of near-perfect epigrams: "If this is paradise, I wish I had a lawn mower."

One thing is clear—the music matters this time. Not only because it provides the best opportunity most Americans will have to judge world pop for themselves but because it gives Talking Heads its first set of songs whose essence is in the sounds.

NELSON GEORGE

My first passion of 1988 was Brenda Russell's Get Here, but my first great love of this year is the debut LP Tracy Chapman (Elektra). In her early 20s, fresh out of Tufts University, Chapman seems to blend Joni Mitchell's early folkie romanticism with Bill Withers' earnest working-class convictions and Gil Scott-Heron's radical politics. It's heady company, but Chapman can hang. Her songs are self-conscious political anthems (Talkin' Bout a Revolution), denunciations of wife abuse (Behind the Wall) and of racism (Across the Lines) or feminist ballads (Fast Car). Don't get the idea that Chapman is some dour pop propagandist; her love songs are emotional (If Not Now . . .) and as optimistically naïve as her politics. Sometimes, it seems Chapman's young mind is wrestling with the needs of both sex and sexual politics, a struggle that gives the album an engaging complexity. If on occasion her words



Naked: T Heads go ape?

Pop hybrid from Talking Heads; pop cop from Kingdom Come.

("Why are the missiles called Peacekeepers/when they aim to kill?") outshine her melodies, that doesn't diminish her music's impact. Chapman is the first black female of her generation to bring social realism to pop. The audience that has supported writers Alice Walker and Toni Morrison may find in Chapman a musical champion.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Sonny Sharrock, a sonic adventurer at home in chaos who was once New Thing jazz's answer to Jimi Hendrix, faded away after messing up several solo albums, only to resurface in 1980 at the behest of producer-bassist Bill Laswell. And since 1986, he has cut five remarkable LPs for Laswell's Enemy label (11-36 31st Avenue, #4R, Long Island City, New York 11106). The three done with Laswell's free-improvisation quartet Last Exit are for New Thing loyalists only. But both the new solo Guitar and the Sonny Sharrock Band's Seize the Rainbow could revive anybody's faith in fusion. Sharrock is no longer young nor especially angry, and in his second coming, he has found tunes inside himself that some may call pretty-without betraying his raw tone or protean chops. Seize the Rainbow even has a good beat (the rest of the band is composed of two drummers and a bassist), but I'd go with the mystical authority of Guitar if I had to choose. I'm glad I don't.

Last Exit's drummer, Ronald Shannon Jackson, has never lost his faith in fusion,

releasing more harmolodic jazz-rock since 1981 than Ornette Coleman himself. His most recent Decoding Society album, When Colors Play (Caravan of Dreams, 312 Houston Street, Fort Worth, Texas 76102), is so well rehearsed you can't tell it's live. The man not only plays like a machine gun crossed with a kaleidoscope, he writes themes that take over a record; and the guitar barrage that climaxes Good Omens is rave-up heaven. Power Tools' Strange Meeting (Antilles New Directions) features Shannon on drums, plus the writing of bassist Melvin Gibbs and guitarist Bill Frisell, whose quiet supertaste dominates. But if you think Jackson isn't going to rock tunes called The President's Nap and Howard Beach Memoirs, you should have more faith in fusion.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

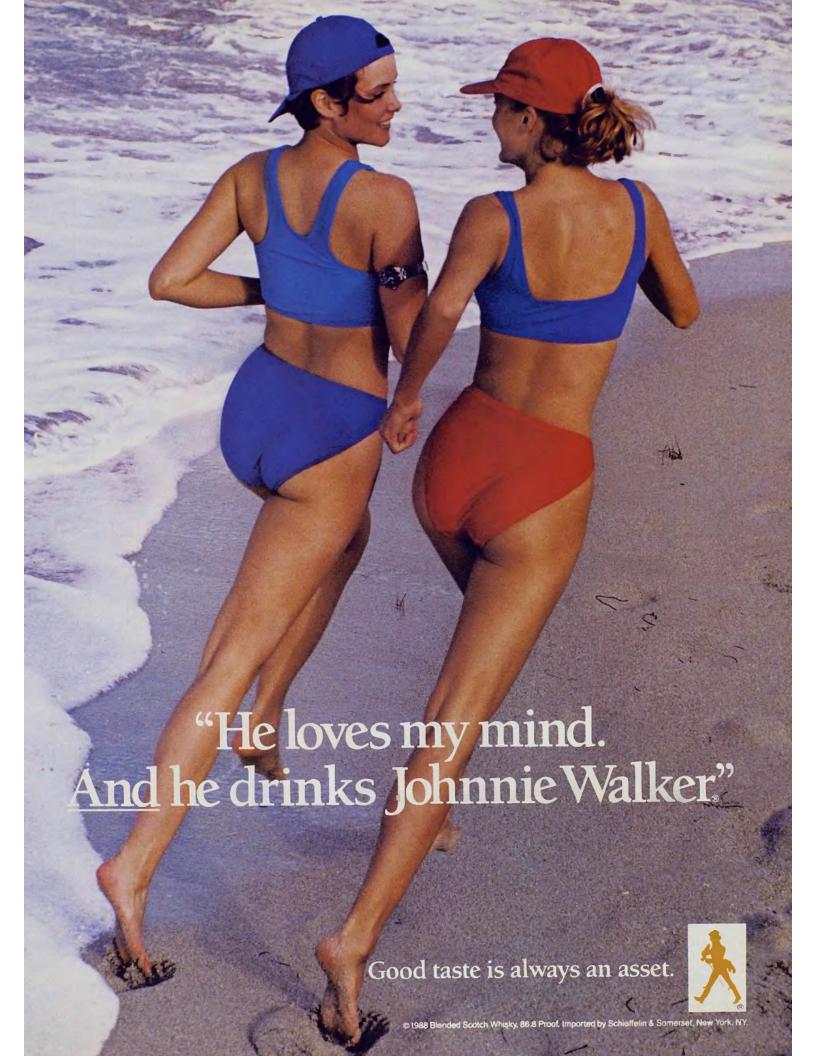
Miriam Makeba has led such an extraordinary life that the temptation is to recite the facts of her fight against apartheid in her native South Africa and tell you to buy Sangomo (Warner Bros.) because it'll make

GUEST SHOT



SURELY, YOU remember Jennifer Edwards' 1968 TV debut as Heidi in the infamous special that cut into the last 65 seconds of a thrilling Jets-Raiders climax. Since then, she has appeared in her father Blake's "A Fine Mess" and "S.O.B." Now starring in "Sunset," "All's Fair" and "The Perfect Match," Edwards gave us the word on Talking Heads' "Naked."

"Naked makes me want to buy all the other Talking Heads records. I loved it. I was struck by the rhythms in Blind and I write lyrics, so I admire how David Byrne really makes statements in his songs. My favorite is the funniest: (Nothing But) Flowers. I liked Mommy Daddy You and I, too. It evokes the Beatles' story songs like Penny Lane. Sometimes, this band gets knocked for being cold and hyperintellectual. Obviously, the music is structured and well thought out, and Naked really gave me rich mental images and provoked me to think-but isn't that the whole idea?"



FAST TRACKS

R	C	K M	E 7	T E	R
17	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Rick Astley Whenever You Need Somebody	С	C-	c-	_C	C+
Del Lords Based on a True Story	B+	A-	C+	c+	A
Miriam Makeba Songomo	A-	A	В	c	A
Megadeth So far, so good so what!	В-	В	С	B+	B+
Talking Heads Naked	A-	A	B+	A-	В

GET UP, STAND UP DEPARTMENT: Two former Michigan d.j.s, Wolfer Sorg and Bob Peorson, have formed ROCK (Rockers Opposing Cheap Knockoffs), dedicated to ending the use of popular music in commercials. They have issued a Certificate of Condemnation to Music Hell: The Land of Eternal Mantovani to ten advertisers who have used rock to flog products. If you want to know more, write to them at Box 227, Williamston, Michigan 48895, and you, too, can stick it to the Raisins.

REELING AND ROCKING: Look for Neil Young in a movie called 68, which will have a gradual release across the country. Young plays the troubled redneck owner of a motorcycle shop, and the events of 1968 coincide with the music of the same time, from Buffolo Springfield to Wilson Pickett to Jimi Hendrix and Jonis Joplin. . . . Dovid Keith will star as Elvis in the feature Heartbreak Hotel. . . . Now that he has finished his new album, Boz Scoggs may work on the movie music for Stealing Home, starring Jodie Foster and Mork Hormon.

NEWSBREAKS: Latest word is that Groce Slick is considering a Jefferson Airplane reunion with Paul Kantner, Marty Balin and Jock Cosody. . . . ELO's Jeff Lynne is producing some cuts for the new Roy Orbison album in addition to his work on Tom Petty's and Rondy Newmon's upcoming records. . . . A new play about Jim Morrison, The Lizard King, opened in London to good reviews. . . . How did the Fot Boys know that twisting with Chubby Checker would be a cool followup to their outing with the Beach Boys? Simple. Chubby took a cheesecake to the recording session, explaining, "They made me feel thin!" . . . Expect to see the real Bochmon-Turner Overdrive in reunion concerts this summer. Randy Bochmon says, "It's time to give everyone

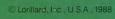
the real thing. We're all very proud of what we accomplished together." . . . Because U2 is finishing a concert film, a studio album and a live-concert album, don't expect to see the band in concert, unless Peter Gobriel offers an invite to join the Amnesty tour. As Bono said, it would be "difficult" to refuse Gabriel. . . . The girl group founded by Chynno Phillips (John and Michelle's daughter) and Wendy and Cornie Wilson (Brion's daughters) is in the studio with producer Richard Perry. . . . Look for Jimmy Buffett's first book, The Jolly Man, an original tale about a magic guitar and the lucky man who finds it floating in a bay. . . Other book news: Smokey Robinson has been given a big advance by McGraw-Hill to write his autobiography. . . . Heort has purchased at auction the Beotles' original contract for the Shea Stadium concert. The Fab Four's demands? A case of Coke, a carton of cigarettes, four towels and four folding chairs. Times have certainly changed. . . . Run-DMC headlines a Washington, D.C., concert co-sponsored by the Drug Enforcement Administration. The tickets awarded, not sold, to area students who achieved excellence by setting the example of a drug-free lifestyle. A novel idea. . . . Dionne Worwick and Elvis were two of the first American pop artists to be heard on Chinese radio, which reaches all of China's 1.1 billion people.

RANDOM RUMORS: God, we love this one: Joey Dee of *Peppermint Twist* fame is reported to have assembled an all-star cast of oldies singers (Tommy Jomes, Lou Christie, Bobby Rydell, Gory "U.S." Bonds and members of the Coosters, the Shirelles and the Drifters) for a benefit. The goal is to raise several million dollars to build a retirement home in Florida for old rock stars. —BARBARA NELLIS

you feel righteous. Fan though I am of righteousness in this particular cause, I shall resist that temptation and tell you to buy Sangoma because it'll make you happy, which is, in the long run, a much more subversive emotion. Motown was one of the major forces for civil rights in this country during the Sixties, not because the Supremes sang screeds against Bull Connor but because they sang great songs that reminded us of our common humanity. Such is Makeba's approach to this collection of 19 folk songs from her youth. Makeba's mother was a sangoma—a shamanlike medium between the living and the spirits of one's ancestors—and this album seems to perform a similar function, reminding the listener of the tribe's accumulated wisdom in the face of present-day travails. The lyrics are so terse and cogent that you have to wonder if the Ramones might have been listening to African folk music before founding New York punk: "When times are good, I have lots of friends," goes the translation of Ngalala Phantsi. "When I'm down, everyone talks about me and laughs at me." Musically, Makeba makes a lovely one-woman chorale, with only occasional help from an outside voice or percussion. If you've overdosed on Western pop music, this is a potent antidote.

VIC GARBARINI

Forget David Coverdale and Whitesnake; forget the Cult; forget Jane's Addiction. Kingdom Come (Polydor) is, without question, the most shameless Led Zeppelin copy you'll ever hear. Me-I can't get enough of 'em. Get It On, their first topfive single, takes the riff from Zep's Black Dog and turns it inside out, then runs it over the chords from Kashmir while German-born singer Lenny Wolf throws in every Robert Plant vocalism in the book. The amazing thing is, it actually works. Wolf and Company are so shameless and unpretentious about their rip-offs that they pass into a zone where credibility issues fade away and a kind of purity and innocence shines through. (Not smart/dumb—dumb/ smart.) The riffs may be borrowed (or reprocessed), but the spirit and the emotional commitment are the genuine articles. Hey, these L.A. lads aren't just funny—they're fun. They have the sense, and the chops, to churn out tight, punchy riffs and choruses, compressed and buffshined in the studio à la Bon Jovi. Remember, 20 years ago, Plant and Mick Jagger were doing note-for-note renditions of blues classics from 20 years before their time (driving the blues purists of the day nuts, no doubt). Today, Mick and Robert are the old masters. True, Kingdom Come could be accused of being Xeroxes of a Xerox. The idea, as the Stones and Zep proved, is eventually to digest your influences. K.C.'s chief strength is also its most glaring weakness-it's so good at what it does that it may just freeze up and never evolve. We'll see.



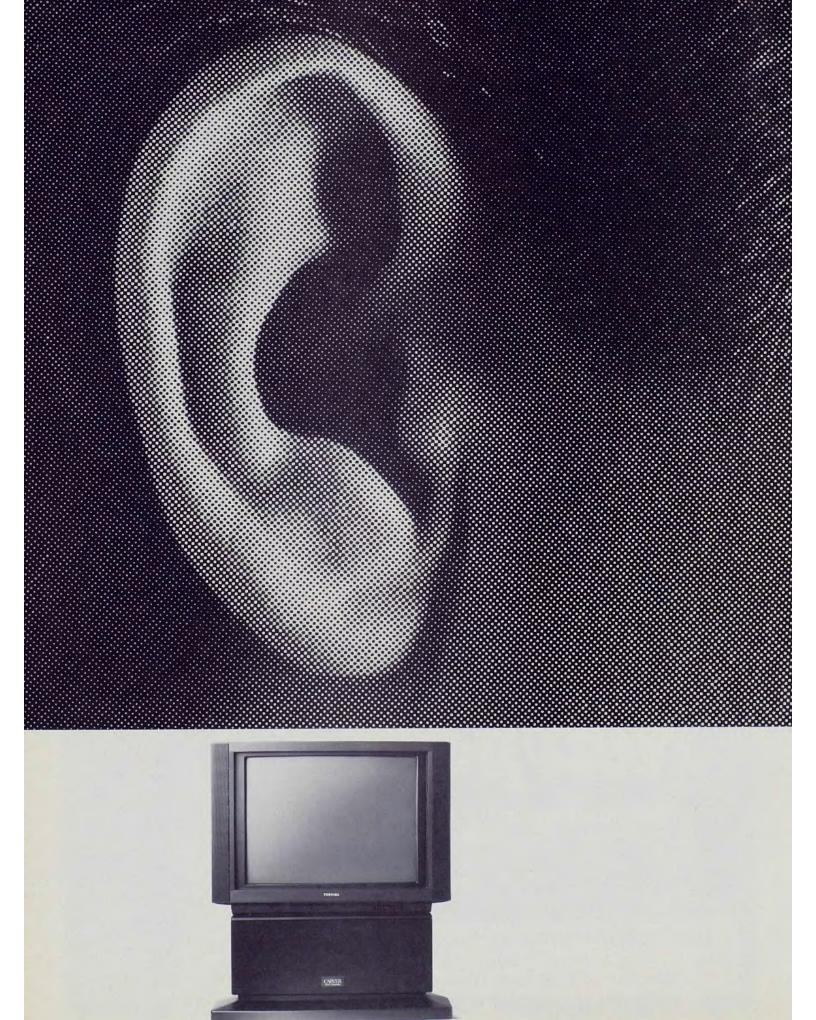
Alive with pleasure

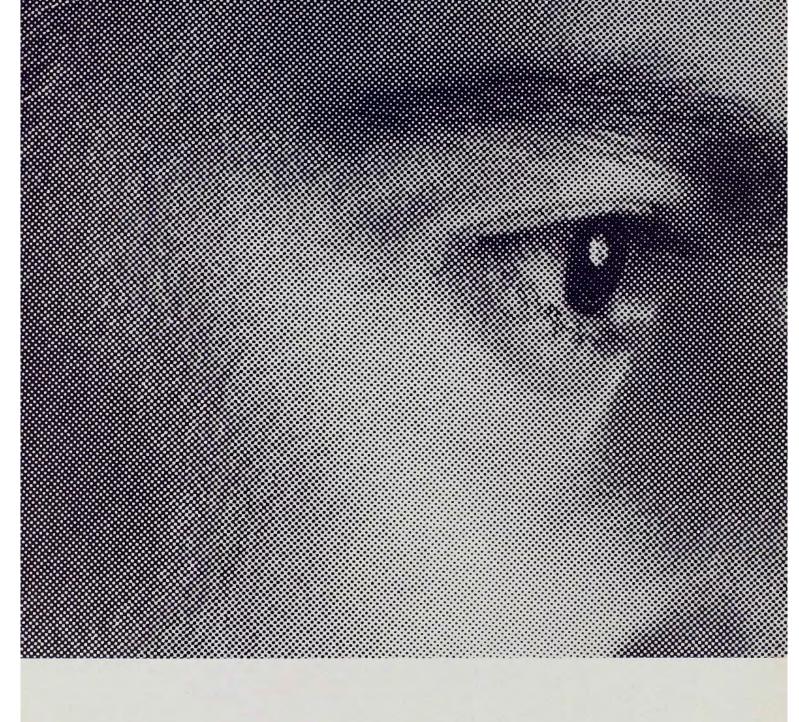


After all, if smoking isn't a pleasure, why bother?

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





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in it. So astonishing is the combined effect you'll be awed by it.

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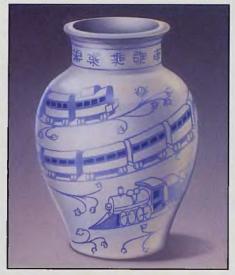
At which time you can judge our superiority with your eyes closed.

BOOKS

THERE'S SOMETHING about a train trip that Paul Theroux finds irresistible. Maybe it's just the opportunity to write another book. His latest, Riding the Iron Rooster: By Train Through China (Putnam's), finds him joining a group of tourists with varying degrees of cultural sensitivity (some responses to the limestone hills at Yangshuo: "What a place for a condo!" and "They should call that one Dolly Parton Hill"). Theroux and his gaggle of copilgrims are bombarded by the vast sensory overload of this vast country. Theroux paints with a very small brush: This book sometimes reads like the spilled contents of a rucksack. We learn that the Chinese invented toilet paper in the 14th Century. He also wants us to know that among the famous terra-cotta warriors of Xian-there are hundreds of them in a space the size of a football field-no two have the same hairdo. The author and his fans thrive on such minutiae. Paul Theroux travels by train in order to avoid jet lag. The rest of us read him to avoid the turbulence of leaving our chairs.

Freaky Deaky (Arbor House) is Elmore Leonard's blackhearted answer to thirtysomething. Imagine a couple of ex-Sixties radicals who are into crime and greed instead of cute kids and nostalgia. Leonard creates the unlikely team of Robin Abbott (a Weatherperson turned romance novelist) and Skip Gibbs (an acid freak/bomber turned Hollywood specialeffects technician). They get together for a little drugs, sex, revenge and extortion, trying to terrorize an old trust-fund beneficiary into parting with a million or two. The rich victim's chaffeur is a former Black Panther with his own designs on the master's money. The hero is a Viet vet who works on the Detroit bomb squad. A strange brew? You bet. Leonard is a touch off-key when writing about the Sixties: Back in the late Fifties and early Sixties, he was writing The Bounty Hunters, The Law at Randado, Escape from Five Shadows and Hombre. The scenes set in modern Detroit are as gritty as yesterday's Enquirer headlines. In one funny scene, a holdup man robs a pharmacy of 400 condoms and the contents of the petty-cash drawer. On the whole, this book is dynamite.

The most entertaining studio tour of the year is *The Hollywood Studios* (Knopf), cultural historian Ethan Mordden's treatise on Hollywood's heyday, an era that began with the rise of talkies in 1929 and ended when the Supreme Court broke up the studio system in 1948. Those 20 years saw the development of Paramount's subtle sensuality, Warner Bros.' down-and-dirty naturalism, MGM's stable of stars, RKO's gloss and the motion-picture industry's strangle hold on the nation's subconscious. Mord-



Riding the Iron Rooster with Theroux.

Paul Theroux's road to China; Elmore Leonard's off-key *Freaky Deaky*.

den is a movie buff whose encyclopedic knowledge of the Golden Age is matched by the grace of his writing and pungency of his biases. He makes no bones about his admiration for David O. Selznick or his intellectual contempt for Sam Goldwyn, who hired such famous writers as Maxwell Anderson, Ben Hecht and Lillian Hellman in an effort to bring "class" to Goldwyn Studios. Selznick's love of literature brought us David Copperfield, A Tale of Two Cities and Gone with the Wind. Goldwyn's social climbing led him to option Belgian playwright Maurice Maeterlinck's La Vie des Abeilles and, upon reading Maeterlinck's outline, to gasp, "The hero is a bee!" The Hollywood Studios is more than a treasuretrove of inside dope on the moguls, directors and stars who made Tinseltown shine. It's a delight! It's epic! Five stars! Ethan Mordden ought to win an Oscar!

Just in time for the beach comes **Scorpius** (Putnam's), John Gardner's seventh James Bond novel since he inherited 007's Sea Island cotton shirts and Walther PPK from the late Ian Fleming. In *Scorpius*, Bond, it seems, is up to his ASP (that's now his favorite form of fire power) in Meek Ones, members of a weird religious cult founded by an enigmatic guru named Father Valentine—who just *may* have more than a nodding acquaintance with one Vladimir Scorpius, the evil genius of international terrorism and vice. (Do you feel the plot thicken?) Mysterious credit cards, the

cultists' penchant for turning themselves into human bombs and a beautiful American female agent will help keep you reading after sunset. John Gardner will never be Ian Fleming, but, hey, Bond's back, and while the 007 art form may seem a bit creaky, *Scorpius* is still a bloody good read.

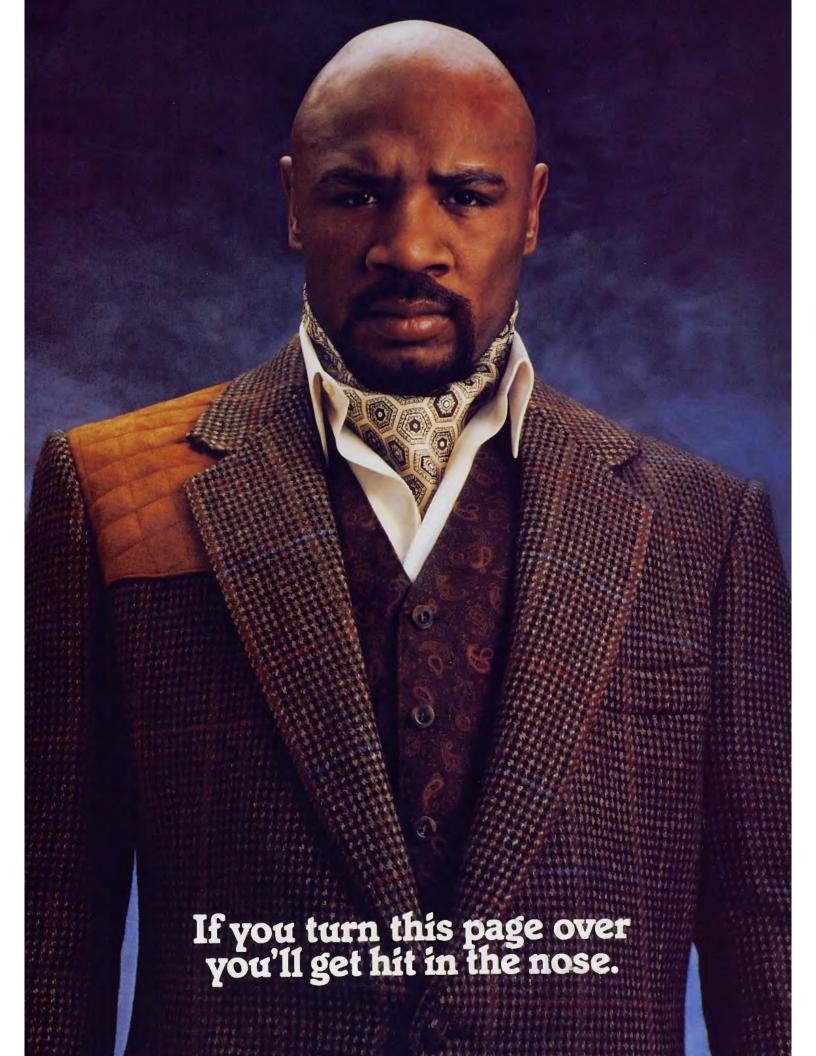
"The fall of CBS News," writes Peter Boyer in Who Killed CBS? (Random House), "is simply a story of human conflict, of the meeting of a man and his moment, Van Gordon Sauter . . . and the ruinous developments that resulted." Although Sauter was president of CBS News for less than three years, it was, says Boyer, "time enough to cause divisions that would never repair, setting off an inner savagery of warring egos and clashing values that ultimately brought the place to grief." Oh, please. We're not talking about the fate of Western civilization here, guys; we're talking about television and how a bunch of TV news celebrities, their agents and a brigade of executive honchos behaved when changes in the management threatened their megabuck incomes. How did they behave? Badly, for the most part, like spoiled, nasty children. Boyer's detailed and absorbing account makes for one of the most entertaining celebrity soap operas of the past decade. Broadcast News with a different cast: Dan Rather, Mike Wallace, Diane Sawyer, Walter Cronkite et al., and the anointed villain of the piece, "the brilliant, ultimately self-destructive Van Gordon Sauter." Well, maybe, but at least he had the sense to go fishing when it got too noisy in the nursery.

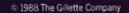
BOOK BAG

The Olympic Challenge 1988 (HDL), by Bill Toomey and Barry King: Three hundred and eighty-some pages of Olympic anecdotes, history, records and profiles! Just lifting this little hummer off the shelf is enough to qualify for a medal in the clean and jerk.

Zoo Station, by Ian Walker; Music in Every Room, by John Krich; Heidi's Alp, by Christina Hardyment; Night Train to Turkistan, by Stuart Stevens: These four offerings, all from the Atlantic Monthly Traveler series, stir rumblings of wanderlust with a capital L. Pack a suitcase, kiss the wife and kids goodbye and head for somewhere on the United States' list of banned travel, but take these books with you, just in case you can't get a cab at the airport.

Travels (Knopf), by Michael Crichton: It's no wonder that Crichton writes such spinetingling fiction. Real life, for the author of *The Andromeda Strain* and *The Terminal Man*, is an adventure at warp speed. Luckily for us, he slowed up to write it all down.





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SPORTS

By DAN JENKINS

Leaught up with Bobby Ray Furnace, the newest star on the P.G.A. Tour, as he stood in front of a clubhouse in Nabisco, Florida, complaining about the color of his courtesy car.

It was a white Seville, not the blue one he had asked for. "And look at this trunk," he said. "It's too small. How am I supposed to get \$537,000 in here? These jerk-off sponsors better get on the ball if they expect me to come back to *this* cesspool next year."

Bobby Ray had just won the \$537,000 by finishing in a tie for 19th place in the Chrysler/Shearson/Nissan Sausage-'n'-Biscuit K mart Klassic at L'Arbitrage Country Club. He had asked for the prize money in small unmarked bills, a habit he had developed in a prior profession.

And now, to save air fare, he was hoping to drive to the next stop on the tour, the Isuzu/Kemper/Providential Independent Chili Cook and Bank of Dollars Classic in Nabisco, Georgia, where, as is the custom of some touring pros, he planned to leave the courtesy car in a ditch.

Bobby Ray zoomed into stardom in professional golf in the first half of 1988 by setting two spectacular records. In the Epson statistics, he became the first player on the tour to leave 12 consecutive courtesy cars in ditches. He also became the first golfer to earn more than \$3,000,000 without winning a tournament.

"On the all-exempt tour, winning is for nobodies," Bobby Ray said. "Show me a tournament winner and I'll show you a guy you've never heard of, or a guy you'll never hear of again. But I'm there every week, man. Look at the names who finish between 19th and 32nd. That's where you'll find Bobby Ray Furnace. I wouldn't be on so many magazine covers right now if it weren't for the streak I had from Nabisco Springs to here—seven straight weeks in 22nd place! Try that on, pal."

Bobby Ray said there was no question that some of the new rules on the tour had helped him become a star, specifically, the rules governing distribution of prize money. The difference between first and 19th place is now only \$7.16.

"We still have a way to go," said Bobby Ray. "There's no reason why a guy who doesn't enter a tournament shouldn't get a check, too. We're all out here trying to make a living for our families. This is something the press, the sponsors and the spectators don't seem to understand."

Bobby Ray is only 5'4" and weighs only 130 pounds, and yet he is one of the longest



GOLF'S GREATEST PUTZ

and straightest hitters in golf, which is part of his charm. Apparently, he is a true believer in the new technology. I talked with Furnace about his career and his sport.

PLAYBOY: We understand you're a true believer in the new technology, Bobby Ray.

FURNACE: The what?

PLAYBOY: Your equipment. The clubs you use. The golf ball you play.

FURNACE: That's kind of personal.

PLAYBOY: It's common knowledge that the grooves in your irons will be illegal by 1996.

FURNACE: That's really a crock, too, man.
I'm talking to my lawyer about it.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that Greg Norman's teeth put the grooves in your irons?

FURNACE: Yeah, so what? Greg's a friend of mine.

PLAYBOY: How, exactly, did he do this?

FURNACE: I asked him to chew on 'em for an hour and he did it. Show me a rule that says Greg Norman can't chew on your club face. I don't see why everybody's down on my ass just because I thought of it first.

PLAYBOY: But we gather your grooves are deeper and somewhat irregular.

FURNACE: Well, he's a friend—like I said. PLAYBOY: Where did you get the idea for the plutonium shaft?

FURNACE: Simple. I saw this TV show about the H-bomb.

PLAYBOY: And the club head is granite, isn't it?

FURNACE: Almost. It's granite around the core of a week-old grilled-cheese sandwich. One-degree loft.

PLAYBOY: That's hardly any loft at all. Did you get this idea from Ben Hogan?

FURNACE: Who's Ben Hogan?

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about the grip. We understand you've signed a contract to autograph the condom grip.

FURNACE: Hell of a product, man. It's a combination of unborn lamb and Krazy Glue. Your hands never slip. You don't even need to interlock or overlap. You just grab the handle like a bimbo would grab old Leroy here.

PLAYBOY: Baseball grip?

FURNACE: You could call it that.

PLAYBOY: When it comes to greater distance, how much difference does the new golf ball make?

FURNACE: It depends on where you get your specimen.

PLAYBOY: We don't understand.

FURNACE: The big-name players have all of the "hot" ball contracts tied up. I get my specimens from Tom Watson. One day, just out of curiosity, I took a sample out of the center of a ball Tom was using.

PLAYBOY: With a hypodermic needle?

FURNACE: Right. We all carry one in our bag. Then I shot the sample into the center of the ball I was using and hit a tee shot with it. Holy shit!

PLAYBOY: What would be your idea of a Grand Slam on today's tour?

FURNACE: What's a Grand Slam?
PLAYBOY: That thing Bobby Jones did.

FURNACE: Who's Bobby Jones?

PLAYBOY: We'll put it differently. In one year, in which four tournaments would you rather finish 19th?

FURNACE: Oh, I get it. Let me think a minute. I guess it would be the Nabisco Insurance Agent, the Nabisco Shopping Mall, the Nabisco Safety Deposit and the Nabisco Head Job. Yeah, I'd let Ballesteros shoot at that.

PLAYBOY: Last question. Has God helped you as much as He seems to have helped so many other players on the tour?

FURNACE: God? You mean, like... up there? I used to think God helped me get through all six weeks of college and through the qualifying school, but then I started getting these lies in the fairway. Like on the first hole today—after my tee shot? I'd like to see God try to hit a three iron out of the fucking divot I was in.



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MEN

By ASA BABER

hen I was asked to be a guest on *The Oprah Winfrey Show*, I accepted the invitation with some hesitation. I respect Oprah Winfrey's intelligence, but my take on her show is that it's a bastion of female sexism. I've heard enough antimale rhetoric from her guests (and her audience) to last me several lifetimes.

When I got to the studio, I knew it might become a special hate fest, because my friend Nick Nickolas was also a guest on the show. Nobody angers feminists more than Nick Nickolas. Owner of Nick's Fishmarket and other eateries, Nick has the audacity to live the life of a bon vivant. He's a tough, energetic, humorous, hard-working man who often praises his Greek heritage and the strong sense of the conventional family it developed in him. He irritates feminists by consorting with beautiful women as often as he can and by flaunting old-fashioned dating etiquette. For example, he sometimes offers his dates the use of his credit card so they can buy themselves a new dress before they go out with him. You can imagine how disapproving Oprah and her friends are of that!

We walked onto the set, sat down and the taping began. I kept my mouth shut for the first half hour as I listened to the trashing of Nick Nickolas and wondered how our culture had grown so dark, so filled with feminist self-righteousness and anger. Men were slaveholders; men were Hitlers; Nick was a bad man because his dating behavior wasn't politically correct; he was a lecher because he bought gifts for his dates and (Oprah and company assumed) expected favors in return. It got even fiercer during the commercial breaks, when the off-camera conversation resounded with yelling and insults.

Eventually, I managed to cut through the clamor and say a few things. I pointed out that there was a tremendous prejudice alive in that television studio, a perverted belief that men represented only aggression and oppression, while women represented love and tenderness. I suggested that women were sending out very confusing messages these days, asking at one moment to be treated as equals, hiding at other moments behind traditional feminine poses. I asked how women could expect us to listen to them when they painted themselves as paragons of virtue and us as slaveholders and fascists. I asked them where the idea of personal freedom had gone, why they thought they had the right to judge Nick's personal behavior. "Give



THE DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT

Nick his freedom," I remember saying.

It was a strange and strained time, and if that were the end of the story, I wouldn't tell it. After all, men have had 25 years of this judgmental shit from feminists. It's nothing new. But something happened after the lights were down and the audience was leaving and Oprah was introducing herself to us that struck a spark in me and hinted at better things to come. It wasn't a huge moment, but it seemed significant. As I was turning to leave, one of the people on the panel, a staunch feminist, asked me a simple, profound question in a voice that was filled not with rage but with perplexity: "What are we supposed to do with our rage?" she asked.

'That's a good question. Did you ever wonder what we're supposed to do with ours?" I asked. She and I looked at each other for a minute. I would like to think that an understanding passed between us, that we both acknowledged that there is more than enough oppression and injustice and prejudice and abuse and manipulation to go around for both sexes. I thought that we were silently admitting that neither men nor women get a free lunch in this turbulent culture, that life can be equally difficult for both sexes and that maybe, just maybe, we're starting to understand that fact. If what I'm saying is true, then maybe, just maybe, there's a small streak of light on what has been a

very dark cultural horizon, the light of personal tolerance and compassion that has been close to extinction for years.

That light glimmers for me fairly often these days. I find more women trying to communicate, to think independently of clichés, pat answers, party lines. Even those feminists who go on the attack seem to be more muted and thoughtful when they realize that men are not just going to roll over and accept the standard feminist versions of history and sexuality. Perhaps there's a mutual respect being born in the midst of the sexual wars. Maybe the light is shining out of a form of combat fatigue, an understanding that we can't go on beating one another up all the time without paying enormous, deadly costs.

Recently, I went out for what I thought was going to be a relaxed evening with friends. As had happened many times before, I got ambushed. One of the women in the group went on the attack: "How could you publish in *Playboy*? That magazine uses the camera as a penis. It violates women. It oppresses them. When you publish there, you support that." The harangue went on and on, angry and demanding and filled with accusations. I eventually got up and left. I've learned to do that after many years of such scenes.

But, again, something happened. The next day, the woman came by to see me. "I'm not even angry anymore," she said. "I'm just tired. Tired of the fighting and the anger itself." She handed me a pastel drawing she had just completed. It was a beautiful piece of work. "I want you to have it," she said.

Something's going on, some tentative gestures toward accommodation. Here at the magazine, one of my friends, a woman who has been a colleague for years, thought my performance on The Oprah Winfrey Show was "appalling." She didn't like what I had to say or how I said it or who I said it to, and she let me know it in no uncertain terms. But the point is that she said it to me at lunch, a lunch that was filled with a lot of laughs and affection, and when I came back at her with some statements in self-defense, she listened to me, as in really listened. There was mutual respect, mutual tolerance. A few years ago, it might not have happened like that.

There is light out there. It's not always easy to see, but if you look for it, you can find it. Most mornings, anyway.

WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

There are two types of women in the world, and I am not acquainted with one type at all.

"Do you want to date a man with money?" I asked.

"What the hell for?" Rita asked back, "He'd just want to boss me around."

"Would that mean he'd be wearing a suit and tie?" wondered Cleo. "Because I couldn't take that."

"I want to make my own money," said a very pregnant Nessa. "I couldn't ask my husband to compromise his work."

"You mean someone who would pay his share of the meal?" asked Lynn.

"You mean someone who would pay his share of the rent?" asked Erin.

Personally, I have never even known, let alone slept with, a rich man. Neither have any of my friends, though one married a guy when he was poor and now he is rich.

Yet, in response to my February column, "Success," I got a bevy of letters from men telling me that it was no picnic to be them; all the girls wanted guys with Porsches and hefty investment portfolios. One guy even wrote, "Come on, did you ever date a guy with less money than you? I think not."

I think so. I have never dated a guy who had *more* money than I had. But enough about my dating. After a vast amount of thought and searching for cash-obsessed bimbos, I have formulated the two-types-of-women theory: There are Professional Girls and there are Amateur Girls. We're talking about two entirely different species.

Professional Girls are desperate for a boyfriend with an American Express Platinum Card. Amateur Girls are desperate for a boyfriend who can deliver a good punch line.

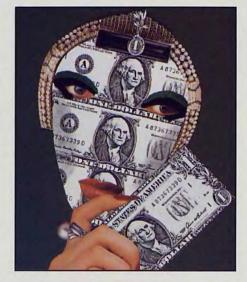
Professional Girls consider beauty salons as necessary as breathing. Amateur Girls have been known to take the kitchen shears to their hair in a P.M.S.-induced frenzy.

Professional Girls pay someone to slather hot wax on their crotch and rip off half their pubic hair in order to have a perfect "bikini line." Amateur Girls cry and tremble and diet at the thought of anyone's seeing them in a bathing suit.

Professional Girls want security. Amateur Girls want hot sex.

Other Amateur Girls and I have been saddened by the knowledge that most men want Professional Girls.

Oh, yes, you do. I have been to cocktail



SHE WANTS MONEY?

lounges all over the land. I have been to parties. I have worked in offices. And I have beat my breast in anguish while watching men ooze around that woman with the perfectly streaked blonde hair and the pearlized eye shadow. You always go bonkers for that Professional Girl; oh, yes, you do.

And meanwhile, we Amateurs stand there, discreetly trying to pull our panty hose back up, vague mascara smudges under our eyes, deciding then and there to read that awful book by Dr. Toni Grant that we think tells us to be a bitch and men will love us.

Oh, God, don't get me started.

The difference between the species is not simply grooming.

Nor is it a psychological phenomenon. Sure, Professional Girls are ball-busters, but not because their fathers spoiled them rotten or their mothers were icy. The difference is political. Professional Girls exist solely in the mainstream of society. They've bought the whole cloth of traditional mores. In the deepest recesses of their souls, they firmly believe that men have been placed on this earth to take care of them. And they fully expect and want to be taken care of, Most of their actions are directly related to the goal of having some-

Whereas we Amateurs have taken that critical step back and looked at the whole

one else pay the bills.

deal. And it frightens us. We don't want to be taken care of, because we have noticed that when someone else pays the rent, we lose autonomy, we are no longer the captains of our souls. Somebody may expect us to have dinner on the table at six PM. sharp, and maybe we've decided to take French lessons that evening. Sure, we want to throw our lot in with a man, but we have this niggling notion of being an equal partner. We don't want to feel trapped.

Although we may truly want to be beautiful and desirable, it is not our overriding obsession; we don't need beauty to snare a meal ticket. So we'll forget to get our hair cut and feel too lazy to go to the gym, and the next thing we know, the men are clustered around that goddamned blonde. We're not perfect sex objects, because we don't regard men as success objects.

So if you guys are finding your love lives ridiculous because of a lack of funds (either temporary or permanent), maybe you're looking in the wrong direction. Maybe you'll have to change your politics.

Consider a different way of life, a life in which your woman often has a run in her stocking. A life in which you may have to learn how to make a white sauce and diaper a baby. A life in which the bed isn't always made, your shirts lie unironed for weeks and you can't find a single clean matching sock.

Come on, it may not be so bad. If you suddenly decide to quit being a \$400,000-a-year mergers-and-acquisitions lawyer and write that novel you've always felt you had in you, nobody will come at you with a meat cleaver. Somebody may instead pull up her socks and start a successful greeting-card business so that you can still spend Easter in St. Croix and the kids can have shoes.

Yes, you may have to abdicate being king of all you survey (often a tract house on a quarter acre) and feel as if you were living in some kind of hippie-Commie commune, for Christ's sake; but won't it be nice to know that your woman is with you because she loves you and your cute neck, not because if she leaves you, she'll lose her powder-blue Capri and her French-provincial bedroom suite?

Next time you're prowling for pussy, avoid the streaky-haired blonde with the pearlized eye shadow. Look behind a pillar for the girl with the streamer of toilet paper stuck to her heel.

Most of you will just read this headline and turn the page.

The few of you who actually dig into this small print will discover that Merit actually has a big difference. Because of Enriched Flavor,™ Merit delivers real, satisfying taste but with even less tar than other leading lights. In fact, tests show Merit tastes just as good as cigarettes with up to 38% more tar. We hope you enjoyed the reading. We know you'll enjoy our cigarette.

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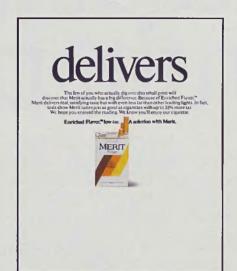




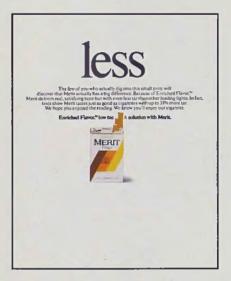
















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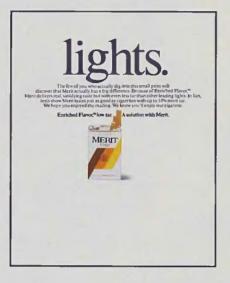














THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Ever since I was a young boy, I have liked satin. I sleep with two beautiful old downfilled satin comforters on my bed, along with satin pillow slips on the pillows. At an early age, I discovered that those down satin comforters were a great aid in masturbation. The problem I now have is that I am engaged to a beautiful young woman who absolutely adores satin. However, when we make love, the presence of the surrounding satin seems to shorten the time it takes for me to come, not allowing me enough time to give my lover the time she needs and deserves to enjoy intercourse. For example, if I am waiting for her to come to bed, or if I am lying in front of the fireplace (which is always cushioned and surrounded by satin), I will get an erection by the presence of the satin if I know that we are going to make love. I don't believe that I am a satin fetishist, but its presence during lovemaking is creating a frustrating situation. My lover and I have discussed this and we seem to agree that even though we both enjoy satin, perhaps we should get rid of all that satin bedding. Any suggestions you might be able to offer would be greatly appreciated.-M. B., Akron, Ohio.

First, what's wrong with coming quickly? Why is it that a woman who comes in ten seconds is considered a hot number, while a man who comes in ten seconds is premature? Why is it that a woman who takes an hour to come is frigid, while a man who takes an hour to come is a stud? We think you are throwing out the baby with the bath water, or the good sex with the bedspread. This is a problem only if your first orgasm is the end of the evening. Why not indulge in a little slipping and sliding before settling into intercourse? Why not have one orgasm quickly, and then, without pulling out, just rock and roll on your satin sheets? We think this problem is in your head, not in your bed. If you want to build endurance, why not save the satin sheets for special occasions? It will certainly cut down on your laundry bills.

'm interested in movie posters as collectibles. In addition to the fact that they can dress up my home, I understand that they increase in value as time goes by. Please give me some information concerning (A) how to purchase posters that are or will be of value to me and (B) how to display these vintage works of art without damaging them or decreasing their value.—M. P., Houston, Texas.

Contact the Motion Picture Arts Gallery at 133 East 58th Street in New York City (212-223-1009) for information on sources of old movie posters. The gallery focuses on pre-1950 posters. A lobby card for "The Wizard of Oz" brings \$1250; a one-sheet poster for "Casablanca" nets \$4500, as does a 27" x 41" one-sheet of "Gone with the Wind." There are



certain hot properties: Any Bette Davis poster from the Thirties is considered valuable, with the six-sheet of "Dark Victory" bringing \$10,000. Warner Bros. posters tend to be unattractive; Twentieth Century Fox posters, on the other hand, approach museum-quality visuals. Reasonably priced posters are also available. If you buy a poster, do not glue or dry-mount. Eventually, the glue will seep through. Have the poster put on a linen backing: The process gets out creases and repairs some tears. Keep out of direct sunlight. Serve with popcorn. Appreciate.

Wy wife and I have been married for five years and enjoy a good sexual relationship. She is not as adventurous in bed as I would like, but that hasn't presented any problems. One sex act I tried and enjoyed before I was married was, well, to put it bluntly, fucking women between the tits. I would like to do this with my wife as foreplay or as an alternative to more standard forms of intercourse. My problem is, I can't think of a different way to name the act. Telling her "I want to fuck you between the tits" is likely to turn her off before a discussion can start. Any ideas on better phrasing?—B. N., Juneau, Alaska.

Why do you have to ask? It's not as though you're asking your wife to have sex with your dog-sled team. If you are into oral sex, have your wife lie down on the bed. Straddle her, with your penis between her lips. At an opportune moment, move down so the shaft of the penis is between her breasts. (You may be able to do both at once.) Or, one night when you are giving her a hot-oil massage, give special attention to her breasts, then use your penis as a kind of dipstick. If you have access to an adult-video store, rent "Lilith Unleashed." One of the female leads actively

uses her breasts to make love to her partner. In short, it's not something that you do to her but for or with her. And maybe you'll find that it's her fantasy.

am a 26-year-old male. I am enjoying my first totally monogamous relationship with a woman for whom I care deeply. The other night, we made love for only the third time in our four months together. It was fantastic, for her. She asked if the Fourth of July had come early this year. My problem is that, as a prelude to our passion, my lover insists that I insert and position her diaphragm. She refuses to take the pill and won't allow me to wear a condom. After several minutes of playing gynecologist with this rubber Frisbee, she is on the edge of ecstasy, while the only thing I'm ready to turn on is a football game. I love pleasing her but just can't handle doing this. Is there some way that I can get more into my work and still keep her hot?-R. T., St. Louis, Missouri.

If she is on the edge of ecstasy, why not play doctor for just a little while longer? After she recovers from her first orgasm, she can attend to you. Does the phrase "Suck the chrome off a trailer hitch" ring a bell? If you still find that you can't get into her fantasy, explain your discomfort. Birth control is not something to be left in the hands of an amateur; she may be better qualified to tell when the diaphragm is in position. Making sex feel like a job can run down desire quickly. Share the duties.

Recently, I've taken a new job that has me traveling all over the country, and I am more than a little confused about tipping. Whom should I tip on a normal business trip, and how much?—G. N., Washington, D.C.

Next to knowing when you're in love, how much to tip ranks as the most puzzling question known to modern man. But since your friendly Playboy Advisor does not hesitate to rush in where Miss Manners fears to tread, we'll take your average trip from your front door. If you hail a cab to the airport, you should tip the driver at least ten percent and more likely 15 percent of the fare, assuming (A) he got you there in one piece and (B) he drove in a way that bore a passing resemblance to the most direct route. If you wisely ordered a limo instead of taking a cab, tip the driver 15 percent of the bill, again adjusted plus or minus five percent or so for services rendered.

At the airport, if you use a skycap to check your bags, tip him one dollar per bag. Big or especially heavy pieces, such as a golf bag, rate two dollars. The same applies to the porter or bellman who carries your bags to your hotel room. Shoeshine people get one dollar in addition to the cost of the shine, even if the charge is less than one dollar. Parkinggarage attendants and valets get one dollar if

the car is rented, perhaps more if it's your own Jaguar or Corvette. A doorman at a restaurant or hotel is tipped only if he does more than lift a hand to hail the next cab in line. Tip him one dollar for normal service, more if it's raining. The only time it is proper to tip a maid or cleaning person is when you have rented a condo or a villa (and then you should tip on a per-day basis, depending on how many people are in your party); otherwise, it isn't expected. In restaurants, the standard tip these days is 15 percent of the bill. Some people maintain that the tip should be figured on the food portion of the bill only. We say to hell with that and just take 15 percent of the total, adjusted plus or minus five percent for either especially good or especially bad service.

Then there is the more subtle subject of tipping your hotel concierge. For routine requests, such as a map of the city or walking directions, no tip is expected. For making a dinner reservation, anything less than a fivedollar bill makes you look like a cheap skate. If he (or, increasingly these days, she) has got you into Lutèce on six hours' notice or arranged a private Learjet flight for your mistress, remember that a tip should be commensurate with the value of the service rendered.

'm involved with a wonderful and sexy woman and we have a tremendously exciting and adventurous relationship. One of our favorite postcoital topics is discussing ways to expand the parameters of our sexual experience. I have just purchased a four-poster with sturdy oak posts. My girl-friend has confided in me that one of her fantasies is to be restrained with white-silk ties to a four-poster while I make love to her in a variety of ways. And, like any gentleman, I am eager to accommodate the lady. My question is, What are the rules of etiquette regarding lashing one's ladyfriend to the bedposts? Do you start with the arms or the legs? Most important, what kind of knots do you recommend? Single loops or doubles?—A. K., Toronto, Ontario.

Have you checked out Alex Comfort's landmark love manual "The Joy of Sex"? There are more pages on knot tying in it than there are in "The Scout Handbook." Comfort made soft bondage an accepted fantasy. This is a personal matter between you and your ladyfriend, and your imagination should be the only limit. However, it's always good to have rules when engaging in bondage, including a clearly understood code or signal to stop when either partner is truly uncomfortable or does not want to continue. Beyond that, however, you're on your own. It makes sense to us, though, to first tie the hands/arms of your submissive partner to add to the fantasy of immediate helplessness. As for knots, again, it's a matter of preference—but if you're using silk ties and hope to wear them again, you'll go easy on the loops. Don't tie any knots so tight as to impair circulation. Let your lover

help you by telling you what she does and doesn't like. After all, it's her fantasy.

How important is the tuner to a stereo system? What criteria do you use to distinguish among tuners? What features do you look for?—D. W., Kansas City, Kansas.

Look at it this way: The sound quality you get from a tuner can never equal the quality you get from a CD player, cassette deck or turntable. The radio station uses the same records and CDs you have; it may or may not play that record on equipment that is as good as yours. By the time its signal reaches your living room, it must cross miles of obstacles, picking up background noise from power lines, computers, toasters, whatever. How tuners handle background interference is a major distinguishing factor. Other than that, you should look for ease of programing: There are only a few stations we listen to. We don't object to pushing a button to find National Public Radio or a classical station or a New Age station. Before you spend big bucks on a state-of-the-art tuner, consider the quality of the programing in your neighborhood. If the radio stations play the same five songs all day, you'd be better off upgrading the cartridge on your turntable or buying a CD player and a ton of new discs.

have just purchased a video camera. My ladyfriend and I have found some great ways to use it on a tripod. The salesman told me to make sure that the

Late date/game delay



c 1988, COMPAR, Inc

Small talk



nickel-cadmium battery (which I have just purchased for almost \$90) was fully discharged before recharging it. The instructions are to recharge it after every use. How can I do that without just putting it on the camera and letting it run? That seems like a waste of an expensive piece of equipment.—G. L., Denver, Colorado.

Uh, let's see. Try extending your lovemaking so that your discharge occurs simultaneously with that of the battery. No. The best way to handle your particular battery problem is not to use batteries at all. Since you're shooting indoors, an A.C. adapter will give you hours of use without worry about battery life. The problem with nickel-cadmium batteries is common: They must be fully discharged before they are recharged. If the batteries are regularly recharged before they are fully run down, their life will be shortened. Nickel-cadmium batteries remember the length of time they can hold a charge. If the time between charges is shorter, battery life eventually becomes shorter. If you must use batteries in your camera, keep a couple of them charged as backups. Use the first one until the indicator shows discharge, then exchange it for the second charged battery. Continue until you've finished filming, and then recharge the fully used batteries. As for half-charged batteries, some cameras have a discharge function that runs down the battery without actually running the camera; but the majority still require that you run the camera, which makes for some very boring home videos.

A few months ago, you ran a letter that jokingly advised a reader on how to perform masturbation on her partner. I'm encountering more and more lovers who want to practice safe sex. What do I tell a lover who wants to perform hand jobs instead of intercourse? How do we make it interesting?—D. W., Detroit, Michigan.

Give her a copy of "Terrific Sex in Fearful Times," by Brooks Peters. (It's available from St. Martin's Press, 175 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10010.) He has an entire chapter devoted to the perfect hand job. Among the techniques he recommends is the Double Whammy: "How about going double or nothing! Bring both well-lubricated hands down on his shaft. Some cocks are so big they require two hands. If your partner's doesn't, then use the other hand to caress and lightly flutter his balls, or tighten it around the base of his shaft. If both hands fit along the length of the shaft, move them together, up and down, in the typical pumping motion. Pretend you're holding a baseball bat and are about to score a grand slam. You can also vary the directions of your hands, one up, one down at the same time." Another technique is called The Anvil Stroke: "Bring one hand down, letting it stroke the penis from the top all the way to the bottom. When it hits the bottom, release it. Meanwhile, you're bringing your corresponding hand down to the top of the shaft, creating an alternating beating motion, hence the name Anvil Stroke. Think of those blacksmith duos who keep up a double-beat pounding motion as they beat that rod of iron on a piping-hot anvil." And another, The Shuttle Cock: "Take the penis in both hands, fingers lightly touching the sides of the shaft. In order to visualize the position, think of yourself holding a clarinet. Now flick the penis back and forth between your two hands by holding on to the loose skin of the shaft. Shuttling it back and forth in this manner may not seem incredibly thrilling to him at first, but pretty soon, as it builds up momentum, it will drive him out of his mind." Oh, what the heck, here's one last technique, The Flame: "Place your hands down on either side, your fingers pointing away from the cock. Pretend you're a campfire girl and start spinning his pecker like a stick of wood. This way, you'll keep the home fires burning for a long time to come."

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 606II. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

Ä

Holding



Head-over-heels



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DEAR PLAYMATES

The question for the month:

What do you wish your mother had told you about sex?

She told me everything! She was great. She bought me books when I was ten that explained reproduction. She told me about

birth control. She told me not to let anyone pressure me into having sex. She told me all the technical things I needed to know. She didn't tell me about the emotional parts of sex. That's stuff each person



has to find out for herself. Parents ought to explain the hazards, but to really enjoy sex, you've got to experience it yourself!

> BRANDI BRANDT OCTOBER 1987

When I was growing up, my mother and I didn't get along very well. I was intimidated by her, because I wanted to be like her. I found it hard to live up to her expectations. Still, I admired and re-

spected her. When I was a kid, we had a hard time talking. Even though there are a lot of things I wish she had told me, it wasn't so bad learning those things on my own. I haven't learned



everything from experience. I'm extremely perceptive. My mom even reads *Dear Playmates* and has learned a lot about me. When she read my answer to how I would make love to a blind man, she said, "Luann, your answer is the most sensuous one in there."

LUANN LEE JANUARY 1987

My mother is an American Indian and she is very open about everything. It is from her that I got my direct approach to

things. She does not mince words. She sat me down when I was ready for the information and told me everything she knew. I was about 16. I had spent most of my time up until then in private school and



things were slower there and I was less aware of sex. My little sister went to public school and she knew a lot more about sex than I. She was a good source of information, too. My mother told me that the most important thing about sex was to wait for love.

India Aller

why mother never told me anything about sex. Her reason? Simple. Her mother never talked with her and she didn't know how to talk with me. Now we talk about everything. At the

about everything. At the time, I wasn't pleased that she hadn't told me anything useful. But in retrospect, may be it worked out for the best. I didn't have any preconceived ideas about sex



and I was able to judge things for myself. I was able to experience sex without her experiences getting in my way. Sex began as a mechanical thing, not as lovemaking. It took me a while to understand what sex was really all about, and I don't think she could have told me anything that would have made me learn faster.

Julia Reterson

JULIE PETERSON FEBRUARY 1987 My mother told me everything about sex. I knew more than anyone at school by the time I was five. She probably told me too much, because a lot of the mystery was

taken out of it. She bombarded me with literature. She didn't want me to get in trouble and, also, she thought it was healthy for me to know the details. I suspect that she did it that way because she



hadn't been taught those things as a child. She felt that the lack of information had damaged her in childhood and that she could make up for it by telling her daughter all the things she hadn't been told.

Anna CLARK

ANNA CLARK APRIL 1987

wish she had told me about sex. I ended up learning about it from my older brother. When he first told me, I didn't even believe him. I had a lot of questions, so one

day, he sat me down. Since my parents never volunteered the information, I went to other sources. When I was about 16, my mom tried to talk to me about sex, but by then, I already knew what was going



on. My brother had answered my ten-yearold questions that ranged from the basics to where kittens come from. I think my mom was relieved when she found out I didn't need the standard speech.

LAURIE CARR
DECEMBER 1986

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



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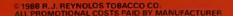
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EVERYORE CAN WIN BONUS PRIZES: Every participant who submits an entry of 10 or more points will receive a bonus prize of \$2.00. Limit one bonus prize per household per month.

MONTHLY CASH PRIZES PLUS \$1.000,000 GRANO PRIZE: \$200,000 in cash prizes will be awarded in each of six monthly contests as described below. The independent judging agency. Promotional Marketing Corporation. Westport. CT 06880, will record the point score of each entry submitted for each monthly contest. A \$50,000 top prize will be awarded to the highest scoring entry each month, the next 10 highest scoring entries will each receive \$5.000, and the next 100 highest scoring entries will each receive \$5.000 and the next 100 highest scoring entries will each receive \$1.000. Limit one monthly prize of \$1,000 or more per household during the six month contest period. The \$50.000 top prize winners in the six monthly contests will automatically ualify for the \$1,000,000 "Grand Prize Playoff" competition to be held at a site and date to be announced following determination of all \$50,000 monthly winners. The Grand Prize Playoff winner will receive \$50,000 per year for twenty consecutive years without interest commencing 1989. In the event of a tie for any prize, a the-breaker competition will be used to determine winners.

MONTHLY CONTESTS AND ENTRY DATES: There are 6 separate monthly contests as follows: April.

May, June, July, August and September 1988. To qualify for any monthly contest your entry must be postmarked by the last day of that month and received by the 10th of the month following. The last monthly contest ends 9/30/88. Enter each month or accumulate game tickets and enter any monthly contest you wish. You may submit only one entry to any monthly contest. Monthly winners will be potified by mail within 15 days after the determination of monthly winners.

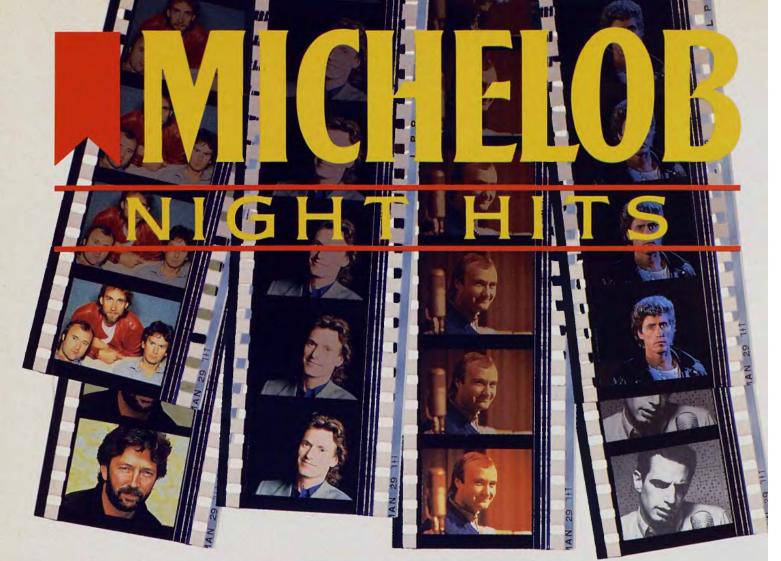
monthly contest enos 370/700. Their each month of accombine game tickets and enter any monthly contest you wish. You may submit only one entry to any monthly contest. Monthly winners will be notified by mail within 15 days after the determination of monthly winners.

ELIGIBILITY: Contests open to U.S. residents, AT LEAST 21 YEARS OF AGE. The following persons are ineligible: employees of R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, its affiliates and subsidiaries, and of its advertising agencies, suppliers and independent contractors engaged in the development or production of materials for this contest, or immediate families of the foregoing. All entries must be submitted in the name of an individual person and prizes can only be awarded to the person whose name is listed on the entry. Winners will be required to sign Eligibility Affidavit and Release, and must agree to use of their name, address and likeness for advertising purposes without further compensation.

GENERAL INFORMATION AND CONDITIONS: Millionaire Cash Quiz game tickets are available in special

ENERAL INFORMATION AND CONDITIONS: Millionaire Čash Quiz game tickets are available in special packs of WINSTON, SALEM and CAMEL cigarettes. You may also obtain 2 bonus game tickets by sending handprinted request with stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Bonus Tickets, P.O. Box 5699, New Milford, CT 06774. Limit: one request per envelope, person or household per day (WA state residents need not include return postage). All requests must be received by 9/15/88. There are 1,000 different game tickets. Winning requires factual knowledge in sports, music, television, movies and other general knowledge subjects. By entering, participants agree to be bound by these rules and the decisions of the judges which will be final. All entries become the property of R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Company and will not be returned. Participants accept all responsibility for late lost or misdirected mail. Entries sent with insufficient postage will be disqualified. All federal, state and local laws and regulations apply. Void in VT, MD, KY, AZ and where prohibited by law. No substitution, transfer or exchange of prizes. Taxes are the responsibility of winners. Entries subject to disqualification if game tickets are mechanically copied, reproduced, mutilated, counterfeited, altered, defaced or tampered with, or if containing printing or other errors. Any attempt to forge game materials or to commit fraud will be subject to criminal prosecution. Contest may be cancelled at any time with appropriate notice. For list of major winners, send self-addressed stamped envelope to WINNERS LIST, P.O. Box 5522. New Millord, CT 06774. Questions were prepared and answers verified by the editors of The World Almanac and Book of Facts. Participant waives any claim or right in the event of any ambiguity or error in a question or answer.

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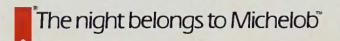
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UNREALISTIC FEAR

"Is it possible to become infected with the AIDS virus in a touch-football game, on the soccer field, while sliding into second base or on the basketball court? In a word,

yes."

"It is theoretically possible to be exposed in a restaurant under certain circumstances. For instance, if the chef cuts himself while preparing a dish that will be served cold (e.g., a salad, a sandwich) and his blood drips onto the food, infection could occur if whoever eats the food has a cut or ulceration of the lips or mouth that would give the virus a means of entry. Similarly, if you use a drinking glass or eating utensils that were previously used by an infected person and weren't cleaned properly, there is a small, as yet undetermined risk that you could be exposed to live, infectious virus from that person's saliva."

"It is theoretically possible to become infected with the AIDS virus from skin contact with a contaminated toilet seat (or any other contaminated surface).'

"It is perhaps even more likely that the mucous-membrane lining of the mouth will have minor cuts, scratches, blisters or abrasions both from eating and from using a toothbrush or dental floss than it is that the mucosa of the rectum will be torn during anal sex; that such lesions would provide an easy portal of entry for the virus-carried in either semen or vaginal secretions—is essentially unarguable.

"There is even more skepticism about the AIDS virus being transmitted by kissing. Here again, there is no question that this route of transmission is possible."

"Language of this sort-that the risk has been 'virtually eliminated,' the nation's blood supply is 'virtually safe'-suggests to most intelligent observers that only a handful of cases of HIV infection are caused by transfusion each year. Regrettably, this impression and this claim are false.

"The AIDS virus is now running rampant in the heterosexual community. Unless something is done to contain this global epidemic, we face a mounting death toll in the years ahead that will be the most formidable the world has ever seen."

Robert C. Kolodni

Are we scared vet?

It was a regular three-ring circus. We read the Newsweek excerpt. We watched Nightline. We read the book. Who was the source of these campfire tales guaranteed to curl your toes, curdle your blood and put you off sex, touch football and flossing? Who was saying these things? If Jerry Falwell had written these words, we would have laughed. Unfortunately, they were written by Dr. William H. Masters, Virginia E. Johnson and Dr. Robert C. Kolodny in a book called Crisis: Heterosexual Behavior in the Age of AIDS.

Just when AIDS experts were beginning to reassess the scope and the threat of the AIDS epidemic, revising downward the estimated death toll while narrowing the battle to informing specific groups about behavior, the authors of Crisis appeared to rewrite the statistics and to resurrect the most irrational hypothetical horror stories.

The response from the scientific community was harsh.

U.S. Surgeon General C. Everett Koop attacked their conclusions as irresponsible and unscientific. "Scare tac-

tics," he said.

Terry Beirn, program director for the American Foundation for AIDS Research, warned, "This thing is like pouring kerosene on the flames of hysteria that public-health experts, epidemiologists and virologists for the past seven years have tried to dampen.'

The authors defended their armchair science: "Discrimination and paranoia are, of course, to be deplored; but in our judgment, realistic fear can both foster a better intellectual perspective on the issue of AIDS and be a powerful motivator of behavioral change-change, in this instance, being for many people a key to survival. . . . Shouldn't we be adopting precautions against the worst-case possibility, rather than making the most optimistic assumptions?"

The phrase has a nice ring: "realistic fear." With two words, the authors ceased to be scientists and became priests. Fear is not a force of nature that can be channeled through copper wires to perform safe tricks at the flick of a switch. Fear is something you release from the darkest recesses of the mind. It is a force with its own agenda, one that can devour entire populations. Go back and read those little gems at the beginning of this page: Do they make you want to wear condoms and practice safe sex? Do they make you hate AIDS victims for bringing this scourge into the world? Do they make you want to fire-bomb the home of three hemophiliac AIDS victims because someday they may slide into second base with your kids?

The authors blithely defended their worst-case scenarios-remote possibilities that no other scientist has confirmed. "It is nonsensical to require such 'proof' from real-life circumstances that are unlikely to arise very frequently within view of researchers.

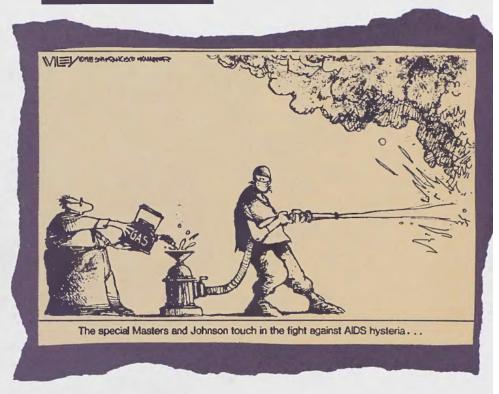
Can you get AIDS from kissing? No case has been documented. Researchers have studied families of AIDS victims—families that kiss, hug, FORUM

share utensils and toothbrushes. None of the uninfected family members have acquired the virus.

Can you get AIDS from a mosquito bite? No case has been documented. The virus can live in the mosquito for as much as 48 hours, but it does not reproduce or move to the saliva, where it could, theoretically, infect someone. Demographic studies indicate that AIDS victims are mostly young adults—there are no unexplained children or very old people—suggesting that mosquitoes, which don't discriminate, don't infect.

Can you get AIDS from a tossed salad? From toilet seats? From sweat-covered gym equipment? The authors of *Crisis* see HIV-infected blood on every surface and on microscopic lesions on the skin of every citizen in America. When 97 percent of the known cases of AIDS can be explained by LV-drug use, transfusions, sexual intercourse (vaginal or anal) and perinatal transmission, we cannot dignify those kinds of questions with answers. It's not what might happen that we have to worry about; it is what has happened.

How safe is the blood supply? There is a one-in-40,000 chance that you will be exposed to AIDS through tainted blood. There are 18,000,000 blood



units transfused annually: The Centers for Disease Control estimate that as many as 460 units may contain the AIDS virus (compared with an estimated 7200 in 1984, the year before blood screening began). One doctor, to put the figure into perspective, noted that

your chances of having an automobile accident are one in 5000 annually.

Dr. Masters, Johnson and Dr. Kolodny emerge as hygiene police, writing tickets for infractions they feel put good citizens at risk. They urge a crackdown on prostitution: "Since very high

CRISIS AND THE BLOOD SUPPLY

Dr. William H. Masters and Virginia E. Johnson fan the flames of AIDS hysteria by misrepresenting the likelihood of acquiring AIDS through blood transfusions.

They estimate that the chance of becoming infected with HIV through a one-donor blood transfusion is one in 5418; for a four-donor transfusion, the risk is one in 1355.

Fortunately, those estimates are too high—about seven times too high—as Masters and Johnson would have known had they checked their predictions against what has been observed by the blood-bank community.

Masters and Johnson's calculations are based on their estimate that 27,500 units of infected blood are donated in one year. Their estimate is wrong. The Red Cross, which collects about half of the nation's transfusible blood, reports that blood banks receive only 2244 contaminated units each year.

Masters and Johnson further err when they say the ELISA test, used to examine donated blood for AIDS, has a false-negative rate of two percent. Using this erroneous percentage and the erroneous number of infected units collected—27,500—they estimate that each year, 550 units of blood are "incorrectly certified as safe."

In fact, in an extensive study conducted by the College of American Pathologists, the ELISA test was found to have a false-negative rate of 0.6 percent. Therefore, based on the true number of infected units, 2244, and the true false-negative rate, 0.6 percent, 13 units of blood falsely test negative for AIDS each year—and that's on the high side, because the blood industry's false-negative rate is even lower than the national average of 0.6.

In addition, Masters and Johnson estimate that there are 1667 blood donors per year who have so recently acquired the AIDS virus that they are not yet seropositive and, therefore, test negative for AIDS. The best em-

pirical evidence is that this number is 330.

Another fact that they don't consider is that the number of HIV-contaminated units varies dramatically from city to city. The medical director of a rural Midwestern blood bank reports that his center drew nearly 100,000 units of blood from mid-1985 to mid-1987 without finding a single HIVcontaminated unit. Yet Masters and Johnson predict a national average of one contaminated unit per 450twice the worst rate observed anywhere in the country since testing began in 1985, 13 times higher than the national average in 1987 and nearly 16 times higher than current rates.

Don't we have enough to worry about when facing surgery without getting hysterical over chances of acquiring AIDS through a blood transfusion? Let's keep our fears realistic.

> —DAVID EISENMAN, president of the Association for Improvement of Volunteer Blood Donation

numbers of prostitutes are now carriers of the AIDS virus, it is difficult to understand why anyone would be willing to utilize their services, but it is clear that they are still in great demand. Under the circumstances, it seems important to acknowledge that-right now, at least-prostitution is not, in fact, a 'victimless crime' and to strongly urge Governmental crackdowns on prostitution. . . . A sizable number of prostitutes are drug addicts, which means that they are likely to be transmitting the virus by the sharing of contaminated needles and syringes. Not to conduct mandatory testing in this group would be absurd: After all, if a prostitute has been arrested, tried and convicted (or pleads guilty to the charges), confidentiality regarding the fact that he or she has engaged in prostitution has already evaporated." So step in and eliminate any other civil rights she may have? The authors hope that "we can keep disruptions of civil liberties to a minimum while significantly increasing our vigilance against a lethal disease that could prove to be the worst natural calamity of this century." And in the rest of the book, they urge testing pregnant women, anvone between 15 and 60 admitted to a hospital or drug clinic and applicants for marriage licenses. Round 'em up and brand 'em. But why stop at prostitutes? Why not all active heterosexuals? Why not raid singles clubs? And black neighborhoods, where poverty and LV-drug use combine to produce frightening statistics? If your spouse confesses to having an affair, give him or her a six-month sentence: No sex until the blood tests prove no contamination.

We have always counted Masters and Johnson among our friends: We have always respected the discipline that allowed them to produce landmark research. We have admired their courage in the face of controversy. But this time, they broke a number of their own rules and sacrificed objectivity in the name of compassion.

In the November 1979 Playboy Interview, Masters explains, "We had a basic rule at the institute that we would not make a major report of individual research programs without a minimum of ten years' work behind us. Human Sexual Response, the book on heterosexual physiology, and Human Sexual Inadequacy, the book on heterosexual dysfunction, each represented II years of work. Homosexuality in Perspective represents 14 years of work." In contrast, , (concluded on page 56)

NUMBERS CRUNCHING:

Playing Fast and Loose with AIDS Statistics

is to scare the bejesus out of the groups-nongays, non-I.V-drug users American people. The way to win is to circulate statistics that will make people think that heterosexual AIDS is raging out of control.

The game can get rather complicated, as Edward M. Brecher so aptly reported in Commentary this past spring. He found that in the fall of 1986, the Centers for Disease Control stated that the number of heterosexual AIDS cases in the United States was 485. To that number, the CDC added the number of immigrant-heterosexual cases, 571. It did not report when the immigrants got AIDS (presumably before they entered the country) or how they got AIDS (presumably from homosexual sex or 1.V.drug use).

A journalist for The Washington Post took the CDC total-1056-and wrote: "Between 1000 and 2000 are reported by the CDC to have contracted the disease through heterosexual sex." Noting that this number was four times higher than the number from previous years, the reporter concluded that heterosexual AIDS cases were increasing dramatically.

These statistics became book as the press reported that "AIDS is a growing threat to the heterosexual population," that "heterosexual contact [is] a growing cause of illness among women," that there is a "proliferation of AIDS among heterosexuals" and that "the disease is spreading so rapidly beyond homosexuals and drug abusers that the old rules no longer apply."

Accounts that contradicted the popular belief about the rampant spread of heterosexual AIDS tended to receive short shrift either because they were buried under bland headlines, such as "NEW STUDIES FOCUS ON AIDS TRANSMISSION CHANCES," OF because the stories invariably ended with warnings about "runaway epidemics." Newspapers made a habit of drawing fearsome conclusions from not-so-fearsome facts.

In December 1987, the CDC reported that an estimated 30,000 of 142,000,000 Americans (.02 percent)

There's a new game in town. Its aim aged 15 through 59, in nonrisk and nonhemophiliacs-are infected with the AIDS virus.

> The CDC based its numbers on results of blood tests conducted on military recruits. But the CDC had more, and more reliable, data available from the results of blood tests from bloodbank donors. Using statistics based on these donors, there are 8520 non-riskgroup Americans with the AIDS virus (.006 percent). Subtract closet gavs, secret drug injectors and heterosexuals who engaged in anal intercourse, and the number of heterosexuals who acquired AIDS from oral or vaginal intercourse could well shrink to near zero.

> But the 30,000 figure will stand, the number that has been publicized and that the public will remember.

> Why does anyone play these numbers games? The press circulates wrong numbers and halftruths because it is not closely examining the information it is given. Reporters should know by now that Government officials are not always truthtellers. And fear sells. An alarmist headline sells papers. The public, which already believes that AIDS is the country's most serious public health problem, is ready for more frighten-

> As for Government officials, they have their own agenda. There are those who use AIDS fright to promote premarital chastity and monogamy. And there are those who inflate heterosexual AIDS numbers in order to bring Federal grants to their

> Playing the numbers game may amuse some people, but it doesn't amuse us. We have the right to know the entire truth, we have the right to pursue a sex life without fear, we have the right to make our own decisions about morality and we have the right to use our limited financial resources in a way that will do the most good. We certainly should not be wasting our fears and our money on the chimera of the rampant spread of heterosexual AIDS.

FORUM

IN GOD WE TRYST

Long before Swaggart and Bakker showed that men of the cloth have feet of clay, *Playboy* cartoonist John Dempsey exposed the sins of our holy preachers. Here are a few of the prophetic Dempsey cartoons we've published since 1973.



FORUM

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

SEXUAL PROPOSITION

NASHVILLE—Having sex in any building owned or leased by the city will result in a \$50 fine, if a local councilman has his way. He's trying to convince his colleagues that his proposed ordinance will protect the city's female employees. The other council members aren't buying the



reasoning, however, and say they're not even aware that sexual intercourse in the workplace is a problem. Nor does sexual harassment appear to be widespread, according to the Nashville Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, which has had only one complaint involving a city worker in nearly ten years.

HIGH-TECH DETECTION

The U.S. Customs Service may replace its dope-sniffing dogs with \$100,000 electronic drug detectors that don't eat, don't sleep and don't get their noses fouled up by pepper. The device analyzes chemical molecules that escape from containers. In tests last year at Boston's Logan International Airport, the drug detector picked up two codeine capsules in a suitcase, found a heroin-soaked prayer shawl and discovered cocaine-tainted money.

GAY DEFENSE

SAN FRANCISCO—In striking down Defense Department regulations on homosexuals, the Ninth U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals acknowledged that gays should be as protected from discrimination as racial minorities are. The two-to-one decision came in the case of Perry Watkins, a 14year Army veteran with an "outstanding" performance record who was refused reenlistment in 1981 because of his admitted sexual orientation. The court said that the Army's rules, which formerly prohibited only homosexual conduct, now apply to sexual orientation.

Shortly before the appellate-court decision, the Army pulled a full-page ad from an issue of Student Lawyer, a publication of the American Bar Association, because the cover story discussed discrimination against homosexual law students.

MEDIÇINAL MARIJUANA

WASHINGTON, D.C.-After more than a decade of legal battles, patients who benefit from the therapeutic effects of marijuana are closer to getting the drug legalized for medicinal purposes. The Alliance for Cannabis Therapeutics and the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws argue that pot is useful in treating glaucoma, the nausea from chemotherapy and spasticity, among other disorders, and that, for political reasons, the Drug Enforcement Administration has classified it as a drug with no medical uses. Their arguments against that classification will be heard by a Federal administrative-law judge who should issue a ruling sometime this year.

THE FIVE-BILLION-DOLLAR BABE

SAN FRANCISCO—An accused prostitute is now in jail after the judge set her bail at five billion dollars, perhaps the highest bond ever imposed. The judge, frustrated by the sheriff department's practice of routinely releasing misdemeanor suspects to reduce jail overcrowding, decided to make an example out of the prostitute. Said she, "I've been humiliated. It's not cool at all, using me to set an example."

SOAKING THE DRUNKS

SAN JOSE—A new California law permits police to bill drunken-driving suspects for lab fees and officers' time—and police in San Jose are making the most of it. In the first two weeks of a program that one defense attorney calls "the equivalent of an extortion racket," the city billed D.W.I. suspects an average of \$130 for a total of \$100,000. The local police chief assures the public that the charges are not criminal penalties and that if a person is found innocent, he can obtain a refund.

C.O.D. SEX

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY—A judge dismissed a lawsuit filed by two women trying to collect on \$500 worth of checks made out to them. According to the defendant, he stopped payment on the checks because they were in exchange for sex—and the women hadn't given him any. The judge said that regardless of who stiffed whom, the contract was an illegal one that he would not enforce. He told the plaintiffs, "You can tell your friends and everybody else that you'd better work for cash."

GAY GIRL GREEKS

LOS ANGELES—Lesbians at UCLA have obtained formal school recognition of a sorority all their own, Lambda Delta Lambda. Its official status allows the Lambdas to meet on campus and to seek student funds—but in keeping with school antidiscrimination policies, they must not exclude heterosexuals.

ONE BARREL OR TWO

A researcher at the University of California, Berkeley, suggests that 40 percent of all marriages in the decades immediately before the pill's introduction may have



been pregnancy-inspired. Postpill, the percentage has dropped to 15. Now a University of Michigan researcher says that these shotgun weddings apparently aren't as fragile as generally believed. In Baltimore, one third of them were found to be intact after 17 years, while in Chicago, 35 percent were intact at the end of ten years.

R E A D E R

THE RELIGIOUS RIGHT

Your article on Jerry Falwell ("Jerry Falwell's Greatest Hits," The Playboy Forum, March) and Barry Lynn's on Donald Wildmon ("How to Separate the Men from the Boycotts," The Playboy Forum, April) show just how paranoid fundamentalists are. Everything is an assault against their morals. The Federal Communications Commission recently felt heat from those right-wing extremists-and reacted by issuing a new ruling on obscenity ("Whose Living Room Is This, Anyway?" The Playboy Forum, August). The FCC is feeling heat again, this time by fundamentalists who mistakenly believe that it is going to ban religious broadcasting. The rumor is clearly false, for the commission is required by the First Amendment to be neutral to religion-but what do fundamentalists care about little things like the First Amendment? Right-wing religious fanatics don't want their programing banned, though they're happy to see mine banned.

S. Wright Indianapolis, Indiana

John Lennon was absolutely right when he made this remark about religion: "Jesus was all right, but his disciples were thick and ordinary. It's them twisting it that ruins it for me."

> J. Lee Santa Ana, California

I was at first amused by the list of items that Wildmon and the National Federation for Decency want to ban (*The Playboy Forum*, April). Then I became alarmed. He and his followers are afraid of Bullwinkle and a George Burns Christmas show? Is nothing safe from them?

Stephen Walter Salem, Oregon

This past January, the National Federation for Decency changed its name to American Family Association. Wildmon says that the new name "better reflects what this ministry is all about" and a spokeswoman added that the name change "has been very beneficial." We can only warn the public that A.F.A. equals N.F.D.



FACTS OF LIFE SOUTH AFRICAN STYLE

"There are 77 major cities in the world where you can expect to be a bomb victim under current statistics. Sure the indiscriminate bombing of civilians is to be deplored by anybody against anybody. But at the end of the day it is just another way of dying, and it is no more or less final than walking under a motor car, contracting a terminal disease or falling out of the sky in an airplane. Much of it is a misfortune of being in the wrong place at the wrong time."

 From a South African chamber of commerce newsletter recruiting new businesses to Johannesburg

Jerry Falwell is a vicious viper.
Phillip Snow
Pompano Beach, Florida

Wildmon should remember that he is not the inquisitor general of faith and morals for all Americans—only for his own flock.

> Lybrand P. Smith Torrance, California

Could it be that fundamentalists are so upset because they see that a religious upbringing does not have a significant impact on their young people's sex lives? A survey of eight evangelical denominations found that 43 percent of the 1400

"churched youth" who responded had had sexual intercourse by their 18th birthday. They're not that far behind "unchurched" youths.

É Burton Indianapolis, Indiana

Wildmon is suing the FCC for failing to uphold Federal regulations against "indecent, obscene and profane broadcasting," and he's going to launch a blitz against what he calls immoral programing. Beauty is in the eye of the beholder, Wildmon—and so is immorality.

L. Harris Houston, Texas

Jerry Falwell and I actually agree on something. He was quoted in an interview as saying, "I feel that most ministers who claim that they've heard God's voice, or hear voices, are eating too much pizza before they go to bed at night, and it's really an intestinal disorder, not a revelation." Amen to that.

G. Lopez San Antonio, Texas

According to a Gallup Poll, 68 percent of Americans belong to a church or a synagogue. Your readers must all fall into the 32 percent who do *not* helong to a religious organization, otherwise they would not put up with your attacks on the reverends Mr. Wildmon and Mr. Falwell.

S. Mason

Oklahoma City, Oklahoma We are not attacking religion;

we are attacking religious fanatics who are intolerant of others' beliefs. In fact, our readers are as religious as the rest of the United States population. Consider the following:

RELIGIOUS	GENERAL	PLAYBOY		
PREFERENCE	POPULATION	READERS		
	(percent)	(percent)		
Baptist	18.6	18.0		
Catholic	30.6	29.1		
Disciples of Christ	1.9	2.5		
Episcopal	2.0	3.0		
Jewish	2.2	2.5		
Lutheran	5.8	6.6		
Methodist	9.3	9.2		
Presbyterian	3.7	4.5		
Other Protestant	6.6	4.9		
Other Religion	4.2	2.9		

FORUM

R E S P O N S E

Here is an addition to your article on Falwell. Congress recently overrode Reagan's veto of the Civil Rights Restoration Act, which bars discrimination against women, minorities, the elderly and the physically disabled and broadens Federal penalties for discrimination. Falwell called it the "Civil Rights Sodom and Gomorrah Act."

> S. Tucker New York, New York

REVERSE SEXISM

I disagree with Andrew S. Ryan, Jr.'s, views in "Reverse Sexism" (The Playboy Forum, April). Several years ago, the Today show interviewed six bright, attractive, successful career women. They all had the same complaint: "Now that I'm successful, where are the marriageable men?" The men they dated made it clear that their professional status was fine for dating but not for marriage; marriage was for "someone like Mom." Today then interviewed six men. When asked if it bothered them to be asked out by a woman, they said that it did. Would it bother them to have a successful wife? Yes; they wanted someone like their mother. How did they feel about the woman's paying for dinner? Most laughed uncomfortably. Some said they would let a woman pay; others said they wouldn't.

That isn't exactly a representative sampling, but the fact is, women are ten years ahead of men in relating to changes in sex roles. I have the deepest sympathy for "liberated" women who discover that most guys don't know how to relate to them.

The best book I ever read about men was *The Hazards of Being Male*, by Herb Goldberg, Ph.D. The following is a telling quote:

"The most remarkable and significant aspect of the feminist movement to date has been woman's daring willingness to own up to her resistances and resentment toward her time-honored, sanctified roles of wife and even mother. The male, however, has yet to fully realize, acknowledge and rebel against the distress and stifling aspects of many of the roles he plays-from good husband to good daddy, to good provider, to good lover, etc. Because of the inner pressure to constantly affirm his dominance and masculinity, he continues to act as if he can stand up under, fulfill and even enjoy all the expectations placed on him no matter how contradictory and devitalizing they are."

The best way to eliminate women's complaints about men is to start acting like men and not a bunch of emotional adolescents overdosing on testosterone.

Tony Licata Chicago, Illinois

I think it's time we give serious consideration to our shared humanity and not just our different sexes.

Guillermo Machado Miami, Florida

GUN RIGHTS

"Go Take Your Guns to Town," by William J. Helmer (*The Playboy Forum*, February), is a refreshing departure from the usual gun garbage published in the majority of magazines and big-city newspapers. Thanks.

> Ron Sider Detroit, Michigan

Gun-control advocates accept violence as a part of urban life. They refuse to see that possessing a handgun can be a deterrent to violence. I think that gun-control nuts are more masochistic than they are committed to a rule by law.

> W. Michael Kaiser Batesville, Indiana

Helmer points out that four out of 100,000 people are killed and wounded

POP-CULTURE PRUDES

Say it isn't so, Aretha.
A gossip column in the Chicago Tribune reported that Aretha Franklin won't record another duet with George Michael, "because she's offended by his I Want Your Sex single. Promoting love is fine, says Aretha, but promoting



lust isn't. Fine, said Michael, when he heard what Aretha had said. But he was curious: What is You Make Me Feel Like a Natural Woman all about?"

Entertainment Tonight let viewers know that Lisa Whelchel, the bornagain blonde actress who portrays the insufferable preppie on The Facts of



Life, declined to appear in an episode that introduced premarital sex. The TV listings describe the plot this way: "Natalie and Snake plan to mark the anniversary of their first year together with a sexual encounter." Amazing, isn't it, that a show called *The Facts of Life* can remain on the air for nine years without dealing with that fact of life?

UNREALISTIC FEAR

(continued from page 51) Crisis took barely two years from conception to print run.

Masters and Johnson have in the past refused to indulge in speculation: They would talk only within the narrow limits of what they had discovered in the lab. The narrow focus was frustrating to this reporter, but it was honest. This time, however, they conducted one study, then wrote a high-profile book filled with speculation about other people's work.

The study was fairly simple—and fatally flawed. The institute wanted to replicate a study on hepatitis B infection showing that the more partners a person had, the more likely he or she was to have the HB virus.

Kolodny supervised the pilot study, recruiting subjects from singles bars, health clubs, universities, church groups and childbirth classes. The authors eliminated anyone who admitted drug use, homosexual or bisexual experience or who had had blood transfusions from 1977 on (but did not exclude anyone who had slept with drug users or bisexuals). After narrowing the subjects to two groups-400 men and women who said they were strictly monogamous and 400 swingers who had had more than six partners a year for five years-Kolodny took blood samples. One man (.25 percent of the 400 monogamous subjects), ten of the sexually active men

(five percent) and 14 of the sexually active women (seven percent) tested positive for HIV. The authors seemed to have proved their hypothesis that simple heterosexual promiscuity was enough to increase the chances of getting AIDS.

Unfortunately, those results are suspect. The authors did not follow up after they found the HIV-positive blood samples: The donor/subjects were anonymous and could not be identified. Researchers with more experience in the AIDS field have learned that most people hide homosexuality and I.V-drug use. Many people who insisted that they had caught AIDS from a prostitute or a heterosexual partner, upon subsequent interrogation recanted and admitted to drug use or homosexual liaisons.

The authors of Crisis claim that theirs was the first study of simple heterosexuals. They dismiss tests of 12,600,000 blood-donor samples, which show a much lower infection rate of four in 10,000 (.04 percent). They dismiss mandatory tests of military recruits, which have shown a fairly constant .15 percent infection rate. Surely, simple heterosexuals give blood and/or join the military.

If you want to know *Playboy*'s position on the AIDS epidemic, check out *A Calm Look at AIDS* in the July 1987 issue. We are not afraid of calm—it is the opposite of calm that destroys societies and scientific reputations. To our old friends, Masters and Johnson, all we can say is: Shame.

-JAMES R. PETERSEN

READER RESPONSE

(continued from page 55)

each year with handguns. That is approximately 2400 people per year. Those statistics are dreadful, but look at the other side. There are 650,000 times per year when a law-abiding citizen uses a gun to successfully defend himself. And who can tell how many times a criminal has scotched his plans because his intended victim was armed?

Charles Hester Greensboro, North Carolina

Helmer did not point out that the right to bear arms is part of the Bill of Rights. *Playboy* is a supporter of the First Amendment, but you invariably ignore the Second Amendment—the one that gives us the ultimate defense against tyranny, whether it be by Government or by subway thugs.

Ronald A. Domingue Lafayette, Louisiana

DIVORCED FROM REALITY

Our judicial system apparently believes that educated women are too incompetent to survive without a man's support. I don't know how women feel about this, but as a divorced male forced to pay my ex-wife alimony, attorneys' fees and 75 percent of our possessions and cash assets, I can tell you how I feel—angry and frustrated.

Randy Brasch Clearfield, Utah



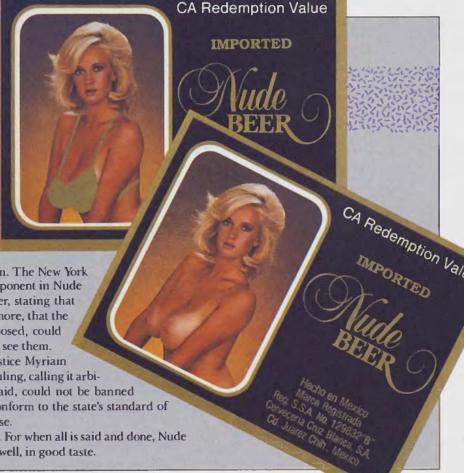
Buxom beauties in bikini tops adorn the labels of Nude Beer. For the sake of truth in advertising, the beauties are nude when the bikini is scratched off.

Given the humorless nature of our times, a beer with such a label couldn't

possibly be marketed without *some* opposition. The New York State Liquor Authority is the most recent opponent in Nude Beer's short history. It ruled against the beer, stating that the label was not in good taste and, furthermore, that the empty bottles, presumably with breasts exposed, could be redeemed in stores where children might see them.

Nude Beer appealed the ban and state justice Myriam Altman overturned the Liquor Authority's ruling, calling it arbitrary and capricious. Nude Beer, Altman said, could not be banned from New York merely because it did not conform to the state's standard of good taste. As for children, they've seen worse.

But the Liquor Authority was right in part. For when all is said and done, Nude Beer will sell *only* if beer drinkers think it's, well, in good taste.



A fifth of JEB.



J&B Scotch Whisky. Blended and bottled in Scotland by Justerini & Brooks, fine wine and spirit merchants since 1749. To send a gift of J&B anywhere in the U.S., call 1-800-238-4373. Void where prohibited.

Be Proof J&B Rare Blended Scotch Whisky. © 1987 The Paddington Corp., Ff. Lee. NJ



Quorum. A cologne for men. Because there are women.

Available at Bloomingdale's

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: PAUL HOGAN

a fair dinkum conversation with the wonder from down under about aussie women, beer, blokes—and the phenomenal success of "'crocodile' dundee"

It's 7:30 on a rainy New York winter morning. The film crew has already turned an East Village watering hole, Vazac's, into Al's Bar and Grill and crammed the place with lights and cameras. The door swings open and in walks a rugged, compact man with blond hair and a crinkly, weather-beaten face. He wears bush clothes—boots, a black hat and a short jacket of crocodileskin.

"G'day. Name's Mick Dundee," he announces cheerily. He leans back on the bar and gazes around the room. His accent is not from these parts. "I'm new in town. I'm looking for work." He waits, then swivels to face the bartender. "Guess that's enough job hunting for one day."

In real life, Paul Hogan, the actor who created, co-wrote and starred in "Crocodile' Dundee," the tale of the outback larrikin who invades America, doesn't need any job besides the one he obviously enjoys so much. Why would he? "Crocodile' Dundee" made \$350,000,000 world-wide, and the sequel may generate similar revenue. Hogan's personal cut from the first picture is said to be at least \$40,000,000. If you consider that until 1973, he had worked at 30 or 40 low-paying jobs (one of them stuffing corpses in a morgue), it's no mystery why his favorite phrase isn't "I'll slip an extra shrimp on the barbie" but "No worries, mate!"

Nor, in real life, would Hogan have to introduce himself at most bars in the English-speaking world. Perhaps the most celebrated Australian of his time, he has become, through his films, TV appearances and commercials, an unpretentious symbol of the average bloke everywhere. And a lot funnier.

The Wonder from Down Under was born October 8, 1939, at Parramatta, an outer suburb of Sydney. The family, however, soon moved to Granville, a lower-middle-class Sydney suburb, where he grew up, grew bored with school and quit at 15. While working at the local swimming pool, he met his future wife, Noelene, and they married when he was just 19 and she was 18, with prospects, Hogan later assessed, that were "zero." He didn't do much to improve them.

Four years and three children later, Hogan had become something of a pub-crawling lout. To support his family (eventually five), he worked at odd jobs, his last gig being a rigger on the Sydney Harbor Bridge. It offered security, friendly mates and little else. There, high up on the arch affectionately known as the Coathanger, he fought depression and a growing self-hatred by indulging in a natural talent for humor, quips and pontification.

Hogan didn't know it, but those qualities would change his life. In 1972, he accepted his friends' dare to land a spot on "New

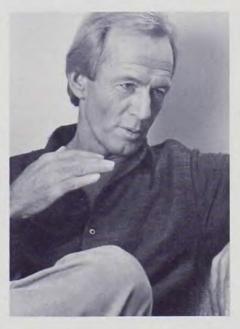
Faces," the Australian equivalent of "The Gong Show." He wrote in, saying he was a knife-throwing former trapeze artist. The show's producers believed him, and when his turn came to perform, he instead stood on stage and methodically insulted the judges. His performance was a hit; he was invited back and soon was being interviewed on the bridge by a reporter from another show, "A Current Affair," which hired Hogan to do comic commentaries.

He kept his bridge job and worked piecemeal at \$40 per TV appearance—amazed that anyone would pay him just for spouting off. Later, Hogan would say that his appeal was that, unlike most Australian TV personalities, who either spoke the queen's English or tried to sound as though they were from California, Hogan sounded like someone you'd meet at a New South Wales pub.

No one thought he would last. But a year later, Hogan won a Logie—the Australian Emmy—for best new talent. Suddenly, drivers crossing the Sydney Harbor Bridge were causing accidents when they spotted him. By then, he had acquired a manager, John Cornell, a Western Australian journalist who'd been instrumental in signing him to "A Current Affair" after his interview appeared and who next pushed Hogan into commercial endorsements. The first try was as a spokesman



"I'm not the type teenage girls flutter over, but women have never found me repulsive and I don't mind it. And because I'm not a smoldering sex symbol, blokes don't get their nose out of joint."



"Australians never miss a war. We were good at it, because we lived on horseback and hunted for food. When we got to Europe, we got a shilling a day, three meals, and all we had to do was shoot people. It was a picnic."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RANOY O'ROURKE

"I just roll along, even if people think I'm a chauvinist. If you're a woman, at least you know who Mick Dundee is. You know he isn't going to come dancing out of the closet at night with your underwear on."

for Winfield cigarettes. They became the biggest-selling brand down under, and suddenly, Hogan's name and the slogan "Anyhow, have a Winfield" became as familiar as the morning paper.

Cornell finally persuaded Hogan to quit rigging and go into showbiz full time. They landed a contract to produce their own TV specials-"The Paul Hogan Show" (sold later as a syndicated half hour in some U.S. cities). The raucous, irreverent specials quickly made waves. In an episode shot in England, Hogan drops in for an ersatz tea with a Queen Elizabeth impersonator, advises the prime minister on colonial affairs and makes fun of Germaine Greer (author of "The Female Eunuch" and a friend of Hogan's). For another show, he visited Playboy Mansion West. The specials proved so popular that soon Hogan and Cornell had the freedom to do a show whenever Hogan decided he had enough material.

There followed, in relatively quick succession, more TV specials, an ad campaign in England for Foster's lager that increased sales remarkably (he did American commercials for Foster's later), a series of canny spots urging American tourists to visit Australia, the 1986 Australian of the Year Award and a low-budget adventure/romance film about Michael J. Dundee and a lady reporter from Newsday. The film showed how a bit of purehearted macho charm transplanted from the outback to Manhattan could translate into box-office heaven.

Hogan has been interviewed twice by Playboy's Australian edition. For this, his U.S. debut, we asked Contributing Editor David Rensin to meet with him in New York while he was filming "'Crocodile' Dundee II." (We also include a few exchanges from the Australian interview conducted by journalist Phil Jarratt.) Rensin's report:

"We conducted our interview in Hogan's caravan, which was parked outside Silvercup Studios in Queens. He appeared after lunch, out of costume, but still wearing boots and a black-leather jacket made from the skin of some exotic animal. The crease in his jeans meant the hotel had been doing his laundry too long. 'I'm lucky to get them back,' he said with a grin.

"It had started to snow. Hogan had never seen snow fall in New York, he said, speaking with that matter-of-fact lilt that has become his—and his country's—trademark. He offered to heat some coffee to keep us warm. He fumbled but finally got a pot brewing. The had a wife since I was 19,' he said, shrugging. I'm so lacking in domestic skills that I can't even make a good cup of coffee.' He poured two cups, spilling one.

"I'd expected a man closer to the understated sophisticate of Hogan's tourism commercials than to the Archie Bunker—ish Okker [Aussie redneck] on which he'd made his early reputation. I was partly right. Hogan was mostly soft-spoken, but his tone couldn't mask a laconic wit that was even drier than a martini sans vermouth—filtered through a regular-guy Aussie patois.

"Hogan likes to be in control; yet he does so

with a complex, even Byzantine shrewdness. For example, to make the first "Crocodile" Dundee, he financed half the film with the help of stockholders. But wanting to be free of their occasional 'gutlessness' and interference, Hogan and Cornell diminished their influence by making deals too quickly for anyone to object. Later, hit in hand, he made another deal with Paramount, leaving him free to follow his comic instincts and make the "Crocodile" Dundee II' he wanted. That meant replacing the original director with Cornell and writing the script with his eldest son. Brett.

"Of course, one can't fault Hogan for keeping things in the family. Yet it is a clear indication of how single-mindedly the man works. Not that you can tell from the self-effacingly polite and disarming exterior. I began by asking about the 'Dundee' sequel, being shot on the sound stage a few hundred yards away."

PLAYBOY: When we last saw Crocodile Dundee, he was on a jammed subway-station platform, stepping across the shoulders of passengers to reach the arms of his true love. It seemed deliberately open-ended. Was a sequel being considered even be-

"In movies, you don't necessarily have to take a chain saw to people to straighten them out."

fore the huge box-office returns— \$350,000,000 world-wide—were in? HOGAN: No, though people think we were bein' a bit clever. But the first movie was al-

most an introduction. Mick Dundee's major confrontations were with kid muggers and escalators and bidets. It wasn't really an adventure. It was a comedy-romance and maybe a little adventure. It almost seemed like a waste of a character. But that gave it an advantage in terms of a sequel. If the first movie had been like Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom, the sequel would necessarily have been another giant adventure. But since Mick has only sort of popped in, been in New York a week or two and shaken hands with a few people, it's open. So now, in "Crocodile" Dundee II, I get him into lots of action and confrontations with really tough villains.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't Dundee's charm that he was cut from a different cloth from the standard action-adventure hero?

HOGAN: The situations he gets into are deliberately traditional; it's the way he gets out of them that makes this different and very, very funny. I gave Mick his head and let him use his outbackness to overcome problems that Rambo and Commando and John Wayne found themselves in all the time. **PLAYBOY:** Are you parodying other screen supermen? Are you slipping in a satirical message?

HOGAN: Not really. But I am sayin' you don't necessarily have to take a chain saw to people to straighten them out. I was a bit sick of "How many guys can we kill?" or "There's these brand-new machine guns that fire backward!" or "What about if we used a chain saw?" That's the standard movie-hero approach, and that gets pretty boring. The main thing is, at the end of the film, you should have laughed your head off and feel the same as you did watchin' the first "Crocodile" Dundee: a warm sort of feeling about people. That's what I like.

PLAYBOY: What kind of critical reaction to "Crocodile" Dundee II do you expect?

HOGAN: I expect some backlash about losin' the simplicity and charm of the first one and how I've gone all Hollywood, which is nonsense. The same people who said the first one wouldn't fly because it was too low-key will analyze this one as too aggressive. Then they'll change their minds when it's a success, too, and say it's because I did it without being offensive.

In the end, the public will decide. All the publicity in the world won't carry a film into the third week. The third week, you're on your own. That's the good part about this movie business. You can't force it down their necks.

PLAYBOY: Wildly successful movies usually result in a couple of years' worth of imitators and spin-offs. Why wasn't that true in the case of "Crocodile" Dundee?

HOGAN: The advertising world certainly jumped on it. Everything Australian being sold anywhere in the world has got a suggestion of a crocodile or a hat or a knife somewhere in the background—a vague reference to "Crocodile" Dundee. In films and television, a lot of people have already tried that path and failed. Those failures might have put others off. Anyway, they're welcome to try to copy. Comedy is a hard game. No one realizes that.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying your accomplishments have been taken lightly in some quarters?

HOGAN: "Crocodile" Dundee is not a fluke. I've been doin' comedy on Australian TV since 1973. I wouldn't make a sequel if I didn't think it would be at least one and a half times better than the first. And "Crocodile" Dundee II is looking like it might be twice as good.

PLAYBOY: Why no merchandising based on the original film? Considering the experience of other smash movies such as *Star Wars*, we might have expected hats, crocskin jackets and knives.

HOGAN: Haven't done any, really. We just have to stop other people from doin' it, because so many things come out with crocodile stuff attached that people assume we're involved in it. But we didn't do it, didn't want to. Don't want to turn Crocodile Dundee into Mr. T, y' know?

PLAYBOY: Wasn't there also talk of a

"Crocodile" Dundee TV series?

HOGAN: Instantly. But, no, I wasn't inter-

PLAYBOY: And will there be yet another "Croc"? Are we witnessing the birth of the Rocky syndrome, Australian style?

HOGAN: The original title on the first draft of the sequel was "Crocodile" Dundee—The End, meaning there would be no third, fourth, seventh. I certainly don't want to do a next one. True, I said we didn't plan a sequel for the first one, either. But that first one was made on a very low budget and it was restricted in so many ways. We couldn't do things with the character that we might have wanted to. "Crocodile" Dundee II sort of completes it.

PLAYBOY: So you'll go on record as saying there will *never* be another "Crocodile" Dundee?

HOGAN: Definitely. There won't be. [Pauses] The only excuse to do a third one would be money. [Laughs] No. There won't be another! Look, if I leave it long enough, I'll be too old to do Mick, anyway. The thing to do is to come up with a better character.

PLAYBOY: Any ideas?

HOGAN: I've thought of a character who will vary from, rather than be radically different from, Dundee.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you concerned about type-casting yourself?

HOGAN: I've already faced that problem. I've been one of the best-known faces on Australian television for years and years and years. So I thought the *first* movie would be a challenge, because those people knew me as a television comedian and social commentator for so long. The character I played on television, Hoges, was a variation on Crocodile Dundee. And so they accepted it. It would be the same if I went into a new character.

PLAYBOY: So you don't care that you're doing basically the same character?

HOGAN: I'm not Laurence Olivier. If you go to a Clint Eastwood movie, you expect to see Clint Eastwood and you're disappointed if you don't. You don't want to see him playin' a bank clerk. And that's all right with me. I don't have this crisis about being an actor who has to be so radically different every time he turns up. No great interest in it.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

HOGAN: My Australian television show was a total platform. I wrote it. There was no censorship of any shape or form. When enough tickled my imagination or appealed to me, then I put a show together and just put it on. I had a blank screen contract. So I'm not like a frustrated actor who's been doin' other people's vehicles for years and now, at last, has the opportunity to say something. My very first time on television was me givin' my opinion of what's wrong with the world. So I've had that luxury. There's nothing burning inside me. Besides, I get bored being only an actor. I did an Australian miniseries [AN-ZACS] that dealt with our war history. And

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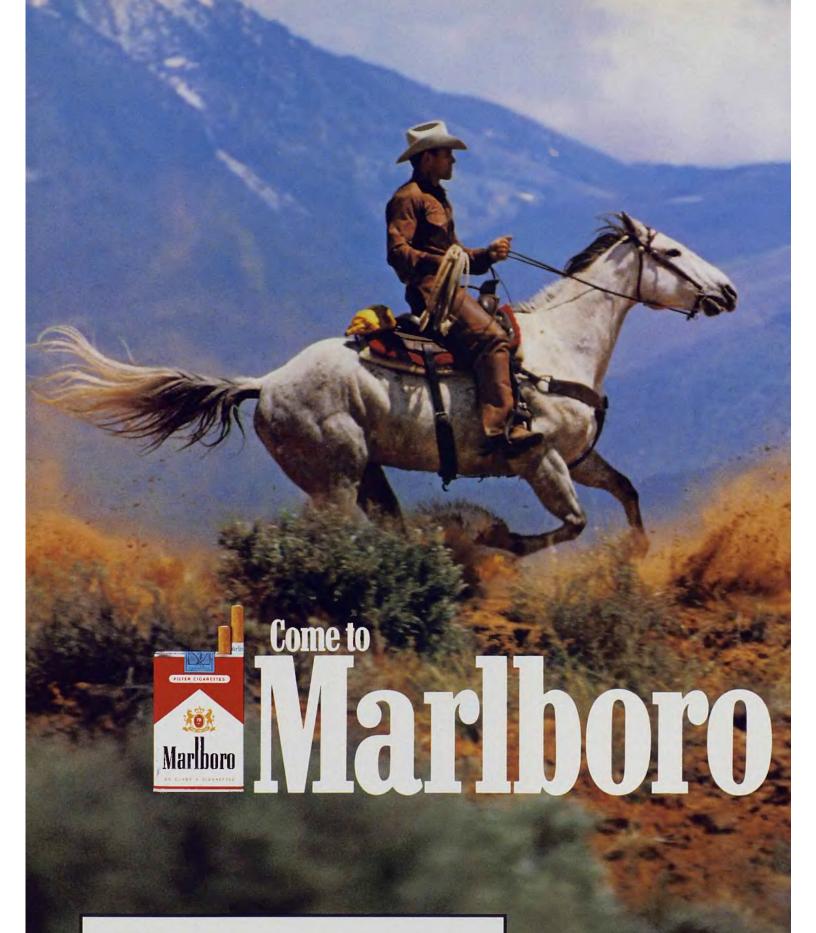
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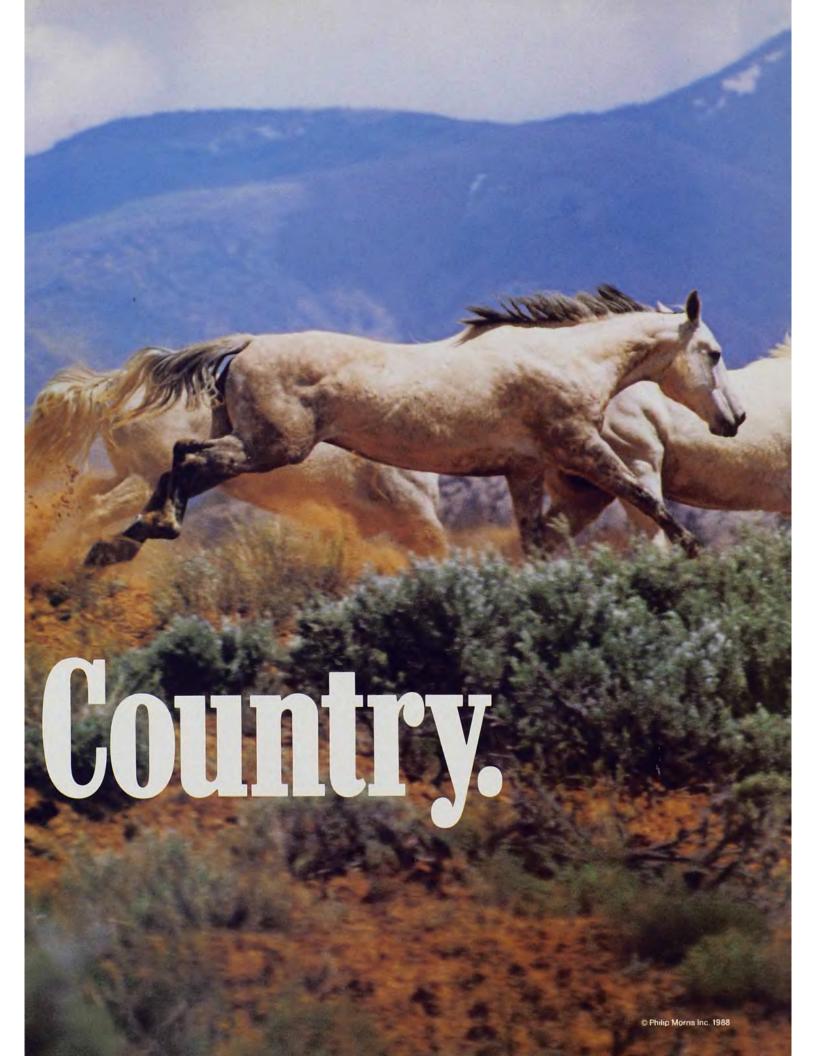
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I couldn't handle sittin' around all day in make-up just to jump up once in 12 hours and say, "Look out! Here comes a bullet!"

For 13 years, my partner, John Cornell, and I did everything: write, produce, direct, design the sets half the time, edit, promote the whole sort of package. Same with the film. I'm involved right down to the final mix, how the posters look, how many theaters it's in, what the ads are like. This time, we decided we didn't really need an outside director. Or outside writers. And that's the nearest I can get to directing it myself-only it's easier, because John does all the hard work. If we could, we'd rent theaters, as well, and be ushers and adjust the projector and do all that, because that's the nature we've got. PLAYBOY: Obviously, it's a strong relationship.

HOGAN: Yeah. We're the godfathers of each other's children and are best friends. We think alike, we have similar attitudes and have never had a real row. If you didn't know better, you'd probably think we were homos. [Laughs] You know—an old married couple that's startin' to look alike. But we ain't homos.

PLAYBOY: How did you come up with the idea for "Crocodile" Dundee in the first place?

HOGAN: I was in New York doing talk-show and radio interviews to promote the Australian Tourist Commission campaign. I was treated very nicely but also like I was a Martian. I guess I was a bit of a novelty because I was Australian. It wasn't just the way I talked, though. It was my attitude toward things. People laughed at what I said I thought was funny, but they also laughed because I was different, so it occurred to me that if people thought I was funny, then they'd split their sides over some of the outback outlaws that I'd struck up in the Territory over the years. New Yorkers would think they were in a time warp if they met some of those blokes; the Territory and New York are the opposite ends of Western civilization.

PLAYBOY: When you tried to get U.S. distribution for the movie, was Hogan in Hollywood anything like Dundee in New York? HOGAN: Yeah. Though my introduction to Hollywood was with television. Years ago, I sold a cut-up version of some of my old Australian shows. They were going to be broadcast at midnight and such. At the time, we had meetings with high-power executives. But they didn't have any power at all. It was all that lunch thing—talkin' in circles and "Let's do" business and all the clichés and nothing ever happened.

PLAYBOY: If you were to spoof Hollywood, say, on a TV show——

HOGAN: Oh, it's *totally* spoofable. I might really laugh myself silly. The Beverly Hills Hotel, naturally, was where I stayed the first time I came over. At the Polo Lounge and the pool, I saw guys with a white stripe down their face from holdin' the phone out in the sun. They're talking in loud voices,

you know, "I don't want Redford. Tell him to nick off. Barbra Streisand? I won't work with that bitch again!" All loud conversations, obviously with nobody. "I've got this idea I'm working on. It's sort of like a Love Boat, only on land." These guys had 48 pounds of gold chain and bad rugs. [Laughs] It was wonderful. I'd have been disappointed if it hadn't been like that. Full of pretenders and would-bes. But people don't do deals around the pool of a hotel. That's only in the movies.

PLAYBOY: Was it tough for you to cut through the bullshit in Hollywood?

HOGAN: No, not when I was talkin' to blokes who were genuinely in the business, who knew what it's really all about and could say yes to a deal. Then, no problem at all. It's a pleasure, in fact. I can understand, though, that it'd be a tough business to be here with your script under your arm, waitin' in those queues, fightin' to connect with somebody's secretary. I wouldn't play in that game.

PLAYBOY: Did you have any sort of film model on which to fashion "Crocodile" Dundee?

HOGAN: I had models of what to avoid. I wanted nothing in my film where the wound gapes open and blood spurts out. And no attempt to be funny by excessive use of profanity. That's OK only when it's required. And no sex scenes. And no cripple jokes or comedy built on racism. No venom. A happy movie. A couple of critics compared "Crocodile" Dundee to films by Frank Capra. That's nice. But—and this is no insult to Capra—I didn't really know who he was.

PLAYBOY: Since you're taking some pokes at the American tough-guy heroes and generally suggesting that they lighten up, let's name some names. What advice would you give Clint Eastwood?

HOGAN: If he played a hard-working accountant with difficulties at home and psychiatric problems, he might earn the respect of his peers, as they call it. But his fans would hate it and stay away in droves. His fans put him where he is, so...keep doin' what you're doin', Clint.

PLAYBOY: Arnold Schwarzenegger?

HOGAN: [Pauses] Well, he does do comedy to a certain extent. But as an actor, what he does is subject to the script. So there's not much sense discussing Arnold's point of view. Who knows what it is?

PLAYBOY: But don't you think his point of view is reflected in the scripts he chooses? **HOGAN:** I don't think of him as a movie star. Poor Mr. Universe who does a lot of movies where he tears people's heads off and looks like a chimp. I couldn't see him in a musical comedy. [*Smiles*]

PLAYBOY: What about Sylvester Stallone? Do you detect any comic potential there? HOGAN: Well, he didn't do too well in Rhinestone with Dolly Parton. If he did comedy, you might have trouble understanding his delivery. But my real problem with Stallone is that I can't understand how

the guy who wrote Rocky, which is a classic,

is the same guy who did *Rocky IV* or *Rambo II*. It doesn't make any sense.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

HOGAN: His original *Rocky* was up against it in so many ways. Boxing pictures don't usually work, they don't get a female audience; and yet he made a boxing picture that was so much about the human spirit, the triumph of endeavor. It was warm and it was funny. It was one of the best movies I've ever seen. And now the same guy makes *Rocky IV*. Something happened. He needs to sit down with a psychiatrist. It's a tragedy. *Rocky IV* just turned into comicbook politics with the dreaded gray-suited Commies and all that sort of nonsense.

PLAYBOY: So your career advice to Stallone would be——

HOGAN: I don't give advice. I'm just mystified about Sylvester Stallone as a writer. Arnold Schwarzenegger might grow roses and be a stamp collector, for all I know; you get no insight at all into the personalities of people playing roles in movies that someone else wrote. But since Sly wrote the script for Rocky, you think you'd understand the author's values. So it's a great mystery to me how anyone can go from Rocky, which had a simple beauty about it, to, ah, rubbish. If I ever make a "Crocodile" Dundee III full of Russian villains against the free world, or with Dundee takin' to people with chain saws, then I hope someone puts me in a rubber room.

PLAYBOY: Following that line of reasoning, we must assume that "Crocodile" Dundee accurately reflects your values.

HOGAN: To a certain extent. I'm not as wholesome and pure as Crocodile Dundee. Perhaps nobody is. Mick doesn't have a deep, dark secret. And that's probably what makes him what he is. He's as open as a book. He's as open as we'd all like to be. He's pure of heart and takes everyone on face value.

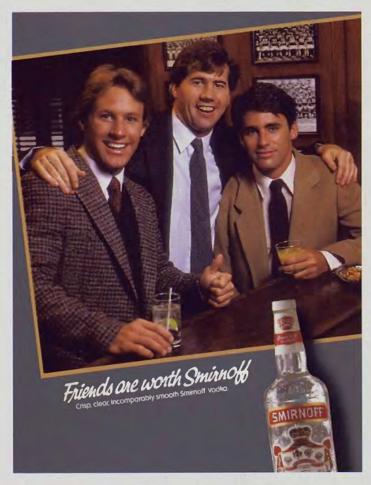
PLAYBOY: Don't you think, despite your family-movie instincts, that blood and gore and adventure have been what American audiences want?

HOGAN: I don't know whether it's what they've wanted or the diet they were served; so many movies were catered to the teenage market that it used to be all you could get. For anyone under 20, American movies were high school's-a-drag dramas and karate-chopping messengers from hell. Adult movies were about middle-aged people dying of cancer or marriages breaking up or financial disasters. I remember thinking, There's gotta be something in between. There was a dearth of grown-up leading men; no one filled those roles that Cary Grant or Humphrey Bogart once did, particularly comedy roles. The only grownups doing hero roles are Clint Eastwood and Charley Bronson, and they're not getting any laughs.

PLAYBOY: Did you consider any other titles for the movie?

HOGAN: Honestly? [Smiles] Only one: Buffalo Jones. It was a working title. The Jones was because of Indiana Jones, and the

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that are rarely found in everyday life. A combination of unequalled design and unparalleled performance.

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Buffalo was because of some scenes that were once in the script about going on a buffalo chase. It's quite a spectacular thing to watch. You run them down, grab 'em by the tail, run up and tie them and throw them over. But the scenes were too hard to film and the whole idea went by the wayside. Also, the Buffalo name was wrong, because it implies a big sort of oxy bloke. You expect to see someone like Refrigerator Perry. And that's not me.

PLAYBOY: Your image is that of a pretty competent fellow, both as Crocodile Dundee and as Paul Hogan. What can't you do? **HOGAN:** Well, I'd starve to death if I had to cook for myself. I'm barely capable of making a cup of tea or pouring a cup of coffee. I also can't sing and I wish I could. I also can't type, but I don't want to. Anyway, I've always believed that if you've got something to say, someone else will type it in. Fortunately, I don't have to do much. It's that old thing of if you're not good at something, avoid it. That's the luxury of writing your own parts. I've no big scenes where Crocodile Dundee has an emotional breakdown and bursts into tears. I haven't experienced that, I probably can't do it and so I don't put it in the script. No ballet dancing, either. However, I do have me swingin' through the air, doing somersaults, thumpin' people and swimming. I can do all that.

PLAYBOY: Besides the "Crocodile" movies, you've become almost as well known for your various pitches—from enticing U.S. visitors to Australia to hawking commercial products. How long did it take you to get tired of hearing people say, "Hey, Paul, slip an extra shrimp on the barbie"?

HOGAN: About two weeks. I've also heard "Anyhow, have a Winfield" about half a million times in Australia. I hear "Have another Foster's" when I go to England.

PLAYBOY: Since you've written many of those tag lines yourself, do you deliberately go for a memorable hook?

HOGAN: No, not really. Quite often, they're accidental. I did know in the first "Crocodile" movie that the line "That's not a knife; that's a knife" would go into the language. And, indeed, I hear that a million times. On the other hand, it's no big deal. It doesn't turn me into a living legend like Don Johnson or Joan Collins. I'm just the "shrimp on the barbie" guy.

PLAYBOY: Are you planning to continue deing ads?

HOGAN: No. I've had success at it, but I don't want to go down as a great salesman. **PLAYBOY:** Well, what *do* you put on the barbie?

HOGAN: Oh, usually Australian beef sausages. Sausages and steak. Not often shrimps. I like them as they are,

PLAYBOY: Raw?

HOGAN: No, steamed! The only things that eat shrimp raw are fish.

PLAYBOY: Why did you take on the selling of Australia in the first place?

HOGAN: Well, the first reason was, I didn't like being mistaken for a Pom—a Brit—

when I was in America. That always annoyed the shit out of me. And Americans' knowin' nothing about Australia, that's another reason.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you like the cute koala commercials?

HOGAN: I was embarrassed by them. They were pointless and boring. Yet [with an adman's lilt], I thought Australia was a lerrific place for an American. My partner, John, said, "You should be sellin' a country, not a product." It was his idea. And then I met the incoming minister of tourism, who mentioned to me that the tourist industry—Americans going to Australia—was practically nonexistent and said, "Would you give us a hand?" And I said yes.

PLAYBOY: And you give your fees to charity?

HOGAN: [Nervous laughter] That's all quiet. [Pauses] How do you know I got paid at all? It's not recorded anywhere.

PLAYBOY: Is there a problem with that? You haven't taken any fees for yourself.

HOGAN: No, I haven't. But nobody was supposed to know what happened to those fees. It came out only when some opposition politician wanted to bring up in parliament that I'd swiped [the money]. He'd read in the papers that I was supposed to have done it for free and said he believed I had received this tremendous amount instead—which was about five percent of what I'd charge to sell beer.

The original proposition I put to the government was that if it put together a first-class campaign, I'd do the commercials for nothing to get it off the ground. I basically said, If you're gonna spend \$3,000,000 on it and give me \$1,000,000, I won't be in it. If you put \$6,000,000 into it, then I'll do it for nothing. I explained that they weren't dealing with some brokendown second-rate presenter who just wanted to get his hand into the government coffers, because, quite frankly, I'd rather not deal with the government. [Pauses] But, yes, I did get the money off them and I did put it to good use. I didn't keep it. There were several reasons.

PLAYBOY: For instance?

HOGAN: I wanted to pull some people into gear for taking the wrong attitude. I was telling some government and advertising people to not fuck around. I felt that I was being treated as if I owed them! It was suggested that "Crocodile" Dundee worked only because of the ads. But those bloody ads ran in only four American states. It was because the movie was such a universal hit that it piggybacked everything else—tourist and commercial ads. They got such a free ride out of the movie that I really resent anyone in tourism suggesting that they've done good by me.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that you're responsible for the Australian tourist boom?

HOGAN: Oh, to a great extent. I don't know if it would have been as effective if the minister had used someone else. A lot of experts believed that the way to sell Australia was to promote the falling dollar. I

said, "Do you honestly believe that somewhere right now in America, a guy is going home to his wife to say, 'You know that holiday in Switzerland we've been planning for years? Well, the Australian dollar has just dropped another three cents. So we're going there!' "Families plan holidays, and aside from a place like Tokyo being so grotesquely expensive, costs don't come into most conversations.

PLAYBOY: You're a booster for Australia when you're in the States, but you're not always as reverent about it at home, are you? **HOGAN:** Nah. Australia is celebrating its bicentennial, which won't mean much to you, but it's the country's 200th birthday. And that whole situation *needs* sendin' up.

PLAYBOY: Australian films in recent years have been heavily into nostalgia about Australia's history, haven't they?

HOGAN: Yeah. That's why no one goes to see 'em. That's why I avoided that like the plague. Nobody really cares what boring things happened in Australia. A hundred years ago, nothing much happened.

PLAYBOY: Except that the hero and horse always die. Why? What does it say about the Australian character that so many recent movies have been about wars and tragedies?

HOGAN: That the wrong people are making movies. A lot of the people who got into film making should probably be driving buses. It would say something about the Australian character only if the public were flocking to the films where the hero always dies. But if we keep making those tragedy-torn films and the public stays away, then we're not reflecting Australian tastes at all. We're reflecting the opinions of a handful of film makers. So we've got this false image of Australia.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you call Australian directors wankers [masturbators]?

HOGAN: No, no. Let's get it straight once and for all. There are a lot of wankers in the Australian film industry, and after I said that, two or three of those wankers jumped up and said, "Well, what about Peter Weir and Bruce Beresford?" naming ones who were successful and weren't wankers. They were hiding their own lack of talent behind people who succeeded. I never, at any stage, said they're all wankers. But there are a lot of wankers there who shouldn't be allowed to make films, shouldn't have access to public money.

PLAYBOY: You mean because the government in Australia supports film making with tax dollars?

HOGAN: Yeah. To get into this thing of money being allocated by a government body is ridiculous, because anyone who's got any real creative entertainment talent is not sitting on some government board. They're not working for the government for wages. I told Phillip Adams, the chairman of the film commission [and interviewer of Hogan for his first appearance in the Australian edition of *Playboy*], "You and your people are wankers. You take

government money; you indulge yourself with it; you make failed movies." And now they're talking about setting up some authority who will decide what films will be made and who will get the money. Well, who are the people they're setting up? People with records as failed film producers! They're going to sit up there and decide whether this kid gets money to develop his script or one of their friends gets money to make their crummy movie.

PLAYBOY: How much of Australia have you actually seen?

HOGAN: Nearly all of it. There are some areas up in the far northwest where I haven't been, but neither has anyone else.

PLAYBOY: Where do you go for your vacations?

HOGAN: Tend to stay home. Used to go to England a lot until I got too well known. Then I started to come over here, to the U.S. I'd bring my whole tribe over and we'd go to Disneyland. But now it's gotten too hard here, too.

PLAYBOY: Women are among your most ardent fans, and you've emerged as a kind of sex symbol. How do you feel about the comparisons to Cary Grant? HOGAN: [Embarrassed] It's fine to be compared to Cary Grant, who was so suave, so sophisticated—

PLAYBOY: So tall—HOGAN: Yeah. And a very thick neck. He was someone who could be a leading man and still be funny, and who got better as he got older. But me as Cary Grant?

PLAYBOY: Can mil-

lions of women be wrong?

HOGAN: Well, God bless 'em. But the idea of sex symbol has become so distorted. In Australia, it means the latest young star on *The Young Doctors* or some soap, and it's almost a kiss of death. If some kid has got his TV work as a sex symbol, you know that within six months, he'll be unemployed. And that he has no sex appeal at all. [Laughs] All those things about comparisons to Cary Grant, Frank Capra—they all come from experts later, not from me beforehand. I'm just a short Clint Eastwood with a sense of humor.

PLAYBOY: Have you had women running

HOGAN: Within reason. Yeah. I went

through all that in 1973, when I started. I was 33. And, yes, I was a sex symbol for a year or two. But then I was around so much that everyone got used to me. And also, when you're funny and you do a comedy show, people don't tend to associate that with being a sex symbol. I'm not the type that teenage girls flutter over, but women have never found me repulsive and I don't mind it. And because I'm not a smoldering sex symbol, blokes don't get their nose out of joint.

PLAYBOY: Isn't part of the attraction that women somehow feel both intrigued *and* safe with you?

HOGAN: Yeah. It makes me sort of a boring, stodgy romantic, rather than a sizzling sex symbol. [Laughs]

HOGAN: If someone has that good a figure, yes. No one wears bras up there at that age, and she's of the era that went through the no-bra thing. In Australia, the ones wearing bras are probably over 40 or under 20. But in that 20-to-40 bracket, they went right through the revolution and just don't wear them. A lot should, you know. But that's it. It wasn't even designed to be titillatin'.

PLAYBOY: On the other hand, you also had your difficult moments. Can you describe the intricacies of doing your first nude bathtub scene?

HOGAN: [Laughs] Well, that was exploitation of the male body. That's the kind of thing the feminists should have been jumpin' on. Degradin'! But I did keep me

hat over me vital parts.

PLAYBOY: How does your wife handle all the interest by the ladies and the media?

HOGAN: She shrugs it off. We've had a rule since I started in TV that I'd keep a private life, and I've sort of managed to do that. No cameras allowed inside my front fence; I don't do interviews with my wife or my kids. And that's the way I like to keep it.

You know, if a Peepin' Tom asked you some of the stuff a tabloid reporter gets away with, you'd hit him in the face. You've got a pen in your hand, that makes you entitled to be a Peepin' Tom? And where do you draw the line on how much of your private life people should know?

PLAYBOY: Since Aus-

tralia is the home of tabloid king Rupert Murdoch, does the gossip press go after you?

HOGAN: Not much of the snide gutter press does. I don't really have a deep, dark past people can dig up. Everything I've done, questionable or not, has been well documented. [Pauses] Also, since I had my own television show, if someone fired a shot at me, I could shoot back. Press conferences at home were often conducted in terror, because they all knew damn well that if they asked me a dumb question, I'd let the whole world know it was a dumb question, how dumb they were to ask it, and get a laugh, too. They had to think twice. There has always been this undercurrent of



PLAYBOY: Speaking of sex, you showed the bare bottom of your co-star, Linda Ko-zlowski, in the original "Crocodile" Dundee. And you did a little body baring yourself. Between you and Linda, who would you say showed more skin?

HOGAN: The crocodile. [Laughs] The feminists sort of leaped on the movie and said, "They shouldn't have showed that girl's butt." I said everyone had seen more of my skin than hers. It was a totally nonsexist film. But they didn't see that.

PLAYBOY: Was it realistic to show Linda arriving in the outback looking for Dundee wearing a T-shirt and no bra? Is that realistic costuming for an American stranger walking into an Australian rural pub?

people wanting me to succeed because I represented the average workin' stiff to a certain extent. So if a journalist wrote that I was no good, he was also saying that every boilermaker and fitter and turner out there is no good.

PLAYBOY: Are you treated as a kind of folk hero?

HOGAN: I'm not a folk hero in America. In Australia, a country that's so short of folk heroes—which is another reason I made "Crocodile" Dundee—I probably do fit into that category. But I try not to be too tall a poppy that's just askin' to be cut down. I'm an ironbark tree: an ugly, gnarled old tree that you can't cut down, that you can't burn down. A bush fire goes through and floods come, but the ironbark tree still stands. If you hit it with an ax, it bounces back and it'll hit you in the face. If you attack me, that's what I do. And I did. I used my television show to criticize everybody.

PLAYBOY: That period of your life has become legendary: how, as a rigger on the Sydney Harbor Bridge, you accepted your mates' dare to appear on a TV talent show in 1972 posing as a knife thrower. From there, you became the proverbial overnight star. All these years later, do you still feel like a rigger?

HOGAN: I guess there's some of that, though I wasn't born to be a rigger, either. But some things don't change. I guess that's what gave me an edge when I started on television. So many people who are involved in television—writers, producers, directors—never watch it. They spend all their time in board meetings or being in the *television industry*. But until I was 32 years old, my only contact with show business was sittin' home watching Archie Bunker or *Star Trek* or *Bonanza*—probably 60 percent of our television is American. I didn't watch to see how it was directed. I watched for *entertainment*.

PLAYBOY: And you really think you can still speak for the average guy?

HOGAN: Yeah. Don't forget; I never stood in the bar and *listened* to what people were saying. I stood in the bar and *talked*. Even when I was a rigger, I wasn't gatherin' opinions; I was givin' 'em. That's not changed.

Y' know, I was born sort of average. I've still got a lot of natural blue-collar values, because I was a rigger. I never had aspirations of getting into the entertainment industry. I grew up, had a wife and four kids and appeared to be set in that rut—I might have become a foreman at most someday, or maybe got my own milk run. What was unusual was to switch so radically at 32.

PLAYBOY: It has been said that you have a very high I.Q.—about 140. Is that why you were reportedly a troublesome kid?

HOGAN: That's inaccurate. I do have a strange I.Q. It was 140 in one test and 180 in another. Reporters who've dug back say my schoolmates remember my problems at school, my constant arguing with teachers. And it's true, I did, as a small kid, constant-

ly question everything. They said I was a child prodigy, but I wasn't.

But I did have something that confounded the I.Q. board. There was something wrong with the way I thought. One side of the brain had an I.Q. they couldn't quite calculate and the other side was normal. So at school, I was a bright student at the top of the class who would suddenly end up 34th. I wasn't cut out to be a student. By nature, I was a larrikin kid. I was in trouble a lot. My favorite subject was sport. So I had these confrontations with the teachers. **PLAYBOY:** You were a rebel.

HOGAN: Yeah. I left school at 15. I didn't want to be a swat. But they even pursued me after I left, saying I should be a lawyer. But I had found work as a swimming-pool attendant, which was really a *good* job, until I moved on to something else.

PLAYBOY: By now, you must be used to some pretty big leaps. Going from being a star in Australia to being one in the U.S. must have been jarring.

HOGAN: Well, I do get a kick out of it. But more jarring than the original change? I was makin' \$100 a week on the bridge, still travelin' to work on the subway, yet causin' a big stir on TV. To go through that—to be a rigger who is becoming famous at the same time—was a very Rockyesque experience. After that, to become famous in England, then Germany, then the U.S., was comparatively minor.

PLAYBOY: Minor?

HOGAN: Think about it. Being a TV star in one country is no different from being a TV star in ten countries. To go from movie star to rock-and-roll singer to being elected president. . . . They're all just transitions. But none is as weird as goin' from regular, nine-to-five Joe Rigger, married, with four kids, to TV star in a matter of weeks. Nothing I ever do will be that radical again.

PLAYBOY: What do you think would have happened to you if you'd stayed on that bridge in Sydney?

HOGAN: Oh, I might have jumped off. I was an angry young man. Round about the time I got off the bridge, I was frustrated, short of temper, with a cutting, sardonic wit. I really wasn't that nice a fellow. It was bitterness. I was driftin' from job to job and getting no feedback or satisfaction. I was doing something that I hated eight hours a day just to put bread on the table.

PLAYBOY: How would you describe your predominant emotional state today?

HOGAN: Unemotional. Leaning toward happiness, I guess. I'm boringly sane.

PLAYBOY: Are you uncomfortable showing emotions?

HOGAN: Yeah, sort of. PLAYBOY: Why?

HOGAN: Well, look at Grocodile Dundee. He's not exactly a ball of emotional turmoil. Sometimes—I hope—you can see what he's thinking on the screen. But he's not inclined to jump up and down or scream or burst into tears. No doubt he's

like that because I'm like that.

PLAYBOY: When have you been overjoyed? HOGAN: Good question. I don't remember ever being as excited as I've seen other people be. But I don't seem as depressed, either. I'm basically happy. [Smiles] Any day that I'm in good health and the sun shines. There's hardly a day since 1973 that I haven't felt that way.

PLAYBOY: Considering the heights you've scaled since 1973, how can you be sure your tastes are still those of the average guy?

HOGAN: All I know, and I don't dwell on it too much, is that if I think something is going to be funny, or if I really like or dislike something, most people must, too. So I must be a natural-born common man. It's not something I work on. It's just there. For instance, in Australia, whenever Channel Nine puts on a new show, they ring up my place and say, "How's it going?" I can save them the cost of a survey. If my wife and I and at least three of the kids are watchin' a show, I'll say, "You got a real winner on your hands." If it's only my youngest son or my daughter, I'll say, "Well. . . ."

PLAYBOY: Let's try out your gut reactions to a few popular topics. Game?

HOGAN: OK.

PLAYBOY: American commercials. Are there any you admire?

HOGAN: No. I don't think the standard of commercials here is very high. A lot of them are well made, but they all sort of pitch at the one level. They're all Crazy Eddies.

PLAYBOY: What about American TV in general?

HOGAN: TV is an easy way to pick up on the culture of a country. From what people watch, you can tell what the community is like. If you look at clever shows like Barney Miller or The Cosby Show or Cheers, and you can say, "This is the most popular comedy show," then that's a good sign: Most of the people in this country must be reasonably intelligent. But still, I'm amazed at some of the things Americans laugh at.

PLAYBOY: For example?

HOGAN: If a show's really awful and cheap and nasty—well, a show like *Benny Hill*, for instance—if it's the most popular one in the country, then you worry about that country. [*Laughs*] There's an awful lot of people here who just want to see endless tit jokes and nothing else.

PLAYBOY: Benny Hill's show was often compared to yours. Did you really object to it? HOGAN: The comparisons did annoy me. But Benny Hill just does harmless-Charley sort of smutty nonsense. Runs around chasing girls in suspender [garter] belts. There was a big cry from the feminist movement, I think, when his show came to America from England, about how degrading it was to women. I just saw it again the other night, and it was immediately followed by women's wrestling. There were these really butch birds, in sort of commando gear, beating up on harem dancers and girls in bikinis. And when they were

pinned to the mat, they'd open their legs and writhe. And I thought, This is a program that educates the morons in this country to think that if you brutalize a woman, if you beat her up, she'll drop to the ground with her legs parted and sort of writhe seductively. Yet the same silly minds who sat there and condemned harmless, poor, silly Benny Hill for insulting women probably support women's wrestling because men have wrestling, so that's equality.

PLAYBOY: Do you think TV plays too dominant a role in America?

HOGAN: I think America is very image conscious. You almost feel as if people on the street think of themselves as being on camera. Even in the way they cross the

road. When you get on a bus, the driver gives a performance.

I did a TV thing once where I went into the street with a camera. In Australia, half the people would say "No comment" and rush away from the camera. But here in U.S., everybody-from a wino to a grandmotherhas an opinion. Quite often, they don't make sense. but they love looking at the camera and talking as if they were on Johnny Carson's show. I wish some of the people at home had some of the American confidence and exuberance but not so much.

Sometimes, I think we should drag the whole Australian population around the world to America and to England, in particu-

lar—and learn from both, then go back and get it right. England, on the negative side, is such a class society. It frowns upon success. There, you should either be born rich or be born poor—but keep your place. If you're born to riches and waste half of it during your life, you've done well. In America, if you start with nothing and you become a huge success, well, then you're admired. But sometimes you're admired when all you've really done is rob a lot of people.

PLAYBOY: What can Americans learn from Australians?

HOGAN: You can learn to relax. There's no atmosphere of tension in Australia. Maybe it's because there are only 16,000,000 of us

on a continent the same size as your country. But there's more reality to Australians. There are a lot of Americans who, if you go to their home, you feel are performing a little bit for you. They say all the right things and the nice things. It's better than being abused, I guess. But you don't feel when you've left the house that you know them. If they've said, "Have a nice day," well, they don't really give a shit what kind of day you're gonna have-especially at McDonald's. In Australia, if someone said, "Jesus, I wouldn't wear that shirt if I was you-it's a terrible color," you wouldn't take offense. There's a day-to-day straightforwardness in Australia that's missing in the U.S.

PLAYBOY: Yet the two peoples are said to be

HOGAN: Yeah. I'm told the smack is creeping into Sydney, though I've never met anyone who had anything to do with it. Still, drugs haven't gotten to be a dirty word there—not yet, I mean. So when people talk about Australia being like America in the Fifties, they mean without all those problems. You know, Richie Cunningham's Happy Days. Although, y' know, we had our Fifties in our Fifties.

PLAYBOY: What were your Sixties like?

HOGAN: The same as they were here. Peace, love and brown rice. And Bob Dylan, God bless you and all that.

PLAYBOY: How do Australians look back on the Vietnam war? Our countries fought side by side.

HOGAN: Yeah, we never miss a war-which

is very strange for a country always talking about peace and nuclear disarmament. We're the only country in the world that hasn't missed a war since the Crimean. We were in World War One to battle the dreaded Hun. We didn't know who they were or where the Hun came from, only that they weren't going to conquer Australia. We weren't even on their map, and they probably wondered who the guys with the funny hats were. But because we're so far away from the rest of you, it was a chance for our boys stuck on farms to travel and see the world. We were also very good at war, because we lived on horseback and hunted for our food. When we got to Europe, we got a shilling a day and

rope, we got a shilling a day and three meals, and all we had to do was shoot people. It was a picnic.

Same with Vietnam. Your poor kids were coming from New York and Los Angeles and being dropped into the jungle on the other side of the world—a place Australians used to go for holidays. Consequently, our kill rate was seven times better than anyone's except the Viet Cong.

PLAYBOY: Did you go to Vietnam?

HOGAN: I tried to. I was too old and married, with three kids. So I was in the supplementary reserve. But I wanted to go, because I'd never been outside the country. I got to go to New Guinea. I was a demolition expert. I was of more use training the



a lot alike.

HOGAN: Of course, we're both the new countries. You're 350 years old, we're 200. Both were basically started from the rubbish of Europe. It was all the vagabonds and the rebels and criminals. Only ours were the ones who got caught. You Americans are the ones who escaped.

PLAYBOY: Let's run a few more quick comparisons. Does Australia have a problem with drugs as America does?

HOGAN: Oh, we do have now. But we've always been quite a few years behind. When I was a kid, nobody smoked dope. And even up to ten years ago, you didn't find heroin and cocaine in Sydney.

PLAYBOY: But now it's spreading?

younger guys who did go to Vietnam.

I do not regret I didn't go, but at that age, 26 or 27, I thought it would have been great. Y' know, we could never understand why America turned on the kids when they came home. We'd see the crucifying of those guys on television—the spitting on 'em—well, we didn't do that at home at first. But we gradually started to copy it, because we saw enough of it on television.

PLAYBOY: People have also compared Australia's problems with its aborigines to America's race problems. Do you think your treatment of aborigines is racist?

HOGAN: It's not a racism problem. The only reason this seems like a black/white issue is because the aborigines happen to be black. It's more like your problem with Indians. You took their land off 'em and they want it back. The aborigines are our Indians. We took the land and they have these constant protests for land rights. Now they've got back 12 percent of the country—which is not too bad, because they're only one percent of the population.

PLAYBOY: Are they pleased with that?

HOGAN: What they want is to be acknowledged as the original owners of the land and probably for all of us convicts-born to pay them rent forever. I don't think we should pay rent forever, just as I don't think everyone in America should move out and give it back to the Indians.

PLAYBOY: As Australia's Mr. Everyman, you used to talk often with Australian prime minister Robert Hawke. What were your conversations about?

HOGAN: We don't talk that much now. Once, I think he might have perceived me as a threat. We talked about the state of the nation—the kind of stuff serious politicians always talk about. Mainly, he wanted to hear my opinions, because he knew he'd hear 'em eventually on television, anyway.

PLAYBOY: What about the rumors of your own political ambitions?

HOGAN: I don't deny them. I've always leaned toward benevolent dictatorship. I've often alluded to it. Been offered support. But I'm not too interested in being part of the party machine.

PLAYBOY: We hear about Australian demonstrations against nuclear weapons. Do you believe in the possibility of disarmament?

HOGAN: No, but it'll gradually scale down. Americans are more caught up with nukes than we are, because we don't have 'em. See, somewhere along the line, you've got to realize that Russians are people, too. Somewhere over there is a wife cooking the beans, a kid doing his homework, a guy mowing the lawn. He doesn't want to disappear in a puff of smoke, just as Americans don't. Unless you're stupid, you can't think of Russia as your traditional enemy; of everyone there wearing gray suits and red berets and marching like storm troopers. There's grandmas and little kids and babies and rock and roll.

PLAYBOY: One thing American men are experiencing lately is a certain amount of bashing by women. Is that also going on down under?

HOGAN: Yeah, oddly enough. For a country that's traditionally male-chauvinist—always has been, still is to a certain extent—Australia was also one of the first countries in which women got the vote. The women's liberation movement virtually started there when Germaine Greer wrote *The Female Eunuch*. Even the women's original marching song, *I Am Woman*, was by an Australian, Helen Reddy. Also, the first women tradesmen were in Australia, though mainly because all the young men got killed off in World War One.

But Australia is still a male-chauvinist bastion. And most of the women sort of like it that way. [Laughs] They run the country the old-fashioned way.

PLAYBOY: Do you think American men have something to learn from their Aussie counterparts?

HOGAN: Yeah. Don't fall for the sympathetic-wimp syndrome. Do the natural thing. It's probably something you can't tell anybody. You can't say, "Act like a man," if he doesn't know. I just roll along, even if they think I'm a chauvinist. That may be one reason a lot of women are seeing "Crocodile" Dundee. If you're a woman, at least you know who Mick Dundee is. You know he isn't going to come dancing out of the closet at night with your underwear on. But he will respect and protect a woman. It's his role. And therefore, to a certain extent, a woman will be capable of twisting him around her little finger. A lot of women sort of like the idea now of never lifting anything heavy in their lives and having men open doors for them-having a man for a slave.

PLAYBOY: So that's your answer to the question What do women really want?

HOGAN: A lot of the liberation thing backfired because women don't really want equality; they want superiority. And in a way, they had it. They did. This is a corny example, but it's a classic. A woman pulls over with a flat tire and goes, "Oh, dear!" And some poor man pulls up and says, "What's up, love? Here, I'll fix that for you." And he gets out and he barks the skin off his knuckles and gets dirty and sweaty and she says, "I couldn't have done it without you," and off she drives. She's happy and he's happy.

PLAYBOY: Is AIDS having as great an impact in Australia as in the U.S.?

HOGAN: We're not as obsessed with it as you are, because we don't have as much of it, I guess. It's still thought of as sort of a homo's disease in Australia. But I guess, as it spreads, the fear will definitely affect people. Anyway, parties aren't the same as they used to be. There's a vibe. [Grimaces] PLAYBOY: What's your take on American beer?

HOGAN: Well, it's not legendary around the world. I saw a beer someone said was judged the best beer in America. Well, that's sort of like being judged the best steak in Ethiopia. Of course, it depends on what you're used to. Australians think they make the best beer; Germans think they do. English and American beers tend to be dismissed by international beer drinkers.

PLAYBOY: How much beer can you drink in one sitting?

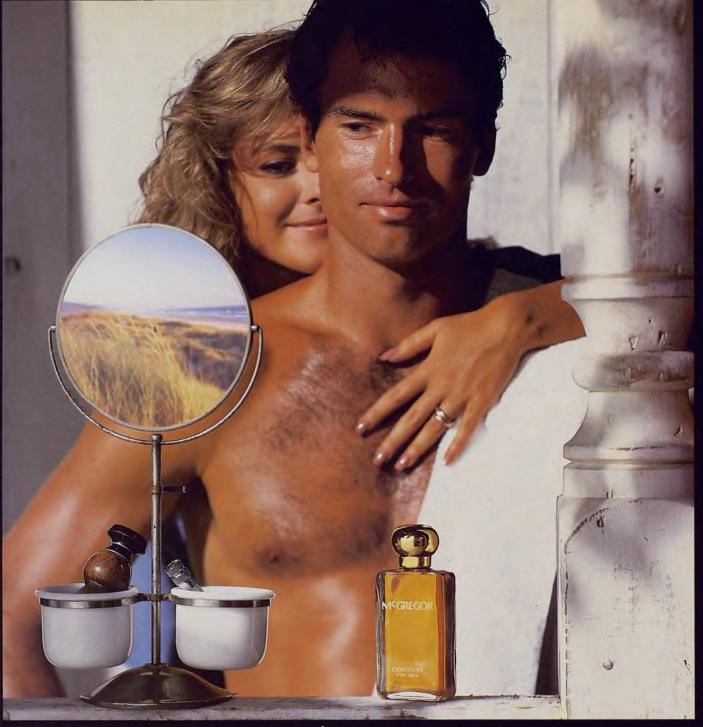
HOGAN: Not much. I'm an average drinker. It's because I do beer commercials that people tend to think I'm a booze artist. I'm not a beer swiller at all. I just like a beer occasionally.

PLAYBOY: Although, on occasion, you've gone beyond that. We're thinking of a time we heard about in London....

HOGAN: It's interesting, that. When I was in London a while back, we'd been filming all day-I think it was a Foster's commercial-and there was a party for the crew that night. Got full of ink and went to bed. Woke up a few hours later numb down my left side and my fingers tingling. I thought: stroke. I thought I was dying. I remember lyin' there in me hotel bed thinking, You can't complain, Hoges, you've had a good dig. I thought, Well, the wife and kids are covered; the trust account'll take care of them. Traveler's checks. I remembered I'd put them under the cupboard or somewhere and they mightn't find them when they found the body. There are a lot of things you've gotta think about when you're dyin'. I got up to get the checks and I was standin' up OK. Then I looked in the mirror and saw this dirty big red line right down my face and body. What had happened was I'd collapsed into bed with me head and arm hangin' over the dressing table, cutting off my circulation. I was right again in a few minutes. I was bloody glad I didn't go and wake everyone up.

PLAYBOY: Despite all the easy performing you do, there are those who say you're really a shy, awkward fellow who doesn't let down his guard. Now that we're about done, do you agree with that assessment?

HOGAN: Well, I don't think I'm awkward. The only awkward thing I did was swing into a wall instead of a window yesterday, and that's because I was sliding down a nylon rope. And shy? No, I'm not really shy. I'll talk under water with a mouth full of marbles, as this tape will show you. I talk, all right. But that's it. You're doin' your job; I'm doin' mine. If I run into you at dinner tonight, I won't be tellin' you about my last project or how good I was and how I got a standing ovation when I did *Othello* or something like that. [Pauses] Nah. We'll probably just have a couple of beers.



Introducing Scotch before breakfast



somewhere over the rainbow coalition, true power lies, and reverend jackson has his eyes on the prize

WHAT MAKES JESSE RUN?

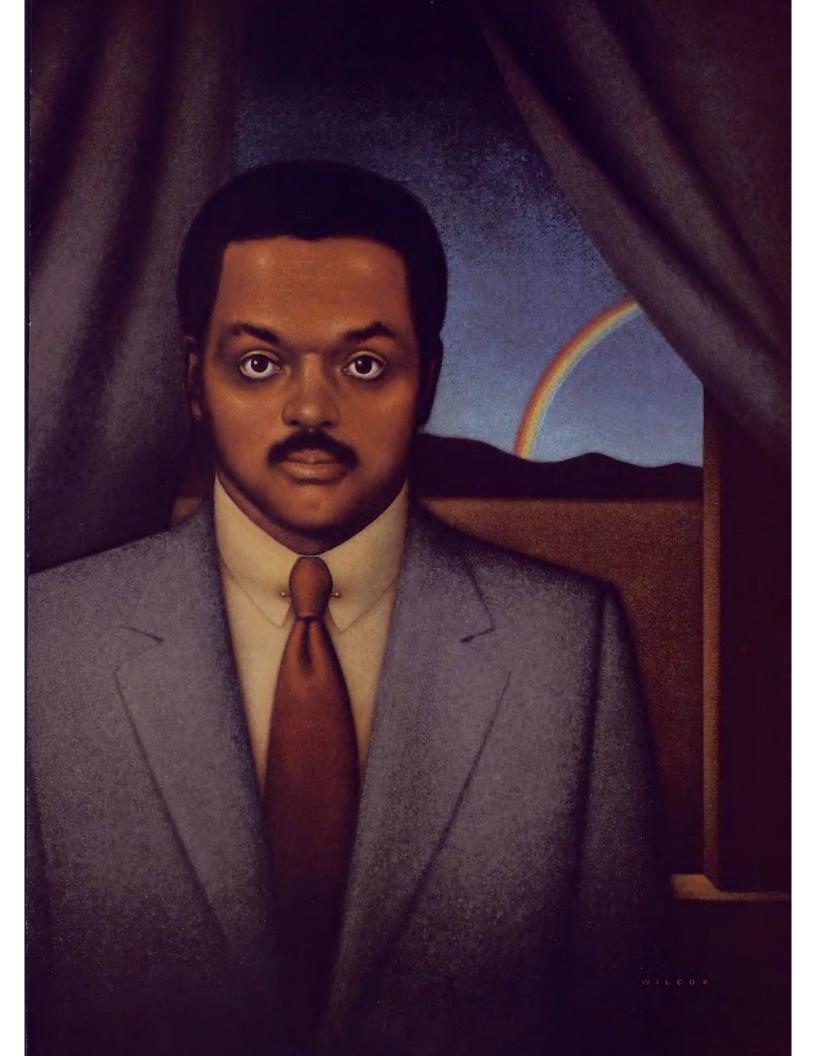
article By AMIRI BARAKA

of the African American Nation in the black-belt South, then Chicago is the capital of black America. Hot is always preferred to cold in the African aesthetic. Yet Chicago is so famous for its bone-shattering, paralyzing cold that it is cited as the site of the African god Oba, whose history transformed him into an icy, death-cold wind, the hawk. And from most accounts, Chicago is his present home.

I mention all this to explain, in part, who Jesse Jackson is and why he is so important. He is, as much as Frederick Douglass was in the 19th Century, the chief spokesman of the African American people. In this sense, whatever Americans make of Jesse, black people are his bone and muscle. He can rise only as high as they are moved.

The only America black people would have any reason to support absolutely would be one in which Jesse Jackson could be elected President. It is clearly his "inelectability" that most obviously identifies the principal defects in U.S. society. The extent to which Jackson, at best, must be shown as some kind of Onyx Quixote is the extent of U.S. social primitivism, the exact measure of the legacy of chattel slavery. But how did Jesse Jackson get to a place in his head where he seriously wanted to be President?

Jackson is rooted in the black-belt South. Born in South Carolina, he went to North Carolina A&T on a football scholarship. He was moved by the dynamic Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., and the movement for black democratic rights led by the Southern Christian Leadership Conference in the Fifties and Sixties. A combination of the black urban Southern church and the Southern



city preacher informed an activism that expanded and symbolized the civil rights movement.

In that sense, Jackson's campaign is a further, inature extension of the Sixties upsurge; it is the extent to which Jackson's fundamental support can be expanded and transformed into focused, popular political and social power that will define its ultimate use to the majority.

I am in the Bay Area to speak at Berkeley and Stanford and have heard that Jesse will be in town tonight to address the black Ford-Lincoln-Mercury dealers at San Francisco's Sheraton Palace Hotel.

The dealers sit in rows and are shining clean, polished like brand-new money. Their women dazzle with them. Later tonight, there will be a black-tie dinner dance in the ballroom, where Jesse will

give a formal address.

"Dukakis got \$13,000,000! Jesse got \$1,000,000! What do that look like?" exhorts Bill Shack, a brawny-looking man charged with getting the dealers to fund Jackson's campaign. "Our candidate too poor to reach the people? There are 185 black Ford-Lincoln-Mercury dealers. Jesse Jackson made all of them. It was Jesse carried our statement to Detroit. Got 30 immediately; they promised 320 dealers by 1990. There's 185 now!"

The audience applauds.

"Don't let Jesse be embarrassed in this room. Jesse is not begging—he's fund raising! Who helped found the National Minority Auto Dealers?"

Jesse strides into the hall, surrounded by his entourage—staff and Secret Service—amid jubilant applause. Shack says, "The next President of the United States, Jesse Louis Jackson!"

He seems taller, stronger, more genuinely self-assured. Earlier, I had walked up to him as he headed for the hall. We laughed and embraced like old comrades in struggle.

"I been expecting you," he said. Turning to one of his key allies, a black South African aide and another brother, he said, "This is Baraka. The real Baraka. Where you been?"

"I was supposed to go to Iowa and New Hampshire before, but I thought them white folks would kill me."

"This niggah's crazy!" he laughed. We walked and talked until we reached the doors of the small ballroom. "Get prepared for a victory!" he said.

He is on the stage now, wrapped in the response—the roar his call inspires! "I'm glad to see y'all. Man, I ain't seen this many black folks in a long time!"

"Do I have an ego?" he asks in his speech. "Of course. Would you want a President with an inferiority complex?"

Talking about the dealerships: "It didn't just happen. It was pressured. It was organized. Just to go for Govern-

ment grants and stuff is OK—it has its place. But the real money is private! And we're locked out of that.

"Doesn't matter how great an apple picker you are—ain't no apples fall, it don't matter!" Laughter, applause. Jesse, speaking to black people, delivers punch line after punch line, each with a profundity that rings clear through his own community—but, as Iowa polls would show by the end of that weekend, not just for black folk. There is a universal note being sounded in the accents and informed rhythms of a specific people, but the truths are so big as to be accessible to a great many people. And finally this is Jackson's danger.

"Never did think the issue was—never was—could we sell cars. Issue was, would Dearborn respect us? You knew you could run a dealership." The grunts of approval run through the crowd. Jackson is politician, preacher, leader. He takes it further: "I believe you could run Ford! I believe I could run America!" Bang! Like that, everybody in the place rises. It must be a religious experience.

Jesse steps back to let the spirit roll over him—then he gets back on it. "If Reagan and Bush had my odds...."

"Whew." The crowd amens.

"I've done the most with the least for the longest period of time!" There is a swirl of truth-cooked ecstasy pushing us. "I'm bicultural—worked on one side of town, lived on the other! I know America better. I negotiated more business deals—from even the lily white. And I did so with integrity—no funny-money deals. I don't expect it. Just great joy watching us grow!"

Yes, it is the *political* church. It is also call and response from the oldest human correspondence with the greater spirit

we all compose.

"Twenty-four years ago, Fannie Lou Hamer couldn't even get a chair at the Atlantic City Democratic Convention. Nineteen sixty-four, being locked out of the convention, with Dr. King trying to get her a seat!

"But you know, if you want to break out of the plantation, the opposition accuses you of being crazy. And the folks who want to stay accuse you of being *abnormal*, too!

"At the base, it is about *economic justice*. Fifty-seven corporations made four billion dollars and paid minus four billion in taxes. G.E. made 66 billion and paid no taxes!

"We'll confront Nissan and Toyota. In a real sense, this is you. I'm your horse—you my wagon—together, we gonna get Super Tuesday... with a force that can win this country! We never had the power to shake the tree... but now we must be tree shakers. But don't let me shake the tree, then you tell me you got the apples 'cause you got a master's in business

administration." Like a parting message, he teaches and warns as he begins to talk about the black national family, how glad he is to see everybody. The kinship and familiarity. We are family.

"But remember Richard Gephardt's rise in the polls; it's because he was spending more money. You see, you've got to afford to run. I can run... uphill, on ice, and I'm barefooted."

The high has been reached, but even then, in his spontaneous yet practiced way, he is leading the talk into fund raising, and by the time I go out, the dealers are signing \$1000 checks.

It is later that night at Butler Aviation, where I am supposed to pick up the Jackson party again. Private planes are in repose in all directions, lonely in the cold blue light.

Jesse has been public ever since I've known him. Always moving through a world of near worship as diverse as the disapproval, its necessary dialectic.

But now he *is* Presidential. There is an excitement to it for real. It would not occur to me until a week later with heavy impact. For real, I had never talked with someone who *could* be the President!

Entering the plane, I can see Jesse stretched out in the first group of seats. A University of Iowa sweat shirt. His feet covered with a coat, bumping up and down to the sound being pumped through the headset of the cassette player. He is listening to Peabo Bryson and rocking back and forth, his head conducting and conducted by the funk.

A black candidate for sure! I had never even thought of an American President listening to music. Reagan wanted to ban the Beach Boys.

The candidate has been brought Chinese food, which he is attacking, still rocking to the music. One earphone pulled away from his ear in deference to his visitor.

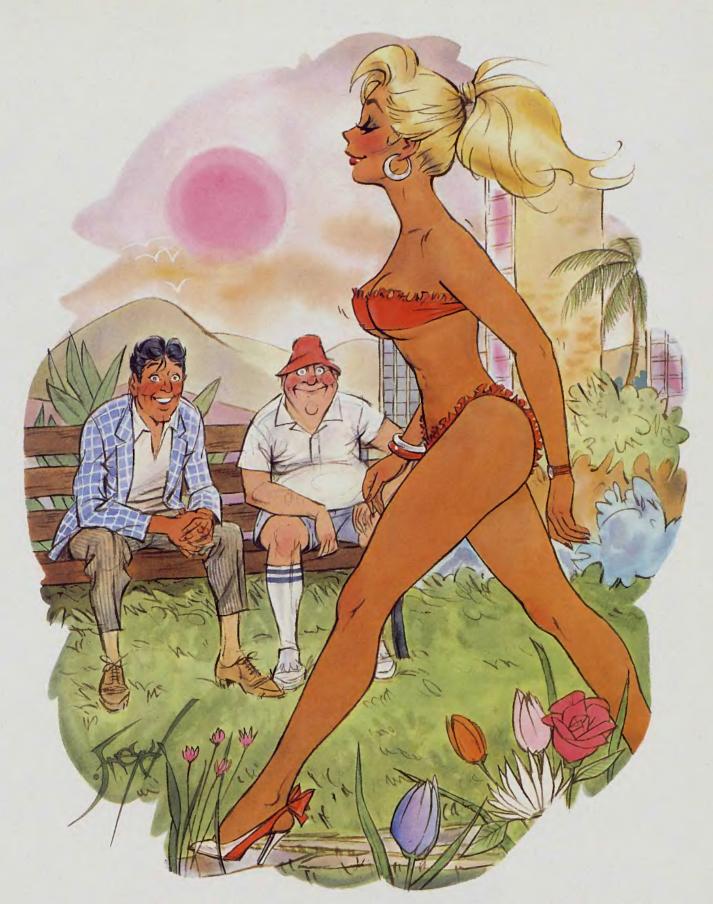
There are Secret Service men seated, a couple still standing. Jesse's staff moves quickly, making things ready. We are in the air now, three hours from Des Moines

I ask my first question again. How had he changed?

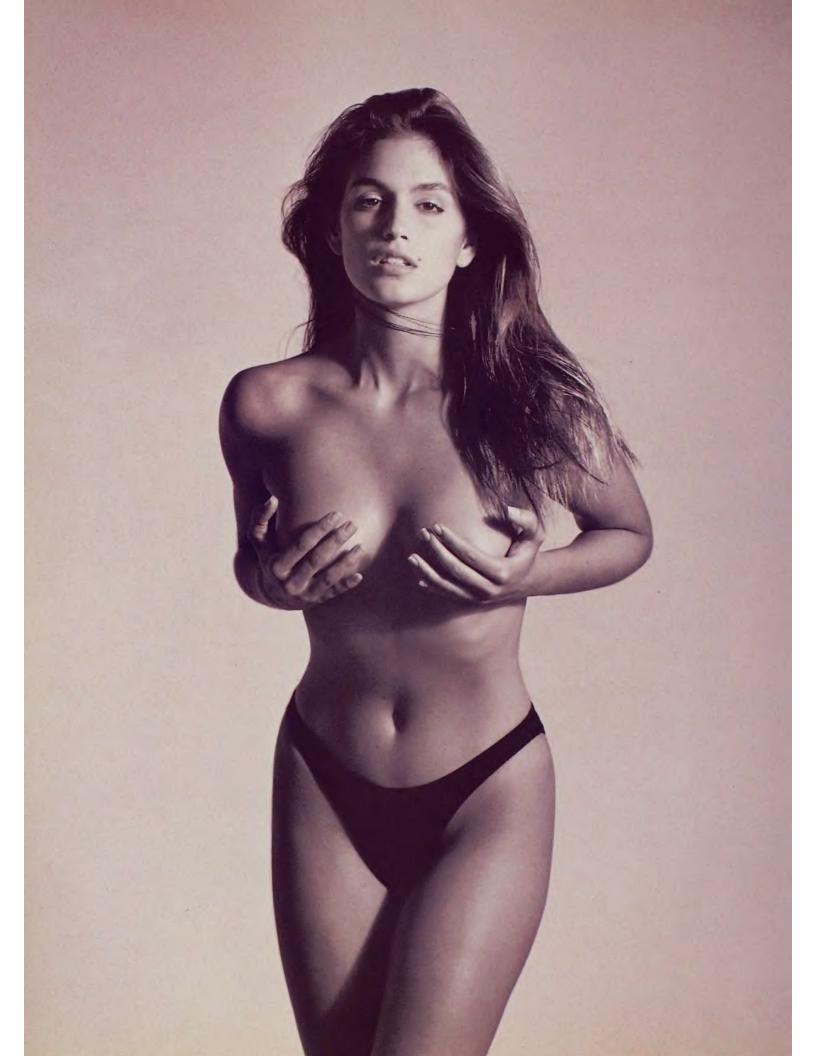
"Age, experience, other people's reactions," he says, modifying his Peabo movements, enjoying the food immensely, a hard yellow brightness in the plane peering through blue, cold early-morning glass. "You see your name with the Pope, Ted Kennedy, Billy Graham, Kissinger and me. Kissinger didn't stay on there long!

"A white American male on a list like that—he might run for governor or President. A white fellow I know—he's not even a racist, just a guy—told me I couldn't

(continued on page 152)



"I love California—it's almost impossible to violate local community standards."



S I N S U I T S A H E R B R I T T S P O R T E O I I O

h, summertime. There's something about the very sound of the word that conjures up images of sand. And sun. And swimsuits. In fact, so sultry is the season that most people begin fantasizing about it long before spring has even sprung. Well, this is no midwinter

daydream—it's the real thing, presented to you at the height of the heat wave. We found one model, one setting and a few delightfully disappearing bathing suits to come up with a pictorial just as blistering as the July weather itself. Naturally, the project would not have been possible without the very best talent around—both those who work behind and those who work in front of the camera—to brazen-

ly challenge the sun to a torrid contest of heat generation. Indeed, the duo we finally enlisted is something special: famed fashion/fine-arts photographer Herb Ritts and the staggeringly beautiful supermodel Cindy Crawford. It was perfect. Ritts photographed such steamy celebrities as Madonna, Kim



Basinger and Tina Turner and won fans among *Playboy* readers with his electrifying pictorial of actress Brigitte Nielsen (*Gitte the Great*, December 1987); and Cindy was no stranger to scorching display: She was among the lovely ladies languishing along the Thailand beaches in the 1988 *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit issue. Even before Ritts³s first roll of film was loaded, the temperature had begun to rise.



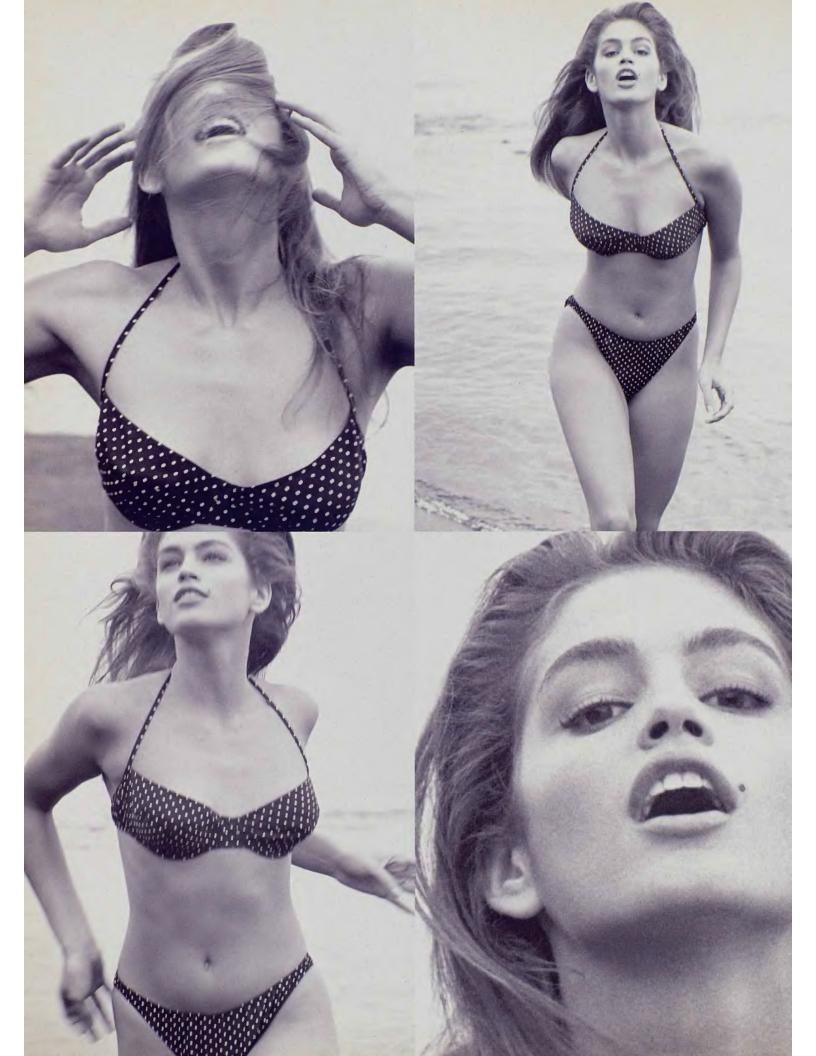
Ithough Cindy's corporeal debut in S.I.'s 1988 swimsuit issue (on page 99, to be exact) might have caused cardiac arrest among unsuspecting males, it was her face that made her famous. In the first three months of this year, she graced the cover of just about every top women's magazine, including Vogue, Harper's Bazaar, Cosmopolitan and Mademoiselle—and probably some others she has forgotten ("If I don't like the way the shots turn out," she says, "I don't bother to buy the magazine"). But Cindy,

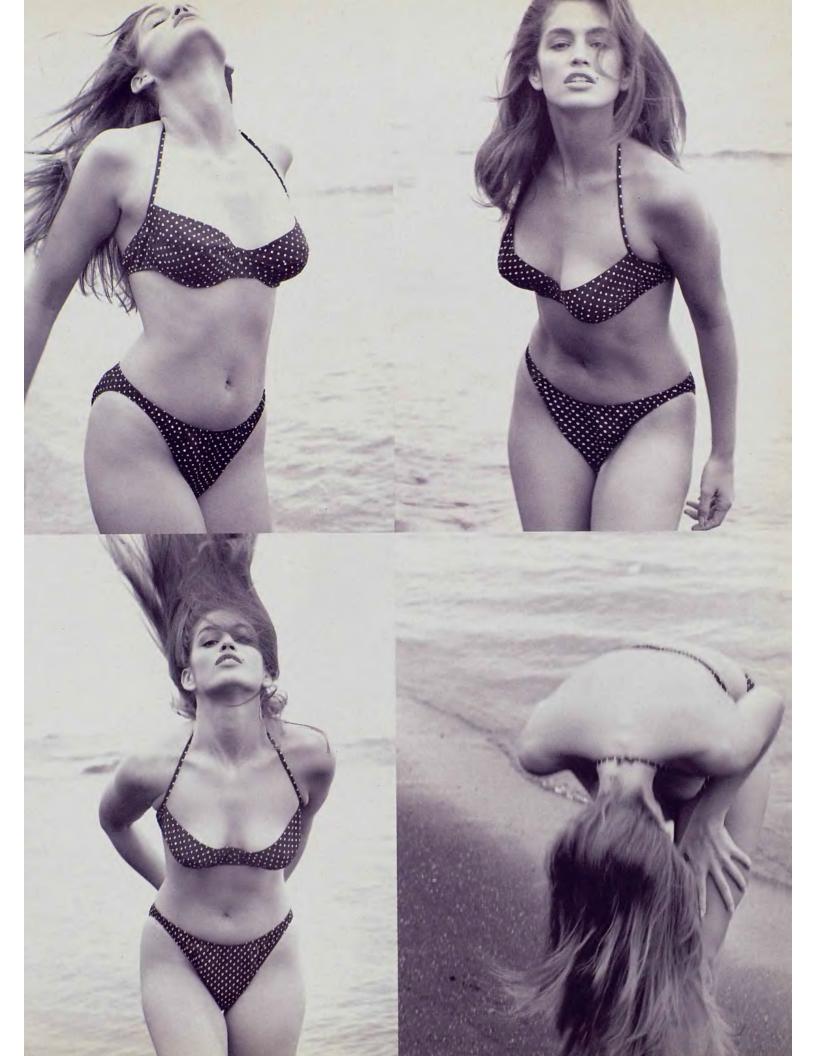
of course, is no stranger to caprice in the modeling industry, having pursued her ambition since her earliest high school days in De Kalb, Illinois. "I was always juggling my schoolwork and my career," she says. "And it wasn't easy. Then, after one year of college at Northwestern, I realized that I

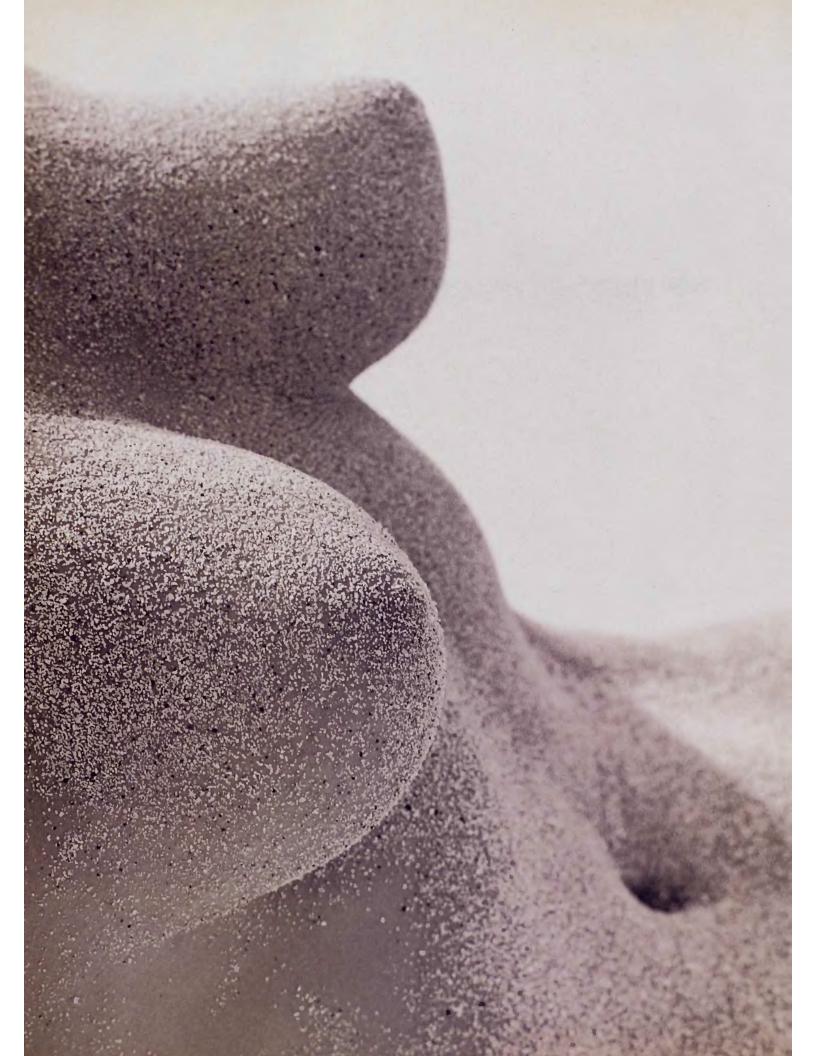


couldn't keep dividing my energies. I knew I had to make a choice and, well, modeling won out." The decision made, she packed up her make-up kit and moved to New York, signing up with the prestigious Elite agency. Indeed, it was when fellow Elite knockout Paulina Porizkova appeared on the pages and the cover of the August 1987 Playboy that Cindy herself became an overnight fan of the "Entertainment for Men" magazine. "I was suddenly buying Playboy to see Paulina," she says, laughing, "but I never imagined that I'd actually do a layout in it one day. But then I saw what Herb Ritts did with Brigitte Nielsen in the December issue. And I thought, Wow, if he can make her look that good, I'd love to see what he could do with me. That's when I decided to go for it."









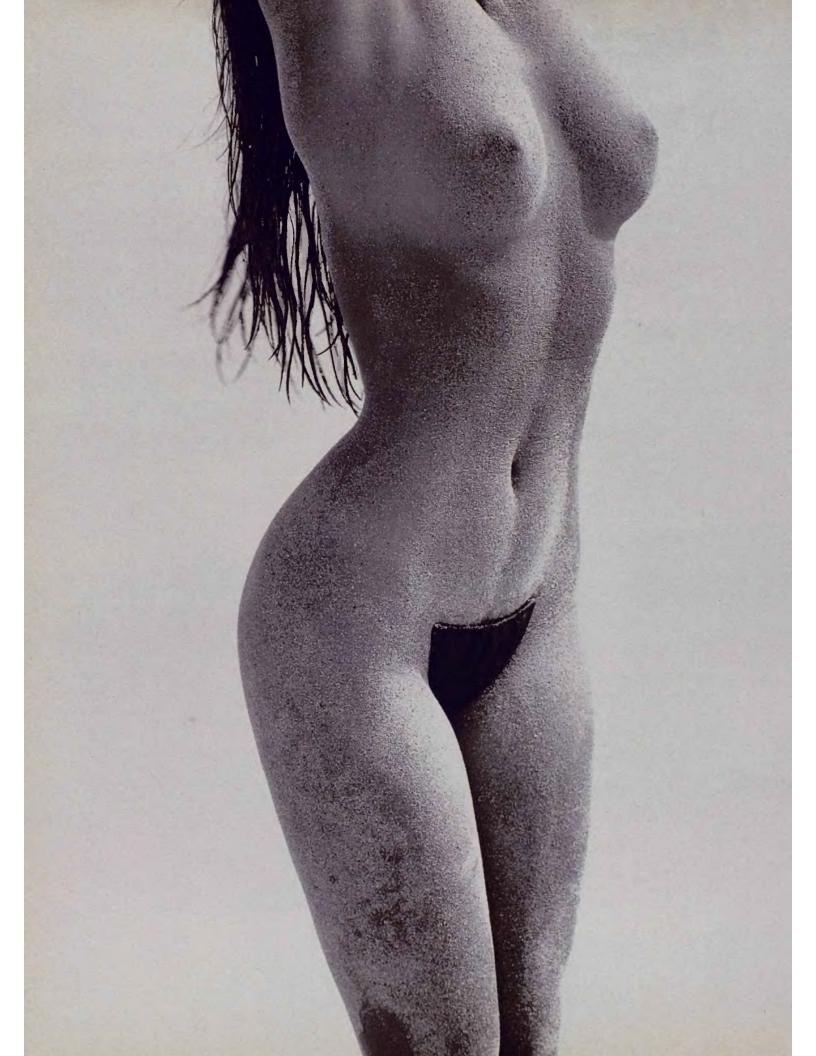
he shoot, it was decided, would take place along the sands of Kona and Kanapala, Hawaii—a backdrop, we thought, perfectly suited to Cindy's volcanic sensuousness. "But with the exception of nailing down that particular locale," says *Playboy* Photography Director Gary Cole, "we made no other rules: Herb and Cindy would be on their own." Few artists can command such confidence: Ritts is one, this generation's master at capturing the moody sexy essence of Hollywood's stars. "You never want to

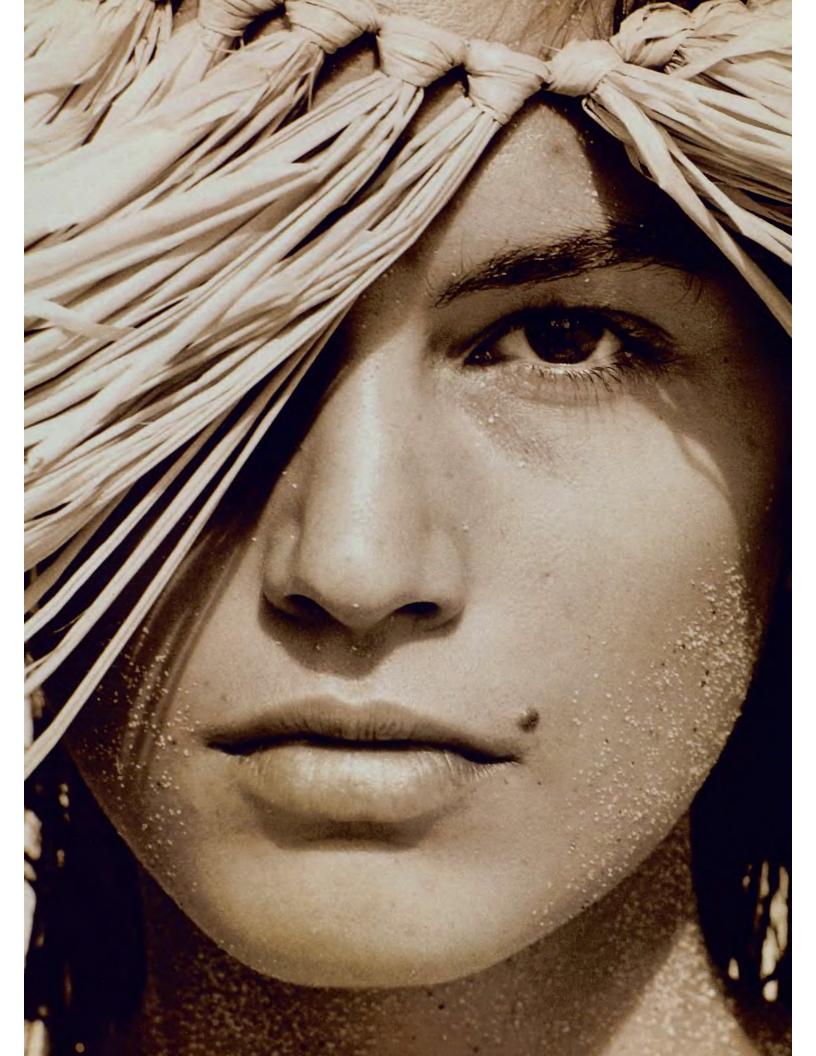
direct a photographer like Herb Ritts," says Cole. "He has his own special vision of erotica and woman-hood—his own idea of what he's going after—and we didn't want to interfere with that. In fact," he adds, "we didn't even tell Herb whether we wanted him to use color or black-and-white film. We just said

bon voyage and sent him on his way."

Although the sessions lasted only three days, both the photographer and the model recall that they required equal measures of stamina and stimulation. The decision to shoot in black and white seemed as natural as Cindy herself; the results, long before they reached our Chicago office, promised to be memorable. "Even before I saw one Polaroid from the shoot," says Cindy, "I knew it would turn out to be special. We put a ton of energy into this thing-going at it all day-yet it wasn't torture, by any stretch of the imagination. After all," she says, smiling, "it's not unenjoyable trying to make beautiful pictures. And Herb knows how to do that." Yes, he does. Thank you, Herb. And thank you, Cindy. Here's to a hot summer.











Oh, Bury Me Not...

should he take
the shots that will make
him feel younger?
our writer is sheepish

DURING A MID-LIFE CRISIS I went through a year or so ago, it struck me that my erstwhile boyish body had begun to show a few signs of age and that, contrary to previously held notions, I might possibly not live forever.

Oh, the body was still quite lean, but the hair had gotten a good deal grayer and the skin below the eyes and chin somewhat looser. Also, I'd married Suzanne, who is many years my junior, and we'd created a small son. Sliding gracefully into my golden years was something in which I had not the faintest interest.

I went to a cardiologist and, on his advice, increased my thriceweekly aerobic workouts from 20 to 30 minutes. I advised my trainer at Sports Training Institute to show me no mercy on the Nautilus machines. I went to my nutritionist and upped my intake of megavitamins. I stopped ordering cholesterol in restaurants. I began to do research on techniques to halt the aging process.

I began to hear a lot about a place in Switzerland called Clinique La Prairie, which has been around for 57 years. Its specialty is giving people injections of live cells from sheep embryos, a process that is alleged to revitalize the system. Charlie Chaplin, a satisfied

article by

DAN GREENBURG





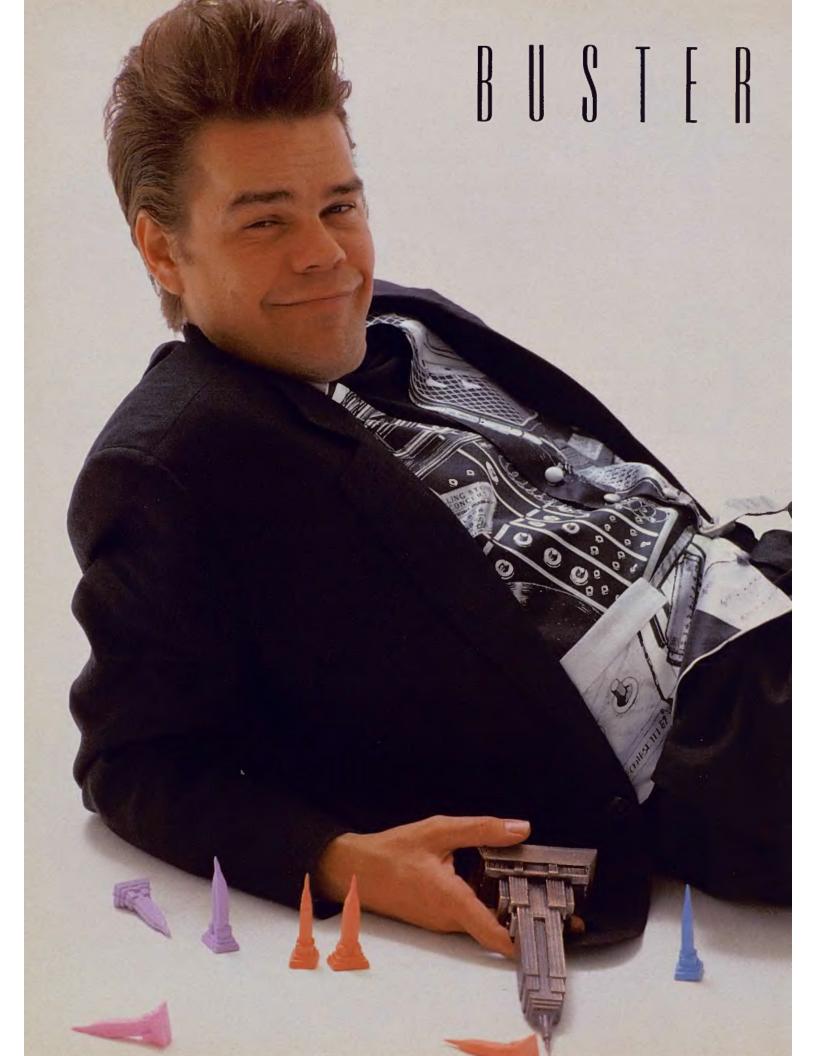
at Clinique La Prairie

customer of Clinique La Prairie, was reportedly 74 when he impregnated Oona O'Neill.

I decided to go to Switzerland to check the place out. I wasn't sure I wanted to be injected with sheep cells, but I figured I could decide that when I got there.

There are several theories about why we age. It has always been presumed that our bodies' cells have a finite ability to reproduce and live. The trick is to get aging cells to continue reproducing. Fresh-cell therapy claims to do just that. It was created by Dr. Paul Niehans, an internationally known Swiss surgeon who specialized in the transplantation of glands. In 1931, a doctor in Bern sent for Dr. Niehans to transplant a parathyroid gland in a last-ditch effort to save a patient dying from postoperative tetanus.

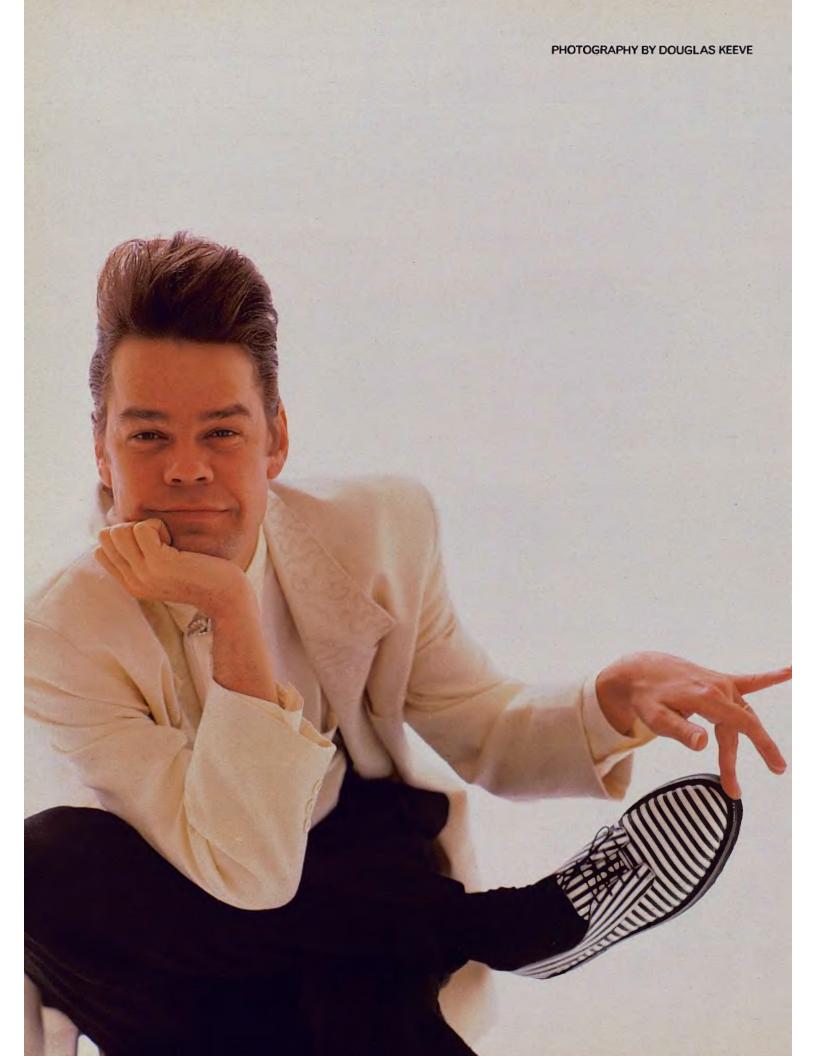
Niehans believed that the patient was too weak to tolerate the transplant of an animal parathyroid. In a burst of inspiration, he pulverized the gland, dissolved it in a saline solution and injected it into the dying patient. According to prevailing medical wisdom, the patient couldn't live longer than ten (continued on page 118)



TAKES MANHATTAN

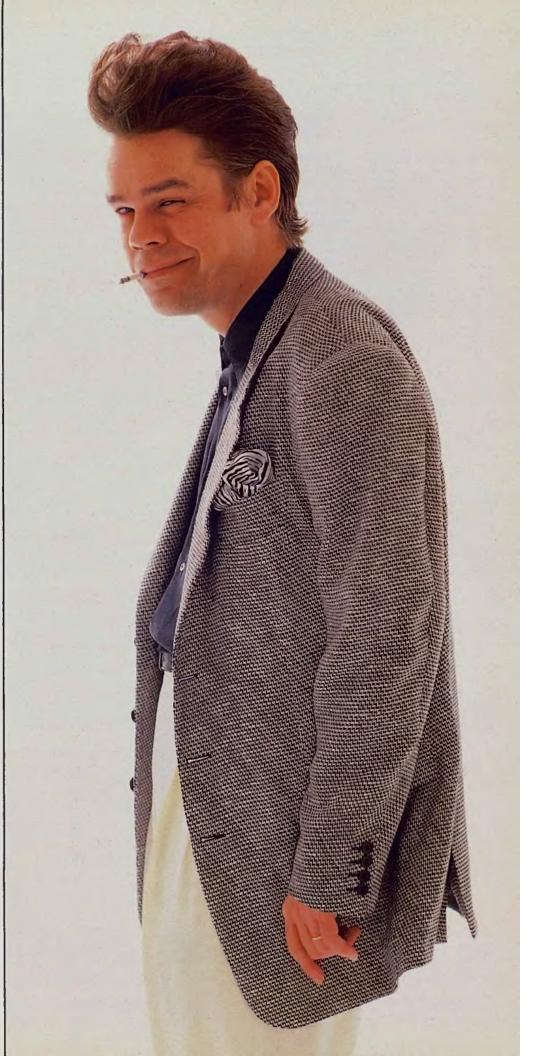
and he's hot, hot, hot fashion By Hollis Wayne



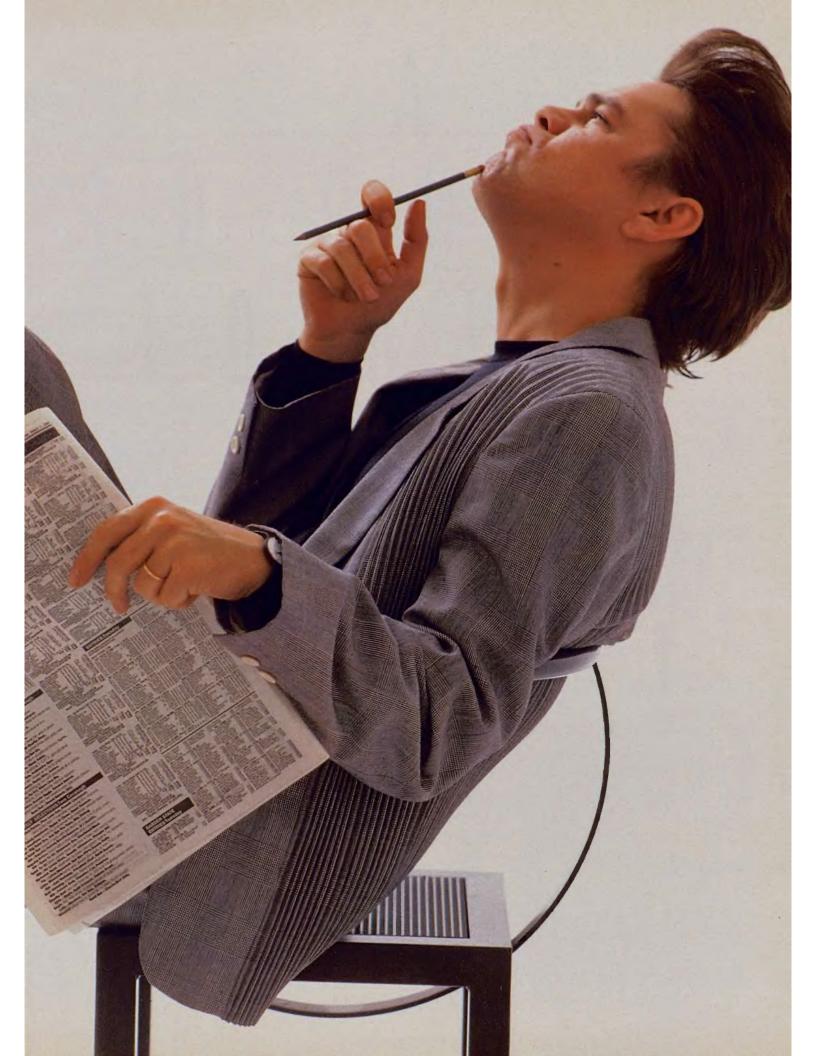


black and white and everywhere? It's RCA recording star Buster Poindexter in hot black-and-white stepping-out clothes. And who better suited to prowl and preen at night than Buster, who as David Johansen founded that Seventies glam-rock-club clan, the New York Dolls? Poindexter today is sort of an Eighties Ricky Ricardo without the babaloo; his latest stint will be as a long-haired demonic-cabdriver Ghost of Christmas Past in the forthcoming Bill Murray film Scrooged. For these pages, we took away Poindexter's signature tuxedo and gave him an upscale look to impress the downtown types. Check it out.

Left: Linen single-breasted sperts coat, \$620, and linen trousers, \$245, both by Roser Mercé; silk shirt, by Sans Tambours Ni Trompettes, \$165; striped leether Oxfords, by Susan Bennis Werren Edwards, \$425; and wool/nylon socks, from Fabrienni, \$13. Right: Wool zigzeg sports coat, by Bill Kaisermen, about \$675; washed-silk shirt, by Thompson Gary, about \$150; and geberdine pants with triple-pleeted front, from Dimitri Mode by Ratner, \$125.







SIAND-UP KINDOF GUY

heeerrre's jay! the hardest-working man in comedy

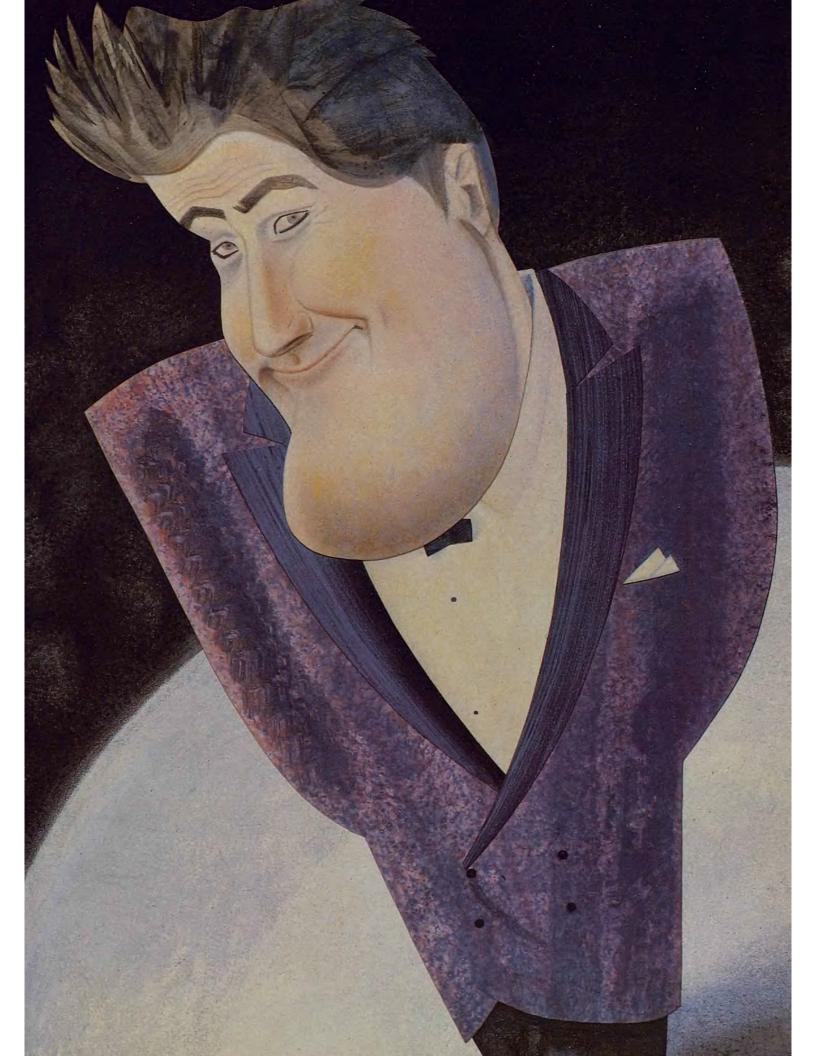
personality By Bill Zehme

OU ASK ME of Leno. I will tell you everything. He is, as you may suspect, a simple man, a good man, a decent man, a man unafraid to work with his hands. Yet he chose to live by his wits, which he keeps about him even in the most perilous circumstances. Leno and I once took a flight to the corn belt together, elbow to elbow on one of those flatulent little twin-prop jobs. It was in the middle of a particularly turbulent air pocket that he turned to me and calmly debuted the Small Airline Disaster joke: "This," he observed, "is the kind of plane that if it crashed, you'd only hear about it on cable." I guffawed and he was satisfied. "I think I'll try that in the act tonight," he said, and did, and has done so ever since.

It's true: I knew Leno years ago, knew him when his mighty jaw, that prognathous stalactite, was only beginning to cast its imposing shadow over the American comedy landscape. Since that time, Leno has done miraculous things. He has scaled astounding heights. He has made important contacts. He has improved his frequent-flier mileage. He has, in short, gone where no Leno had dared to go before....

LENO DOES THE IMPOSSIBLE

A booking quirk! An amazing feat! On the same night Leno is to host *The Tonight Show*, he must fly afterward to Las Vegas and perform twice on the stage of Caesars Palace, then immediately return to Los Angeles in order to host *The Tonight Show* again the following night. A most formidable show-business accomplishment, this. A comedian's Holy Grail. Leno, though, being Leno, is, um, *embarrassed* by the prospect. "It's so stupid," he whinnies, as he is wont to do, in his bemused Lenoesque fashion. "I feel like Sammy (continued on page 147)









LIFE IS A THREE-RING CIRCUS FOR

THE



G R E A T E R R



AS A LITTLE GIRL in Chicago, she fell for a bozo-the original Bozo, who camped it up on local TV as star of the now-legendary Bozo's Circus. "I went on the show and won a stuffed toy, got my picture taken with Bozo and became the talk of the sixth grade." Terri Lynn Doss, now 22, smiles, fixing blue-gray eyes on the memory. "But that wasn't my first performance." In fact, she was a stage veteran. Dressing up as Cher, vamping for her friends while her mom sold tickets for a nickel, she had already become a star of the neighborhood talent-show circuit. "I was quiet in school," she says, "but at home, I loved singing and dancing."

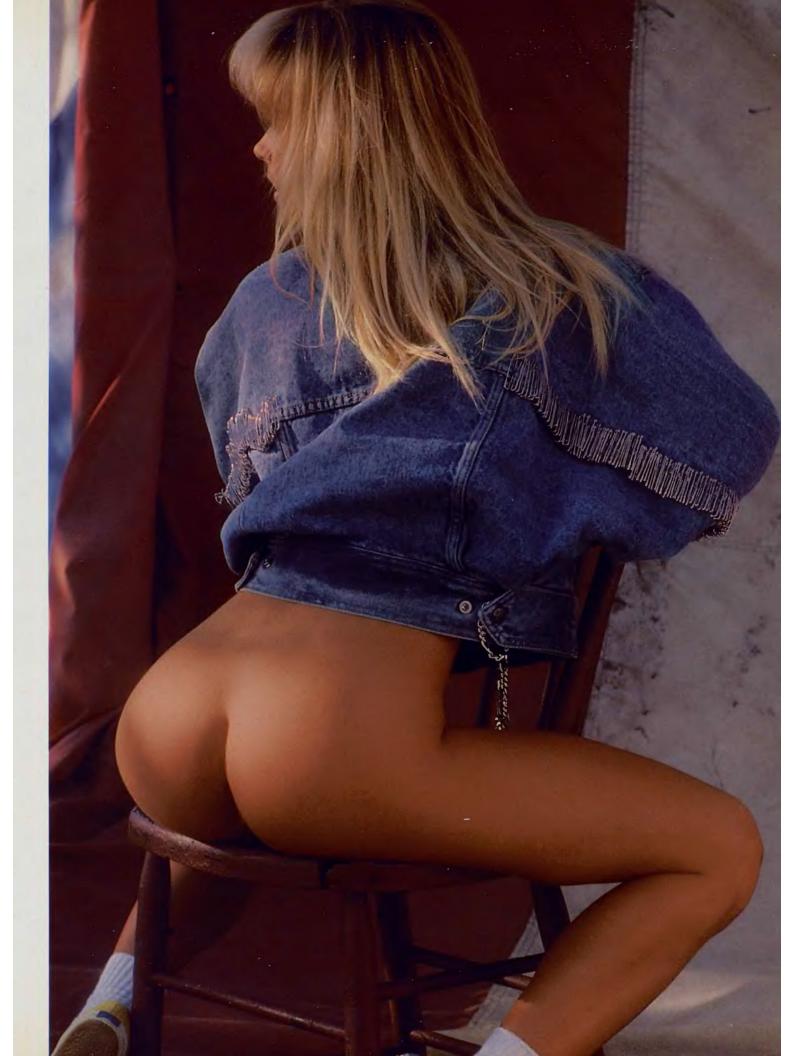


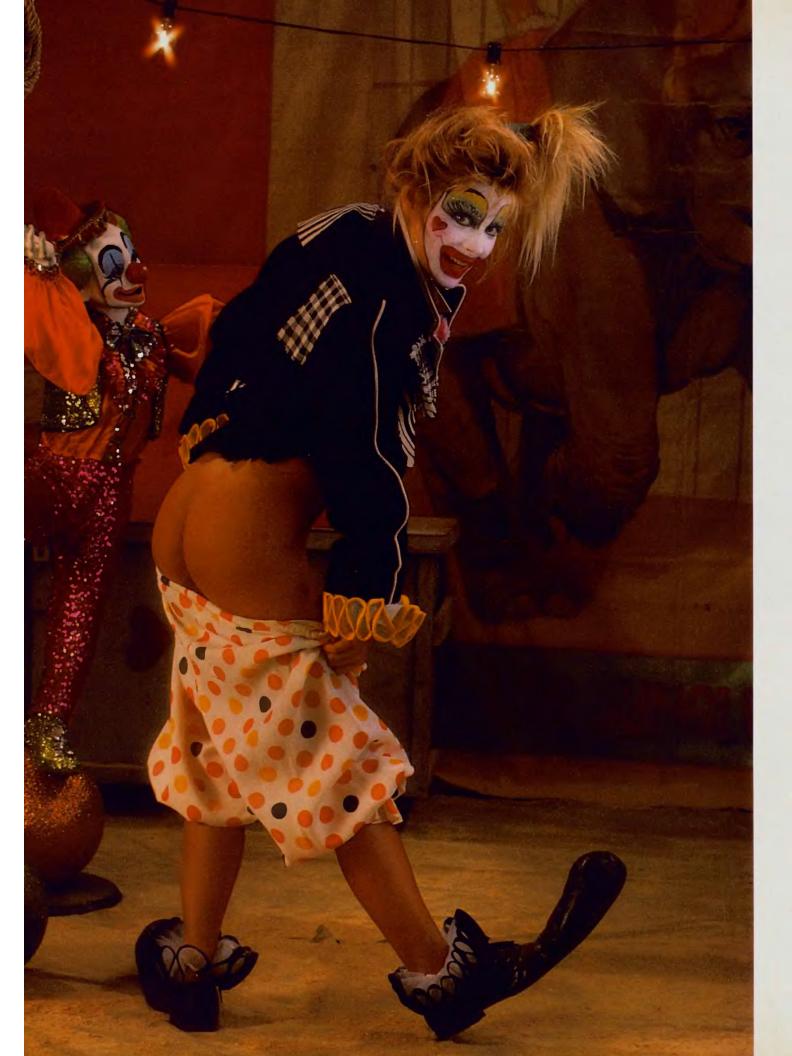


"I never dreamed that one day I would be in *Playboy*. I never thought I was pretty. Even at 17 or 18, I had a fat baby face. I'd look at the magazine, and those girls looked like goddesses."

Terri grew up in drag—National Hot Rod Association drag racing, a circus of a sport in which spindly cars hurtle down dusty straightaways at jaw-dropping speeds. Her father ran the local raceway and doubled as track announcer. Her mother sold tickets. Terri and her brother ran the souvenir booth. "Every Sunday morning, we would get up at six and go to the track," she recalls. "Sometimes, I got to hand out the trophies after races. But what I remember most is coming home and shaking off all the dust that I had got on my hair and my clothes." N.H.R.A. hero Don "The Snake" Prudhomme was a family friend. These days, Terri doesn't require a Snake-style parachute to slow down her Toyota MR2 on the Ventura Freeway but admits, "I love to drive fast." Except for that minor vice, she lives a sensible existence, working hard and steering clear of the fast lane. "I don't do the party scene. I'm a homebody."









Terri rolled into Hollywood two years ago, determined to try her hand at acting. Called to do a scene at director Richard Donner's home, she bumped into a shirtless hunk sunning himself on the lawn. "I said, 'Are you Mel Gibson?' He smiled. He's a wonderful man," Terri says dreamily. "I hope I can work with him again—and soon!" Most of Terri's role in Lethal Weapon was cut, but she appears in Die Hard—as the beauty Bruce Willis bumps into at LAX.

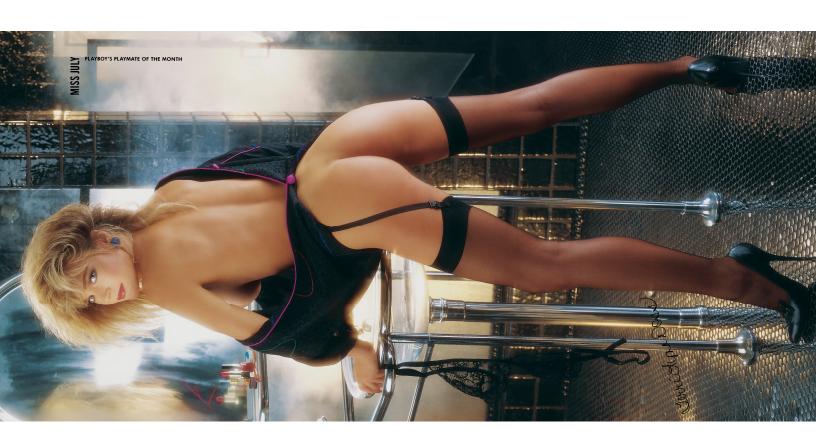
"I have a lingerie collection. I like to wear lace, garters and a nice silk nightie. I was going to go to a party in that outfit once, but I chickened out. I saved it for a more private time."



When the subject is men, Terri steers clear of current fashion. "I'm not into suits and ties, and I'm not really into workout guys with washboard stomachs," she says. "I'd rather be with a guy who has a beer belly. I think there's something a little egotistical about trying to look good all the time. I used to date a guy who was a mechanic. He wore a scruffy beard, blue jeans and a T-shirt, never worked out—and never knew how goodlooking he was. That was what turned me on about him. He never thought about it."



"I want to act, and I'm going to work hard on my acting, but I want to put down roots, too," says Miss July. "I would like to be married before I'm 25 and have a baby before I'm 30." She grins at the prospect of juggling marriage, motherhood and a film career. "People say you can't be happily married in Hollywood," she says. "We'll see!" Terri Doss has too much going today to worry much about 1990 or 1995. "I'll be whatever—I really have no idea what I'm going to be, but I know one thing: I'm going to enjoy it."



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET NAME: [ERRI Lynn, Doss)ingo Boingo AGE 16... SOPHOMORE YEAR SURPRISE PARTY!



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Jimmy Carter, Ted Kennedy, Gary Hart, Joseph Biden and Michael Dukakis were on a cruise down the Potomac when the ship struck a rock

and began to sink.
"Gentlemen," Carter said, "as good Christians, we should let the women and children board the

"Fuck the women!" Kennedy shouted.
"Do we have time?" Hart asked.
"Do we have time?" Biden asked.

"Did everyone hear that?" Dukakis asked.

When talking shop, technicians at sperm banks refer to frozen semen as blue genes.



When the salesman's car broke down, he walked to the nearest farmhouse to ask if he could stay the night. The farmer agreed to put him up. "But," he said, "you'll have to share a bed with my son."

"Oh, never mind," the disappointed salesman said. "I think I'm in the wrong joke."

On the opening day of fishing season in Idaho, an old man in a pickup truck bearing Wyoming license plates unloaded a birchbark canoe, a one-piece bamboo rod and a beat-up tackle box and headed out to the lake. Several hours later, he returned with 50 large lake trout. The local fishermen, who had had barely a nibble, asked the old man his secret, but he ignored them, loaded up his truck and drove away.

The scenario was repeated for the next several days. Finally, the Department of Fish and Game was called in to investigate. When the old man arrived on schedule one day, the Fish and Game officer asked to join him. He shrugged and motioned him into the canoe. After an hour of paddling, he reached into his tackle box, pulled out a stick of dynamite, lit the fuse and threw it into the water. The officer watched in shock as the old man netted several stunned fish.

"Sir, I don't know what the laws are in Wyoming," the officer said, "but here in Idaho, it's

illegal to dynamite fish.

The old man pulled out another stick of dynamite, lit the fuse, threw it into the officer's lap and growled, "Boy, you gonna sit there and talk or are you gonna fish?"

A distinguished-looking man entered a Geneva bank and inquired about taking out a loan for 1000 Swiss francs.

"What security can you offer?" the banker

"My Rolls-Royce is parked out front," he said. "I will be away for a few weeks. Here are the keys.'

A month later, the man returned to the bank and paid off the loan, 1017 francs with interest.

"Pardon me for asking," the banker said, "but why a one-thousand-franc loan for a man of your obvious means?"

"Very simple," he replied. "Where else can you store a Rolls for a month for seventeen francs?"

Why do shepherds wear flowing robes? Because sheep can hear a zipper a mile away.

One of the proctologist's most annoying patients came in for an examination. The doctor ordered him to bend over and proceeded to probe with first one, then two fingers, causing the patient considerable discomfort.

"Hey, doc," the man objected, "why are you us-

ing two fingers?"
"I assumed," the doctor replied, "that you'd want a second opinion."



After a fierce hurricane struck New York City, local officials estimated that the storm did \$10,000,000 worth of improvements.

A man wearing a stovepipe hat, a waistcoat and a phony beard sat down at a bar and ordered a double whiskey. As the bartender set it down, he asked, "Going to a party?"

"Yeah," the man answered. "Supposed to go dressed as my love life.'

"But you look like Abe Lincoln."

"That's right. My last four scores were seven years ago."

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.



"Looks like some folks are in for one hell of a big blow tonight, Walt."

Whiskey AMÉRICAIN



louis xvi would have loved it

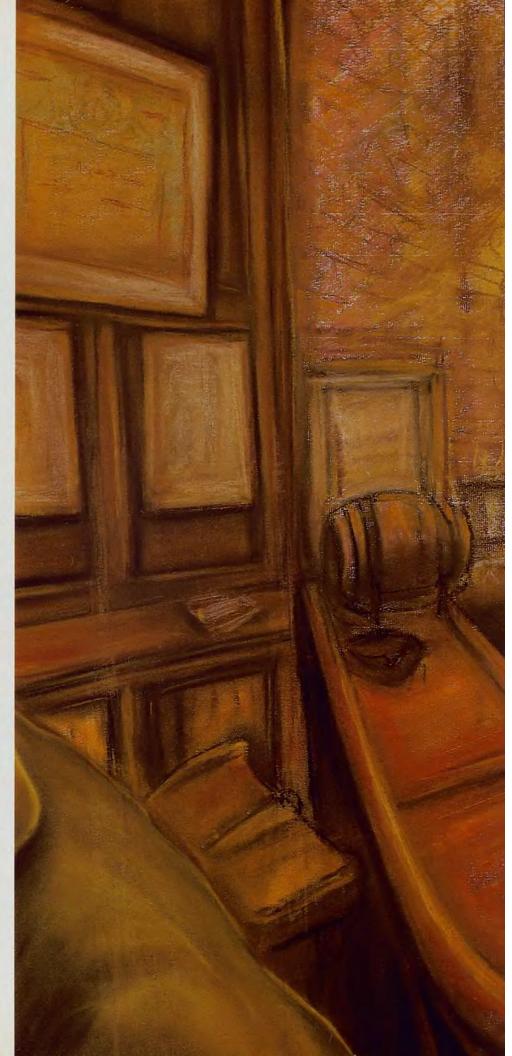
drink By MICHAEL JACKSON

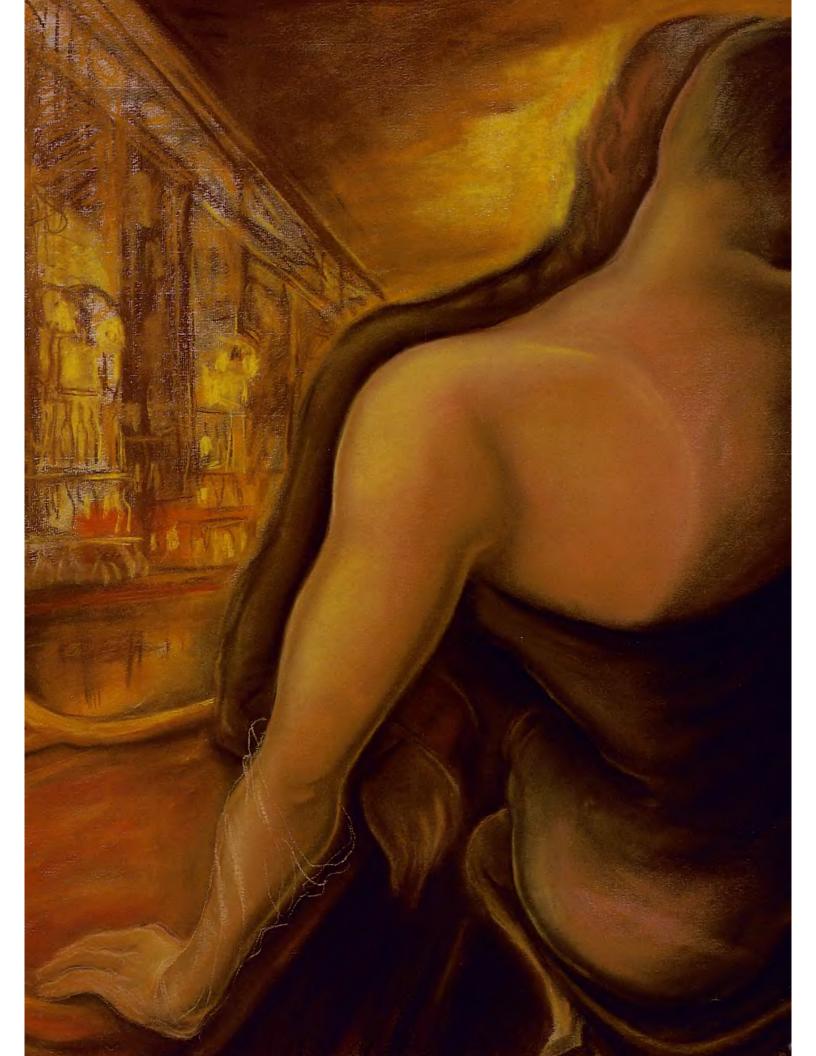
THE NAME, of course, is French. B-O-U-R-B-O-N. Heard a Frenchman say the word? They roll that R as though they were sipping whiskey. If the French had discovered it first, imagine the fuss they would have made over it. It was named after the king of France, of course, Louis XVI, who was honored by having a county in Kentucky named after him. The gesture was a thank-you to the French for supporting the Americans in the War of Independence. Later on, they sent us the Statue of Liberty.

Merci, nos amis! Let's drink to that! Let's have a B-O-U-R-B-O-N. It is, after all, the spirit of independence.

The natural place to clink glasses to such an event is at Harry's New York Bar in Paris, an institution at Cinq Rue Daunou that has been a favorite watering hole for Americans since Harry MacElhone, the bartender, served his first drink there on Thanksgiving Day in 1911.

Harry's son Andy and grandson Duncan still run the place. They keep at least a dozen American straight whiskeys on the back bar, in the three classic styles: Kentucky bourbon (the sophisticated young Frenchman likes it straight up, in a sherry glass); Tennessee whiskey (as an aperitif, on the rocks or with a twist of lemon); and Pennsylvania-style rye (America's first whiskey, back in style, especially in a manhattan cocktail). For the birthday of (continued on page 156)





Clinique La Prairie (continued from page 93)

"If movie stars, Popes, princesses and heads of government had taken the shots, then why not I?"

minutes after such an injection of foreign protein. Hours passed. To the amazement of everyone, the patient did not die—in fact, she lived for another 30 years.

Using himself as a guinea pig, Niehans did further experimentation in fresh-cell therapy. Elated at the results, he created Clinique La Prairie. In the half century since then, the clinic has treated more than 65,000 patients. Niehans died in 1971 at the age of 89.

The bottom line is, do I want sheep cells injected into my tush? (Q.: How do you feel after your sheep shots, Dan? A.: Not baaaad.)

I phone a conservative internist friend of mine, Dr. Baker.

"I am thinking of going to Switzerland to take sheep-cell injections," I say.

"Go to Switzerland," he says. "Don't take sheep-cell injections. They could cause allergic reactions or damage to your immune system."

I consult a friend named Susan Calhoun.

"Do it, do it!" she says.

"I'd have to be injected with cells of unborn sheep," I say.

"Listen, I'd eat babies if I thought it would do any good," she says.

A friend named Charlie Milhaupt warns, "You'll come back too young for Suzanne."

I visit Clinique La Prairie's representative in New York City, Madeleine Arena. I ask her what sort of rejuvenation I can expect if I take the injections.

"You can't rejuvenate or reverse the aging process," she says. "You can only retard it. The thing most people experience as a result of the shots is renewed energy, though people go to Clinique La Prairie for a variety of reasons."

Pope Pius XII took the shots because he was suffering from nonstop hiccups. Princess Elizabeth of Yugoslavia took the shots because she was turning 50 and getting forgetful. George Hamilton went three times, starting at the age of 26, because he was losing his hearing. Konrad Adenauer went, but Arena doesn't know why. (If movie stars, Popes, princesses and heads of government had taken the shots, then why not I?)

A young New Jersey construction worker named Frank Juliano had an onthe-job accident that broke his pelvis in three places and left him paralyzed from the waist down, with no control over bowel or bladder functions. After extensive hospital care and various types of physical therapy, there was not much improvement and he was still confined to a wheelchair. After two treatments at Clinique La Prairie, as he reported on the *Today* show, he experienced a tremendous decrease in the chronic, severe pain he was having and started to have new movement in his legs. He was out of the wheelchair and had regained control over bowel and bladder functions and is now able to walk with crutches.

Five doctors on duty at Clinique La Prairie can handle only 25 patients at a time. Reservations must be booked four months in advance. The cost is 10,500 Swiss francs, or about \$8000 at current exchange rates. Patients spend three nights in a hotel and six nights in the clinic on the following schedule:

You arrive in Montreux on a Sunday and check into your hotel. On Monday, you're given a physical examination. Tuesday is a free day. On Wednesday, there's a consultation about your exam, and then you move into the clinic. On Thursday, you get the shots—eight to 12 of them. On Friday and Saturday, you stay in your bed (you may feel tired, achy and flulike). On Sunday and Monday, you can go out, but you must return to the clinic. You can have facials, manicures, pedicures and acupuncture needles inserted into your face to diminish wrinkles. And on Tuesday, you're discharged.

Arena admits that you may feel tired for a couple of weeks. A "raised temperature" is also possible two to eight weeks after the shots. Raised temperature? Does she mean fever? "Yes, but only for a little while." And how long does it take to feel the good effects? "Three to six months, though it takes some people eight to ten months to feel it. Oh, and you don't have to be worried about Chernobyl," she says.

"What do you mean?" I say. I hadn't worried about Chernobyl for a long time.

"I mean about the radioactive fallout contaminating the sheep. They were inside all winter during the incident, so there's no way they could have been contaminated by the fallout."

"Ah, good," I say.

I speak by phone with a surgeon in Los Angeles who went to Clinique La Prairie in September 1986 to look over its operation and decide whether or not he wanted to take the shots himself. He was impressed by the clinic scientifically, took the shots and believes they were beneficial, but he's reluctant to have me use his name for fear of disapproval from the medical community.

Another Los Angeles doctor with whom I make contact believes the shots can do neither good nor harm but may produce an allergy to lamb chops.

I phone Dr. Norman Orentreich, a New York dermatologist famous for helping the famous look younger. I am sure he knows of Clinique La Prairie. I'm right.

"The injections stimulate the adrenal glands," says Dr. Orentreich. "But that is a stressful thing to do to the body, injecting it with foreign protein."

"Why is that?"

"Because it's stressful," he says. "If you took a whip and hit someone, he'd get an adrenaline rush and temporarily feel that he had extra energy. But it would be a transitory and a stressful process."

"Do you know of any side effects?"

"The injections can cause soreness at the site, severe hives and arthritis."

"Would you take the injections yourself?"

"You couldn't give me a million dollars to take them," he says.

Maybe I won't take the shots after all.

Blanche Cutler is a travel agent in New Jersey. She has been to 140 countries, is 68 years old and went to Clinique La Prairie in August 1986. I ask her why.

"For one thing, I wanted to maintain my memory—what's your name again?" I repeat my name, but she is joking.

"I didn't want to stop traveling," she continues. "I figured any investment I could make in my health so I could continue traveling was worth it. By the way, the shots are also great for the libido."

"Really?"

"Oh, they absolutely improve your sex life. Since I had the shots, the sensitivity in my nipples has been heightened. Also, my memory is coming back. That's taken about four months. Four months for the memory, four to five for the sex. I'm 68 years old, and I would never want to turn the clock back, even for a day. I have lots of energy, and I look great."

"Tell me more about Clinique La Prairie."

"When you arrive, they examine you. I tell all the girls you must wear a pretty bra and panties—they examine you that way, so you have to look cute."

"So they examined you, and then a few days later, they gave you the shots."

"They found I was allergic, so they gave me something for the allergy, and then they gave me the shots." Any side effects? "I got dizzy, but that's all. They give you pills for 30 days. I had sore (continued on page 158)

JELLY-BEAN PRESIDENCY

as the man who put the p.r. in the presidency, ronald reagan spoke no evil. the facts, unfortunately, speak for themselves

THE JELLY BEAN, composed of sugar coating and transparent goo, is a first-rate choice for the official candy of the Reagan Administration. But polytetra-fluoroethylene—a.k.a. Teflon—is getting an associative bum rap; unlike the Administration to which it's attached, Teflon is great stuff. According to Encyclopaedia Britannica, it is characterized by "its complete indifference to attack" and by its "slippery surface," both of which make it suitable to "corrosive environments."

Which brings us to the spooky part: Nineteen eighty-eight is polytetra-fluoroethylene's 50th anniversary, and it is Jelly-Bean/Teflon President Ronald Reagan's last year in office. Coincidence? We think not. Perhaps even more than candy and Commander in Chief, President and polymer match up: Consider the popularity, the malleable form, the indifference, the slipperiness, the corrosive environment. That Teflon is being held hostage in this relationship only confirms its aptness for the role it fills.

Duly noting all of the above, we here document all the awful stuff—confectionery and otherwise—that should have stuck to Ronald Reagan but, by the magic of political chemistry, hasn't. Yet.

SAY WHAT?

reagan eraserhead of state

A few things Ronald Reagan didn't know: the fact that most of the U.S.S.R.'s weaponry is land-based; what his only black Cabinet member (Samuel Pierce)

compiled by Peter Moore

illustrations by Steve Brodner

looked like ("How are you, Mr. Mayor?" he greeted Pierce. "I'm glad to meet you. How are things in your city?"); how long ago World War Two was fought (he claimed that there were very few living Germans who even remembered the war, "and certainly none of them who were adults and participating in any way"); the first name of his chief arms-control negotiator, Paul Nitze (Reagan introduced him at a dinner as "Ed Nitze"); that segregation persists in South Africa (they "have eliminated the segregation that we once had in our own country-the type of thing where hotels and restaurants and places of entertainment and so forth were segregated. That has all been eliminated"). [Source: Paul Slansky in The New Republic]

When asked in October 1981 about the

possible escalation from battlefield nu-

clear weapons to full-scale nuclear war,
Commander in Chief Reagan replied,
"Well, I would—if they realized that
we—if we went back to
that stalemate,
only because
our retaliatory power, our
seconds or
our strike
at them after their first
strike would be

strike would be
so destructive
that they couldn't
afford it, that would
hold them off."

News item: "'Those Democrats who are here are probably here because, like millions I've met across the country, they have found they can no longer follow the leadership of the Republican Party, which has taken them down a course that leads to disaster,' [Reagan] said.

"The White House said later that he meant the Democratic Party."-The New York Times, November 4, 1986

"Most of the things that happen in Government the White House doesn't get involved in. I think when the White House has gotten involved, you have had some disasters. Arms transfers to Iran come to mind."-ATTORNEY GENERAL ED-WIN MEESE, October 25, 1987

had never given the Contras military advice, that he had never worked with Major General John Singlaub or Rob Owen to help the Contras. All of this information was false, which earned North a "well done" from National Security Advisor John Poindexter.

"Try as I might, I cannot recall anything whatsoever about whether I approved an Israeli sale in advance or whether I approved replenishment of Israeli stocks around August of 1985. My

> answer, therefore, and the simple truth, is, I don't remember. Period."-RONALD REAGAN ON Iranbound weapons shipments, February 20, 1987

"We don't make deals with terrorists. Period."-MARLIN FITZWATER, White House spokesman, February 22, 1988

In completing the Iran/Contra deals, the White House defied a Federal law against military aid to the Nicaraguan resistance. It sold weapons to an Iranian regime that had richly earned Reagan's epithet "Murder Incorporated" by participating in the killing of 241 U.S. soldiers in Lebanon. Among the Iranian "moderates" White House personnel dealt with was arms dealer Manucher Chorbanifar, who-in the judgment of his examiner-lied on 13 of 15 key questions in a CIA lie-detector test. Although the chief of the CIA Middle East desk said, "This guy lies with zest," Ghorbanifar was retained as a consultant.



CONTRA DICTIONS

truth held hostage

"Americans will never make concessions to terrorists-to do so would only invite more terrorism. There would be no end to the bloody ransom all civilized people must pay."-RONALD REAGAN, June 18, 1985

Robert McFarlane to Congressman Michael Barnes on September 12, 1985: No one on McFarlane's staff, including Ollie North, "has solicited funds, facilitated contacts for prospective potential donors, or otherwise organized or coordinated the military or paramilitary efforts of the [Nicara-

George Bush's office first said that it had never spoken with Felix Rodriguez (CIA informant in El Salvador) about the Contra resupply program; then it said it had never discussed the operation with him before August 8, 1986. Bush's office next published "a

chronology" of his advi-

guan] resistance."

sors' meetings with Rodriguez. Two later amendments to the chronology cited more meetings.

In August 1986, Ollie North told the House Intelligence Committee that he

"When [Reagan] was president of the Screen Actors Guild, anybody who pleaded the Fifth in front of a Congressional committee lost his membership."-REPRESENTATIVE PATRICIA SCHROEDER



THE WAR ON DRUGS

it was a bust

"Just say no to drugs."—NANCY REAGAN, July 1984

"We will launch a national crusade against drugs."-RONALD REAGAN, August

On October 27, 1986, President Reagan signed a bill allotting an extra 1.7 billion dollars for antidrug programs and Attorney General Edwin Meese announced the formation of 24 anticrack task forces. Less than three months later, Reagan's 1988 budget proposal called for those funds to be substantially cut back, and Mr. Meese's crack units have yet to be formed.

ECONOMIC BOMB

red-ink reaganomics

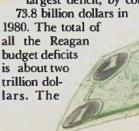
Since 1979, the ranks of the poor have increased by 6,300,000.

In the first five years of Reaganomics, G.N.P. growth in constant dollars was 11.7 percent. In the previous five years of Ford/Carter policies, growth was 17.2 percent.

> "This Administration is committed to a balanced budget, and we will fight to the last blow to achieve it."-RONALD REAGAN, September

The budget deficit to end all budget deficits: 230 billion dollars in 1986. Jimmy Carter's largest deficit, by comparison, was

1980. The total of all the Reagan budget deficits is about two trillion dol-



total for all the Administrations before Reagan's was 900 billion dollars.

During the entire Reagan Administration, the unemployment rate has hovered between a low of 5.5 percent (1988) and a high of 9.5 percent (1982, 1983). These figures do not include the approximately 5,000,000 workers forced to accept part-time jobs in lieu of full-time employment, nor do they include the 1,170,000 workers so discouraged about job prospects that they have dropped out of the labor force.

Good news for the 1,170,000: "When unemployment benefits end, most people find jobs very quickly after that point."—
EDWIN MEESE

Of the 11,000,000 new jobs created during the first five years of the Reagan Presidency, about 60 percent paid less than \$7000 a year.

In six years, the U.S. has gone from the world's biggest creditor (120 billion dollars in the black in 1981) to the world's biggest borrower (260 billion dollars in the red in 1987). The total debt owed to foreigners is expected to approach a trillion dollars in the next two years. Summing up this debt spree and the attendant high times, New York Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan characterized

the Reagan era as a time when the nation "borrowed a trillion dollars from the Japanese and threw a party."

Ronald and Nancy Reagan's
personal tax
cut under 1987
tax reform: 22 percent
(\$72,114, down from \$92,460).

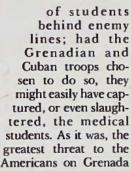
COMMANDER RAYGUN

a trillion bucks-for what?

In the first six years of Ronald Reagan's Presidency, 1.46 trillion dollars was spent on national defense. Yet in Congressional hearings during the spring of 1987, witnesses repeatedly stated that U.S. conventional forces and reserves were woefully unprepared to fight, citing shortages in ammunition, spare parts, and medical staff and supplies.

On October 25, 1983, two days after 241 men died in the bombing of the U.S. Marine barracks in Lebanon, the military carried out President Reagan's orders for the invasion of Grenada. The maneuver, undertaken to demonstrate U.S. resolve, was conducted without any knowledge of the enemy's substantial anti-aircraft fire, and troops were given useless tourist

e given useless tourist
maps to plot their
movements. The
first wave of
attack left the
main group



was an errant bomb dropped by their own forces. The toll among all combatants: 88 dead, including 21 mental patients whose hospital was mistakenly bombed. [Source: Frontline, February 2, 1988]

Based on the premise that Libya was behind the April 5, 1986, bombing of a West German disco where an American Serviceman was killed, the U.S. launched a counterattack against Tripoli ten days later. The attack missed its obvious target-Muammar el-Qaddafi-but 2000-pound laser-guided bombs did find Qaddafi's adopted baby daughter, the French embassy, a residential district, the city's airport and a school for naval cadets, in addition to "terrorist" targets. The State Department recently linked Syrian terrorists with the disco bombing; no conclusive evidence of Libya's involvement has been offered.

PLANE FACTS

flying the deadly skies

Ronald Reagan fired 11,400 striking air-traffic controllers in August 1981, when the total number of controllers was 16,400. High on the list of union grievances were overwork and job stress. By January 1987, with the number of airport departures up approximately 25 percent from the beginning of the decade, there were still only 15,100 airtraffic controllers, down eight percent from the prestrike number. In 1987, there were 1063 near mid-air collisions between planes and 20 actual collisions.



ment manager, W. Franklyn Chinn, who was a consultant to Wedtech and eventually served on its board of directors. The investment, which turned a substantial profit for the Attorney General, came after Mr. Meese had arranged a White House meeting to review Wedtech's bid for a \$32,000,000 Army contract that it was eventually awarded."-The New York Times, November 18, 1987

Ursula Meese to a band of Wedtech officials and their wives at the Ambassadors' Ball in late 1985: "Oh, you must be the boys from Wedtech!"

Services Administration. Edwin Meese "inadvertently failed" to list the loan on financial-disclosure forms.

For five days after November 21, 1986, Meese failed to have FBI agents seal files dealing with the Iran/Contra investigation, the normal practice in criminal cases. He also interviewed William Casey but failed to ask what he knew about the diversion of funds to the Contras; he waited two days to question John Poindexter and then failed to ask him what President Reagan knew; and-

against standard procedure-he

MEESECARRIAGES **OF JUSTICE**

wedtechnicalities and other meesedeeds

"You don't have many suspects who are innocent of a crime. That's contradictory. If a person is innocent of a crime, then he is not a suspect."-**EDWIN MEESE**

During his eight years on the White House staff and as Attorney General, Meese has been the subject of investigations-what lawyers would call a suspect—under three special prosecutors.

"He did not want to embarrass the Administration."-EDWIN MEESE on the withdrawal of Judge Douglas H. Ginsburg's Supreme Court nomination

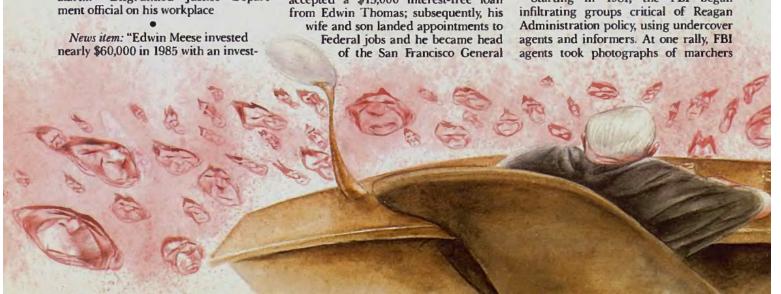
"He's no embarrassment to me."-RONALD REAGAN ON Edwin Meese

"It's gotten to the point where I think some of the people are embarrassed saying at a cocktail party that they work for the Justice Department. You see the person you're talking to jump back in alarm."-Disgruntled Justice Depart-

A letter from Ursula Meese to Federal judge R. Allan Edgar in Tennessee urged "very favorable consideration" for the son of the ranking Republican member of the House Ways and Means Committee; the son had been convicted of tax fraud. Meese's wife also accepted a \$15,000 interest-free loan

conducted crucial interviews about the Iran/Contra dealings without aides present and without taking notes. Special Prosecutor Lawrence E. Walsh was appointed to investigate all of the above for possible criminal proceedings.

Starting in 1981, the FBI began



and recorded their automobile-license numbers. The investigation eventually grew to include members of more than 100 groups, among them the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, the Roman Catholic Maryknoll Sisters of Chicago and the United Auto Workers in Cleveland. No indictments resulted, and it is unclear if the investigation continues.

News item: "Listing areas where employers should take the lead to ensure that workers remain drug-free, Mr. Meese said, 'Management also has to take its responsibility for surveillance of problem areas, such as locker rooms, parking lots, shipping and mail-room areas, and even the nearby taverns, if necessary, as part of controlling this problem."-U.P.I., October 30, 1986

Ed Meese-often described as President Reagan's closest advisor and friend in Government-once referred to nuclear war as "something that may not be desirable."

THE COURAGE OF THEIR CONVICTIONS

an embarrassment of wretches

News item: "More than 110 senior officials have been accused of unethical or illegal conduct since Reagan took office in January 1981, a number that does not include those involved in the Iran/Contra affair or the Wedtech scandal."-The Washington Post, December 17, 1987

Lyn Nofziger was convicted on three counts of violating Federal ethics laws, the second conviction since December involving one of Reagan's close associates. Nofziger, who compared his malfeasance to "running a stop sign," was acting on behalf of Wedtech, among others. Michael Deaver, a longtime friend of Ronald and Nancy Reagan's, got three counts of lying under oath about using his influence as a highly paid lobbyist. Attorney General Edwin Meese is also under investigation by Nofziger's special prosecutor for his alleged role, through attorney Robert Wallach, in a bil-



COLD CUTS

the poor get poorer

From 1981 to 1985, Federal housing assistance was cut by 1.8 billion dollars, Aid to Families with Dependent Children was cut by 4.8 billion dollars, child nutrition was cut by 5.2 billion dollars and food stamps were cut by 6.8 billion dollars.

News item: "The poverty rate, at 13.6 percent of the population, remains higher than it was during the Carter, Ford or Nixon Administrations."—The Wall Street Journal, November 17, 1987

"One problem that we've had is the people who are sleeping on the grates, the homeless who are homeless, you might say, by choice."-RONALD REAGAN, January 31, 1984

"I think some people are going to soup kitchens voluntarily. I know we've had considerable information that people go to soup kitchens because the food is free and that that's easier than paying for it. I think they have money."-EDWIN MEESE

Ed Meese on hungry American children: "I don't know of any authoritative figures that there are hungry children. I've heard a lot of anecdotal stuff, but I haven't heard any authoritative figures." Also: "When you say hungry kids, you're talking about allegations that there are hungry kids."

> One of five American children lives below the poverty level

At the start of the Reagan Administration, the richest 20 percent of Americans were earning 41.6 percent of the nation's income. By 1986, they were earning almost 43 percent. The middle 60 percent were earning 53.5 percent of the nation's income in Reagan's first year, and by 1986, that figure had slid to 52.5. As for the poorest 20 percent, their earnings fell from 4.9 percent of the nation's income to 4.6 percent during the first six years of the Reagan Administration.

The National Coalition for the Homeless says that requests for emergency shelter have jumped by 100 percent in the past four years. It estimates that 3,000,000 Americans are homeless.

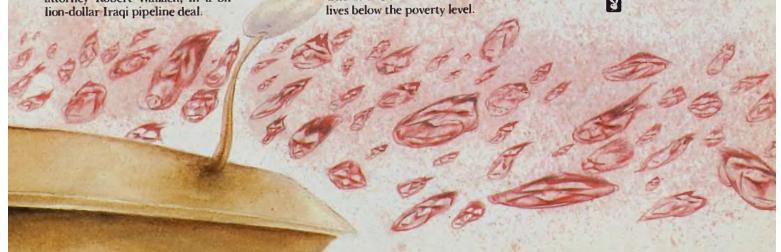
Looking ahead to the Reagans' retirement in 1989, a group of the President and the First Lady's friends purchased a \$2,500,000 home for them in the Bel Air section of Los Angeles. Nancy Reagan is planning ahead, as well: According to Daily News columnist Liz Smith, the First Lady instructed a friend of Imelda Marcos' to "ask [Imelda] if she knows of a good Filipino couple—for Ronnie and mewhen we retire to California." Presumably,

the Marcoses, though not otherwise employed, are unavailable for domestic service.

THE LAST WORD

ollie north's secretary said it all

"Sometimes, you just have to go above the written law."-FAWN HALL





20 QUESTIONS

JUDGE REINHOLD

Although cursed as an infant with the sober countenance of a jurist—hence the courtly moniker—Judge Reinhold, at 30, has lightened up considerably and managed to become the most affable galoot in movies today. One critic suggested that he is a pixilating cross between James Stewart and Donald Duck, the strongest evidence of which has been demonstrated in such films as "Fast Times at Ridgemont High," "Off Beat," "Ruthless People," "Beverly Hills Cop" and, most recently, "Vice Versa."

Contributing Editor Bill Zehme infiltrated an on-location film set in Chicago and hunkered down for conversation in the actor's so-called trailer of love. Zehme reports: "At the time of our interview, Reinhold may have been the only judge in Chicago not under indictment. Judge is understandably sick of the fuss over his name. Still, I had to wonder, If he looked like a judge as a tot, what did he think he resembled these days? 'A child actor,' he told me, grinning his omnipresent grin."

1

PLAYBOY: A movie executive has said that part of your charm emanates from the way you project your imperfections. Do you have any imperfections you'd gladly give up?

REINHOLD: [Laughs] You mean physical? When I was a kid, my mother had my ears pinned. I understand why she did it—I really looked like a cab with both doors open. The great thing about it was that I got to wear a turbanlike bandage to school for a week. I told everybody I had a brain tumor; I got a lot of mileage out of that. When the bandages came

hollywood's favorite galoot explains the problems of big feet, the joys of power lounging and the special thrill of masturbating on camera

off, though, the ears were still as big as before, except they looked as though somebody had pasted them back. My mother thought she'd ruined me for life and fainted in the doctor's office. I remember the doctor saying, just before she passed "Oh, well, out, he'll grow into them. . . . "

I'd give up my Adam's apple. It has a way of leading me through life that I don't much like. And I've been concerned about my Joe Palooka chest. I'm Mr. Torso, you know? Marty Brest, director of Beverly Hills Cop, told me I was a terrific actor from the neck up. I could do a nude scene only in a comedy; otherwise, the sight of my body might throw the drama off. It's tough, because when you start getting lead parts, all you can think about is how much you don't look like Robert Redford. I guess I'm slowly defining my own brand of smoldering sexuality.

2.

PLAYBOY: As unlikely as it may seem, we suspect that you're the product of a warped youth. Accurate?

REINHOLD: [Grinning] Yeah, I was the guy selling pot in the parking lot at my senior prom. All the other kids were in the agriculture clubs and I was growing contraband. That was in a little Southern town, Fredericksburg, Virginia, where there was really all the time in the world, with nothing to do. The only recreation was mindless cruising. My first car was a '63 Chevy station wagon that I called Ramona, because that's the sound it made. FARM USE was painted on the back. It was right off the set of Hee Haw. I was in a Neil Young phase.

For entertainment, there was a big Marine base nearby. Every night, Marines would drive up behind me and my long-haired friends at red lights and start screaming sexual come-ons at us. Some of them, even after we turned around, thought we were just ugly girls. It was when they weren't shocked that we really worried.

3.

PLAYBOY: What do you think women see in you?

REINHOLD: [Flustered] Gee, I don't know—maybe a sappy sincerity? I was the Alan Alda of my high school. Unfortunately, I was the nice guy the girls would complain to about their asshole boyfriends. The only girls I got at that time were kind of screwed up with emotional problems. I was a glib guy.

Now they probably see me as accessible and fun. I mean, stewardesses are hitting on me in airplanes! I have to say that it's very thrilling to get attention from women. It's completely superficial. And *very* gratifying. You know, it's one of the tragedies of my life to realize that now that I'm famous, I find myself not only married but in the middle of the AIDS

epidemic. My wife is pleased. [Laughs]

It's just awful timing. Isn't it terrible that the Eighties could possibly be remembered as the era in which when you slept with somebody, you slept with everybody she'd slept with in the past 15 years? [Grinning] I mean, they may as well be in bed with you. But you don't even get the benefit.

I'm looking forward to the equivalent of V-E Day when they finally find the cure, and people will be fucking in the streets.

4

PLAYBOY: As a former resident thespian there, would you regale us with tales of the Burt Reynolds Jupiter Theater in Jupiter, Florida?

REINHOLD: Well, it was an apprenticeship program, and basically, I'd do bit parts and serve cocktails. Burt called it paying your dues. We called it slave labor. But those were great days—I was about 20 then. If I was lucky enough to have a couple of lines in the first act—and they happened to be *funny* lines—I'd make 50 bucks in tips, serving drinks at intermission. For particularly bad performances, we'd get the bartender to make the drinks stiffer. We had this idea that for fun, we'd just nail the plates to the tables and hose them off before the show. It might have goosed the presentation a bit.

But there were several recurring nightmares. Every night, toward the end of the last act, some drunken broad, who wouldn't accept the fact that Burt was 3000 miles away in California, would start screaming, "Where's Burt?" That always heightened the drama on stage. During the hot summer months, when everybody else left Florida, we'd get these busloads of Miami geriatrics who'd sit there with hearing aids and docile smiles. The standard line among the actors was, "Why doesn't somebody bury them before they start to smell?"

I lived right above the theater, and on one night I'll never forget, I was just finishing making love with a comely fellow apprentice. Amazingly, we reached the crucial moment virtually at the time the second act ended, and there was this thunderous applause. It was just one of those memorable episodes in your life when the timing is incredibly perfect, like in a movie.

I'll tell you, another memorable night of mine was when I had to drive a famous gay actor to the airport. Well, we'd been driving along and he seemed to have been, like, (continued on page 142)

RUN, SALLY, RUN

everyone's after sally: the feds, the mafia—and timothy cone

fiction

By LAWRENCE SANDERS

ALLY STEINER, a proud, handsome woman, drives from Smithtown into Ozone Park. She parks in front of a narrow brick building, windows painted black. There is a small sign over the doorway: THE MIAMI FISHING AND SOCIAL CLUB.

Sally gets out of her Cadillac, knowing the hubcaps are safe. There is no thievery on this street. And no muggings, no littering, no graffiti. Maybe the cops drive through once a week, but the locals take care of everything.

There are a few geezers in the front room, playing cards and drinking red wine. They don't look up when the door opens.

She walks straight back, through a doorway curtained with strings of glass beads, most of them chipped or broken. There is one round wooden table back there surrounded by six chairs that look ready to collapse at the first shout. The tabletop has a big brownish stain in the center. It could be a wine spill or it could be a blood spill; Sally doesn't know and doesn't wonder.

Mario Corsini is sitting there with a bottle of Chivas Regal and four shot glasses. He gets to his feet when Sally enters. He spreads his arms wide, but she ignores the proffered embrace.

He pulls out a chair and pours them drinks. Sally tugs a white envelope from her purse and

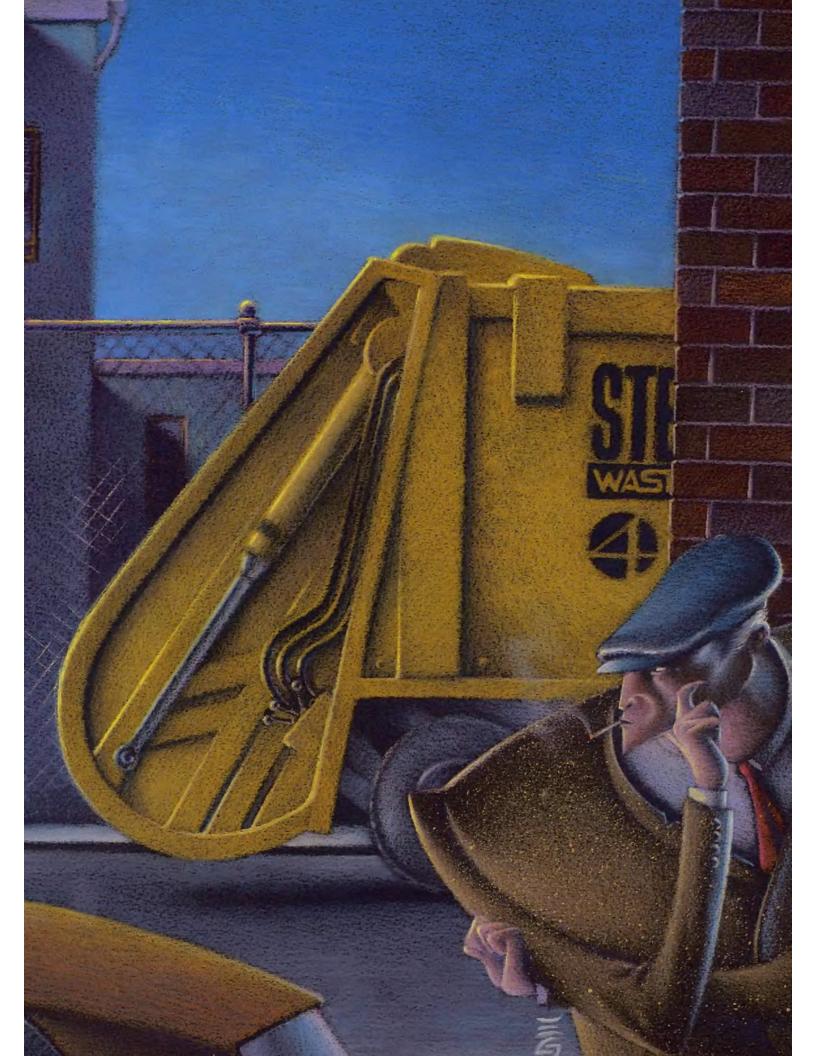
slides it across the table.

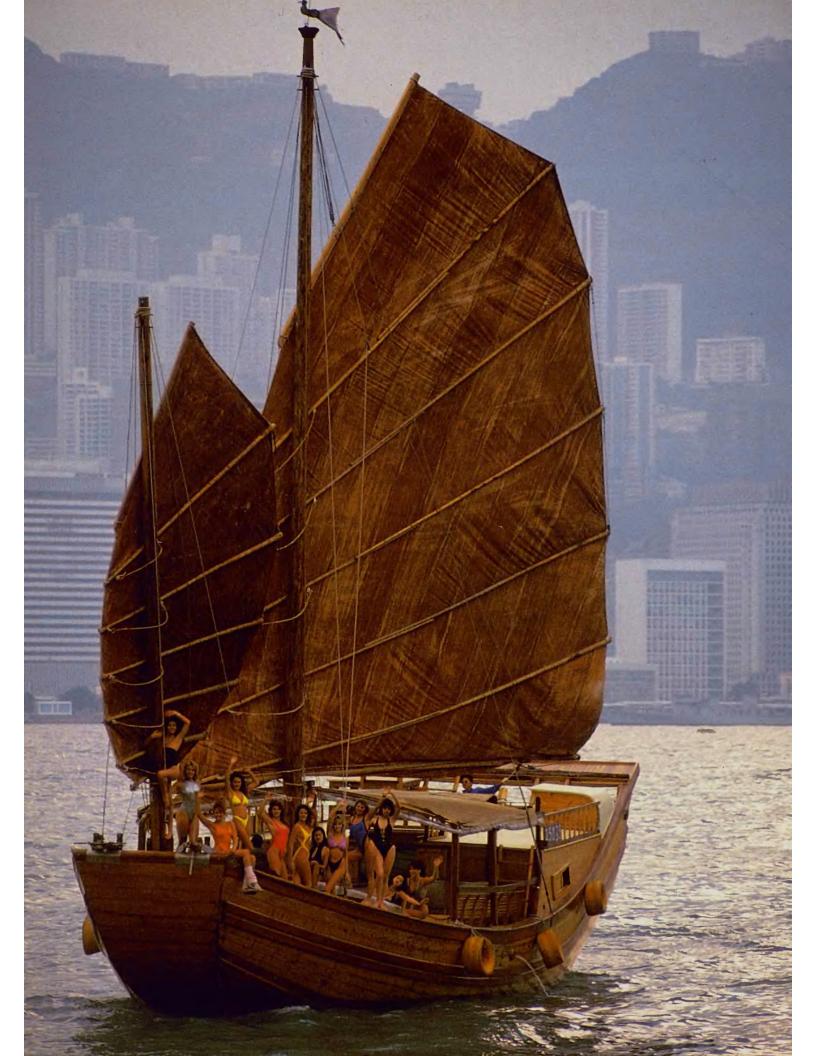
"My tax return," she says coldly.

Corsini smiles. He sips his Scotch delicately.

"We got a little (continued on page 138)







hong kong sizzles with

WORLD-CLASS BEAUTIES

WELCOME TO THE FIRST-EVER MISS PLAYBOY INTERNATIONAL PAGEANT



Hong Kong this past December 13. There was a chill in the night air—yes, that certain electricity—as some 2000 people settled into their seats to witness a global celebration of beauty: *Playboy* magazine, along with its 13 international editions, was staging the first-ever Miss Playboy International pageant. If the event promised to be an evening of magic, putting it all together had required plenty of no-nonsense planning and teamwork. Over the course of the week, *Playboy* editors, art directors and photographers had swarmed into Hong Kong, headquarters for our Chinese-language edition, from Argentina, Australia, Brazil, France, West Germany, Greece, Italy, Japan, Mexico, the Netherlands, Spain, Turkey and the United States—each individual lending an expert hand to the proceedings, each country represented by *Playboy*'s best. Ultimately, of course, the contestants stole the show. There were 14, each of whom had already appeared in her country's edition of *Playboy*—either as a Playmate or as a model. Clearly, the judges' job would be as tough as it was enviable.

Playboy's international pageant brought together 14 of the world's most beautiful women (posing for cameras, below, and on a junk in Hong Kong harbor, left). The three who grabbed top honors are (above, from left): Italy's Marta Duca (first runner-up), Brazil's Luma de Oliveira (Miss Playboy International) and the U.S.' Lynne Austin (second runner-up).

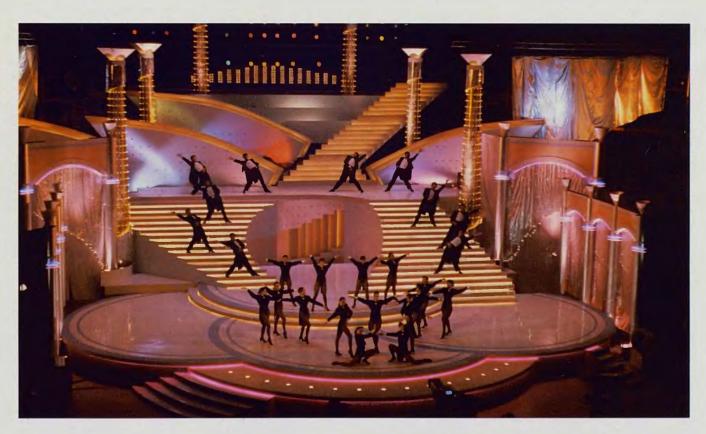


In addition to the standard beauty-contest fare, the pageant served up a feast of song-and-dance productions, including a Busby-Berkeley-gone-Hong-Kong number (below) and (right) a routine in which contestants played Santa's helpers to Chinese star Alex To. t precisely 9:30 RM., the pageant began—despite last-minute demonstrations by the Christian Theological Society of Hong Kong, which deemed the show not-quite-ready-for-prime-time Chinese television. Evidently, the protesters had not done their homework: Not only did the local



viewers tune into the live broadcast, they loved it. In the end, TVB, the station that aired the event, would grab an astonishing 95 percent audience share, as home viewers watched the pageant entrants parade before the cameras wearing a variety of outfits, including bathing suit, evening dress and national costume. The judges carefully jotted notes as beauty went head to head with beauty. By 11 pm., they'd made their decision: The crown of Miss Playboy International and \$25,000 were awarded to Luma de Oliveira, the Brazilian bombshell who'd made her first *Playboy* appearance only four months earlier. Second place and \$15,000 were nabbed by Italy's striking Marta Duca and third place was given to America's own Lynne Austin—Miss July 1986—who received \$10,000 for her efforts. An additional \$3000 was handed over to Luma as winner of the Editors' Choice Award—an honor determined by a multinational panel of *Playboy* editors and photographers. Their choice was unanimous.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BYRON NEWMAN



M ost of the contenders were already well known to their countrymen before the pageant was held. Nathalie Galan (right) was not only the French *Playboy's* April 1987 Playmate and a TV celebrity but also the co-author of a popular book about being, naturellement, a sex symbol.







AUSTRALIA

HONG KONG







Neither Australia's Shannon Lee Long (above) nor West Germany's Stella Kobs (opposite page) was disappointed with the judges' final decision: "It was a pleasure just to be there," says Shannon, a stunning sheila. "Besides," adds Stella, "I never win pageants. My trouble is that I can't smile." Being in the spotlight was old hat for Hong Kong's May Cheung (far left)—to date, she has appeared in ten films. And as for Mexico's Barbara Ferrat (left), her Hong Kong stay developed into a true test of feminine endurance: When she wasn't on stage, she was downtown shoppingl



GREECE

A Ithough she admits that it wasn't easy trying to decipher the Chinese language, Athens model Jenny Vergidou (above), a bona fide globe-trotter, boasts fluency in both Bulgarian and Russian. Below, from left: Minako Konno, a Tokyo administrator who stunned family and friends by appearing in the June 1987 Japanese *Playboy*; the Netherlands' Lucienne Bruinooge, a model/actress from Schoonhoven (get out your conversion tables, guys: Lucienne was the tallest of the contestants, measuring 1.78 meters); and Spain's Nuria Pasarisa Dobon, a budding actress who, though she hasn't copped a leading role, has had her *trasero* photographed for Spanish starlets who won't show theirs. And from the U.S., here's Lynne Austin (opposite)—who was not only the pageant's second runner-up but 1987 Playmate of the Year in the Netherlands.

JAPAN



NETHERLANDS



SPAIN







ITALY

The pageant was the brain child of Albert Cheng, Editor and Publisher of *Playboy*'s Chinese-language edition. Cheng bounced the idea off *Playboy* Photo Director Gary Cole, Managing Photo Editor Jeff Cohen, Dutch Editor Jan Heemskerk and the company's Director of International Publishing, Haresh Shah—and the five men stoked the spark of fantasy into a blazing reality. "In the end," says Shah, "it was more than just a beauty pageant. It was a clear illustration of my concept of *Playboy*'s editions: We are a *family*. And what a reunion we had!"

The first runner-up, Italy's Marta Duca (above), is a veteran of several beauty face-offs, including the Miss Europe contest in Frankfurt. And finally, the winner: Brazil's Luma de Oliveira (at right and opposite), a model from just outside Rio de Janeiro. When speaking of the magazine that honored her, Luma is oh-so-Latin: "Playboy has been like a special boyfriend to me. Slowly and carefully, it has undressed me and taken me on a marvelous journey."







RUN, SALLY, RUN (continued from page 126)

"'Pitzak retired,' Mario says. 'Where to?' Sally Steiner asks suspiciously. 'Forest Lawn?'"

business to discuss here. Like they say, good news and bad news. I'll give you the bad first. We're upping your dues two biggies a month."

Sally slams a fist down on the table. It rocks; Corsini's drink slops over.

'Two more a month?" she says. "What kind of shit is this?"

'Take it easy," Corsini says soothingly. "You didn't give me a chance to tell you the good news. You got a new territory. South of where your dump is now. Along Eleventh Avenue to Twenty-third Street.'

"Yeah?" Sally says suspiciously. "What

happened to Pitzak?"

"He retired," Mario says. "Where to? Forest Lawn?"

"I don't like jokes like that," Corsini

says. "They're not respectful."

Sally swallows whisky. "So the bottom line is that my tariff goes up two Gs, and I get Eleventh Avenue down to Twentythird Street. Right?"

"And all the garbage you can eat," Corsini says, showing a mouthful of tarnished teeth.

'What about the customers?"

"Mostly industrial. Some restaurants, some diners, two apartment houses. One paint factory, one chemical outfit you'll have to dump in Jersey. And three or four printers.'

"What kind of printers?"

"One does magazines, a couple do catalogs and brochures and one does printing for Wall Street outfits. Annual reports, documents, prospectuses, stuff like that."

"Yeah?" Sally says. "That's interest-

"One more thing," Mario says. "We want you to take on a new man. He's been over from the old country six months now. Strictly legit. He's got his papers and all that shit. A good loader for you. A nice young boy. He'll work hard, and he's strong.'

Sally says, "What do I need a new man

"Because he's my cousin," Mario says.

They drain their drinks and Sally rises

"It's been a super evening," she says. "I've enjoyed every minute of it."

She nods at Mario and marches out, leaving her empty glass on the table.

Samantha Whatley says, "Well, here's a new one for you."

She holds out a file folder, and Timothy Cone shuffles forward to take it. Cone's an investigator for Haldering & Co., an outfit on Wall Street that provides "financial intelligence" for corporate and individual clients.

"What is it?" he asks. "Some guy selling the Brooklyn Bridge?"

"No," Sam says, "this is heavy stuff. The client is Pistol & Burns. You know them?"

"The investment bankers? Sure, I know them. Very old. Very conservative. What's their problem?"

"They think they have a leak in their mergers-and-acquisitions department."

"Oh-ho. Another inside-trading scam?" "Could be," Samantha says. "Tim, this is a new client with mucho dinero. Will you, for God's sake, try to dress neatly and talk like a gentleman?"

"Don't I always?"

She stares at him. "Out!" she says.

Back in his office, he opens a fresh pack of Camels (second of the day) and lights up. He parks his scuffed yellow work shoes atop the scarred desk and starts flipping through the Pistol & Burns file.

Seems they're in the last stages of finagling a leveraged buy-out of a corporation that makes clothes for kiddies, including diapers with the label of a hot-shot lingerie designer and little striped overalls just like gandy dancers once wore. The buyers are a group of the company's top executives, and the transaction includes an issue of junk bonds.

Everything is kept strictly hush-hush, and the number of people with a need to know is kept to a minimum. But during the past two weeks, the volume of trading in Wee Tot Fashions, Inc., usually minuscule, has quadrupled, with the stock up five bucks. Jeremy Bigelow, an investigator from the Securities and Exchange Commission, is already haunting the paneled corridors of Pistol & Burns, trying to discover who is leaking word of the upcoming deal.

This state of affairs cannot be allowed to continue, according to G. Fergus Twiggs, a Pistol & Burns senior partner.

Cone calls Pistol & Burns. Twiggs has a deep, rumbling voice. Cone thinks it sounds rum soaked, aged in oak casks, but maybe that's the way all old investment bankers talk. Their conversation is brief. Twiggs agrees to meet at ten o'clock the following morning to discuss "this disastrous and lamentable situation."

Judy Bering, the receptionist-secretary, opens the door of Sally's office and sticks her head in.

"There's a guy out here," she says. "Claims Mario Corsini told him to report for work this morning."

"Yeah," Sally says, "Mario told me he'd show up. What's his name?"

"Anthony Ricci."

"Sure," Sally says. "What else? What's he like?"

Judy rolls her eyes heavenward. "A lollipop," she says.

Ricci, an Adonis, comes in carrying his cap and wearing a smile that lights up the dingy office.

"Good morning, miss," he says. "I am Anthony Ricci, and I am to work here as a loader.'

"Good for you," Sally says. "You know what a loader does? He lifts heavy cans of garbage and dumps them into the back of a truck. You can handle that?"

Again that high-intensity smile. Ricci lifts his arms, flexes his biceps. "I can handle," he says.

"Uh-huh," Sally says.

As they're going out the door, he flashes those brilliant choppers again and asks, "You married?"

"What's it to you?" Sally says sharply. She shows him around the dump: sheds, unloading docks, compacters, maintenance garage, shower and locker room. She leaves him with old, gimpy Ed Fogleman, who got a leg caught in a

mulcher but won't quit. Sally goes back to her office, draws her third cup of black coffee of the day and gets back to her paperwork.

She is Steiner Waste Control. She directs, controls, hires, fires, praises, berates, curses and occasionally comforts a crew of tough men, drivers and loaders who make a living from their strength and their sweat. They work hard (Sally sees to that) and they live hard.

Big job. Stress. Tension. Dealing with a lot of hard-noses. But she thrives on it.

She's doing OK—but it's not enough. Most people would consider Sally Steiner rich, but she's not rich rich-which is all that counts. It's not for lack of trying; the want is there. But what Sally calls the Big Chance just hasn't come along. So she's playing the stock market: 1000 shares of this, 1000 shares of that. She makes a few bucks. So what? She knows the market is a crap shoot, but once tried, never denied.

The offices of Pistol & Burns, investment bankers, on Wall Street look like a genteel but slightly frowsty gentlemen's club. The paneled walls display antique hunting prints in brass frames. The carpeting seems ankle-deep. Employees tiptoe rather than walk and speak in whispers. Even the ring of telephones is muted to a polite buzz. The atmosphere bespeaks old wealth, and Timothy Cone

(continued on page 166)

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F4STFORWARD

NET

It's Alan's Job

When Alan Zweibel graduated from college in 1972, he was in a quandary: Should he be a comedy writer or a lawyer? "That decision was ultimately made for me by every law school I applied to," he admits. Law's loss has been comedy's gain:

Zweibel was one of the original writers on Saturday Night Live, the author of Emmy-winning specials for Steve Martin, Paul Simon and the Beach Boys, and a co-writer of the movie version of Dragnet. Currently, he's the producer and a frequent writer for It's Garry Shandling's Show, the inventive cable—TV series that recently expanded to medium time on the fledgling Fox network. Success, of course, has not meant that comedy comes easily.

edy comes easily.

"It's very, very hard
work," maintains Zweibel, 37. "There are times
when you're just not funny." Zweibel might have
made it tough for himself with one of his very
first career decisions. Just days after he was
asked to join S.N.L., an experimental show with
actors he'd never heard of, he got an offer for a
much easier life: writing the questions and bluff
answers for Paul Lynde on Hollywood Squares.

"This was a genuine dilemma at the time," he
explains. So he asked his parents for advice.

"My mother said, 'Which one will you have
more fun doing?' I chose Saturday Night Live."
Thanks, Mom.

"Beach volleyball got some great exposure in that scene with Tom Cruise in Top Gun," says Sinjin Smith. "Although looking at it from a professional standpoint, their game was a little weak." Smith, 31, should know—the sandy-haired Californian is the world's reigning beach-volleyball champion and the most successful player in the sport's history. "When I started," Smith recalls, "a player made almost nothing." Only recently did the prize money become competitive with other pro sports, so Smith learned early on how to supplement his income. His sportswear line is expected to gross \$8,000,000 this year, and his well-toned 6'3" frame is much in demand as a model. "My size is an advantage as an athlete, but not as a model," he says. "Clients are atraid I'm too big for their clothes." His size hardly deters the game's groupies, who occasionally pester Smith with an unusual request. "They'll ask me to autograph their, uh. rears," he says. "They're so oiled up that that's the only part of their body the pen will write on."

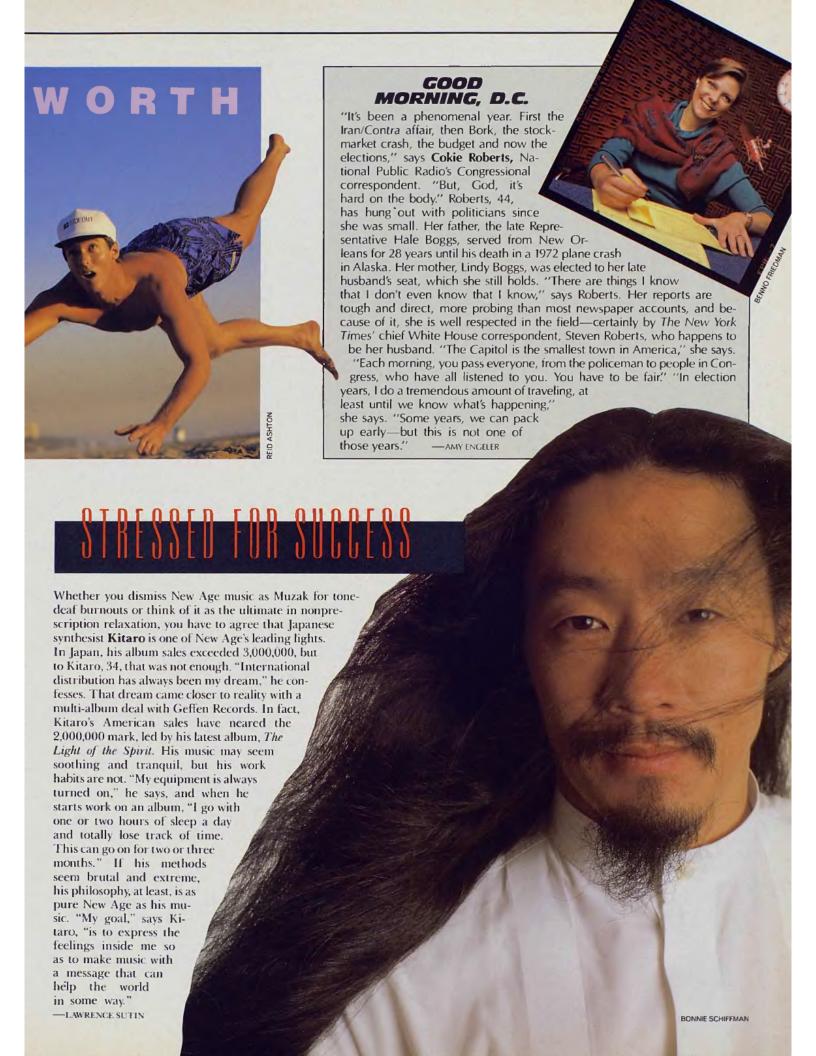


Ithough race-car driver Lyn St. James has set an impressive 13 closed-course speed records, it's not the thrill of speed that gets her on the course. "A lot of people have this stupid idea that there's a death wish there. It's not true," says St. James, 38. "As a kid, I was terrified to ride a roller coaster. It's the challenge, the ability to control something powerful." A Fort Lauderdale resident and the first-place GTO-class winner of last year's Sun Bank

24 at Daytona, St. James started driving at the age of 14 on rural Ohio roads with her mother. "I

wasn't one of those car nuts who love to tear a car apart," she admits. "It's only the driving that I enjoy." Besides racing, St. James plays classical piano and lectures on safe driving. "The race track is a pure competitive environment," she says.

"You're not defined by sex or society's rules on gender." But occasionally, she admits, "the same people you may go neck to neck, thunder to thunder with, may—off the track—open the door for you."



"I have a Stetson that I like to wear around the house, buck-ass naked. My wife finds that endearing."

flirting with me, much to my chagrin. And as we drove through these orange groves, a wonderful cloud of orange fragrance wafted in through the windows. He sniffed and asked me, "Ooh, what's that?" I said, "It's the orange blossoms." He said [slyly], "I thought you'd farted." And I'm, like, watching the road signs, thinking, Thirty more miles, 25 more miles. . . .

PLAYBOY: What were you thinking about during your famous masturbation scene in Fast Times at Ridgemont High?

REINHOLD: [Grinning] Oh, you'll never know. My wife asked me that, too. And I said, "You, of course." But she'll never know, either. Actually, I remember not realizing the true implication of what I was going to do that day in the bathroom until I was there kneeling on the toilet. The director, Amy Heckerling, said to me, "Just treat this as your first real love scene-only it's with just yourself."

Yeah, the "flogging the dolphin" scene has gotten me into some pretty embarrassing situations since. I was waiting to board an airplane, standing in line with, like, 200 people. These two GIs walked by me and one said to the other, "There's that guy who jerked off!" It was like they'd just seen me in a bathroom on the concourse.

[Sighs] My mother and I have yet to talk about that scene. Also, it's the only time I was ever grateful my dad died before I made my success.

6.

PLAYBOY: The dream sequence that preceded that scene had you in black tie embracing a topless Phoebe Cates as she emerged from a pool. Was that the privilege most guys think it was?

REINHOLD: I felt extremely fortunate. It was just astounding. You know what, though? At the moment, when it goes on, you just feel really embarrassed. It's rumored that George C. Scott, when he had to get into bed with an actress for a love scene, told her, "I apologize if I get an erection and I apologize if I don't." I'd love to know if that story's true. I can relate.

But Phoebe found new respect for me, because after the desired effect, I put my arm up-she thought to shelter her nudity. But actually, I did it so that I wouldn't be upstaged. As it was, that was a pretty paranoid day for her. There were photographers on the roof. She was getting a little tired of being exploited. As a result of that scene, most guys in America have the idea that maybe I did sleep with Phoebe. I have to tell you, I enjoy that speculation.

PLAYBOY: At what moment did you stop being gullible?

REINHOLD: I still am. If I weren't working now, I'd be bitter and angry. But as long as I'm working, it's tough to get jaded, though I remember an experience that made me feel less gullible. I was sitting down at the Universal casting office, which is unique, because instead of separate offices for different shows, everybody sits in the same room, waiting to go in to different auditions. So you sit there with seven vikings and three fat women and so on. I happened to be sitting next to this guy, laughing at all the different types waiting together. Then I realize that the guy I'm sitting next to is Tom Hanks. It dawned on us that we were both a type, too. The same type. Fortunately, that's the only time we've met. I haven't seen him since.

PLAYBOY: Tell us your cinematic dreams. REINHOLD: Oh, you know what? I do have those dreams, it's true. For instance, I'm dying to do one of those surfing process shots, where I'm riding the surfboard, my hair is not moving at all and you can almost see someone off camera throwing water on me. That's a big Hollywood dream of mine.

I also want to do the scene where you're supposed to meet the girl at the Berlin train station. You see her at one end of the platform and you're at the other end and, as you start walking toward each other, the SS men come and grab you and you have to march right past her without looking at her, or else they'll grab her, too. That's a great scene. I've seen a couple of versions and they are really hot.

I have a great album I listen to all the time of cowboy-crooner songs. It always makes me want to ride off into the sunset on a horse, whistling. That's another of my big movie dreams. I don't need the girl here. I just want to whistle.

PLAYBOY: You're 6'2". Burden us with your sartorial plight as a "big-and-tall man." REINHOLD: My father was 6'4" and I didn't want to be that tall. I did everything I could to stunt my growth, but it didn't work. My wardrobe options are hopelessly limited. Forget hip clothes from Melrose Avenue or English clothes, for instance. And shoes may be my biggest problem. I wear a size 13. Now, if I do see a shoe I like and I'm lucky enough that it comes in my size, it never actually looks like the one I saw in the window. It looks like a kayak. On

me, cowboy boots look like two pontoons; Converse high-top All Stars make me look like I'm from Ringling Brothers. My favorite pair are bowling shoes that I stole from a bowling alley. I went in with shitty shoes and I thought it was an even trade. I'm sure they didn't.

Hats, too. I tried wearing a beret and I looked like a horse's ass. I fancy myself as a guy who looks good in hats, but my wife assures me I look like a complete and utter fool. She begs me not to wear them in public. She does, however, allow me to wear my hats at home. I have a Stetson that I like to wear around the house, buck-ass naked. She finds that endearing.

PLAYBOY: You and your wife lived together before getting nuptial. Who brought up marriage first and what changed when you married your roommate?

REINHOLD: What changed? Well, the bathroom doors were already open before we got married. People like Dr. Ruth are saying now that you should keep the door closed, that there's a dangerous possibility of getting too familiar, which could diminish sexual attraction. I hope that's not true.

I recently asked Carrie why she thinks we've been together for six years, and she said it's because she has a bad memory. She has been very patient with me, becauseas much as I love her-after about two years of marriage now, I'm just getting comfortable with the idea. Sometimes I become paralyzed with a fear of becoming like Carl Betz on The Donna Reed Show. It doesn't have to be that way. I realize that I'm projecting my ideas of what marriage is onto our relationship, instead of just seeing that it is unique on its own. It's the specter of marriage that I'm trying to get past.

So it probably will sound strange to learn that I proposed to her. I was doing a film in Toronto and she was working in Europe. We were both pretty miserable in our own respective ways, and I proposed over a transatlantic phone call that had a terrible echo. She heard me three times. She thought I was repeating, but I swear it was an echo. All she said was, "Oh, boy, this is how it starts." She, too, had a healthy caution about getting married, but she also knew she wanted to do it very much. She was scared and thrilled. When we got back together, I told her I was kidding. But she held me to it.

11.

PLAYBOY: Divulge your secret talents. REINHOLD: I can laugh like Ed McMahon. You gotta hear it. [Demonstrates at length, sounding as though he had coughed up a lung] It's accurate only when you feel like you've almost induced a brain hemorrhage. I did it on The Tonight Show and Ed was a good sport about it.

Let's see. I can also execute amazing U-turns anyplace. What else? Something I like to call power lounging. It's basically



"I swear I'll never tell a soul; and if you get caught, I won't talk to the media or write a book."

state-of-the-art flipping of the TV remote control to find just the right crummy movie. Always knowing who makes the best pizza to be delivered. Chasing your wife around the house. Yep, power lounging—that's my sport.

12.

PLAYBOY: We understand that your first job in L.A. was selling frozen yogurt to the stars. Would you reveal some celebrity flavor biases?

REINHOLD: I'll never forget: Sean Connery would just say, "I'll have the peach." I always prayed that he didn't want chocolate, because the nozzle on the yogurt machine was cracked and the stuff would come out looking like rolls of shit. When Robert De Niro came in, I wanted to be straight with him, since I admired him so much. But it was painfully obvious that I was in awe of him, because I told him, "The peach is pretentious. The chocolate is mundane.

The brownies are stale." He said, "I'll take a brownie." It cost 75 cents and I rang up \$75. I made him so nervous he never came back.

But most of my customers were pregnant women and people in Gucci jogging suits who instead of working out would just come eat yogurt. That would be their workout. I remember writing to my friends back East that I was working in a yogurt store in L.A. They just shook their heads and said, "He's gone, he's gone."

But it was my little store: I opened it up in the morning, full of neighborhood pride. I was like Mister Rogers—Mr. Smoothee. The only unseemly thing that ever happened was the day this crazy man came in. He started slapping the faces of imaginary women lined along the wall. My lady customers were really petrified by him, and so was I, because the guy was psychotic. I told him people were asking for him outside and he left. I locked the

door and called the cops. I'm sure he was an agent, right?

13.

PLAYBOY: In *Vice Versa*, you play a dad for the first time. Have you noticed any real paternal instincts rumbling inside?

REINHOLD: It's funny. I started getting them during the production. I have a great relationship with Fred Savage, the ten-year-old boy who plays my son. So much so that I began getting these feelings every once in a while of just wanting to protect him and take care of him. They are new feelings, I assure you. I am petrified of having kids, because I want to do it well. Carrie says I'd probably steal their toys. She may be hinting that I'm immature. I relate to kids on their own level. My kids will probably grow up reckless but with a great sense of humor.

My father was 56 when I was born, so we didn't play a lot of football. He was a lawyer—humorless and very impatient. I walked on eggshells a lot. It was kind of oppressive in the house. I have a bad self-esteem problem and my father probably facilitated it. To this day, I don't relax well. He once looked at me very seriously when I was about 15 and had whipped cream smeared all over myself. He said, like really checking me out, "You'd do anything for a laugh, wouldn't you?" I've never forgotten it, because it's true. I don't have to prove myself anymore.

But the thing I did love about my father was that he cut a pretty romantic figure, to my way of thinking. He came from the *Gatsby* era. He graduated from Harvard Law School in the Thirties. He was a gentleman farmer and had a great presence in the courtroom. It was an unspoken thing, but I think he did appreciate my becoming an actor, because he thought it was almost his legacy, that I inherited his capacity to—I don't know—pull people in somehow. I think he was proud of that.

14.

PLAYBOY: What advice would you give the Brat Pack?

REINHOLD: Well, that's dangerous. I know them and they really resent the sobriquet. I guess my advice would simply be: Dress down.

15.

PLAYBOY: Does it ever amaze you that you're in the same business as Jerry Lewis? REINHOLD: [Laughs] I have a great story, which I'm sure is apocryphal, told to me by one of Jerry's former writers. This was when Jerry was really young and used to play practical jokes. He called up all of his writers at, like, three o'clock in the morning and screamed, "I got a great idea! You gotta come ovah here right now!" They go over, open the door, and in the dark, they see him standing on the kitchen table, naked, with a match in the hole of his dick. He lit the match and went, "Look!" He got



"You mustn't take vermouth out of context, Ben. What you've done here would have been fine in the context of a rob roy or even a manhattan, but I'm afraid you're way out of line in the context of a martini."

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them out of bed for that.

When Ruthless People opened at a film festival in France, I got a call from reporters there who said I was being compared to Jerry Lewis. And because this was France on the line, I considered it a terrific compliment, what with all the regard they have for him there. But his is really the antithesis of my approach to comedy. I love comedy that comes out of a situation, not a slapstick routine. There's a certain finesse I try to muster that doesn't look like I'm doing it for the camera.

16.

PLAYBOY: With a nod to the deodorant commercial, give us your version of the three nevers in Hollywood.

REINHOLD: OK. First, never ride behind somebody who is making a deal on a car phone. Second, never *seriously* say, "Let's do lunch," or people will think you're a real *garbanzo*. And finally, never, never make fun of a movie you're watching if you don't know who's in the theater with you. Odds are that the guy sitting behind you worked on it. Real embarrassing.

17.

PLAYBOY: Tell us your favorite actor jokes. REINHOLD: I've got a few. What's the difference between a dead dog and a dead agent on the highway? There are skid marks in front of the dog. [Laughs] In a similar vein, here's an infamous actor joke:

This actor comes home, finds the door wide open, looks around and sees that the place has just been devastated. He walks upstairs to the bedroom and hears a noise coming from the closet. He opens the door, and there's his wife—beaten, bruised, tied and violated. He pulls off this piece of tape from her mouth and says, "Who did this?" She says, "Your agent!" And he says, "He came to the house?"

A struggling-actor joke: There are three new arrivals in heaven who find, astoundingly enough, that their stature up there is decided by how much money they made down on earth. Which is kind of discouraging to realize. Anyway, Saint Peter asks the first guy how much he made, and the guy says \$300,000 a year. Saint Peter says, "Oh, you must have been a doctor." The guy says, "That's right." The second guy says he made \$175,000. Saint Peter says, "You must have been a lawyer." He says, "That's right." A third guy says, "I made \$4752 last year." Saint Peter says, "Oh, is there anything I might have seen you in?"

Here's my favorite one: A director and a studio executive are walking through the desert, trying to find an oasis for a movie location. They finally come across one and it's just this idyllic setting with a spring burbling up the most beautiful, clear water. Suddenly, the studio executive pulls out his pecker and starts relieving himself in the water. The director sees this and says, "What do you think you're doing?" And

the studio executive says, "I was just trying to improve it for you."

18

PLAYBOY: What's more challenging—comedy or sex?

REINHOLD: Comedy is more of a challenge; sex is a relief. They can mix, though. Humor in sex is it! Completely. Sometimes, I have to try real hard not to start laughing hysterically. Like the second after an orgasm, you sometimes look down to see the ridiculous position you're in, and that's always extremely amusing. Before I got married, some girls found that charming and other girls found it really upsetting and obnoxious that I would burst out laughing. Sometimes, I'd really try hard not to. I mean, I'd get really red in the face. But it seemed so funny, when that animal passion leaves you and you're suddenly just-an animal.

19.

PLAYBOY: How strange is your fan mail? REINHOLD: I got my first letter asking for money, which was pretty funny. It came from a family in Tennessee who wrote that they thought I looked like a real nice guy and that they needed a new roof and could I please send money and not let them down, because they were sure when they saw me that I was for real. I didn't feel like I had to go that far to prove that I was sincere.

I get a surprising amount of mail from Japanese girls, more so than from American girls. Fast Times was huge in Japan. And their letters are beautifully poetic. One wrote, "I would drown in an ocean of your smiles." I remember just staring at that for 20 minutes, astounded.

20

PLAYBOY: What's the most pain you've endured on camera?

REINHOLD: Oh, there's been a lot of pain, a lot of bruises. But that's what comedy is all about. If I go home with bruises, I feel like I've done my job. Really, I don't mind it. Plus, I get some sympathy from my wife.

My scenes with Bette Midler in Ruthless People probably were the most painful. She throws herself into a take with such abandon that sometimes she doesn't know how involved she gets. Bette really grabbed my hair and kicked me in the shin, hard. And the scary thing was, I knew she was gonna do it—I know her. But I tried not to anticipate it and, sure enough, goddamn it, she grabbed my fucking hair and kicked me in the shin. But I got her back: In another scene, I had to lie on top of her on the kitchen floor when she was pregnant. She was freaked out about it.

You know she plans to do a sequel to What Ever Happened to Baby Jane? She wants to call it This Is What Happened to Baby Jane. She told me it was just so that she can say the line, "Eat your rat, Blanche!"

A



"Since you freed me from my hostilities, I'm getting laid more often than I want to."

"Unlike most comedians, Leno requires no periods for torturous self-psyching before facing an audience."

Davis Jr. Hey! I'm gonna fly off to Caesars, hey! Very funny, isn't it? Very stupid.'

I find Leno, on this significant day, in his Tonight Show dressing room, in backstage Burbank, sprawled on a couch. He is wearing a ratty denim work shirt and ratty denim jeans and ratty shit-kicking boots. This is all Leno ever wears, unless he happens to be on stage or on camera, in which case he adorns himself in oversized shiny blazers and thin Day-Glo ties-cartoon Leno clothes, Technicolor comedy props. He greets me, brandishing one of the two outmoded telephones at his disposal. "Dial phones!" he bleats incredulously. "Isn't this hysterical?" Leno finds amusement anywhere.

Fred de Cordova, the septuagenarian executive producer of the program, glides in. Lank and elegant, with an Acapulcan tan, he has come by to check up on his charge.

DE CORDOVA: Young man!

LENO: [Snapping to attention] Yessir.

DE CORDOVA: Have you read your notes for tonight?

LENO: [Unconvincingly] Yessir, all set! DE CORDOVA: Now, look me in the eye and

LENO: [Dog-paddling] Oh, the notes! Uh, yeah, yeah. Got a little busy in here today, boss. Didn't have much of a chance to take a look at 'em. Uh, I think they, uh, they . . . fell behind the couch! That's what hap-

Leno has difficulty taking such showbusiness minutiae seriously. He substitutes for Carson, the absentee despot, more than 50 times a year, a responsibility he calls "the easiest day job I've ever had." On these occasions, he noses his motorcycle into the great man's parking spot (the one nearest the door) and, three hours later, mission accomplished, he takes a powder. Legend has it that the first time he guest hosted, NBC security nearly had the Leno cycle towed from the premises. But that has all been straightened out, so that now, on the days when he is expected to storm the parking lot, a piece of cardboard with his name is slapped over Carson's permanent allocation. "It's so stupid," says Leno.

After De Cordova's exit, Leno rehearses his monolog, which he alone writes, reading it from cue cards. "I spoke to my stockbroker yesterday," he recites. "I said, 'Waiter!'" He does six more minutes of new material, then goes into make-up and emerges, made up. He performs the monolog for 500 members of the studio audience and, to fill out the hour, yammers with couch occupants Marilu Henner, Fred Dryer, Anita Pointer and the little kid from Family Ties. He then returns to his

dressing room and again changes garments as the producers give an appreciative post-mortem. Seconds later, he flees for Las Vegas.

Leno takes the wheel of his manager's Mercedes-Benz, while his manager, Jerrold H. Kushnick, a large, solicitous whitehaired man, whom Leno calls Kush, piles into the passenger seat for the ride to the Burbank airport. The Tonight Show taping ended at 6:30; the Las Vegas flight departs at seven o'clock. Leno, for whom speed is primary, hurtles us through the maw of traffic, weaving and careening. "What are you doing?" Kush complains, clutching the dash. "Just because the light is green

doesn't mean you can go 90!"

Leno shrugs innocently and, in a detached manner, reviews his television performance, lingering only-and rather rhapsodically-over an ad lib he perpetrated while interviewing the Family Ties kid. Supposedly an alphabet whiz, the kid agreed to have Leno test him with flash cards. When Leno flashed a Z, however, the kid identified it as an N. Leno, smelling opportunity, instantly turned the card on its side, transforming the Z to an N-to hoots of audience approval. "I must admit," Leno chuckles, "I was very proud of that stupid ad lib." That is the closest he ever comes to self-congratulation. In fact, he will re-enact the Z/N incident nearly a dozen times before the evening ends.

VIVA LENO VEGAS!

A thick layer of Burbank Pan-Cake still coats the magnificent anvillike Leno mug as we board our plane. There has been no time to swab it off after the show. "This is embarrassing," he says self-consciously. "People think you walk around with makeup on all the time. They think, Oh, look at that asshole!" He does resemble an orange mime. Which reminds me of the time Marcel Marceau grabbed Leno's amazing jaw-true story-and enviously ex-claimed, "Wonderful face for the theater!" Leno is doubtful about that, an instinct colored, perhaps, by early warnings from casting directors who fretted that his looks would frighten children. Children, however, are mesmerized by Leno; they are uncommonly fond of his commercials for tortilla chips. On this flight, in fact, a small boy presents him with a novelty airline badge. Leno immediately pins it on, beaming goonily. He then burrows into the stack of motorcycle magazines he carries with him at all times.

He first played Vegas a decade ago. Opened for Tom Jones. Recalls being intrigued by Jones's night-life regimen. After shows, he would wander past Jones's suite and notice wild parties raging. Mornings, he would wander back past Jones's suite and notice the parties still raging. Recalls going to the box office to get a friend house seats for his show. "Mr. Jones doesn't have an opening act, sir," he was told.

"No, I'm the opening act," he explained. "Uh, sir, I don't think so," he was told.

He stopped playing Vegas. By choice. "I didn't want to come back until I could at least headline," he says. "I don't mean that in a snobby way. But I'd rather go to little weeny places where people come to see you." So he played little weeny placesclubs and such—a new one almost every night, across the map. He traveled, he slew, the legend of Leno grew: Two-and-a-halfhour sets! Two, three shows a night! More than 300 dates a year! The Bruce Springsteen of comedy! The hardest-working white man in show business!

"I always feel goofy riding in a limo," says Leno, who, as it happens, is riding in a limo. It offends his gnawing Everyman sensibility: "Besides, people are disappoint-

ed when they see it's only me."

The car, provided by Caesars Palace, purrs through the dry night, shuttling Leno to his 8:30 curtain. He will have not quite 15 minutes to spare, which for Leno is a surfeit of time. "Got plenty of time!" he sunnily asserts. Unlike most stand-up comedians (and all other two-legged mammals), Leno requires no backstage periods for torturous self-psyching before facing an audience. Flop sweat is anathema to him. He knows no fear.

Where else but Vegas can you see what now looms on the horizon? There on the Caesars Palace marquee . . . there, depicted by thousands of dancing fluorescent bulbs, billions of watts . . . it's Leno's face! Impossibly magnified and illuminated, the goony, retro-Stan Laurel grin blazes against the black desert sky. The lighted Leno macromandible alone is approximately the size of three parallel-parked school buses. I cannot help recalling Leno's frequent self-description: "I look

like a big doofus guy.'

This is the final night of a weeklong engagement during which Leno has shared his bill with the musical mother-daughter country duo the Judds. "I like to go on first," he says, answering the question I was about to ask. "Comedy should always go first." The car nuzzles into a loading dock behind the hotel kitchen. He must perform two one-hour sets, a task Leno will find as demanding as swallowing. "Playing Vegas is very easy," he says. "It's like your greatest hits." He snatches up his two everpresent travel bags (garment and duffel), which he permits no one to carry for him (an Everyman prerogative), and plunges into the hotel catacombs hollering, "Bus Reilly's back in town!"

LENO'S GREATEST HITS

We all have our favorites. I treasure the Small Airline Disaster joke for sentimental reasons. But there are so many others;

chestnuts such as Leno's dichotomy of the sexes: "All men laugh at the Three Stooges and all women think they're shitheads." And his response to Nancy Reagan's being given a humanitarian award: "I'm glad she beat out that conniving bitch Mother Teresa." On network coverage of the President's intestinal afflictions: "Just tell me he's gonna be OK! I don't need Dan Rather every night with that proctocamera shouting, 'We can see the polyp now!'" On Iran/ Contra prosecutor Arthur Liman's hair wisps: "That was probably the biggest cover-up of the entire scandal!" On the preponderance of evil twins on series television: "My favorite was the Knight Rider episode where Michael Knight is forced to do battle with his evil twin. I knew it was his real twin, because this guy couldn't act, either." On National Condom Week: "Boy, there's a parade you don't want to miss!" On the welcome return of full-figured women: "Ever make love with a skinny girl? You always get strange problems. [In a girlish voice] 'My back broke.'" On Stallone and Schwarzenegger: "They've opened up the acting profession to a lot of people who couldn't get into it when speech was a major requirement." On sticky endearments: "I live in Hollywood, where you have all those dramatic types who introduce themselves, 'Hi, I'm Susan, and this is my lover, Bob.' My lover? Shut up! Why don't you just lie down and do it for us right now!"

I could go on forever, but, hey, what did you pay to get in here, anyway?

JUST A MATERIAL GUY

The Leno canon is prodigious, a bottomless inventory of PG-rated irony and bombast, and it has made him a millionaire. He lives to make fun of, to identify absurdity. For that, he is revered and well loved. His comic brethren line up to touch the hem of his tattered jeans. They seek out his advice and encouragement, which he delights in dispensing, usually during informal summit meetings that he hosts in his home late at night, in the blue-cathode glow of his wide-screen Mitsubishi television. Father Comedy, they call him. He presides over a Eucharist of popcorn and Doritos, wielding the remote control like a scepter. And, with his knee jangling uncontrollably (his only pronounced tic), he pontificates.

"I used to call them the Sermons on the Mount," says comedian Kevin Rooney, a close Leno confidant. "He gets a big kick out of doing this. It's usually midnight or one o'clock, and Mavis [the good Leno wife] has gone to sleep. He will sit on his couch and we'll all be on the other couches—Larry Miller, Jerry Seinfeld, Dennis Miller, myself. You have to watch The Tonight Show and Letterman, those are your school, sort of technique things. Then Leno will fly around the cable dial, all 100 stations, at a blinding speed. It's a psychotic experience. Just as you start to

look at something, he's moved on to something else. If there's not a joke there or something interesting to make fun of, it's gone. *Click!*"

Seinfeld adds, "One great Leno line is, 'Props—the enemy of wit.' And whenever we're watching someone do a shot on Carson or *Letterman*, he's always snapping his fingers and going, 'Jokes! Jokes! Jokes! Because that's his philosophy: You've got to have a steady rhythm of jokes that you can snap your fingers to. It's not so much that you understand the lyrics, but it's got to be good to dance to. Ultimately," Seinfeld says, "he wants everyone to do exactly as he does—only less well."

I beg Leno to impart his comedic theories. "All that counts are the jokes," he says. "You're only as good as the jokes you tell," he says. "Give us the good jokes," he says. "What Letterman likes, what Johnny likes, what I like are jokes," he says, adding, "I like people who do jokes."

Now, let me see if I've got this straight.

"I never want to have a hook or be known for anything other than new jokes," he says. "I always liked Robert Klein, because he never had a gimmick; everybody else had an oddball character or an expression or a catch phrase. Whenever a bit didn't work out, he'd go to the catch phrase, which is OK. But to me, Klein always had just material. He was never the man from space or the wacky guy or the Jewish guy from the mountains or whatever it may have been. He was always just a guy. And he was funny."

EVII. TWIN-ISM IS NO JOKE

I am standing in Leno's Vegas dressing room, reading his mail. He has just stepped out the door to do his 11:30 set. The letter in my hand, scrawled on looseleaf paper, is from a fan who, no doubt with jovial intention, chose to sign off with the mock warning, "Stay on the lookout for your evil twin (a.k.a. scheming lookalike)!" The television in the dressing room suddenly blares with the Tonight Show theme music, followed by Doc Severinsen's voice-over announcing the scheduled guests. At the same time, I hear the Caesars Circus Maximus showroom emcee rattling off a list of upcoming events. Then, in surreal synchrony, Doc and the Caesars emcee-matching syllable for syllable-introduce Leno. On the TV, Leno lopes out through the Burbank curtains. Twenty feet away from me, Leno lopes out through the Vegas curtains. Both Lenos begin to speak at the same time. A couple of stagehands, sensing the utter peculiarity of the moment, wander in and stand with me in front of the TV.

"This is amazing," says one.

"How can he be in two places at once?" says the other. I look at the fan letter and say nothing.

MIGHTY JAW, YOUNG

On stage, Leno will imitate his parents in broad strokes, but according to those



"But, sir, this isn't even my table."

who know them, the portrayals are astonishingly truthful. Angelo, his father, is a first-generation Italian-American, a most gregarious Joe, now retired, who flogged insurance policies and delivered rip-snorting monologs at conventions, always in a booming voice. His mother, Catherine, is a Scot with a wry burr and an all-consuming urge to cook. Their elder son, Patrick, a scholarly introvert, graduated from Harvard Law School and currently traffics in insurance. The second and only other Leno sibling, known to family as Jamie, is ten years younger and, genes being what they are, is his brother's opposite.

His mother was 40 when she discovered the embryonic presence of James Douglas Muir Leno, comedy fetus. He emerged in 1950. Mavis Leno describes a baby picture of her husband. "Even as a little baby, his face is just popping with mischief. He had the curly black hair and eyes that were extremely almond-shaped. You can see that there is some kind of forceful personality just dying to emerge.'

Early flashes of the Leno we know: As a tot, at the family home in New Rochelle, New York, he slides down a banister to surprise his mother's bridge party and ruptures his spleen. ("Even then, he had this give-me-an-audience bug," says Mavis.) Another time, he faces a coven of his aunts and asks, "How come women have camel humps?" They pinken and

squeal. Kids teasingly accuse him of having a hard head and he happily indulges their mirth by allowing one to conk his cranium with a hammer. ("Ow!" he reminisces. "My head would hurt so much.") His family moves to Andover, Massachusetts, where, at school, he flushes tennis balls down toilets and stuffs dogs into lockers, and when a teacher, discussing Robin Hood, informs his class that in those times, boiling was a common torture, Leno postulates, "They couldn't boil Tuck. He was a friar.'

WHAT LENO REMEMBERS

Leno remembers everything he has done that has got a reaction, by which he means a positive reaction, by which he means jokes that have worked. "I mean, that's what comedy is," he says. He remembers the first joke he ever told on stage, at the Bitter End in New York, early in his collegiate years (he attended Emerson in Boston, studying speech, because the final was oral). This is the joke: At his dormitory, you could have girls in your room, and liquor in your room, and drugs in your room; there was only one thing you couldn't have in your room, and that was a hot plate. "Hey," he says now, "I was only in the business a week."

Leno remembers driving to New York 24 times before "getting on" at The Original Improvisation, a stand-up Valhalla. That was a frenetic period, during which he would attend morning classes at Emerson. then slog away afternoons doing odd jobs for a Boston Rolls-Royce/Mercedes-Benz dealership. He was known for pulling up at the Improv in a different Rolls each night. After graduation, he set out on a dues-paying odyssey of East Coast strip clubs and college gigs and laffeterias. Comedians working the Boston Playboy Club-Billy Crystal, Richard Lewis, Freddie Prinze-often crashed in Leno's apartment, a hovel whose most distinctive feature was the gaping hole left in a wall after Prinze punctured it with 300 rounds of live ammunition. Then, in 1975, after watching a weak stand-up shot on The Tonight Show, Leno screwed up his courage and flew to L.A. the next morning. That first night, he got on at The Comedy Store and afterward slept fitfully on the club's back stairs. He stayed on in L.A. and soon befriended Letterman of Indianapolis, himself a migrant stand-up. Together, they championed an attitude of rarefied sarcasm that would much later define an era in American comedy.

One evening, however, the great Carson dropped by the L.A. Improv and, after watching Leno work, lectured to him. Leno remembers, "He said, 'You're a funny young man, but you're not ready for my show. You need more jokes to be on TV. You can't just go up there and do attitude stuff.' He was real straightforward and



helpful. I said, 'Thanks a lot.' Then I went outside and egged his car."

I. ROBOCOMIC

There is no way of knowing whether he does this for my benefit, but while waiting to board our one-A.M. return flight to Los Angeles, Leno begins to limp exaggeratedly around the gate area. Lugging his right leg like a stump, he hobbles up to an attendant, tells her something, then rejoins me, where I sit guarding his bags. "I told her I've got a bad leg," he says, grinning. "We can preboard now."

Leno will go to any extreme to secure overhead storage bins. It is his obsession. Leno lives on planes, though he has only recently learned to sleep on them. Tonight, however, he reads and chats and shows me an item in *Newsweek* about George Bush visiting Baby Jessica after her dramatic rescue from the Texas well. "This is what America is," Bush is quoted as saying, referring to the valiant effort.

Leno chortles, "Like the Swiss would let her die!" He spies me scanning an itinerary of his bookings. "Can I see that? Oh, Christ," he sighs. "I've got so much stuff to do, don't I?" He seems tired for the first time all night. "It's almost scary to look at this."

His itineraries are notorious not only for their sheer congestion but for their nonsensical routing. In a typical five-day period, he will serpentine from New Hampshire to Toronto to Orlando to Santa Clara to Atlanta. He thinks nothing of playing San Juan one night, Atlantic City the next. Honolulu today, Cleveland tomorrow. Whenever I try to commiserate with him, however, he grows defensive. "It's not hard," he says soberly. "Anybody making money in show business has no right to complain." Which he never does. He boasts, instead, of never having gone a week without performing. Last summer, while making the yet-unreleased cop movie Collision Course in Detroit, he would charter flights out at night in order to fulfill concert dates and stay fresh. On infrequent nights off, he works out at comedy clubs. He has never taken a vacationhe relaxes poorly. In his lifetime, he has consumed one beer, an experience he disliked and chose never to repeat. (Rumcake reduces him to stupefaction.)

"He loves the ironman attitude," says Kevin Rooney. "He'd be happy if he could do comedy as an eight-hour workday. He likes being a journeyman. Besides, he doesn't do normal stuff like have a cup of coffee or a cigarette or a beer. His impulses are not human ones."

Jerry Seinfeld says, "He doesn't eat like humans, he doesn't sleep or work like humans, he doesn't think like humans. I'm sure if you caught him at some unguarded moment, you would see a panel fall open on his chest to reveal wires and electrodes. He is Robocomic." Perhaps you saw it. The cover line on last year's second-lowest-selling issue of *People* magazine facetiously declared Leno, pictured with smirk, "THE SENIEST MAN ALIVE." But don't laugh too abruptly: Leno understands women.

I sat with him one night as he counseled a friend racked with marital problems. Leno, in order to make a point, peppered him with leading questions: "How is she wearing her hair? When was the last time she changed it? What color are her fucking eyes? When was the last time you talked with her—really talked? When was the last time you took her flowers? Took her to the movies? Went out to dinner? You're being selfish! Hey, I'm not one of those I-love-you kind of guys. Nobody's home less than me. But you have to show interest. Tell her you've been selfish! Talk with her tonight. If not tonight, you'll never do it."

"You know what's interesting?" Leno later confided to me. "I've lived with five women in my life and every one was born on the same date." That's not true, I said. "Yes, it is. Not the same year, but the same 24-hour period. September fifth and sixth." That's incredible, I say. "Not really," he said. "I'm one of those people who accept things exactly as they appear to be. And I just seem to be attracted to a certain type. I've always liked women who are my opposite."

Mavis Nicholson (long raven hair and hazel eyes, born September fifth) is a tolerant woman, raised in the San Fernando Valley, the daughter of a character actor. She is a writer of children's books and, at one time, comedy routines and is fond of English literature and European travel (she takes her mother along). Whenever possible, she accompanies her peripatetic husband of eight years, who is, by all accounts, famously devoted to her. "Let me tell you something," says Kushnick. "He and I have been together 15 years, during which time I have called him all over America, at every conceivable, intrusive hour, and the only woman who has ever answered the phone is Mrs. Leno. That says something." He adds, "And I'll tell you one thing I love dearly about Mavis: She doesn't spend money."

The couple met 12 years ago, during her comedy-writing phase. An Improv habitué, she was immediately captivated by the Leno style and by the authority he exerted over his peers. "He seemed to be in charge of the rest of them whenever he spoke," says Mavis, who is one year Leno's senior. "When I met him, he wore this snap-brim scoop-ace-reporter-type hat, always a jeans shirt, a black-leather vest, a mother-of-pearl belt buckle and tiny wirerimmed glasses. I would go into the Improv and see his hat and the smoke from his pipe, drifting above the heads of everyone else in the room." She pauses, then, as if to explain herself, adds conspiratorially, "I have a tremendous passion for

men who have blue eyes, black hair and large jaws."

AT HOME WITH THE LENOS

Here is the pecking order, as it has been suggested to me, of Leno's most profound pleasures in life: (1) his comedy, (2) his wife, (3) his motorcycles (18 of them at last count, mostly Harleys and English antiques) and (4) his cars (two Lamborghinis, a Jaguar, a Mercedes, a 427 Cobra and the cavernous '55 Buick Roadmaster reputed to be his first California residence). Most of those things can be found, at various turns, on the leafy, sun-dappled grounds of Leno manor, an ersatz English country house, all stone and beams, perched above a Beverly Hills ravine, just around the bend from Jack Lemmon's place. It manages somehow to be both unpretentious and baronial. Still, Leno, a Hollywood Hills dweller until last September, is uncomfortable with the pristine rites of Beverly. He will, for instance, wave and hoot at every gardener he spots landscaping the neighborhood.

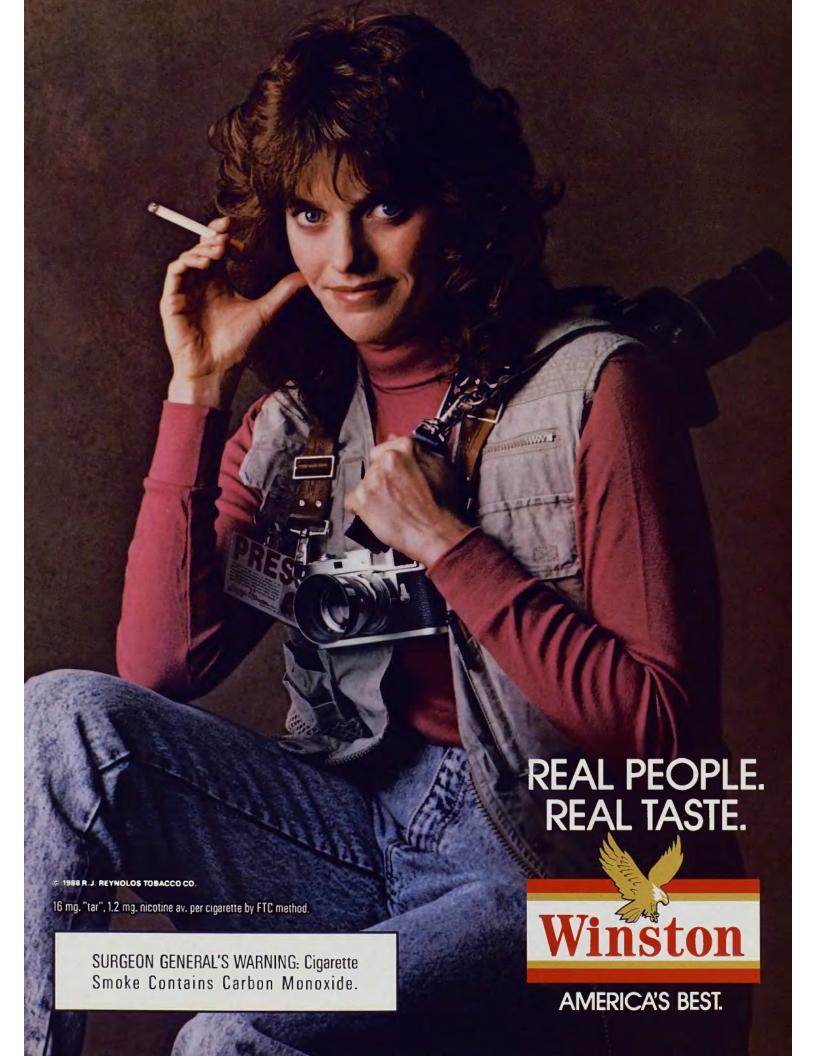
On the evening following the Las Vegas jaunt, I ride home with Leno after he completes his second straight day of Burbank hosting chores. He pilots the low-slung, thunderous Cobra convertible through the mountains, along the snaky corridors of Mulholland Drive (his favorite L.A. experience) and, goosing the accelerator, he appears contented. "Ya know," he says happily, "a man can breathe up here!" As we reach the electronic gate to his property, he begins to imitate a pack of howling Dobermans. "Rooof, roooof! Release the dogs; release the dogs!" Opening the front door of the house, he calls up the staircase, "Hi, home, I'm honey! Mave!"

He heads for the garage, leaving Mavis to explain her quixotic husband. She speaks of his epic unflappability, his lack of temper and jealousy and greed, his patience when colleagues got ahead sooner and his indebtedness to Letterman, who generously has called himself a poor man's Leno and whose show loosed Lenomania upon the land.

When Leno reappears, he is smoking his pipe, humming the theme to Entertainment Tonight and toting a slab of index cards. "Time to try out some jokes," he announces and plucks samples from the deck, testing them for Tonight Show durability. He begins, "A lot of high schools are banning Spuds MacKenzie T-shirts. I guess they want to discourage kids from drinking... out of the toilet."

Mavis listens, her comments ranging from "That's great!" to "I dunno" to "I'm sick of Bork jokes."

After he exhausts the material, I try to lure him into basking ever so slightly in his success. The effect is akin to dousing a vampire with sunshine: Leno, I say, you are a big-deal guy now! A designated Carson replacement! Movies! Prime-time specials! And that itinerary! How great does it feel? He shifts uneasily. He grows edgy. He



winces. "I guess," he says finally, "there's a quiet satisfaction I get out of it." He then nervously amends himself. "When I'm dead and buried, then we'll look at the record." Clearly, he is befuddled. "I really try not to take an interest in my own career," he says. "I like to do the work. I just like to come up with jokes and tell 'em." But, I press him, would it be so bad to take credit and enjoy yourself? Pain creases his face. "I kind of live in my own little world here," he tells me. "And I do enjoy myself a great deal." He then quickly excuses himself and lunges for the garage.

THE MEANING OF LENO

Leno does not say this, but his friend Jerry Seinfeld does: "You have to realize that success is the great poison of stand-up comedy, because it takes away the hunger and it takes away the fight you need to make your shows good every night. You need to go out there feeling you've got something to prove to these people. Once you feel you've proved it, the entire foundation of your act is gone. Leno knows that, and that is why he won't admit to success. He has to kind of not look at it, like Lot's wife averting her eyes from Sodom and Gomorrah.

"His philosophy is, There's no such thing as a comedy star," says Seinfeld. "Once you think you're a star, you're no comedian. A comedian is someone like us. A star is somebody like Cary Grant or Robert De Niro. We don't know who they are; we don't really want to know. They benefit from being enigmatic. But a comedian has got to be somebody I do know and I can relate to. So a comedy star, in effect, is a contradiction in terms."

Leno once told me that his two all-time

favorite movies were A Face in the Crowd and Sullivan's Travels, both of which happened to be deft moralistic fables about comedians. I have studied them and suspect that they speak volumes about his fears and his beliefs. Elia Kazan's A Face in the Crowd is a chilling cautionary tale based on a Budd Schulberg story. It chronicles the meteoric rise of a corn-pone comic named Lonesome Rhodes (played by a lean Andy Griffith), a charismatic scoundrel who, feeding on the power of television, is consumed by fulsome megalomania. In the end, he is found out and left with nothing and no one. Leno says, "That was the only time in my life that I've seen a comedian portrayed on screen where I really believed he was funny and yet a prick."

It is, however, Sullivan's Travels, a Forties Preston Sturges yarn, that seems to more closely reflect the Leno we have come to love. In it, we meet John Sullivan (Joel McCrea), the wealthy Hollywood director of such tonic comedies as Ants in Your Plants of 1939 and So Long, Sarong. Predictably, he decides to make a doleful film about the downtrodden, and in the name of research, he masquerades as a tramp. He barely escapes the conceit with his life and wisely beats a hasty retreat to the good old funny stuff, a better man for it. "There's a lot to be said for making people laugh," Sullivan concludes, sounding just a little familiar. "Did you know that's all some people have? It isn't much—but it's better than nothing in this cockeyed caravan. . . . Boy!"

"I love that movie," says Leno. "Isn't that a wonderful movie?"



WHAT MAKES JESSE RUN?

(continued from page 76) even run for governor. Now, whenever he

sees me, he laughs, 'One of my mistakes.'"

The change in Jackson has registered, has, in fact, been partially the result of this registration.

"What do white people really thinkabout me running?" He is paraphrasing me, his head still rocking.

"Well, they know they can trust me to do certain things. They will come to me for help." He hands me his can of soda so it won't spill, still scooping the Chinese food relentlessly.

"White folks all over the world want their people, for instance. A family with a son in Angola. His parents came to me. 'Can you get him out?'

"This guy blew up an oil field in Cabinda. His mother asked me to get a CARE package into Angola. Couldn't turn to the U.S. Government or even other white folks. At least to get him a letter and a CARE package. I did. They let him go.

"Holtzman [the district attorney] in Brooklyn called me when I was going to Syria. They think there's some Nazi holed up there-Brunner or something. She wanted to know if I could ask [President Hafezl Assad.'

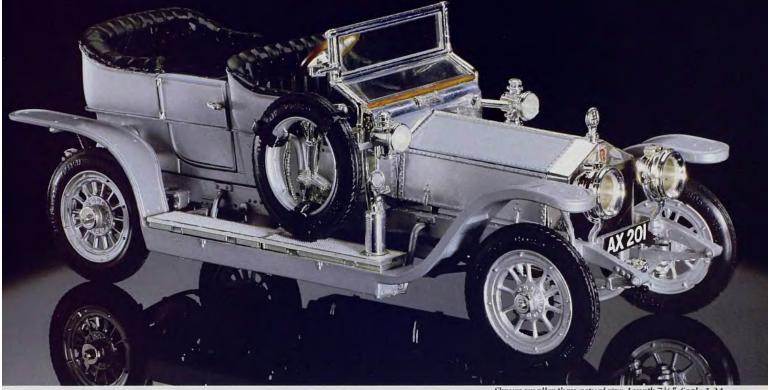
My wife had told me of Jesse's speech at the Kenosha, Wisconsin, Chrysler plant. lackson is now recalling it. The mayor of Kenosha had gone to Jesse. "Jesse to the rescue," Jackson says, chuckling. "They desperate. They know I'll try to help them." Jackson's easy Southland-black speech warming to the image, the Chinese food almost completely "wore out."

He had talked to the black auto dealers about the closing of the plant, too, but also about Lee Iacocca, the biggest name in auto executives. "We have the numbers to win!" he had roared. "I'm coming out of Iowa with double digits! The issue in 1988 is economic! Iacocca closed Chrysler in Kenosha-after making a five-year commitment to those people, then closing it within a year!" The black dealers had gone wild. "If somebody gave you a two-billiondollar loan with no-strike clauses and all the rest of that stuff-you'd have to be a genius to fail!"

Again, the roof had come off. Black people have loved Jesse for quite a while. They would do pretty much what he asked them-to the extent that they could or could understand they could. But now it has been dawning on them that Jesse is the best candidate. And a black candidate!

"We must stop behaving like giants with grasshopper complexes!" he had told the auto dealers. "I don't duck lawn mowers and big feet!

"They ask me, Are people ready for me? I tell them, They ready for you! If Colin Powell can be National Security Advisor, if Oprah Winfrey can be the numberone talk-show host, if Cosby can be the Rolls-Royce Motor Cars Ltd. demands nothing less than perfection.



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number-one TV show..."

His "Think about it!" had come like a surfer's confirming prayer atop the roaring wave of the happy crowd.

By now, Jesse has iced all edibles, drunk the soda and is animated by our conversation and the recall it stimulates.

"It was funny—the mayor of Kenosha is up there pouring his heart out for me, 'cause I had helped them. 'Jesse to the rescue.' He got so high up in it he said, 'Jesse to the rescue. He's going to throw a *spear* in our enemies' hearts!" Jesse is rolling now with laughter.

"He didn't realize what he was saying. It was funny. A spear! But he went to Iowa that night. 'I can't tell you how to vote. But here's a man who'll help you when you're

backed against the wall!"

"There were [white] truck drivers, family farmers feeling that when your back is to the wall, the only somebody they can call on is me. And they know they're doing it with great defiance!"

"I've had more trouble with the liberals," he had told me earlier in San Francisco while we were walking together to a press conference. "If somebody asks if they want a black President, then you know you got to run through all that history of black and white and all that. But if the definition

is functional, like 'Do you want a President who can get jobs, eliminate the deficit, bring the U.S. economy back to life, give us a rational foreign policy?' then after getting a yes to all those, you say, 'You mind if he's black?'"

"We wanted to air a commercial in Iowa," he says now, "but we couldn't afford it. Three white guys are sitting on a bench. A. says, 'I like Jesse Jackson.' B. says, 'But he's black!' C. says, 'I like Jesse Jackson. He seems to understand the family farmer.' B. again: 'But he's black.' C. says, 'But the guy who took my farm is white!'"

Again, the cleansing laughter as we wing high up in the cold night toward another day of campaigning in Iowa. A day closer

to the primaries.

"Should we have a black quarterback for the Super Bowl? That's a race-based question rather than a function-based question. Should we have a quarterback who can throw four touchdowns in one quarter?" he had asked the black car-dealer audience, thinking of Doug Williams' recordsmashing performance against Denver at this year's Super Bowl. "Two years ago, the [Chicago] Bears played the [Washington] Redskins. It could have been Doug Williams, but it was Doug Flutie vs. the Redskins. The best quarterback in the stadium was over on the bench. The Bears chose Flutie over Williams and lost. America's gonna keep losing big games. Making the same kind of choices!" The crowd's laughter had been stunning. "Don't be choosing no Dukakis and DuFluties."

Jackson, on stage or close up, has made wondrous growth. He has always been a crowd pleaser stageside, but there is a deeper resolve, a more fundamental *feeling* for the intellectual commitment he made long ago. Plus, it is clear he does his homework. He knows what he is talking about, where he is coming from. What he wants from everyone.

"Mondale won the nomination with 6,700,000 votes! Hart had 6,200,000, Jackson 3,500,000. He won with 6,700,000 popular votes. In November 1984, blacks alone gave Mondale 10,000,000. We had the numbers but not the mentality! Gucci clothes and inferiority complexes. You can't have it if you can't see it!

"Blacks have 13,000,000 registered voters! Seven million unregistered blacks. Can we win?"

In his speech, the moving, deep rhythms of his preacher-trained cadence had raised the audience, informing them and warming them.

"Can we win? We're running number one among white family farmers in North Carolina! We're number one in New York and California, Maryland, Georgia, South Carolina, Louisiana, Texas!"

By now, they had risen to their feet. "We can win. Not just run—but, honest to God, sho 'nuff, win!"

In the calm silence of the late-night flight back to Des Moines, the deeply thoughtful, relentlessly self-measuring side of Jackson's personality stands clear. He is trying, nevertheless, to rest. Our conversation is not low, not loud, but steady. The aides drifting off to sleep and the weary Secret Service men probably hear our whoops of occasional laughter.

As Jesse has pressed even harder and with more expertise to reach all parts of the electorate, it has become obvious that the media establishment has determined to nix him. So that after the initial titillation and darky sensationalism, the press has blanked on him.

It would seem that the *Newsweek* cover was the signal to blank on him openly and blatantly. He searches the Iowa daily papers from one end to the other—there is not one mention of his name two days before the primary. The other candidates cavort effortlessly in multiple exposures. Jackson's acknowledgment of this racist attack sounds like a dark grunt in tune with the night we shot through. "Now they gonna cut me out. We gettin' too close. They gonna cut me out!"

A week later, a spectacular piece of racist nonreporting would leap at me wordlessly from the pages of the February 15th *New York* magazine. There are photographs of all the candidates, Democrat and



"It's working. I'm getting horny!"

Republican, arranged like a checkerboard. All are there except Jackson. And in a center box, where his photo should be, there is a caption that reads, "Do you know these men? If not, stay tuned!"

"I know more about foreign policy," he had said in his San Francisco speech. "We came here on the foreign policy." Some of the black audience had almost fallen out of their seats.

"I brought Goodman home without a cake and a Bible [referring to the Syrian rescue and Reagan's Iran/Contra scandal]. I know more about the Third World, because I grew up in it! The world is mostly Third World! There are 400,000,000 Latins next to us! It's foolish to cut deals with 15,000 Contras and miss out on 400,000,000.

"The real world is young, brown, black, yellow and female. If you have color shock when you see different colors, you not ready—definitely not ready—to be President. We got five children at home—five different colors, and nobody is shook up. It takes up no energy in our house. We must have a world view consistent with the real world! Don't just stop *Contra* aid in Nicaragua; do it in Angola. Inconsistency in Angola makes moral judgment impossible in Nicaragua!"

Remembering the speech, we chuckle. I'd told him when I got on the plane that he should go to sleep when he felt like it. "I am," he had said, laughing. He isn't sleepy yet, but against the Peabo animation, fatigue has begun to inch its numbing choreography. But he is still "on it."

I ask him about his own development. His handling of the issues. How had he come to see things in such a way?

"All those things we were doing in the Sixties and Seventies—I never stopped." He is proud, but that is not what moved the words. He wants me to know, to feel his efforts, not just politically but in terms of continuing to educate himself through participation in the greatest of all schools, the world of conscious struggle! The "in" jokes, exchanges of old brothers in struggle, give the dialog a life that prolongs it past the normal physical weariness and emotional letdown between public appearances. The press white-out bothers him; no matter. Is he taking his own constituency for granted? I ask, repeating some media and public opinion. His answer is, by far, the sharpest of all reactions to any

"That's a simplistic statement and an inaccurate one! I go South every week. I've got support from 20 black Congresspersons. I've got black support because I've worked for it!

"Last week, Newsweek had a story on me. 'White staff surrounding Jackson.' Trying to do the same thing. I called 'em up and cussed 'em out! They had dropped a photo of the Rainbow. I've got blacks, whites, Asians, Latinos. Eddie Wong and Willie Barrow work together! I've got the only staff where Arabs and Jews work together!

"Then Newsweek quotes some black woman who works for Gephardt. My line is, I got the most American staff going! We're number one in North Carolina! Both Rosa Parks and Billy Carter endorsed me. I asked them at Newsweek, 'Why do you guys play these games?'"

What about some of our old brothers in struggle? I ask him. We throw a few names around, their alliances and unity agreements. Their criticism of him, for that matter. What does he think about those, for instance, who accuse him of not going far enough?

"I always have one foot in the status quo and one foot ahead." He likens his method to the teachings of Jesus, pointing out the obvious and the occult in what Jesus said and did. "I'm a work horse, not a show horse! I'm connected to where the people are. A horse not connected to the people is a show horse, not a work horse. All our experience points to this. 'No cross, no crown!' Our struggles for development make us stronger. Hegel just used big words. 'Thesis, antithesis, synthesis.'

"We don't do what we used to do. Don't make the same mistakes. I try to approach the people where they are and take them somewhere else. I'm trying to get *better*, not bitter!"

Yet the need for a broad united front, a rainbow of all nationalities and cross ideologies, including a broad mass movement of the African American people, is hardly lost on him.

"But I'm not interested in being too close to these people whose whole projection is just talking bad about white folks. The folks they got cheering for them are not the majority. Most black folks got to go to work the next day and they not interested in all that!"

Of the danger he courts by being in the eye of the hurricane—a black Presidential candidate with a real chance of winning—he shrugs.

"They got a month to stop me."

His mind is wandering over the killing campaign schedule as his metabolism begins to slow even more with fatigue. Still, his eyes are flashing, the athletic energy undeniable.

"After Super Tuesday, we go into Illinois. If I get the same vote Harold [Washington] got, we can take it! We can win Illinois, California, New York!" He is slowing even more.

"Hey, man," he blurts, half laughing, "you got to leave me alone now!" A few more words and he is out.

As the plane darts in blue light toward Des Moines, I get up and go to the john. Only one Secret Service man, strapped down every which way, remains awake. When I go back down the aisle, he is spread in front of the pilot's compartment as if to stop a mad writer from hijacking the iron bird.

I hear Jesse bouncing around before my eyes open. We are moments from Des Moines. He is wearing the headset, shifting energetically to Peabo's funk.

"Baraka, you need to stay up here over the weekend. You'll really see something! Man, ain't no black writers been around here to do nothing. They need to be more aggressive. But you the person can do it."

He is pulling up toward the top of his energy scale again. I am making excuses. I have to go to Maryland and Philadelphia. It's Black History Month!

"This is black history, man. You can get close up. See black history being made!"

It is tempting. Not just tempting, it makes me feel almost like I am turning my back on real historical responsibility. Jesse keeps up the request, demand, order, like a brother asking for help.

"These liberals always saying white folks are so irreversibly damaged by racism they can't even partially recover. I don't believe that

"I'm not willing to accept some 70-yearold mailman's recall of some unscientific garbage he learned in school, when it's the postmaster creating the damage."

He drags Jimmy the Greek into it.

"I don't know if they breed strong ballplayers. But they did breed a President!"

Jesse is still at me to stay as the door opens and the violent blue cold smacks me in the face. The sun is promising east of the airport.

A van is waiting for us. His campaign staff and Secret Service men are following. We head for the Holiday Inn, a few miles from the airport.

Jesse is on a balcony over the pool inside the hotel. I stand next to him as he tries to persuade me to stay on. To capture an indelible moment of American history. For a few minutes, I am persuaded.

The Secret Service men on duty must linger while Jesse talks. Staff members come by and speak. One white couple relates a poll measured by toilet flushes that Dukakis has won. It is about six in the icy Iowa morning.

"I implore you, Baraka," Jesse says, more serious than I care to hear. He goes over it again. You can see the strain, but also the heroic determination—to do! Stats, fire, laughter, a genuine need.

Finally, we part, and he calls over his shoulder then, asking the South African staff member to get me a room.

I am with him even more as he disappears to get another hour of sleep, perhaps, then up to confront white Iowa, white America.

But I have promises to keep. Both of us do. Jesse Jackson's are monumental. I have been with a giant, there is no doubt in my mind. But I make my excuses to the South African and, almost moist around the eyes, make my cold departure.

"Jesse can win." I speak softly but aloud. Another brother, the driver, grabs my

¥

"To bring out the aroma in a glass of whiskey, add just a dash of water, like the dew on a rose."

the Statue of Liberty, they created a Franco-American cocktail. It tastes just as good on July fourth.

THE LIBERTY COCKTAIL

1 oz. bourbon 1/2 oz. Southern Comfort 1 oz. French dry white vermouth 1/2 oz. Rose's lime juice

Shake with ice and strain into cocktail glass. Decorate with maraschino cherry.

The French sip this as though they were saying B-O-U-R-B-O-N. Magnifique! The warm aroma and fleshy richness of the bourbon come from the smoothness of malt, the spiciness of rye grains and the sweetness of corn, all in one whiskey; the vanilla and apple notes come from the newly made oak barrel used for every batch, the mellowness from four summers' aging in bluegrass country.

Such lyricism over a cocktail? Listen, this is France. These people care about sensuous pleasures. The French may love their wines, aperitifs and brandies, but they know that a country with its very own whiskey has something else to celebrate.

The Scots, in their taciturn way, rejoice in now hear it for American whiskeys.

You don't have to be French to know that Kentucky straight bourbon whiskey is identified as such on the label, whether it is Wild Turkey (full-bodied and tasty), Jim Beam (more flowery, with a big finish), Evan Williams (quite heavy and sweetish), Ezra Brooks (big-bodied and clean), Early Times (light), Ancient Age (dry and slightly oaky), Old Charter (spicy for a bourbon), Old Weller or Old Fitzgerald (both big and exceptionally smooth), Old Grand-Dad (firm and hearty), Very Old Barton (dry and on the light side), Maker's Mark (smooth and very elegant) or the Westernsounding but Kentucky-distilled Yellowstone (fresh-tasting and complex). Those are just some of the classics. There are

the smokiness of their single malts. The Irish have volumes to say about their delicious whiskeys. (That distinctive flavor comes from a dash of unmalted barley.) The Canadians don't hesitate to tell us about the icy purity of their distinctive style (which is really a blended rye). Let us

"You are charged with preaching wrongful, deviant and pernicious doctrine about weight loss.'

more than 100 labels, in various ages and proofs, available in the United States.

Halve the proof and you have alcohol by volume. Old Grand-Dad has a smooth and profound version at 114 proof and ten years, which should be served only in brandy snifters, either neat or with just a splash of water, and no rocks, as an afterdinner drink. The same treatment splendidly suits Very Very Old Fitzgerald or the 101-proof Maker's Mark or Wild Turkey.

To bring out the appetizing aroma in a glass of whiskey, add just a dash of water, like the dew on a rose. (No, better make that four roses.) Once you have released the precious fragrance, the brandy snifter will retain it for your pleasure. Warm the snifter in your hands and you will enjoy the sweet promise even more.

The Jim Beam bourbons, ranging from the ever-popular white-label version to the 86-proof Beam's Choice and the 101month-old black label, lend themselves especially well to the gracious Southern habit of serving whiskey with food. Serve it straight, in a small wineglass, without ice but with a pitcher of lightly chilled or iced water on the table. One part whiskey to two of water makes a good balance.

Before dinner, Tennessee whiskeys seem to be at their best, either with a twist of lemon or simply on the rocks. Plenty of rocks but not too much water. With ice melting in the glass, half and half is water enough. Everyone knows about Jack Daniel's black-label version (90 proof). The green-label one is a mere 80 proof. It's the same with the two versions of George Dickel Tennessee whiskey, which bear labels that the company describes, poetically, as ivory and ebony.

July fourth is the day for a rye, the style of whiskey that George Washington made for a living. Upon being asked for a rye, a bartender who knows his whiskey will present a bottle bearing the legend Pikesville (behind which lurks a delicious sweetish whiskey), Rittenhouse (big and smooth), Old Overholt (the spiciest), Jim Beam Straight Rye whiskey (with a yellow label) or Wild Turkey Straight Rye whiskey (101 proof, green label).

Kentucky Derby day is the mandatory time for a mint julep. Even if you are 1000 miles from Louisville, find a porch, preferably with a seat that swings, and laze while you savor the aromas of whiskey and fresh mint. You owe it to vourself as a consolation for missing the race.

For consistency, it is better to make juleps in bulk, but the following recipe is for just one.

MINT JULEP

Put silver julep cup or tall glass in freezer to chill. Rinse 3 to 5 fresh mint leaves briefly in cold water and pat them dry. Crush them in small cup or glass firmly with back of spoon, but do not pulverize. Pour 2 ozs. of your best bourbon onto mint. Stir. In separate glass, mix 11/2 ozs.

"She came into my life like a storm. She deserved a diamond that rocked her world."



Now that you've found the perfect person, make sure you find the diamond that suits her perfectly. Because, just as your love for each other is unique, no two diamonds are alike. Each one has its very own personality and sparkle.

Today, many people find that two months' salary is a good guide for what to spend on a Diamond Engagement Ring. So take your time to make sure you're buying the best quality. See the diamond experts at Ben Bridge Jewelers. We'll help you understand the 4@'s: cut, color, clarity and carat-weight, and explain how they determine a diamond's quality and value.

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Is 2 months' salary too much to spend for something that lasts forever?

sugar with same amount of water and stir thoroughly until it forms a syrup (or use your favorite bottled bar syrup). Add to mint-and-bourbon mixture. Stir. Fill your chilled container to brim with crushed ice. Pour mixture over it. Top it up with more bourbon. Insert sprig of mint in ice so that leaves protrude as decoration. Then insert short straw and sip slowly—after you've placed your bets.

Here are some other sophisticated whiskey creations:

THE SOUTH SUN

(Created by Jean-Jacques Charbonnier, head bartender, the Plaza-Athénée, Paris)

1½ ozs. Southern Comfort 1 oz. Jack Daniel's 2½ ozs. orange juice 2 dashes grenadine 1 dash tangerine liqueur

Shake over ice and serve in large cocktail glass garnished with orange peel.

THE PORTISCO (Created by Trevisan Stefano, chief bartender, Hotel Gallia, Milan) 1½ ozs. Jim Beam 1 oz. Sambuca Molinari ½ oz. grenadine 4 ozs. ginger ale

Mix over rocks in tumbler or old fashioned glass and decorate with segment of orange.

> THE PRESIDENT (Created by Bob Burton, head bartender, The Ritz, London)

1 oz. Jack Daniel's 2½ ozs. double cream 1 oz. banana liqueur ½ oz. Kahlúa

Shake over ice and serve in cocktail glass. Sprinkle a little powdered or flaked chocolate on top.

You can also sprinkle several dashes of Angostura bitters on a cube of sugar in a tumbler, add an ounce or two of your favorite whiskey, top it up with ice and stir. That is, if you want to be old fashioned about your old fashioned. Cheers!





Clinique La Prairie

(continued from page 118) buttocks and a small temperature, but you have to expect that—it takes time for the new little cells to make friends with the old ones."

"But, on the whole, you found it a good experience."

"Oh, absolutely. It really works. My one complaint is that they charge extra for bottled water—\$8000 for the treatment and they charge for bottled water, right?"

"It does seem petty," I say. "Do you think I ought to take the shots?"

"If they say they're going to give you the shots, you do it, babe."

At noon on Monday, June 22, Suzanne and I find ourselves in the Zurich office of Armin Mattli, owner of Clinique La Prairie. Mattli, a Swiss entrepreneur who previously owned a bank and a plastics company in El Salvador, is a short, stocky man of perhaps 60, with blue cyes, blond hair, a blond mustache and a mischievous twinkle. He introduces us to Gigi Sutter, his pretty PR director, and announces that we'll be joined at lunch by Dr. Christiaan Barnard.

Dr. Barnard, the famous South African surgeon and pioneer heart transplanter, has become director of research for Clinique La Prairie and set up a nerve-cell-regeneration program at the University of Oklahoma. Barnard took the injections himself for his arthritis. He's a handsome man with an infectious smile and vast personal charm.

Mattli, Sutter, Barnard, Suzanne and I walk to a nearby restaurant, and Barnard begins to speak about cellular therapy. As we get older, he says, we lose our ability to repair the genetic damage that aging does to our cells. Cellular therapy promotes the repair of genetic damage and has an antiaging effect.

There are many kinds of cellular therapy besides that practiced at Clinique La Prairie, says Barnard—such as blood transfusions and vaccinations. In a blood transfusion, the cells of one human being are injected into another. In immunization, weakened diseased cells are injected into a patient to stimulate a resistance against stronger ones.

"The idea here is not to conquer death," says Barnard wryly, "but to make people die as young as possible."

Barnard looks young for a man of 65. Mattli confides that Barnard has left his 23-year-old girlfriend in his hotel room in order to lunch with us.

I have heard that Barnard had two treatments of cellular therapy and ask what effect they had on his arthritis.

"It gets better, it gets worse and it gets better," he says. But does he see an improvement? "I don't, of course, know what I would have felt like without the therapy, but I believe there *has* been improvement."

Mattli, too, has had the injections. I ask

The L.A.Times recently revealed the Number One beer. And 34 chasers.

LAGER BEERS (Regular)—35 Tasted	Score	
BOHEMIA—Mexico Golden brew of beautiful taste and balance a fine head, fine body, appetizing taste.	22.6	
PILSENER URQUELL— Czechoslovakia The true ideal lager, judicious hops, smooth, creamy, world-class standard.	22.5	
DOS EQUIS—Mexico Deep amber gold, brilliant complexity and richness, refreshing finesse.	22.2	
GROLSCH—Holland A light kiss of hops, giving an almost fruity elixir, a most refreshing zing.	21.9	
5. FOSTER'S LAGER—Australia A fine head leaves a tracery of lace as souvenir of its excellence.	21.6	
 LOWENBRAU—U.S. Subtle intrigue of hops, fine creamy head, impeccably brewed, ingratiating. 	21.6	
7. CHIHUAHUA—Mexico	21.2	
8. HUSSONG'S—Mexico	21.2	
9. TECATE—Mexico	21.1	
10. LOWENBRAU-ZURICH—Switzerland	20.8	
11. KRONENBURG—France	20.7	
12. CARLSBERG—Denmark	20.6	
13. STEINLAGER—New Zealand	20.6	
14. COOPER'S LAGER—Australia	20.5	

LOS ANGELES TIMES MAGAZINE, SEPTEMBER 6, 1987

15.	ST. PAULI GIRL—Germany	20.5
16.	TSING TAO—China	20.3
17.	HERMAN JOSEPH'S—U.S.	20.2
18.	BECK'S—Germany	20.1
19.	MILLER HIGH LIFE—U.S.	20.1
20.	HENRY WEINHARD—U.S.	20.1
21.	CORONA EXTRA—Mexico	19.8
22.	HEINEKEN—Holland	18.9
23.	STROH'S—U.S.	18.9
24.	CARTA BLANCA—Mexico	18.4
25.	MOLSON GOLDEN—Canada	18.4
26.	SAN MIGUEL—Philippines	18.2
27.	RED STRIPE—Jamaica	18.1
28.	DORTMUNDER UNION—Germany	17.7
29.	SAPPORO—Japan	17.7
30.	KIRIN—Japan	17.5
31.	BUDWEISER-U.S.	17.4
32.	COORS—U.S.	17.4
33.	MOOSEHEAD—Canada	17.1
34.	MICHELOB—U.S.	
35.	BIOS LAGER—Belgium	

In its most recent beer tasting, the *Los Angeles Times Magazine* gathered 16 distinguished judges and the world's leading beers to select the best tasting. As you can see, the competition (including the best-selling domestics and top 10 imports) was rather formidable.

And Mexico's Bohemia came out on top.

For obvious reasons, Bohemia would like to thank the judges for their kind words and discriminating taste. And if you haven't had a good reason to try Bohemia before, now you do: it's better tasting than your beer.

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both if the therapy has improved their sex lives. Mattli winks. Barnard says that area has never been a problem for him.

Barnard is on his way back to Capetown, where, he says, it's easier to get permission to do labwork on animals than it is in the

In one experiment Barnard tells us about, two genetically identical rats were symbiotically joined so that they shared a common blood supply. One was a 300-dayold rat, the other a 50-day-old rat. The life span of a laboratory rat is 400 days. After the joining, the life span of the older rat was increased from 400 to 600 days.

Another experiment was done on cockroaches. If you break off a young cockroach's leg, it will grow another, but as the roach grows older, it loses the power to regenerate. If you symbiotically join a young roach with an old one, says Barnard, the old one will again be able to regenerate its legs just like a young one. Younger animals appear to have a greater concentration of the ingredients that provide regeneration and rejuvenation.

Barnard explains Clinique La Prairie's success in regeneration of organs and tissue in patients who've been injected with live fetal cells as follows:

"After injection, the fetal cells release cellular substances, which are absorbed into the blood stream of the patient and transported to the various organs, where they stimulate rejuvenation and regeneration. With that form of treatment, the fetal cells serve the same purpose as the younger animals in the symbiotic experi-

"Some people think cellular therapy is a joke. It's not a joke," says Barnard passionately. "I think it's stupid for the scientific establishment to ignore cellular therapy just because the scientific evidence has yet to be established-we take aspirin, and we don't know how that works, either. Within a year, we will have definite scientific evidence to prove to the scientific community forever that it's not a hoax.'

I ask about the famous people who have taken the injections at the clinic over the years. Mattli is guarded about that information and says he is sworn to secrecy by his clients, but the names of Konrad Adenauer, Winston Churchill and Pablo Picasso are mentioned.

"Adenauer lived to either 92 or 94," says Mattli. "Several presidents and heads of state have also had the treatment." Which ones? "They do not permit us to say."

"Which ones don't permit you to say?" I ask, but Mattli merely smiles.

Barnard excuses himself and heads back to his 23-year-old girlfriend. We're taken by limousine on a two-hour drive to Montreux, site of the clinic and of our hotel, the elegant Montreux Palace, both of which overlook the insanely picturesque Lake Geneva and the snow-capped Alps.

Clinique La Prairie is a lovely white Swiss dollhouse with a brown peaked roof, yellow awnings and balconies spilling over with flowers. It sits on a hill facing the lake and is right next door to a girls' finishing school.

As we wait in a sunny sitting room at the end of a corridor, Suzanne and I are still vacillating about whether or not to take the injections. We will take the physical examinations in either case. We're joined by an attractive Asian woman in trendy clothes. She looks to be in her early 30s.

We introduce ourselves. She's chatty, cute and very peppy. Let's say her name is Pearl. (For reasons too tedious to explain, some of the names of the patients you'll meet will be their real ones. Others won't. Don't ask me why.) She's from Hong Kong and she is here to take the injections. She asks whether we're taking them, too. I say we don't know yet.

In Hong Kong, Pearl imports chemicals that, if I understand her, are used to clean boilers in utility companies, and she also deals in computers and women's clothing boutiques.

She came here "for stay young, look young, also digestive probrem." What kind of digestive problem? If I understand her, she has ten holes in her stomach. Ulcers? No. The holes don't appear to concern her, so I don't let them concern me, either.

I'm called in for my physical, The doctor is a man named Phillippe Eckert. He is slim, graying, bearded, bespectacled and so serious that he is almost mournful in tone. He asks me detailed questions about my medical history. He says he was trained in Switzerland and at Beth Israel Hospital in New York and has been at the clinic for only a few months. Has he taken the shots? No. Will he? "I don't know. I haven't been here long enough." I guess I'm not the only one who's ambivalent about the shots.

My E.K.G. is done by an attractive young nurse named Monika, who's tall, slim and has a visible panty line. I ask her if she has taken the shots. No. Would she consider taking them? No. Why not? "I don't like injections," she says.

After our physicals, we are introduced to Jean-Pierre Fauquex, the manager of the clinic, who will be our companion for the next week. He is very tall and handsome. He's a German Swiss and speaks pretty good English.

For lunch, we drive to a restaurant high in the mountains. The view is heart-stopping.

I ask about the sheep and the surgery. I had been told that the lamb fetus is removed by Caesarean. I ask if the sheep survives the surgery. "No." How many sheep do they kill for each series of injections? "I don't like the word kill," says Jean-Pierre, "because we use all parts of the sheep, for food and so on." But how many sheep do they, uh, use for each set of injections? "Three." Has he himself had the injections? "Not yet."

Jean-Pierre asks if we'd like to see the sheep. Yes. Thursday is the big day, when they are prepared for surgery. Tomorrow afternoon, Wednesday, Monsieur Fontaine, the head of the laboratory, will drive to the sheep ranch 50 kilometers away to bring back the three sheep to be used on Thursday. Fontaine will take us with him.

It is Wednesday. Eckert gives us the results of our physicals. All is normal.

We're introduced to Fontaine, a kindly man in his 60s who looks like Buddy Ebsen and speaks no English. We get into his Range Rover, with its empty sheep trailer bouncing along behind, and set off for the ranch. On the way, we converse with him in pidgin French. We learn that the flock contains 700 to 800 black sheep and that three are used every Thursday. Fontaine has been working at the clinic for 32 years and, yes, he has had the shots-three times.

The first time was for a condition called osteochondrosis, which resulted from overexposure to X rays. The injections saved his life-"Un miracle (un mi-rock)," he keeps repeating, "un miracle!"

After a delightful drive through rolling green Alpine foothills, we arrive at the ranch and are introduced to le berger—the shepherd. He has a name, but is called only le berger (le bear-jhair).

Le berger is 70, has been at this job for 20 years and looks as if he'd stepped right out of a black-and-white French film of the Fifties. He has bushy black eyebrows, white hair and a three-or-four-day white stubble. He sports a worn blue-plaid shirt, a worn blue-denim jacket, two pairs of worn bluedenim pants, rubber boots and a blackvinyl fedora with a narrow brim. He gets about on a motorcycle. I'm in love with both Fontaine and le berger.

We're taken inside a 300-year-old barn, where two small groups of sheep are being held in pens. The sheep range in color from dark chocolatey brown to mocha tan. They are irked to see us and huddle together as far away as they can, vainly trying to climb the opposite wall.

Fontaine, who has inexplicably chosen to wear a smart gray suit for his shepherd duties today, removes his jacket, dons rubber boots and wades into the pen with a box of sterile syringes. As le berger straddles a sheep, Fontaine bends down, inserts a needle into its neck, withdraws a blood sample, then places the syringe swiftly back in its sterile container. After each of four numbered sheep has been tested, le berger marks the back of its head with a red-dye marker.

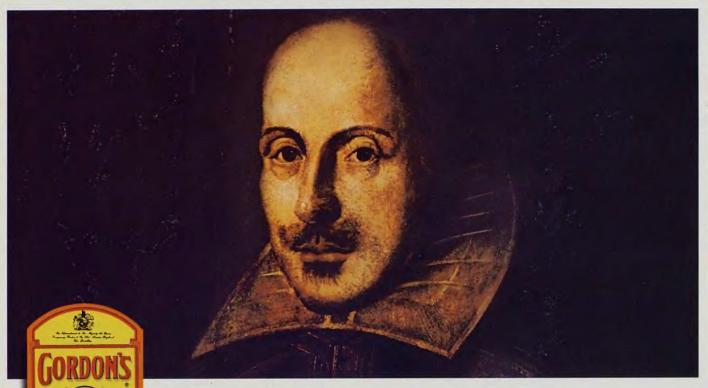
Fontaine explains that the sheep are being tested for next week. If they don't test well, there will still be time to select others.

The entire operation impresses me. I like what I've heard from Barnard, and I like what I've seen of the staff and the facilities of the clinic. Although I'd told them we probably would not be taking the injections, I'm beginning to think that to come here and not take them is rather stupid.

Tomorrow morning, Thursday, at seven o'clock, if we decide not to take them, I am scheduled to witness the dissection of the 159

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lamb embryo in the operating room. This afternoon, upon our return to the clinic, we are supposed to meet with chief physician Elie Edde. If I'm impressed with him, we will check out of the hotel, move into the clinic tonight and take the shots tomorrow morning.

We meet with Dr. Edde, who is a fellow of the American College of Chest Physicians and another throwback to a blackand-white French film of the Fifties. He sits behind his desk and his grizzled face peers at us through a thick veil of cigarette smoke.

"Why should we have the injections?" I ask.

"From the age of 20, we all need a garage," says Edde in thickly accented English. "Take the treatment; you weel love eet."

Has any of his patients developed cancer from the injections? "No!" Has anybody ever died from an allergic reaction? "No!" "One thing has occurred to me," I say,

"One thing has occurred to me," I say, "and it's this: Why sheep? I mean, moral and ethical considerations aside, if sheepembryo cells are good, wouldn't humanembryo cells be even better?"

"Oh, sure," says Edde. "Niehans did that een the beginning—a *dead* baby, of course—but babies are not so easy to get, so the sheep ees much better. Eet ees the same thing."

We question him further, but my mind has been made up. I glance at Suzanne.

"We would like to take the injections," I say. Suzanne seems surprised but agreeable.

"Excellent," says Edde. "We weel make a reservation for you next wek."

"No, this week," I say. "Tomorrow morning."

"Oh, ho, I am sorry," says Edde. "Eet ees much too late for tomorrow. Eef they had told me you weeshed to take the treatment tomorrow, we would have made the space. They said you had decided not to do eet. Just now, we have nothing. Twenty-seven patients—we are completely full. I am sorry."

I am crushed. So, it turns out, is Suzanne. In that moment, we realize that the only thing we ever truly wished to do in our lives was to take sheep shots. Since we can't, we will surely shrivel up, age prematurely and die shortly after leaving here. There is no greater disappointment than being told you can't have permission to do something you weren't sure you wanted to do in the first place.

I tell Jean-Pierre that we had finally decided to take the treatment but Edde said it was too late. Jean-Pierre looks distressed and says perhaps there will be a cancellation. Is that a real possibility? Well, one couple who had reservations for tonight are late, but they had their physicals on Monday, so it's not likely they will fail to those up.

Jean-Pierre asks us about our trip to see the sheep and praises the efforts of Fontaine and *le berger*. "It's a very precise operation," he says, "to plan it to have pregnant sheep every week of the year."

"Monsieur Fontaine told us about his experience with the shots," says Suzanne.

"A one-in-a-million reaction, that one," says Jean-Pierre, shaking his head. What? "His allergic reaction," says Jean-Pierre. "The shock."

"Fontaine went into shock? All he told us was that it was un miracle. How long was he in shock?"

"I don't know," says Jean-Pierre, beginning to regret the conversation. "You'll have to ask him yourself."

Our obsession with being told we can't have the shots is such that even the ominous sound of Fontaine's reaction does not dampen our ardor to be injected with live sheep cells.

We make plans to meet Jean-Pierre for dinner and then repair to our hotel room to brood. Suzanne sees this incident as a microcosm of our lives—being indecisive so long that we no longer get to choose for ourselves, losing control. I feel wretched.

"Look," I say, "we agreed before we came that we probably *didn't* want to take these shots, so now we *aren't*—we're right where we wanted to be in the first place."

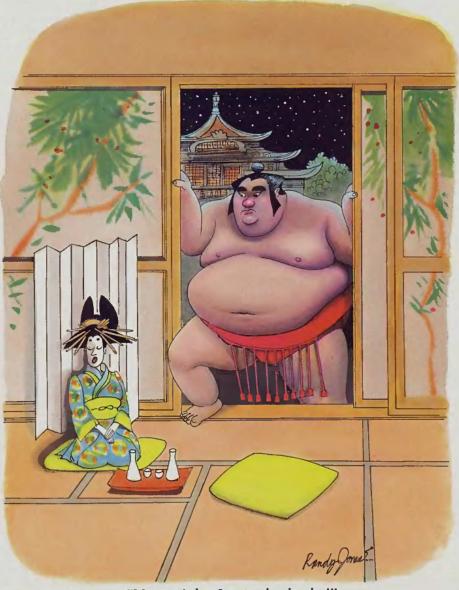
"Yes, but we didn't choose it," says Suzanne. "It was chosen for us."

"Then let's choose it," I say. "In pure estian terms, let's choose what we already have."

Eventually, we succeed in rationalizing that not being permitted to take the shots is about the best thing that has ever happened to us. Suzanne lingers to change for dinner and I go down to Harry's New York Bar to meet Jean-Pierre.

"Good news," says Jean-Pierre. "The couple who was late canceled. You and Suzanne can take the shots, but you must check into the clinic right now."

I'm staggered. We had just invested so much emotion convincing ourselves that we *didn't* want to take the shots that to reverse ourselves now would be to make a mockery of our new-found decisiveness, if



"Not tonight; I got a backache!"

not our very lives.

"You do wish to take the shots," says lean-Pierre.

"Uh, can I get back to you in just five minutes?"

I race back to the hotel, arriving out of breath.

"God is testing us," I announce. Suzanne looks alarmed. "Jean-Pierre says the couple who was late has canceled," I say. "If we go over there right now, we can take the shots. But I don't think we should."

"Why not?" says Suzanne, looking dazed.

"Because," I say, "we decided that we really didn't want to take them, and the only upsetting thing was that we were so indecisive that we didn't get to choose not to take them. Now we've been given a chance to choose not to take them. And sometimes making a decision is more important than the decision itself."

"OK," she says uncertainly. We march triumphantly down to Harry's bar.

"So you've decided," says Jean-Pierre.

"Yes," I say in my most decisive tone. "We have decided not to take the shots."

Jean-Pierre looks at us with great pity. It's clear to him that we are totally insane.

At 6:30 on Thursday morning, a cab picks me up in front of the hotel. The driver is a woman of about 80. She knows the clinic well—Marlene Dietrich went there many times, she says. Also Noel Coward. (Marlene and Noel, but not I.) Would she herself take the shots? No, she says, she hates doctors.

I arrive at the clinic at 6:50 A.M. A nurse leads me into an anteroom and has me change into a green scrub gown, a shower cap, a surgical mask and blue-plastic booties.

I'm led to a window through which I can see the small operating room. It has green-tiled walls, a green-draped operating table, a huge, powerful surgical light overhead. Along the right wall are four blue cubicles. There are six people in the room. All wear dark-green surgical gowns, light-green surgical masks, white surgical gloves, white Dutch clogs and shower caps. Four of them sit in the cubicles; two of them stand at the operating table.

It's hard to recognize people who are wearing surgical masks and shower caps, but eventually, I make out three people I already know—seated in the cubicles are Eckert and Fontaine, and assisting on the floor is Monika of the visible panty line. An elderly doctor and a young nurse are bent over the small charcoal-brown body of a dead lamb fetus.

An incision has been made in its belly, and shiny red-and-pink organs spill out of the cavity. There's a flat, shiny pinkish organ next to the lamb that I assume to be its mother's placenta. The nurse and the doctor are carefully cutting off the top of the lamb's skull with surgical scissors. I'm suddenly glad I didn't eat before leaving the hotel.

The doctor and the nurse remove brains, *kishkes* and what not from the lamb and deposit each organ in separate glass Petri dishes, which are immediately whisked to the technicians in the cubicles. They take each organ out of the dishes and carefully cut it into small pieces, then pass them through a strainer.

The pulverized organs are placed in other Petri dishes in clear fluid and are then drawn into large sterile syringes. Depending upon the type of liquefied organ each contains, the contents of the syringes are either pinkish, purplish or reddish. The technicians consult forms taped to the sides of their cubicles for the number of syringes of each type of cell required by each patient. There are about ten c.c.s of liquid in each syringe, which is a good-sized injection for a horse, to say nothing of a human.

A nurse periodically gathers up loads of filled syringes from each technician's cubicle and, noting their type, carefully arranges them in stainless-steel trays—one tray for each patient at the clinic. But not for me.

Later on Thursday, I drop by Pearl's room. She had the shots this morning and is apparently in pain. She is now able to sit on her buttocks but has trouble walking. She bounds out of bed to demonstrate her pain. She is wearing a pink shorty nightgown.

Pearl says that she had one shot to begin with and then 12 more. It was very painful at first, though not unbearable, and better by afternoon. She thinks they gave her the shots too rapidly, which makes her worry that she didn't get all the cells she is paying for

I say she seems rather young to be getting the shots. How old is she—about 30? She giggles, blushes and covers her face with her hands. About 30, she says.

I have met another patient, Henry Burmeister, who owns a wallpaper store in Medford, Oregon. Henry is 70 years old. This is his fourth cell-therapy treatment, his third here. (Jean-Pierre says that 40 percent of the patients here are repeat customers.) Henry is losing his brown hair and his face has a few lines, but fewer than you'd expect. He looks and acts much younger and peppier than 70.

Henry's first wife died at the age of 50. He was so shattered that he didn't even date for five years. After three years of dating, he met a woman 28 years his junior and married her eight days later. They have a seven-year-old son. Henry had ten shots this morning. They hurt "like a painful tetanus shot, only about six times worse," but he's about to sit on his bed while we chat.

He had cellular therapy in 1981, 1983, 1985 and now, 1987. A year and a half ago, he had quintuple bypass surgery on the arteries to his heart—he's quick to say that his heart problems had nothing to do with

the cell therapy but rather with a diet too rich in fats and cholesterol. After his surgery, he scored 50 percent better on his treadmill test than men in his age group who hadn't had bypass surgery. Oh, yes, and four months after his surgery, he entered the March of Dimes Walk-America marathon and walked 18 miles in six hours. The next year, he did it in *four* hours.

Characteristically, he says that he feels drained of energy for about three months after the shots, then peppy for the next two years. He feels the need to repeat the shots every two years. The one time he took the shots somewhere other than this clinic was in Germany, and he doesn't think it was as good. They didn't seem to care about his diet.

I ask if the injections have made him younger or halted the aging process. "I don't feel it's been halted," he says. "I do feel it's been slowed down."

I'm beginning to regret refusing the shots.

On Friday, I ask the receptionist to ring Pearl and ask her if I can drop in. She says to wait five minutes. I go up in five minutes and she is wearing a smart Chanel dress and heels—a sharp contrast to yesterday's nightie.

She's obviously feeling better today. Less pain in her buttocks and she can walk with no problem. She demonstrates. No complaints at all, then? "Nervous pain in back and throat, but no probrem," she assures

She has become concerned that none of the doctors she has talked with here have taken the shots: "If so good, why they no take? If we take injekashun, why they no take?"

I corroborate the fact: Jean-Pierre has told me that only four of the clinic's 45 employees have taken the shots.

Three doctors—Edde, Eckert and a woman, Dr. Adrienne Studer—arrive to check on Pearl's condition and kick me out. I wait outside the door and hear her ask why they have not taken any injections. I hear Dr. Studer say, "I'm still young," and Eckert say, "I just started working here."

When the doctors leave, we continue our chat. "Western people eat too much fat, too much meat, too much chocolate, too much sweet, too much fry food," she says. "Western woman, she get to be 30, her neck get like chicken and she get very fat. Oriental woman not get so change. Why? American people very stupid eating culture. Vegetable and fish good for healthy and de fruits. I do slowly jogging. Just take injekashun not enough. If we always worry and angry and not happy, then we get old and die at once. If our spirit good, our cells become healthy."

Henry Burmeister is also feeling better Friday. More energy than yesterday, and his buttocks aren't as sore. He tells me that the treatments have not only given him more energy, they have increased his



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creativity—he has begun writing his own TV ads for the wallpaper store.

Late Friday night, Suzanne and I are with Jean-Pierre in the bar of the Hazyland Disco, and Suzanne asks a question that has been nagging her: What if none of the three pregnant sheep they kill each week are found to have male fetuses—where would the clinic get the testicles it needed for the men who wanted injections of the testicle cells?

"Only two of the sheep they kill are pregnant females," says Jean-Pierre. "The third is an adult male."

But we had been led to believe that they inject cells only from lamb fetuses, because fetuses don't yet have antibodies that the human body may reject.

"Cells of the testicles from the adult ram," says Jean-Pierre, "just happen to be the one type of adult-sheep cells that the human body doesn't reject."

Ummm. I ask again to meet with Fontaine to learn more about his adverse reaction to the shots.

Henry has a little more energy on Saturday. The pain is gone except for a little in the butt. And there's still a slight redness from the bandages. What bandages? Oh,

he says, they put two bandages about 2" x 8" over the shots on each buttock.

Pearl was dizzy all morning Saturday. "Not so much pain—I can walk. One doctor say this is riction." Riction? Could she spell that? "Riction: R-E-A-C-T-I-O-N."

I ask if she has had any fever. "No. Second day headache. My temperature very good, no probrem."

She tells me she has become interested in going to see the sheep. The doctors have not encouraged that. I don't know why she wants to see the sheep. Is it possible she's having second thoughts about the shots?

On Sunday, Henry's pain is almost gone. He took a long walk today by the lake. Only coming up the hill wasn't easy, he says.

Pearl is much better Sunday: "No pain; can walk very quickry. Tired when I get up, but maybe I dream too much. My condition today, no probrem."

I've met another patient, an American (six out of 27 patients this week are Americans). His name is Frank Foreman, he's 71 and this is his third treatment. Frank owns a lumberyard in Milwaukee, has a wife of 47 and is willing to be candid about his sex

life if I change his name. "At the age of 61, I was having sex twice a week," he says. "Today, at the age of 71, I'm up to three times a week. I may be a little slower to get erections now, but I keep them longer. A friend of mine is five years younger than I am. His wife says he can't perform at all!" Does Frank credit the shots? "Absolutely."

I should have taken the goddamned shots.

I had asked Jean-Pierre to arrange a meeting with Fontaine to find out more about his adverse reaction to the shots. The meeting turns out to be at lunch on Monday with Jean-Pierre, Fontaine, Mattli and the headmaster of the girls' finishing school next door. Mattli, in a waggish mood, says he has repeatedly asked the headmaster of the girls' school for the position of night watchman but has never got the job. I ask how old the girls are.

"Eighteen," he says. "Our age." He means our age after the shots, I say. He chuckles. "There are three important things in life," says Mattli. "To vork hard, to eat good and to screw vell!" How many times has he taken the shots? Twice, he says, about three years apart. When was the last time? Two and a half years ago. Isn't it time for another series of injections? "Yes," he says. "Soon, I vill present my ass to the doctors and the nurses."

I ask Fontaine to tell me his history with the shots. With Jean-Pierre translating, he explains that he has had them three times. The first time, he had them because of osteochondrosis, and he was given the shots by Niehans himself, and it was *un* mi-rock. The second time, years later, he had only one shot—of placenta—and that was the one that gave him the bad reaction.

And there was shock? No, no shock. Unconsciousness? No, no, no! What kind of reaction, then? Redness and itching. Where? Everywhere. And did he have the shots a third time? Yes, a few years later. Which ones? Just the placenta again. Why? To see if he would still have the same reaction as before. And did he? No, no reaction that time. Why does he think he reacted so badly to the second shot? He doesn't know. Was it perhaps due to his continual contact with the sheep? Perhaps. He chuckles. "Revanche des moutons," he says—the revenge of the sheep.

On Monday, Pearl is feeling good. "There is no more pain," she says, pointing to her buttocks. "Only today and yesterday, I get very tired."

She says that when she returns to the Orient, she'll ask her doctor if cellular therapy "is true or they only do to make money." I ask why she's having second thoughts now instead of before taking the shots. "I think I am very stupid now to worry after injekashun, not before," she says. "You very wise to worry first." Maybe.

Henry's pain is gone, "except like a mosquito bite." He feels much more



"Honey, I'm home."



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energetic today. He thinks the treatments have given him "an age level that's not 70. I see many 60-year-olds I could arm-wrestle," he says.

Frank Foreman is feeling no pain. And how about his energy? "Enough to do what my wife and I did on this bed last night," he says with evident pride.

I should have taken the goddamned shots.

Also on Monday, I meet another American who's just completing the treatment—Sonia Lastick, who, with her husband, owns a furniture store in Pottstown, Pennsylvania. This is her first visit to Clinique La Prairie, but she has had dry-cell injections twice before, in Nassau and Baden-Baden. She just celebrated her 60th birthday but looks and acts younger.

Why did she take the shots? "I'm very into health," she says. "Unlike my husband, who doesn't care if he looks like a *schlepper*, I grew up in a family where if there was a ladder, you climbed it."

I ask if she has seen any famous patients. "There was an Arab prince in the room next to mine who'd brought his own physician," she says. "And down the hall, there was, I think, a sheik. They keep your door closed all the time so you can't see who else is here." She's impressed with the clinic and is "very, very sad to be leaving."

Tomorrow is Tuesday, the day we and all the patients go home. I'd asked to sample what the patients eat, so tonight, we have dinner on the terrace of the clinic with Jean-Pierre, Pierre, the acupuncturist, and Christine, the head housekeeper, who, before coming to work at the clinic, was an architect in Lebanon.

Appropriately, the main dish tonight is

lamb. Also on the menu are carrot juice, zucchini, St. Pierre (a fish) in watercress sauce and *roshti* (Swiss hashbrowns). Everything is tasty, and as the wine begins to flow, everyone becomes extremely animated and funny. It has grown so dark on the terrace we can no longer see one another's faces, and we are sad to have to leave.

Upon our return to New York, I try to evaluate all I have experienced.

It impressed me that almost everyone with whom I talked who has taken the treatment—from Blanche Cutler to Pearl to Henry Burmeister to Frank Foreman to Sonia Lastick—was peppy, energetic and youthful. It is probable that a place such as Clinique La Prairie attracts people more energetic and youthful than in the general population to begin with (certainly, it attracts those more affluent), and that may be one reason its patients seem so perky.

It is hard to know what difference the therapy actually makes. From meeting the staff at Clinique La Prairie, I think most of them believe the treatment works. From meeting the patients, I think most of them believe it works, as well. Until Christiaan Barnard completes the research that will be accepted by the scientific community, it's not possible to say much more than that.

After much agonizing soul searching, Suzanne and I have decided to join the 55-year procession of movie stars, Popes, prime ministers, imams, princes and importers of chemicals that clean the boilers of utility companies. We are definitely (well, *almost* definitely) going back to Clinique La Prairie in two (well, possibly three) months to take the sheep shots. If we do, I promise to let you know how it all turns out.





"Look, stop trying to aim it. Just lean back and throw."

RUN, SALLY, RUN

(continued from page 138) is impressed—not for the first time—by the comfortable serenity that avarice can create.

He is kept waiting only ten minutes, which he endures stoically, and then is ushered into the private office of G. Fergus Twiggs. This chamber, as large as Cone's loft, murmurs money, money, money. On the floor is an enormous Persian rug, and on the beige-linen walls are oak-framed water colors of sailing yachts, most with spinnakers set.

G. Fergus Twiggs is a veritable Toby jug of a man: short, squat, plump, with a smile and manner so beneficent that the Wall Street dick can see him with a pewter tankard of ale in one fist and a clay pipe in the other.

"Thank you for coming by," Twiggs says genially, shaking hands. He gets Cone seated in a leather chair alongside his mastodontic desk. "I needn't tell you how upsetting this entire matter has become; the whole house is disturbed."

"Look, Mr. Twiggs," Cone says, "there's not much I can do about the Wee Tot Fashions deal. The cat is out of the bag on that one. You'll just have to take your lumps."

"I realize that. The problem is how to prevent it from happening again."

"You can't," Timothy says. "Unless you figure a way to repeal human greed—and I doubt if you can do that. Listen, the leak on Wee Tot Fashions may not have been in your house at all. The arbitragers have a zillion ways of sniffing out a deal while it's still in the talking stage. They pick up one little hint, hear one little rumor that X.Y.Z. is going to make an offer for A.B.C., and they go to work."

Twiggs gives him a quirky smile. "Are you trying to talk yourself out of a job, Mr. Cone?"

"Nah. I just want you to understand the problems involved. And I'd like to know what you expect Haldering and Company to do about them."

"What I'd like you to do is spend as much time in our offices as you feel is necessary and review all the security precautions I have instituted. Be as critical as you like. Make any suggestions you wish that will make insider trading at Pistol & Burns if not impossible, then at least more difficult."

"Yeah," Cone says, "I can do that. As long as you understand I can't make the place airtight. No one can. I'll tackle your setup like I was an employee out to make a dishonest buck from trading on inside secrets. That should be easy; I've got a criminal mind."

Twiggs smiles again and rises. "I think you're exactly the man for the job," he says.

Manhattan comes across the bridge, the harsh and cluttered city where civility is a foreign language and the brittle natives speak in screams. Sally Steiner loves it; it is her turf. All the rough and raucous people she buffets—hostility is a way of life. Speak softly and you are dead.

Her brother Eddie lives in a five-story walk-up in Hell's Kitchen on a ramshackle street awaiting the wrecker's ball.

His apartment is spacious enough but ill proportioned and furnished with castoffs and gutter salvage. But the ceilings are high; there is a skylight. Room enough for easel, taboret, paints, palettes, brushes. And white walls for his unsold paintings: a crash of color.

He has his mother's beauty and his father's body: a swan's head atop a pit bull. When he embraces Sally, she smells turpentine.

"Where's Paul?" asks Sally.

"Bartending at a joint on Eighth Avenue. It's just a part-time thing, but it brings in some loot."

"Paul's a sweetheart," Sally says.

Her brother smiles. "He'll be back soon. You seem down. Problems?"

"Well, you know. I'm not doing what I want to be doing."

"Which is? Making money?"

"Sure," she says, challenging him. "That's what it's all about, isn't it?"

"I guess," he says, sighing. "The bottom line."

"You better believe it, buster. I see these guys raking in the bucks. . . . Like that ban-dido I pay off. I've got more brains than him, but he's living off my sweat. What

kind of crap is that?"

"Life is unfair," he says, smiling.

"If you let it be unfair. Not me. I'm going to be out there grabbing like all the rest—if I ever get the chance."

He looks at his paintings hanging on the walls. "There's more than just greed, Sally."

"Says who? What? Tell me what."

"Satisfaction with your work. Love. Joy. Sex."

"Sex?" she says. "Sex is dead. Money is the sex of our time."

Paul Ramsey comes in. He is a tall blond with a sweet smile and more teeth than he really needs. He's got a laid-back manner, and Eddie says that when the world blows up, Paul is going to be the one who murmurs, "Oh, yeah? Cool."

"Paul," Sally says, "I got a proposition for you."

"Sorry," he says with a seraphic grin, "my evenings are occupied."

She tells him what she wants. She'll give him the name of a stockbroker. He's to open an account by purchasing shares of AT&T. She'll give him the money. After that, he'll buy and sell on her instructions.

"I'll pay all the losses," she says. "You get five percent of the profits. How about it?"

The two men look at each other.

"Go for it, Paul," Eddie Steiner advises. "My beautiful sister is a financial genius."

"OK," Paul Ramsey says, shrugging. "Why not?"

Sally has come prepared. She hands over a manila envelope with \$2500 in cash and the name and phone number of her stockbroker inside.

"Stick with me, kid," she tells Paul, kissing his cheek, "and you'll be wearing diamonds."

"I prefer emeralds," he says.

Back in his cubbyhole office, Cone takes off cap and anorak and lets them drop to the floor, because some office thief has snaffled his coat tree. He lights his fourth or fifth cigarette of the day and sits down behind his scarred desk. He calls Jeremy Bigelow at the SEC.

"Jerry?'

"Speaking. Who's this?"

"Timothy Cone at Haldering and Company."

"Hey, old buddy! I was thinking of giving you a call. I hear you guys got the Pistol & Burns account."

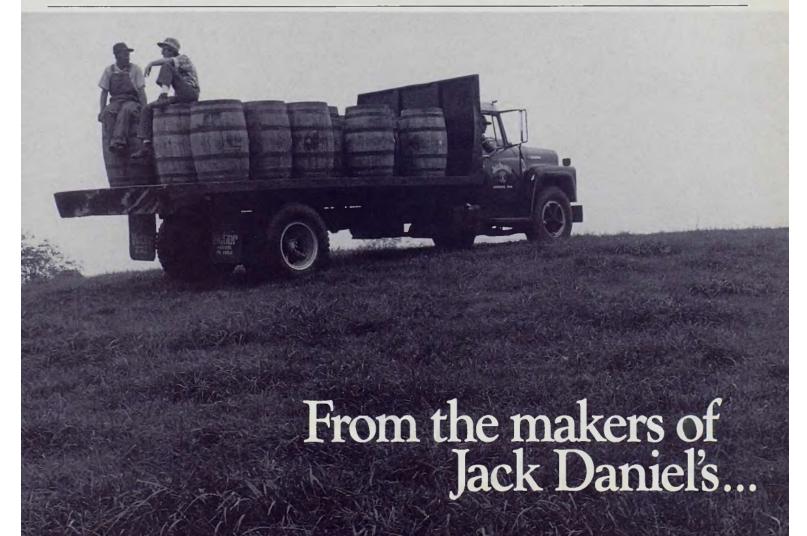
"Bad news travels fast. Listen, Jerry, you looked into a possible leak on the Wee Tot Fashions deal, didn't you?"

"That's right." Bigelow's voice turns cautious. "I've been working it. You got something for me?"

"Nope. But what's your take on that Twiggs?" Cone asks.

"I think he's straight," Bigelow says. "A gentleman of the old school. But not too swift when it comes to street smarts."

"So how do you figure the Wee Tot



Fashions leak? The arbitragers?"

"I think so. I don't believe anyone at Pistol & Burns was on the take. It was just rumor and good detectivework by the arbs. We checked all the trading in Wee Tot in the past few weeks. There was one big trade, ten thousand shares, by an amateur. A woman named Sally Steiner, a real looker. But she owns a garbage-collection outfit on Eleventh Avenue. She plays the market for fun and just made a lucky pick."

"Did you talk to her?"

"Of course," Bigelow says, offended. "That's what they're paying me coolie wages for. She's a tough bimbo in the waste-disposal business. She claims she bought Wee Tot stock because she wants to get out of garbage and open a store that sells kids' clothes. She figured the annual reports of Wee Tot would help her learn the business. It makes sense."

"Sure, it does," Timothy Cone says. "Nice talking to you again, Jerry."

Back at the office, Sally ponders her next move. She's got to use fronts, some bubbleheads who won't have a glimmer of what she's doing. She looks out the window and sees Terry Mulloy and Leroy Hamilton wheeling onto the tarmac to dump their load.

"Oh, yeah," Sally breathes.

She grabs her shoulder bag and goes running out. She has to wait until they wash up in the locker room.

"Hey, you bums," she says. "Want a free lunch?"

"Whee!" Leroy says. "Christmas in May. What's the occasion, Sally, baby?"

"This is strictly business, you schmuck," Sally says. "Come on; let's go over to the Stardust."

She picks out a table in a back corner of the diner. They give Mabel their order: three cheeseburgers, home fries, cole slaw and beer.

"Can either of you guys get hold of a pickup or a van?" she asks them.

They look at each other.

"What for?" Mulloy says.

"It's a special job. I need a pickup every Tuesday and Thursday. And it means an extra hundred a week for each of you. In cash. Off the books."

"No trouble with the buttons?" Hamilton says.

"What trouble?" Sally says. "Anyone asks questions, you know nothing; you're just following the orders of the boss."

"Sounds good to me," Mulloy says, glancing at Hamilton.

"I'll play along," Hamilton says.

G. Fergus Twiggs must have spread the word, because, after identifying himself, Timothy Cone has no problems getting into Pistol & Burns. He's allowed to roam the hushed corridors, examine offices, poke into closets and check the fire-escape doors to see if they can be opened from the outside.

Cone doesn't leave the offices during the lunch hour, because he wants to see if any high-powered executives come reeling back, their eyes glazed with a three-martini lunch. He strikes out on that; all the P.&B. employees seem sober, industrious and dull.

"You've got to learn to operate defensively," he tells Twiggs. "I don't mean you've got to make this place into a fortress, but you should take some more precautions, or one of these days, some outlaws are going to stroll in here and waltz out with the family jewels."

"What kind of precautions?"

"All your typewriters and business machines should be bolted to the desks. You can even get attachments with burglar alarms if you want to go that far. But you've got a zillion dollars' worth of portable machinery that could be carted off with no trouble at all. Bolt it down."

"Good idea," the senior partner says. "Anything else?"

"Yeah, those paper shredders you're using to destroy confidential documents.... They're antiques. Shredded documents can be pasted together again. You need new models that turn paper into confetti."

"Excellent suggestion. More?"

"This one is going to cost you bucks. You've got your mergers-and-acquisitions people scattered all over the place. An office here, an office there. That's an invitation to leaks. You've got to consolidate that whole department. And that area has to be behind a locked door that can only be opened by authorized personnel with a computer-coded card."

"It's beginning to sound more and more like a fortress," Twiggs says with a wan smile

Cone shrugs. "Your M.-and-A. people are writing too many office memos, too many suggestions, projections, analyses of upcoming deals—and all on paper."

"We've got to communicate," Twiggs protests.

"Not on paper, you don't. Computerize the whole operation. If anyone has something to say on a possible take-over, buyout or merger, he puts it on the computer. Anyone else who's involved can call it up on his monitor—but only if he knows the code word. You understand? Also, the computer can keep a list of who requests access to the record."

G. Fergus Twiggs shakes his head dolefully. "What's the world coming to?" he asks.

"Beats the hell out of me," Timothy Cone says.

"I been talking to your accountant," Mario Corsini says. "This fucking dump is a gold mine."

"You got no right to talk to my accountant," Sally says hotly.

"Why not?" Corsini says with his steely smile. "He's my uncle. The numbers he gave me were a real eye opener. I never knew there was that much money in shit. So we're going to take over, girlie. We'll pay you a nice price."

"Drop dead," she says wrathfully. "This



"You won't find any outrageous claims here, Mr. Stephens. Just some straight talk and plain facts about hair replacement."

dump has been in my family for forty years. My father started it with one lousy pickup truck and worked his ass off. Steiner Waste Control is not for sale."

"Everything's for sale," he says. "You, me, everything. My lawyer's drawing up the papers."

"And what if I refuse to sign?"

He stares at her a moment, then waggles his fingers. "Bye-bye," he says.

"Listen," she says desperately, "you ever play the stock market?"

"Yeah, I'm in and out occasionally."

"Well, look, I got a boyfriend on Wall Street. He's a lawyer in the mergers-and-acquisitions department of a big investment-banking firm. He gets in on the ground floor on mergers, take-overs and buy-outs. There's a lot of money to be made if you get advance notice of these deals. I've been making a mint. You let me keep Steiner Waste Control and I'll feed you the same inside information I get from my boyfriend."

Corsini gives her a two-bit smile. "And you invest for the boyfriend and then kick back to him. Have I got it straight, girlie?"

"Of course," she says. "Whaddya think? And don't call me girlie."

"Close the door and sit down," he says.

She does as he says: closes the door and sits down behind her desk. She examines him in silence.

He is a repellent man, with a pitted ocherous complexion and eyes like wet coal. His shiny black hair is parted in the middle and plastered to his long skull like a gigolo's or a tango dancer's of the Twenties. He's wearing morticians' clothes: black suit, white shirt, black tie, black socks, black shoes. No color. No jewelry. He looks like a deep shadow.

"OK," he says finally. "You give me a winner and I'll stall on buying you out."

"How do I know you're not scamming me?" Sally says. "Maybe you just want to make a quick dollar on my tip and you couldn't care less if I lose the dump."

He looks at her admiringly. "You got more between your ears than pasta fagioli," he says. "And sure, you're exactly right; I could be conning you. But you're forgetting one thing: You got no choice. Play along and at least you got a chance."

"I got other choices," she says angrily.

"Yeah?" he says with a death's-head grin. "Like what? Like running to the D.A. and ratting? You'd be cold in a week. Is that what you want?"

They sit a few moments in silence, eyes locked. They hear the sounds of the dump: trucks rumbling in and out, gears grinding, shouts and laughter. And beyond, the noises of the harsh, raucous city: sirens, whistles, the roar of traffic and under it all, a thrumming, as if the metropolis had a diapason of its own, coming up from underground vaults and vibrating the tallest towers.

Sally Steiner pulls a pad of scratch paper

toward her and scribbles on the top sheet.

"The stock is Trimbley and Diggs," she says. "NASDAQ market. Right now, it's selling for about four bucks a share. And don't, for God's sake, buy more than nine thousand shares at a clip or the SEC might get interested."

Mario Corsini takes the slip of paper. "Nice doing business with you," he says.

He starts out the door. "Hey," she calls, and he turns back. "Thanks for not calling me girlie."

When Timothy Cone gets back to his office, there's a message on his desk: Call Jeremy Bigelow. So, without taking off his cap, Cone phones the SEC investigator.

"Hi ya, old buddy," Jerry says breezily.
"How did you make out at Pistol & Burns?"

"Like you said, it's as holey as Swiss cheese. I gave them some ways to close the holes."

"But no evidence of an insider leak?"

"I didn't find any."

"That's a relief. I wrote in my report it was the arbs who caused the run-up of the stock. I guess I was right."

"Uh-huh," Cone says.

"So much for the good news. Now comes the bad. We got another squeal on insider trading."

"Oh, Jesus," the Wall Street dick says.
"Don't tell me it's a Pistol & Burns deal."

"No, this one is at Snellig, Firsten and Holbrook. You know the outfit?"



"The junk-bond specialists?"

"That's right. They're supposed to have the best security on the Street, but they're handling a leveraged buy-out and someone is on to it. The stock of the takee is going up, up, up. Listen, could you and I meet on Monday? Maybe we can figure out what's going on."

"Maybe," Cone says.

Sally Steiner drives down to Eddie's apartment, stopping on the way to buy him a decent Burgundy. It's a sprightly day, summer around the corner, blue sky, sharp sun and kissing breeze.

They're sitting on Eddie's couch, drinking her Burgundy, talking about their mother and whether or not they should try another doctor, when Paul Ramsey comes ambling in. He gives them a beamy smile.

"I didn't get the job," he reports. "They decided I wasn't the strawberry-laxative

type."

"Thank God," Eddie says. "I don't think I could stand seeing you in a commercial, coming out of a bathroom and grinning like a maniac."

"Paul," Sally says, taking the manila envelope out of her shoulder bag, "here's thirty-six thousand in hundred-dollar bills."

"Hey," he says, "that's cool."

"You opened a brokerage account?"

"Oh, sure. No sweat."

"Well, dump this lettuce in your personal checking account. Draw on it to buy nine thousand shares of Trimbley & Diggs. Your broker will find it in NASDAQ. I wrote it all out for you. Buy the stock today, as soon as possible. You've got five days to get a check to the broker."

"Does this make me a tycoon?" Paul Ramsey asks.

"A junior tycoon," Sally tells him. "But we're just getting started."

The stock of Trimbley & Diggs, Inc., is going up, up, up, and Sally is ecstatic. When it hits seven dollars, she gives more money to Paul Ramsey and has him buy another 9000 shares.

She also notes that the trading volume of T.&D. is increasing as the value of the stock rises. She figures either there's an inside leak at Snellig, Firsten and Holbrook or the arbitragers have ferreted out the take-over and are looking to make a bundle. So is Sally. And so, apparently, is Mario Corsini. He calls her at home, late at night, a week after their talk in her office.

"Good tip," he says, his raspy voice revealing neither joy nor enthusiasm. "You buying more?"

"Thinking about it."

"How high do you think it'll go?"

"Who knows?" she says. "Ten. Twelve, maybe."

"Twelve?" he says cautiously. "If it hits twelve, you think I should bail out?"

"Hey," she says, "I'm not your financial advisor. I gave you a good tip. What you do with it is your business. And what about my

business? What's going to happen to Steiner Waste Control?"

"I'm working on it," he says.

He hangs up abruptly, leaving Sally staring angrily at her dead phone. It infuriates her that she's enabling that gonif to make even one lousy buck.

Back in his loft, Timothy Cone pops a tall can of Bud. Then he opens his briefcase and dumps the contents onto his wooden table. He sets the empty case on the floor, and Cleo immediately jumps in and curls up contentedly.

"Leave your fleas in there," Cone tells

He reads all the papers and reads them again. Then he sits back and considers the case. It's pretty much as Bigelow described it. The first documents are dated about three weeks previously and deal with Snellig, Firsten and Holbrook's suggested plan for the proposed buy-out of Trimbley & Diggs, Inc.

Subsequent documents amend and refine the plan. Then there's a letter assuring the principals involved that the required funds can be raised through the sale of high-risk bonds, and Snellig, Firsten and Holbrook has "every confidence" that the bond issue will be oversubscribed.

All that is routine stuff, and Cone can't see anything freaky going on. What interests him more are the computer records of trading activity in Trimbley & Diggs. The volume began to climb about ten days ago, and the stock, listed in the NASDAQ market, rose in value steadily from about four dollars a share to its current price of slightly more than eight dollars. Nice.

Cone leans down to address the cat. "Sometimes, the bulls make money," he says, "and sometimes, the bears make money. It's the pigs who always get stuck."

But who are these lucky investors who doubled their stake in about ten days? Cone goes over the computerized trading records again, and what he finds amuses him. He can't spot any trades of 10,000 shares or more, but there are plenty for 9000 shares. Timothy figures that's because a lot of wise guys have heard that the SEC is interested in trades of 10K shares and over. If they buy or sell 9000 shares, they think they're home free.

Since no one is going to finance his travels to investigate out-of-state buyers, he concentrates on the names of New York investors. One that catches his eye is a man named Paul Ramsey, who lives on 47th Street at an address that places his residence west of Tenth Avenue.

That sets off alarm bells, because, after Cone returned from 'Nam, he lived for two years in a five-story walk-up on 48th, east of Tenth, and he knows what a slummy neighborhood that is. It's in the middle of Hell's Kitchen, with run-down tenements, sad mom-and-pop bodegas, dusty beer joints and boarded-up buildings awaiting demolition. It's hard to believe that one of

the residents is a stock-market plunger. Not many ghetto dwellers deal in gold coins, either.

He goes through the computer printouts for the fourth time, checking Paul Ramsey's trades. It looks to Cone as if the guy now owns 27,000 shares of Trimbley & Diggs, Inc., bought at an average of six bucks a share. If he sells out today, he'll walk away with a profit of about \$54,000. Not bad for someone who lives where a mugger would be happy with a take of ten dollars—enough for a vial of crack.

Cone pulls on his leather cap and takes his grungy raincoat in case the drizzle has thickened. Just before he leaves the loft, he checks the short-barreled S&W .357 in his ankle holster. Reassured, he ventures out to visit his old neighborhood.

Ramsey's building looks the way Cone imagined it: peeling paint, torn shades, cracked windows. It is dreary and dying, and no way would you figure it as the residence of a Wall Street plunger.

He goes into the cramped vestibule, which smells of urine and boiled cabbage. There's a bell plate, but no names are listed in the slots. But there are names on the mailboxes. Two are listed for apartment five-A.

One is Paul Ramsey. The other is Edward Steiner.

Cone finds a working public telephone and calls Neal K. Davenport, a detective with the New York Police Department. He has worked with Davenport on a few things, and the city bull owes him.

"Hey, Sherlock," the N.Y.P.D. man says cheerily. "How ya doing? I haven't heard from you in weeks. So why are you calling now?"

"It's about the commercial garbage-collection business."

"Oh?" Davenport says. "You want a letter of recommendation?"

"Cut the bullshit," Cone says, "and just tell me if I'm right. Private garbage collection, waste disposal and cartage in Manhattan are pretty much controlled by the Families—correct?"

"So I've heard," the N.Y.P.D. man says.
"They have the whole fucking city divided into districts and neighborhoods. If you want to pick up shit, you've got to pay dues to the bent noses. So what else is new?"

"Thanks," Cone says. "Nice talking to you."

Timothy Cone looks up the telephone number of Edward Steiner, West 47th Street, in the Manhattan directory and calls from the loft.

"Mr. Steiner?"

"Yes. Who's this?"

"Our name is Silas Farthingale. We are the director of client data for the Carlton Insurance Company. A Miss Sally Steiner has applied for a single-premium-annuity policy with Carlton. It pays a death benefit, of course, and you are listed as beneficiary. We wonder if you'd be willing to state your



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"Sure," Eddie says, laughing. "I'm her brother."

"We thank you very much, Mr. Steiner." So now Cone knows that much.

But none of his theorizing sheds any light on the Steiner woman's pipeline into Wall Street. She may have an informant down there—unless. . . .

It's a balmy night, and Sally is strolling around the front lawn when the silver-gray Cadillac pulls into the driveway a little after 12 o'clock. Sally goes back to the lighted terrace and waits for Corsini to come up.

In the den, she offers him a drink. She hasn't any Chivas Regal, but he takes a snifter of Remy Martin.

"I don't want you coming to Ozone Park anymore," Corsini announces. "From now on, you'll make your monthly payments to Tony Ricci, and he'll deliver. I'm bringing him along slowly. He'll be my driver one of these days."

"My monthly payments?" Sally says. "Does that mean I keep the dump?"

"For the time being," he says coldly. "Just keep running it the way you have, and we'll see. You got another stock for me?"

"No. Not yet."

He takes a sip of his cognac. "You better be extra nice to that boyfriend of yours," he advises. "Figure it this way: As long as you keep coming up with inside tips that pay off, that's how long you'll own Steiner Waste Control. You can understand that, can't you?"

"Yeah, sure; it isn't all that complicated."

"Now, about that Trimbley & Diggs stock," he says. "Right now, I'm holding about a hundred thousand shares."

"What?"

"You heard me. A hundred thousand. But don't get your balls in an uproar. I only bought nine thousand in my own name. The other buys were made by friends of mine around the country. They'll get a cut of the profits. And none of them bought more than nine thousand shares each, so there's nothing to worry about."

"I hope you're right," Sally says nervously, biting at her thumbnail. "Jesus, you must have about half a million tied up in

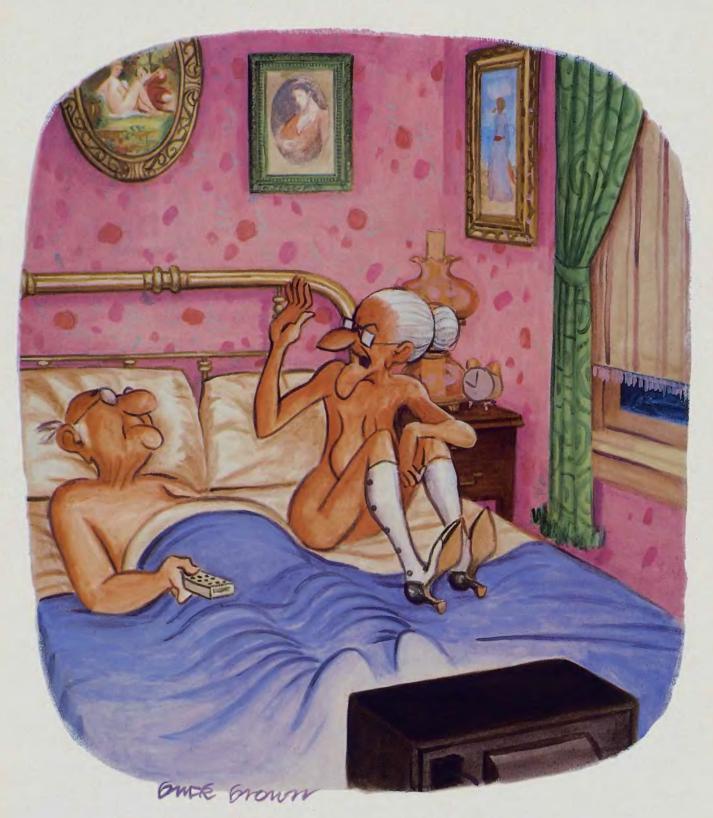
hat stock."

"About," he says carelessly. "I had to borrow to get up the kale. And the people I borrowed from wouldn't like it if I stiffed them. So I'm going to start taking some profits."

"Oh, my God!" Sally says despairingly.
"Don't tell me you're going to dump a hundred thousand shares all at once? It'll kill the market."

"Whaddya think—I'm a klutz? Of course I'm not going to dump it all. I'm selling off little by little. It won't hurt the stock price. But I want to see some money."

At the front door, he pauses and turns to her. He reaches out to stroke her cheek,



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but she jerks angrily away, and he gives her a mirthless smile.

"You're some woman," he says. "You've got guts. I'd teach you how to be nice, but I don't want to ruin what you've got going with your Wall Street guy.'

She doesn't answer. Just glares at him. She watches until he gets into the Caddy and drives away. She goes back into the den and stares at his empty brandy glass. Enraged, she backhands it off the desk, hoping it will shatter into 100 pieces. But it bounces harmlessly on the rug, and she leaves it there.

She unloads her first purchase of 9000 shares the next morning, making a profit of about \$36,000. She gives Paul Ramsey his five percent, and he looks at the cash in bemusement.

"Cool," he says.

On Thursday morning, early, Cone is parked on 11th Avenue across from Steiner Waste Control. He has come prepared with two deli sandwiches (baloney on rye with mustard, roast beef on white with mayo) and four cans of Miller beer in a plastic bag filled with ice cubes.

The garbage dump comes to life. Cone watches as the gate is unlocked and thrown open. Employees arrive, trucks are revved up, the gas pump is busy and a woman comes out of the office to yell something Cone can't hear at an old guy who comes limping from one of the corrugated-steel sheds.

There are six huge Loadmaster compacters, all painted yellow. Timothy thanks God and his good-luck angels when he sees that not only do the garbage trucks bear the legend STEINER WASTE CONTROL but each has a big number painted on the side, one to six. At least Cone won't be following the same truck for a week.

Truck number four pulls out first, and Cone starts up the Dodge Shadow and goes after it. For the next seven hours, he eats the truck's exhaust, going where it goes, stopping when it stops, returning to the dump when it returns to drop a load.

Meanwhile, he's making scrawled notes on the back of a brown envelope that originally contained a nasty letter from the IRS warning him that he owed Uncle Sam an additional \$17.96. He logs the schedule of truck number four: names and addresses of places it serviced-restaurants, apartment houses, diners, industrial buildings,

By the end of the day, sandwiches and beers consumed, Cone is bored and cranky, wondering if he has the fire to keep this up for a week. What bugs him is the fear that each truck may have a different schedule of rubbish pickups every day. If that's true, it'll take a month of Sundays to list all of Sally Steiner's customers.

But on Friday morning, he's there again, parked and waiting. Now there are big flatbeds pulling through the Steiner gate to load up with strapped bales of paper and open-bed trucks being filled with cubes of compacted garbage to be taken, Cone presumes, to landfills on Long Island or in New Jersey, and smaller trucks loading up with tons of swill for what purpose Cone doesn't even want to imagine.

On Friday, he follows truck number two. On Monday, he shadows truck number five. And on Tuesday, he takes off after truck number three.

Truck number three is being driven by a redheaded guy with a map of Ireland spread all over his face. The loader is a broad-shouldered black who looks as if he could nudge a locked door off its hinges with no trouble at all.

Everything in their Tuesday routine is normal and dull until about one o'clock, when truck number three slows and turns into an alleyway alongside a one-story cinder-block building on Tenth Avenue. Cone parks across the street and opens his second pack of Camels of the day. From where he sits, he has a good view of the action.

The loader climbs down from the cab. But instead of hefting the cylindrical barrels of trash that have been put out for pickup, he exits the alley and starts walking down Tenth Avenue. Cone straightens up, interested enough to forget to light his cigarette.

In a couple of minutes, a battered Chevy van pulls into the alley and stops right behind the Steiner truck. The loader gets out of the Chevy, opens the back doors and begins to lift the barrels into the van.

"What the hell?" Cone says aloud, and then realizes he now has two cigarettes going at once. He licks thumb and forefinger and pinches one out, saving it carefully in the ashtray. The van, loaded with four barrels, backs out of the alley and starts north on Tenth Avenue. Cone takes a quick look at the cinder-block building. It has a brass plate next to the front door, but it's so small he can't read it from across the street. The yellow truck hasn't moved, so Cone gets rolling and follows the van.

He's keeping a tight tail, but city traffic is heavy and it's doubtful if the loader will spot him, even if he's looking for a shadow. Cone doesn't think that is likely; the guy is driving steadily at legal speeds and making no effort to jink.

On the East Side, they turn up First Avenue and continue north, almost to 125th Street. Now Cone guesses where they're heading: to the Triborough Bridge. They stop briefly to pay their tolls, then head across the span.

They get onto the Long Island Expressway, moving at a lively clip. They turn off onto the Northern State Parkway, turn again onto the Sunken Meadow State Parkway. The van is slowing now, and Cone has time to look around. Pretty country. Plenty of trees. Some impressive homes with white picket fences.

Down Main Street in Smithtown and into an area where the homes are even bigger, set on wide lawns with white-graveled driveways leading to the houses and twoor three-car garages. The van turns into

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one of those driveways. Cone continues down the road a piece, pulls onto the shoulder and parks. He hops out, lights a cigarette and saunters back. He stands in the semiconcealment of a small copse of pines and watches the loader lug the four barrels, one at a time, into a neat white garage with a shingled roof.

With the four barrels inside, the man starts bringing them out again and sliding them into the van—or so it seems; the barrels are identical in appearance. Timothy is flummoxed until he realizes what's going on. The guy has delivered four new barrels; he's picking up four old barrels that were already stored in the garage.

Cone sees the loader climb behind the wheel of the van. Away he goes. Cone will make book on exactly where he's heading: back to the city to make contact with truck number three, dump the trash in the big yellow Loadmaster and then return the empty barrels to the alleyway alongside that building on Tenth Avenue.

Cone stays where he is, eyeballing the garage and home. Nice place. The house is two stories high with a lot of windows. Weathered brick halfway up and white clapboard the rest of the way. A tiled terrace at one side with French doors to the house. All set on what looks to be a one-acre plot, at least, with a manicured lawn and a few pieces of Victorian cast-iron furniture scattered about.

And he spots a sign on a short post driven into the lawn. It reads: STEINER.

He's back in Manhattan by four o'clock, but it takes him almost 45 minutes to work his way over to the West Side. He finally parks on 18th Street near Tenth Avenue, with his watch nudging five PM. He practically runs back to the one-story cinderblock building. The brass plate next to the front door reads: REICHHOLD PRINTING. Just that and nothing more.

The front door is still open, but when he pushes his way in, a blowzy blonde in the front office is putting on her hat. It looks like a velvet chamber pot.

"We're closed for the day," she tells Cone.

"Nah," he says, giving her what he fancies is a charming smile. "The front door is open. I just want to get some letterheads, bills and business cards printed up."

"We don't do that kind of work," she says tartly.

"You don't?" he says. "Well, what kind of work do you do?"

"Financial printing," she says.

"Thank you very much," the Wall Street dick says, tipping his leather cap. "Sorry to bother you."

Twiggs's face reddens, he seems to swell, and for a moment, Cone fears the senior partner is going to have cardiac arrest, or at least bust his braces. But suddenly, Twiggs starts laughing, his face all squinched up, tears starting from his eyes. He pounds the desk with his fist.

"The garbage collector!" he says, spluttering. "Oh, God, that's good! That's beautiful! I'll dine off that story for years to come! What do we do now?"

"Nothing you can do about the merger that's in the works. But for the future, you've got some choices. You can get yourself a new printer, with no guarantee that the same thing won't happen again. Or stick with Reichhold, but every time you give him something to print, send over a couple of guys who can make sure all preliminary proofs are destroyed. Or—and I

like this one best—equip your mergersand-acquisitions department with the new desktop publishers. You'll be able to produce most of the documents you need right here in your own shop, including graphs, charts and tables. The machines aren't cheap, but they'll save you a mint on commercial-printing costs."

"I'll look into it immediately," Twiggs says. "You're going to report this garbage collector to the SEC?"

"As soon as possible."

"And what's going to happen to—what's her name?"

"Sally Steiner, If she's the stand-up gonif I think she is, she'll fight any attempt by the SEC to charge her or make her cough up her profits. What, actually, did she do? Dig through some barrels of rubbish, that's all. She's home free. That's what she thinks, and I hate to admit it, but she may be right."

"I wonder," says G. Fergus Twiggs thoughtfully, "if she'd consider employment with an investment banker."

Cone smiles and rises to leave. "You could do a lot worse," he says. "Nice meeting you, Mr. Twiggs."

At noon at Steiner Waste Control, there are four big yellow trucks on the tarmac, waiting to unload. Most of the guys have gone to the Stardust Diner for lunch, but Anthony Ricci is waiting in the outer office. Sally Steiner knows what he wants.

"Tony, come into my office."

The kid really is a beauty, no doubt about it, and she wonders what Eddie would think of him—and then decides she's never going to bring them together and find out. Paul Ramsey would kill her.

Ricci has a helmet of crisp black curls, bedroom eyes and a mouth artfully designed for kissing. He has a muscled body and moves with the spring of a young animal. He has been working all morning, but he doesn't smell of garbage; he smells of male sweat with a musky undertone.

"How's it going, Tony?" Sally asks him. "Like the job?"

"It's OK," the kid says. "For a while. I'm not about to spend the rest of my life lifting barrels of shit."

"You're not?" she says, putting him on. "And what have you got in mind—an executive job where you can wear monogrammed shirts and Armani suits?"

"Yeah," he says seriously, "I think I would like a desk job."

"With a secretary? A blue-eyed blonde with big knockers?"

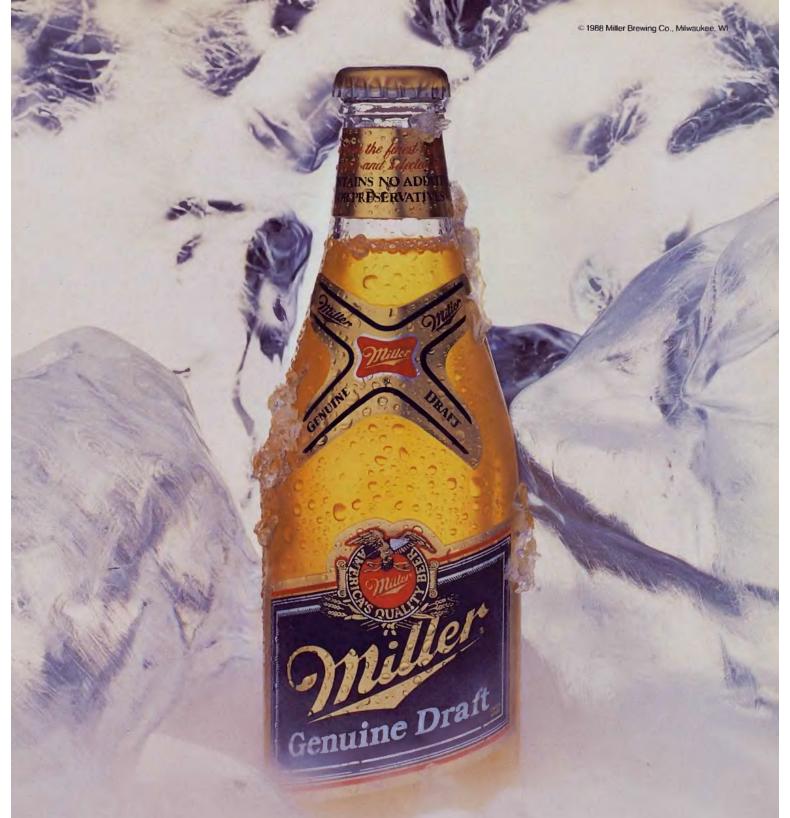
He gives her the 100-watt grin. "Maybe. But not necessary."

"What kind of a woman are you looking for?"

He leans toward her slightly, his dark, burning eyes locked with hers. "An older woman," he says in a low voice. "I am tired of young girls who talk only of clothes and rock stars and want to go to the most expensive restaurants and clubs. Yeah, I'm



"Don't let it bother you. I'm expecting an important call."



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interested in older women."

"Because they're grateful?" Sally suggests.

He considers that. "It's true," he says finally, and she decides he may be an Adonis, but he has no fucking brains. "Also," he continues, "older women are settled and know about life. They are smart about money, and they work hard."

He stares at her with such intensity that she begins to get antsy.

"Well," she says, "let's get down to business." She slides a sealed white envelope from the top drawer of her desk and hands it to him. "You know what's in that, Tony?"

He nods soberly. "More than I make a month for lifting garbage."

"You better believe it," Sally says. "So don't lose it or take off for Las Vegas. A receipt isn't necessary.'

That last goes right over his head.

"Maybe some night we could have dinner," he says, more of a statement than a question. "I know a restaurant down on Mulberry Street. Not expensive, but the food is delizioso. Would you like to have dinner with me?"

"Sure," she says to Anthony Ricci. "Why

Sergeant Joseph D'Amato, from the Organized Crime Bureau, looks and dresses like a college professor. He's a tall, gawky guy with a Mount Rushmore face and big spatulate hands. His tweed jacket has suede patches on the elbows, and his cordovan kilties are polished to a mirror gloss. He's smoking a long, thin cigarillo, so Cone thankfully lights up his ninth cigarette of the day.

Those names you gave me," D'Amato says. "All illegals. Members of the same

Family. The biggie on your list is Mario Corsini, a hood we've been interested in."

"Is this Corsini into extortion of private carters and garbage collectors?"

"Sure, he is. Why do you ask?"

So, for the second time that morning, Cone describes the activities of Sally Steiner and how she has been able to come up with those profitable stock tips.

"That's lovely," D'Amato says when Cone finishes. "I'd guess she's passing her inside information along to Corsini. For what reason, I don't know. Maybe she's got the hots for the guy. Some women think Mobsters are king shit.'

"Maybe," Cone says. "Or maybe he's leaning on her, and those stock tips are what she has to pay to stay in business."

"Could be," the sergeant says. He lights another of his cigarillos. "About seven or eight months ago, Corsini brought a cousin over from the old country. It's legal; the kid has all his papers. His name is Anthony Ricci. Anyway, in that list you gave me, there were two heavy stock buyers in Atlantic City. One was Mario Corsini. The other was Anthony Ricci."

"So?" Cone says. "What does that prove?"

"Anthony Ricci works for Steiner Waste Control."

"Let me buy you lunch," Cone says.

Timothy Cone and Jeremy Bigelow are sauntering down through the financial district toward the Battery, stopping at carts and vans to pick up calzone, chicken wings in soy sauce, raw carrots, chocolate-chip cookies, gelato and much, much more.

"I made out like a thief," Timothy says. "I found the leak."

Jeremy stops on the sidewalk, turns,

stares at him. "You're kidding," he says.

"Scout's honor," Cone says, and for the third time, he describes how Sally Steiner is digging through trash from Reichhold Printing and finding smeared proofs of confidential financial documents.

He tells Bigelow nothing about the Mario Corsini connection.

Twiggs had succumbed to guffaws after hearing the story, and Joe D'Amato had been amused, but the SEC man is infuriated.

'Son of a bitch," he says angrily. "I should have caught those nine-thousandshare trades. How did you break it?"

"A lot of luck."

"You told Pistol & Burns?"

"Oh, sure. Twiggs called me this morning. They've canned Reichhold and are switching to another commercial printer until they can put in a desktop-printing system. Listen, Jerry, you better tell Snellig, Firsten and Holbrook."

"Yeah," the other man says worriedly, "I'll do that."

He wipes drops of *gelato* from his lapel. "Do you realize what this means? We'll have to get hold of Reichhold's customer list-get a subpoena if we have to-and alert all his Wall Street customers about what's going on."

That's exactly what Cone wants him to say. This guy is brainy but not the hardest man in the world to manipulate.

"Yeah," he says sympathetically, "a lot of work. Maybe an easier way to handle it would be for you to pay a visit to Reichhold."

"It could be handled that way," Jeremy says thoughtfully. "A lot less work. No subpoenas, charges and court trials."

"Sure," Cone agrees. "And why should an innocent printer suffer just because Sally Steiner has larceny in her heart?"

Back at his loft, Timothy Cone calls Joe D'Amato. "You got a phone number for Mario Corsini? I'd like to call him."

"I haven't got it. But I've got the number of a social club in Ozone Park. Maybe they'll get a message to him to call you back. That's the best I can do."

"Good enough," Cone says.

He calls the Ozone Park social club.

A man answers. "Yeah?" he says in a voice that sounds as if someone had kicked his Adam's apple.

"I'd like to speak to Mr. Mario Corsini," Cone says politely.

"Who?"

"Mario Corsini."

"Never heard of him."

"Who's this?" a new voice shouts.

"Am I speaking to Mr. Mario Corsini?" "You tell me who you are or I hang up."

"Mr. Corsini, my name is Smedly Tonker, and I am an investigator with the Securities and Exchange Commission."

"So?"

"Forgive me for calling at this late hour," Cone goes on, wondering how many years he can get for impersonating a Federal



"Any friend of the earth, miss, is a friend of mine."

officer, "but we're working overtime investigating recent stock trading in Trimbley & Diggs, Inc. In the course of our investigation, careful examination of computer records shows that you and your associates took a very considerable long position in that stock.'

"I don't know what the hell you're talking about."

"I'm sure you do, Mr. Corsini. Our records show a purchase of nine thousand shares by you personally through a broker in Atlantic City."

"I tell you it's all horseshit to me; I don't know nothing about it.'

"Mr. Corsini, our investigation shows you and your friends made your stock purchases on the basis of inside tips from a Ms. Sally Steiner of Steiner Waste Control. Do you know how she got her information, Mr. Corsini?"

"I never heard of the broad."

So, for the fourth time, Cone relates the tale of how trash from Reichhold Printing was delivered to Sally's home, and how she rummaged through the garbage to find confidential financial documents.

"Are you claiming you knew nothing about Ms. Steiner's illegal activities, Mr. Corsini?'

'Talk to my lawyers, you putz!" the other man screams and hangs up.

Smiling happily, Cone goes back to his unfinished drink and polishes it off.

Sally Steiner thinks of it later as Black Friday. It starts bad and gets progressively worse. On the drive into the city, some fucking cowboy cuts her off on the Long Island Expressway, and she almost rolls the Mazda onto the shoulder.

Then, when she gets to the office, Reichhold has phoned three times.

"All right," Sally says, sighing, "I'll give him a call.'

Reichhold immediately starts spluttering, roaring and cursing her in German. She knows enough of the language to recognize some of the words he's using, and they're not nice.

"What the hell are you talking about?" she demands.

"Oh, yes, oh, yes," he says furiously. "My best customer you have cost me. And who knows how many more? Maybe all. Because you go through my trash, and you read my first proofs, and then you buy stocks, you Schlampe! You are fired, you understand that? And you will hear from my lawyers. For my loss of business, you will pay plenty, you bet."

Sally has been listening to this tirade while standing behind her desk. Now, knees suddenly trembling, she collapses into her swivel chair.

"Who told you all that?" she asks weakly. "Who? I tell you who. A man from the United States Government, that's who. They know what you have been doing. Oh, yes, they know everything.'

She hangs up softly.

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"That's cool," he says.

"You'll do it, Paul? Right away?"

"Sure," he says, and his placidity helps calm her.

But when she hangs up the phone, she sees Mario Corsini standing in the doorway of her office.

"Thanks for knocking," she says angrily. He comes close to the desk, leans forward on whitened knuckles. He stares at her with dead eyes from under the brim of a black fedora.

"Cunt!" he says venomously.

"I can explain," she starts. "I can---"

"You can explain shit!" he says, voice cold and hard. "A boyfriend on Wall Street, huh? And all the time you're digging through garbage. I should have known; that's your style, you no-good bitch. Now I got the SEC on my ass, and who knows what—"

"Hey," Sally says, "take it easy. You're imagining a lot of things that might not happen. Maybe you'll have to give back your profits and pay a fine. That's no big deal for a hot-shot like you."

"No big deal, huh? And I should tell the sharks that? You got shit for brains? Oh, I'll work my way out of this, but I'm going to have to grease a lot of people. It's going to cost me, and guess who's going to pay?"

She doesn't answer.

Corsini looks around the office, goes to the window to peer out at the parking lot. "Nice place you got here," he says.

"And it's going to stay mine," she says.
"I'll never sell."

His hand starts to tremble, and he presses it against the side of the desk to steady it. She wonders how close he is to popping her then and there.

"Oh, you'll sell," he says in an unexpectedly soft voice. "Maybe you got the balls to fight me, but does your faggot brother?"

"Screw you," Sally says with more bravado than she feels.

"There is one way you can keep the dump," Mario Corsini says thoughtfully, still staring at her. "You put out for me, and maybe we can work a deal."

"Christ Almighty!" she cries. "Is that the only way you can get a woman?"

"I can get a lot of women," he says, snapping his fingers. "Like that. But I want you. I want to break you." Then he starts describing what he'll do to her.

She jerks to her feet, "You prick!" she screams. "Get the hell out of my office."

"Your office?" he says, looking at her with a stretched grin. "Not for long."

She's pouring a drink when she looks up to see a tall gangly man standing in the doorway. He's wearing a ratty corduroy suit and a black-leather cap. He looks like a nut, and that's all Sally needs on this Black Friday. "I'll take one of those," he says, jerking his chin at the schnapps bottle.

"Who the hell are you?" she demands, putting the bottle away.

"My name is Timothy Cone," the gink says, "and I'm with Haldering and Company on John Street. We do financial investigations, mostly for corporate clients on Wall Street."

"I've already been investigated up and down, inside out and both ways from the middle."

"I know," Cone says. "I'm the one who did it. Our client is Pistol & Burns. Wee Tot Fashions—remember that stock? And I was also in on the Trimbley & Diggs takeover leak."

She stares at him. "You're the bastard who blew the whistle on me?"

"I'm the bastard," he says cheerfully. "Sore?"

"Sore? Why should I be sore? You just ruined my life, that's all."

"Nah," Timothy says, "it's not that bad. I doubt if the SEC will move in on you. They may want you to return your profits, but if you've got a good lawyer, you can fight that. Look, they've closed you down, haven't they? That's the important thing as far as they're concerned."

"So that's why you're here? To cheer me up?"

"Not exactly," Cone says, looking at her directly. "I wanted to talk to you about Corsini."

"Who?"

"Mario Corsini."

"Never heard of him," she says.

"Sure you have," Timothy says. "His cousin works for you. Anthony Ricci."

"My, you've been a busy little boy," she says, but her smile is glassy.

"It's all guesswork," he admits. "But I figure that Steiner Waste Control, like a lot of private carters in the city, pays off the Mob to stay in business. I think Corsini is your collector. You gave him stock tips. What I don't know is whether you did that voluntarily or if he was leaning on you."

"None of your business," she says.

"It is my business," he insists. "I think Corsini is giving you a hard time and you gave him the tips to keep him off your back."

She flops into her swivel chair, drains her drink, peers into the empty cup. "All right," she says, "but you didn't come here just to tell me the story of my life and brag how smart you are. You want something. What is it?"

"I want you to turn and blow the whistle on Corsini," he says.

"And get my ass shot off," she says with a sour grin.

"No," Cone says, shaking his head. "Corsini and his bully boys are shrewd enough to know that any rough stuff would raise a stink strong enough to convict them without a trial."

"You don't know them," Sally says.
"They may be smart, but when someone

crosses them or plays them for saps, they stop thinking. Then it's just their stupid pride, *machismo* and hot blood. Then all they know is revenge."

"Bullshit!" Cone says. "Maybe ten years ago, but the new breed are weasels. It just takes one person like you to stand up to them."

"And if I don't?"

"You want to go on the way you've been going? Paying just to make a living? What makes you think you'd still have a business?"

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"I told you that the SEC probably won't bring criminal charges. But what if the SEC and the Federal D.A. decide you're not being cooperative? You know what they can do if they want to? Just give the story to the newspapers and TV. It'll be the talk of Wall Street for at least eight hours. Long enough for a lot of people to decide to bring civil cases against you. Maybe even class-action suits. They'll say you manipulated the stocks—and there's something to that. I'm not saying they'll collect, but your legal fees to fight those suits could bleed you dry."

"Oh-ho," Sally says. "First the carrot and now the stick."

"I'm just telling you what your situation is," Cone says. "Those civil suits could demolish you. But if you become the Joan of Arc of the garbage business, I think the cops and the Manhattan D.A. will pass the word. No one wants to sue the city's star witness who's performing a noble civic duty. Think it over."

After he's gone, she sits behind her desk a long time, swinging slowly back and forth in her swivel chair. What Cone said makes a lot of sense—to him. But, smart as he is, he doesn't know everything. He has half the equation. Sally has the whole thing, all the pluses and minuses. And, at the moment, not a glimmer of how to solve it.

She rises, wanders over to the window. Truck number two has just pulled up at the shed to unload. Anthony Ricci swings down from the cab. Sally stares at him a moment, then hurries out of the office.

"Tony!" she yells, and when he looks up, she beckons. He walks toward her, smiling and wiping his face and neck with a red bandanna.

"It's a hot mother," he says as he comes up to her.

"Yeah," Sally says, "a killer. Listen, what about that dinner you were going to buy me?"

He looks at her, startled. "You wanna go? Hey, that's great! How about tomorrow night? Eight o'clock?"

"Suits me."

"The joint is Brolio's on Mulberry just below Grand Street."

"I'll be there," Sally says.

She gets down to Little Italy the following night in plenty of time but has to cruise around for a while, looking for a parking space. She finally finds an empty slot two



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blocks away. She walks back to Brolio's. It looks like a scuzzy joint to her, but you never know.

Tony is already there, thank God, waiting for her at a tiny two-stool bar to the left of the entrance.

"Hey!" he says, coming forward to take both hands in his. "You made it! Have any trouble finding the place?"

"Not at all," Sally says, looking around. And then, with feigned surprise: "Tony, I like it. Very pretty."

"Nothing fancy," he says, shrugging. "But the food's great, and you can't beat the prices."

Sally sees a typical, third-rate New York trattoria. Small, only nine tables, and all occupied except one. Crude murals of Vesuvius, the Colosseum, Venetian canals painted on wrinkled walls. Plastic plants in plastic pots. Checkered tablecloths. Drip-

ping candles stuck in raffia-bound chianti bottles. Paper napkins. And hanging in the air, a miasma of garlic strong enough to scare off 100 vampires.

Tony snaps his fingers, and a waiter swathed in a filthy apron comes hustling to usher them to the empty table and remove the RESERVED card.

"A little wine first?" he suggests.

"Tony, you order," Sally says. "You know what's good."

"A glass of *soave* to start," Ricci says rapidly to the waiter. "Then the cold antipasto, lobster *diavolo*, linguine and maybe a salad of *arugula* and *radicchio*. With a bottle of that chianti *classico* I had the other night. The Monte Vertine."

"Very good," the waiter says, nodding approvingly.

Tony gives her his sizzling smile, eyes half-lidded. "This is an occasion. Dinner

with the boss."

The food is unexpectedly good. Maybe a little harsh, a little too garlicky, but Sally exclaims with delight over every course, the wine, the crusty bread, the prompt and efficient service.

"You know how to live," she tells Tony.

"Everyone knows how to live," he says. "All you need is money."

"That's so true," Sally says.

She has one glass of the red wine and lets him finish the bottle. He drinks and eats enthusiastically with, she is amused to note, a corner of the paper napkin tucked into his collar and the remainder spread over his chest, hiding a tie of hellish design.

He insists on *tortoni* and espresso, and then *amaretti* with ponies of Strega. Sally takes one sip of the liqueur and then pushes the glass toward Tony.

"You finish," she says.

"Sure," he says and downs it in one gulp. It's after ten o'clock when they rise to leave. He pays the bill with cash, Sally sees—no plastic for him—and leaves a lordly tip. They come out into a black, close night, the sky clotted with clouds and a warm, soft mist drifting.

They skip, laughing, through the mizzle until Sally tugs him to a halt alongside her silver Mazda. "Here we are," she says.

silver Mazda. "Here we are," she says.
"Fantastico," he breathes and walks around the car admiring the lines.

"C'mon, get in," Sally says. "You can drive."

They slide into the bucket seats. Tony caresses the wheel with his palms, staring at the dash. "Radio, air conditioner, cassette deck," he says. "Even a compass. You got everything."

"All the comforts of home," she says lightly. "I also own a Cadillac, but this baby is more fun to drive."

"I wish——" he starts, then suddenly stops. "Maybe, someday. . . . "

"Maybe sooner than you think," she says. "Do you mind if we sit here a few minutes? There's something I want to talk to you about."

"Sure," he says. "The night's young."

"That cousin of yours," she says. "Mario. What do you think of him?"

Ricci shrugs. "He's OK, I guess. Sometimes, he thinks he's my father. He knows what he wants."

"Yeah," Sally says with a short laugh.
"He wants me."

Tony turns to peer at her in the gloom. "What are you saying?"

"Do I have to spell it out for you, Tony? That cousin of yours is trying to get me into bed. He's told me a hundred times he wants me."

"No!"

"Tony," she says, putting a hand on his thigh, "what am I going to do?"

"You told him you don't want, uh, what he wants?"

"I told him a hundred times, but he won't take no for an answer. He just keeps after me. Calls me almost every day. Sends



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me letters. Dirty letters-you know?"

Tony nods. "He is acting like a fool. If a woman says no to me, I say goodbye. There is always another."

"Sometimes," Sally says, deciding this is the moment, "sometimes, I wish that something would happen to him."

"What? What are you saying?"

They sit in silence then, and Sally gives him time to absorb what she has said. If he belts her, she's sunk. If he gets out of the car and stalks away, she's sunk. If he tells Mario of their conversation, she's sunk. That's a lot of sinking, and her only life preserver is Tony's ambition and greed.

"I'd pay," she says in an aching voice, and she doesn't have to fake the desperation. "I'd pay a nice buck to have it done. Cash. I'd even help plan it. Make it look like an accident."

He doesn't answer, and her hand tightens on his thigh, she moves closer.

"And maybe a good job for the guy who does it," she goes on. "An inside job. I need another executive. Someone I can trust. Someone who's done me a big favor by putting Corsini down."

She looks closely into his face and sees something new: stoniness. His eyes are as hard and shiny as wet coal.

"No," he says flatly, "I cannot do it. Anyone else, but not Mario. He is my cousin. You understand? He is *family*."

Sally slumps. "Then I'm dead," she says dully.

"No, you are not dead," Anthony Ricci says. "There is a way out for you."

"Yeah?" she says in a low voice. "Like what?"

"Marry me."

She looks at him. "Are you nuts?"

"Listen to me," he says, taking her hand, holding it tightly. "You marry me and Mario will never bother you again. I swear by my mother."

"And what's in it for you?"

"First, I marry a smart, beautiful older woman. It will help me stay in this country. Also, I get a good inside job, a desk, maybe a secretary."

"And a piece of the business?"

He gives her his megawatt smile. "Maybe a little piece."

"And what about the sex department?"

"What about it? Am I so ugly?"

"No," she says. "Ugly you ain't."

"So? What do you say?"

"Let me think about it," Sally says and doesn't object when he reaches for her.

Timothy Cone has covered his table with several thicknesses of old newspaper, and they need it; the barbecued ribs, potato chips and pickles make for a messy meal.

As they eat, he describes for the fifth and, he hopes, final time how Sally Steiner was trading stocks on inside information gleaned from the printer's trash. He tells Samantha about the Mob's control of the private carting business and how Sally was giving tips to Mario Corsini.

"For what reason, I don't know exactly," the Wall Street dick admits. "But I think he was leaning on her; that's my guess."

Then he recounts how he went up to see Steiner and did a little leaning of his own, trying to turn her so she'd go to the blues, putting the kibosh on extortion.

By the time he has finished his narrative, they've demolished ribs, chips and pickles. Sam has provided chocolate éclairs for dessert, but they put those in the fridge and settle down with their beers, feet parked up on the littered table.

"My, oh, my," Sam says. "You really have been a busybody, haven't you? But you know what burns my ass?"

"A flame this high?" he asks, holding his hand a yard off the floor.

"Shithead," she says. "When you found the insider leak for Pistol & Burns, your job was finished. Keerect? That's what they hired Haldering for, and you delivered. It should have ended right there. But no, you had to push it and get involved with the Mafia, shaking down garbage collectors and trying to get this Sally Steiner to blow the whistle. Why did you do that, Tim?"

He looks at her. "I don't know," he says. "It just seemed the right thing to do."

"Bullshit!" Sam says. "You know what I think your problem is? I think you see yourself as a nemesis. Death to all evildoers! Get me an éclair, you Masked Avenger."

"Up yours," he says.

They sip their beers, nibble the chocolate éclairs and agree that it's a loathsome combination—but tasty. Their conversation is desultory, with Cone doing most of the talking and Sam replying with monosyllables or grunts.

"Hey," he says finally, "what's with you?

Got the fantods or something?"

"Just thinking."

"About what?"

"That Sally Steiner. I feel sorry for her." He snorts.

"What's that supposed to be?" Sam says. "A laugh?"

"If it is, it's on me. I went up to see that put-together lady to find out if she was ready to talk to the cops."

"And?"

"She told me to get lost. She's marrying Tony Ricci, Corsini's cousin."

"You're kidding."

He holds up a palm. "Scout's honor. She snookered me. I thought I had her in a bind, but she wiggled out of it. By marrying Ricci, she gets to keep the business. And she gets Corsini off her back."

An hour later, they're lolling naked on the floor mattress. Popped cans of beer have been placed within easy reach, and the cat, protesting mightily, has been locked in the bathroom.

Samantha, sitting up, begins unpinning her magnificent hair. Timothy watches with pleasure the play of light and shadow on her raised arms, stalwart shoulders, the hard breasts. Suddenly, she stops and stares at him.

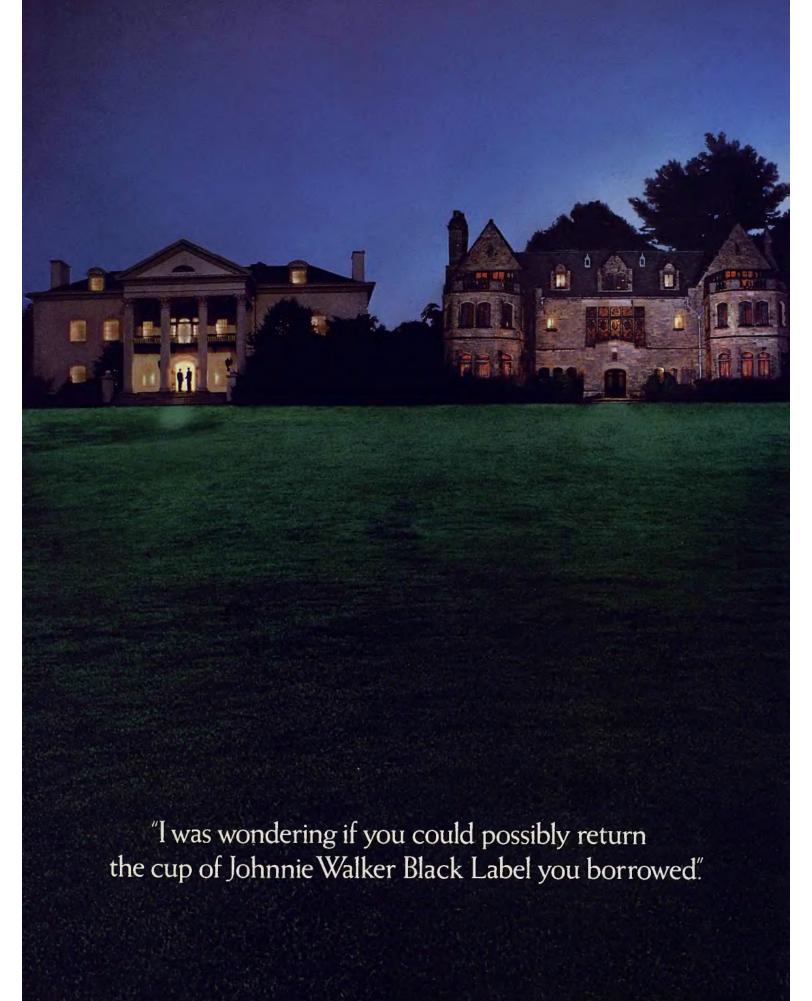
"Listen," she says, "you make it sound like Sally Steiner is marrying that Tony Ricci just so she can keep the business. Did it ever occur to you that she might love the guy?"

Cone shrugs. "Could be. There are all kinds of love."

"Yeah," Sam says, reaching for him.
"Here's mine."



"Careful what you say—he flies off the handle rather easily!"







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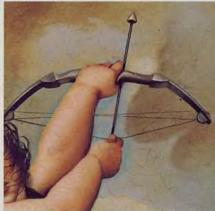


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