

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

FEBRUARY 1988 • \$3.50

THOSE LUSTY,
BUSTY (AND OH,
SO BRITISH)

PAGE
3
GIRLS

A THRILL
SEEKER'S
WINTER GUIDE

WHY WE MUST
SPY,
BY WILLIAM F.
BUCKLEY, JR.

BEN STEIN ON
GREED
IN HOLLYWOOD

COULD YOU
HAVE ASKED
FOR A BETTER

**YEAR IN
SEX?**

FROM PLATOON
TO
WALL STREET:
AN INTERVIEW
ON JUNGLE
WARFARE WITH
OLIVER STONE



PLAYBILL

THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES can be waged by fair fighters or by cheap-shot artists. **Shere Hite** is a leader in the latter camp. In her bilious best seller *Women and Love*, Hite expends 922 pages to make the following point: Women are sensitive saints, and men—the uncommunicative beasts—don't deserve them. If that sounds like the Hite of absurdity, take heart—Senior Staff Writer **James R. Petersen** and Contributing Editor **Asa Baber** offer a different picture of male-female relations in this month's *Playboy Forum* and *Men* column. Read 'em and growl.

A different picture of Hite herself—in a more comely attitude—appears in our gala *Year in Sex* package, assembled from a wealth of material by Senior Editor **Gretchen Edgren**, Associate Art Director **Bruce Hansen** and Assistant Photo Editor **Patty Beaudet**. From **Gary's Hart**-breaker to condom mania to the PTL sex scandal, 1987 was an erotic year, indeed—so much so that we'll soon be publishing a *Playboy* special edition just to squeeze all the hot stuff in.

But enough about sex; let's talk about money. Specifically, let's talk with director **Oliver Stone** about money, greed and *Wall Street*—his latest film—in this month's *Playboy Interview*, conducted by **Marc Cooper**. Stone, whose multiple-Oscar winner *Platoon* cast an unblinking eye on the Vietnam war, has turned his focus on New York's financial district, also overdue for a long, hard look. Given the recent high drama on Wall Street, Stone seems to have cornered the market on cultural mood swings.

Money—the West Coast variety, great gobs of it—has also been on the mind of **Benjamin J. Stein**, author of *Minimum Headroom*. Stein shows how the awesome bucks available to TV writers, producers and executives choke off creative thought, ensuring that small-mindedness will prevail in network offices and on the incredible shrinking small screen itself.

Where you find sex and money, you often find spies. So it is in this month's *Playboy*. In *Why Spy?*, ex-CIA man **William F. Buckley, Jr.**, issues a rattling defense of espionage, arguing that in the East-West struggle, information is the front line of defense. Another inside view of spy life is offered in a companion piece, *Company Wife*, by **Karen Wynn**. The ex-spouse of an ex-spook, Wynn tells tales of CIA escapades, suggesting that our intelligence agencies may be sending boys to do men's work.

Undercover work of a different sort was carried out by Contributing Editor **E. Jean Carroll**, who went to the jungles of New Guinea to find that rare and noble creature—uncivilized man. Her experiences, recounted in *In Search of Primitive Man*, led her to a timely conclusion: Men and women need each other. Are you listening, Shere Hite?

Two heavyweights—one pugilistic, the other political—round out our nonfiction. For *Tyson the Terrible* (illustrated by **Brad Holland**), **Pete Dexter** checked in to training camp with champ **Mike Tyson**; and Senior Staff Writer **Walter Lowe** weighed in for *20 Questions* with **Harold Washington**, the undefeated but not undisputed mayor of Chicago.

This month's lead fiction offering asks the historical question Can a pyramid builder find happiness in the arms of a Pharaoh's wife? And what will her mummy think? Find the answers in **Aaron Abbey's** *An Ancient Affair*, illustrated by **Kinuko Y. Craft**. Also on tap is **David Michael Kaplan's** *Waiting for the Night Flight* (illustrated by **Blair Dawson**), in which a traveling salesman enlists Lakers star **Magic Johnson** in an effort to score a few points with his estranged wife.

Like *Playboy*, the British tabloid press keeps its readers abreast of the news. Operating on the dictum "No nudes is bad news," editors mix bustlines and headlines on a daily basis. In *Page 3 Girls*, photographer **Byron Newman** spotlights the lovelies who cavort in England's press. Those of you wallowing in snow drifts will want to take a look at **Lucien Clergue's** studies of desert nudes, where sensuous curves and solar power abound. Welcome to the February *Playboy*—a safe, reliable, renewable energy source.



HANSEN, EDGREN



COOPER



STEIN



BUCKLEY



WYNN



CARROLL



DEXTER



HOLLAND



ABBEY



CRAFT



LOWE



CLERGUE



NEWMAN



KAPLAN



DRAWSON

PLAYBOY®

vol. 35, no. 2—february 1988

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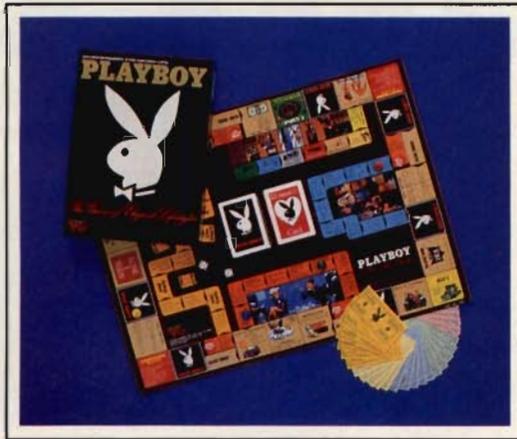
COVER STORY

It may be a jungle out there, but living in the jungle has its rewards. You may run into a zebra like June 1987 Playmate Sandy Greenberg, captured in her striped splendor by Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda. Sandy's hair is by John Victor, her make-up by Pat Tomlinson, her jewelry by Philip Cantrell and her gloves by Grandoe Corp. Lee Ann Perry was the stylist and Michael Ann Sullivan the producer. The hare has a leg up on the competition.



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DEAR PLAYBOY

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JUST JESSICA

I confess that my interest in reading *The Jessica Hahn Story* (*Playboy*, November) was to find out whether or not she was, as people said, a bimbo.

Having read about her ordeal, I want to salute her courage in telling the true story in all its ugly detail. I felt the deepest empathy and understanding for her. I, too, was once mentally victimized by the fundamentalist mind-set that looks on a flashy preacher as the voice of God and teaches "Woman, submit thyself. . . ."

It especially galls me to think that Jim Bakker still has supporters. I wish these naïve people could be made to hear Jessica's story, but they're probably not the type to read *Playboy*.

While it's too late to put Bakker and John Fletcher behind bars, where they belong, I feel that Christians who care about justice, morality and the integrity of their faith have a moral obligation to expose such travesties so that this sort of thing doesn't happen to anyone else.

Laura D. Todd
Oaks, Pennsylvania

Hats off to Jessica Hahn for her bravery! I was also touched by the sensitivity of *Playboy's* interviewers, G. Barry Golson and Robert Scheer. I, too, was a victim of rape. It takes a lot of guts to pick yourself up and get on with your life. As a woman, I understand Jessica's reason for wanting to tell her story and do the pictorial. After a rape, it takes a long time to feel like a woman again.

(Name withheld by request)
Portland, Oregon

I am so damn angry that I have to blow off some steam. What upsets me is the reaction to Jessica Hahn's story by the so-called God-fearing Moral Majority that makes up the audiences for the Larry King, Phil Donahue and Sally Jessy Raphael television shows.

These audiences, with few exceptions, were ready to stone Hahn for giving her story to *Playboy*. They seemed to give little

thought to the violent acts forced on her by Fletcher and Bakker but preferred to condemn her because she had chosen *Playboy* as the means to tell her side of the story. In each of these shows, *Playboy* became the issue, while the real villains were all but forgotten.

To watch this woman be put through the wringer was enough to make me want to barf. All the questions thrown at her were colored by the presumption that Hahn must be a slut if she allowed *Playboy* to tell her story.

C'mon, you assholes. This woman was viciously attacked by a couple of animals. She was brutalized and discarded like a sheet of used toilet paper. And that story will not be told in the next edition of *Guideposts*.

Clyde M. Phillips
Parkville, Missouri

After the disappointing pictorials of Donna Mills (October) and Jenilee Harrison (June), I wasn't expecting much from the Jessica Hahn feature. Boy, was I wrong! I believe in the pictures; it's the story that I find hard to swallow.

Robert Quezada
Riverside, California

Is it not surprising that Women Against Pornography (otherwise known as Women Against Sexual Expression) would cite *Playboy* as one of the groups that have exploited Jessica Hahn, despite her insistence on posing nude—even after *Playboy* discouraged her from doing so? *Playboy's* generous payment to Hahn has given her lifelong economic freedom and has helped restore her self-respect. That is something the members of W.A.P. could never do for any woman in a million years—and they know it.

Roberto Santiago
New York, New York

I'm a born-again, spirit-filled Christian. I wanted to read Jessica's story but didn't dare purchase a copy of your magazine. After all, I belong to an organization—



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Concerned Women for America—that protests magazines such as *Playboy*. However, my brother-in-law gave me a copy.

To my surprise, the article is done in fairly decent taste. I must admit that after reading *Playboy's* interview with Jessica, I believe her, mainly because I know someone who went through a similar sexual experience inflicted on her by another man of God. (If I gave initials, the world would know who.)

Dona L. Smith
Melrose Park, Illinois

Like other Americans, I had been loosely following the Jessica Hahn scandal, and one afternoon I watched her at the mercy of Phil Donahue's audience. I listened to her side of the story and, unlike most of the audience, believed her. Wanting to know more, I bought the November issue of *Playboy*.

Seeing the photo of her at the age of 21, I was shocked to recognize her as one of my former clients. I was her hairdresser for about three years, from 1978 to 1981.

In that time, I came to know Jessica pretty well and can vouch for her description of herself as a girl who was totally devoted to God and the people of her church. She loved the Reverend Gene Profeta and adored his family. She worked, worshiped and lived the Massapequa Tabernacle Church.

She always wore feminine dresses and was made up beautifully. But it was clear to me even then that it was not for self-gratification but rather to be a shining example of the church she loved so much.

I think it's a disgrace that John Fletcher and Jim Bakker walk free.

Michael Schoales
Lake George, New York

Thanks for publishing *The Jessica Hahn Story*. You have performed an admirable service both to the reading public and to a lovely girl who was used and abused by so-called men of God. From now on, I am a subscriber to *Playboy*.

Mary L. Furtado
Arlington, Massachusetts

Those two creeps (Bakker and Fletcher) should be in the slammer for rape instead of still out there bilking the public.

I'm glad that Jessica finally saw their hypocrisy, and I hope she will realize that the degradation and subjugation of women comes straight from religion—has for centuries! She is a very attractive and intelligent woman who deserves understanding and support for her ordeal. She didn't deserve that outrageous interview on *Good Morning America* from the guy who couldn't talk about anything but her bare breasts or what type of clothing she wears.

Billie Hansen
Ventura, California

Bravo for Jessica Hahn and her soul-cleansing spread in *Playboy*. The critics

can't complain, lest they forget that God brought Hahn into the world *au naturel* and not with Tammy Faye make-up.

Thomas Taylor
Hollywood, California



I find as much truth and fact in Hahn's story as I do in Bakker's: not one god-damned bit.

Charles T. Muller
Conway, Arkansas

The illustrations in *The Jessica Hahn Story* are just great. Jim Bakker looks like a frog in underwear! David Small, with his talent as an artist, gives us a sense of what Hahn must have seen and felt, including her fear and disgust. And Bakker brushes his . . . hair. Yuck!

Julia Fox
San Francisco, California

SANDINISTA SOLOQUY

Having just returned from the Soviet Union, I read the *Playboy Interview* with Nicaragua's Daniel Ortega (November) with interest. My impressions of the U.S.S.R. were very similar to interviewer Claudia Dreifus' impressions of Managua: "There were more soldiers in the streets . . . more black marketeers. . . Everything was sadder, bleaker, dirtier. People looked really worn."

Perhaps these characteristics are due to a Marxist government rather than the *Contra* war and the U.S. economic blockade.

Andris Eiland
Brooklyn, New York

It is obvious to me that Ortega is the George Washington of his people, having gone through hell on their behalf at the hands of *Somocista* sadists. Seven years in a Somoza prison certainly was no picnic.

Speaking of George Washington, it is very easy to tell what he would have thought of President Reagan's *Contra*-inspired terrorism against the people of Nicaragua. In a letter addressed to James Monroe on August 25, 1796, he wrote the following words of wisdom, which Reagan is too stupid to appreciate: "I have always given it as my decided opinion that no nation has a right to intermeddle in the inter-

nal concerns of another; that everyone had a right to form and adopt whatever government they liked best to live under themselves; and that if this country could, consistently with its engagements, maintain a strict neutrality and thereby preserve peace, it was bound to do so by motives of policy, interest and every other consideration."

True patriots will let President Reagan and Congress know what they think of his treason to the spirit of Washington.

Hats off to *Playboy* for its courage and patriotism!

Robert E. Nordlander
Menasha, Wisconsin

Don't call them *Sandinistas*; call them *Stalinistas*. Anyone with the brains to look back on the words of Stalin 50 years ago is shocked to find how similar what he said was to the self-righteous, self-serving drivel now spouted by Daniel Ortega. This hypocrite is typical of the corrupt dictators whom Russia sponsors all around the world, from North Korea to Poland, Bulgaria, Cuba and Vietnam.

In early 1980, at the United Nations General Assembly, 104 countries voted to condemn Russia's invasion of Afghanistan. Nicaragua abstained, and now has the arrogant nerve to complain about American "intervention." Wouldn't you be *contra*—against—such double talk?

Pete Melanson
Vancouver, British Columbia

Daniel Ortega justifies the closing of *La Prensa* by asserting that it attempted to destabilize the government and was financed by the CIA, and that its owners had lobbied Congress for *Contra* aid.

But *La Prensa* was subjected to strict government censorship from 1982 until it was closed in June 1986. How could one censored newspaper threaten a government that arbitrarily decided what could or could not be published?

Steven Blakemore
West Palm Beach, Florida

PRIMA DONNA

It was a pleasure to have Donna Edmondson visit the patients here at the Des Moines VA Medical Center.

I am sorry that the visit was not without some problems (*The World of Playboy*, January). Donna handled the situation so graciously, and I know the patients were pleased to have her visit them.

We have received many nice comments from veterans about her visit and a great deal of support from Service organizations.

Again, thanks to Donna and the *Playboy* staff for making a bright spot in a veteran's day.

Wayne Maddocks
Medical Center Director
Veterans Administration
Des Moines, Iowa



THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I am a 45-year-old male in good health and am not overweight. I don't smoke or drink or do drugs. My problem is that it's very difficult for me to reach a climax. I have no trouble getting and keeping an erection, to a point. It takes very fast motion and friction to bring me off, and then only when I'm standing up or lying on my back, tensing and straining vigorously. Needless to say, I cannot keep up the pace of moving fast enough and long enough to reach a climax; nor have I found a partner who, on top of me, can sustain the pace, either vaginally or orally. On most occasions, I can climax by masturbation with my hand or by my partner's masturbating me with the use of a lotion for lubrication. Even then, sometimes the demands of straining and tensing seem to rob my penis of blood and I start getting soft. I do manage to climax on occasion with a semi-erection. My partners think that I'm a good lover, but I sometimes feel robbed because I don't reach climax easily every time I have sex. Are there any solutions?—B. B., Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

Change the way you masturbate. Create a fantasy to accompany it or masturbate while watching X-rated movies. If you involve your mind as well as your body, you can choreograph your orgasm. During intercourse, replay the fantasy. Or bring yourself to the edge of orgasm, then penetrate your lover.

A friend of mine says that I should get a separate video-tape rewinder, because the rewind mechanism in the VCR breaks easily and, when it does, will cost me a fortune to have repaired. Is he correct?—L. A., East Brunswick, New Jersey.

The rewind mechanism in video machines is no more susceptible to breakage than is any other mechanism in the VCR. Although VCR repairs can be expensive, the repair of a rewind mechanism is relatively low priced. A separate video-tape rewinder is a good investment for extending the life of your VCR; but if you tend toward only moderate use in rewinding tapes, then forget about buying a separate one—the rewind mechanism will probably outlast the rest of the unit.

What is the failure rate of condoms? I've heard all sorts of horror stories about rubbers' breaking one out of ten times, of condoms' leaking, etc. Are there statistics on their reliability?—D. K., New York, New York.

The FDA regularly monitors condom manufacture. The bad news is that it allows condoms with a leakage rate of four per 1000 to be distributed. It doesn't hurt to use a back-up spermicidal foam. Nonoxynol-9, its active ingredient, has been known to kill the AIDS and herpes viruses, as well as reduce the incidence of other sexually transmitted diseases.



(“Natural” condoms, such as lambskin, by the way, contain microscopic holes that could permit viral transmission.) In practice, condoms have a ten percent failure rate as a method of birth control—in a year of use, ten out of 100 women will become pregnant. Conservatives use the Chicken Little argument to bolster the argument for abstinence: If your protective system fails that frequently, better to give up sex than take the risk. These are the same people who spent money on the Star Wars defense system. If you tell people not to bother with a less-than-foolproof form of protection, they won't have anything when they need it. Carry condoms with you; they are the best protection you have.

I am 25 and my husband is 31. Since he has been working more than 60 hours a week (ten-hour days, plus weekends) at his steel-fabrication and welding job, lovemaking has become a once-a-week-on-Sundays-when-our-seven-month-old-baby-naps affair. Getting my husband's penis from semi-erect to completely erect is a cinch, but starting from scratch is something new to me. What techniques do you suggest that won't make him feel pressured to have an erection or bad if he doesn't have one?—Mrs. P. J., Detroit, Michigan.

We can suggest three approaches. First, try a total-body massage that doesn't focus on the genitals until the very end. If your husband doesn't get an erection, at least he'll be relaxed and loved. The second approach is direct: Take his penis into your mouth—tell him you want to practice deep throat one step at a time. Third, appeal to his eyes. Ask him to watch while you masturbate. Tell him what you imagine him doing to you. If he gets erect, jump his bones.

The latest high-tech craze in cars seems to be four-wheel steering. What is it, what does it do and is it worth the money?—B. I., Billings, Montana.

Four-wheel steering means exactly what its name implies: Both ends of the car are steered—partly to make it more maneuverable at low speeds (parking, U-turns), partly to make it more stable at higher speeds. Visualize this: You turn the steering wheel of a normal car, the front wheels point the way you want to go and the front of the car begins to turn. But the rear wheels still point straight ahead. The result is a short delay, after which the rear end sort of “trailers” around behind the front. Turn the steering wheel of a four-wheel-steering vehicle, however, and the back wheels also contribute. At low speeds, they point a few degrees in the opposite direction from the front, so the car turns more sharply than it normally would. At higher speeds, the rears point in the same direction, so the car's tail moves simultaneously with its nose. Think about it. It does work. There are only two four-wheel-steering cars on the U.S. market (in limited numbers) as this is written. One is purely mechanical, the other has electronically controlled rear steering. Others are being developed and should hit the showrooms in the next few years. The cost: hard to tell (it's combined in packages with other features), but roughly \$800 to \$1300. Is it worth it? For skilled drivers, probably not. It doesn't increase the tires' traction or make the car corner any harder or faster. But it does decrease the turning circle and enhance stability in highway lane changes and emergency maneuvers. One maker describes four-wheel steering's effect as “nonchalant accuracy,” meaning that the car goes where you point it with a minimum of concentration and skill. Which is fine, except that we'd prefer to increase concentration and skill on the road rather than decrease the need for them.

We calculated that after vaginal penetration, the length of the average instroke was two and a half inches. A complete in-out cycle was then five inches. We found the number of complete cycles to vary with the eroticism of the encounter. We factored out those times we made love high (either with alcohol, which increases desire but decreases performance, or with grass, which at a minimum seemed to prolong our encounters). We discovered that the number of strokes to male orgasm varied from 100 to 600, with 400 as the estimated average. (We enjoy prolonging lovemaking.) A little multiplication, 5×400 , gave a figure of 2000 inches per screw. That's 2000 divided by 12, or about 170 feet. So we calculated that on an average night, we were able to screw to the edge of our property and back. We figured that, on average, we made love five times a week and

that that pattern had been pretty stable for 50 weeks of the year. So $170 \times 5 \times 50$ gave us 42,500 feet, or roughly eight miles a year. Since we are completing ten years of marital bliss, we had the startling realization that in that time, we had been able to screw all the way to Milwaukee but were not sure we would be able to get back. Soon we realized the importance of our calculations. If we were slight under-achievers, could it be that an average couple would screw 50,000 feet per year? And that in premarital sexual-assessment courses in the future, singles would be given a sort of mileage rating, "good for 50,000 feet or 250 screws per year, whichever comes first"? The possibilities began to blossom. For the first time, we thought we might have a standard to tell the "better hung" from the true lover. A male with an eight-inch penis might have a ten-inch stroke cycle, but because of *macho* expression come in, say, half the strokes of a less-well-endowed male who knew how to make his women feel good. Could it be that "distance to orgasm" would become the measure of the man? Having read Masters and Johnson, and being aware, therefore, that they have been unable to add clarity to this particularly important aspect of sexual expression, we feel compelled to share these personal observations with the scientific literature. We are not ready for prime time and feel compelled to remain anonymous to prevent unnecessary competition with our close friends.—Mr. and Mrs. L. D. L., Madison, Wisconsin.

Pocket calculators make an interesting sex aid, don't they, folks? If it moves, measure it. Another 50,000 feet and it will be time to have your balls rotated.

Tax time is just around the corner. Should I take my sack of receipts to the neighborhood accountant or should I invest in one of those tax-preparation programs for my computer?—J. R., Chicago, Illinois.

You might consider one of the tax-preparation software programs. Over the past few years, they have become quite sophisticated and relatively inexpensive. Even when you use a neighborhood accountant, you have to organize your receipts into a reasonable facsimile of reality. The better tax-prep programs (such as HowardSoft's Tax Preparer) take the act of organizing and carry it through to the next stage: You enter information and the program will automatically make all calculations in accordance with the latest IRS regulations, then transfer all the information to the corresponding forms and schedules without your having to re-enter any data. Look for a program that can carry tax strategies into the future, so that you can understand how what you do today will affect you five years from now. The price of these programs can run as high as \$500 (a portion of which is tax-deductible). They do print out forms accepted by the Government. How much is it worth not to have to stand in line at

the post office? None of the programs is as much fun as Flight Simulator, but then, nothing involving the Government is.

I've been seeing my girlfriend for six months. Until three weeks ago, she was a virgin. I had had sexual intercourse three times previously (with one person). Now for my problem/question. My girlfriend's vagina is very small and tight. I can usually fit only one finger inside her. When we decided to have intercourse, we chose condoms as the most practical and safest method of contraception. I tried an unlubricated one and my penis just would not fit inside her and it hurt her very much to try. Then I tried a lubricated condom and the lubricant caused a burning inside her, as well as the pain that she had experienced with the unlubricated one. I decided to buy some K-Y jelly, because I had heard that it was an effective, nonirritating vaginal lubricant. Putting the K-Y jelly on the condom worked and we were able to have intercourse. The first time, she was in great pain, but she suffered through it in the hope that it would go away after we had intercourse a few times.

We have had intercourse three times in the past three weeks. There have been four or five days between each time. But whenever I put it in, it hurts her a lot. She describes the pain as pressure against what appears to be a bone on top of her vagina. I have had to very slowly put it in a little at a time and pull it out and put it in a little more. After about five minutes of this, her pain goes away. We then enjoy very satisfying sex and have orgasmed simultaneously a number of times. Certainly, it would be better and more exciting if she didn't have to go through that pain each time. Am I slowly stretching her vagina, and will the intense pain stop after it has been stretched somewhat? It really hurts me to see her in so much pain from something that is supposed to be pleasurable for both of us. Might it have to do with the fact that she is still a little afraid of intercourse because she is so new to it? (Not that I am so experienced.) Is any of this normal? Can I do anything to help her or should we just wait it out and see what happens? Should she see a doctor if this problem persists?—G. F., Albany, New York.

You sound like a patient and thoughtful lover, the perfect guy to handle a problem like this. Some women experience an involuntary muscle spasm at the onset of vaginal stimulation. As your girlfriend becomes more comfortable with genital touching and intercourse, the response should diminish. She might ask her gynecologist if there is a physical component to the problem.

My girlfriend and I have a slight disagreement on the subject of pubic hair—namely, hers. I have on several occasions asked her to shave her pubic hair. On each occasion, she has refused. Each time I

bring up the subject, we have a lengthy discussion. She says that pubic hair serves a purpose. It keeps unwanted germs out of the vagina. Fine, I can see her point, but that shouldn't stop her from shaving once in a while. I mean, millions of women shave their pubic hair and don't catch unwanted germs. My girlfriend doesn't believe this. She doesn't know any women who shave their pubic hair. She knows that I don't know any women who shave theirs (yes, I admit it). Therefore, she concludes that women don't shave. What are the facts about women who shave? What is the function of pubic hair? What facts can I present that will show her that it is all right to shave?—M. L., College Park, Maryland.

How would pubic hair keep germs out of the vagina? We can envision a couple of bacteria on the edge of a dark forest, saying to each other, "Hey, I'm not going in there—it looks scary!" A lot of women shave their pubic hair. Many of them report itching or rashes when the hair starts to grow back. It's your girlfriend's right not to shave her pubic hair if she chooses not to, but her decision should be based on fact.

In the May *Playboy Advisor*, reference is made to a dental dam for men and women who want to perform oral sex. I have never heard of a dental dam and would like to know what it is. How is it used? Where can it be purchased?—P. M., Los Angeles, California.

A dental dam is a latex-rubber square (approximately 6" x 6") used in certain dental procedures. Medical experts recommend dams as a means of preventing the swallowing of vaginal secretions. In effect, dental dams act as a sort of oral condom. We think that using them in practical sexual applications would be uncomfortable and probably clumsy. You might as well try performing cunnilingus while wearing a Hefty garbage bag over your head. If you've recently been tested negatively for the AIDS virus or have had the same sex partner for a number of years—and neither of you is bisexual or an I.V.-drug user—your risk of catching or spreading AIDS through oral sex is almost nonexistent. In such a case, the use of a dental dam or similar oral protection would be unnecessary—and we suspect that this is true for many, if not most, people. We suggest that you talk with your dentist for more information. In the meantime, refer to "A Calm Look at AIDS," by David Black, in our July issue.

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



DEAR PLAYMATES

The question for the month:

How can a man with little sexual experience discover what a woman wants in bed?

I would hope that by the time we were having sex, we'd be friends. Then I could say, "It feels good when you do this," or "That hurts!" I'd just be able to tell him. If you don't know a man very well, you feel kind of inhibited and shy yourself. You don't feel comfortable saying anything. And a guy should feel free to ask if I'm enjoying what he's doing to me. I don't know everything, either. It isn't wimpy to be inexperienced and it's cool to ask. There are certain sexual adventures I don't want to have. If I ever changed my mind, I'd have to ask, too.



Lynne Austin

LYNNE AUSTIN
JULY 1986

He has to be a conscientious and attentive lover. He has to listen and talk. He has to experiment and pay attention. Each person is different. No man can know what each woman wants and no woman can know, either. It all starts with honesty and good communication. A man can find out a great deal by just asking. This is true in all aspects of a relationship, and it certainly carries over into sex—for a sexual novice and for a more experienced lover as well. If you want to know what she wants, ask her!



Julie Peterson

JULIE PETERSON
FEBRUARY 1987

This is something I've had personal experience with. If an inexperienced woman is with an experienced man, it's going to work out. He'll know how to suggest or demonstrate what he wants her to do. But a woman who's in that position has to be careful if she is dealing with someone extremely shy and young. I had to make sure he didn't feel intimidated or embarrassed. I had to make sure he didn't feel stupid, as if he were supposed to know all this stuff already. You caress him. Little by little, he'll pull the right responses from inside himself. It becomes instinctive.



Luann Lee

LUANN LEE
JANUARY 1987

It has to be communicated to the person with the least experience. A woman can teach him with words and body language and then, if he has any imagination, he'll be able to go on. I had a boyfriend who was very experienced in one sense. He'd been around a lot. He'd had a lot of one-night stands, but he'd never been in love and was searching for it. In love, he was very inexperienced. He was afraid he wouldn't be able to satisfy me. I said, "Hey, baby, I have confidence in you." I think a guy should realize that he has already gotten as far as that. He should relax, kick back and just let it take place.



Rebecca Ferratti

REBECCA FERRATTI
JUNE 1986

The best way to find out what anyone wants in bed is just to flat-out ask. No one's a mind reader, not even someone who has had a lot of partners. You can read a book and find out what a large group of women likes, but no book will tell you what a particular woman wants. If I were with a man who asked me, I'd be pleased. It would show me that he wanted to turn me on, that he cared about what I wanted from sex, that he was interested in my feelings as well as his own. This is a guy who'd interest me more than someone who acted too cool to ask.



Laurie Carr

LAURIE CARR
DECEMBER 1986

I can tell how experienced a man is by the way he acts and by the way he moves. If he's secure, if he can look you right in the eyes, if he seems to be in control, that kind of guy knows what he's doing. He's sure of himself, and I'd let him take over and dominate. If he isn't experienced, I don't want to embarrass him. I want him to feel comfortable. I might pretend I'm not too experienced myself, and that would add to his confidence. If he thinks he'll be successful, he'll be successful. What shows me that a man is sexually experienced? The way he touches me and holds me.

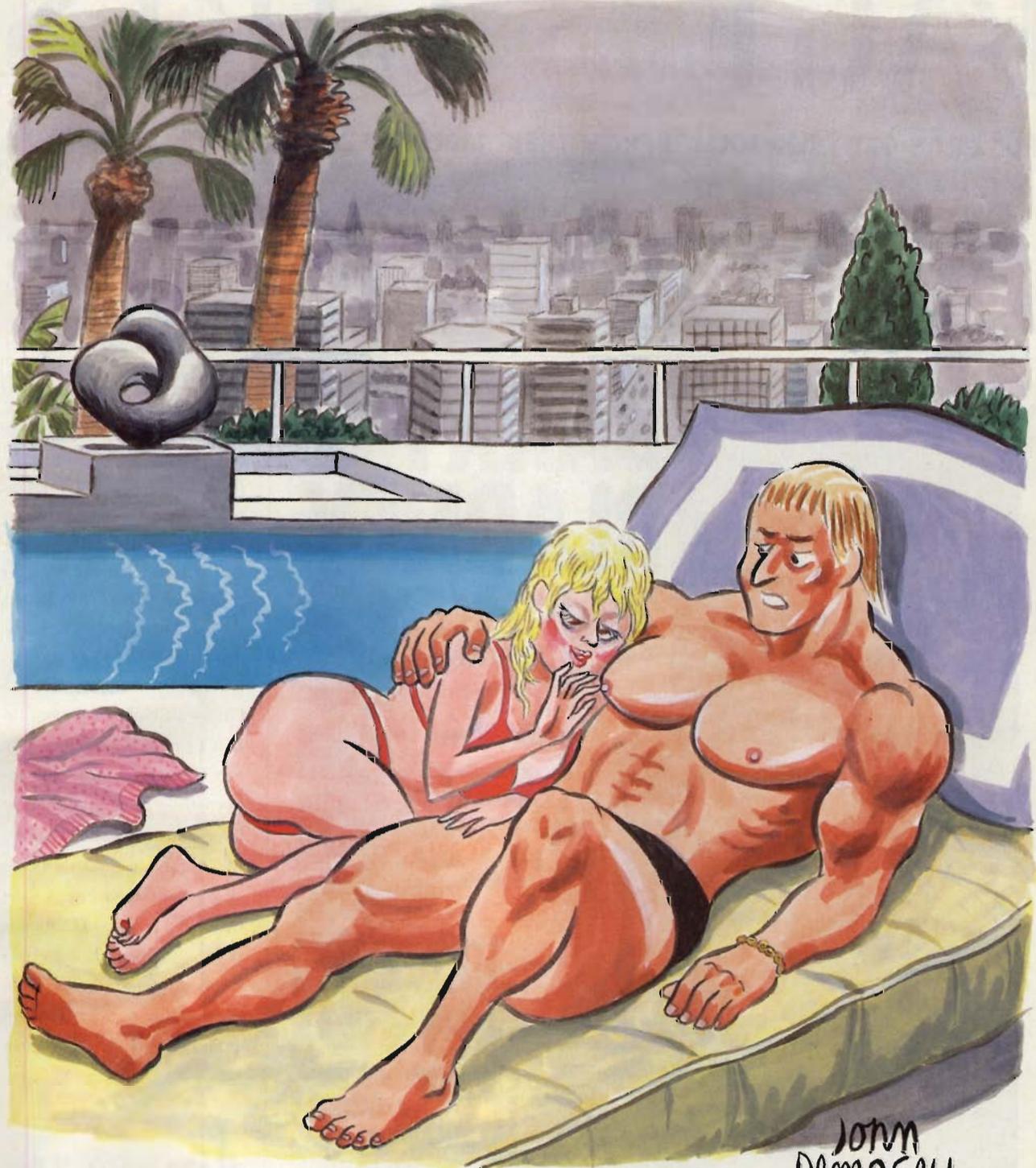


Kimberly Paige

KYMBERLY PAIGE
MAY 1987

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.





"They're not tits. They're pecs."

Those Brash and British PAGE 3 GIRLS

TRUE BRITS GET THEIR JOLLIES FROM THEIR TABLOIDS' DAILY DOLLIES. SO CAN YOU

In Merry England and Scotland, Wales and Ireland, some 10,000,000 tabloid readers kick off the day with a nice reminder that the news

ain't all bad. They check out the morning's topless models, a grand tradition in Britain since November 1970. That was when *The Sun*, the coun-

try's premiere tabloid, published a bare-breasted photo of model Stephanie Rahn, thereby setting off a lively circulation war with *The Star*

and the *Daily Mirror*, the U.K.'s other major tabs. As is typical of newspaper battles on Fleet Street (the home of Great Britain's national press until the recent move by most publications to a new industrial site), the "War of the Nipples" offered up ribald fun, as well as a nice breather from England's other obsessions: football and royalty. In the last election, they even had a brush with politics: A pro-Tory paper threatened that a Labor victory would mean outlawing Page 3 Girls. Not a few of the Page 3 Girls—so christened because that's the page on which *The Sun* runs its morning love-lies—have gone on to modest fame and occasional fortune, the most celebrated being singer Samantha Fox. In the interest of Anglo-U.S. relations, we picked our own favorites and had them photographed in a London studio exclusively for *Playboy*.

Jackie St. Clair, 24 (left, right and overleaf), made her *Star* debut in 1984. Her secret: "I just stuck out my chest, pulled in my stomach and arched my back."



BARRY'S BLARNEY

By LIZ PHILLIPS

WATCH out, Wogan. Boxing champ Barry McGuigan has thrown down his gloves to take up sparring with celebrity guests on television.

Barry is returning to the spotlight as a chat show host next month in a series of 12 programmes for BBC Northern Ireland called *Now You're Talking*.

And if the show is a runaway success, it could be shown nationwide.

The former world featherweight champion, who earns about £200,000 a fight, will probably receive only £5,000 for the series.

"I wanted to do something to take my mind off boxing," said Barry yesterday.

Barry picked up tips on how to present a chat show while being interviewed by Terry Wogan and as a guest on many top American shows.

Barry was one of the most popular guests both on British TV and in America.

Popstar

Barry picked up tips on how to present a chat show while being interviewed by Terry Wogan and as a guest on many top American shows.

Barry was one of the most popular guests both on British TV and in America.

Love-split wife cut bed in half

ANGRY Anne Midgeley demanded a half share of everything when she suspected her husband of being unfaithful. And she started by trying to back their double bed in two with a carving knife.

But there were no half measures when Gerry Midgeley caught her sawing through the mattress. He blew his top and slapped her across the face, a court heard yesterday.

The bedroom bust-up happened after the couple had been drinking and Mrs Midgeley accused her husband of saving an old flame.

"She said they would have to get a divorce and split everything they owned down the middle," Mr Jeremy Cave, defending, told magistrates at Thirk, North Yorkshire.

He added: "She walked off downstairs, reappeared with a knife and started to cut up the mattress."

Midgeley, 41, of Haswell, admitted assaulting his wife. He was given a conditional discharge.

STAR BIRD SPECIAL

- THIS is Jackie St Clair, the gorgeous Starbird who took pop star Prince by storm at a London nightspot.
- But it's anybody's guess what Prince—who often strips down to his underpants in his own stage act—thinks of Jackie's saucy poses.
- It's claimed he's much more prudish about women and expects them to stay covered up.





Maria Whittaker, 19 (lower left), would like to be queen for a week “and marry ten men at once.” Her dad was a boxing champ; her favorite food is chicken Kiev.

Carole Anne (below and right) is a 20-year-old Dorset lass and former waitress who eschews a surname. She gave up dreams of flying to become a jet-setting Starbird.





A modeling job led Maggie Longhurst, 19 (left and top right), to pose for a calendar, then a place in *The Sun*. Who recognizes her on the street? "The opposite sex."

Her Cockney accent cost Suzanne Mizzi (below and right) a *Dynasty* gig, but the 20-year-old Londoner is touted as "Britain's prettiest pinup." She drives a Mini.









Karen Kelly (below) debuted in the tabloids as a teenager. Now 24, she's a veteran page brightener with a passion for riding and Grand Prix cars.



Gail McKenna, 19 (right and preceding spread), shows a cheeky charm that took her to the top of Fleet Street's naughtiest-news-makers list.







NATURALLY,

KARI

miss february is a rocky mountain high



KARI KENNEL is wearing skintight black pants and a floppy gray sweater (which she's forever pulling away at the neck so that she can blow cool air downward), and she's talking about a party she attended not too long ago. "There were all these glitzy, beautiful ladies there," she says, somehow overlooking the fact that she's no slouch in the beauty department herself, "but I was most taken by this woman who was a *natural* beauty—you know, wearing ordinary pleated pants, a plain white T-shirt, no make-up and a simple ponytail. And that's how I'd like to think of myself," she adds, running a hand through her own thick blonde hair. "A natural, down-home, no-make-up, no-nonsense type of person."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA AND ARNY FREYTAG



Actually, it's no surprise that Kari Kennell identifies with natural things: She was born in scenic Colorado Springs and spent most of her school years bouncing back and forth between the Rockies and the equally serene clime of Dunedin, Florida. Ultimately, however, it would be Kari's talent as an actress that would sweep her away from the quiet life and smack into the fast lanes of showbiz. "I had booked two jobs on *Miami Vice*—once, I was a roller-skating waitress; the next time, I was a stoned-out girl tied to a bed—and I was hooked. I wanted to learn absolutely everything there was to know about acting, and New York was the obvious place to start."

"I'm a real Colorado girl," confesses Kari (at home on the range, right). "People from these parts have a laid-back, happy-to-be-here outlook on life. Someday, I hope to raise my children here."







"I don't believe in promiscuity," says Kari. "and I feel very strongly about that. Sex is not a play toy. It's a beautiful, natural thing that should be shared only with someone you love."



Even though Kari immediately found work in the Big Apple, the Manhattan lifestyle began to take its toll. "After a while, New York started driving me crazy," she laughs. "You'd have to wait in line for *everything*—the phone, a taxi, a pizza. I just couldn't wait to get out to the West Coast and drive my jeep along the beach." By 1987, the transcontinental lure had won out and Kari made the move—the giant hop, actually—to Los Angeles. Once she got there, it didn't take long for the acting jobs to start streaming in regularly—a soda commercial here, a skit on *The Tonight Show* there. Still, the down-home girl inside Kari became restless once again. "I knew there had to be something else out there for me—something even more important."



Finally, the Colorado-born, Florida-tanned, L.A.-dwelling lady has found that something important: People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals. Now she has joined hands with the “tons of determined, committed people” across the country protecting animal rights. “It’s the perfect combination of passions,” she says, the determination noticeably rising in her voice. “Every dime I make from acting gets donated to animal projects. I’m even working on a few children’s books on the subject. After all, kids are the future protectors of animals.” Add to this current mission her new digs in West Hollywood (“It’s not that ranch in Colorado, but it’ll do”) and some promising acting gigs on the horizon (“The big role hasn’t come yet, but I’m always at that final call back”), and you can be sure that Kari Kennell has arrived. Naturally.



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Kari Kennell
BUST: 34 WAIST: 22 HIPS: 33
HEIGHT: 5'5" WEIGHT: 101

BIRTH DATE: 6/21/64 BIRTHPLACE: Colorado Springs, Co.

WHAT AMAZES YOU? Modern Technology, Nature, The human body, LOVE!

TURN-ONS: Fresh Flower's Eye Contact, Rainy days, Snow-Capped Mountains.

TURN-OFFS: Insensitivity, Littering, Hunting.

WHOM DO YOU ADMIRE? Walt Disney, Winston Churchill, Hugh Hefner, Katharine Hepburn, Jacques Cousteau, Martin Luther King, My Parents.

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Billie Holiday, George Winston, Corey Hart, Sting, Rickie Lee Jones, Patsy Cline, Phil Collins.

SECRET WISHES: World peace, medical Research without vivisection, to be successful, To have a happy marriage and family, First modeling Family Reunion The good ol' days



pictures!
Trying to be sexy.



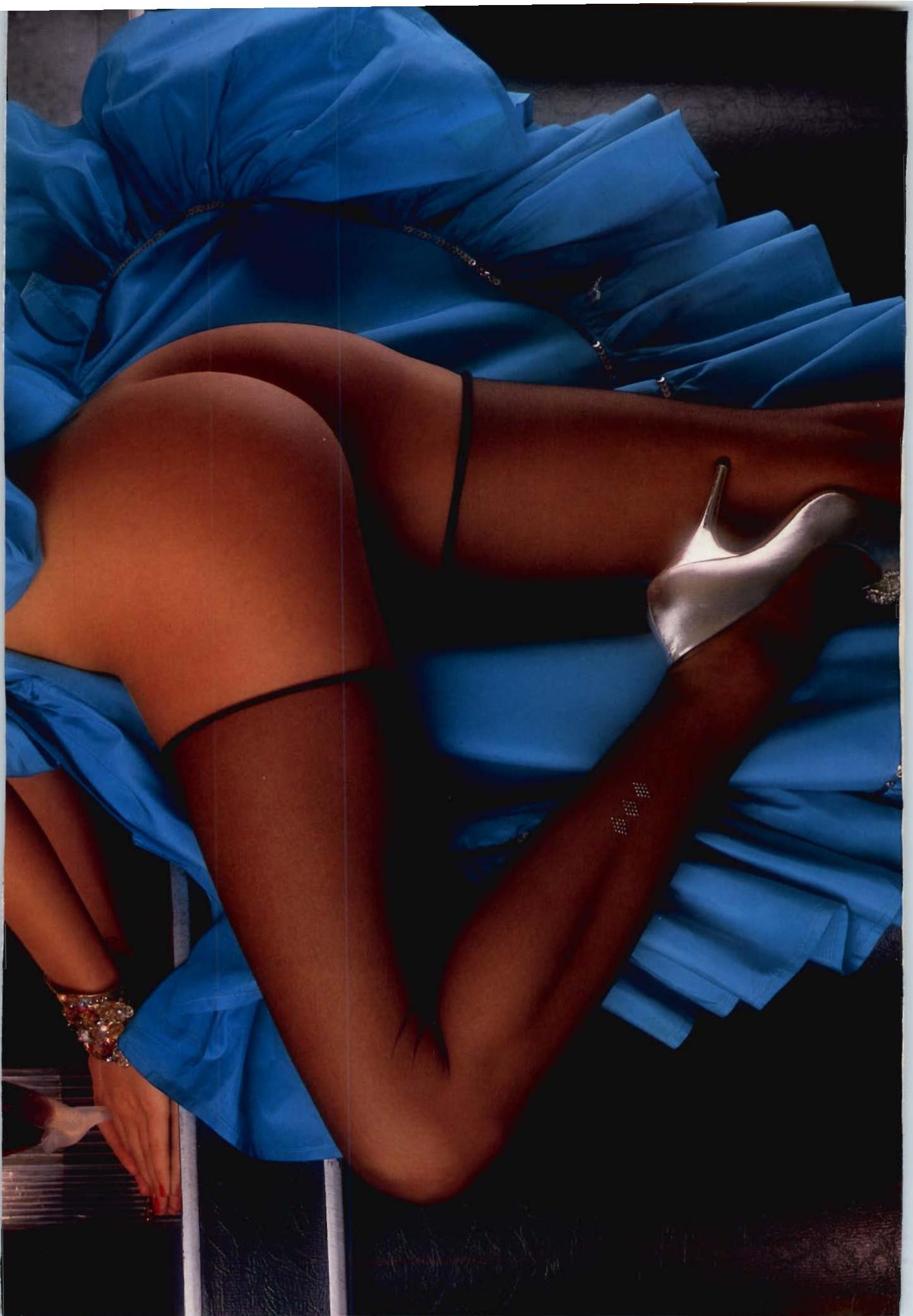
with Aunt
Ditty



memories

MISS FEBRUARY PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH







PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Father Casey called in sick one Sunday morning so he could play golf. On the first tee, he sliced his drive deep into the woods. As he approached the ball, a bluebird picked it up, flew 300 yards down the fairway and dropped it into the hole.

An angel, watching from above, was puzzled. "The priest is playing hooky from church," he said to the Lord. "Why the reward?"

"Reward? Are you kidding?" the Lord replied, chuckling. "Whom can he tell?"

What has 300 legs and seven teeth? The front row at a Willie Nelson concert.



The furious general called his military and household staffs together and barked that if his wife's stolen jewelry wasn't returned in 24 hours, the whole lot of them would be court-martialed.

Hours of investigation proved fruitless. The desperate staff members finally picked up a drunk loitering outside the general's quarters and demanded that he tell them where the jewels were. When he denied knowing anything, they lowered him headfirst into a well. Pulling him up, they asked him again. The gasping drunk waved no. Again they lowered him into the water, leaving him in longer this time.

"For the last time," an aide demanded as they pulled the fellow up for air, "where are the jewels?"

Coughing and sputtering, the drunk replied, "You guys better find yourselves another diver, 'cause I can't find anything."

How can you tell when a Yuppie woman achieves orgasm? She drops her briefcase.

When the customer asked to have a tattoo of a \$100 bill put on his penis, the tattoo artist was taken aback.

"I've tattooed just about everything on everything," he said, "but this is the first time I've been asked to re-create currency on a prick."

"Yeah? Well, if you knew how my wife can blow a hundred bucks. . . ."

On the drive home from a party, the wife asked her husband, "Have I ever told you how handsome and sexy you are and how irresistible you are to the ladies?"

"Why, no," he replied, flattered.

"Then what gave you that idea at the party?"

Our aviation expert reports that Delta Air Lines was involved in yet another mishap. Two of its flight simulators nearly collided.

Two white men and a black man were removed from a South African courtroom after receiving their sentences. While they were en route to prison, the first white man turned to the second and asked, "What'd you get?"

"Two goddamn years for murdering a black man," he moaned, adding more cheerfully, "but I'll be out within a year with good behavior. What about you?"

"Six goddamn years for murdering a black family. But I'll be out in three with good behavior."

After a short silence, they both turned to the black man and asked what he had gotten. "Life," he replied, beginning to weep. "I got fucking life for riding my bike without lights. But," he said, brightening, "I should be out in 15. It wasn't even dark."

Entering the night-club rest room to purchase some condoms for what he hoped would be a pleasant end to the evening, a young man found a drunk standing at the vending machine, pouring in a steady stream of coins and tossing the condom packages into a hat.

Afraid that he wouldn't get his needed supplies, the man asked if he could use the machine just once.

"Are you nuts?" the drunk replied. "I'm on a winning streak."

There's a TV sitcom in development about an Irish homosexual couple. Its title, we hear, is *Gerald FitzPatrick and Patrick FitzGerald*.



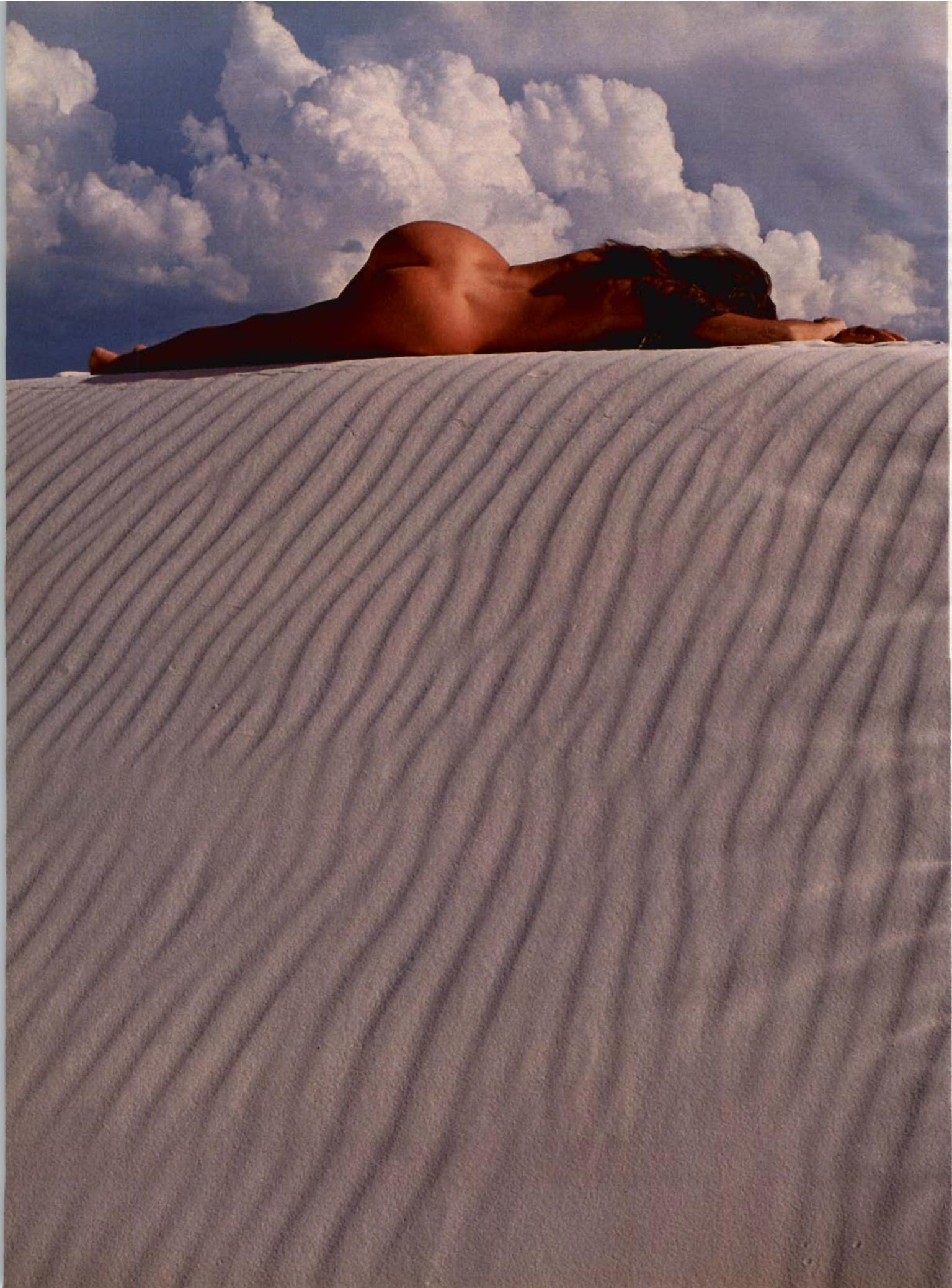
As the couple sat in the living room, watching TV, the phone rang. The husband picked it up, listened for a moment and then screamed, "Damn it! How should I know? Call the weather bureau" and hung up.

"What was that all about?" his wife asked.

"Aw, some idiot wanted to know whether the coast was clear."

On the day a suit against him was to be settled in court, a prominent Congressman was called away on urgent business. He told his attorney to notify him as soon as a judgment was handed down. Later that day, he received a cable that read, "JUSTICE HAS PREVAILED." The politician immediately wired back, "APPEAL AT ONCE."

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.

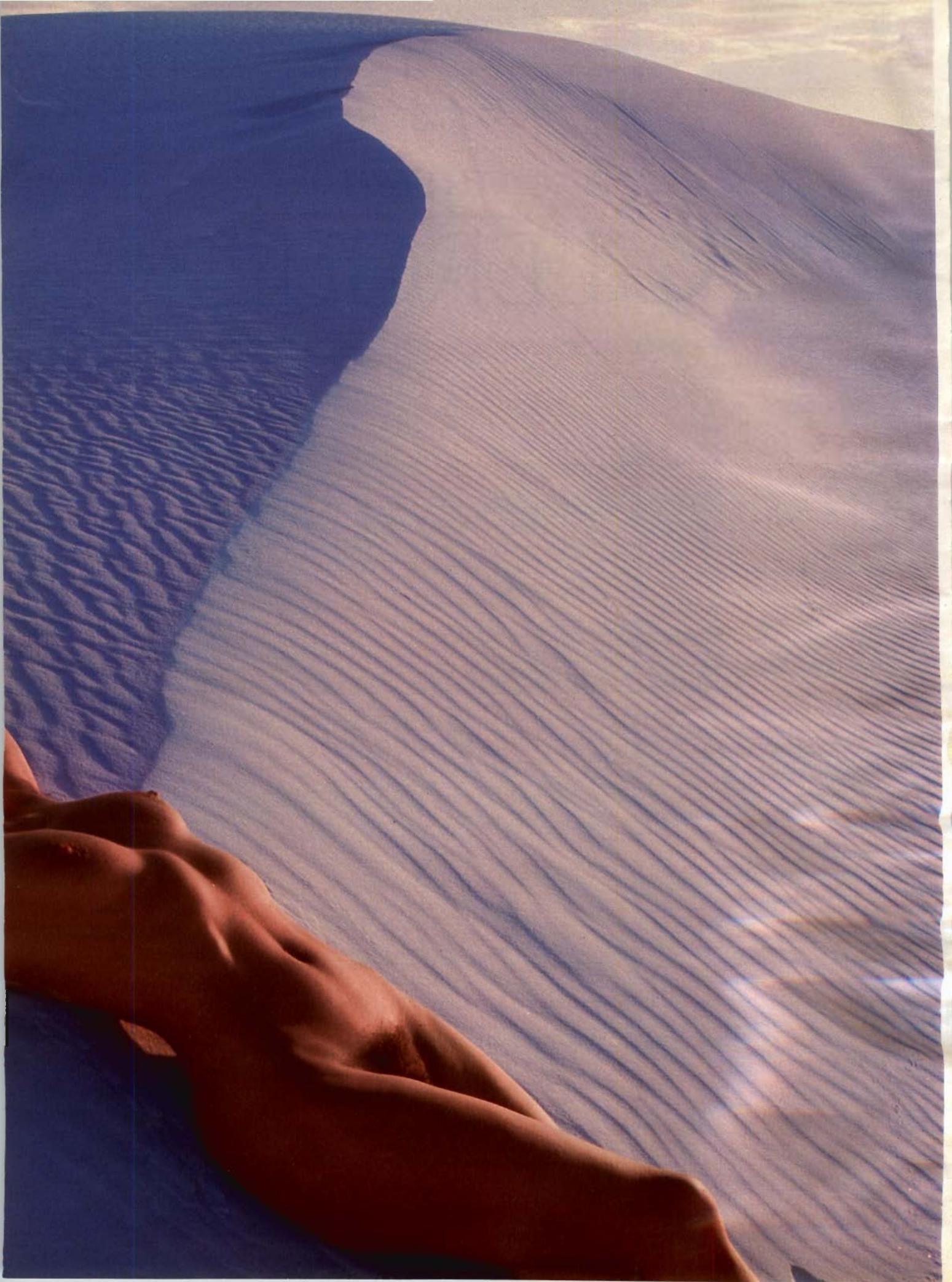


Lucien CLERGUE



A MODEL'S-EYE VIEW OF A HOT DAY
WITH A NOTED FRENCH PHOTOGRAPHER

Call me irresponsible, if you must. Lying out here on the hot, dry dunes of New Mexico's White Sands. A sky full of clouds the size of cathedrals. Just me and Lucien Clergue and Lucien's 35mm Minolta. No lights, no distractions and no noise. He likes to shoot in the silence. He says the desert helps him think. As for me, I'll do what he asks: Lie here, walk there. So quiet! So still! So hot! Is this bliss, or what?





W

hat is it about sun and sand that turns the mind to fantasy? Did Lucien have fantasies about photographing naked women in the desert when he was an accounting clerk for a French wine-and-cheese company, 30 years ago? I hope so. You can tell that he's a man with a head for figures. Now he travels the world, the desert worlds of New Mexico and Morocco, bringing life to his dreams—and mine. Yours, too, I hope.



Reach for the sky," he said, and I could almost touch it. And then: "Climb that tree." And I thought, What a ticklish proposition. All those silvery little leaves and trailing twigs. Lucien says the light in his home town of Arles may have worked wonders for its most famous resident, painter Vincent van Gogh, but for him the magic is out here, under the skies of New Mexico. Next year, the Sahara. Or is it the Gobi?





"I've been here eight years, and I've never noticed any difference between Democrats and Republicans."



I
AM NOT A
BIMBO

WILD,
WONDERFUL,
WACKY AND
OUTRAGEOUS

THE YEAR IN SEX

so long, 1987: you were truly one for the books



WE
ARE NOT
BIMBOS

PRAISE THE LORD AND PASS THE AMMUNITION

Jessica Hahn spilled the beans on Jim Bakker and helped topple his PTL empire; in *Playboy's* pages, she inadvertently launched the slogan of the year.

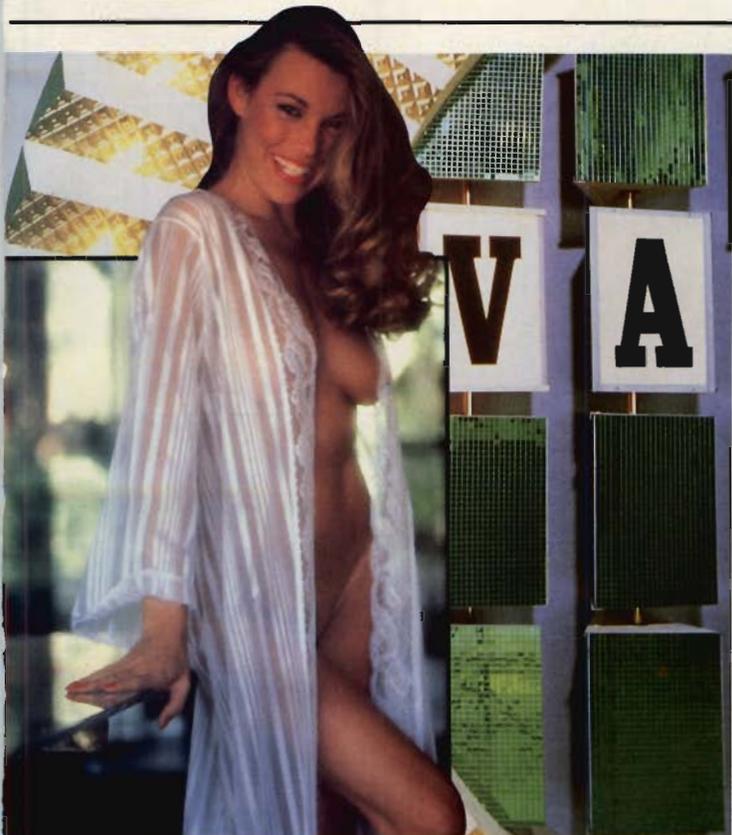
HITTING BELOW THE BIBLE BELT

In happier days, Tammy Faye Bakker and Karen Paxton posed in décolletage at a Florida carnival picture booth. That was before Karen learned that Tammy had been playing kissy-face with her then husband, singer Gary (*Monster Mash*) Paxton.



ENOUGH TO TURN A GUY'S HAIR WHITE

After hitting on Jessica, baby-faced Bakker aged fast when a couple of fellas said he'd gone for *them*.



LOVING THE SPIN SHE'S IN

Vanna White, everybody's favorite letterwoman, has signed a new five-year *Wheel of Fortune* contract, reportedly for \$5,000,000 (five times her previous salary). Just goes to show what appearing in *Playboy* can do for a girl's career.

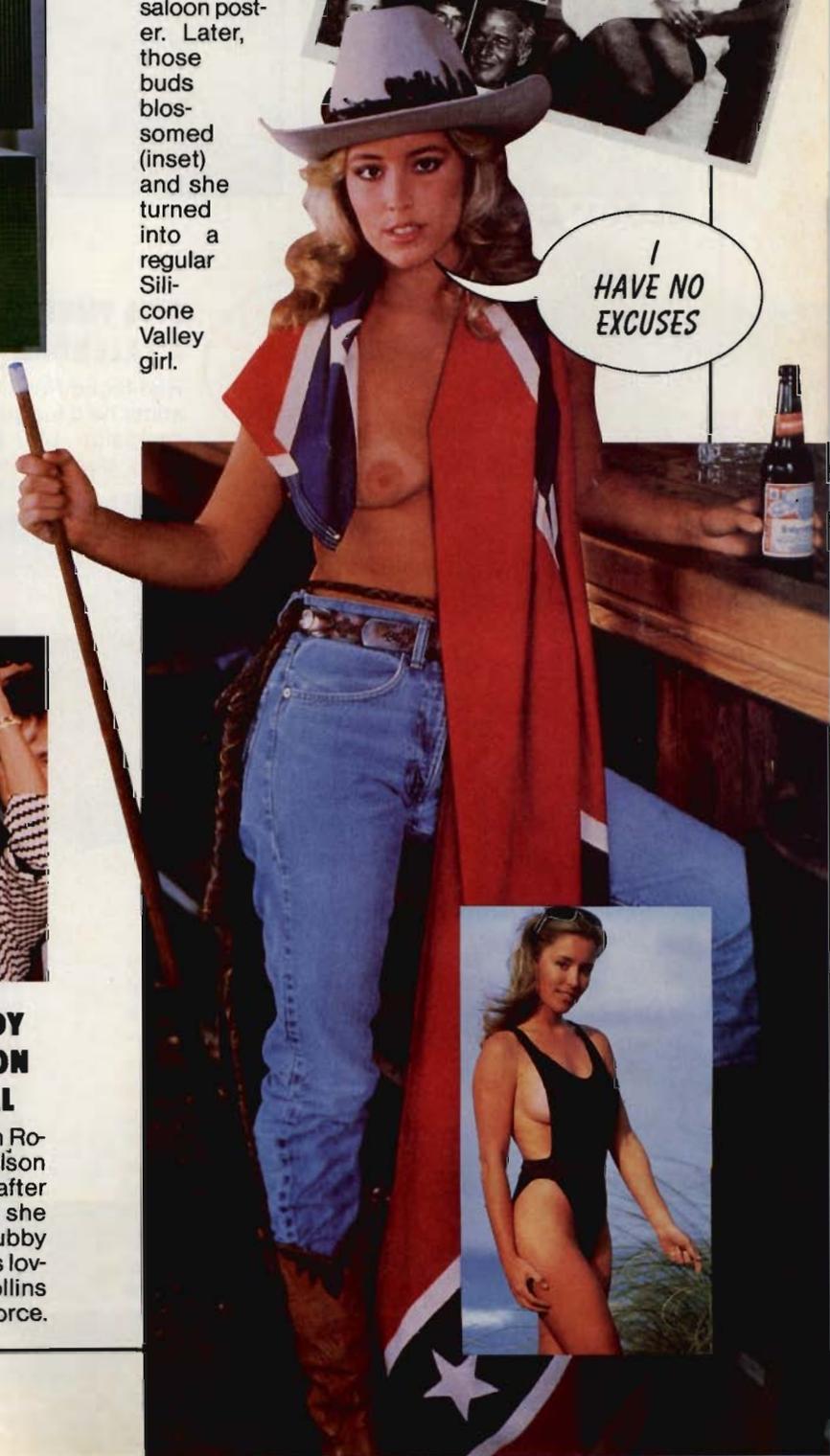
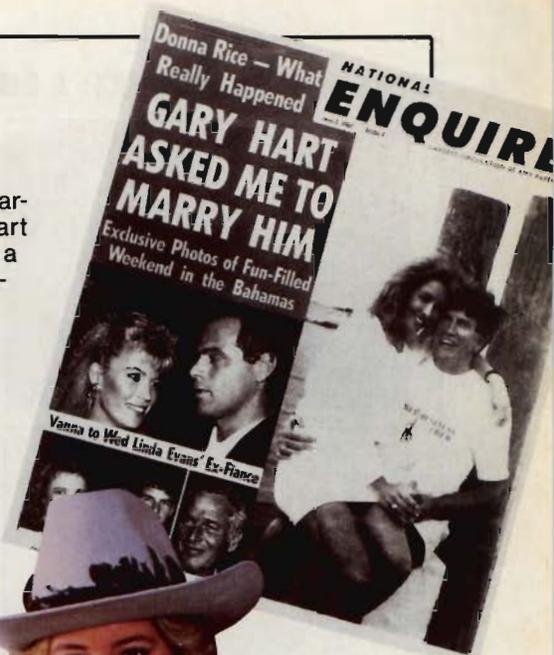


FAINT LADY NEVER WON FAIR TRIAL

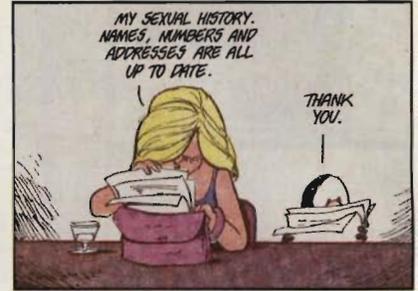
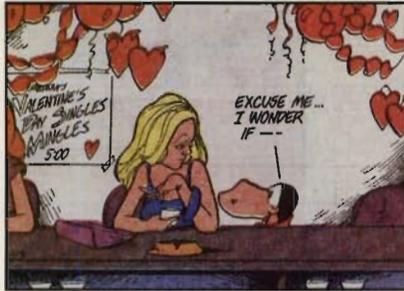
When buxom Romina Danielson passed out after testifying she had been hubby Peter Holm's lover, Joan Collins got her divorce.

GARY, THIS BUD'S FOR YOU

Before she parlayed her Hart stopper into a full-blown career in jeans ads, Donna Rice revealed less-than-overwhelming charms in a Florida saloon poster. Later, those buds blossomed (inset) and she turned into a regular Silicone Valley girl.

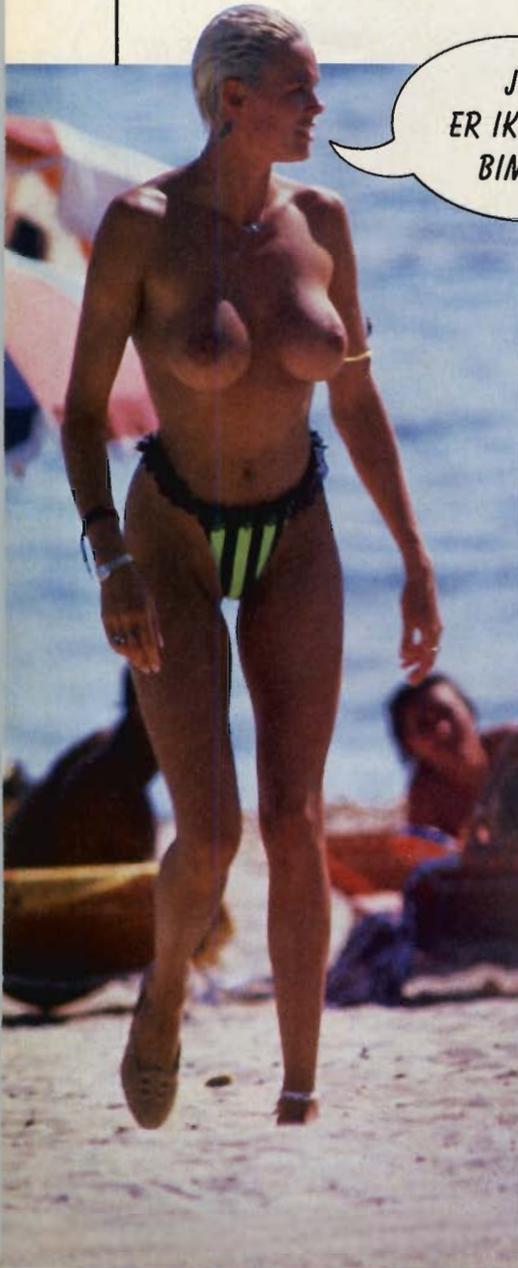


THE YEAR IN SAFE SEX: A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW



BLOOM COUNTY

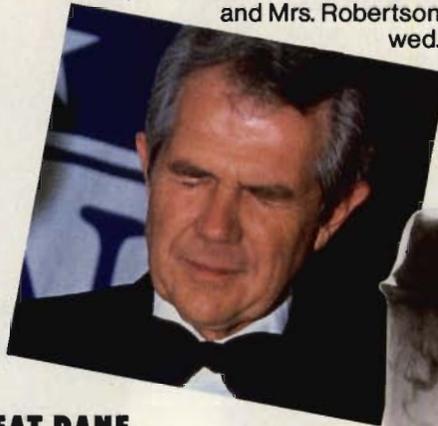
by Berke Breathed



JEG ER IKKE EN BIMBO

GIVE THAT MAN A CALENDAR

Red-faced Reverend Pat had to admit he'd fudged his issue in a campaign bio. Son Tim was really born ten weeks after he and Mrs. Robertson wed.



GREAT DANE UNLEASHED

One wild rumor after another surrounded the Brigitte Nielsen-Sylvester Stallone split. Was she monkeying around with her secretary? Her director? What woman would give up a body like Sly's? What man could give up *this* body?

BOX STITCH

A California jury recently awarded \$6,000,000 to a woman whose gynecologist husband sewed her vagina shut during surgery. She says he suspected her of infidelity; the doc claimed the sutures were a mistake.

ERECTION SET

The year's naughtiest band, the Beastie Boys, employed a hydraulic penis in stage shows.





CANDID TRANSIT

Copenhagen buses preach safe sex in many languages; e.g., Russian.

**IS THAT A
CONDOM IN YOUR
POCKET, OR ARE
YOU JUST HAPPY
TO SEE ME?**

Condom Etiquette's ties, garter belts and other items of apparel contain hidden pockets for prophylactics.



**QUEEN'S NUDE
GARDENER IS
SACKED**

*He stripped to mow lawns
Windsor Castle*



**ROYAL
CUTUP**

Windsor Castle gardener Terry Creedon, miffed by japes at his jeans, stripped and got canned.

**WE ALWAYS
SAID SHE WAS A
BALLSY BROAD**

Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher told the British magazine *Board Room* that she takes male hormones to preserve her body and spirit.



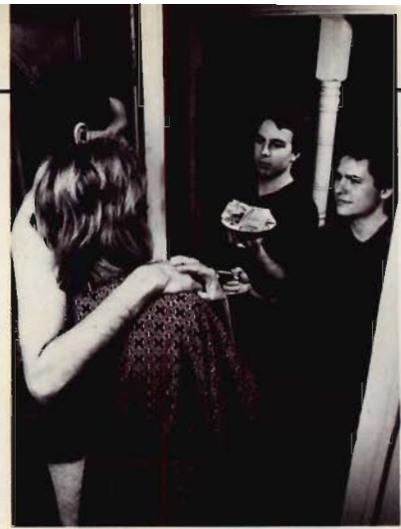
GO FCC YOURSELF

After the FCC chastised foul-mouthed talk-show host Howard Stern, 2000 fans—some clearly bosom buddies—rallied to his support in Manhattan's Dag Hammarskjöld Plaza.



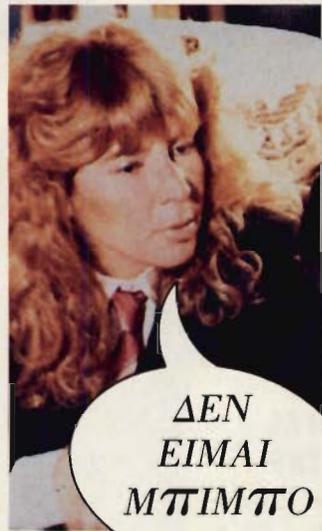
THE BIRDS AND THE BARES

Which comes first, the nudist or the egg? Here we have nesting terns vs. tanning sterns as naturists and conservationists do battle over some hot territory at Moonstone Beach, Rhode Island.



HOLD THE PEPPERONI

Enterprising University of Texas students started the Protection Connection, a condom-and-contraceptive-sponge delivery service with a 30-minute guarantee.



ΔΕΝ
ΕΙΜΑΙ
ΜΤΙΜΠΟ

TUSK, TUSK

Indonesian officials are reported to be considering a new attraction with which to lure more tourists: elephant-fucking shows.

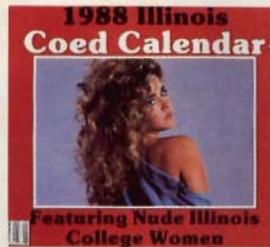


GIVE THAT MAN A CALENDAR

Jesse Jackson's first child was born just six and a half months after he and his wife Jacqueline were married.

BEWARE OF GREEKS BARING GIFTS

Will ex-stewardess Dimitra Liani become the Donna Rice to Greek prime minister Andreas Papandreou's Gary Hart? Stay tuned.



WORKING THEIR WAY THROUGH COLLEGE

More fun than sling-ing burgers: posing for Northern Illinois grad Frank Trebusak's coed calendar.

SAFE CRACKING

At Sherri Foxman's Safe Sex Cotillion in Cleveland, contestants broke condoms with mallets and Pogo sticks. The party was clearly a smash.





ROYAL BLUSH

As if rumors of a rift with Prince Charles weren't bad enough, Princess Di had to deal with Christina Hance, an impersonator who appears in a raunchy video. Buckingham Palace, said London tabloids, feared fans would believe that the real royal was having a Wales of a time in the blue flick.



GIVE THAT MAN A CALENDAR

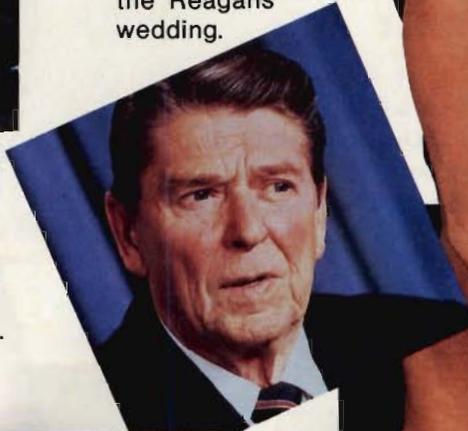
Patti weighed in (at seven pounds) seven and a half months after the Reagans' wedding.



JE
NE SUIS PAS
UNE BIMBO

SORRY, THEY DON'T DO WINDOWS

Almost Eden, a Tampa, Florida, outfit, will furnish servants for your next party—out of uniform.



OUR KIND OF CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE

This true Brit flashed number 10 Downing Street to protest her government's attempts to ban a spy's memoirs. Three cheers for full disclosure.

THIS LADY DOES DO WINDOWS!

The body politic: To get back at her ex-husband, an ultraconservative French party leader who had advised her to get a job, Pierrette Le Pen posed in and out of a maid's costume for the French edition of *Playboy*.



COS FOR ALARM?

Lisa Bonet, *The Cosby Show*'s Denise, raised brows by rutting with Mickey Rourke in *Angel Heart* and posing topless for *Interview* magazine.



10
NON SONO
BIMBO

AND NOW, THE AWARD FOR BEST SUPPORTING PROPHYLACTIC

Condoms came on strong in 1987 Hollywood. In *Amazon Women on the Moon*, one made it big.

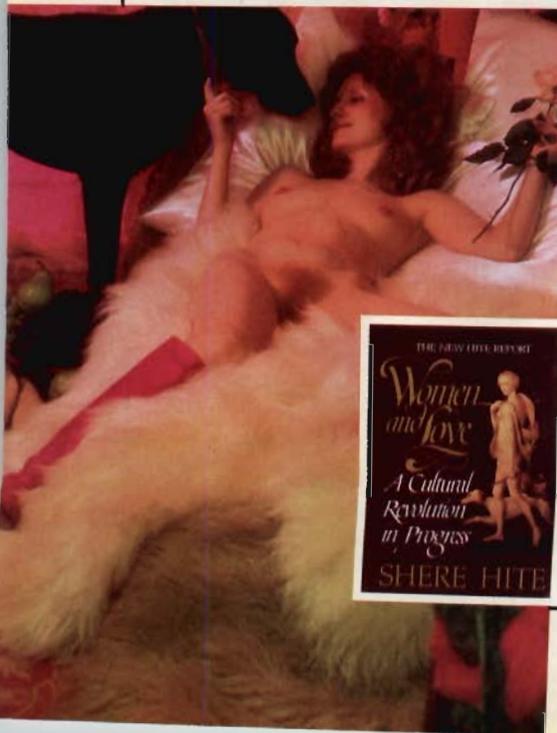


COCK-AND-BALLS STORY

Here's the cover of Urgent's new album, *Thinking Out Loud*, which just goes to show that perspective is everything.

WOMAN'S BEST FRIEND? A HITE REPORT

Shere's new book claims men infuriate women. Maybe the canine in the 1971 shooting Hite did for us was a more congenial companion.



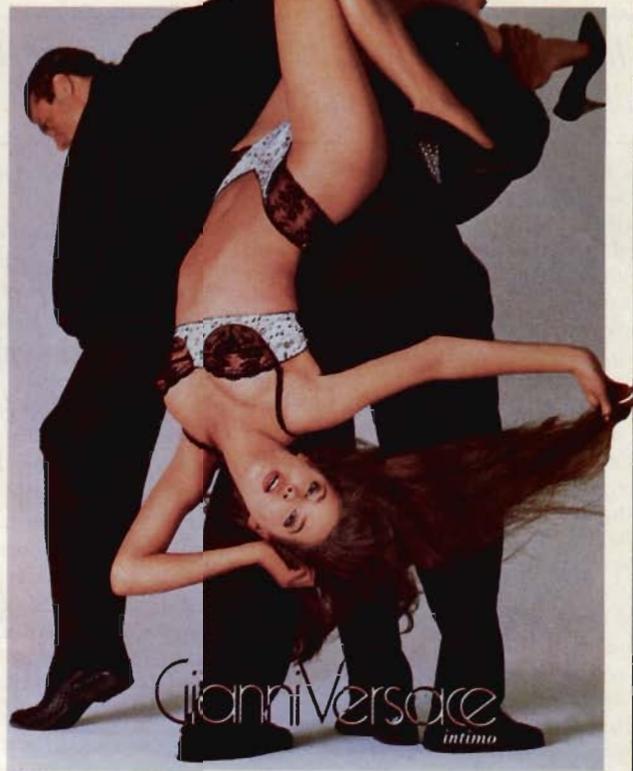
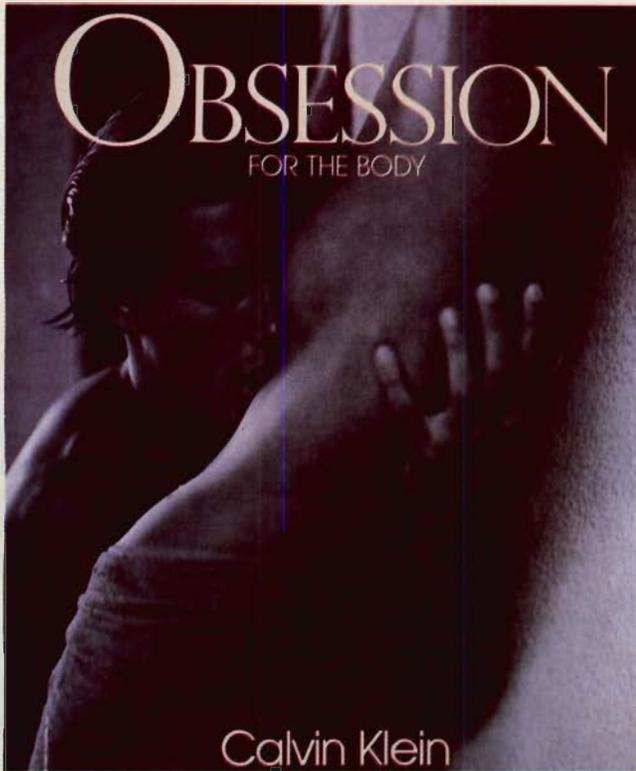
PREMATURE BURIAL

Last Christmas, the Dark Bros. sent us this wastebasket. They then quit the field—but Traci Lords, now of age, popped right back up.



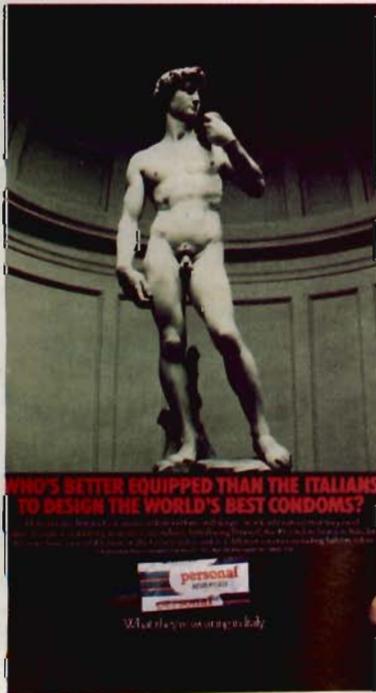
NOW, THAT'S ITALIAN!

Ilona Staller, best known to the electorate as porn star Cicciolina, delighted the world's press by conducting a let-it-all-hang-out campaign and winning a seat in Italy's parliament.



HARD SELLS

Rediscovering what sex can do for the bottom line, Madison Avenue is producing wonderfully wicked imagery to tout everything from perfume to condoms to running shoes. Cartoonist Garry Trudeau, spoofing the trend, ran into prudery: *Newsday's* editors yanked this *Doonesbury* strip.



TYSON THE TERRIBLE

(continued from page 122)

"There is something like the Alien inside Tyson, and he isn't the one who gets eaten."

from Dick Cavett, I left the television on and went into the kitchen for some Oreo cookies, which McGuire loves. If a Hell's Angel had given him an Oreo cookie, he'd be riding around on the back of a Harley right now.

Anyway, by the time I got back to the couch, Cavett was talking with Mike Tyson, dazzling him with that precious-twerp wit. And then Cavett, in as memorable an attack of little man's disease as I have ever seen, stood up, in front of a television audience that must have run into the thousands, and induced Tyson to try to hold on to his (Cavett's) wrists.

Tyson moaned. You could see he did not want to grab Dick Cavett's wrists; you could see he was embarrassed by what was happening.

Cavett insisted.

Tyson took his wrists.

"Now hold on," Cavett said.

Tyson held on.

Cavett made an oblique reference to his 80-some-year-old martial-arts instructor and then moved his arm against the place where Tyson's thumb met his fingers and pulled free. This, obviously, is invaluable stuff to anyone grabbed by the wrists on television and, just as obviously, means that hidden underneath the wonderful suit and all that wit is a very dangerous guy

who can probably handle himself with the ladies, too.

And I wondered, sitting there as McGuire finished the Oreos, what a 20-year-old kid made of rich little white guys who wanted him to hold on to their wrists, and decided to ask him.

I caught up with Mike Tyson a month or two later in Catskill, New York. It was two months before the fight with Bonecrusher Smith, his first day in the gym since taking the title from Berbick.

The gym had once been an auditorium, and Tyson was undressing in a room off to one side of the stage. Jeans, a sweat shirt, tennis shoes. I think there was an American flag in the corner. One of the truly horrifying things about Tyson is that in loose clothes, he looks pudgy, like somebody you might pick on in a bar. All right, that is not exactly all of it.

What is horrifying is the similarity to the movie *Alien*, in which Sigourney Weaver and a bunch of ordinary guys are sitting around having lunch in space when all of a sudden, one of them goes into convulsions and this awful thing eats its way out of his chest and leaves him lying there in his plate. I mean, you are just naturally terrified to find out somebody you might

know has something like that inside him.

And there is something like that inside Tyson, and he isn't the one who gets eaten.

Anyway, thoughts of pudginess disappear as he takes off his shirt. He is not the most muscular heavyweight I have seen, but there has never been another, at least to my knowledge, who carried as much muscle and could fight as long without seeming to tire. A lot of that is conditioning, of course, but a lot of it is simply a gift, like speed or natural power.

Tyson covers his chest and arms in grease and then slips into a black leotard. "I like this," he said. "It feels good."

I ask him then, while he's tying his boots, what it's like to grow up in the streets, get saved by Cus D'Amato and turned into a professional fighter, fight all the way to the top and knock out Trevor Berbick in two rounds for the title and then have Dick Cavett get up on national television and ask you to hold his wrists.

"That didn't bother me much," he said in that familiar soft voice. "I think they must pay him to act like that; I don't know why. There's always somebody wanting to tell you something about a fight they had—might go back to sixth grade. I don't pay too much attention. Or they tell you how bad they were, but their mother made them stop boxing. I don't know what to say to somebody like that. I don't even know for sure what they want.

"I'm a serious person, but I don't take this for more than it is. I like the fights themselves; I love that moment before it starts when you're scared and excited and you know it's time. The talk doesn't mean much. I'm not going to tell anybody how bad I am; I'll do that in the ring.

"And when I'm through in the ring, that's it. I'll find something else. You've got such a short time. You can't go around being the legendary champion because that's what people expect you to be."

That is one of the things that bother Tyson about his celebrity—the obligations to people he does not know. "Society puts these things on you," he said. "Some of them are saying you are insensitive to be part of this brutality; they don't know the first thing about who you are. At the same time, here are all these articulate people they look up to, sitting in the best seats at the fights. What's that about?"

"I do not see that I've got to be the focus of a bunch of bullshit. I do what I do. You will never hear anybody leaving this camp thinking anything bad about me. I don't try to hurt anybody in the gym; I leave the 16-ounce gloves on, even if somebody else is wearing 12s. I will always put myself at the disadvantage; that's when you learn.

"I have my fights, and people say things about them. About me. But you can't confuse that with what I am and what I do. Fighting is all I do, but I'm something else besides the fighter."

And somehow, that is at the core of things. Think of the heavyweights over the



"I'll have to go now. 'Wheel of Fortune' always makes Fred horny."

teeth are yellow; my left eye is black, I have mucus in both eyes; my hair is sticking to my neck; petroleum jelly is running down my forehead; and I am sweating like a pig. I don't look so bad. I don't understand it. While I have the mirror out, I may as well look at the backs of my thighs.

I've just seen the view. I may or may not be sitting on a brain-frying strip of a taro field on a hill above the village of Illunbil, about half a day from Munbil, close to the border. I can't see the village. I see the mountains. Here and there, mist. Three huts across the valley, a bush hut behind me. I am overlooking a garden of pineapples. My eyes won't focus. There is food growing around me. I can't move to get at it. Sali and Bickie have left me.

The walk may be over. My knee. The leg is swollen, the knee. The flesh on my feet has been eaten away. Sali and Bickie have left me here, in the sun. The sun! If there is one thing I loathe, it's the sun. The solar block I consume! I would inject it into my veins with the greatest pleasure.

Sali and Bickie are going to scout down to the village. Try to get some food. Find out where we are. They said they would be back before dark. I really can't move. I'm in the open out here. An easy shot. No water. I'm thirsty. I don't have much saliva left. . . . Wait—is my paranoia out of control, or is somebody actually calling my name? Sali?

Sali and Bickie are coming up the mountain. There is a procession behind them. Fifteen, 20 people. They are all carrying food. In a line. They have tremendous amounts of food. They are singing and beaming with kindness. There must be 30 or 40 of them. Bananas! Corn!

"How do you do?" I scream.

"Matches!" says Sali, laughing.

"Yes, give them the matches!" I shout. "Give them the beads! Give them my lighter! How do you do? Give them the entire backpack. Oh! Tobacco!"

I try to stand.

"Careful, Jean," says Sali softly.

"I'll be better by tomorrow!" I shout and drop to the ground.

The people stop in shock, daintily moving only their eyeballs. But their faces grow tender when they see my feet. They are tiny individuals, gold-red-brown-colored, elegant, reserved, the ladies in cloth skirts and the men wearing nose quills and penis gourds.

"I just arrive and tell them," says Sali, laughing. "And this lady here [pointing], she ran and get kaukau."

"I'm so glad!"

I reach up and shake the lady's hand with such force, her entire tiny little gold person vibrates.

We have arrived at Munbil. There is an airstrip, nine or ten huts, a short-wave radio and an aid-post hut run by a Telefomin tribesman named Robin.

Sali refuses to go on to the border. So

does Bickie. I have offered Sali the pack and the tent. He still refuses to go on. We are in Robin's hut, negotiating. The villagers are standing quietly outside. Robin says no men will go, because of the curse on the river. I walk over to the door of the hut and shout outside.

"Anybody want to go to the border? Sixty kina!"

The people step backward and gape at me, a mammoth female, red as a crab, in a turd-green dress, smelling of rotting flesh, smeared with petroleum jelly and shouting, "The border! Sixty kina! Big bucks! You're all extremely good-looking! Sixty kina!"

A handsome little man with a red headband, red earrings, cane calf bracelets, a nose quill and a bathing suit with red and blue flags on it holds both his hands on his forehead in shocked contemplation.

"They're not jumping at the offer," I say to Sali, laughing.

Naturally, I am filled with spite at Sali.

"I am thinking of my life, see?" says Sali. He is all dressed up. He and Bickie have groomed each other and pinched the lice out of their hair, and Sali has taken the butterfly dust off his face and is wearing the blue-and-white shirt I gave him.

"The bridge is not good," he says. "The river is high. It is bad weather."

He is wearing a pair of boots. I have never seen his feet covered before. He is sitting across the hut beside Robin, carving an arrow point with a *cuz cuz* jaw.

"But, Sali!" I cry. "Think of the adventure! Think how much money you and Bickie will have! Chicken day in and day out! Cigarettes! Survival knives! Lighters! Sanitary napkins for your wives! My God! Plus the pack!"

Sali shakes his head.

"It won't save my life, you see."

A long look passes between us.

"Oh, Sali," I say.

"We will get on the radio and call Telefomin," says Robin. "You are very strange to us, Jeanie. There are enemy across the river. The plane will come on the meadow and take you back."

By habit, I glance back at the man in whom I still have boundless faith.

"Give it up, Jean," says Sali.

The radio is not ready, because it runs on solar energy. "We wait for it to get heat," says Robin.

I step up and take a long look.

"Can we build a fire under it?" I say.

The village leader, Amos, a short, powerfully built man, comes with his bow and arrows to sit in Robin's hut with us. He makes his wife stay outside and settles down beside me. He nods to Sali with respect, then fixes his eyes on my legs.

"He say he glad to see you come here safe," says Robin.

"Thank you."

"But he say one thing," says Robin.

"What?"

"He say you got a lot of sores on your body."

"Oh!" I say, laughing.

"That is thing he really worried about."

"It's OK."

"He say to get a man and stop running around in the bush like a crazy person."

I am sulking in my tent. Should I describe the village? On high cliffs, above a fast river, at the end of a meadow, surrounded by high, jungly mountains, thick air, a power of tranquillity about it, quiet, beautiful. It is getting on my nerves. I have found primitive man. Now what? Do I



"I feel timeless," I say to her. "I feel blessed." "I came nine times," she replies.

Her eyes widen, her jaw drops. "Ah, you recognize it?" I ask. "You're standing on my foot," she says. "I'm sorry." "No. I've never seen it before," she says. "Never?" "Never," she says. "I don't think you're of noble birth at all."

I frown. She comforts me with a kiss on the emblem and pats the bench for me to sit down again.

I sit close to her so that our shoulders touch. "Tell me about you," I say.

She sighs. "I was twelve," she says. "The Pharaoh won my liberty, my virginity and the rights to my father's diamond mine in a game of seven-card stud."

"A mine is a terrible thing to waste," I say, covering my mouth.

She brushes her graceful hand across my sun-bronzed cheek. I brush my hand across her cheek. What communication.

"You're so gentle," she says, "and yet so strong. How do you do it?"

I've never thought about that. Is it genetics? A childhood of splitting logs bare-handed while listening to Bach? I find the question interesting and am prevented from putting more thought into it only because the queen has begun to take her clothes off. She rises and turns to face me. She takes her time. Each article that falls reveals tantalizing curves that surpass in beauty any I have ever imagined. I am mesmerized, trapped in observation mode. I feel a surge of passion as the blood leaves my brain and goes straight to my head. Finally, she stands naked before me, hands on her hips, her weight evenly distributed in a proud, defiant stance. She smiles daringly, tosses her head back in a play of youth and exuberance and shamelessly displays her delicious body. She runs her hands slowly from her shoulders to her firm breasts, across her rib cage and stomach, to the triangle of her downy pubic hair, which she frames with her thumbs and index fingers as her hands come to rest on her pale inner thighs. She gazes deep into me. Her mouth quivers ever so slightly, and she whispers:

"Now what do you wanna do?"

Her words are barely audible over the sound of my pulse.

The queen and I spend the next three hours raising the roof, lowering the floor and knocking out the walls. We act out our fantasies and share our secrets, making love in the way only a queen and a blue-collar worker can.

At the end of the luscious hours, we lie in a daze in each other's arms, wrapped in blankets and warm thoughts.

"I feel timeless," I say to her. "I feel blessed, transcendent, as though I have tapped a source of infinite energy and wisdom unrelated to the mundane world. Do you know what I mean, my love?"

She weighs my words thoughtfully. "I came nine times," she replies.

We hear a terrible pounding noise. Max, the foreman, breaks down the door and bursts in. He wields a giant saber and slices the air with it.

"Ah-ha!" he bellows. "I knew it."

"Good for you, schmuck," I say, already on my feet, though without a stitch of clothing to cover me. The queen cowers under the blankets.

"When the Pharaoh finds out about this!" yells Max.

"Get out of here, Max," I say. "You're spoiling the mood."

He lunges at me with the saber. I jump aside, grab one of the blankets and hurl it over him like a net. I miss him completely; the blanket sails softly to the floor.

"So you're gonna play tough," says Max sarcastically.

"You'd attack a naked, unarmed man, Max?"

"Yes!" he says.

He raises the sword and charges. I let loose the loudest scream I've ever heard and counterattack faster than Max can comprehend. My fists rain down on his face; I wrench the sword from his grasp; I throw him to the floor and kick him in the ribs. Standing over him, my foot on his chest, I hold the point of the saber to his throat.

The queen is impressed.

"Now what do you have to say, Max?" I ask.

Max spits straight up at my face, but he can't spit that far, and the gooey stuff falls back down and lands in his left eye.

Gravity strikes again.

The next day, the queen banishes Max before he can get word to the Pharaoh. She secures for me the position of apprentice to the court architect. I begin work on an inverted pyramid with sauna, weight room, suntan booths, indoor tennis courts, indoor golf course—for an afterlife of recreation and stunning good health.

The queen and I contemplate running away together. But I enjoy being a court architect, and she enjoys being queen of the most powerful and advanced civilization on the planet, and those two jobs would be tough to land in the next county.

We contemplate murdering the Pharaoh and sliding him into that wonder-of-the-world crypt. But our hearts won't let us commit the dastardly act.

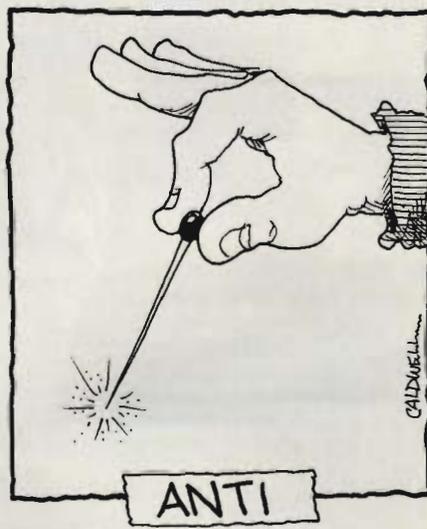
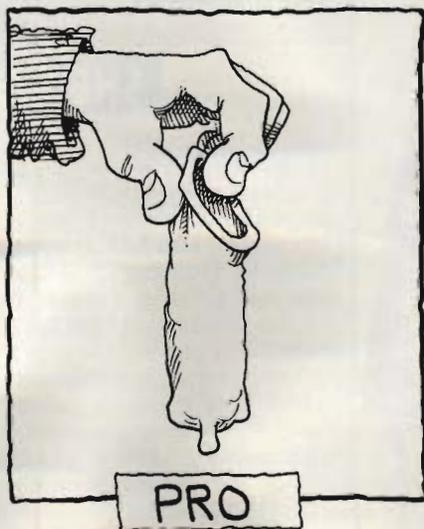
We contemplate calling the whole thing off and going back to our old roles. But then she brushes her hand across my cheek. And I brush my hand across her cheek. And we spend the night in a wild marathon of sexual abandon. Later, in the afterglow, we challenge each other intellectually by exchanging provocative viewpoints on great works of literature. If our discussion reaches a stalemate, we can invite Moo in to stimulate us with additional considerations.

Months pass. The old Pharaoh grows ill. Attended by nurses, physicians and state-licensed spiritual consultants, he makes practically no demands on his wife.

The queen and I are young. We have hope, health and beautiful white teeth. And we have love. When we hold each other tight and dance the tango at Farukka-Hoo's, nothing else matters in the world.



UNDERSTANDING PHYLECTICS....



FAST FORWARD

W

ACKO

So tell us about your parents, Gilbert. "Well, my father's actual name is Adolf, but his friends call him Buck. Buck Gottfried." Do you think you'll ever have children? "I'd have to achieve an erection first." How was your childhood? "I wasn't an unhappy child," he explains. "I'm an unhappy adult." While **Gilbert Gottfried**, 32, is not very forthcoming during interviews, at least he's very funny. And he does divulge this much: He's Jewish, he's close to his mother, he's good-hearted and robustly eccentric. He is also the odds-on favorite to be this year's most talked-about comic. The credentials are all in place: the obligatory cable special, an album released ("I was thinking of calling it *Sgt. Pepper*," he says, but apparently chose *Gilbert Gottfried Naturally*); he pops up all over TV and is a major draw on the comedy-club circuit. Not everything, of course, has been a hit. "I tried to play the Catskills," he complains, "but they think I'm too Jewish."

—LAURA FISSINGER

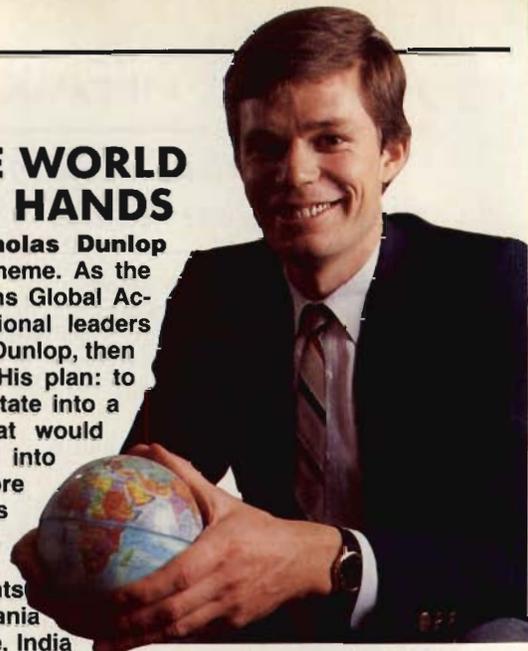


GEORGE LANGE

THE WORLD IN HIS HANDS

It was in 1981 that **Nicholas Dunlop** hatched his ambitious scheme. As the director of Parliamentarians Global Action, a group of international leaders opposed to nuclear arms, Dunlop, then 24, decided to up the pressure. His plan: to organize half a dozen heads of state into a high-level antinuclear group that would "shock the nations of the world into taking nuclear disarmament more seriously." Considering Dunlop's age and his limited financing, his goal was audacious at best. But three years later, the presidents of Mexico, Argentina and Tanzania and the prime ministers of Greece, India and Sweden delivered a joint statement urging the superpowers to halt the arms race. Recently, the six world leaders moved beyond their original declaration, calling for a comprehensive nuclear-testing ban and offering to monitor it themselves. The next step, Dunlop hopes, is for the leaders to serve as negotiators between the world's two nuclear giants, the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. If that seems unlikely, remember the quixotic nature of Dunlop's original quest. "All you need to achieve difficult things in politics is a certain amount of nerve," he points out. "The key thing is not to be afraid of being laughed at."

—RONALD BROWNSTEIN



BRITAIN HILL



BERNO FRIEDMAN

SHE'S ON THE BALL

When she was seven years old, she shot pool on *I've Got a Secret*. At 13, she was the Women's U.S. Open Pocket Billiards *champion*—the youngest national champ in American sports history. *She* challenged, and smoked, the legendary Willie Mosconi. Since then, Brooklyn's **Jean Balukas**, 28, has won nine more U.S. Open titles, five Women's Professional Billiard Association titles and, in her spare time, has taken on the best male players in the world. "There were a lot of bad attitudes from the men at first," recalls Balukas. "But I won matches. I proved I was a legitimate competitor." She abhors the sleazeball image movies such as *The Color of Money* project of her game. "We need corporate sponsorship, and to get that, we will have to clean up our image. A lot of the bigger tournaments are now asking players to wear tuxedos. I like that," she says. "There's a company that plans to make very feminine silk tuxedos, and I'm going to be the first in line."

—KEVIN COOK



JAMES SCHINEPF

HARD ROCK 'N' ROLL

Los Angeles has more than its share of hip eateries, most of which are as known for their limited life spans as for their fickle Brat Pack clientele. **Peter Morton** has created the most notable exception. His Hard Rock Cafe not only endures, it's successful enough to survive transplantation. Morton, 40, now rules over five new Hard Rocks, from Honolulu to Chicago, with two more restaurants set to open later this year. (The ones in New York, Dallas, London and Stockholm are now owned by a former partner.) Each branch is maniacally noisy and has an ambience Morton describes as "the Smithsonian Museum of Rock 'n' Roll," with rock artifacts lining the walls. In such a setting, the Hard Rock's biggest surprise is the food—classic American fare such as chicken, ribs, chili and burgers—which is good enough to impress even the most jaded critic. "It's probably better food than it has to be," admits Morton. "We've got high standards."

—MERRILL SHINDLER

S FIRE POWER

he is, as they say, "one of Hollywood's fastest-rising young actresses." And **Meg Ryan**, so she says, is confident that she can avoid the ultimate show-business trap. "Going Hollywood has to do with what you drive, the size of your entourage and where you have dinner. Power lunches are not happening for me." Ryan, 26, parlayed a three-day role as the wife of Tom Cruise's buddy in *Top Gun* into starring roles in *Innerspace* ("I got to kiss Dennis Quaid and Martin Short at the same time"), the upcoming *D.O.A.* and *Promised Land*, in which she plays her dream role, a tattooed, pink-haired prostitute. "I'm sexy sometimes," she says, "but I'm never going to be a glamor puss. I'm comfortable with people treating me like a goon." Her stint on the New York-based soap *As the World Turns* armed her with an East Coast get-it-done work ethic that has served her well. "If you have the ethic instilled in you and you apply it to L.A. culture, you can get anything done," she maintains. However, she's quick to point out that she's not always like the upbeat, charming characters she plays. "I'm really a very dark soul who reads Jean-Paul Sartre," she says, smiling. "I've seen every one of the *Friday the 13th* movies. It's a vice of mine."

—ROBERT CRANE



BONNIE SCHIFFMAN

WHY SPY?

(continued from page 105)

"Why not make it a show trial? A tremendous idea! The trial of the CIA. Oh my, it was beautiful!"

Senator from Connecticut and was for a term national chairman of Americans for Democratic Action. No man since Morris Abram landed at Brandeis University in 1968 as president has had a more pronounced career as a liberal activist—but this was the man who called the cops.

When 40 or 50 cops, dressed to endure the kind of punishment students on the march can mete out, began dragging out the trespassers, little did they know what they were initiating. Some of the students struggled to free themselves; some went limp; others preferred the tumescent body posture that requires police escorts to handle them as they would a coffin. As they were being stuffed into the buses, a 19-year-old sophomore was standing by, watching, dressed in her Army fatigue jacket, on the prowl for peace and justice.

The lightning was friendly that day: Amy Carter and her two companions were struck by opportunity. They promptly lay down on the road, preventing the police buses from moving. The obstructers

were in due course shoveled up by the police, added to the live cargo in the rear and driven off to jail. There, the 60 who had occupied the building were arraigned, charged with trespassing (the lesser of available charges: They could have been charged with attempts to violate civil rights). Amy and her friends were charged with disorderly conduct (they could have been charged with obstructing justice). Both charges being misdemeanors, the defendants were permitted to leave the police office without bail. A crowd of 100 cheered those who were now "The Defendants." The Defendants *vs.* The Plaintiffs—the military-industrial complex' spy division.

When students do that kind of thing, college officials usually don't get around to pressing charges. But Joe Duffey saw himself here defending the civil rights of other students, including their right to hear CIA representatives. And so, suddenly it was whispered about: *There would be a trial!*

Why not—the defendants reacted—make it a show trial? A tremendous idea! In-

stead of a trial documenting misdemeanors by students engaged in occupying public quarters in a university building, and of other students obstructing policemen in the discharge of their duties, the whole thing would be transmogrified into the trial of the CIA. Oh my, it was beautiful!

The defendants got Leonard Weinglass as chief counsel. He was the man who had defended the seven people charged by the fascists in Chicago, after the Democratic Convention of 1968, with having conspired against the civil rights of those gathered to nominate *somebody*, for God's sake, to oppose Richard Nixon for President. . . . Yes, the same great Weinglass who had successfully defended the Chicago Seven agreed to take on the defense of Amy Carter and her compatriots. And—it was becoming too good to be true—it just happened that among the arraigned protesters was Abbie Hoffman, and do you know where Abbie Hoffman was 19 years ago? *He was one of the Chicago Seven!*

The protesters would now need a defense committee to raise funds, and a lot of publicity.

And they would need expert witnesses.

Expert witnesses to prove what? Nobody denied that some of the defendants had seized a public building and that the others had obstructed the police in the performance of their duties. No—all that would be stipulated. The defendants would argue their innocence under the Massachusetts law called the necessity defense. That, in a paraphrase of the judge's instructions to the jury published in *The New York Times*, is "a tenet of Massachusetts case law that exonerates people who commit crimes if they reasonably believe that their actions will prevent other crimes that pose the 'clear and immediate threat' of greater harm." By interdicting any intercourse between CIA personnel and students at the University of Massachusetts, the defendants would abort efforts by an organization presumptively engaged in murder, torture, arson and rape to fertilize the aggressive eggs that lie in the dark areas of the human brain even of students who attend the University of Massachusetts. Thus, students were being saved from lives of aggressive debauchery. The court would be convinced that Amy et al. had been guilty of crossing a red light but only in order to prevent a busload of school children from driving off the road.

The judge was asked, by motion of the prosecutor, Diane Fernald, to deny the "experts" summoned by the defense any access to the witness stand. What does their testimony about the CIA have to do with the questions before the house? she asked. All that the state of Massachusetts is contending is that these defendants seized a public building and deprived other students of their rights. We are not here, the prosecutor said, in effect, to try the CIA, or the FBI, or the Hitler-Stalin Pact, or the Donation of Constantine; we are here to ask punishment for these people



"Well, now. That was a pleasant evening."

we are not at war?

It is wrong.

Is it right, or is it wrong, to risk an event that might trigger a nuclear war?

It is wrong.

What happens when you cannot abide by the second rule, save by violating the first?

Give me an example.

OK. A CIA agent reports that Colonel Idi Amin has got himself a nuclear bomb and that he plans to dispatch it at midnight, on a low-flying bomber, and to drop it on Jerusalem. That agent also reports that, at the crucial moment, at the airport, he can fix the cross hairs of his rifle on the head of Colonel Amin. Question: Does Washington tell him to pull the trigger?

If the question were put to a President Winston Churchill, my guess is that he would say two things: (1) Fire. (2) Don't ever ask me to write a rulebook about when you may and when you may not order the assassination of the head of a state with which you are not at war.

The easiest way to handle the problem

of covert action is to say, "Don't do it." George Kennan takes the position that covert action, if there is the risk that it will not succeed in staying covert, is better off not being undertaken in the first instance; and that point is seductive. Especially in the shadow of the incredible Iran arms deal. The problem with it is that it fails to account comprehensively for the immediate good that can be done by covert action, even if subsequently uncovered. Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., tries to put it all in the subjunctive mood by introducing his postulate with the qualifier "One may begin to wonder whether"—one may begin to wonder whether what?—"the troubles [intelligence agencies] cause are not greater than the benefits they bring." One may begin to wonder, except perhaps when sitting in that Pan Am plane and seeing two hijackers led off by the police. Or when one receives word from an intelligence agency, as John F. Kennedy did (with Schlesinger right there in the White House), that one half of the nuclear resources of the Soviet Union had been

transported to Cuba and would be ready to fire in ten days. Would we not have been safer if we had known of it two weeks—a month? Two months?—earlier: known about this cosmic development through alert spying within the Soviet Union?

It is very hard for many Americans to remember that the safety of the republic depends on our knowledge of two things. The first, the knowledge of Soviet capabilities, is comparatively easy to establish—though this, to be sure, is not accomplished without the spying regularly done by our satellite surveillance system. We used to call such creatures Peeping Toms. And in the U-2 phase of our Peeping Toms, we even denied (President Eisenhower simply lied about it) that we were engaged in monitoring Soviet skies. That episode, in 1960, disrupted a summit conference in Paris, and Ike promised Khrushchev he wouldn't do it again. But, in effect, his fingers were crossed. He had been told—by the CIA—that the U-2s were no longer necessary over the Soviet Union, that our new satellites could do the same job at no risk. But the U-2s continued to do valuable service. It was they that discovered the Soviet missiles in Cuba and, conceivably, aborted a nuclear war.

We have resourceful means of ascertaining Soviet capabilities, and the bipartisan emphasis recently placed on verification as a part of any disarmament treaty underlies the importance we attached to a sure knowledge of Soviet capabilities.

But having established that the Soviet Union has the capability of killing about 150,000,000 Americans in a half hour, what then do we want to know? The answer to that, of course, is, *We want to know about Soviet intentions. We haven't yet figured out a way for the CIA to administer a truth drug to Gorbachev, but if we could do so and learn exactly what his intentions are, would Amy object?*

The importance of spying is manifest. So are the risks. And those risks are magnified by the differences between the culture of darkness, the culture of the totalitarian state, and *that of the free state.* A Pentagon report in 1985 concluded that spying is so easy for employees of most military-contracting companies that "a supermarket employee may encounter far more difficulty stealing a loaf of bread." The consequences of such indifference to spying are as heavy as the Soviet Union's developing and exploding an atomic bomb in 1949, by reason of its own spying and that committed on its behalf by American and British scientists. That by nature we incline toward defenselessness doesn't mean that we should be complacently defenseless. "Americans just can't get it through their heads that the Soviets will do anything to spy on us."

That was a recent comment by Admiral Stansfield Turner. He used to be head of the CIA, appointed to that position by Amy's dad.



"Watch out for swappers—we're in enough trouble already."

HAROLD WASHINGTON (continued from page 127)

that pull masses of people up from the muck on the bottom and put them in the middle class.

8.

PLAYBOY: You've displayed a remarkable ability to retain your composure while being roundly attacked by your opponents. Give us a list of words that a politician can use to describe his enemies without losing his dignity.

WASHINGTON: Well, the first word that often comes to mind is ingrates. I use this for guys who, everything they have, every dime they own, they've gotten by virtue of their being public officials. Then they turn around and, by their resistance to change, hurt the system that made them rich. The second phrase that comes to mind is monumental nuisances. This refers to little men, carrying too much power for their size, who try to grapple with problems that they aren't intellectually equipped to deal with. And then there are *haters*—politicians who don't know the difference between battling within the rules of government and letting things carry out to their natural conclusions, and being destructive. Haters are guys who are willing to tear up their city, state or nation just to make somebody look bad. How do you describe people like that? Monumentally stupid.

9.

PLAYBOY: How about those Bears?

WASHINGTON: [Laughs] It's my duty to preserve all that which is vintage Chicago, and I intend to do that with the Bears. But, to tell you the truth, I'm an old Chicago Cardinals fan. When the Cardinals left in 1960, I just about died. But seriously, the Bears are a great team and a model of excellence, and we're going to do everything we can to keep them here. They need a new stadium, and we're going to try to provide one. But we're not going to sacrifice the well-being of citizens to do it. We're not going to push people off their land and not take care of them.

10.

PLAYBOY: Have you noticed that Chicago Bears safety Dave Duerson looks like a younger version of you? He has intimated that when he leaves football, he'd like to get into politics. Do you have any advice for him?

WASHINGTON: Hmm. I've watched him on TV; he does that antidrug ad, you know. He's certainly very charismatic. But I never noticed that he looked like me. My advice to him is, work at it. Get in at the grass-roots level. Don't try to come in on top. Too many people with big names try to get into politics on the top level, and if they do, they're lost.

11.

PLAYBOY: You used to be a track star, a pretty good amateur middleweight boxer;

now you're continually fighting the battle of the bulge. How did you get into this shape and what are you doing about it?

WASHINGTON: I've never been so fat, uh, overweight before. I'd always been in pretty good shape. Then, what with my schedule, I began to eat later and later, until finally, I was eating four-course meals before I went home and went to bed. And then I stopped jogging. The combination of little exercise and food made me gain weight. But I'm on a diet now—one meal a day. No sweets. Cottage cheese, raw vegetables, chicken and fish. It's like a diet I went on 20 years ago. If you stick with it, the weight just falls off you. I have a park right across the street; I have an exercise bike, a bicycle, all that stuff. I won't have any problem taking the weight off. I'd say in two months, I'll be down from the 245 I weigh now to 215. Of course, you look at a weight chart and that's still too much. The charts might say 175, but, hell, I was born weighing that.

12.

PLAYBOY: Some black economists, most notably Thomas Sowell, have identified the welfare system as an important factor in the cycle of urban black poverty. What's your prescription for breaking the welfare chain?

WASHINGTON: Granted that the welfare system, with all of its accouterments, isn't by far the best we could have, but to dismantle it would be totally inhumane. We've got to improve upon it, tinker with it. Improve the delivery service; knock out the schlocks, both public and private, who might be profiting from it; cut down on administrative costs; and put people who misuse the program in jail. Eventually, you've got to move toward something like a guaranteed wage. The Sowells of the world are the beneficiaries of affirmative action, brilliant men pulled up out of the bowels of society, sent to Ivy League schools. They've mastered all this stuff and now are using it to turn against the very people they should be helping. They're naysayers. They, and others like them, white and black, are forgetting from whence they came.

13.

PLAYBOY: Does Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan's welfare-reform proposal hold any hope for you?

WASHINGTON: I'm not familiar with all the details of it, but he's moving in the right direction, because he's opening up the area for discussion so that other minds can travel on the subject. One thing about Moynihan is that he's not afraid to throw things into the public debate. Sometimes I don't like his nomenclature, but he always talks these things out, and that's good.

14.

PLAYBOY: The nomination of Robert Bork to the Supreme Court produced a lot of

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flak, and you were clearly not one of his supporters. If you had the power to nominate the next Supreme Court Justice, what would his qualifications have to be?

WASHINGTON: Well, if you're looking for a black candidate, finding a person like Thurgood Marshall, an activist lawyer, isn't that hard to do. But generally, my prerequisites for a Supreme Court Justice, whether that person be black or white, are a certain amount of erudition and training, an open mind and a record that illustrates his or her commitment to certain fundamental American principles, particularly those rearticulated in the Voting Rights Act and a whole line of legal decisions that empowered blacks and other minorities insofar as civil rights and civil liberties are concerned. Above all, the person would have to be devoted to the idea of the separation of powers—not as just some philosophical nicety but because separation of powers makes sure that our liberties are safeguarded—and not just extol the ideas of the Executive branch.

15.

PLAYBOY: President Reagan is noted for his afternoon naps. Do you ever take naps?

WASHINGTON: Not by design. Oh, well, I suppose that isn't exactly true. I cat-nap, but I don't go to bed. Sometimes, in the back seat of my car, when I'm being driven from one place to another, I doze for four or five minutes. I'm the kind of person who can relax *totally*, at a moment's notice,

in the middle of a crisis. One of the things people around me used to joke about was that if I got into the car to go, say, from 79th to 22nd Street, I'd usually be asleep before we got to 75th Street.

16.

PLAYBOY: There are large numbers of white voters who still can't accept the fact that Chicago has a black mayor. Do you think Dr. Martin Luther King's dream will ever come true in Chicago?

WASHINGTON: In my lifetime? No way, José. One of the reasons that my last campaign was as simple as it was was that the opposition couldn't generate the kind of scalding hate that existed the first time I ran for mayor, in 1983. It wouldn't sell, because people knew that the things my opponents said about me weren't true. They couldn't call me a racist trying to run white folks out of town, because there was no evidence for it. They couldn't say I was bad for business, because we stabilized business. They couldn't say we were going to be unfair to white neighborhoods, because that wasn't true. But still, I don't think I'll ever be totally accepted as mayor; or, to put it another way, I think that race will always be a factor. But the animus will die out. Or, to put it yet another way, the cat will leave, but the smile will stay.

17.

PLAYBOY: It has been said that fame is the best aphrodisiac. As one of the best-known

mayors in the nation, have you found that to be true?

WASHINGTON: It's a heart-warming experience; I kid you not. Wherever I go, when I see black women, you know what they say? No matter how young or how old they are, no matter how tired they are, they say, "I'm prayin' for you." It's amazing. And no matter where I run into a black man, he's going to do this [*holds up his fist in a salute*] and say, "Hang in there." It's unbelievable. And this happens all over the country. Now, as to whether being mayor makes me a *sexier* person, what can I say? When you've got it, you've got it; you know what I mean? But seriously, you know, when a man looks at a woman, sex appeal is stature, curves, svelteness—that kind of thing. But sex appeal in a man, as defined by a woman, is power. Plain and simple. Let's face it. It doesn't have anything to do with how you look. But if you're handsome like me, of course, you're a double threat. [*Laughs*]

18.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of Michael Jackson as a role model for youth?

WASHINGTON: If he's *part of* a conglomerate role model, fine. But if he's *the* role model, no way. Nothing wrong with Michael Jackson, but the world isn't all fun and games, and everybody can't be Michael Jackson. Nor can everybody be Walter Payton. Nor can everybody be Harold Washington. We need a broad spectrum of role models. But black people specifically have to be very careful about their role models, because we don't get much of a chance to project our own; they tend to be projected for us by the white society. I'd like to see some of our academic geniuses held up as role models. I'd like to see people with a high school education or less who worked their way up to where they're now doing well. The whole spectrum; people who've taken hold of their lives and made something out of them with what they had.

19.

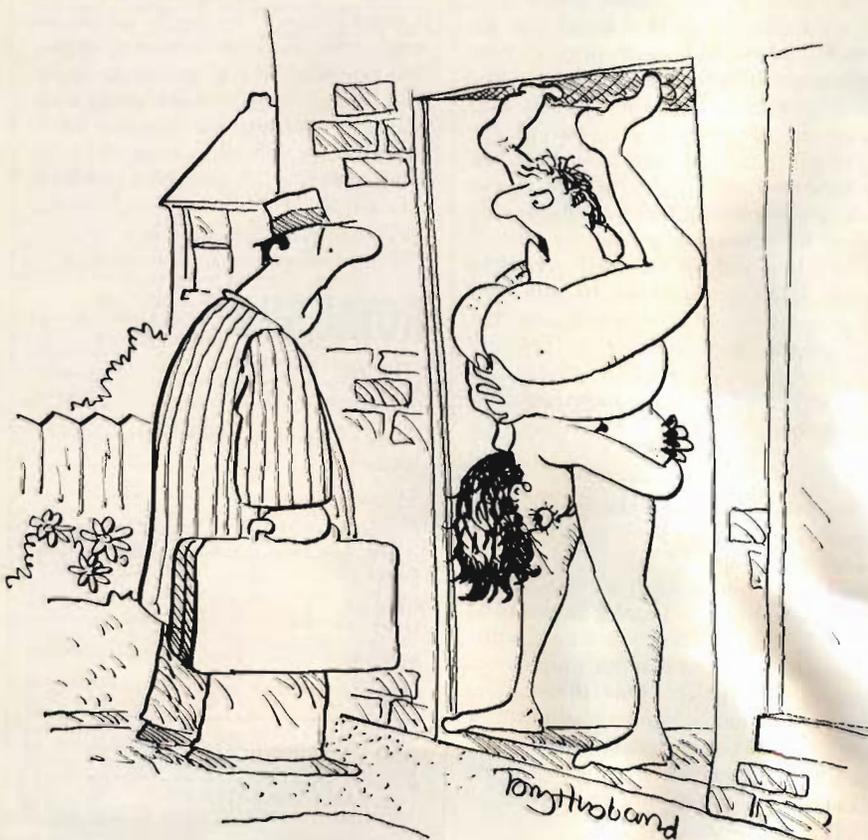
PLAYBOY: What music do you listen to?

WASHINGTON: My taste is catholic. I listen to it all. Jazz, rock 'n' roll, hillbilly; I even listen to some of that white-folks stuff they call opera [*laughs*]. Strike that, strike that! Let's just say I like the rock and the roll.

20.

PLAYBOY: The Census Bureau says that L.A. is now America's second city; and the FAA claims that Atlanta's airport, not O'Hare, is the nation's busiest. How do you defend your city's honor?

WASHINGTON: Simple. I hereby declare that O'Hare is *still* the busiest airport and that Chicago is *still* the second-largest city in America. Period.



"Yes!?"



mountain road: The sums of money involved in Hollywood are literally paralyzing. The amount of money for buyers and sellers, for network execs and writers in tasseled loafers, for producers in Cabriolets and institutional analysts in Manhattan cubbyholes—that amount of money riding on “creative” decisions is literally and precisely terrifying and overwhelming.

Here is how the situation works in theory, by a political analogy: The crush of money pouring in from television makes the little world of television-show creation and production into a sort of totalitarian state where mind control is practiced. The threat that enforces the mind control is not a one-way ticket to Siberia or imprisonment in a psychiatric hospital. The threat is that if you do not follow the party line, *you will not get to be rich.*

Here is how it works down on the ground, right around the studios and the network offices on Radford Avenue and on Alameda Boulevard and in Century City:

Joe Blowmovitz, head of nighttime comedy at The Network, gets a call from programming chief Grant Robertson saying that their show *Trust Me* is getting killed at nine P.M. on Thursdays by the shows on the other networks at that hour.

“What we need,” says Robertson, “is something wildly new and excitingly different to draw away the viewers who are not wholeheartedly committed to the other networks.”

Joe Blowmovitz goes back to his office and thinks. He knows that it’s near “pilot season,” when pilots—that is, proposals for pilots—will start pouring in from all of the production houses, ranging from Warner Bros. and Fox to companies you have never heard of. He determines that he will make a big effort to find something wildly, overwhelmingly new and different. In the meantime, he will set up a series of lunches with major suppliers to tell them that The Network is looking for something good at nine P.M. on Thursdays that has to be *wildly new and excitingly different.*

The suppliers all gather up their writers and tell them to start thinking Thursdays at nine P.M., new and wildly exciting and different.

After a few days or weeks, the suppliers all send their ideas and their pilot scripts to Joe Blowmovitz. Now—surprise, surprise—those pilot scripts will all arrive at The Network with little notes from the producers saying that the scripts in question are all stunningly new and excitingly different. But, upon a halfway decent reading, what the network exec will see is that each one is a slightly reworked version of *The Odd Couple*, with teenagers, or *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*, only set in an Air Force radar station, or *I Love Lucy*, only with two sisters instead of a husband and wife, or *The Cosby Show*, only with a black woman and her mother raising the family instead of a black husband and wife. None

of the shows that the suppliers send over will be a *real* look at life, like *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman*, or a wacky, unpredictable show aimed at a smart audience, like *Monty Python’s Flying Circus*. Every show will be very close to a half dozen basic templates that have succeeded in the recent past.

Why? Money. The suppliers will powwow after their lunches with Joe Blowmovitz and will toss around ideas. Then, either consciously and directly or otherwise, the suppliers will say, “You know, if this hits on Thursdays at nine P.M., we have a \$200,000,000 vehicle on our hands. If this goes into syndication, we’re going to be able to look Aaron Spelling in the eye and not blink. The Network is really looking to attract a big audience, and The Network has liked shows like *All in the Family* and *The Jeffersons* in the past. So why should we take any chances? Let’s go right down the center of the bowling alley ourselves and give The Network the kind of show they won’t have any trouble with. If we go too far out on a limb, they’re going to go with someone who didn’t.”

When Joe Blowmovitz and his colleagues get together to read the scripts, they are all going to be thinking, and their thoughts will be as follows: “You know, if we can just keep our jobs here at The Network for a little longer, we can eventually get to leave here and become major officials at the suppliers. That means that sooner or later, our little production company is going to get a *Cosby* or at least a *Mork & Mindy*, and if we do, we’re going to be rich.

“So the last thing we, as network executives, want to do is send up to Grant Robertson any pilot that looks wacky and unusual. If we do that, Grant may well think that we’re becoming too highbrow or too lowbrow on him, and next time there’s a corporate reorganization, we’re going to be out—before we’ve had a chance to latch on to a great gig with a supplier.

“Let’s be smart about this. Let’s send him ones that are a tiny bit new but are really fairly similar to what has already worked. And, most certainly, let’s send him scripts by writers who have had hits in the past and from production companies whose heads he plays tennis with.

“That way, if he chooses one of the shows we send him and puts it into production as a pilot, if the pilot is a total stifferino, we can always say, ‘Well, gee, Grant, how were we supposed to know? They did a great job on *Highway to Heaven* and they really went to town on *Designing Women*. How were we to know it wouldn’t work out this time? Anyway, you liked the guy whose company made it.’ In other words, like Admiral Poindexter and President Reagan, we can cover our asses enough to keep our jobs a while longer.”

The reasoning has a perfectly sensible flip side, too. “If we do send up something really different, and if Grant likes it and produces it and it’s a dog in the ratings, we have no excuse when Grant says it was all our fault and we hypnotized him. That’ll be our asses for sure.”

A similar process operates when the pilot scripts get to the desk of Grant Robertson. He reads them carefully and then he



“He choked to death on a piece of canvas.”



Rowland B. Wilson

"Guess who I'm having a beer with. Magic Johnson. You know—the Lakers."

that." He raises his glass again. "Here's to that."

We all toast Marian and me.

"These days," Magic says, "nobody stays no place too long. It's all trading and moving, trading and moving. In between, you're just waiting."

"I like moving," Fuzzy says. "I like to be on the go."

Out in the corridor, the custodians are emptying ash cans into large plastic sacks. The teenaged boys have gone.

"Hey, you know what would be wonderful?" I say.

They look at me.

"I don't know if you'd do this, Magic, but—if I called my wife, would you, would you just say hello? You're her favorite player. It would just surprise the hell out of her."

For a moment, Magic looks at me oddly, as if I were a stranger who only now had walked up and sat down with them. Then he says, "Sure, Jerry."

I point to the pay phones in the corridor. "I'll call from over there."

"Just wave when you want me," Magic says.

I feel a tingling in my chest as I press the numbers that used to be mine. The phone rings softly in the house where I used to live. And in this moment, when I don't know whether or not she'll answer, I'm happy. If she isn't there, I'll be disappointed; if she is, then we may have just

another tense conversation. But right now, when I'm waiting, it's perfect, the anticipation almost more pleasurable than anything that can follow.

On the fifth ring, a man's voice answers.

"Who's this?" I ask.

"Fred. Who's this?"

"Fred, is Marian there?"

"Who is this?"

"This is Jerry, Fred. Marian's husband."

"Oh—Jerry," he says, as if I'm some old buddy of his. "I'll get Marian." I hear a clunk as he lays the phone down. From far away: "Marian, it's Jerry."

Footsteps. "Jerry?" Her voice is anxious, alert.

"Hey," I say.

"Jesus, where are you? You're not in town, are you?"

"No—I'm at the airport in Phoenix. I'm between planes."

"You sound so close, though." Marian has never understood that if the connection is good, that doesn't necessarily mean you're close.

"I'm waiting for the night flight back to Denver," I say.

"So what's up? Why are you calling?"

"Marian—I hate the way our relationship has become so businesslike. Does everything have to have a reason? Can't I just call up to say hello?"

"Jerry, it's late."

"Who's Fred?"

She hesitates. "A friend."

"A friend? At this hour?"

"It's early."

"You just said it was late." I think of the phones in the bedroom, the kitchen, the den. "Where are you talking from? The bedroom? Good old Fred there with you in bed?"

"Jerry, what business is it of yours?"

"None. None of my business," I say.

"Well, OK."

"Tell me a little more about Fred," I say. "What does Fred do?"

"Jerry—"

"Hey—I'm just interested. He sounds real chipper, real bright."

"He's a nice guy."

"I bet he's got a mustache."

"He does have a mustache," she admits.

"And a nice designer haircut. And probably one of those tastefully thin gold neck chains, right?"

"Yes."

I cluck disapprovingly. "You know, Marian, you should tell Fred that those are going out. I threw mine away a long time ago."

"Why don't you tell him, Jerry?"

"I bet he's a little overweight, too. But in a nice way. He works out, so he carries it OK, right?"

"You know it all, Jerry. Nobody can tell you anything."

"I bet he's a salesman," I say. "He sounds like a salesman. I can recognize a salesman's voice."

"Well, you're wrong, Jerry."

"What does he do, then?"

She hesitates. "He's a typewriter service representative."

"A typewriter repairman?"

"It's very technological these days," Marian says. "It's like computers."

"A typewriter repairman—Jesus, Marian."

"Let's drop this, Jerry, OK?"

"Sure. OK by me."

I wait for her to say something, but she doesn't.

"Hey, listen—the reason I called—guess who I'm having a beer with?"

"I thought you were at the airport."

"I am. I'm in the bar at the airport. But guess who I'm having a beer with?"

"I don't know, Jerry."

"Magic Johnson."

"Who?"

"Magic Johnson. You know—the Lakers."

"Magic Johnson? The basketball player?"

"That's what I've been saying, Marian."

"You're kidding me."

"No—really. I've been sitting with him and a friend of his. They're between planes, too."

"Sure."

"They're really nice guys. You wouldn't believe how nice."

"Jerry—"



"I hate to intrude, but self-service is the next island!"

"I didn't call you up for him to talk to Magic."

"Well, sorry."

"Let me talk to Fred."

"No, Jerry."

"No, really, let me talk to him. I just want to ask him something. About what he said to Magic. Come on."

"Jerry wants to talk with you," I hear her say.

"Hey, Jerry!" His voice is bright. A typewriter repairman, for God's sake.

"Fred, I'm going to come and cut off your balls," I say.

He expels a slow, sad breath and is silent for a moment. Then he says, "Big talk, Jerry."

"No, really, Fred, I am." I don't mean this, of course, but it feels good, making him uneasy.

And then Marian's back on the line: "Shut up, Jerry; whatever you're saying, shut up!"

"OK, Marian."

"You've got no right to—to bother me and my—"

"I'm sorry."

"I mean, just who are you, anyway, Jerry? Calling me in the middle of the night—"

"You said it was early—"

"With some bullshit about Magic Johnson—"

"It is! It is Magic Johnson—"

"You don't think of anybody but yourself, do you?"

"Let's calm down," I plead.

"No more about Fred."

"OK, look—we'll talk about something else. What did you say to Magic?"

"What's there to say? I told him I liked watching him play. I told him I hope they win it all this year. What else can you say?"

"It's just the idea, I guess, of talking to him."

She sighs. "Jerry, I've got to go now. It's late, it really is."

I want to tell her it was a gift to her, talking to Magic, but I don't.

"I'm sorry I exploded at Fred," I say.

"He's probably a nice guy."

"He is."

"Let me speak to him. I want to apologize."

"Jerry—"

"Please."

"Jerry wants to apologize," I hear her say to Fred.

"Hey, there, Jerry?" And he sounds so cheery, so ready to be forgiving, that I'm infuriated all over again.

"Remember, motherfucker," I hiss and hang up. My heart's beating fast, as if I've been running. When I go back to the table, Fuzzy has a smirk on his face. I don't sit down.

"Thanks," I say to Magic. "It made her day."

"She sounds like a nice lady," Magic says.

"Oh, she is. You talked to Fred, too, right?" Magic nods. "Fred's an old buddy," I say. "A neighbor. He and his wife were over visiting."

Magic nods again and his eyes half close, as if he's really considering this. Fuzzy worries his lips, trying to hold back a smile. I stand there. I can't think of anything else to say.

Fuzzy glances at his watch. "Hey, man"—he taps Magic on the wrist—"we got to go. Time to fly."

Magic throws a five-dollar bill onto the table as a tip. We all shake hands. Fuzzy and I fumble again. He shakes his head.

"You keep dunking, now, you hear?" Magic says. Fuzzy cocks a finger at me, then grins. I watch until they disappear through the security check point at the far end of the terminal.

I sit down at the table, not wanting to drink or watch TV or do anything except sit and wait. I think about Fred and I think about Marian. I get up, sit down—and then, before I can change my mind again, I go over to the phone and call her.

"Hiya, kiddies, hiya, hiya," I say in a Froggy the Gremlin voice. Before she can say anything, I tell her, "I just want you to know that wasn't really Magic Johnson."

She says nothing.

"It was just a guy I met in the bar," I say. "It was all a joke."

"So you're not at an airport—"

"Nope. I'm in Denver."

"Why do you do it, Jerry?"

"I don't know."

She's silent again.

"Tell Fred it wasn't Magic, either," I say.

"He's not here."

"You mean he's not spending the night?"

"Jerry—I told you. He's just a friend."

"A friend," I repeat.

"Yes."

"Well."

"Feel better now?"

"Marian—I'm sorry for what I said to him. At the end."

"What did you say?" she asks sharply.

So he hadn't told her. "Nothing," I say. "Just kidding him."

"You're a real kidder, aren't you, Jerry?"

But I'm listening to the Muzak in the corridor, not to her. I recognize a familiar tune. "That's amazing," I say.

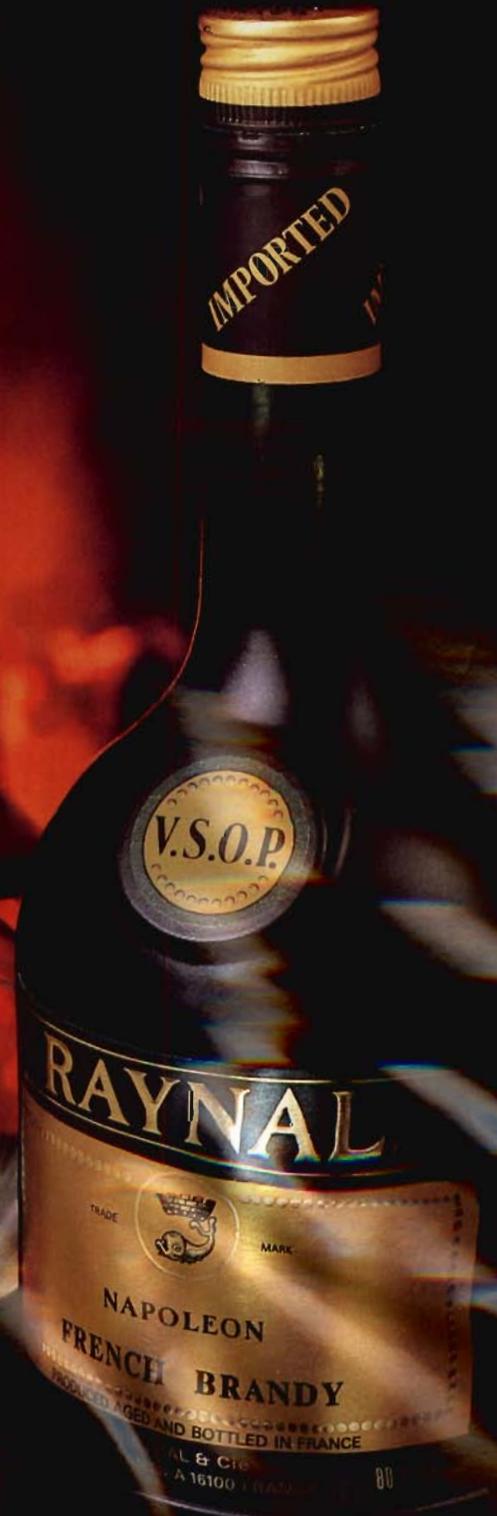
"What?"

"They're playing *The Mountain's High*. Remember? Dick and Deedee? We used to dance to it in high school." I croon, "The mountain's high and the valley's so deep—"



"There, Agnes . . . so much for that unsightly crack in the plaster over the fireplace. . . ."

RAYNAL[®] & RELAX



PLAYBOY

ON · THE · SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

IT'S THE WHEEL THING

Close-to-the-body cycling clothes have come off the velodrome tracks and the bike paths and raced onto the international menswear scene. Cycling-length shorts in cotton or blended knits with spandex or Lycra added provide form-hugging flexibility. (And you'd better believe the ladies especially like the look.) To top them

off, there are plenty of jerseys with bold graphics and daring designs from which to choose. One caveat: If you have love handles like the wattles on a turkey and a derriere that takes up half a lane, think twice before pouring yourself into cycling clothes. But for all you guys in really good shape, now's the chance to lead the fashion pack by at least a lap.

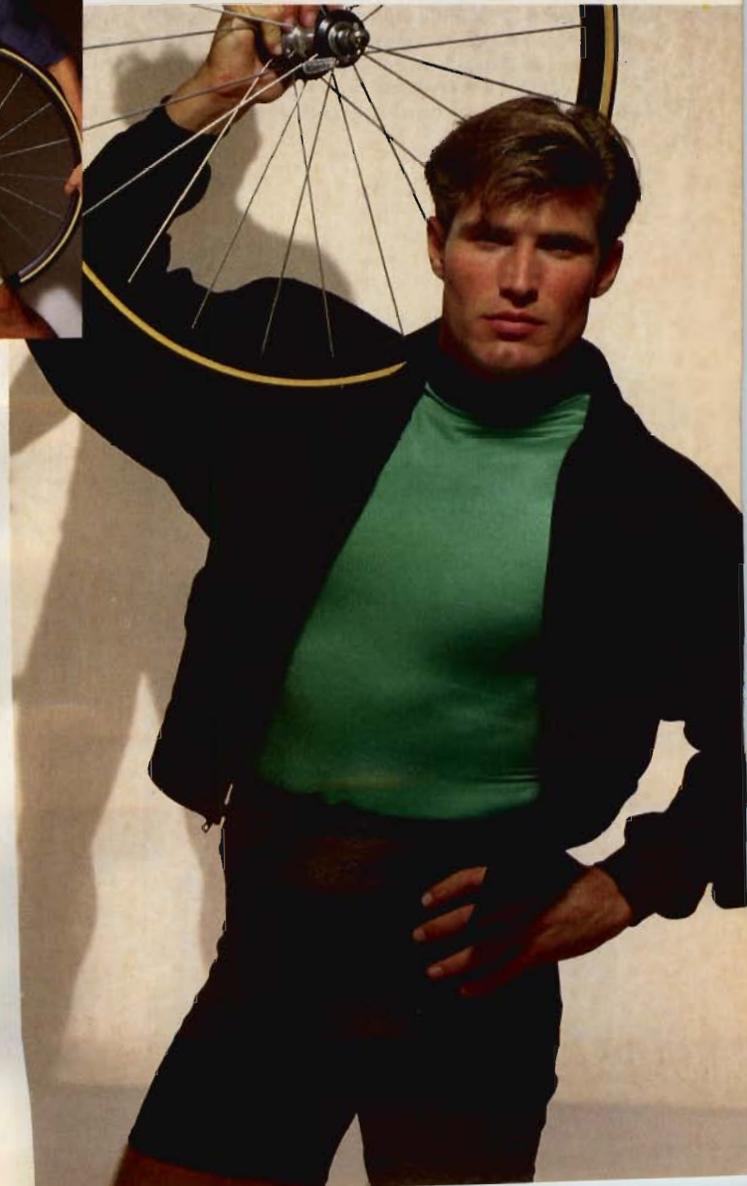
Below: Black, red and white cotton/Lycra pullover cycle shirt with a zippered front, rib-knit band collar and triple back pockets, \$75, worn with cotton/Lycra shorts with an elastic waistband and a back patch pocket, \$49, both by Matinique.



Below: Cotton knit jacket with top-stitched front pockets and trapunto elbow patches, \$160, worn with black cotton-knit bike shorts with top-stitched waistband and cuffs, \$55, both by Lamy Men; plus a short-sleeved pullover with a black band collar, by Robert Mannino for Talk Therapy, about \$25.



Above: Sea-foam cotton knit pullover with appliquéd Olympic design, by Franco Moschino, \$150, and cotton/Lycra shorts with a hidden center zipper, by Christian Kenth, about \$130.



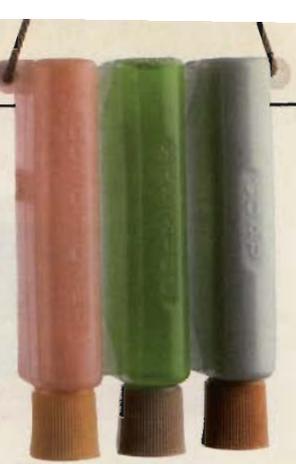
Right: Cotton jersey-knit cycle shirt with diagonal chest stripes, a silk-screened cyclist and a geometric design features zippered front and triple back pockets, \$45, plus a pair of nylon/spandex shorts with an elastic waistband, \$37, both from Le Coq Sportif.



S U P E R S H O P P I N G



The Wine Cellar is a lockable wine-storage system, by Admiral Home Appliances, measuring 33" x 22" x 23", with housing for 40 bottles and racks that can be removed to allow for magnums or jugged wines. Selections can be kept at a controlled temperature from 40 to 65 degrees, and the unit can be built into a kitchen cabinet or an entertainment center if you choose, from Wine Chillers of California, Santa Ana, \$500.



Store shampoo, conditioner, cleanser, anything liquid in the Sport Travel Mate. It comes in a waterproof pouch (not shown) and can hang by its nylon cord, by STM, Warren, Rhode Island, \$10.



From top to bottom, the trio of portable musicmakers at right lets you take compact-disc digital sound with you wherever you wander. Citizen's CBM-1000, \$249.95, the XR-9437 from Toshiba, \$295, and Sanyo's CP12, \$280, all operate on rechargeable batteries or can be plugged into a home stereo system. All three feature programmable track selection and skip and search features for nonprogrammed tracks. The Toshiba adds an AM/FM stereo digital tuner with 12 random presets and a digital clock. The ultrathin battery pack on Sanyo's player provides four and a half hours of operation.

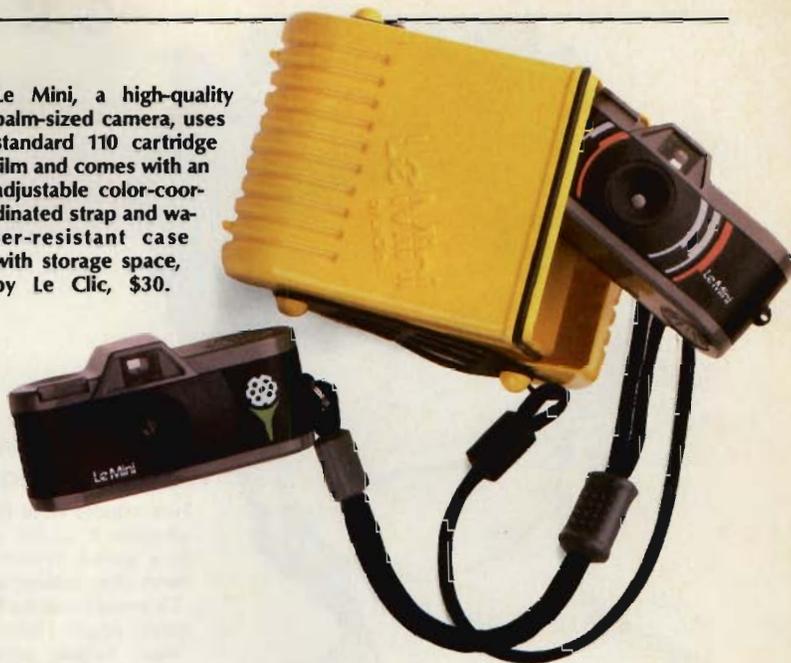
Belly up to the bar with the Scaroni Cocktail Set. The eight pieces, with stand, in ABS plastic and stainless steel are a jigger, corkscrew, ice tongs, mixing spoon, pick, knife, bottle opener and cocktail strainer, all made in Italy and available from DCM Industries, Boston, about \$50.



This 45½"-tall Italian standing valet features a marble base that supports a lacquered-metal frame with wood, rubber and aluminum finishing. The aluminum cone is for holding money, cuff links, etc., from Cose, Chicago, \$300.



Le Mini, a high-quality palm-sized camera, uses standard 110 cartridge film and comes with an adjustable color-coordinated strap and water-resistant case with storage space, by Le Clic, \$30.

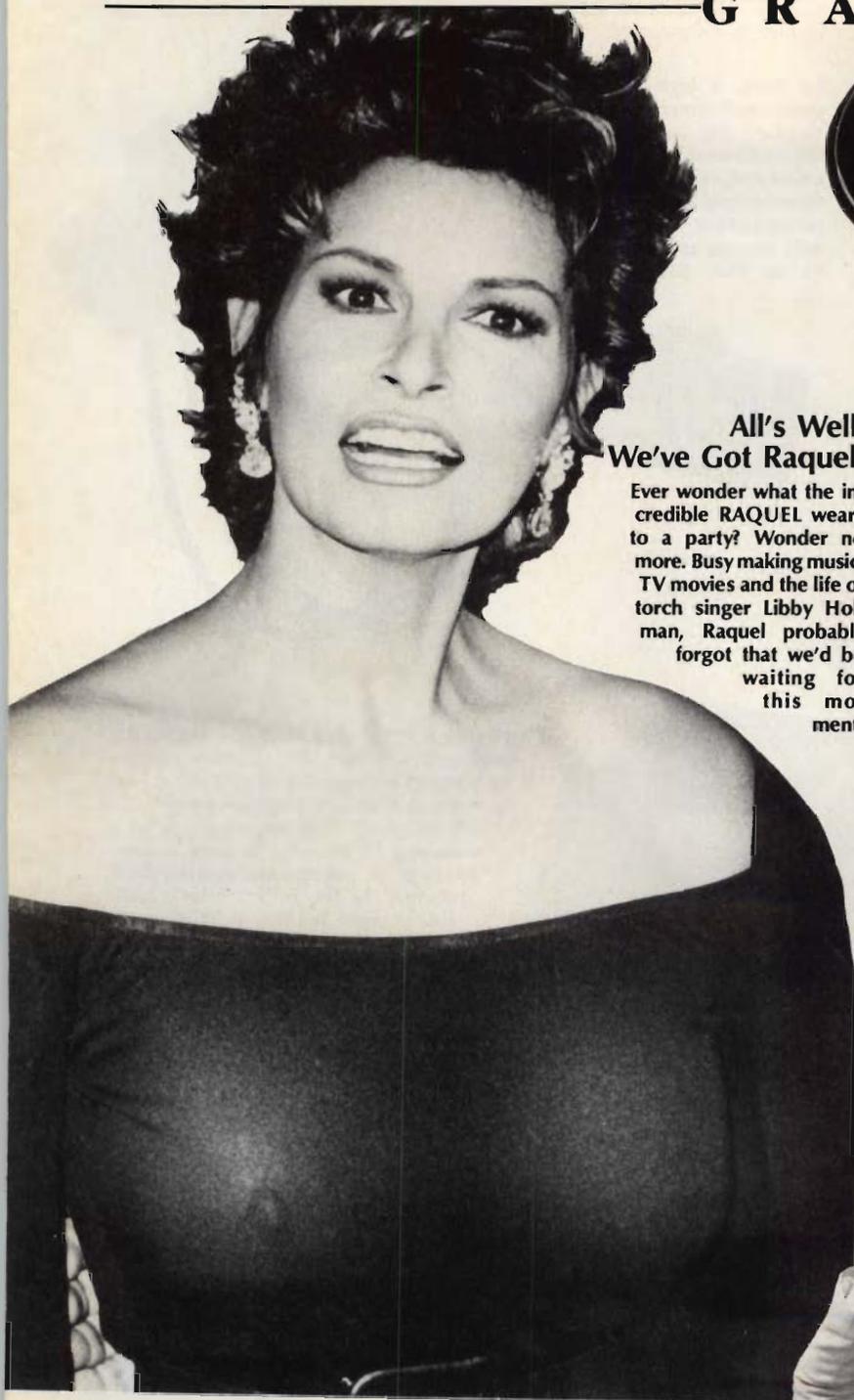


Nicknamed WATT and designed by fidelity guru David A. Wilson, the Wilson Audio Tiny Tot speakers pictured here are a sonic dream come true. Although it measures only 17" x 14" x 12", each Tiny Tot weighs in at a whopping 60 pounds; its core is constructed of mineral-and-ceramic-filled polymer. The Tiny Tot's exterior is available in eight finishes, including rosewood (shown), from Wilson Audio Specialties, Novato, California, \$4900 per pair.



Durhill's Return Tripper, a compact coated-cotton-canvas travel pouch with leather trim, expands to a piece of luggage measuring 15" x 23". It's perfect for traveling holidays when the gift bug bites hard, \$235.

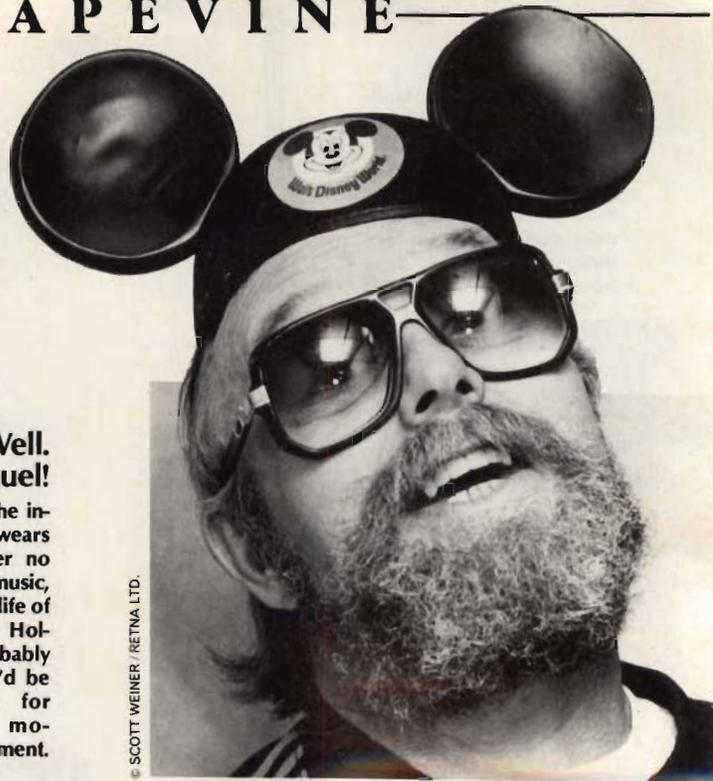




**All's Well.
We've Got Raquel!**

Ever wonder what the incredible RAQUEL wears to a party? Wonder no more. Busy making music, TV movies and the life of torch singer Libby Holman, Raquel probably forgot that we'd be waiting for this moment.

© JAMES RUEBSAMEN



© SCOTT WEINER / RETNA LTD.

Who's the Leader of the Band?

No, it's not Mickey, folks, it's CHARLIE DANIELS. His band will complete a U.S. tour in February and a new album will be out this summer. Look for a spring concert special on cable.



© NANCY ELLISON / S/GMA

Hail! Hail! Chuck

CHUCK BERRY turned 61 last year, wrote his autobiography, had a terrific documentary made of his birthday party, got his star in Hollywood's Walk of Fame, plans to tour with a band and is working on a new studio album. Roll over, Beethoven.

© STEVE GRANITZ / CELEBRITY PHOTO



Made in the Shades

If you liked actress LINDA KOZLOWSKI in "Crocodile" Dundee, hang in, because her new film, *Pass the Ammo*, is coming soon and she's working on *Dundee II* with Paul Hogan. Grapevine caught her giving a little warm shoulder.

Jean Dreams

JILL ELIZABETH SILLIPHANT is smart and beautiful. An economics major at UC, Berkeley, and a movie debut in *TANtalizer* keep her pretty busy. But not too busy to pack her overalls with our fantasies.



© 1987 MARK LEIVDAL



© 1987 DAVE HOGAN / LGI

Dancin' Fool

Can a guy get a leg up from his fans? You bet. Look at **DAVID BOWIE**. Any day now, highlights from the Australian dates on his Glass Spider tour will show up on ABC in prime time. Kind of like a free ticket to the festivities. Let's hear it for Diamond Dave.

And God Created Brigitte

Austrian actress **BRIGITTE STERN** arrived in the U.S. just in time to knock our socks off. She's done commercials and rock videos and will be featured in the movie *Glitch!* Brigitte has *no* glitches.



© 1987 MARK LEIVDAL

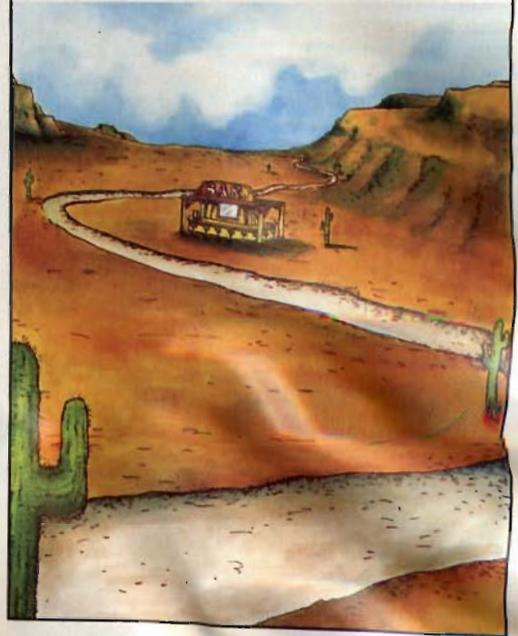
THE AUSSIE TOUCH

It all began with the Killer Keel and "Crocodile" Dundee. Aussie fever has come north, and the land down under has garnered admiration for everything from beer to outerwear. The latter is represented by the Snowy River, a sturdy, water- and wind-proof stockman's coat that resembles our Western duster. The Harsant Snowy River Trading Company, 520 Adante Drive, Sedona, Arizona 86336, is selling it for \$159 in black or tan (sizes extra-small through extra-extra-extra-large). With its down-home-on-the-range styling, caped shoulders, split rear gusset, 100-percent-cotton oilskin finish, elbow patches and leg fasteners, the Snowy River is one tough coat, for outdoors or outback, and for a closer look at it and other authentic Aussie products, two dollars sent to the trading company will get you a catalog, mate.



HAVE GLASS, WILL TRAVEL

Here's a book we can drink to—*A View from Nowhere* (Harper & Row), by Jim Atkinson, which is "a tour of 150 of the best serious drinking bars in America." These are bar bars; and if you're looking for Billy Joel on the jukebox and fried-zucchini sticks, then you'll want to give Harold's Place and Laundromat in Milltown, Montana, a pass. Atkinson's 77 Rules of the Bar Bar alone make the book worth its \$8.95 price. His philosophizing about drinking also goes down easy.



OH, THAT DAVE STEVENS

When Dave Stevens the *Playboy* Senior Editor discovered Dave Stevens the pinup artist, well, you couldn't blame him for wanting to feature his namesake's work here. *Betty's Boudoir*, below, commissioned for Italy's *Glamour International* magazine, is an 18" x 18" signed limited-edition lithograph that's available for \$155 from Graphitti Designs, 1140 North Kraemer Boulevard, Unit B, Anaheim, California 92806. Nice work, Dave.



CELERS' MARKET

Six years ago, cels from Walt Disney's *Snow White* were selling for \$700. Not long ago, one changed hands for \$7500. That 1071 percent appreciation beats even Fidelity's Magellan Fund, which was up about 400 percent as of fall 1987. So if you'd like to collect original art from animated films, Gallery Lainzberg, 200 Guaranty Building, Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52401, is the place to contact. A call to the gallery at 800-553-9995 will get you a catalog gratis. It offers original cels from *The Black Cauldron* and *Mickey's Christmas Carol*, as well as from *Rocky and Bullwinkle*, all matted and ready for your framer. *Exit Stage Right*, above, with Daffy and Bugs, is \$295.

HOT DOGS

First, there was *Dogue*, in which man's best friend went high fashion in a parody of *Vogue*. Now, from the same publisher, The Main Street Press in Pittstown, New Jersey, comes *CQ* ("Canine Quarterly for the Modern Dog"), with articles such as "Get Sirius: Hollywood's Top Dog Stars," plus a profile of everybody's favorite party animal, Spuds MacKenzie. Even the ads have a canine flavor, with Puppy Rabonne for Dogs just a whisker away from Reebark shoes. All for only \$8.95. Wonder when Main Street will get around to *Pawboy*. Now, that will be a howling success.

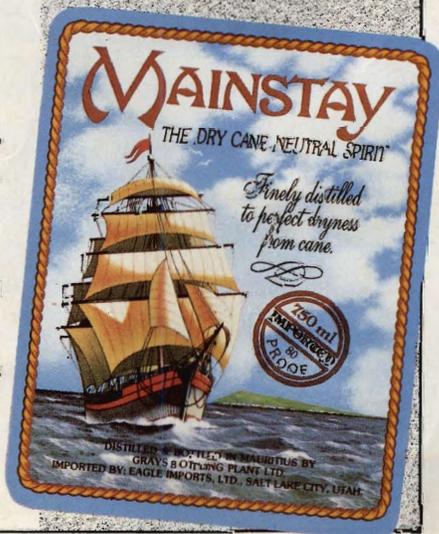


ON THE ROAD AGAIN

National Car Rental has introduced California Classics, a vintage-car-rental program operating out of National's Los Angeles Airport location (where else?) and offering some terrific wheels from the Fifties and the Sixties to members of the company's Emerald Club (a frequent-user program). The cars available include David Jansen's 1960 Cadillac, Karen Carpenter's 1962 Chrysler 300 and a very cool 1957 Corvette. (All must be returned to LAX.) For \$49.95 per day and 30 cents per mile, how can you go wrong?

SETTING SAIL WITH MAINSTAY

"From the island of Mauritius in the Indian Ocean comes a new 'spirit' as fresh as the wind, as refreshing as ocean spray, as versatile as the native lifestyle," says Eagle Imports, Ltd., of Salt Lake City, which has recently begun to bring in Mainstay, a dry cane 80-proof neutral spirit distilled from fermented molasses and selling for about \$11 a bottle. Taken on the rocks or with a mixer, such as fruit juice, Mainstay is a worthy, worldly addition to your home bar. Just looking at the label makes us thirsty.



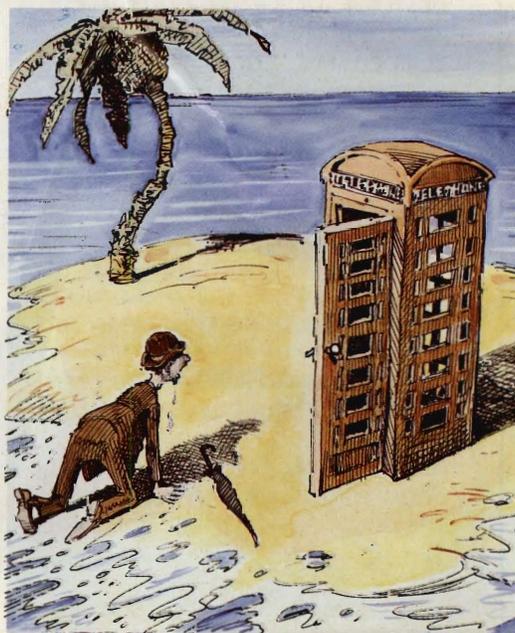
WINTER GAMES PEOPLE PLAY

To help you while away the long, cold winter comes Mindscape Games' ABC Sports Winter Olympics, a VCR game in which players interact with more than 180 segments of nine winter events to compete for medals. Included with a one-hour VHS tape are a game board, playing cards, medals, playing pieces and a score pad. Individual strategies—plus chance—keep the results of every game unpredictable. And the price of \$49.95 is also a wintertime winner.



THE LATEST BRITISH HANG-UP

If you have \$2295 burning a hole in your pocket, why *not* buy a solid-oak replica of an English phone booth? It measures 89" x 32" x 32" and makes a terrific place to change into your Superman outfit when a party wanes. Oak Tree Mill, P.O. Box 148, Riverton, Utah 84065, will ship the booth F.O.B. and will even personalize it with as many as 13 letters and numbers. If the market tumbles again, you can always rent it to your broker.



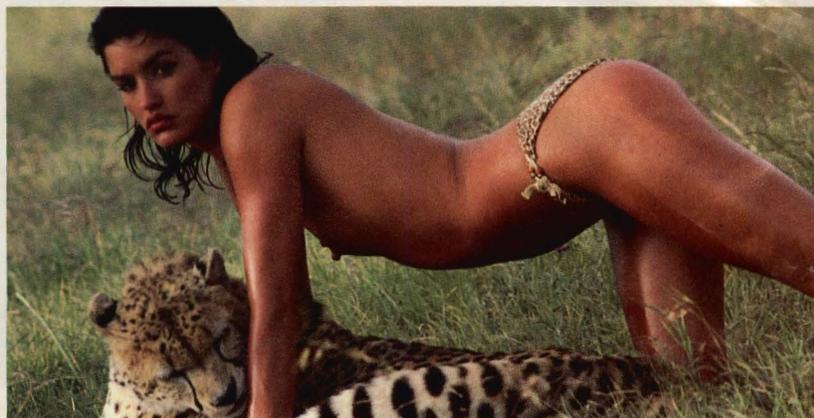
NEXT MONTH



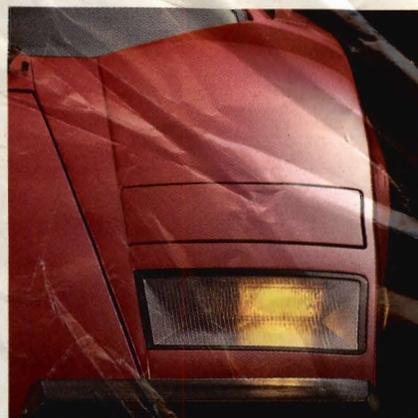
NO BULL



MODERN LOVE



JANICE, BEARDED



CLASSY CARS

"OLLIE, WE HARDLY KNEW YA"—THE REAL **OLIVER NORTH**, IN THE EYES OF HIS FELLOW MARINES, IS NOT QUITE THE FOLK HERO HE HAS PRETENDED TO BE—BY **ASA BABER**

"PIT BULL"—ALLIGATOR IS THE ONLY DOG LEFT IN DEXTER'S STABLE OF FIGHTERS "THAT FIGHT AND WIN—OR DIE TRYING." CAN THE LITTLE BRUTE TURN THE OLD MAN'S LUCK AROUND? A TALE, NOT FOR THE SQUEAMISH, BY **SCOTT ELY**

"MEN WHO SAY YES"—IN THE MOVIE BIZ, ANYONE CAN SAY NO TO A PROJECT. SOME CAN SAY MAYBE. MEET THE HANDFUL OF MIGHTY YES MEN WHO ACTUALLY RUN THE TOWN—BY **STEVE POND**

"MODERN LOVE"—OUR HERO SHOULD HAVE SUSPECTED SOMETHING AT THE VERY OUTSET, WHEN HIS DATE TURNED UP HER NOSE AT THAI FOOD. THE UPS AND DOWNS OF A SQUEAKY-CLEAN ROMANCE—BY **T. CORAGHESSAN BOYLE**

BILLY CRYSTAL TALKS ABOUT BEING CUT FROM **SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE**, WHY HE'S TIRED OF **FERNANDO**, THE COMIC PERKS OF BEING JEWISH AND THE STATE

OF HIS (AND HIS RIVALS') ART TODAY IN A FAST-PACED **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"THE GREAT WHITE SHARK OF GOLF"—HARD-HITTING **GREG NORMAN**, THE AUSTRALIAN PRO WHO'S ABOUT TO WIN IT ALL, REVEALS WHY GOLFERS CAN'T SWIM AND OTHER LITTLE-KNOWN TRUTHS WHEN PROFILED BY **CHRIS HODENFIELD**

"IT'S NO BULL"—THE MARKET HAS CRASHED AND THE WORLD HAS CHANGED. IS THIS THE END OF THE PERRIER GENERATION? SOME SENSIBLE TIPS ON HOW TO GET THE MOST OUT OF YOUR INVESTMENT STRATEGY—BY **JOHN D. SPOONER**

TOM WAITS, THE MAN WHO MAKES MUSIC WITH JACK-HAMMERS, OFFERS GUIDEPOSTS TO ROCK, CHEAP HOTELS AND HIS FAVORITE L.A. EATERIES IN A FREE-WHEELING **"20 QUESTIONS"**

PLUS: **"WHO'S IN CHARGE HERE?"** AN IRREVERENT LOOK AT ELECTION-YEAR CELEBRITIES, BY **GERALD GARDNER**; **PETER BEARD'S** PHOTO PORTFOLIO OF **JANICE DICKINSON**; **"CARS '88: THE BEST,"** BY RACE CHAMP **KEVIN COGAN** AND FIVE AUTOMOTIVE JOURNALISTS; AND (NATURALLY) MUCH, MUCH MORE