

# PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JULY 1988 • \$4.00

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**CRAWFORD**  
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**THE LAST WORDS**  
**ON RONALD REAGAN**

**PLUS: JAY LENO**  
**JESSE JACKSON**  
**DAN GREENBURG**  
**PAUL HOGAN**  
**JUDGE REINHOLD**  
**BUSTER POINDEXTER**



# PLAYBILL

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



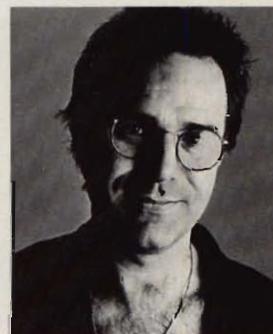
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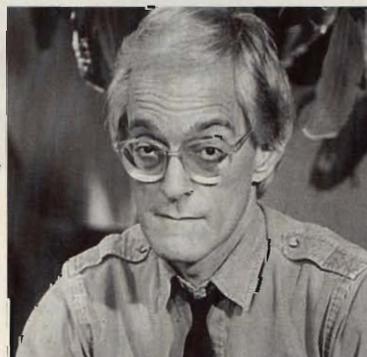
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# PLAYBOY®

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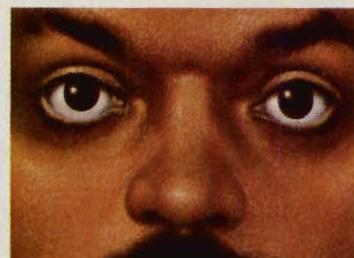
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**COVER STORY** Here's just a detail of Herb Ritts's stunning portrait of supermodel Cindy Crawford—their collaboration begins on page 78. Her make-up and styling by George Newell and Sharon Simonaire (Visages Style, Los Angeles), respectively. Hair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

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# DEAR PLAYBOY



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## CLANCY'S WEAPONS AND WORDS

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

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

Paul Stonehill  
Van Nuys, California

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

I. Thomas Sheppard, President  
Meridian Management Consultants, Ltd.  
San Francisco, California

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

*Red October* is OK, but *Patriot Games* is thoroughly silly. Clancy may have a re-

freshing and intelligent view of Russian politics, but the guy needs some serious fiction classes or a less patronizing editor.

Vic Oberhaus  
Liberty Center, Ohio

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

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

Mike Krebs  
Waukegan, Illinois

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

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

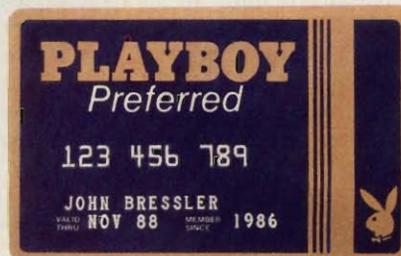
Any journeyman worker knows a good tool when he meets it; he judges it by inspection, by feel and by application. No system has yet been invented to test the tools of universal destruction in a similar way. And we'll not get very close to the invention of such a system by listening to the gushing of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

Jim Hiner  
Madison, Wisconsin

## VETTER'S VELOCITY

Heartiest congratulations to Craig Vetter for finally attaining the ever-elusive

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

Charles Powell  
San Francisco, California

#### HEIMEL STRIKES A NERVE

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

John Dietrich  
Tallahassee, Florida

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

while holding all women blameless for even their own shortcomings.

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

Steven Wineinger  
North Haven, Connecticut

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

Daniel L. Hogan  
Germantown, Maryland

#### PUMPED-UP BABER

I sit here this afternoon watching Asa Baber trying to get a word in edgewise on *The Oprah Winfrey Show*.

My personal observation is that Asa hit the button with his "angry women" comments. I know no small number of men in their 40s who are sitting out this entire shooting match.

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

C. Roger Fulton, Jr.  
Tucson, Arizona

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

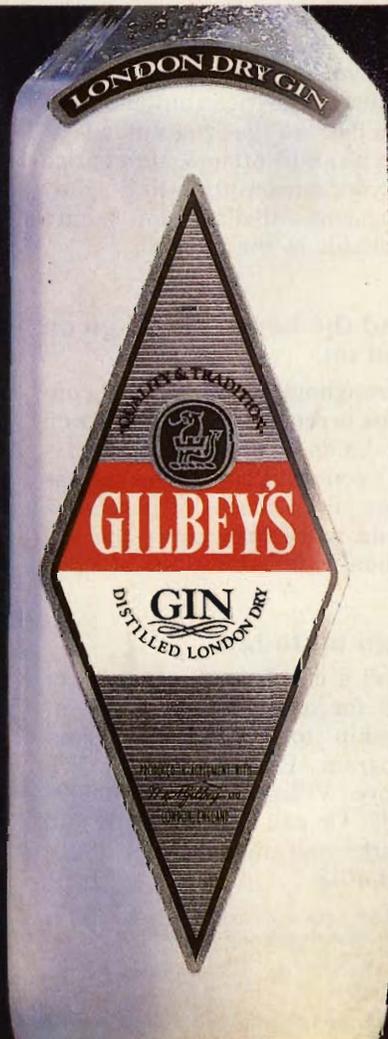
I loved Asa Baber's *Men* column "Pumping Fur" (*Playboy*, April)! Does he practice what he preaches? I'd love to meet him!

Kaye Hontel  
La Crosse, Wisconsin

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

#### RAW MILITARY PAY

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



F E E L T H E

GILBEY'S THE GIN IN THE FROSTED BOTTLE.

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

John Seibert  
San Antonio, Texas

*Our "Raw Data" writer responds:*

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

#### HOT WHEELS

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

My husband bought me a five-speed turbocharged Toyota Supra for my birthday

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

So tell your panel of judges that in the



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

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

Nancy Vanderstein  
Brunswick, Ohio

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

#### DONNA, IN PERSON

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

William Walker III  
Louisville, Kentucky

#### VANITY FAIR

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

Ken Smith  
New York, New York



# FROST



# MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

AS A CRITIC who admitted relishing the lunatic pleasures of *Lisztomania* and *Gothic*, I can safely say that director Ken Russell has done it again with *Salome's Last Dance* (Vestron). This movie's decidedly not for everyone, and maybe not for anyone except previously committed Russellmaniacs with a high tolerance for wretched excess. Most of the movie is devoted to a camped-up performance of Oscar Wilde's own *Salome*, banned as licentious back in 1892, here being privately staged for Wilde (Nickolas Grace) in a London brothel, with his lover Lord Douglas (Douglas Hodge) cast as John the Baptist. A squeaky-voiced housemaid (newcomer Imogen Millais-Scott) takes the head-hunting "daughter of Sodom" role, supported by a company that includes Glenda Jackson providing premium ham as Queen Herodias, opposite Stratford Johns as a very Wildean Herod. The general tone of the entertainment is established early on, when Wilde arrives with his paramour, Douglas, and announces that they are "as close as two testicles." The director himself appears briefly, typecast as an eccentric photographer recording the surrealistic scene for posterity. By the time the police crash in to arrest the author, it's clear that *Last Dance*—despite the usual freaks, flesh and fart jokes—is a relatively tame and literate evening with Russell. ★★★½

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

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



Salome's Hodge caged as John the Baptist.

Attention, all Russellmaniacs; *The Manchurian Candidate* returns.

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

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

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

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

Sweet as it seems on the surface, there's surprising bite in *Zelly and Me* (Columbia), writer-director Tina Rathborne's minor but affecting drama about a poor, orphaned little rich girl down in Virginia caught between her cruel guardian grandma (Glynis Johns) and her beloved, loyal governess (Isabella Rossellini as Mademoiselle, a.k.a. Zelly). Child abuse disguised as discipline is the gist of it, with 11-year-old neophyte actress Alexandra Jones a perfect Phoebe, whose youthful resilience turns out to be a greater asset than either of the strong-willed women in her life can comprehend. Not the least of director Rathborne's fresh touches is her casting of another director, David Lynch, in his first screen role. A man whose dark-side cinematic decadence runs the gamut from *Eraserhead* to *Blue Velvet*, Lynch is a surprise as Rossellini's mild-mannered beau Willie (yes, Virginia, they're an off-screen item, as well). Like *Zelly*, Lynch is enjoyable but not at all what you'd expect. ★★★½

Imagine a blind woman on a pleasure boat in the Caribbean with three other passengers who will stop at nothing, but

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

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



We like Sikes.

## OFF CAMERA

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

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

Adapted from a book by retired judge Herbert J. Stern (since chosen as an outside counsel to the Iran/*Contra* prosecutor), *Judgment in Berlin* (New Line) has Martin Sheen portraying Stern on one of his most famous cases. In 1979, Judge Stern bucked the U.S. State Department's prosecution of an East German defector who hijacked a Polish airliner and forced it to land in the American sector of West Berlin. While the U.S. was committed to a crackdown on international air piracy, Stern was committed to broader issues of freedom and justice. How the arguments were resolved before a jury in a tense Berlin courtroom is the business of *Judgment*, which brings out Sheen's staunchest do-gooder qualities. The big surprise in the movie, directed conscientiously by Leo Penn, is the compelling performance by his quick-tempered son Sean, sporting an entirely convincing accent as an East German refugee whose testimony clinches the defense. Although hardly more than a cameo, Sean's showstopping stint suggests that we have just begun to see what this mercurial actor can do. **YY½**

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

## MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films  
by bruce williamson

- Above the Law** (See review) New macho man in town. Watch out, Rambo. **YYY**  
**Babette's Feast** (Reviewed 5/88) *Haute cuisine* traumatizes and scandalizes a bleak Danish village. **YYY**  
**Biloxi Blues** (6/88) Back to basic training with Neil Simon. **YY**  
**Bright Lights, Big City** (6/88) Not so bad, but no way equals the book. **YY½**  
**Colors** (6/88) Head-on collision of cops and drug dealers in East L.A. **YYY**  
**Consuming Passions** (6/88) La Redgrave slumming in British low comedy. **Y½**  
**Da** (6/88) Something about the Irish, richly sentimental and made magical by Barnard Hughes. **YYY½**  
**The Decline of Western Civilization Part II** (See review) Metallic. **YYY**  
**Hairspray** (4/88) A last hurrah from Divine, and a dandy one at that. **YY½**  
**Judgment in Berlin** (See review) Making a case for escape to the West. **YY½**  
**Lady in White** (Listed only) Lukas Haas of *Witness* in a deft, eerie cliff-hanger about a sensitive boy whose visions entrap a child murderer. **YY½**  
**The Manchurian Candidate** (See review) Revived, and still riveting. **YYYY**  
**Midnight Crossing** (See review) Miss Dunaway makes waves, and she can. **YY**  
**The Milagro Beanfield War** (Listed only) A colorful but fairly minor skirmish. Director Robert Redford means well, indeed, but doesn't seem to really know either his beans or his *campesinos*. **YY½**  
**Mondo New York** (Listed 6/88) All the downtown underground scene. **YY**  
**A New Life** (6/88) Divorce starts it for Ann-Margret and Alan Alda. **YYY**  
**Salome's Last Dance** (See review) Ken Russell getting Wilde and woolly. **YY½**  
**Someone to Love** (See review) Works best as a valentine to Orson. **YYY**  
**Stand and Deliver** (5/88) Advanced calculus comes to the barrio. **YY½**  
**Stormy Monday** (6/88) Mostly churning around Melanie Griffith. **YY½**  
**A Time of Destiny** (See review) Hurt and Hutton stuck with a turkey. **Y**  
**Tokyo Pop** (6/88) A smashing debut for Carol Burnett's daughter Carrie. **YYY**  
**Track 29** (6/88) An odd but arresting psychodrama by Roeg with Russell. **YYY**  
**The Unbearable Lightness of Being** (5/88) A womanizer in love—Daniel Day-Lewis in a sexy and truly adult drama. **YYYY**  
**White Mischief** (6/88) Decadent Brits in Africa during World War Two. **YYY**  
**A World Apart** (See review) One woman's gallant battle against apartheid. **YYY**  
**Zelly and Me** (See review) Mr. Lynch moonlighting in a mellow mood. **YY½**

YYYYY Outstanding

YYYY Don't miss

YY Worth a look

YYY Good show

Y Forget it

# DEAR PLAYMATES

The question for the month:

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

She told me everything! She was great. She bought me books when I was ten that explained reproduction. She told me about birth control. She told me not to let anyone pressure me into having sex. She told me all the technical things I needed to know. She didn't tell me about the emotional parts of sex. That's stuff each person has to find out for herself. Parents ought to explain the hazards, but to really enjoy sex, you've got to experience it yourself!



*Brandi Brandt*

BRANDI BRANDT  
OCTOBER 1987

My mother is an American Indian and she is very open about everything. It is from her that I got my direct approach to things. She does not mince words. She sat me down when I was ready for the information and told me everything she knew. I was about 16. I had spent most of my time up until then in private school and things were slower there and I was less aware of sex. My little sister went to public school and she knew a lot more about sex than I. She was a good source of information, too. My mother told me that the most important thing about sex was to wait for love.



*India Allen*

INDIA ALLEN  
DECEMBER 1987

When I was growing up, my mother and I didn't get along very well. I was intimidated by her, because I wanted to be like her. I found it hard to live up to her expectations. Still, I admired and respected her. When I was a kid, we had a hard time talking. Even though there are a lot of things I wish she had told me, it wasn't so bad learning those things on my own. I haven't learned everything from experience. I'm extremely perceptive. My mom even reads *Dear Playmates* and has learned a lot about me. When she read my answer to how I would make love to a blind man, she said, "Luann, your answer is the most sensuous one in there."



*Luann Lee*

LUANN LEE  
JANUARY 1987

My mother never told me anything about sex. Her reason? Simple. Her mother never talked with her and she didn't know how to talk with me. Now we talk about everything. At the time, I wasn't pleased that she hadn't told me anything useful. But in retrospect, maybe it worked out for the best. I didn't have any preconceived ideas about sex and I was able to judge things for myself. I was able to experience sex without her experiences getting in my way. Sex began as a mechanical thing, not as lovemaking. It took me a while to understand what sex was really all about, and I don't think she could have told me anything that would have made me learn faster.



*Julie Peterson*

JULIE PETERSON  
FEBRUARY 1987

My mother told me everything about sex. I knew more than anyone at school by the time I was five. She probably told me too much, because a lot of the mystery was taken out of it. She bombarded me with literature. She didn't want me to get in trouble and, also, she thought it was healthy for me to know the details. I suspect that she did it that way because she hadn't been taught those things as a child. She felt that the lack of information had damaged her in childhood and that she could make up for it by telling her daughter all the things she hadn't been told.



*Anna Clark*

ANNA CLARK  
APRIL 1987

I wish she had told me about sex. I ended up learning about it from my older brother. When he first told me, I didn't even believe him. I had a lot of questions, so one day, he sat me down. Since my parents never volunteered the information, I went to other sources. When I was about 16, my mom tried to talk to me about sex, but by then, I already knew what was going on. My brother had answered my ten-year-old questions that ranged from the basics to where kittens come from. I think my mom was relieved when she found out I didn't need the standard speech.



*Laurie Carr*

LAURIE CARR  
DECEMBER 1986

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



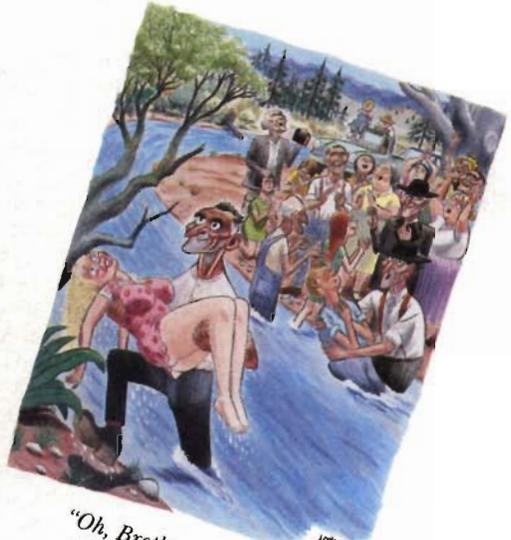
# IN GOD WE TRYST

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



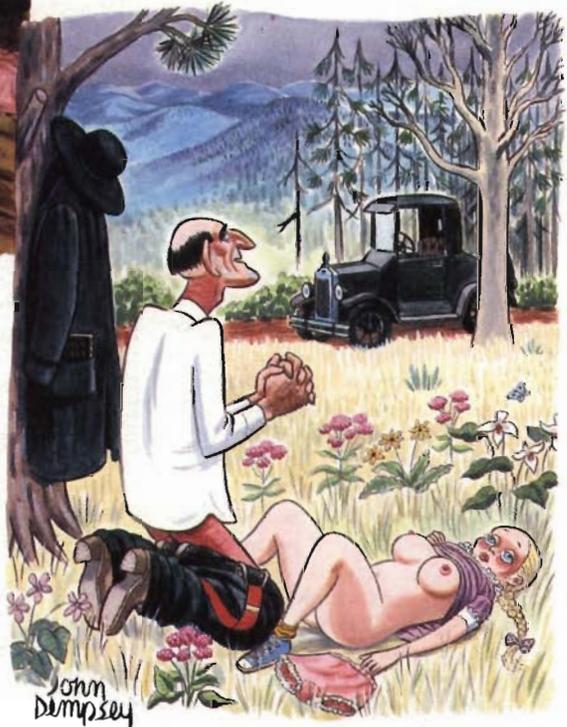
John Dempsey

*"O Lord, bestow Thy mercy upon our dear young sister and forgive her for straying. . . ."*



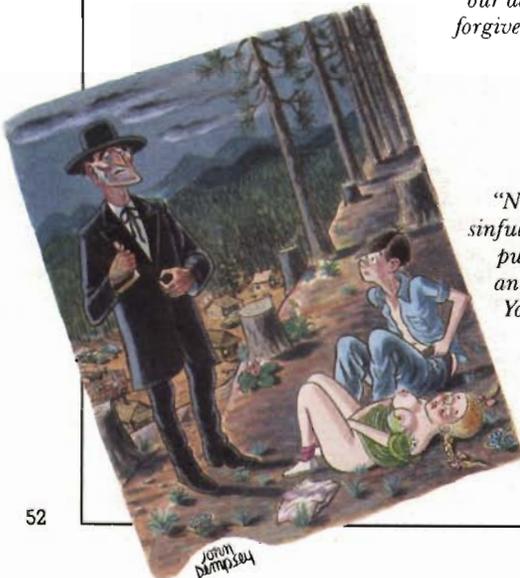
*"Oh, Brother Johnston, whither goest thou?"*

John Dempsey

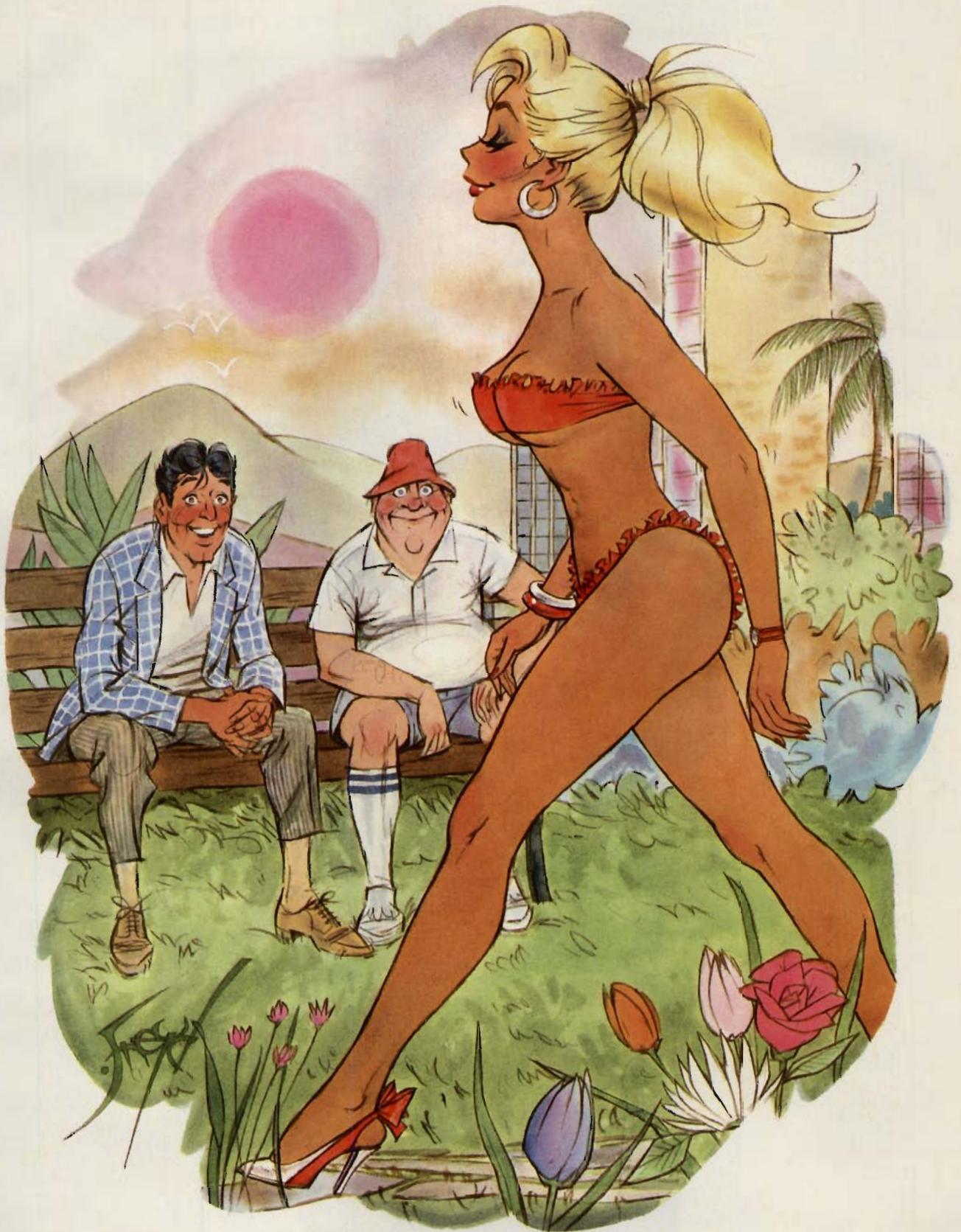


John Dempsey

*"I thank Thee, O Lord, before partaking of the bountiful blessings Thou hast spread before me. . . ."*



John Dempsey



*"I love California—it's almost impossible to violate local community standards."*



# S K I N S U I T S

A H E R B R I T T S

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P O R T F O L I O

**A**h, summertime. There's something about the very sound of the word that conjures up images of sand. And sun. And swimsuits. In fact, so sultry is the season that most people begin fantasizing about it long before spring has even sprung. Well, this is no midwinter daydream—it's the real thing, presented to you at the height of the heat wave. We found *one* model, *one* setting and a few delightfully disappearing bathing suits to come up with a pictorial just as blistering as the July weather itself. Naturally, the project would not have been possible without the very best talent around—both those who work behind and those who work in front of the camera—to brazen-



ly challenge the sun to a torrid contest of heat generation. Indeed, the duo we finally enlisted is something special: famed fashion/fine-arts photographer Herb Ritts and the staggeringly beautiful supermodel Cindy Crawford. It was perfect. Ritts photographed such steamy celebrities as Madonna, Kim Basinger and Tina Turner and won fans among *Playboy* readers with his electrifying pictorial of actress Brigitte Nielsen (*Gitte the Great*, December 1987); and Cindy was no stranger to scorching display: She was among the lovely ladies languishing along the Thailand beaches in the 1988 *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit issue. Even before Ritts's first roll of film was loaded, the temperature had begun to rise.

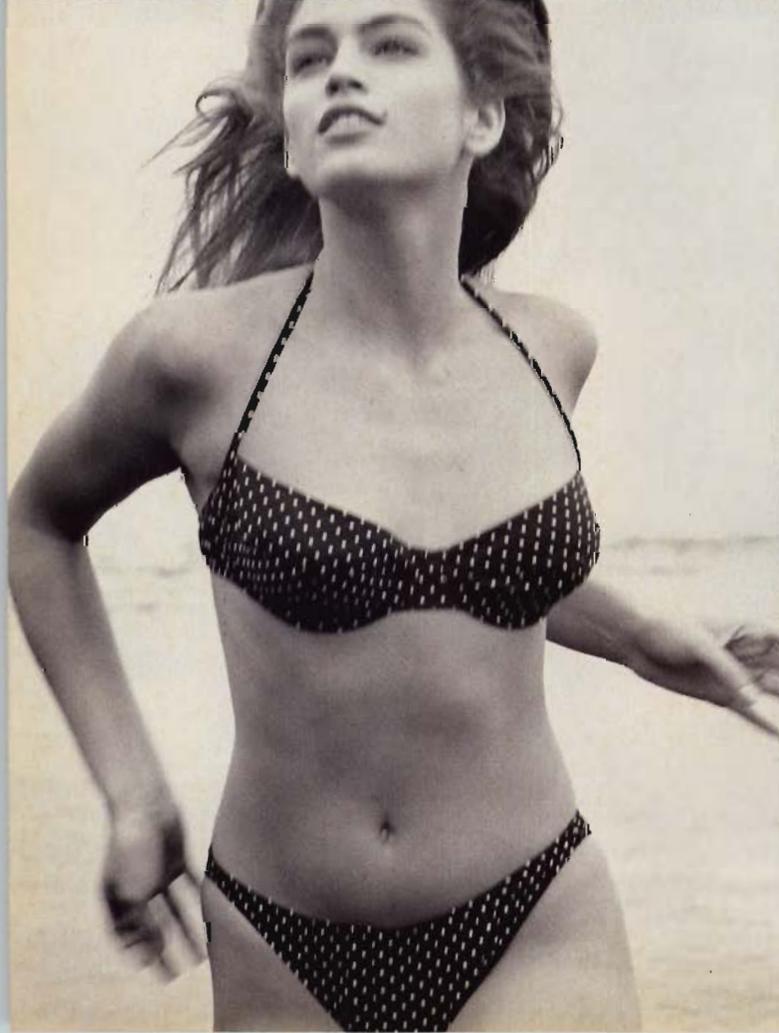
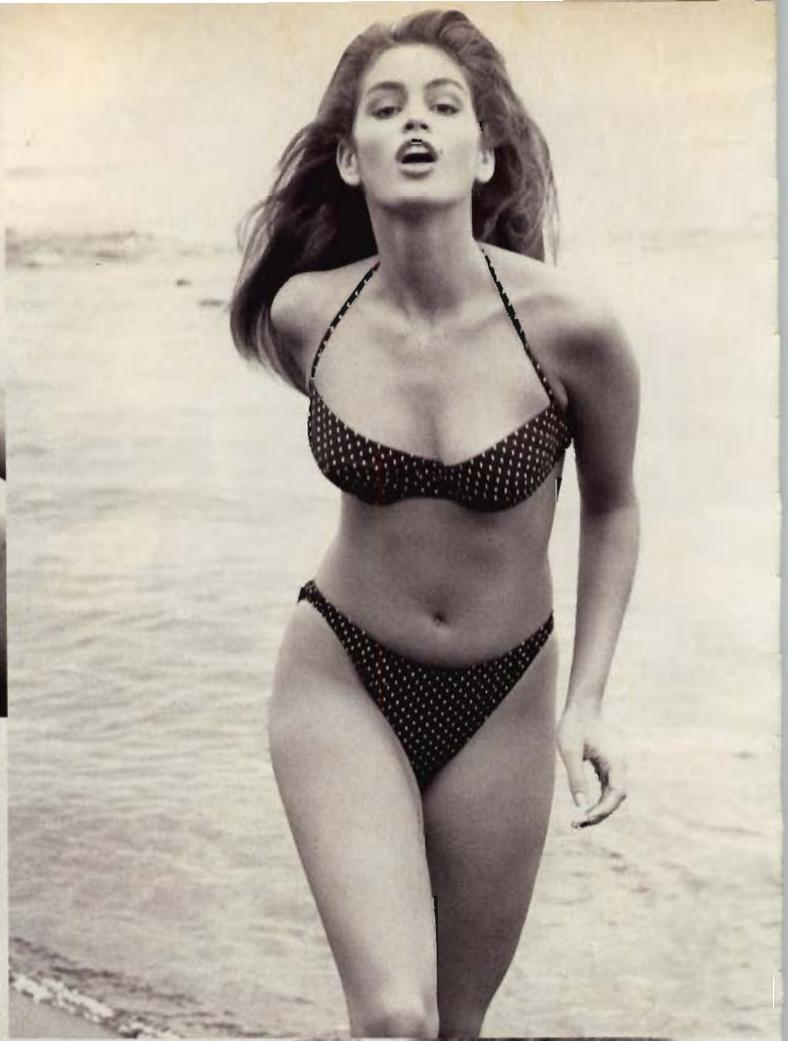
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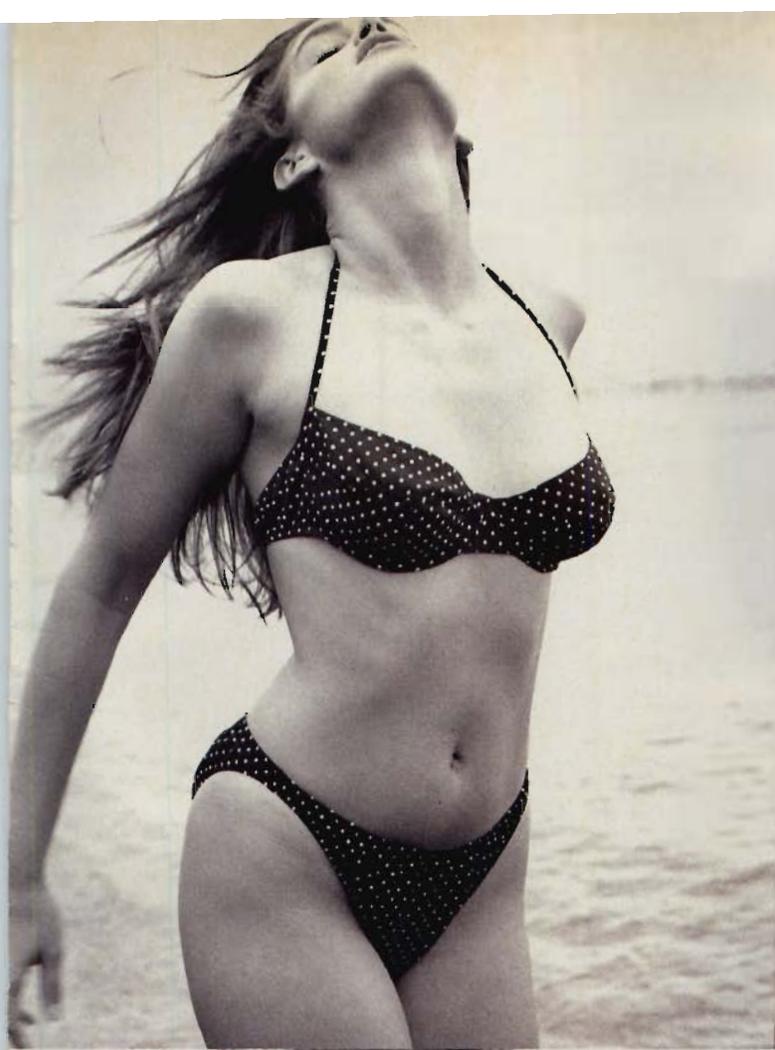
lthough Cindy's corporeal debut in *S.I.*'s 1988 swimsuit issue (on page 99, to be exact) might have caused cardiac arrest among unsuspecting males, it was her face that made her famous. In the first three months of this year, she graced the cover of just about every top women's magazine, including *Vogue*, *Harper's Bazaar*, *Cosmopolitan* and *Mademoiselle*—and probably some others she has forgotten (“If I don't like the way the shots turn out,” she says, “I don't bother to buy the magazine”). But Cindy, of course, is no stranger to caprice in the modeling industry, having pursued her ambition since her earliest high school days in De Kalb, Illinois. “I was always juggling my schoolwork and my career,” she says. “And it wasn't easy. Then, after one year of college at Northwestern, I realized that I

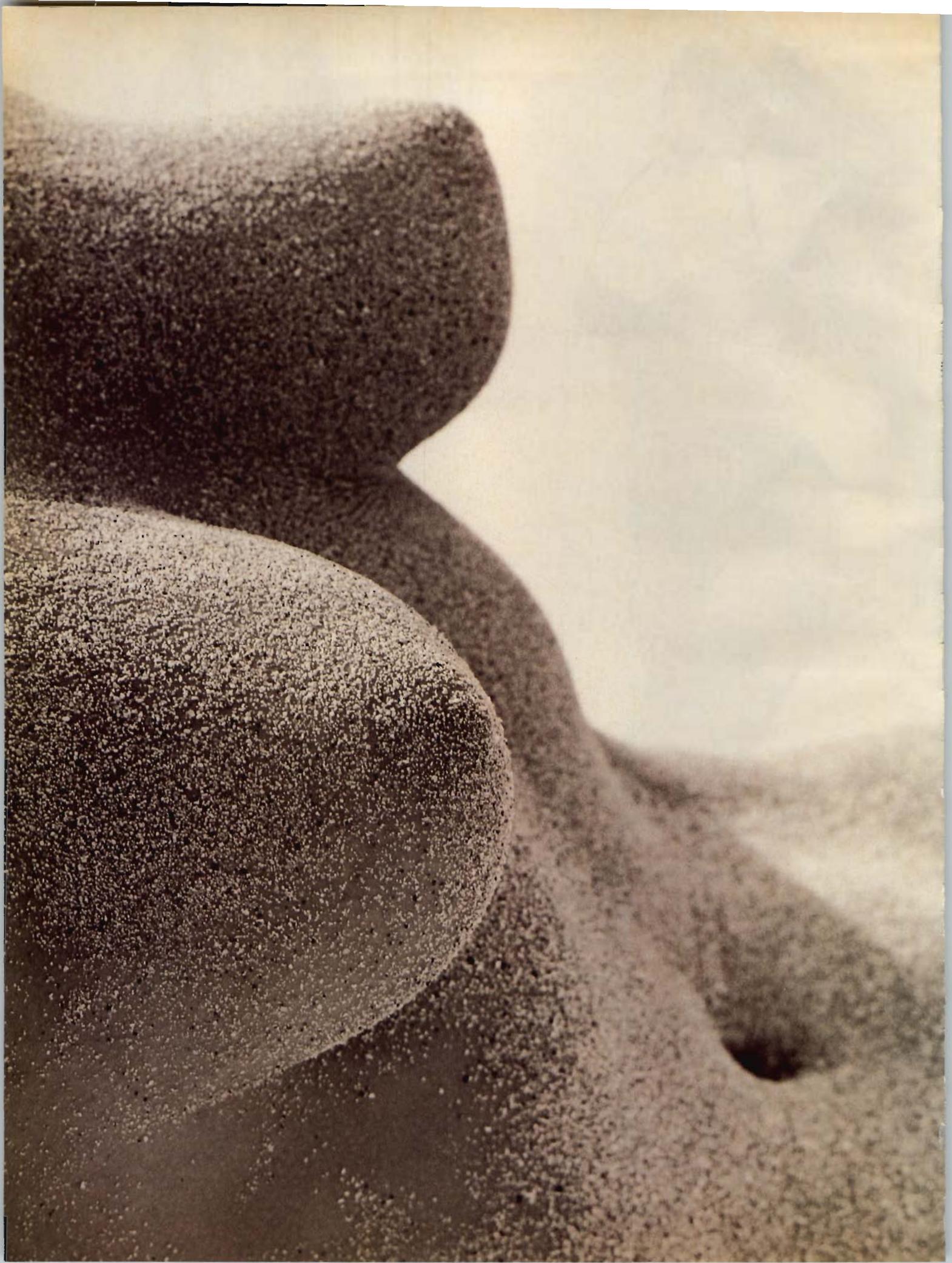


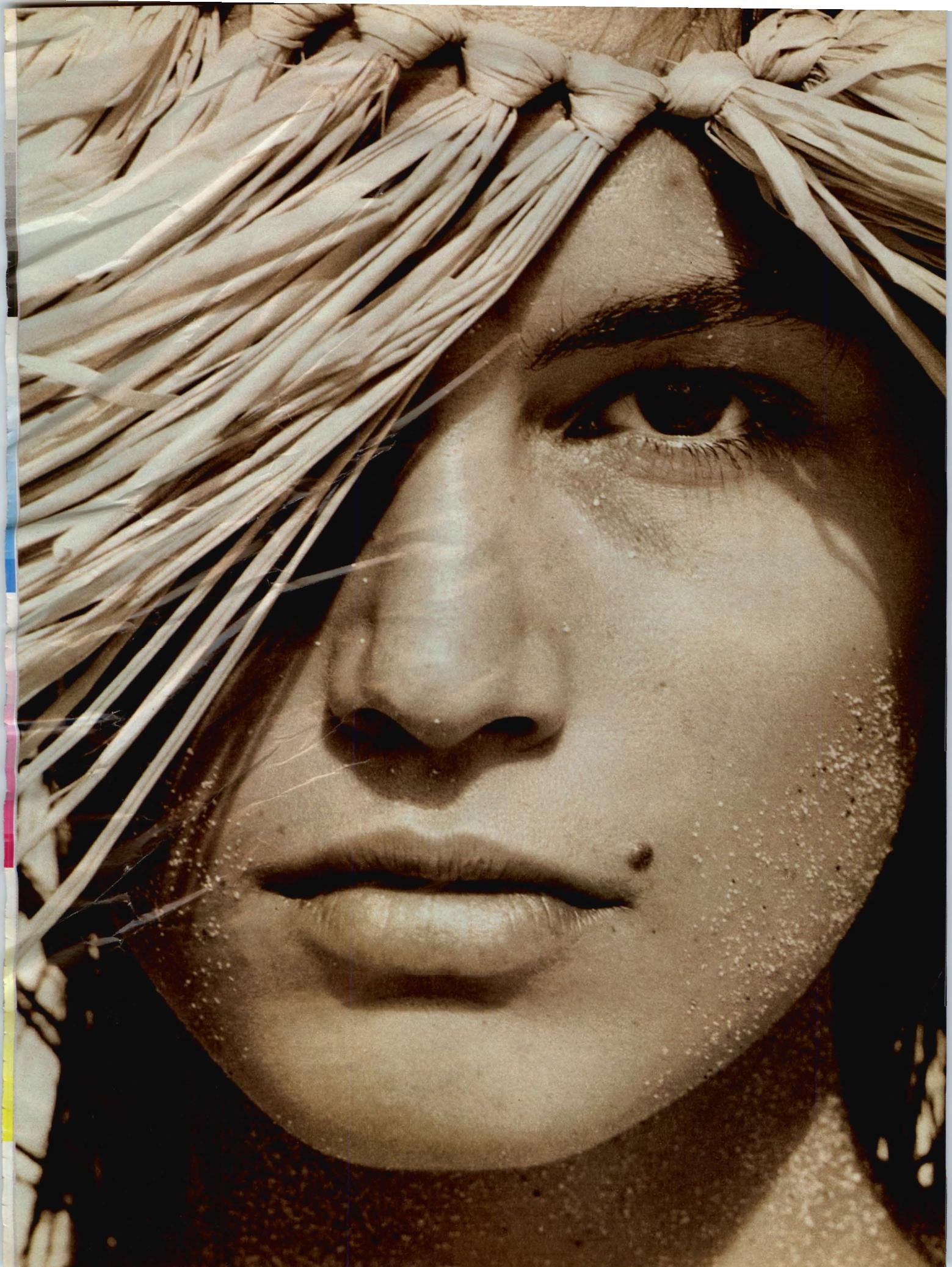
couldn't keep dividing my energies. I knew I had to make a choice and, well, modeling won out.” The decision made, she packed up her make-up kit and moved to New York, signing up with the prestigious Elite agency. Indeed, it was when fellow Elite knockout Paulina Porizkova appeared on the pages and the cover of the August 1987 *Playboy* that Cindy herself became an overnight fan of the “Entertainment for Men” magazine. “I was suddenly buying *Playboy* to see Paulina,” she says, laughing, “but I never imagined that I'd actually do a layout in it one day. But then I saw what Herb Ritts did with Brigitte Nielsen in the December issue. And I thought, Wow, if he can make her look *that* good, I'd love to see what he could do with *me*. That's when I decided to go for it.”







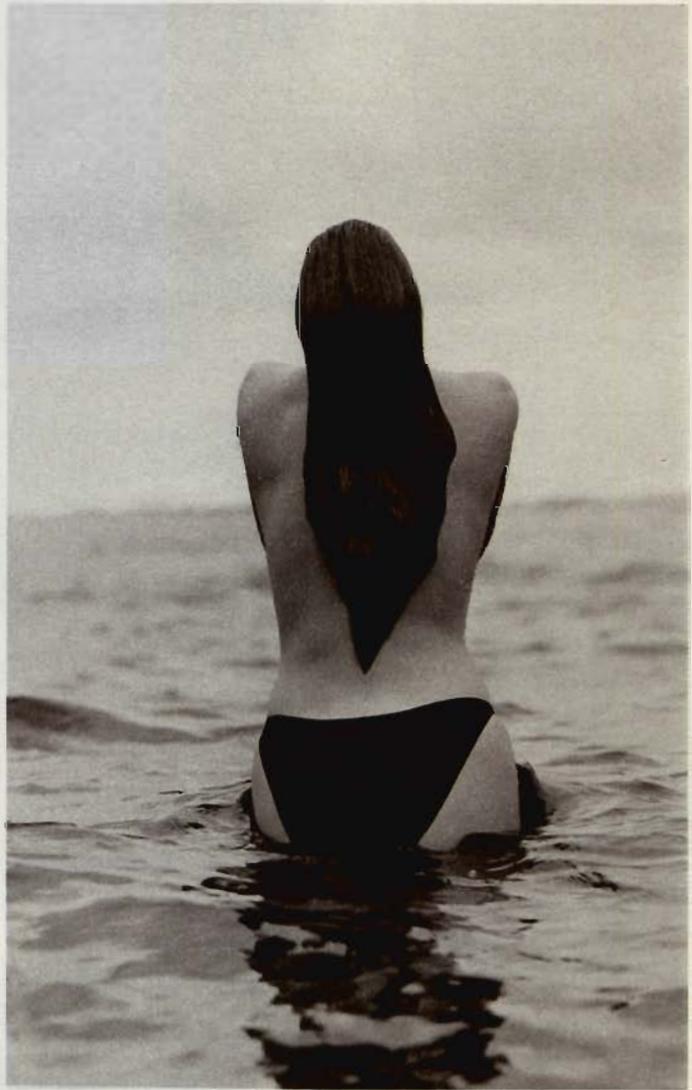




T

he shoot, it was decided, would take place along the sands of Kona and Kanapala, Hawaii—a backdrop, we thought, perfectly suited to Cindy's volcanic sensuousness. "But with the exception of nailing down that particular locale," says *Playboy* Photography Director Gary Cole, "we made no other rules: Herb and Cindy would be on their own." Few artists can command such confidence: Ritts is one, this generation's master at capturing the moody sexy essence of Hollywood's stars. "You never want to direct a photographer like Herb Ritts," says Cole. "He has his own special vision of erotica and womanhood—his own idea of what he's going after—and we didn't want to interfere with that. In fact," he adds, "we didn't even tell Herb whether we wanted him to use color or black-and-white film. We just said *bon voyage* and sent him on his way."

Although the sessions lasted only three days, both the photographer and the model recall that they required equal measures of stamina and stimulation. The decision to shoot in black and white seemed as natural as Cindy herself; the results, long before they reached our Chicago office, promised to be memorable. "Even before I saw one Polaroid from the shoot," says Cindy, "I knew it would turn out to be special. We put a ton of energy into this thing—going at it all day—yet it wasn't torture, by any stretch of the imagination. After all," she says, smiling, "it's not unenjoyable trying to make beautiful pictures. And Herb knows how to do that." Yes, he does. Thank you, Herb. And thank you, Cindy. Here's to a hot summer.













LIFE IS A  
THREE-RING CIRCUS  
FOR

THE

# G R E A T E R R I



AS A LITTLE GIRL in Chicago, she fell for a bozo—the original Bozo, who camped it up on local TV as star of the now-legendary *Bozo's Circus*. “I went on the show and won a stuffed toy, got my picture taken with Bozo and became the talk of the sixth grade.” Terri Lynn Doss, now 22, smiles, fixing blue-gray eyes on the memory. “But that wasn’t my first performance.” In fact, she was a stage veteran. Dressing up as Cher, vamping for her friends while her mom sold tickets for a nickel, she had already become a star of the neighborhood talent-show circuit. “I was quiet in school,” she says, “but at home, I loved singing and dancing.”



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY



"I never dreamed that one day I would be in *Playboy*. I never thought I was pretty. Even at 17 or 18, I had a fat baby face. I'd look at the magazine, and those girls looked like goddesses."



Terri grew up in drag—National Hot Rod Association drag racing, a circus of a sport in which spindly cars hurtle down dusty straightaways at jaw-dropping speeds. Her father ran the local raceway and doubled as track announcer. Her mother sold tickets. Terri and her brother ran the souvenir booth. "Every Sunday morning, we would get up at six and go to the track," she recalls. "Sometimes, I got to hand out the trophies after races. But what I remember most is coming home and shaking off all the dust that I had got on my hair and my clothes." N.H.R.A. hero Don "The Snake" Prudhomme was a family friend. These days, Terri doesn't require a Snake-style parachute to slow down her Toyota MR2 on the Ventura Freeway but admits, "I love to drive fast." Except for that minor vice, she lives a sensible existence, working hard and steering clear of the fast lane. "I don't do the party scene. I'm a homebody."







Terri rolled into Hollywood two years ago, determined to try her hand at acting. Called to do a scene at director Richard Donner's home, she bumped into a shirtless hunk sunning himself on the lawn. "I said, 'Are you *Mel Gibson*?' He smiled. He's a wonderful man," Terri says dreamily. "I hope I can work with him again—and soon!" Most of Terri's role in *Lethal Weapon* was cut, but she appears in *Die Hard*—as the beauty Bruce Willis bumps into at LAX.

"I have a lingerie collection. I like to wear lace, garters and a nice silk nightie. I was going to go to a party in that outfit once, but I chickened out. I saved it for a more private time."



When the subject is men, Terri steers clear of current fashion. "I'm not into suits and ties, and I'm not really into workout guys with washboard stomachs," she says. "I'd rather be with a guy who has a beer belly. I think there's something a little egotistical about trying to look good all the time. I used to date a guy who was a mechanic. He wore a scruffy beard, blue jeans and a T-shirt, never worked out—and never *knew* how good-looking he was. That was what turned me on about him. He never *thought* about it."



"I want to act, and I'm going to work hard on my acting, but I want to put down roots, too," says Miss July. "I would like to be married before I'm 25 and have a baby before I'm 30." She grins at the prospect of juggling marriage, motherhood and a film career. "People say you can't be happily married in Hollywood," she says. "We'll see!" Terri Doss has too much going today to worry much about 1990 or 1995. "I'll be whatever—I really have no idea what I'm going to be, but I know one thing: I'm going to enjoy it."



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Terri Lynn Doss

BUST: 36 WAIST: 22 HIPS: 32

HEIGHT: 5'6 1/2" WEIGHT: 109

BIRTH DATE: 9.4.65 BIRTHPLACE: Chicago, Illinois

AMBITIONS: To become a better actress and always to be happy, healthy + in love ♡.

TURN-ONS: '69 Camaros, Harleys, Rainy days + sunshine, a good mechanic, the ocean, sticky men.

TURN-OFFS: NEGATIVISM - Stress, dishonesty, judgmental people, grudges, animal abuse, headaches

MUSICAL FAVES: JOHN COUGAR, MELLEN CAMP, SPRINGSTEEN, BRYAN ADAMS, PHIL COLLINS, FOREIGNER, JOURNEY, DINGO BOINGO

FAVORITE TV SHOWS: Dynasty, Moonlighting, WHO'S THE BOSS?, THE A-TEAM, PEE-WEES PLAYHOUSE, FLINTSTONES, I LOVE LUCY.

FAVORITE PLACE: Puerto Peñasco, MEXICO - SUN, SURF and Romance ♡♡

FAVORITE SPORTS: Drag Racing, Boating water- + snow skiing, motorcycle riding, football, hockey... cuddling...

BY 1998: I'll be married, another and deliriously happy ☺.

AGE 16....

AGE 21....

22<sup>ND</sup> BIRTHDAY



SOPHOMORE YEAR AT "HORIZON HIGH" SCHOOL



SURPRISE PARTY! IN L.A. (Robs from my honey)



MOM & I celebrating in Arizona!

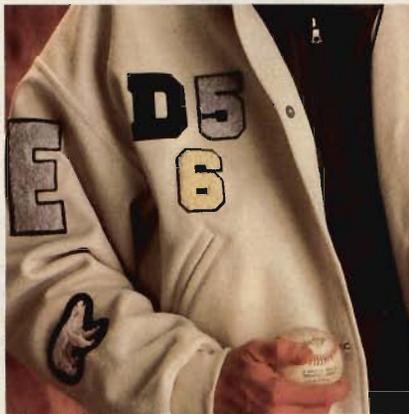
**MISS JULY** PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



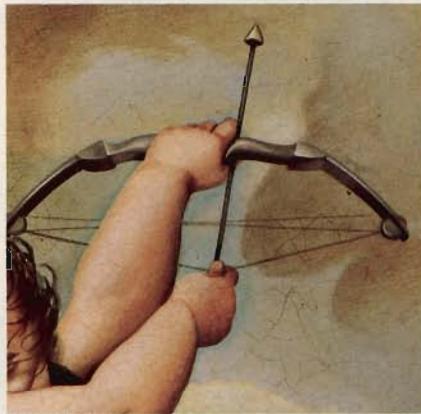
# NEXT MONTH



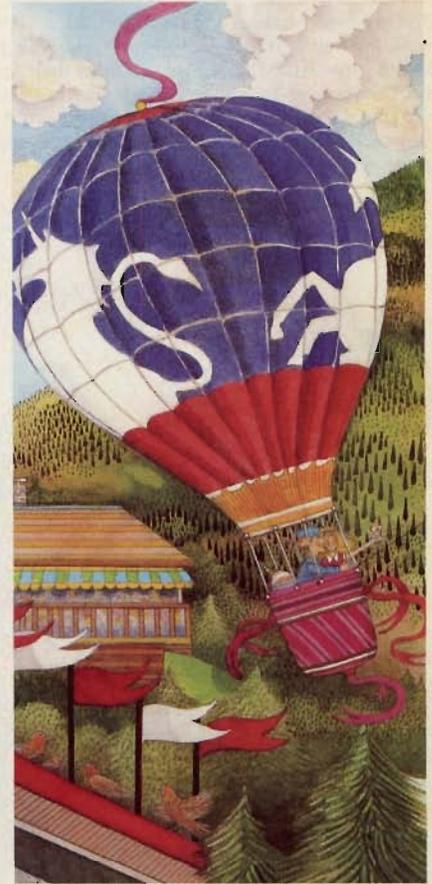
POSTHUMOUS PEEPERS



DIAMOND CHARLIE



RAMBO'S DADDY



HI, COLORADO!

**"THE MAN WHO WOULD BE COCAINE KING"**—**CARLOS LEHDER**, REPUTED HONCHO OF THE COLOMBIAN CARTEL, IS TAKING HIS DRUG EMPIRE PUBLIC. SIT IN ON HIS DRAMATIC TRIAL IN A FLORIDA COURTROOM VIA AN EXCLUSIVE REPORT FOR *PLAYBOY* BY **HOWARD KOHN**

**"ASPEN WHEN IT'S HOT"**—IN SUMMER, THE CHIC SKI RESORT OFFERS A VERY DIFFERENT ROCKY-MOUNTAIN HIGH: PART CRAZINESS, PART SHEER BEAUTY

**"THE DEAD MAN'S EYES"**—HERE (AT LAST): THE GRIPPING TALE OF LOVE, ADULTERY AND MURDER BY SCIENCE-FICTION MASTER **ROBERT SILVERBERG**

**"RAMBO AND ME"**—THE WRITER WHO CREATED HIM RECALLS HIS UNPLANNED PARENTHOOD OF THE SCREEN'S ULTRAVIOLENT HERO—BY **DAVID MORRELL**

**"THE GIRL WHO TOOK LESSONS"**—KAREN'S HOBBY WAS TAKING NIGHT CLASSES, BUT MIKE NEVER WORRIED ABOUT IT MUCH—UNTIL A BUSINESS TRIP TOOK HER OUT OF TOWN. A WRY STORY OF MODERN ROMANCE—BY **HARRY TURTLEDOVE**

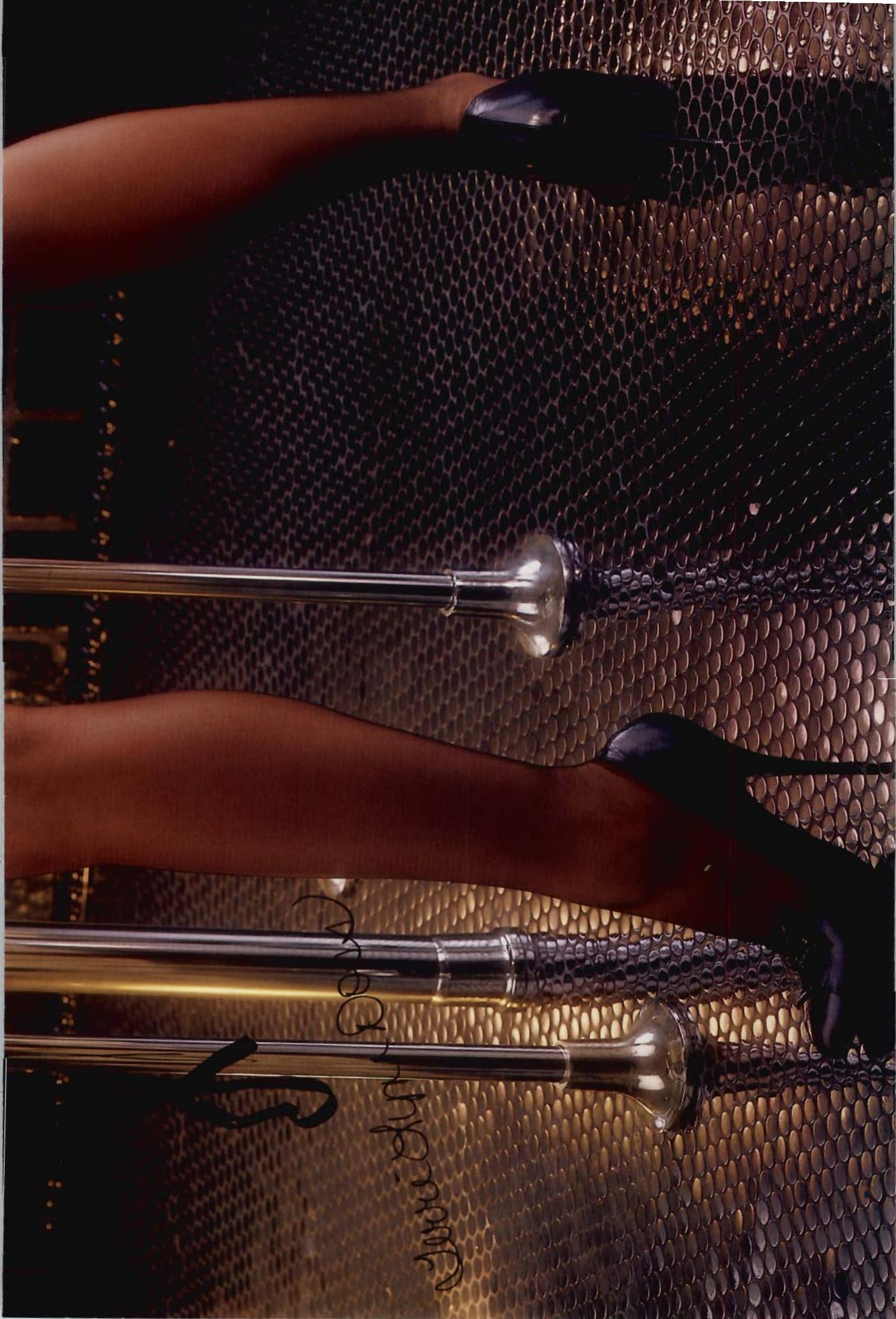
**"LORDS OF THE FLIES"**—FLY FISHING HAS FASCINATED MEN AS DISSIMILAR AS **PRINCE CHARLES**, **ERNEST HEMINGWAY** AND **JIMMY CARTER**. ITS SPECIAL MYSTIQUE IS UNRAVELED, STYLISHLY, BY **GEOFFREY NORMAN**

**"THE SEX QUOTIENT OF WOMEN'S-MAGAZINE READERS"**—IF YOUR DATE HAS *ELLE* ON HER COFFEE TABLE, WHAT ARE YOUR PROSPECTS ON A SECOND DATE? HOW ABOUT FANS OF *COSMO*? *VOGUE*? *MS.*? *MADemoiselle*? AN UTTERLY UNSCIENTIFIC SURVEY

**HARVEY FIERSTEIN**, THE PLAYWRIGHT OF *TORCH SONG TRILOGY* AND *SAFE SEX*, SPEAKS OUT ON THE IMPACT OF AIDS ON THE GAY AND HETEROSEXUAL POPULATIONS IN A SURPRISINGLY CANDID **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

**PLUS: "20 QUESTIONS"** WITH BLACK-POWER-SALUTE ATHLETE TURNED SOCIOLOGIST **HARRY EDWARDS**; **CHARLIE SHEEN** PUTS ON BASEBALL TOGS; FOUR GREAT NEW CARS FROM EUROPE; A SURPRISE PICTORIAL WORTH WAITING FOR; STILL MORE UPS AND DOWNS IN THE LIFE OF *WICKED WILLIE*; AND MORE





David  
David

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Jimmy Carter, Ted Kennedy, Gary Hart, Joseph Biden and Michael Dukakis were on a cruise down the Potomac when the ship struck a rock and began to sink.

"Gentlemen," Carter said, "as good Christians, we should let the women and children board the lifeboats first."

"Fuck the women!" Kennedy shouted.

"Do we have time?" Hart asked.

"Do we have time?" Biden asked.

"Did everyone hear that?" Dukakis asked.

When talking shop, technicians at sperm banks refer to frozen semen as blue genes.



When the salesman's car broke down, he walked to the nearest farmhouse to ask if he could stay the night. The farmer agreed to put him up. "But," he said, "you'll have to share a bed with my son."

"Oh, never mind," the disappointed salesman said. "I think I'm in the wrong joke."

On the opening day of fishing season in Idaho, an old man in a pickup truck bearing Wyoming license plates unloaded a birchbark canoe, a one-piece bamboo rod and a beat-up tackle box and headed out to the lake. Several hours later, he returned with 50 large lake trout. The local fishermen, who had had barely a nibble, asked the old man his secret, but he ignored them, loaded up his truck and drove away.

The scenario was repeated for the next several days. Finally, the Department of Fish and Game was called in to investigate. When the old man arrived on schedule one day, the Fish and Game officer asked to join him. He shrugged and motioned him into the canoe. After an hour of paddling, he reached into his tackle box, pulled out a stick of dynamite, lit the fuse and threw it into the water. The officer watched in shock as the old man netted several stunned fish.

"Sir, I don't know what the laws are in Wyoming," the officer said, "but here in Idaho, it's illegal to dynamite fish."

The old man pulled out another stick of dynamite, lit the fuse, threw it into the officer's lap and growled, "Boy, you gonna sit there and talk or are you gonna fish?"

A distinguished-looking man entered a Geneva bank and inquired about taking out a loan for 1000 Swiss francs.

"What security can you offer?" the banker asked.

"My Rolls-Royce is parked out front," he said. "I will be away for a few weeks. Here are the keys."

A month later, the man returned to the bank and paid off the loan, 1017 francs with interest.

"Pardon me for asking," the banker said, "but why a one-thousand-franc loan for a man of your obvious means?"

"Very simple," he replied. "Where else can you store a Rolls for a month for seventeen francs?"

Why do shepherds wear flowing robes? Because sheep can hear a zipper a mile away.

One of the proctologist's most annoying patients came in for an examination. The doctor ordered him to bend over and proceeded to probe with first one, then two fingers, causing the patient considerable discomfort.

"Hey, doc," the man objected, "why are you using *two* fingers?"

"I assumed," the doctor replied, "that you'd want a second opinion."



After a fierce hurricane struck New York City, local officials estimated that the storm did \$10,000,000 worth of improvements.

A man wearing a stovepipe hat, a waistcoat and a phony beard sat down at a bar and ordered a double whiskey. As the bartender set it down, he asked, "Going to a party?"

"Yeah," the man answered. "Supposed to go dressed as my love life."

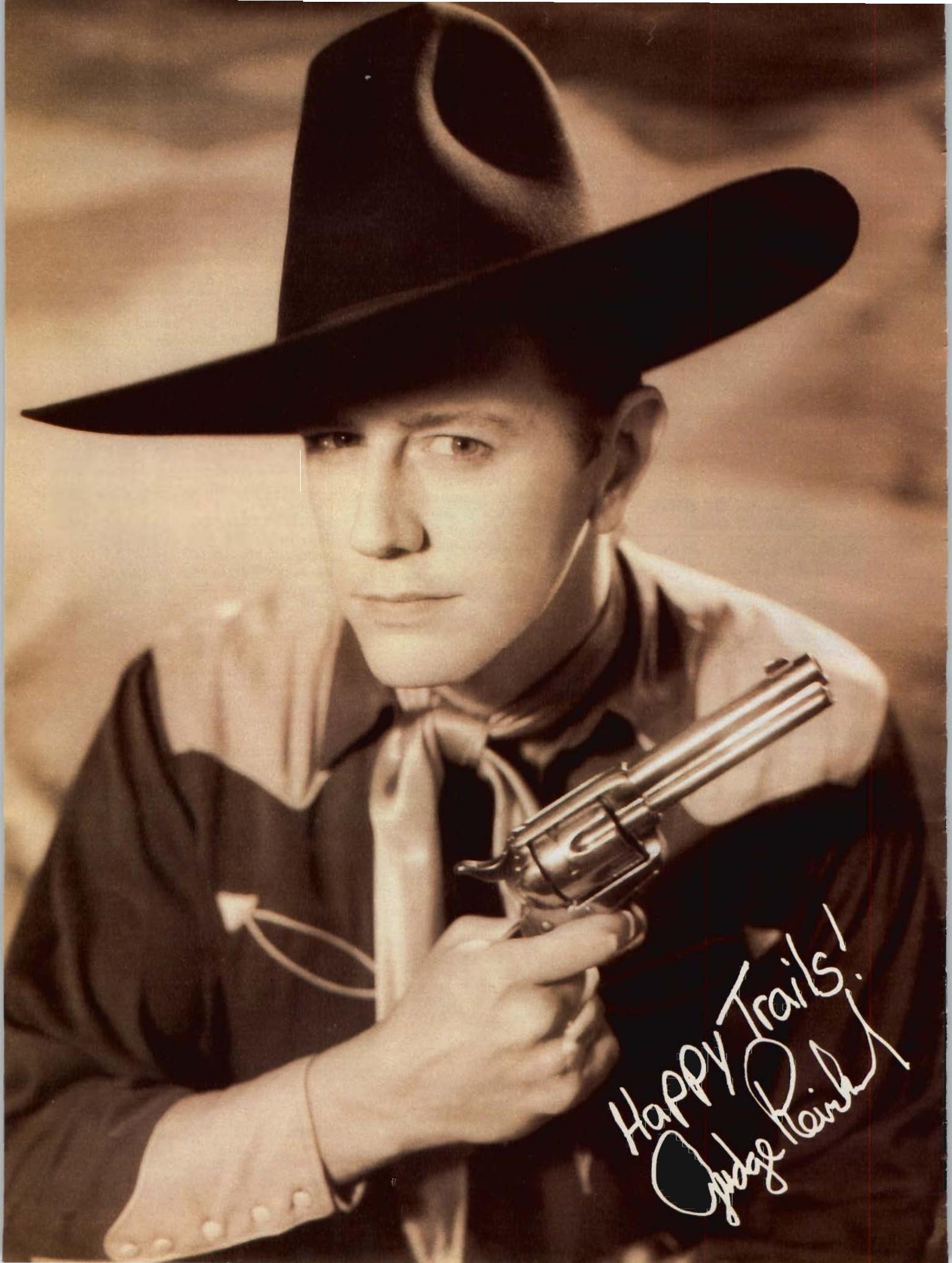
"But you look like Abe Lincoln."

"That's right. My last four scores were seven years ago."

*Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a post-card, please, to Party Jokes Editor, Playboy, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*



*"Looks like some folks are in for one hell of a big blow tonight, Walt."*



Happy Trails!  
Judge Hank

# JUDGE REINHOLD

**A**lthough cursed as an infant with the sober countenance of a jurist—hence the courtly moniker—Judge Reinhold, at 30, has lightened up considerably and managed to become the most affable galoot in movies today. One critic suggested that he is a pixilating cross between James Stewart and Donald Duck, the strongest evidence of which has been demonstrated in such films as “Fast Times at Ridgemont High,” “Off Beat,” “Ruthless People,” “Beverly Hills Cop” and, most recently, “Vice Versa.”

Contributing Editor Bill Zehme infiltrated an on-location film set in Chicago and hunkered down for conversation in the actor's so-called trailer of love. Zehme reports: “At the time of our interview, Reinhold may have been the only judge in Chicago not under indictment. Judge is understandably sick of the fuss over his name. Still, I had to wonder, If he looked like a judge as a tot, what did he think he resembled these days? ‘A child actor,’ he told me, grinning his omnipresent grin.”

## 1.

PLAYBOY: A movie executive has said that part of your charm emanates from the way you project your imperfections. Do you have any imperfections you'd gladly give up?

REINHOLD: [Laughs] You mean physical? When I was a kid, my mother had my ears pinned. I understand why she did it—I really looked like a cab with both doors open. The great thing about it was that I got to wear a turbanlike bandage to school for a week. I told everybody I had a brain tumor; I got a lot of mileage out of that. When the bandages came

off, though, the ears were still as big as before, except they looked as though somebody had pasted them back. My mother thought she'd ruined me for life and fainted in the doctor's office. I remember the doctor saying, just before she passed out, “Oh, well, he'll grow into them. . . .”

I'd give up my Adam's apple. It has a way of leading me through life that I don't

much like. And I've been concerned about my Joe Palooka chest. I'm Mr. Torso, you know? Marty Brest, director of *Beverly Hills Cop*, told me I was a terrific actor from the neck up. I could do a nude scene only in a comedy; otherwise, the sight of my body might throw the drama off. It's tough, because when you start getting lead parts, all you can think about is how much you don't look like Robert Redford. I guess I'm slowly defining my own brand of smoldering sexuality.

## 2.

PLAYBOY: As unlikely as it may seem, we suspect that you're the product of a warped youth. Accurate?

REINHOLD: [Grinning] Yeah, I was the guy selling pot in the parking lot at my senior prom. All the other kids were in the agriculture clubs and I was growing contraband. That was in a little Southern town, Fredericksburg, Virginia, where there was really all the time in the world, with nothing to do. The only recreation was mindless cruising. My first car was a '63 Chevy station wagon that I called Ramona, because that's the sound it made. FARM USE was painted on the back. It was right off the set of *Hee Haw*. I was in a Neil Young phase.

For entertainment, there was a big Marine base nearby. Every night, Marines would drive up behind me and my long-haired friends at red lights and start screaming sexual come-ons at us. Some of them, even after we turned around, thought we were just ugly girls. It was when they *weren't* shocked that we really worried.

## 3.

PLAYBOY: What do you think women see in you?

REINHOLD: [Flustered] Gee, I don't know—maybe a sappy sincerity? I was the Alan Alda of my high school. Unfortunately, I was the nice guy the girls would complain to about their asshole boyfriends. The only girls I got at that time were kind of screwed up with emotional problems. I was a glib guy.

Now they probably see me as accessible and fun. I mean, stewardesses are hitting on me in airplanes! I have to say that it's very thrilling to get attention from women. It's completely superficial. And *very* gratifying. You know, it's one of the tragedies of my life to realize that now that I'm famous, I find myself not only married but in the middle of the AIDS epidemic. My wife is pleased. [Laughs]

It's just awful timing. Isn't it terrible that the Eighties could possibly be remembered as the era in which when you slept with somebody, you slept with everybody she'd slept with in the past 15 years? [Grinning] I mean, they may as well be in bed with you. But you don't even get the benefit.

I'm looking forward to the equivalent of V-E Day when they finally find the cure, and people will be fucking in the streets.

## 4.

PLAYBOY: As a former resident thespian there, would you regale us with tales of the Burt Reynolds Jupiter Theater in Jupiter, Florida?

REINHOLD: Well, it was an apprenticeship program, and basically, I'd do bit parts and serve cocktails. Burt called it paying your dues. We called it slave labor. But those were great days—I was about 20 then. If I was lucky enough to have a couple of lines in the first act—and they happened to be *funny* lines—I'd make 50 bucks in tips, serving drinks at intermission. For particularly bad performances, we'd get the bartender to make the drinks stiffer. We had this idea that for fun, we'd just nail the plates to the tables and hose them off before the show. It might have goosed the presentation a bit.

But there were several recurring nightmares. Every night, toward the end of the last act, some drunken broad, who wouldn't accept the fact that Burt was 3000 miles away in California, would start screaming, “Where's Burt?” That always heightened the drama on stage. During the hot summer months, when everybody else left Florida, we'd get these busloads of Miami geriatrics who'd sit there with hearing aids and docile smiles. The standard line among the actors was, “Why doesn't somebody bury them before they start to smell?”

I lived right above the theater, and on one night I'll never forget, I was just finishing making love with a comely fellow apprentice. Amazingly, we reached the crucial moment virtually at the time the second act ended, and there was this thunderous applause. It was just one of those memorable episodes in your life when the timing is incredibly perfect, like in a movie.

I'll tell you, another memorable night of mine was when I had to drive a famous gay actor to the airport. Well, we'd been driving along and he seemed to have been, like, (continued on page 142)

hollywood's favorite galoot explains the problems of big feet, the joys of power lounging and the special thrill of masturbating on camera



*hong kong sizzles with*

# WORLD-CLASS BEAUTIES

WELCOME TO THE FIRST-EVER MISS PLAYBOY  
INTERNATIONAL PAGEANT



**J**UST LIKE THE OLYMPICS, only much prettier, was the scene in Queen Elizabeth Stadium in Hong Kong this past December 13. There was a chill in the night air—yes, that certain electricity—as some 2000 people settled into their seats to witness a global celebration of beauty: *Playboy* magazine, along with its 13 international editions, was staging the first-ever Miss Playboy International pageant. If the event promised to be an evening of magic, putting it all together had required plenty of no-nonsense planning and teamwork. Over the course of the week, *Playboy* editors, art directors and photographers had swarmed into Hong Kong, headquarters for our Chinese-language edition, from Argentina, Australia, Brazil, France, West Germany, Greece, Italy, Japan, Mexico, the Netherlands, Spain, Turkey and the United States—each individual lending an expert hand to the proceedings, each country represented by *Playboy's* best. Ultimately, of course, the contestants stole the show. There were 14, each of whom had already appeared in her country's edition of *Playboy*—either as a Playmate or as a model. Clearly, the judges' job would be as tough as it was enviable.

*Playboy's* international pageant brought together 14 of the world's most beautiful women (posing for cameras, below, and on a junk in Hong Kong harbor, left). The three who grabbed top honors are (above, from left): Italy's Marta Duca (first runner-up), Brazil's Luma de Oliveira (Miss Playboy International) and the U.S.' Lynne Austin (second runner-up).



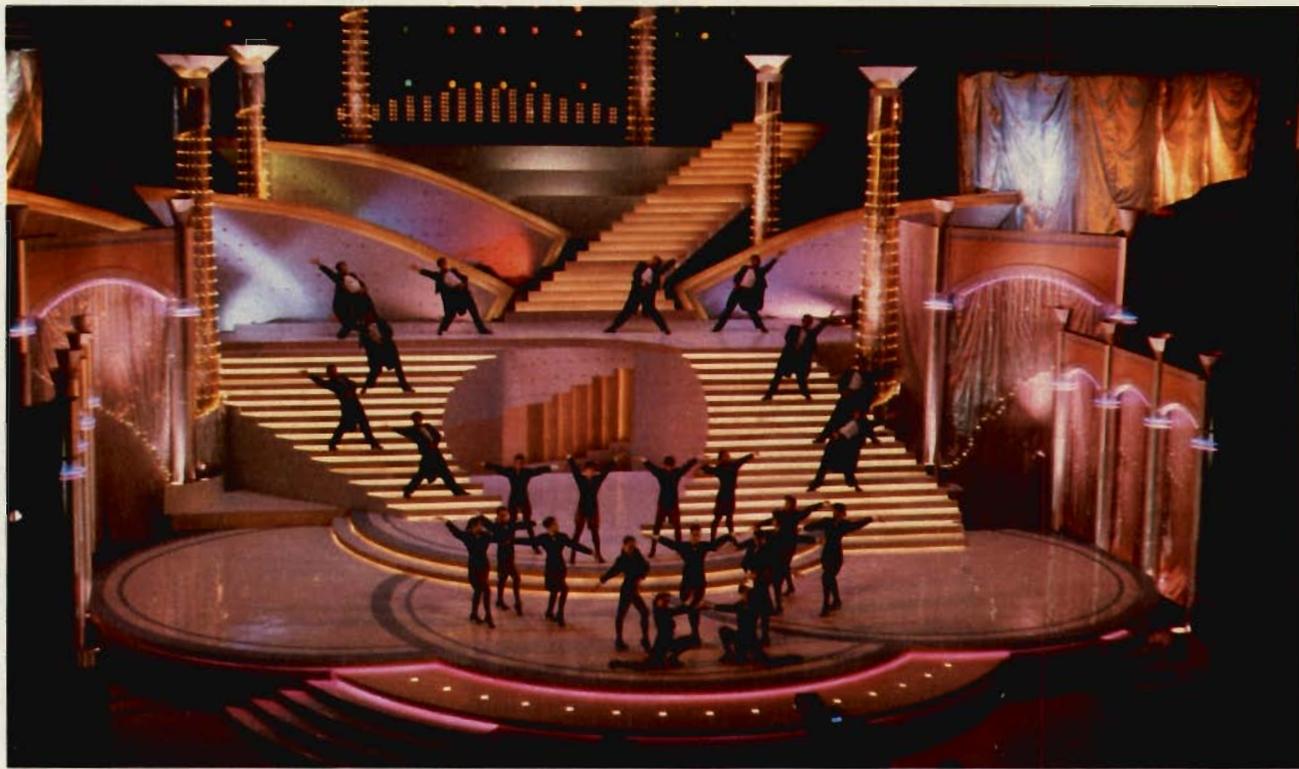
In addition to the standard beauty-contest fare, the pageant served up a feast of song-and-dance productions, including a Busby-Berkeley-gone-Hong-Kong number (below) and (right) a routine in which contestants played Santa's helpers to Chinese star Alex To.

At precisely 9:30 P.M., the pageant began—despite last-minute demonstrations by the Christian Theological Society of Hong Kong, which deemed the show not-quite-ready-for-prime-time Chinese television. Evidently, the protesters had not done their homework: Not only did the local



viewers tune into the live broadcast, they loved it. In the end, TVB, the station that aired the event, would grab an astonishing 95 percent audience share, as home viewers watched the pageant entrants parade before the cameras wearing a variety of outfits, including bathing suit, evening dress and national costume. The judges carefully jotted notes as beauty went head to head with beauty. By 11 P.M., they'd made their decision: The crown of Miss Playboy International and \$25,000 were awarded to Luma de Oliveira, the Brazilian bombshell who'd made her first *Playboy* appearance only four months earlier. Second place and \$15,000 were nabbed by Italy's striking Marta Duca and third place was given to America's own Lynne Austin—Miss July 1986—who received \$10,000 for her efforts. An additional \$3000 was handed over to Luma as winner of the Editors' Choice Award—an honor determined by a multinational panel of *Playboy* editors and photographers. Their choice was unanimous.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY  
BYRON NEWMAN



Most of the contenders were already well known to their countrymen before the pageant was held. Nathalie Galan (right) was not only the French *Playboy's* April 1987 Playmate and a TV celebrity but also the co-author of a popular book about being, *naturellement*, a sex symbol.



FRANCE

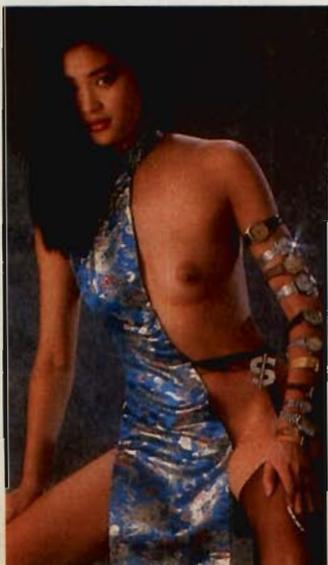


WEST GERMANY



AUSTRALIA

HONG KONG



MEXICO



Neither Australia's Shannon Lee Long (above) nor West Germany's Stella Kobs (opposite page) was disappointed with the judges' final decision: "It was a pleasure just to be there," says Shannon, a stunning sheila. "Besides," adds Stella, "I never win pageants. My trouble is that I can't smile." Being in the spotlight was old hat for Hong Kong's May Cheung (far left)—to date, she has appeared in ten films. And as for Mexico's Barbara Ferrat (left), her Hong Kong stay developed into a true test of feminine endurance: When she wasn't on stage, she was downtown shopping!



## GREECE

Although she admits that it wasn't easy trying to decipher the Chinese language, Athens model Jenny Vergidou (above), a bona fide globe-trotter, boasts fluency in both Bulgarian and Russian. Below, from left: Minako Konno, a Tokyo administrator who stunned family and friends by appearing in the June 1987 *Japanese Playboy*; the Netherlands' Lucienne Bruinooge, a model/actress from Schoonhoven (get out your conversion tables, guys: Lucienne was the tallest of the contestants, measuring 1.78 meters); and Spain's Nuria Pasarisa Dobon, a budding actress who, though she hasn't copped a leading role, has had her *traseiro* photographed for Spanish starlets who won't show theirs. And from the U.S., here's Lynne Austin (opposite)—who was not only the pageant's second runner-up but 1987 Playmate of the Year in the Netherlands.

## JAPAN



## NETHERLANDS



## SPAIN





UNITED STATES



## ITALY

The pageant was the brain child of Albert Cheng, Editor and Publisher of *Playboy's* Chinese-language edition. Cheng bounced the idea off *Playboy* Photo Director Gary Cole, Managing Photo Editor Jeff Cohen, Dutch Editor Jan Heemskerk and the company's Director of International Publishing, Haresh Shah—and the five men stoked the spark of fantasy into a blazing reality. "In the end," says Shah, "it was more than just a beauty pageant. It was a clear illustration of my concept of *Playboy's* editions: We are a *family*. And what a reunion we had!"

**T**he first runner-up, Italy's Marta Duca (above), is a veteran of several beauty face-offs, including the Miss Europe contest in Frankfurt. And finally, the winner: Brazil's Luma de Oliveira (at right and opposite), a model from just outside Rio de Janeiro. When speaking of the magazine that honored her, Luma is oh-so-Latin: "*Playboy* has been like a special boyfriend to me. Slowly and carefully, it has undressed me and taken me on a marvelous journey."

## BRAZIL





*"I have a Stetson that I like to wear around the house, buck-ass naked. My wife finds that endearing."*

flirting with me, much to my chagrin. And as we drove through these orange groves, a wonderful cloud of orange fragrance wafted in through the windows. He sniffed and asked me, "Ooh, what's that?" I said, "It's the orange blossoms." He said [*slyly*], "I thought you'd farted." And I'm, like, watching the road signs, thinking, Thirty more miles, 25 more miles. . . .

5.

PLAYBOY: What were you thinking about during your famous masturbation scene in *Fast Times at Ridgemont High*?

REINHOLD: [*Grimming*] Oh, you'll never know. My wife asked me that, too. And I said, "You, of course." But she'll never know, either. Actually, I remember not realizing the true implication of what I was going to do that day in the bathroom until I was there kneeling on the toilet. The director, Amy Heckerling, said to me, "Just treat this as your first real love scene—only it's with just yourself."

Yeah, the "flogging the dolphin" scene has gotten me into some pretty embarrassing situations since. I was waiting to board an airplane, standing in line with, like, 200 people. These two GIs walked by me and one said to the other, "*There's that guy who jerked off!*" It was like they'd just seen me in a bathroom on the concourse.

[*Sighs*] My mother and I have yet to talk about that scene. Also, it's the only time I was ever grateful my dad died before I made my success.

6.

PLAYBOY: The dream sequence that preceded that scene had you in black tie embracing a topless Phoebe Cates as she emerged from a pool. Was that the privilege most guys think it was?

REINHOLD: I felt *extremely* fortunate. It was just astounding. You know what, though? At the moment, when it goes on, you just feel really embarrassed. It's rumored that George C. Scott, when he had to get into bed with an actress for a love scene, told her, "I apologize if I get an erection and I apologize if I don't." I'd love to know if that's true. I can relate.

But Phoebe found new respect for me, because after the desired effect, I put my arm up—*she* thought to shelter her nudity. But actually, I did it so that I wouldn't be upstaged. As it was, that was a pretty paranoid day for her. There were photographers on the roof. She was getting a little tired of being exploited. As a result of that scene, most guys in America have the idea that maybe I did sleep with Phoebe. I have to tell you, I enjoy that speculation.

7.

PLAYBOY: At what moment did you stop being gullible?

REINHOLD: I still am. If I weren't working now, I'd be bitter and angry. But as long as I'm working, it's tough to get jaded, though I remember an experience that made me feel less gullible. I was sitting down at the Universal casting office, which is unique, because instead of separate offices for different shows, everybody sits in the same room, waiting to go in to different auditions. So you sit there with seven vikings and three fat women and so on. I happened to be sitting next to this guy, laughing at all the different types waiting together. Then I realize that the guy I'm sitting next to is Tom Hanks. It dawned on us that we were both a type, too. The same type. Fortunately, that's the only time we've met. I haven't seen him since.

8.

PLAYBOY: Tell us your cinematic dreams.

REINHOLD: Oh, you know what? I do have those dreams, it's true. For instance, I'm dying to do one of those surfing process shots, where I'm riding the surfboard, my hair is not moving at all and you can almost see someone off camera throwing water on me. That's a big Hollywood dream of mine.

I also want to do the scene where you're supposed to meet the girl at the Berlin train station. You see her at one end of the platform and you're at the other end and, as you start walking toward each other, the SS men come and grab you and you have to march right past her *without looking at her*, or else they'll grab her, too. That's a *great* scene. I've seen a couple of versions and they are really hot.

I have a great album I listen to all the time of cowboy-crooner songs. It always makes me want to ride off into the sunset on a horse, whistling. That's another of my big movie dreams. I don't need the girl here. I just want to whistle.

9.

PLAYBOY: You're 6'2". Burden us with your sartorial plight as a "big-and-tall man."

REINHOLD: My father was 6'4" and I didn't want to be that tall. I did everything I could to stunt my growth, but it didn't work. My wardrobe options are hopelessly limited. Forget hip clothes from Melrose Avenue or English clothes, for instance. And shoes may be my biggest problem. I wear a size 13. Now, if I do see a shoe I like and I'm lucky enough that it comes in my size, it never actually looks like the one I saw in the window. It looks like a kayak. On

me, cowboy boots look like two pontoons; Converse high-top All Stars make me look like I'm from Ringling Brothers. My favorite pair are bowling shoes that I stole from a bowling alley. I went in with shitty shoes and I thought it was an even trade. I'm sure they didn't.

Hats, too. I tried wearing a beret and I looked like a horse's ass. I fancy myself as a guy who looks good in hats, but my wife assures me I look like a complete and utter fool. She begs me not to wear them in public. She does, however, allow me to wear my hats at home. I have a Stetson that I like to wear around the house, buck-ass naked. She finds that endearing.

10.

PLAYBOY: You and your wife lived together before getting nuptial. Who brought up marriage first and what changed when you married your roommate?

REINHOLD: What changed? Well, the bathroom doors were already open before we got married. People like Dr. Ruth are saying now that you should keep the door closed, that there's a dangerous possibility of getting too familiar, which could diminish sexual attraction. I hope that's not true.

I recently asked Carrie why she thinks we've been together for six years, and she said it's because she has a bad memory. She has been very patient with me, because—as much as I love her—after about two years of marriage now, I'm just getting comfortable with the idea. Sometimes I become paralyzed with a fear of becoming like Carl Betz on *The Donna Reed Show*. It doesn't have to be that way. I realize that I'm projecting my ideas of what marriage is onto our relationship, instead of just seeing that it is unique on its own. It's the *specter* of marriage that I'm trying to get past.

So it probably will sound strange to learn that I proposed to her. I was doing a film in Toronto and she was working in Europe. We were both pretty miserable in our own respective ways, and I proposed over a transatlantic phone call that had a terrible echo. She heard me three times. She thought I was repeating, but I swear it was an echo. All she said was, "Oh, boy, this is how it starts." She, too, had a healthy caution about getting married, but she also knew she wanted to do it very much. She was scared *and* thrilled. When we got back together, I told her I was kidding. But she held me to it.

11.

PLAYBOY: Divulge your secret talents.

REINHOLD: I can laugh like Ed McMahon. You gotta hear it. [*Demonstrates at length, sounding as though he had coughed up a lung*] It's accurate only when you feel like you've almost induced a brain hemorrhage. I did it on *The Tonight Show* and Ed was a good sport about it.

Let's see. I can also execute amazing U-turns anyplace. What else? Something I like to call power lounging. It's basically



*"I swear I'll never tell a soul; and if you get caught,  
I won't talk to the media or write a book."*

state-of-the-art flipping of the TV remote control to find just the right crummy movie. Always knowing who makes the best pizza to be delivered. Chasing your wife around the house. Yep, power lounging—that's my sport.

12.

PLAYBOY: We understand that your first job in L.A. was selling frozen yogurt to the stars. Would you reveal some celebrity flavor biases?

REINHOLD: I'll never forget: Sean Connery would just say, "I'll have the peach." I always prayed that he didn't want chocolate, because the nozzle on the yogurt machine was cracked and the stuff would come out looking like rolls of shit. When Robert De Niro came in, I wanted to be straight with him, since I admired him so much. But it was painfully obvious that I was in awe of him, because I told him, "The peach is pretentious. The chocolate is mundane.

The brownies are stale." He said, "I'll take a brownie." It cost 75 cents and I rang up \$75. I made him so nervous he never came back.

But most of my customers were pregnant women and people in Gucci jogging suits who instead of working out would just come eat yogurt. *That* would be their workout. I remember writing to my friends back East that I was working in a yogurt store in L.A. They just shook their heads and said, "He's gone, he's gone."

But it was my little store: I opened it up in the morning, full of neighborhood pride. I was like Mister Rogers—Mr. Smoothee. The only unseemly thing that ever happened was the day this crazy man came in. He started slapping the faces of imaginary women lined along the wall. My lady customers were really petrified by him, and so was I, because the guy was psychotic. I told him people were asking for him outside and he left. I locked the



*"You mustn't take vermouth out of context, Ben. What you've done here would have been fine in the context of a rob roy or even a manhattan, but I'm afraid you're way out of line in the context of a martini."*

door and called the cops. I'm sure he was an agent, right?

13.

PLAYBOY: In *Vice Versa*, you play a dad for the first time. Have you noticed any real paternal instincts rumbling inside?

REINHOLD: It's funny. I started getting them during the production. I have a great relationship with Fred Savage, the ten-year-old boy who plays my son. So much so that I began getting these feelings every once in a while of just wanting to protect him and take care of him. They are new feelings, I assure you. I am petrified of having kids, because I want to do it well. Carrie says I'd probably steal their toys. She may be hinting that I'm immature. I relate to kids on their own level. My kids will probably grow up reckless but with a great sense of humor.

My father was 56 when I was born, so we didn't play a lot of football. He was a lawyer—humorless and very impatient. I walked on eggshells a lot. It was kind of oppressive in the house. I have a bad self-esteem problem and my father probably facilitated it. To this day, I don't relax well. He once looked at me very seriously when I was about 15 and had whipped cream smeared all over myself. He said, like really checking me out, "You'd do anything for a laugh, wouldn't you?" I've never forgotten it, because it's true. I don't have to prove myself anymore.

But the thing I did love about my father was that he cut a pretty romantic figure, to my way of thinking. He came from the *Gatsby* era. He graduated from Harvard Law School in the Thirties. He was a gentleman farmer and had a great presence in the courtroom. It was an unspoken thing, but I think he did appreciate my becoming an actor, because he thought it was almost his legacy, that I inherited his capacity to—I don't know—pull people in somehow. I think he was proud of that.

14.

PLAYBOY: What advice would you give the Brat Pack?

REINHOLD: Well, that's dangerous. I know them and they really resent the sobriquet. I guess my advice would simply be: Dress down.

15.

PLAYBOY: Does it ever amaze you that you're in the same business as Jerry Lewis?

REINHOLD: [Laughs] I have a great story, which I'm sure is apocryphal, told to me by one of Jerry's former writers. This was when Jerry was really young and used to play practical jokes. He called up all of his writers at, like, three o'clock in the morning and screamed, "I got a great idea! You gotta come oah here right now!" They go over, open the door, and in the dark, they see him standing on the kitchen table, naked, with a match in the hole of his dick. He lit the match and went, "Look!" He got

them out of bed for that.

When *Ruthless People* opened at a film festival in France, I got a call from reporters there who said I was being compared to Jerry Lewis. And because this was France on the line, I considered it a terrific compliment, what with all the regard they have for him there. But his is really the antithesis of my approach to comedy. I love comedy that comes out of a situation, not a slapstick routine. There's a certain finesse I try to muster that doesn't look like I'm doing it for the camera.

16.

PLAYBOY: With a nod to the deodorant commercial, give us your version of the three nevers in Hollywood.

REINHOLD: OK. First, never ride behind somebody who is making a deal on a car phone. Second, never *seriously* say, "Let's do lunch," or people will think you're a real *garbanzo*. And finally, never, never make fun of a movie you're watching if you don't know who's in the theater with you. Odds are that the guy sitting behind you worked on it. Real embarrassing.

17.

PLAYBOY: Tell us your favorite actor jokes.

REINHOLD: I've got a few. What's the difference between a dead dog and a dead agent on the highway? There are skid marks in front of the dog. [Laughs] In a similar vein, here's an infamous actor joke:

This actor comes home, finds the door wide open, looks around and sees that the place has just been devastated. He walks upstairs to the bedroom and hears a noise coming from the closet. He opens the door, and there's his wife—beaten, bruised, tied and violated. He pulls off this piece of tape from her mouth and says, "Who did this?" She says, "Your agent!" And he says, "He came to the house?"

A struggling-actor joke: There are three new arrivals in heaven who find, astoundingly enough, that their stature up there is decided by how much money they made down on earth. Which is kind of discouraging to realize. Anyway, Saint Peter asks the first guy how much he made, and the guy says \$300,000 a year. Saint Peter says, "Oh, you must have been a doctor." The guy says, "That's right." The second guy says he made \$175,000. Saint Peter says, "You must have been a lawyer." He says, "That's right." A third guy says, "I made \$4752 last year." Saint Peter says, "Oh, is there anything I might have seen you in?"

Here's my favorite one: A director and a studio executive are walking through the desert, trying to find an oasis for a movie location. They finally come across one and it's just this idyllic setting with a spring bubbling up the most beautiful, clear water. Suddenly, the studio executive pulls out his pecker and starts relieving himself in the water. The director sees this and says, "What do you think you're doing?" And

the studio executive says, "I was just trying to improve it for you."

18.

PLAYBOY: What's more challenging—comedy or sex?

REINHOLD: Comedy is more of a challenge; sex is a relief. They can mix, though. Humor in sex is it! Completely. Sometimes, I have to try real hard not to start laughing hysterically. Like the second after an orgasm, you sometimes look down to see the ridiculous position you're in, and that's always extremely amusing. Before I got married, some girls found that charming and other girls found it really upsetting and obnoxious that I would burst out laughing. Sometimes, I'd really try hard not to. I mean, I'd get really red in the face. But it seemed so funny, when that animal passion leaves you and you're suddenly just—an animal.

19.

PLAYBOY: How strange is your fan mail?

REINHOLD: I got my first letter asking for money, which was pretty funny. It came from a family in Tennessee who wrote that they thought I looked like a real nice guy and that they needed a new roof and could I please send money and not let them down, because they were sure when they saw me that I was for real. I didn't feel like I had to go that far to prove that I was sincere.

I get a surprising amount of mail from Japanese girls, more so than from American girls. *Fast Times* was huge in Japan. And their letters are beautifully poetic. One wrote, "I would drown in an ocean of your smiles." I remember just staring at that for 20 minutes, astounded.

20.

PLAYBOY: What's the most pain you've endured on camera?

REINHOLD: Oh, there's been a lot of pain, a lot of bruises. But that's what comedy is all about. If I go home with bruises, I feel like I've done my job. Really, I don't mind it. Plus, I get some sympathy from my wife.

My scenes with Bette Midler in *Ruthless People* probably were the most painful. She throws herself into a take with such abandon that sometimes she doesn't know how involved she gets. Bette really grabbed my hair and kicked me in the shin, *hard*. And the scary thing was, I knew she was gonna do it—I *know* her. But I tried not to anticipate it and, sure enough, goddamn it, she grabbed my fucking hair and kicked me in the shin. But I got her back: In another scene, I had to lie on top of her on the kitchen floor when she was pregnant. She was freaked out about it.

You know she plans to do a sequel to *What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?* She wants to call it *This Is What Happened to Baby Jane*. She told me it was just so that she can say the line, "Eat your rat, Blanche!"



"Since you freed me from my hostilities, I'm getting laid more often than I want to."



chestnuts such as Leno's dichotomy of the sexes: "All men laugh at the Three Stooges and all women think they're shitheads." And his response to Nancy Reagan's being given a humanitarian award: "I'm glad she beat out that conniving bitch Mother Teresa." On network coverage of the President's intestinal afflictions: "Just tell me he's gonna be OK! I don't need Dan Rather every night with that proctocamera shouting, 'We can see the polyp now!'" On Iran/Contra prosecutor Arthur Liman's hair wisps: "That was probably the biggest cover-up of the entire scandal!" On the preponderance of evil twins on series television: "My favorite was the *Knight Rider* episode where Michael Knight is forced to do battle with his evil twin. I knew it was his real twin, because this guy couldn't act, either." On National Condom Week: "Boy, there's a parade you don't want to miss!" On the welcome return of full-figured women: "Ever make love with a skinny girl? You always get strange problems. [In a girlish voice] 'My back broke.'" On Stallone and Schwarzenegger: "They've opened up the acting profession to a lot of people who couldn't get into it when speech was a major requirement." On sticky endearments: "I live in Hollywood, where you have all those dramatic types who introduce themselves, 'Hi, I'm Susan, and this is my lover, Bob.' My lover? Shut up! Why don't you just lie down and do it for us right now!"

I could go on forever, but, hey, what did you pay to get in here, anyway?

## JUST A MATERIAL GUY

The Leno canon is prodigious, a bottomless inventory of PG-rated irony and bombast, and it has made him a millionaire. He lives to make fun of, to identify absurdity. For that, he is revered and well loved. His comic brethren line up to touch the hem of his tattered jeans. They seek out his advice and encouragement, which he delights in dispensing, usually during informal summit meetings that he hosts in his home late at night, in the blue-cathode glow of his wide-screen Mitsubishi television. Father Comedy, they call him. He presides over a Eucharist of popcorn and Doritos, wielding the remote control like a scepter. And, with his knee jangling uncontrollably (his only pronounced tic), he pontificates.

"I used to call them the Sermons on the Mount," says comedian Kevin Rooney, a close Leno confidant. "He gets a big kick out of doing this. It's usually midnight or one o'clock, and Mavis [the good Leno wife] has gone to sleep. He will sit on his couch and we'll all be on the other couches—Larry Miller, Jerry Seinfeld, Dennis Miller, myself. You have to watch *The Tonight Show* and *Letterman*, those are your school, sort of technique things. Then Leno will fly around the cable dial, all 100 stations, at a blinding speed. It's a psychotic experience. Just as you start to

look at something, he's moved on to something else. If there's not a joke there or something interesting to make fun of, it's gone. *Click!*"

Seinfeld adds, "One great Leno line is, 'Props—the enemy of wit.' And whenever we're watching someone do a shot on Carson or *Letterman*, he's always snapping his fingers and going, 'Jokes! Jokes! Jokes!' Because that's his philosophy: You've got to have a steady rhythm of jokes that you can snap your fingers to. It's not so much that you understand the lyrics, but it's got to be good to dance to. Ultimately," Seinfeld says, "he wants everyone to do exactly as he does—only less well."

I beg Leno to impart his comedic theories. "All that counts are the jokes," he says. "You're only as good as the jokes you tell," he says. "Give us the good jokes," he says. "What *Letterman* likes, what *Johnny* likes, what I like are jokes," he says, adding, "I like people who do jokes."

Now, let me see if I've got this straight.

"I never want to have a hook or be known for anything other than new jokes," he says. "I always liked Robert Klein, because he never had a gimmick; everybody else had an oddball character or an expression or a catch phrase. Whenever a bit didn't work out, he'd go to the catch phrase, which is OK. But to me, Klein always had just material. He was never the man from space or the wacky guy or the Jewish guy from the mountains or whatever it may have been. He was always just a guy. And he was funny."

## EVIL TWIN-ISM IS NO JOKE

I am standing in Leno's Vegas dressing room, reading his mail. He has just stepped out the door to do his 11:30 set. The letter in my hand, scrawled on loose-leaf paper, is from a fan who, no doubt with jovial intention, chose to sign off with the mock warning, "Stay on the lookout for your evil twin (a.k.a. scheming look-alike)!" The television in the dressing room suddenly blares with the *Tonight Show* theme music, followed by Doc Severinsen's voice-over announcing the scheduled guests. At the same time, I hear the Caesars Circus Maximus showroom emcee rattling off a list of upcoming events. Then, in surreal synchrony, Doc and the Caesars emcee—matching syllable for syllable—introduce Leno. On the TV, Leno lopes out through the Burbank curtains. Twenty feet away from me, Leno lopes out through the Vegas curtains. Both Lenos begin to speak at the same time. A couple of stagehands, sensing the utter peculiarity of the moment, wander in and stand with me in front of the TV.

"This is amazing," says one.

"How can he be in two places at once?" says the other. I look at the fan letter and say nothing.

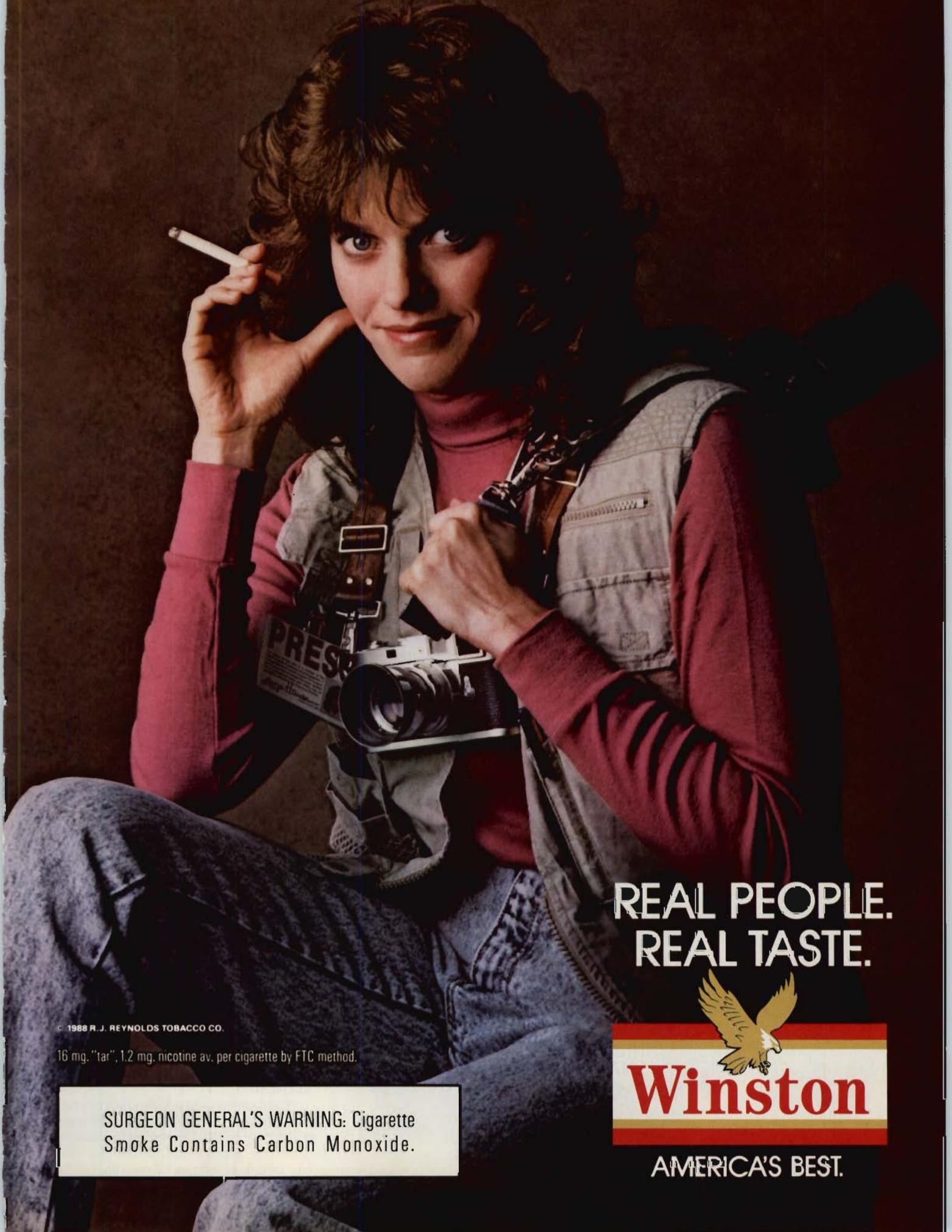
## MIGHTY JAW, YOUNG

On stage, Leno will imitate his parents in broad strokes, but according to those



Modell

"But, sir, this isn't even my table."



REAL PEOPLE.  
REAL TASTE.



**Winston**

AMERICA'S BEST.

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Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

winces. "I guess," he says finally, "there's a quiet satisfaction I get out of it." He then nervously amends himself. "When I'm dead and buried, then we'll look at the record." Clearly, he is befuddled. "I really try not to take an *interest* in my own career," he says. "I like to do the work. I just like to come up with jokes and tell 'em." But, I press him, would it be so bad to take credit and enjoy yourself? Pain creases his face. "I kind of live in my own little world here," he tells me. "And I do enjoy myself a great deal." He then quickly excuses himself and lunges for the garage.

## THE MEANING OF LENO

Leno does not say this, but his friend Jerry Seinfeld does: "You have to realize that success is the great poison of stand-up comedy, because it takes away the hunger and it takes away the fight you need to make your shows good every night. You need to go out there feeling you've got something to prove to these people. Once you feel you've proved it, the entire foundation of your act is gone. Leno knows that, and that is why he won't admit to success. He has to kind of not look at it, like Lot's wife averting her eyes from Sodom and Gomorrah.

"His philosophy is, There's no such thing as a comedy star," says Seinfeld. "Once you think you're a star, you're no comedian. A comedian is someone like us. A star is somebody like Cary Grant or Robert De Niro. We don't know who they are; we don't really want to know. They benefit from being enigmatic. But a comedian has got to be somebody I *do* know and I can relate to. So a comedy star, in effect, is a contradiction in terms."

Leno once told me that his two all-time

favorite movies were *A Face in the Crowd* and *Sullivan's Travels*, both of which happened to be deft moralistic fables about comedians. I have studied them and suspect that they speak volumes about his fears and his beliefs. Elia Kazan's *A Face in the Crowd* is a chilling cautionary tale based on a Budd Schulberg story. It chronicles the meteoric rise of a corn-pone comic named Lonesome Rhodes (played by a lean Andy Griffith), a charismatic scoundrel who, feeding on the power of television, is consumed by fulsome megalomania. In the end, he is found out and left with nothing and no one. Leno says, "That was the only time in my life that I've seen a comedian portrayed on screen where I really believed he was funny and yet a prick."

It is, however, *Sullivan's Travels*, a Forties Preston Sturges yarn, that seems to more closely reflect the Leno we have come to love. In it, we meet John Sullivan (Joel McCrea), the wealthy Hollywood director of such tonic comedies as *Ants in Your Plants of 1939* and *So Long, Sarong*. Predictably, he decides to make a doleful film about the downtrodden, and in the name of research, he masquerades as a tramp. He barely escapes the conceit with his life and wisely beats a hasty retreat to the good old funny stuff, a better man for it. "There's a lot to be said for making people laugh," Sullivan concludes, sounding just a little familiar. "Did you know that's all some people have? It isn't much—but it's better than nothing in this cockeyed caravan. . . . Boy!"

"I love that movie," says Leno. "Isn't that a wonderful movie?"



## WHAT MAKES JESSE RUN?

(continued from page 76)

even run for governor. Now, whenever he sees me, he laughs, "One of my mistakes."

The change in Jackson has registered, has, in fact, been partially the result of this registration.

"What do white people really think—about me running?" He is paraphrasing me, his head still rocking.

"Well, they know they can trust me to do certain things. They will come to me for *help*." He hands me his can of soda so it won't spill, still scooping the Chinese food relentlessly.

"White folks all over the world want their people, for instance. A family with a son in Angola. His parents came to me. 'Can you get him out?'"

"This guy blew up an oil field in Cabinda. His mother asked me to get a CARE package into Angola. Couldn't turn to the U.S. Government or even other white folks. At least to get him a letter and a CARE package. I did. They let him go.

"Holtzman [the district attorney] in Brooklyn called me when I was going to Syria. They think there's some Nazi holed up there—Brunner or something. She wanted to know if I could ask [President Hafez] Assad."

My wife had told me of Jesse's speech at the Kenosha, Wisconsin, Chrysler plant. Jackson is now recalling it. The mayor of Kenosha had gone to Jesse. "Jesse to the rescue," Jackson says, chuckling. "They desperate. They know I'll try to help them." Jackson's easy Southland-black speech warming to the image, the Chinese food almost completely "wore out."

He had talked to the black auto dealers about the closing of the plant, too, but also about Lee Iacocca, the biggest name in auto executives. "We have the numbers to win!" he had roared. "I'm coming out of Iowa with double digits! The issue in 1988 is *economic*! Iacocca closed Chrysler in Kenosha—after making a five-year commitment to those people, then closing it within a year!" The black dealers had gone wild. "If somebody gave you a two-billion-dollar loan with no-strike clauses and all the rest of that stuff—you'd have to be a genius to *fail*!"

Again, the roof had come off. Black people have loved Jesse for quite a while. They would do pretty much what he asked them—to the extent that they could or could understand they could. But now it has been dawning on them that Jesse is the *best* candidate. And a black candidate!

"We must stop behaving like giants with grasshopper complexes!" he had told the auto dealers. "I don't duck lawn mowers and big feet!"

"They ask me, Are people ready for me? I tell them, They ready for you! If Colin Powell can be National Security Advisor, if Oprah Winfrey can be the number-one talk-show host, if *Cosby* can be the



number-one TV show . . ."

His "Think about it!" had come like a surfer's confirming prayer atop the roaring wave of the happy crowd.

By now, Jesse has iced all edibles, drunk the soda and is animated by our conversation and the recall it stimulates.

"It was funny—the mayor of Kenosha is up there pouring his heart out for me, 'cause I had helped them. 'Jesse to the rescue.' He got so high up in it he said, 'Jesse to the rescue. He's going to throw a *spear* in our enemies' hearts!' " Jesse is rolling now with laughter.

"He didn't realize what he was saying. It was funny. A spear! But he went to Iowa that night. 'I can't tell you how to vote. But here's a man who'll help you when you're backed against the wall!'"

"There were [white] truck drivers, family farmers feeling that when your back is to the wall, the only somebody they can call on is me. And they know they're doing it with great defiance!"

"I've had more trouble with the liberals," he had told me earlier in San Francisco while we were walking together to a press conference. "If somebody asks if they want a black President, then you know you got to run through all that history of black and white and all that. But if the definition

is *functional*, like 'Do you want a President who can get jobs, eliminate the deficit, bring the U.S. economy back to life, give us a rational foreign policy?' then after getting a yes to all those, you say, 'You mind if he's black?'"

"We wanted to air a commercial in Iowa," he says now, "but we couldn't afford it. Three white guys are sitting on a bench. A. says, 'I like Jesse Jackson.' B. says, 'But he's black!' C. says, 'I like Jesse Jackson. He seems to understand the family farmer.' B. again: 'But he's black.' C. says, 'But the guy who took my farm is white!'"

Again, the cleansing laughter as we wing high up in the cold night toward another day of campaigning in Iowa. A day closer to the primaries.

"Should we have a black quarterback for the Super Bowl? That's a race-based question rather than a function-based question. Should we have a quarterback who can throw four touchdowns in one quarter?" he had asked the black car-dealer audience, thinking of Doug Williams' record-smashing performance against Denver at this year's Super Bowl. "Two years ago, the [Chicago] Bears played the [Washington] Redskins. It could have been Doug Williams, but it was Doug Flutie *vs.* the Redskins. The best quarterback in the sta-

dium was over on the bench. The Bears chose Flutie over Williams and lost. America's gonna keep losing big games. Making the same kind of choices!" The crowd's laughter had been stunning. "Don't be choosing no Dukakis and DuFluties."

Jackson, on stage or close up, has made wondrous growth. He has always been a crowd pleaser stageside, but there is a deeper resolve, a more fundamental *feeling* for the intellectual commitment he made long ago. Plus, it is clear he does his homework. He knows what he is talking about, where he is coming from. What he wants from everyone.

"Mondale won the nomination with 6,700,000 votes! Hart had 6,200,000, Jackson 3,500,000. He won with 6,700,000 popular votes. In November 1984, blacks alone gave Mondale 10,000,000. We had the numbers but not the mentality! Gucci clothes and inferiority complexes. You can't have it if you can't see it!

"Blacks have 13,000,000 registered voters! Seven million unregistered blacks. *Can we win?*"

In his speech, the moving, deep rhythms of his preacher-trained cadence had raised the audience, informing them and warming them.

"Can we win? We're running number one among white family farmers in North Carolina! We're number one in New York and California, Maryland, Georgia, South Carolina, Louisiana, Texas!"

By now, they had risen to their feet. "We can *win*. Not just run—but, honest to God, sho 'nuff, win!"

In the calm silence of the late-night flight back to Des Moines, the deeply thoughtful, relentlessly self-measuring side of Jackson's personality stands clear. He is trying, nevertheless, to rest. Our conversation is not low, not loud, but steady. The aides drifting off to sleep and the weary Secret Service men probably hear our whoops of occasional laughter.

As Jesse has pressed even harder and with more expertise to reach all parts of the electorate, it has become obvious that the media establishment has determined to nix him. So that after the initial titillation and darkly sensationalism, the press has blanked on him.

It would seem that the *Newsweek* cover was the signal to blank on him openly and blatantly. He searches the Iowa daily papers from one end to the other—there is not one mention of his name two days before the primary. The other candidates cavort effortlessly in multiple exposures. Jackson's acknowledgment of this racist attack sounds like a dark grunt in tune with the night we shot through. "Now they gonna cut me out. We gettin' too close. They gonna cut me out!"

A week later, a spectacular piece of racist nonreporting would leap at me wordlessly from the pages of the February 15th *New York* magazine. There are photographs of all the candidates, Democrat and



"It's working. I'm getting horny!"

## WHISKEY AMÉRICAIN (continued from page 116)

*"To bring out the aroma in a glass of whiskey, add just a dash of water, like the dew on a rose."*

the Statue of Liberty, they created a Franco-American cocktail. It tastes just as good on July fourth.

## THE LIBERTY COCKTAIL

1 oz. bourbon  
 ½ oz. Southern Comfort  
 1 oz. French dry white vermouth  
 ½ oz. Rose's lime juice

Shake with ice and strain into cocktail glass. Decorate with maraschino cherry.

The French sip this as though they were saying B-O-U-R-B-O-N. *Magnifique!* The warm aroma and fleshy richness of the bourbon come from the smoothness of malt, the spiciness of rye grains and the sweetness of corn, all in one whiskey; the vanilla and apple notes come from the newly made oak barrel used for every batch, the mellowness from four summers' aging in bluegrass country.

Such lyricism over a cocktail? Listen, this is France. These people *care* about sensuous pleasures. The French may love their wines, aperitifs and brandies, but they know that a country with its very own whiskey has something else to celebrate.

The Scots, in their taciturn way, rejoice in the smokiness of their single malts. The Irish have volumes to say about their delicious whiskeys. (That distinctive flavor comes from a dash of unmalted barley.) The Canadians don't hesitate to tell us about the icy purity of their distinctive style (which is really a blended rye). Let us now hear it for American whiskeys.

You don't have to be French to know that Kentucky straight bourbon whiskey is identified as such on the label, whether it is Wild Turkey (full-bodied and tasty), Jim Beam (more flowery, with a big finish), Evan Williams (quite heavy and sweetish), Ezra Brooks (big-bodied and clean), Early Times (light), Ancient Age (dry and slightly oaky), Old Charter (spicy for a bourbon), Old Weller or Old Fitzgerald (both big and exceptionally smooth), Old Grand-Dad (firm and hearty), Very Old Barton (dry and on the light side), Maker's Mark (smooth and very elegant) or the Western-sounding but Kentucky-distilled Yellowstone (fresh-tasting and complex). Those are just some of the classics. There are

more than 100 labels, in various ages and proofs, available in the United States.

Halve the proof and you have alcohol by volume. Old Grand-Dad has a smooth and profound version at 114 proof and ten years, which should be served only in brandy snifters, either neat or with just a splash of water, and no rocks, as an after-dinner drink. The same treatment splendidly suits Very Very Old Fitzgerald or the 101-proof Maker's Mark or Wild Turkey.

To bring out the appetizing aroma in a glass of whiskey, add just a dash of water, like the dew on a rose. (No, better make that four roses.) Once you have released the precious fragrance, the brandy snifter will retain it for your pleasure. Warm the snifter in your hands and you will enjoy the sweet promise even more.

The Jim Beam bourbons, ranging from the ever-popular white-label version to the 86-proof Beam's Choice and the 101-month-old black label, lend themselves especially well to the gracious Southern habit of serving whiskey with food. Serve it straight, in a small wineglass, without ice but with a pitcher of lightly chilled or iced water on the table. One part whiskey to two of water makes a good balance.

Before dinner, Tennessee whiskeys seem to be at their best, either with a twist of lemon or simply on the rocks. Plenty of rocks but not too much water. With ice melting in the glass, half and half is water enough. Everyone knows about Jack Daniel's black-label version (90 proof). The green-label one is a mere 80 proof. It's the same with the two versions of George Dickel Tennessee whiskey, which bear labels that the company describes, poetically, as ivory and ebony.

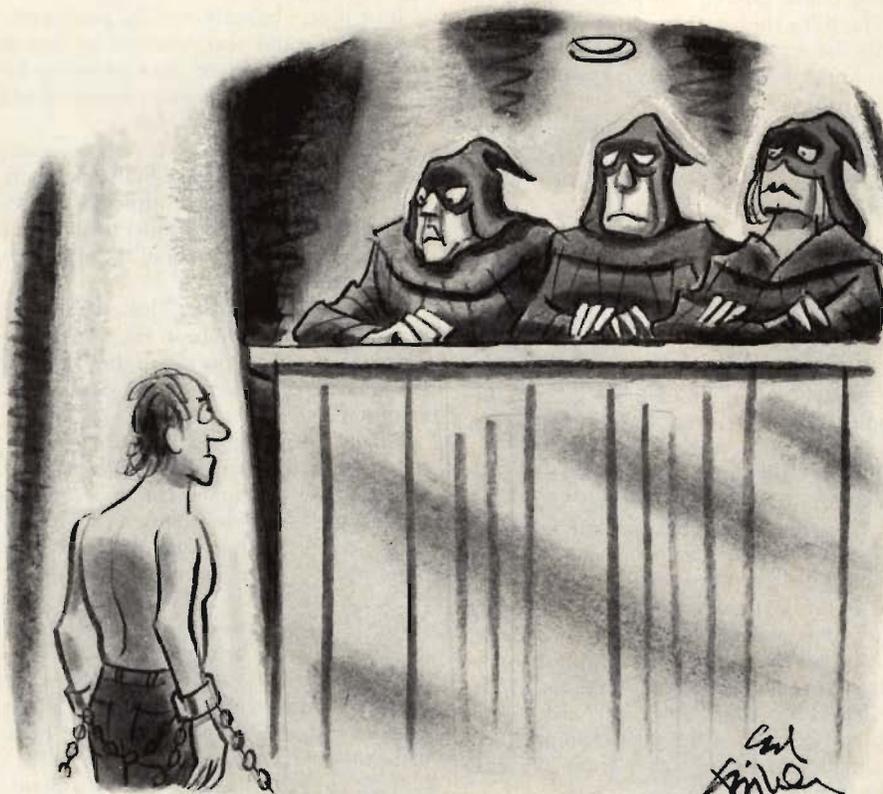
July fourth is the day for a rye, the style of whiskey that George Washington made for a living. Upon being asked for a rye, a bartender who knows his whiskey will present a bottle bearing the legend Pikesville (behind which lurks a delicious sweetish whiskey), Rittenhouse (big and smooth), Old Overholt (the spiciest), Jim Beam Straight Rye whiskey (with a yellow label) or Wild Turkey Straight Rye whiskey (101 proof, green label).

Kentucky Derby day is the mandatory time for a mint julep. Even if you are 1000 miles from Louisville, find a porch, preferably with a seat that swings, and laze while you savor the aromas of whiskey and fresh mint. You owe it to yourself as a consolation for missing the race.

For consistency, it is better to make juleps in bulk, but the following recipe is for just one.

## MINT JULEP

Put silver julep cup or tall glass in freezer to chill. Rinse 3 to 5 fresh mint leaves briefly in cold water and pat them dry. Crush them in small cup or glass firmly with back of spoon, but do not pulverize. Pour 2 ozs. of your best bourbon onto mint. Stir. In separate glass, mix 1½ ozs.



*"You are charged with preaching wrongful, deviant and pernicious doctrine about weight loss."*

"She came into my life like a storm.  
She deserved a diamond that rocked her world."



Now that you've found the perfect person, make sure you find the diamond that suits her perfectly. Because, just as your love for each other is unique, no two diamonds are alike. Each one has its very own personality and sparkle.

Today, many people find that two months' salary is a good guide for what to spend on a Diamond Engagement Ring. So take your time to make sure you're

buying the best quality. See the diamond experts at Ben Bridge Jewelers. We'll help you understand the 4C's: cut, color, clarity and carat-weight, and explain how they determine a diamond's quality and value.

For the store nearest you and our free booklet "Your Guide to Diamonds," just write to: Ben Bridge Jewelers, P.O. Box 1908, Seattle, WA 98111.

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*A diamond is forever.*

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your personal jeweler since 1912



*Is 2 months' salary too much to spend  
for something that lasts forever?*

sugar with same amount of water and stir thoroughly until it forms a syrup (or use your favorite bottled bar syrup). Add to mint-and-bourbon mixture. Stir. Fill your chilled container to brim with crushed ice. Pour mixture over it. Top it up with more bourbon. Insert sprig of mint in ice so that leaves protrude as decoration. Then insert short straw and sip slowly—after you've placed your bets.

Here are some other sophisticated whiskey creations:

#### THE SOUTH SUN

(Created by Jean-Jacques Charbonnier, head bartender, the Plaza-Athénée, Paris)

1½ ozs. Southern Comfort

1 oz. Jack Daniel's

2½ ozs. orange juice

2 dashes grenadine

1 dash tangerine liqueur

Shake over ice and serve in large cocktail glass garnished with orange peel.

#### THE PORTISCO

(Created by Trevisan Stefano, chief bartender, Hotel Gallia, Milan)

1½ ozs. Jim Beam

1 oz. Sambuca Molinari

½ oz. grenadine

4 ozs. ginger ale

Mix over rocks in tumbler or old fashioned glass and decorate with segment of orange.

#### THE PRESIDENT

(Created by Bob Burton, head bartender, The Ritz, London)

1 oz. Jack Daniel's

2½ ozs. double cream

1 oz. banana liqueur

½ oz. Kahlúa

Shake over ice and serve in cocktail glass. Sprinkle a little powdered or flaked chocolate on top.

You can also sprinkle several dashes of Angostura bitters on a cube of sugar in a tumbler, add an ounce or two of your favorite whiskey, top it up with ice and stir. That is, if you want to be old fashioned about your old fashioned. Cheers!



## Clinique La Prairie

(continued from page 118)

buttocks and a small temperature, but you have to expect that—it takes time for the new little cells to make friends with the old ones."

"But, on the whole, you found it a good experience."

"Oh, absolutely. It really works. My one complaint is that they charge extra for bottled water—\$8000 for the treatment and they charge for bottled water, right?"

"It does seem petty," I say. "Do you think I ought to take the shots?"

"If they say they're going to give you the shots, you do it, babe."

At noon on Monday, June 22, Suzanne and I find ourselves in the Zurich office of Armin Mattli, owner of Clinique La Prairie. Mattli, a Swiss entrepreneur who previously owned a bank and a plastics company in El Salvador, is a short, stocky man of perhaps 60, with blue eyes, blond hair, a blond mustache and a mischievous twinkle. He introduces us to Gigi Sutter, his pretty PR director, and announces that we'll be joined at lunch by Dr. Christiaan Barnard.

Dr. Barnard, the famous South African surgeon and pioneer heart transplant, has become director of research for Clinique La Prairie and set up a nerve-cell-regeneration program at the University of Oklahoma. Barnard took the injections himself for his arthritis. He's a handsome man with an infectious smile and vast personal charm.

Mattli, Sutter, Barnard, Suzanne and I walk to a nearby restaurant, and Barnard begins to speak about cellular therapy. As we get older, he says, we lose our ability to repair the genetic damage that aging does to our cells. Cellular therapy promotes the repair of genetic damage and has an anti-aging effect.

There are many kinds of cellular therapy besides that practiced at Clinique La Prairie, says Barnard—such as blood transfusions and vaccinations. In a blood transfusion, the cells of one human being are injected into another. In immunization, weakened diseased cells are injected into a patient to stimulate a resistance against stronger ones.

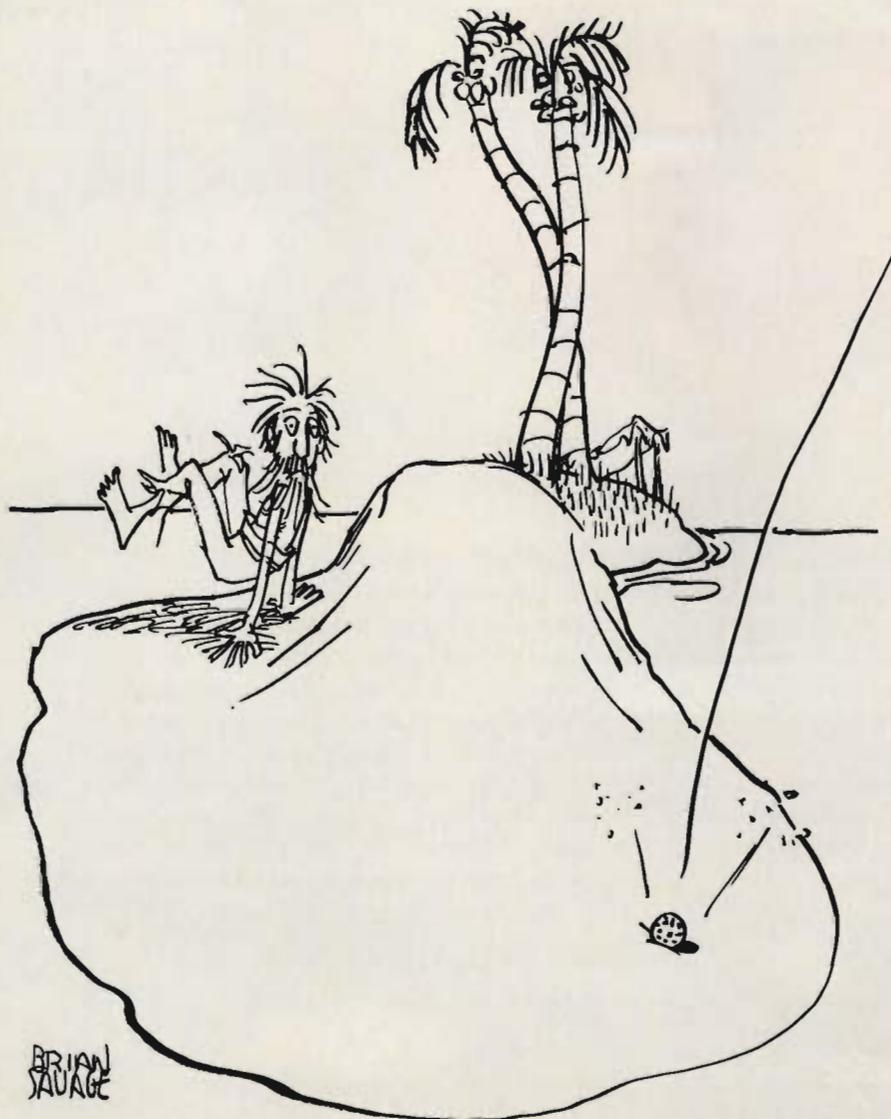
"The idea here is not to conquer death," says Barnard wryly, "but to make people die as young as possible."

Barnard looks young for a man of 65. Mattli confides that Barnard has left his 23-year-old girlfriend in his hotel room in order to lunch with us.

I have heard that Barnard had two treatments of cellular therapy and ask what effect they had on his arthritis.

"It gets better, it gets worse and it gets better," he says. But does he see an improvement? "I don't, of course, know what I would have felt like without the therapy, but I believe there *has* been improvement."

Mattli, too, has had the injections. I ask



lamb embryo in the operating room. This afternoon, upon our return to the clinic, we are supposed to meet with chief physician Elie Edde. If I'm impressed with him, we will check out of the hotel, move into the clinic tonight and take the shots tomorrow morning.

We meet with Dr. Edde, who is a fellow of the American College of Chest Physicians and another throwback to a black-and-white French film of the Fifties. He sits behind his desk and his grizzled face peers at us through a thick veil of cigarette smoke.

"Why should we have the injections?" I ask.

"From the age of 20, we all need a garage," says Edde in thickly accented English. "Take the treatment; you weel love eet."

Has any of his patients developed cancer from the injections? "No!" Has anybody ever died from an allergic reaction? "No!"

"One thing has occurred to me," I say, "and it's this: Why sheep? I mean, moral and ethical considerations aside, if sheep-embryo cells are good, wouldn't human-embryo cells be even better?"

"Oh, sure," says Edde. "Niehans did that een the beginning—a *dead* baby, of course—but babies are not so easy to get, so the sheep ees much better. Eet ees the same thing."

We question him further, but my mind has been made up. I glance at Suzanne.

"We would like to take the injections," I say. Suzanne seems surprised but agreeable.

"Excellent," says Edde. "We weel make a reservation for you next wek."

"No, *this* week," I say. "Tomorrow morning."

"Oh, ho, I am sorry," says Edde. "Eet ees *much* too late for tomorrow. Eef they had told me you weeshed to take the treatment tomorrow, we would have made the space. They said you had decided not to do eet. Just now, we have nothing. Twenty-seven patients—we are completely full. I am sorry."

I am crushed. So, it turns out, is Suzanne. In that moment, we realize that the only thing we ever truly wished to do in our lives was to take sheep shots. Since we can't, we will surely shrivel up, age prematurely and die shortly after leaving here. There is no greater disappointment than being told you can't have permission to do something you weren't sure you wanted to do in the first place.

I tell Jean-Pierre that we had finally decided to take the treatment but Edde said it was too late. Jean-Pierre looks distressed and says perhaps there will be a cancellation. Is that a real possibility? Well, one couple who had reservations for tonight are late, but they had their physicals on Monday, so it's not likely they will fail to show up.

Jean-Pierre asks us about our trip to see the sheep and praises the efforts of Fontaine and *le berger*. "It's a very precise

operation," he says, "to plan it to have pregnant sheep every week of the year."

"Monsieur Fontaine told us about his experience with the shots," says Suzanne.

"A one-in-a-million reaction, that one," says Jean-Pierre, shaking his head. What? "His allergic reaction," says Jean-Pierre. "The shock."

"Fontaine went into shock? All he told us was that it was *un miracle*. How long was he in shock?"

"I don't know," says Jean-Pierre, beginning to regret the conversation. "You'll have to ask him yourself."

Our obsession with being told we can't have the shots is such that even the ominous sound of Fontaine's reaction does not dampen our ardor to be injected with live sheep cells.

We make plans to meet Jean-Pierre for dinner and then repair to our hotel room to brood. Suzanne sees this incident as a microcosm of our lives—being indecisive so long that we no longer get to choose for

ourselves, losing control. I feel wretched.

"Look," I say, "we agreed before we came that we probably *didn't* want to take these shots, so now we *aren't*—we're right where we wanted to be in the first place."

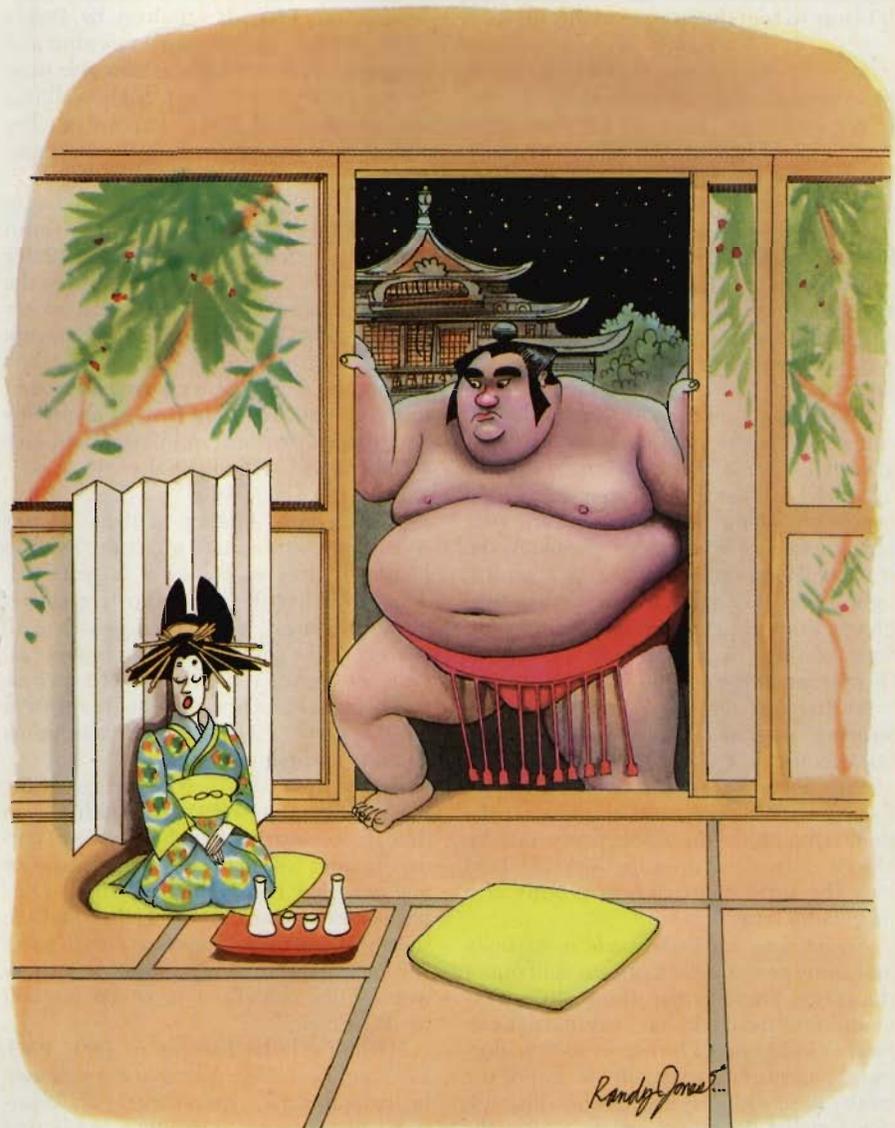
"Yes, but we didn't *choose* it," says Suzanne. "It was chosen *for* us."

"Then let's choose it," I say. "In pure estian terms, let's choose what we already have."

Eventually, we succeed in rationalizing that not being permitted to take the shots is about the best thing that has ever happened to us. Suzanne lingers to change for dinner and I go down to Harry's New York Bar to meet Jean-Pierre.

"Good news," says Jean-Pierre. "The couple who was late canceled. You and Suzanne can take the shots, but you must check into the clinic right now."

I'm staggered. We had just invested so much emotion convincing ourselves that we *didn't* want to take the shots that to reverse ourselves now would be to make a mockery of our new-found decisiveness, if



"Not tonight; I got a backache!"

creativity—he has begun writing his own TV ads for the wallpaper store.

Late Friday night, Suzanne and I are with Jean-Pierre in the bar of the Hazyland Disco, and Suzanne asks a question that has been nagging her: What if none of the three pregnant sheep they kill each week are found to have male fetuses—where would the clinic get the testicles it needed for the men who wanted injections of the testicle cells?

"Only *two* of the sheep they kill are pregnant females," says Jean-Pierre. "The third is an adult male."

But we had been led to believe that they inject cells only from lamb fetuses, because fetuses don't yet have antibodies that the human body may reject.

"Cells of the testicles from the adult ram," says Jean-Pierre, "just happen to be the one type of adult-sheep cells that the human body doesn't reject."

Ummm. I ask again to meet with Fontaine to learn more about his adverse reaction to the shots.

Henry has a little more energy on Saturday. The pain is gone except for a little in the butt. And there's still a slight redness from the bandages. *What* bandages? Oh,

he says, they put two bandages about 2" x 8" over the shots on each buttock.

Pearl was dizzy all morning Saturday. "Not so much pain—I can walk. One doctor say this is riction." Riction? Could she spell that? "Riction: R-E-A-C-T-I-O-N."

I ask if she has had any fever. "No. Second day headache. My temperature very good, no problem."

She tells me she has become interested in going to see the sheep. The doctors have not encouraged that. I don't know why she wants to see the sheep. Is it possible she's having second thoughts about the shots?

On Sunday, Henry's pain is almost gone. He took a long walk today by the lake. Only coming up the hill wasn't easy, he says.

Pearl is much better Sunday: "No pain; can walk very quickry. Tired when I get up, but maybe I dream too much. My condition today, no problem."

I've met another patient, an American (six out of 27 patients this week are Americans). His name is Frank Foreman, he's 71 and this is his third treatment. Frank owns a lumberyard in Milwaukee, has a wife of 47 and is willing to be candid about his sex

life if I change his name. "At the age of 61, I was having sex twice a week," he says. "Today, at the age of 71, I'm up to *three* times a week. I may be a little slower to get erections now, but I keep them longer. A friend of mine is five years younger than I am. His wife says he can't perform at all!" Does Frank credit the shots? "Absolutely."

I should have taken the goddamned shots.

I had asked Jean-Pierre to arrange a meeting with Fontaine to find out more about his adverse reaction to the shots. The meeting turns out to be at lunch on Monday with Jean-Pierre, Fontaine, Mattli and the headmaster of the girls' finishing school next door. Mattli, in a waggish mood, says he has repeatedly asked the headmaster of the girls' school for the position of night watchman but has never got the job. I ask how old the girls are.

"Eighteen," he says. "Our age." He means our age after the shots, I say. He chuckles. "There are three important things in life," says Mattli. "To vork hard, to eat good and to screw vell!" How many times has he taken the shots? Twice, he says, about three years apart. When was the last time? Two and a half years ago. Isn't it time for another series of injections? "Yes," he says. "Soon, I will present my ass to the doctors and the nurses."

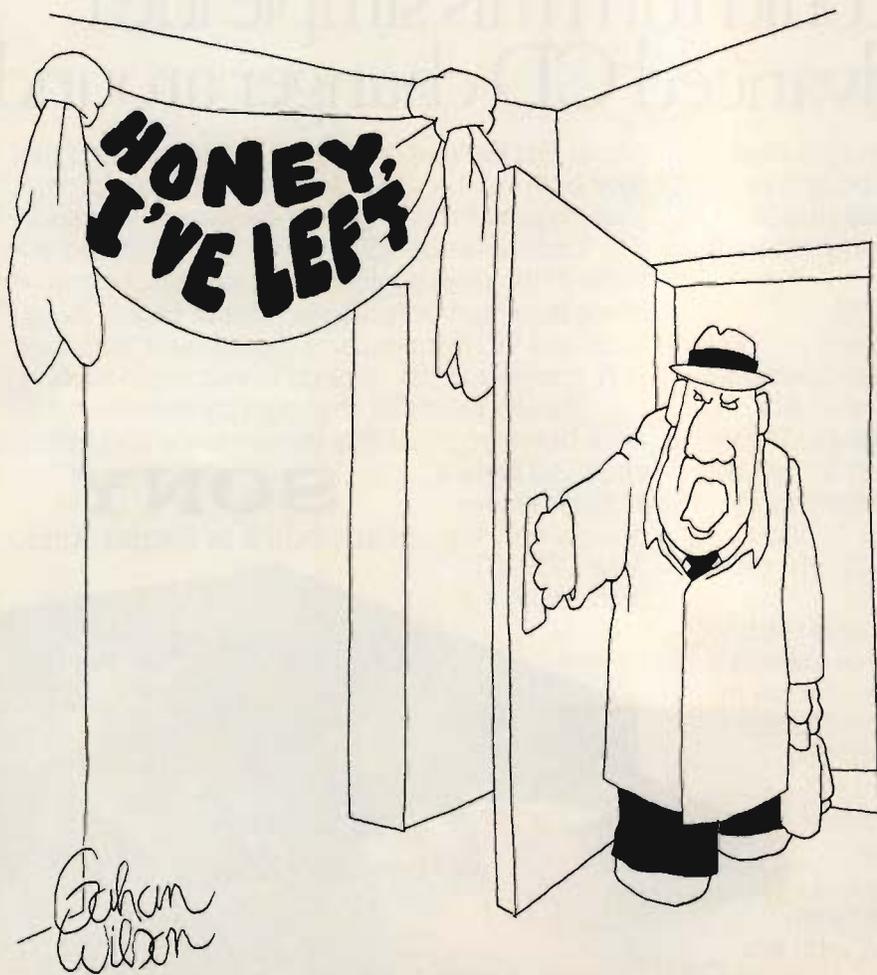
I ask Fontaine to tell me his history with the shots. With Jean-Pierre translating, he explains that he has had them three times. The first time, he had them because of osteochondrosis, and he was given the shots by Niehans himself, and it was *un mi-rock*. The second time, years later, he had only one shot—of placenta—and that was the one that gave him the bad reaction.

And there was shock? No, no shock. Unconsciousness? No, no, no! What kind of reaction, then? Redness and itching. Where? Everywhere. And did he have the shots a third time? Yes, a few years later. Which ones? Just the placenta again. Why? To see if he would still have the same reaction as before. And did he? No, no reaction that time. Why does he think he reacted so badly to the second shot? He doesn't know. Was it perhaps due to his continual contact with the sheep? Perhaps. He chuckles. "*Revanche des moutons*," he says—the revenge of the sheep.

On Monday, Pearl is feeling good. "There is no more pain," she says, pointing to her buttocks. "Only today and yesterday, I get very tired."

She says that when she returns to the Orient, she'll ask her doctor if cellular therapy "is true or they only do to make money." I ask why she's having second thoughts now instead of before taking the shots. "I think I am very stupid now to worry after injekashun, not before," she says. "You very wise to worry first." Maybe.

Henry's pain is gone, "except like a mosquito bite." He feels much more



"Honey, I'm home."

energetic today. He thinks the treatments have given him "an age level that's not 70. I see many 60-year-olds I could arm-wrestle," he says.

Frank Foreman is feeling no pain. And how about his energy? "Enough to do what my wife and I did on this bed last night," he says with evident pride.

I should have taken the goddamned shots.

Also on Monday, I meet another American who's just completing the treatment—Sonia Lastick, who, with her husband, owns a furniture store in Pottstown, Pennsylvania. This is her first visit to Clinique La Prairie, but she has had dry-cell injections twice before, in Nassau and Baden-Baden. She just celebrated her 60th birthday but looks and acts younger.

Why did she take the shots? "I'm very into health," she says. "Unlike my husband, who doesn't care if he looks like a *schlepper*, I grew up in a family where if there was a ladder, you climbed it."

I ask if she has seen any famous patients. "There was an Arab prince in the room next to mine who'd brought his own physician," she says. "And down the hall, there was, I think, a sheik. They keep your door closed all the time so you can't see who else is here." She's impressed with the clinic and is "very, very sad to be leaving."

Tomorrow is Tuesday, the day we and all the patients go home. I'd asked to sample what the patients eat, so tonight, we have dinner on the terrace of the clinic with Jean-Pierre, Pierre, the acupuncturist, and Christine, the head housekeeper, who, before coming to work at the clinic, was an architect in Lebanon.

Appropriately, the main dish tonight is

lamb. Also on the menu are carrot juice, zucchini, St. Pierre (a fish) in watercress sauce and *roshti* (Swiss hashbrowns). Everything is tasty, and as the wine begins to flow, everyone becomes extremely animated and funny. It has grown so dark on the terrace we can no longer see one another's faces, and we are sad to have to leave.

Upon our return to New York, I try to evaluate all I have experienced.

It impressed me that almost everyone with whom I talked who has taken the treatment—from Blanche Cutler to Pearl to Henry Burmeister to Frank Foreman to Sonia Lastick—was peppy, energetic and youthful. It is probable that a place such as Clinique La Prairie attracts people more energetic and youthful than in the general population to begin with (certainly, it attracts those more affluent), and that may be one reason its patients seem so perky.

It is hard to know what difference the therapy actually makes. From meeting the staff at Clinique La Prairie, I think most of them believe the treatment works. From meeting the patients, I think most of them believe it works, as well. Until Christian Barnard completes the research that will be accepted by the scientific community, it's not possible to say much more than that.

After much agonizing soul searching, Suzanne and I have decided to join the 55-year procession of movie stars, Popes, prime ministers, imams, princes and importers of chemicals that clean the boilers of utility companies. We are definitely (well, *almost* definitely) going back to Clinique La Prairie in two (well, possibly three) months to take the sheep shots. If we do, I promise to let you know how it all turns out.



"Look, stop trying to aim it. Just lean back and throw."

## RUN, SALLY, RUN

(continued from page 138)

is impressed—not for the first time—by the comfortable serenity that avarice can create.

He is kept waiting only ten minutes, which he endures stoically, and then is ushered into the private office of G. Fergus Twiggs. This chamber, as large as Cone's loft, murmurs money, money, money. On the floor is an enormous Persian rug, and on the beige-linen walls are oak-framed water colors of sailing yachts, most with spinnakers set.

G. Fergus Twiggs is a veritable Toby jug of a man: short, squat, plump, with a smile and manner so beneficent that the Wall Street dick can see him with a pewter tankard of ale in one fist and a clay pipe in the other.

"Thank you for coming by," Twiggs says genially, shaking hands. He gets Cone seated in a leather chair alongside his mastodontic desk. "I needn't tell you how upsetting this entire matter has become; the whole house is disturbed."

"Look, Mr. Twiggs," Cone says, "there's not much I can do about the Wee Tot Fashions deal. The cat is out of the bag on that one. You'll just have to take your lumps."

"I realize that. The problem is how to prevent it from happening again."

"You can't," Timothy says. "Unless you figure a way to repeal human greed—and I doubt if you can do that. Listen, the leak on Wee Tot Fashions may not have been in your house at all. The arbitragers have a zillion ways of sniffing out a deal while it's still in the talking stage. They pick up one little hint, hear one little rumor that X.Y.Z. is going to make an offer for A.B.C., and they go to work."

Twiggs gives him a quirky smile. "Are you trying to talk yourself out of a job, Mr. Cone?"

"Nah. I just want you to understand the problems involved. And I'd like to know what you expect Haldering and Company to do about them."

"What I'd like you to do is spend as much time in our offices as you feel is necessary and review all the security precautions I have instituted. Be as critical as you like. Make any suggestions you wish that will make insider trading at Pistol & Burns if not impossible, then at least more difficult."

"Yeah," Cone says, "I can do that. As long as you understand I can't make the place airtight. No one can. I'll tackle your setup like I was an employee out to make a dishonest buck from trading on inside secrets. That should be easy; I've got a criminal mind."

Twiggs smiles again and rises. "I think you're exactly the man for the job," he says.

Manhattan comes across the bridge, the harsh and cluttered city where civility is a foreign language and the brittle natives speak in screams. Sally Steiner loves it; it is

Fashions leak? The arbitragers?"

"I think so. I don't believe anyone at Pistol & Burns was on the take. It was just rumor and good detective work by the arbs. We checked all the trading in Wee Töt in the past few weeks. There was one big trade, ten thousand shares, by an amateur. A woman named Sally Steiner, a real looker. But she owns a garbage-collection outfit on Eleventh Avenue. She plays the market for fun and just made a lucky pick."

"Did you talk to her?"

"Of course," Bigelow says, offended. "That's what they're paying me coolie wages for. She's a tough bimbo in the waste-disposal business. She claims she bought Wee Töt stock because she wants to get out of garbage and open a store that sells kids' clothes. She figured the annual reports of Wee Töt would help her learn the business. It makes sense."

"Sure, it does," Timothy Cone says. "Nice talking to you again, Jerry."

Back at the office, Sally ponders her next move. She's got to use fronts, some bubbleheads who won't have a glimmer of what she's doing. She looks out the window and sees Terry Mulloy and Leroy Hamilton wheeling onto the tarmac to dump their load.

"Oh, yeah," Sally breathes.

She grabs her shoulder bag and goes running out. She has to wait until they wash up in the locker room.

"Hey, you bums," she says. "Want a free lunch?"

"Whee!" Leroy says. "Christmas in May. What's the occasion, Sally, baby?"

"This is strictly business, you schmuck," Sally says. "Come on; let's go over to the Stardust."

She picks out a table in a back corner of the diner. They give Mabel their order: three cheeseburgers, home fries, cole slaw and beer.

"Can either of you guys get hold of a pickup or a van?" she asks them.

They look at each other.

"What for?" Mulloy says.

"It's a special job. I need a pickup every Tuesday and Thursday. And it means an extra hundred a week for each of you. In cash. Off the books."

"No trouble with the buttons?" Hamilton says.

"What trouble?" Sally says. "Anyone asks questions, you know nothing; you're just following the orders of the boss."

"Sounds good to me," Mulloy says, glancing at Hamilton.

"I'll play along," Hamilton says.

G. Fergus Twiggs must have spread the word, because, after identifying himself, Timothy Cone has no problems getting into Pistol & Burns. He's allowed to roam the hushed corridors, examine offices, poke into closets and check the fire-escape doors to see if they can be opened from the outside.

Cone doesn't leave the offices during the lunch hour, because he wants to see if any high-powered executives come reeling

back, their eyes glazed with a three-martini lunch. He strikes out on that; all the P&B. employees seem sober, industrious and dull.

"You've got to learn to operate defensively," he tells Twiggs. "I don't mean you've got to make this place into a fortress, but you should take some more precautions, or one of these days, some outlaws are going to stroll in here and waltz out with the family jewels."

"What kind of precautions?"

"All your typewriters and business machines should be bolted to the desks. You can even get attachments with burglar alarms if you want to go that far. But you've got a zillion dollars' worth of portable machinery that could be carted off with no trouble at all. Bolt it down."

"Good idea," the senior partner says. "Anything else?"

"Yeah, those paper shredders you're using to destroy confidential documents. . . They're antiques. Shredded documents can be pasted together again. You need new models that turn paper into confetti."

"Excellent suggestion. More?"

"This one is going to cost you bucks. You've got your mergers-and-acquisitions people scattered all over the place. An office here, an office there. That's an invitation to leaks. You've got to consolidate that whole department. And that area has to be behind a locked door that can only be opened by authorized personnel with a computer-coded card."

"It's beginning to sound more and more like a fortress," Twiggs says with a wan smile.

Cone shrugs. "Your M.-and-A. people are writing too many office memos, too many suggestions, projections, analyses of upcoming deals—and all on paper."

"We've got to communicate," Twiggs protests.

"Not on paper, you don't. Computerize the whole operation. If anyone has something to say on a possible take-over, buy-out or merger, he puts it on the computer. Anyone else who's involved can call it up on his monitor—but only if he knows the code word. You understand? Also, the computer can keep a list of who requests access to the record."

G. Fergus Twiggs shakes his head dolefully. "What's the world coming to?" he asks.

"Beats the hell out of me," Timothy Cone says.

"I been talking to your accountant," Mario Corsini says. "This fucking dump is a gold mine."

"You got no right to talk to my accountant," Sally says hotly.

"Why not?" Corsini says with his steely smile. "He's my uncle. The numbers he gave me were a real eye opener. I never knew there was that much money in shit. So we're going to take over, girlie. We'll pay you a nice price."

"Drop dead," she says wrathfully. "This



*"You won't find any outrageous claims here, Mr. Stephens. Just some straight talk and plain facts about hair replacement."*



BRUCE BROWN

*"If sex was an Olympic event, you'd be a natural—once every four years."*

one of those driveways. Cone continues down the road a piece, pulls onto the shoulder and parks. He hops out, lights a cigarette and saunters back. He stands in the semiconcealment of a small copse of pines and watches the loader lug the four barrels, one at a time, into a neat white garage with a shingled roof.

With the four barrels inside, the man starts bringing them out again and sliding them into the van—or so it seems; the barrels are identical in appearance. Timothy is flummoxed until he realizes what's going on. The guy has delivered four new barrels; he's picking up four old barrels that were already stored in the garage.

Cone sees the loader climb behind the wheel of the van. Away he goes. Cone will make book on exactly where he's heading; back to the city to make contact with truck number three, dump the trash in the big yellow Loadmaster and then return the empty barrels to the alleyway alongside that building on Tenth Avenue.

Cone stays where he is, eyeballing the garage and home. Nice place. The house is two stories high with a lot of windows. Weathered brick halfway up and white clapboard the rest of the way. A tiled terrace at one side with French doors to the house. All set on what looks to be a one-acre plot, at least, with a manicured lawn and a few pieces of Victorian cast-iron furniture scattered about.

And he spots a sign on a short post driven into the lawn. It reads: STEINER.

He's back in Manhattan by four o'clock, but it takes him almost 45 minutes to work his way over to the West Side. He finally parks on 18th Street near Tenth Avenue, with his watch nudging five P.M. He practi-

cally runs back to the one-story cinder-block building. The brass plate next to the front door reads: REICHHOLD PRINTING. Just that and nothing more.

The front door is still open, but when he pushes his way in, a blowzy blonde in the front office is putting on her hat. It looks like a velvet chamber pot.

"We're closed for the day," she tells Cone.

"Nah," he says, giving her what he fancies is a charming smile. "The front door is open. I just want to get some letterheads, bills and business cards printed up."

"We don't do that kind of work," she says tartly.

"You don't?" he says. "Well, what kind of work do you do?"

"Financial printing," she says.

"Thank you very much," the Wall Street dick says, tipping his leather cap. "Sorry to bother you."

Twiggs's face reddens, he seems to swell, and for a moment, Cone fears the senior partner is going to have cardiac arrest, or at least bust his braces. But suddenly, Twiggs starts laughing, his face all squinched up, tears starting from his eyes. He pounds the desk with his fist.

"The garbage collector!" he says, spluttering. "Oh, God, that's good! That's beautiful! I'll dine off that story for years to come! What do we do now?"

"Nothing you can do about the merger that's in the works. But for the future, you've got some choices. You can get yourself a new printer, with no guarantee that the same thing won't happen again. Or stick with Reichhold, but every time you give him something to print, send over a couple of guys who can make sure all preliminary proofs are destroyed. Or—and I

like this one best—equip your mergers-and-acquisitions department with the new desktop publishers. You'll be able to produce most of the documents you need right here in your own shop, including graphs, charts and tables. The machines aren't cheap, but they'll save you a mint on commercial-printing costs."

"I'll look into it immediately," Twiggs says. "You're going to report this garbage collector to the SEC?"

"As soon as possible."

"And what's going to happen to—what's her name?"

"Sally Steiner. If she's the stand-up gonif I think she is, she'll fight any attempt by the SEC to charge her or make her cough up her profits. What, actually, did she do? Dig through some barrels of rubbish, that's all. She's home free. That's what she thinks, and I hate to admit it, but she may be right."

"I wonder," says G. Fergus Twiggs thoughtfully, "if she'd consider employment with an investment banker."

Cone smiles and rises to leave. "You could do a lot worse," he says. "Nice meeting you, Mr. Twiggs."

At noon at Steiner Waste Control, there are four big yellow trucks on the tarmac, waiting to unload. Most of the guys have gone to the Stardust Diner for lunch, but Anthony Ricci is waiting in the outer office. Sally Steiner knows what he wants.

"Tony, come into my office."

The kid really is a beauty, no doubt about it, and she wonders what Eddie would think of him—and then decides she's never going to bring them together and find out. Paul Ramsey would kill her.

Ricci has a helmet of crisp black curls, bedroom eyes and a mouth artfully designed for kissing. He has a muscled body and moves with the spring of a young animal. He has been working all morning, but he doesn't smell of garbage; he smells of male sweat with a musky undertone.

"How's it going, Tony?" Sally asks him. "Like the job?"

"It's OK," the kid says. "For a while. I'm not about to spend the rest of my life lifting barrels of shit."

"You're not?" she says, putting him on. "And what have you got in mind—an executive job where you can wear monogrammed shirts and Armani suits?"

"Yeah," he says seriously, "I think I would like a desk job."

"With a secretary? A blue-eyed blonde with big knockers?"

He gives her the 100-watt grin. "Maybe. But not necessary."

"What kind of a woman are you looking for?"

He leans toward her slightly, his dark, burning eyes locked with hers. "An older woman," he says in a low voice. "I am tired of young girls who talk only of clothes and rock stars and want to go to the most expensive restaurants and clubs. Yeah, I'm



*"Don't let it bother you. I'm expecting an important call."*

interested in older women."

"Because they're grateful?" Sally suggests.

He considers that. "It's true," he says finally, and she decides he may be an Adonis, but he has no fucking brains. "Also," he continues, "older women are settled and know about life. They are smart about money, and they work hard."

He stares at her with such intensity that she begins to get antsy.

"Well," she says, "let's get down to business." She slides a sealed white envelope from the top drawer of her desk and hands it to him. "You know what's in that, Tony?"

He nods soberly. "More than I make a month for lifting garbage."

"You better believe it," Sally says. "So don't lose it or take off for Las Vegas. A receipt isn't necessary."

That last goes right over his head.

"Maybe some night we could have dinner," he says, more of a statement than a question. "I know a restaurant down on Mulberry Street. Not expensive, but the food is *delizioso*. Would you like to have dinner with me?"

"Sure," she says to Anthony Ricci. "Why not?"

Sergeant Joseph D'Amato, from the Organized Crime Bureau, looks and dresses like a college professor. He's a tall, gawky guy with a Mount Rushmore face and big spatulate hands. His tweed jacket has suede patches on the elbows, and his cordovan kilties are polished to a mirror gloss. He's smoking a long, thin cigarillo, so Cone thankfully lights up his ninth cigarette of the day.

"Those names you gave me," D'Amato says. "All illegals. Members of the same

Family. The biggie on your list is Mario Corsini, a hood we've been interested in."

"Is this Corsini into extortion of private carters and garbage collectors?"

"Sure, he is. Why do you ask?"

So, for the second time that morning, Cone describes the activities of Sally Steiner and how she has been able to come up with those profitable stock tips.

"That's lovely," D'Amato says when Cone finishes. "I'd guess she's passing her inside information along to Corsini. For what reason, I don't know. Maybe she's got the hots for the guy. Some women think Mobsters are king shit."

"Maybe," Cone says. "Or maybe he's leaning on her, and those stock tips are what she has to pay to stay in business."

"Could be," the sergeant says. He lights another of his cigarillos. "About seven or eight months ago, Corsini brought a cousin over from the old country. It's legal; the kid has all his papers. His name is Anthony Ricci. Anyway, in that list you gave me, there were two heavy stock buyers in Atlantic City. One was Mario Corsini. The other was Anthony Ricci."

"So?" Cone says. "What does that prove?"

"Anthony Ricci works for Steiner Waste Control."

"Let me buy you lunch," Cone says.

Timothy Cone and Jeremy Bigelow are sauntering down through the financial district toward the Battery, stopping at carts and vans to pick up *calzone*, chicken wings in soy sauce, raw carrots, chocolate-chip cookies, *gelato* and much, much more.

"I made out like a thief," Timothy says. "I found the leak."

Jeremy stops on the sidewalk, turns,

stares at him. "You're kidding," he says.

"Scout's honor," Cone says, and for the third time, he describes how Sally Steiner is digging through trash from Reichhold Printing and finding smeared proofs of confidential financial documents.

He tells Bigelow nothing about the Mario Corsini connection.

Twiggs had succumbed to guffaws after hearing the story, and Joe D'Amato had been amused, but the SEC man is infuriated.

"Son of a bitch," he says angrily. "I should have caught those nine-thousand-share trades. How did you break it?"

"A lot of luck."

"You told Pistol & Burns?"

"Oh, sure. Twiggs called me this morning. They've canned Reichhold and are switching to another commercial printer until they can put in a desktop-printing system. Listen, Jerry, you better tell Snellig, Firsten and Holbrook."

"Yeah," the other man says worriedly, "I'll do that."

He wipes drops of *gelato* from his lapel. "Do you realize what this means? We'll have to get hold of Reichhold's customer list—get a subpoena if we have to—and alert all his Wall Street customers about what's going on."

That's exactly what Cone wants him to say. This guy is brainy but not the hardest man in the world to manipulate.

"Yeah," he says sympathetically, "a lot of work. Maybe an easier way to handle it would be for you to pay a visit to Reichhold."

"It could be handled that way," Jeremy says thoughtfully. "A lot less work. No subpoenas, charges and court trials."

"Sure," Cone agrees. "And why should an innocent printer suffer just because Sally Steiner has larceny in her heart?"

Back at his loft, Timothy Cone calls Joe D'Amato. "You got a phone number for Mario Corsini? I'd like to call him."

"I haven't got it. But I've got the number of a social club in Ozone Park. Maybe they'll get a message to him to call you back. That's the best I can do."

"Good enough," Cone says.

He calls the Ozone Park social club.

A man answers. "Yeah?" he says in a voice that sounds as if someone had kicked his Adam's apple.

"I'd like to speak to Mr. Mario Corsini," Cone says politely.

"Who?"

"Mario Corsini."

"Never heard of him."

"Who's this?" a new voice shouts.

"Am I speaking to Mr. Mario Corsini?"

"You tell me who you are or I hang up."

"Mr. Corsini, my name is Smedly Tonker, and I am an investigator with the Securities and Exchange Commission."

"So?"

"Forgive me for calling at this late hour," Cone goes on, wondering how many years he can get for impersonating a Federal



"Any friend of the earth, miss, is a friend of mine."

blocks away. She walks back to Brolio's. It looks like a scuzzy joint to her, but you never know.

Tony is already there, thank God, waiting for her at a tiny two-stool bar to the left of the entrance.

"Hey!" he says, coming forward to take both hands in his. "You made it! Have any trouble finding the place?"

"Not at all," Sally says, looking around. And then, with feigned surprise: "Tony, I like it. Very pretty."

"Nothing fancy," he says, shrugging. "But the food's great, and you can't beat the prices."

Sally sees a typical, third-rate New York *trattoria*. Small, only nine tables, and all occupied except one. Crude murals of Vesuvius, the Colosseum, Venetian canals painted on wrinkled walls. Plastic plants in plastic pots. Checkered tablecloths. Drip-

ping candles stuck in raffia-bound chianti bottles. Paper napkins. And hanging in the air, a miasma of garlic strong enough to scare off 100 vampires.

Tony snaps his fingers, and a waiter swathed in a filthy apron comes hustling to usher them to the empty table and remove the RESERVED card.

"A little wine first?" he suggests.

"Tony, you order," Sally says. "You know what's good."

"A glass of *soave* to start," Ricci says rapidly to the waiter. "Then the cold antipasto, lobster *diavolo*, linguine and maybe a salad of *arugula* and *radicchio*. With a bottle of that chianti *classico* I had the other night. The Monte Vertine."

"Very good," the waiter says, nodding approvingly.

Tony gives her his sizzling smile, eyes half-lidded. "This is an occasion. Dinner

with the boss."

The food is unexpectedly good. Maybe a little harsh, a little too garlicky, but Sally exclaims with delight over every course, the wine, the crusty bread, the prompt and efficient service.

"You know how to live," she tells Tony.

"Everyone knows how to live," he says. "All you need is money."

"That's so true," Sally says.

She has one glass of the red wine and lets him finish the bottle. He drinks and eats enthusiastically with, she is amused to note, a corner of the paper napkin tucked into his collar and the remainder spread over his chest, hiding a tie of hellish design.

He insists on *tortoni* and espresso, and then *amaretti* with ponies of Strega. Sally takes one sip of the liqueur and then pushes the glass toward Tony.

"You finish," she says.

"Sure," he says and downs it in one gulp.

It's after ten o'clock when they rise to leave. He pays the bill with cash, Sally sees—no plastic for him—and leaves a lordly tip. They come out into a black, close night, the sky clotted with clouds and a warm, soft mist drifting.

They skip, laughing, through the mizzle until Sally tugs him to a halt alongside her silver Mazda. "Here we are," she says.

"Fantastico," he breathes and walks around the car admiring the lines.

"C'mon, get in," Sally says. "You can drive."

They slide into the bucket seats. Tony caresses the wheel with his palms, staring at the dash. "Radio, air conditioner, cassette deck," he says. "Even a compass. You got everything."

"All the comforts of home," she says lightly. "I also own a Cadillac, but this baby is more fun to drive."

"I wish—" he starts, then suddenly stops. "Maybe, someday. . . ."

"Maybe sooner than you think," she says. "Do you mind if we sit here a few minutes? There's something I want to talk to you about."

"Sure," he says. "The night's young."

"That cousin of yours," she says. "Mario. What do you think of him?"

Ricci shrugs. "He's OK, I guess. Sometimes, he thinks he's my father. He knows what he wants."

"Yeah," Sally says with a short laugh. "He wants me."

Tony turns to peer at her in the gloom. "What are you saying?"

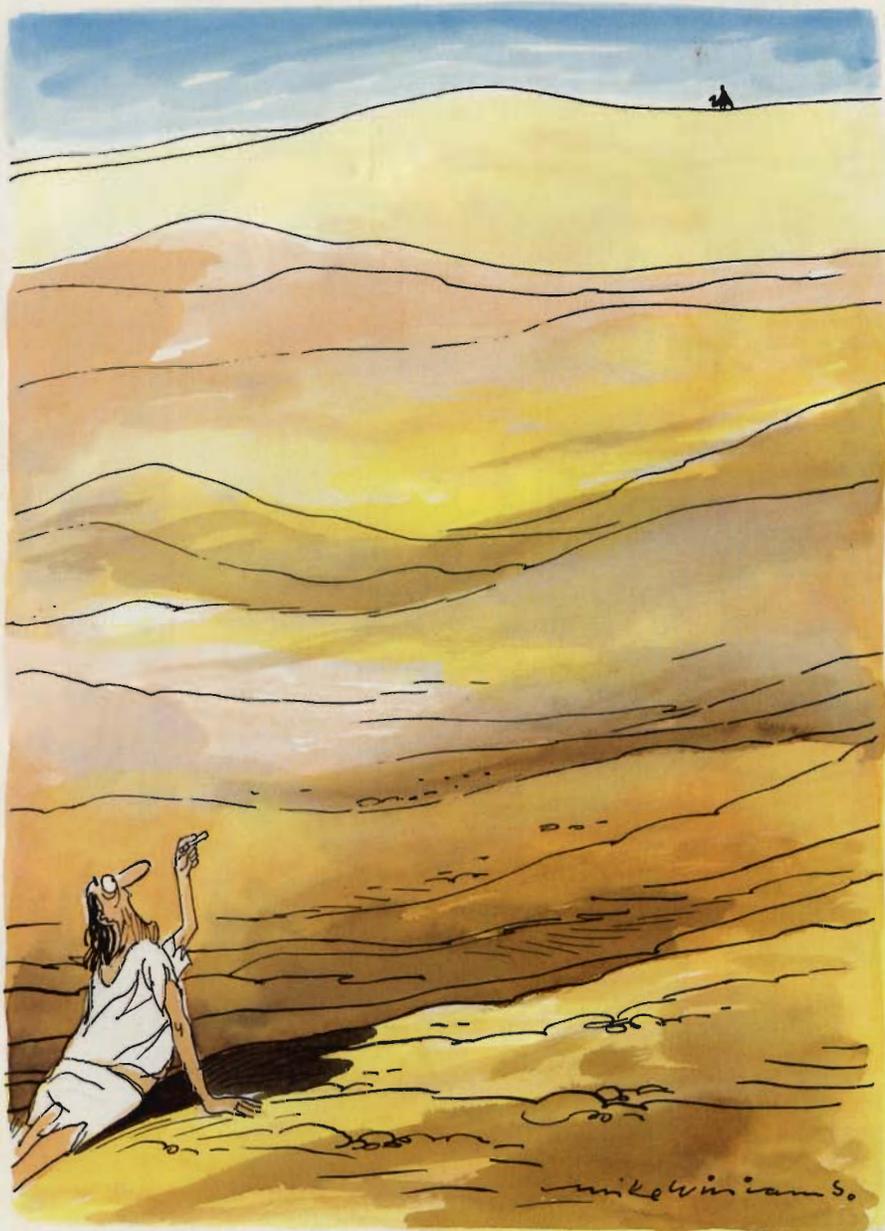
"Do I have to spell it out for you, Tony? That cousin of yours is trying to get me into bed. He's told me a hundred times he wants me."

"No!"

"Tony," she says, putting a hand on his thigh, "what am I going to do?"

"You told him you don't want, uh, what he wants?"

"I told him a hundred times, but he won't take no for an answer. He just keeps after me. Calls me almost every day. Sends



"I said, do you mind if I smoke?"

me letters. Dirty letters—you know?”

Tony nods. “He is acting like a fool. If a woman says no to me, I say goodbye. There is always another.”

“Sometimes,” Sally says, deciding this is the moment, “sometimes, I wish that something would happen to him.”

“What? What are you saying?”

They sit in silence then, and Sally gives him time to absorb what she has said. If he belts her, she’s sunk. If he gets out of the car and stalks away, she’s sunk. If he tells Mario of their conversation, she’s sunk. That’s a lot of sinking, and her only life preserver is Tony’s ambition and greed.

“I’d pay,” she says in an aching voice, and she doesn’t have to fake the desperation. “I’d pay a nice buck to have it done. Cash. I’d even help plan it. Make it look like an accident.”

He doesn’t answer, and her hand tightens on his thigh, she moves closer.

“And maybe a good job for the guy who does it,” she goes on. “An inside job. I need another executive. Someone I can trust. Someone who’s done me a big favor by putting Corsini down.”

She looks closely into his face and sees something new: stoniness. His eyes are as hard and shiny as wet coal.

“No,” he says flatly, “I cannot do it. Anyone else, but not Mario. He is my cousin. You understand? He is *family*.”

Sally slumps. “Then I’m dead,” she says dully.

“No, you are not dead,” Anthony Ricci says. “There is a way out for you.”

“Yeah?” she says in a low voice. “Like what?”

“Marry me.”

She looks at him. “Are you nuts?”

“Listen to me,” he says, taking her hand, holding it tightly. “You marry me and Mario will never bother you again. I swear by my mother.”

“And what’s in it for you?”

“First, I marry a smart, beautiful older woman. It will help me stay in this country. Also, I get a good inside job, a desk, maybe a secretary.”

“And a piece of the business?”

He gives her his megawatt smile. “Maybe a little piece.”

“And what about the sex department?”

“What about it? Am I so ugly?”

“No,” she says. “Ugly you ain’t.”

“So? What do you say?”

“Let me think about it,” Sally says and doesn’t object when he reaches for her.

Timothy Cone has covered his table with several thicknesses of old newspaper, and they need it; the barbecued ribs, potato chips and pickles make for a messy meal.

As they eat, he describes for the fifth and, he hopes, final time how Sally Steiner was trading stocks on inside information gleaned from the printer’s trash. He tells Samantha about the Mob’s control of the private carting business and how Sally was giving tips to Mario Corsini.

“For what reason, I don’t know exactly,” the Wall Street dick admits. “But I think he was leaning on her; that’s my guess.”

Then he recounts how he went up to see Steiner and did a little leaning of his own, trying to turn her so she’d go to the blues, putting the kibosh on extortion.

By the time he has finished his narrative, they’ve demolished ribs, chips and pickles. Sam has provided chocolate éclairs for dessert, but they put those in the fridge

and settle down with their beers, feet parked up on the littered table.

“My, oh, my,” Sam says. “You really have been a busybody, haven’t you? But you know what burns my ass?”

“A flame this high?” he asks, holding his hand a yard off the floor.

“Shithead,” she says. “When you found the insider leak for Pistol & Burns, your job was finished. Keerect? That’s what they hired Haldering for, and you delivered. It should have ended right there. But no, you had to push it and get involved with the Mafia, shaking down garbage collectors and trying to get this Sally Steiner to blow the whistle. Why did you do that, Tim?”

He looks at her. “I don’t know,” he says. “It just seemed the right thing to do.”

“Bullshit!” Sam says. “You know what I think your problem is? I think you see yourself as a nemesis. Death to all evil-doers! Get me an éclair, you Masked Avenger.”

“Up yours,” he says.

They sip their beers, nibble the chocolate éclairs and agree that it’s a loathsome combination—but tasty. Their conversation is desultory, with Cone doing most of the talking and Sam replying with monosyllables or grunts.

“Hey,” he says finally, “what’s with you? Got the fantods or something?”

“Just thinking.”

“About what?”

“That Sally Steiner. I feel sorry for her.”

He snorts.

“What’s that supposed to be?” Sam says. “A laugh?”

“If it is, it’s on me. I went up to see that put-together lady to find out if she was ready to talk to the cops.”

“And?”

“She told me to get lost. She’s marrying Tony Ricci, Corsini’s cousin.”

“You’re kidding.”

He holds up a palm. “Scout’s honor. She snookered me. I thought I had her in a bind, but she wiggled out of it. By marrying Ricci, she gets to keep the business. And she gets Corsini off her back.”

An hour later, they’re lolling naked on the floor mattress. Popped cans of beer have been placed within easy reach, and the cat, protesting mightily, has been locked in the bathroom.

Samantha, sitting up, begins unpinning her magnificent hair. Timothy watches with pleasure the play of light and shadow on her raised arms, stalwart shoulders, the hard breasts. Suddenly, she stops and stares at him.

“Listen,” she says, “you make it sound like Sally Steiner is marrying that Tony Ricci just so she can keep the business. Did it ever occur to you that she might love the guy?”

Cone shrugs. “Could be. There are all kinds of love.”

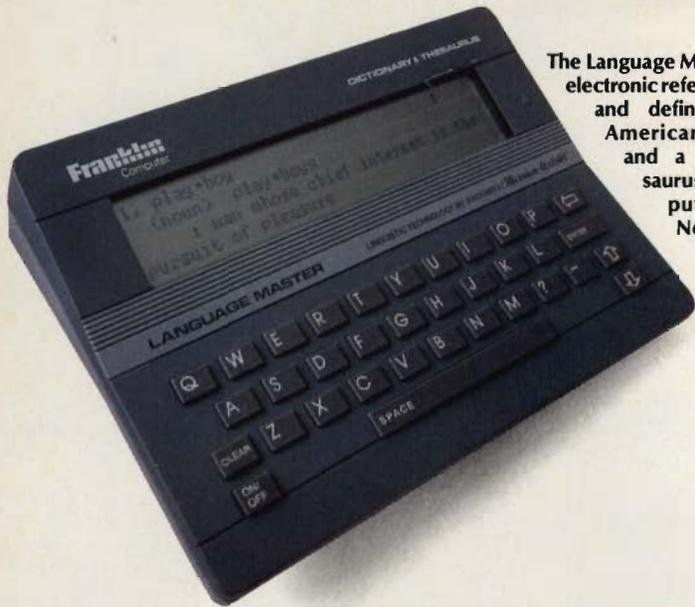
“Yeah,” Sam says, reaching for him. “Here’s mine.”



“Careful what you say—he flies off the handle rather easily!”



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



The Language Master is a hand-held electronic reference with spellings and definitions for 80,000 American-English words and a 35,000-word thesaurus, by Franklin Computer, Pennsauken, New Jersey, \$299.95.



Wrestling shoes are the hottest thing in casual footwear since pro mat pounders returned to prime-time TV. Top: The Takedown, with nylon-and-leather uppers, \$35. Bottom: The King Pin, in white pigskin suede with ankle straps, \$57, both by Mizuno.

Built of solid die-cast zinc with no plastic parts, the eight-inch-tall, four-and-one-half-pound Mighty OJ tropical model puts the big squeeze on your favorite fruit. (No gay jokes, please.) Other features include an easy-to-clean cone-and-funnel assembly and rubber feet that hold fast to a counter top, from Metrokane, New York, \$40.



Maui Jim sunglasses from Lahaina on Maui are "the official sunglasses of mother nature," as their polarized antireflectant glass lenses block 100 percent of the UV rays with no color or vision distortion, \$79 per pair.



Sanyo's SV M545 rechargeable Computer Shaver can be used at home, in the office or on the road. The cutting edge is its built-in microcomputer that senses beard coarseness and maintains a steady cutter speed for a clean, comfortable shave, about \$110.



The Dandy Pocket Bike by Roland is designed for adults who do their motorcycling closer to the ground. Three feet long and only 21 inches high, this 30-c.c. wild one may not qualify for a run with Brando and company, but its 1.98 hp, two-stroke engine can top you out at 35 miles per hour, and its welded frame supports 300 pounds, from Abercrombie & Fitch, Schaumburg, Illinois, about \$600.

Lord love a duck. Mandarin Duck, that is, as this tough Italian-made luggage that's crafted from textured nylon and ribbed rubber is as distinctive as it is strong. The bags here (all in Mandarin's Tank line) include (left to right): a personal bag, \$75, a carry-on bag, \$155, and a business bag, \$125.



These hand-crafted leather-bound book boxes (they're great for holding a watch, cuff links, etc.), available in two sizes, are typical of the old-English look that Rosenthal-Truitt, gentlemen's furnishing and accessory stores in the Los Angeles area, includes in its gift line, \$195 and \$235. 187

**Bardeaux Has Bite**

If you aren't watching MTV or dancing in clubs to *Magic Carpet Ride*, then you won't be hip to BARDEAUX. Once you see Acacia (left) and Jaz in *Grapevine*, we know that oversight will be corrected immediately.



WILLIAM HAMES

**Kick Out the Jams**

JUNE POINTER has plenty to celebrate, from touring with her sisters to an incredibly hip soft-drink commercial to her new solo album. June has hits *and* glitz.



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**Where Lima's Been**

Actress SARA BETH LIMA is our salute to summer. We know you thank us. For more Sara, check out *Rented Lips* and *Summer School*. Hit the beach.



© 1988 MICHAEL LYNN

**He's Got the Beat**

BRYAN FERRY may dress for Wall Street, but his moves are for after dark. *Bête Noire* climbed the charts, and now he's home in Sussex, gearing up for a new album.



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## These Boys Can't Help It

The brothers Michael and Jay Aston, a.k.a. GENE LOVES JEZEBEL, took the name of their band from Gene Vincent and Jay's Jezebel looks. Now with *The House of Dolls*, their fourth album, they've broken through to an American audience in concert, on MTV and on the dance charts. Says Michael, "We're... a feast for the senses." Open your eyes and clean out your ears; Gene Loves Jezebel is ready to rock.



PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE

## The Eyes and Thighs Have It

Uncovering actress DANIELLE ROSS was a pleasure; passing our good fortune on to you, a treat. Maybe you saw Danielle on the *Mike Hammer* TV movie or in *Beverly Hills Cop II*. No matter. You've got her here, almost as big as life. Enjoy.



DANIEL ADAMS / SHOOTING STAR

© 1988 MARK LEIVDAL

## Long, Tall Sally

You'll be hearing a lot more about actress SALLY KIRKLAND now that she's been nominated for an Oscar for *Anna*. Next, you can catch her in *Melanie Rose*. Sally is also an ordained minister. You can see she's kept the faith.

