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Sex in
CINEMA

(STARRING
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ELECTION COVERAGE,
PLAYBOY STYLE
WOMEN OF
WASHINGTON

INTERVIEW:
BRUCE WILLIS,
BACK ON TOP

WHY EVERYONE
IS ACTING
SO WEIRD

BUSH & DUKAKIS
BY ROBERT SCHEER

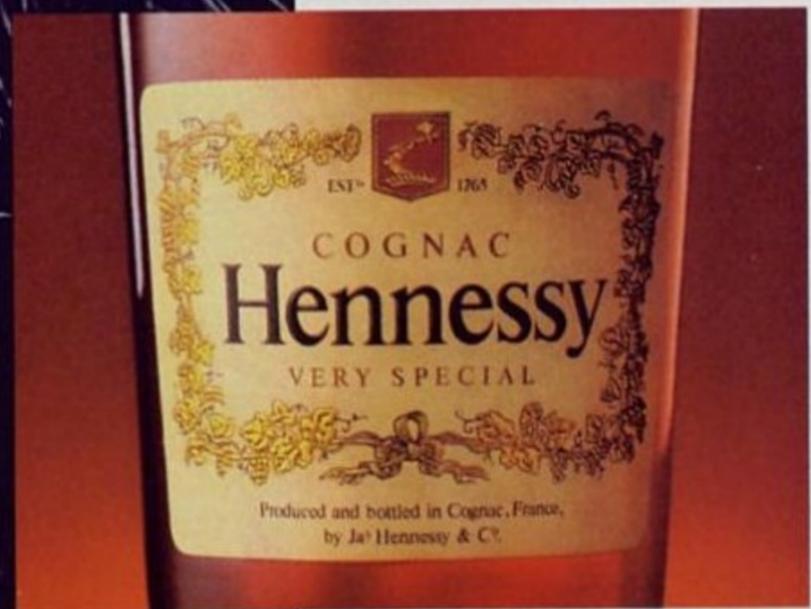


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PLAYBILL

IT'S ELECTION TIME again, which means it's time for **Robert Scheer** to give us the scoop on the candidates. A veteran *Los Angeles Times* correspondent, Scheer has previously exposed for *Playboy* the hearts, souls and characters of would-be Presidents **Nelson Rockefeller**, **Jimmy Carter** and **Ronald Reagan**. His portraits of 1988 nominees **George Bush** and **Michael Dukakis** are no less incisive and revealing. To decipher what makes them tick, Scheer hit the campaign trail and took reams of notes and taped hours of interviews—in which he displayed enough backbone to ask the hard questions other journalists sometimes omit (he suffered, in the process, the slings of at least one White House aspirant). The result is *The Men Who Would Be President* (illustrations by **Kinuko Y. Craft** and **Herb Davidson**), which should be required reading for every voter between now and Election Day. Want more Scheer? Pick up *Thinking Tuna Fish, Talking Death* (Hill & Wang)—a smart collection of his work that includes many of the treasures he has contributed to these pages.

The winner, whoever he is, will set up housekeeping at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. We've already done some capital sight-seeing for him. *Playboy's* intrepid Contributing Photographer and "Girls Of" demographer **David Chan** snapped *Women of Washington*, about whom *Washingtonian* columnist and D.C. boulevardier **Rudy Maxa** provides knowing commentary.

The Eighties aren't over yet, but we're ready to jam the cork back into the bottle and put a label on this decade. How about *Mondo Weirdo*? That happens to be the title of **Jerry Stahl's** look at politics, Government and entertainment in our wacky age. Stahl, who lives in Los Angeles, says he moved there for the weirdness. "Weirdnesswise," he says, "outside of the entire Midwest and select strips of Idaho, L.A. is the only place in America more peculiar than Manhattan." Beyond that, Stahl is delighted that the entire world these days seems to be playing with a 51-card deck. Personally, we prefer the decks that **Lewis Grossberger** recently traipsed aboard *Sovereign of the Seas*, the Royal Caribbean Cruise Line's flagship and the biggest cruise ship afloat. His observations appear in this month's cushy true-life adventure tale, *Moby Deck*. Among other lore, Grossberger found out who supposedly invented the celebrated elixir called piña colada. And that's worth celebrating. So is the new career of **Bruce Willis**, who has gone from wisecracking rake on *Moonlighting* to big-screen hunk. In a very candid interview with Contributing Editor **Lawrence Grobel**, Willis comes clean about his reputation as Hollywood's number-one party animal, discusses his favorite ladies and talks about why his career's back in high gear.

The Fiction Department makes us all feel superior with **Thomas Berger's** *Planet of the Losers*, a story about a klutz from another planet; you'll recognize the illustration as the work of the inimitable **Edward Gorey**. Our film critic, Contributing Editor **Bruce Williamson**, West Coast Photo Editor **Marilyn Grabowski**, Assistant Photo Editor **Patty Beaudet**, Senior Editor **Gretchen Edgren** and Senior Art Director **Chet Suski** confabbed for our annual glimpse of screen indelicacies, *Sex in Cinema 1988*. Cartoonist **Gray Jolliffe** contributes another episode in the troubled life of every man's best friend, *Wicked Willie*. Writing from London, Jolliffe tells us that he's puzzled by the fact that Willie's adventures, in book form, are a huge success throughout the world—except in the U.S. "They sell more copies in Finland!" Beverly Hills skin specialist **Nance Mitchell**, author of *Skin Sense*, tells you what to do with fragrance in *Scents and Sensibility*. There's lots, lots more, including some bonus chuckles garnered by **Dick Lochte**, who chatted up Monty Python alumnus and *A Fish Called Wanda* star **John Cleese** for this month's *20 Questions*, plus the other Pia—our November Playmate **Pia Reyes**. But before you go gaga over this *Thrilla from Manila*, don't forget to vote—in our annual *Playboy Music Poll*, of course!



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COVER STORY We've transformed our September Playmate, Laura Richmond, into Toontown's seductress Jessica Rabbit, torch-singing star of *Who Framed Roger Rabbit*. What an eyeful! The cover was designed by Art Director Tom Staebler and photographed by Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda. Laura's hair was styled by John Victor and her make-up is by Pat Tomlinson.



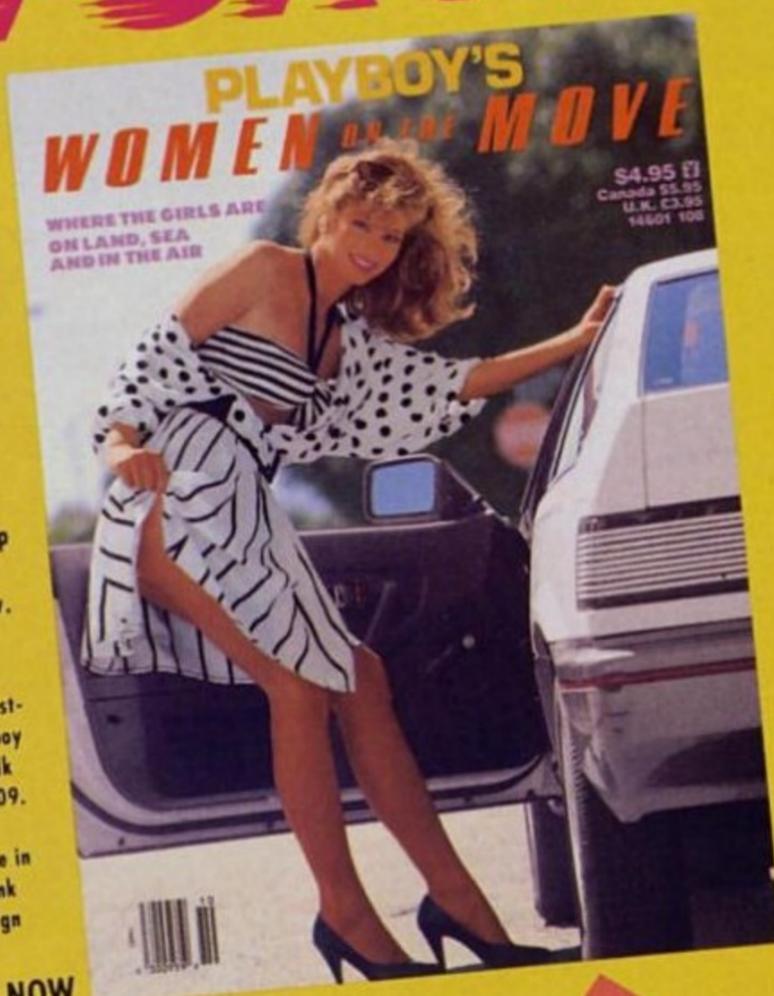
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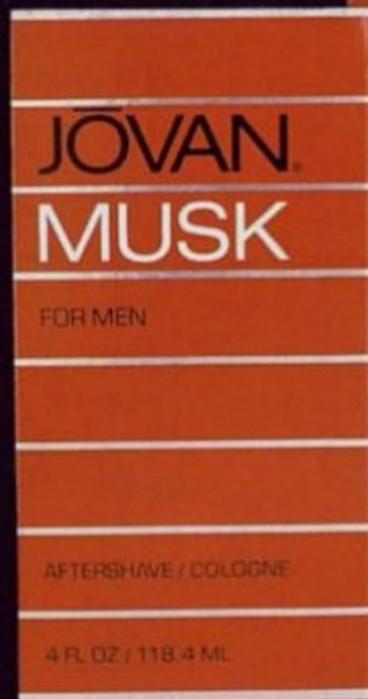
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NO LOVE LOST FOR HARVEY

Harvey Fierstein (*Playboy Interview*, August) suffers from the problem people of all sexual preferences suffer from: the inability to discuss sex without bragging.

Gay men and women brag about fighting heterosexual oppression and about how many times they get laid by members of the same sex; bisexuals brag about believing in free love in the face of bigotry from both gays and straights; heterosexuals brag about getting laid, procreating or being "normal"; and celibates and virgins brag about not getting laid.

Nobody really gives a flaming rat's ass who fucked whom with what, when, why and how. But, unfortunately, people like Fierstein can't exist unless they make a political issue of their sexuality.

Michael A. Stasko
Columbus, Ohio

COOL MEMORIES

Three cheers for Craig Vetter's *Aspen When It Was Cool* (*Playboy*, August). Just reading the article brought back a rush of memories and good feelings. That is quite perplexing, since I have never been to Aspen. Whether intentionally or not, Vetter strikes a chord that is much deeper than Aspen itself. Many of us who were lucky enough to stop for a few days and spend a few years in our own particular Aspen and survive the early Seventies share a common bond. My particular Aspen was located in the Ozark Mountains and was filled with drugs, nature, friends and very good times. Yes, we kept vampire hours, lay by the rivers and streams naked and practiced the most bizarre chemical research on our own bodies. Most of us survived and were able finally to escape and go on to lead normal lives. To quote from a sentence that was never truer, "We were young and stupid, and whatever the risks, whatever the mortgage we were taking on body and soul, the laughter alone seemed worth it." Is this Aspen a real place? I think not. In a time when drugs are a "plague on society" and sex is a "tool of the Devil," that

Aspen does not exist. But thank God I haven't lost those memories.

Richard Perzan
Oakhurst, Texas

GIVE 'EM HELLE

I was fortunate to be part of the annual Danish-American Friendship Day in August Playmate Helle Michaelsen's home town of Aalborg, Denmark, a few years back, and the hospitality was terrific. Should her duties ever bring her to Georgia, she is certainly welcome to contact me here in Athens, which can be just about as much fun as Aalborg.

Alan B. Fecteau
Athens, Georgia

November 2, 1968, must have been a great day. Both Helle Michaelsen, your August 1988 Playmate, and Brandi Brandt, your October 1987 Playmate, were born on that date. Coincidence or what?

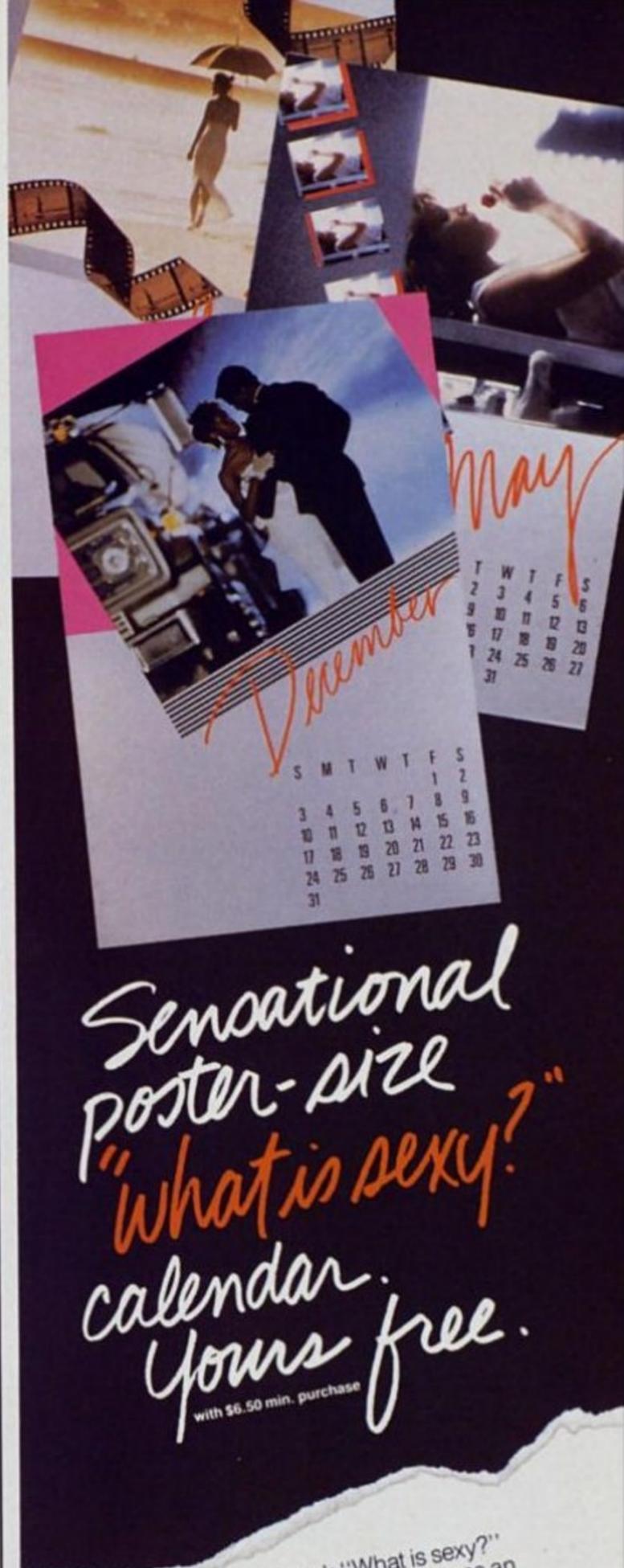
Brian Marantz
Irvine, California

PALIMONY CAPER

After reading *The Great Palimony Caper* (*Playboy*, August), I'd like to comment. I am a woman who, believing in equal rights for men and women, was most disappointed with the outcome of Marvin Mitchelson's previous palimony suits. I don't believe that a woman can expect to be treated as an equal when she resorts to suing a man if he refuses to marry her. I can't believe that the courts would even consider such a case, when it seems obvious that if a man wishes to make a partnership legal, he can do so through marriage. After seeing Carrie Leigh on television describing how she had been hurt in the relationship (as if she had had no will of her own), I got angry. Tough, that's life. Grow up!

Kelly Ryan Harris
Jacksonville, Florida

The Great Palimony Caper left me feeling nothing but pity for Carrie Leigh. When I parted from a loved one, I took with me all



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the memories we shared. These cannot be bought, not even with \$67,000,000; if Carrie Leigh doesn't know that by now, she'll be poor forever.

Debbie Danel
Watsonville, California

I find it truly sad to read how some people abuse relationships after being extended almost unimaginable privileges. One has to compliment Mr. Hefner on the way he treated the one he loved during some trying times and on the positive attitude he maintained after his ordeal. I also found interesting the CBS program *60 Minutes*, in which Marvin Mitchelson's character was seriously questioned. I guess every rose has its thorns, but it's good to see Mr. Hefner still flying his winning colors and enjoying life.

Kevin Kittrell
Fort Worth, Texas

Let's face it: What Leigh pulled on the old bean was cruel and unusual punishment. Hef deserves better, and with Kimberley Conrad, he has it. I'm happy for you, Hef! You're not bitter and, to be frank, that surprises me.

J. Kenneth Harrer
Detroit, Michigan

I can't help but get a huge kick out of the lawsuits to which Hefner, Johnny Carson, Joan Collins and others—particularly the men—have been subjected. One need only have power, position and wealth to become a target for every scheming, conniving, gold-digging con artist in the country.

DeMart C. Besly
Darby, Montana

Congratulations to Hef on the new woman in his life. I am sure I speak for many of your readers when I say, "Let's see more of Kimberley Conrad in upcoming issues."

L. Bland
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Being a longtime reader of *Playboy*, I have come to expect from your magazine objective editorial standards. So I am writing to express my disappointment about the publication of *The Great Palimony Caper*. I care very little for people who compulsively file lawsuits, and I have outright disdain for lawyers who push litigation the way street dealers push crack, but I also consider the offense-as-defense attack on Carrie Leigh to be beneath the dignity of a magazine of *Playboy's* stature.

Russell J. Cataldo
Kearny, New Jersey

For the publisher of *Playboy* to use the magazine to promote his side of what is essentially a domestic squabble is self-serving and tacky. It diminishes the quality of your otherwise fine magazine.

Arthur A. Lord
Tarzana, California

I was very disappointed in *The Great Palimony Caper*. It is unworthy of a publication that has provided intelligent and balanced coverage of the AIDS issue and an eloquent defense against censorship in the face of Ed Meese and his ilk. Not only is the subject matter of this article trivial, its one-sided treatment is laden with cheap shots and innuendo. Who really cares?

Blair Rhodes
Halifax, Nova Scotia

I thought I was reading the *National Enquirer* until I glanced back at the cover to discover that it was, indeed, the August issue of *Playboy*. Your article promoting Hugh Hefner to sainthood and nominating Carrie Leigh as shrew of the year is so beneath your normal journalistic standards that I was dumfounded. I can only assume that there is no by-line on the piece because the writer was embarrassed. The short story by Robert Silverberg that precedes it and the article on Gorbachev by Robert Scheer that follows make the tabloid approach of *The Great Palimony Caper* stand out like a sore thumb.

Daniel B. Hirschhorn
Chicago, Illinois

Hef readily concedes that "The Great Palimony Caper" was an overreaction to the fabrications about him promulgated by both Carrie Leigh and Marvin Mitchelson and widely reported in the media. "The article is factually accurate but mean-spirited," he



says, "and it doesn't really reflect my feelings about either Carrie or our relationship. I truly hope she finds happiness in her new life."

As for Kimberley Conrad, now Hef's fiancée (above), you will be seeing and hearing a great deal more about her in the pages of Playboy and elsewhere. Stay tuned.

BRIDGE OVER A TROUBLED WADDER

Asa Baber's *Men* column "Johnny Wadd Lives!" in the August issue is nothing less than graffiti on the pillar of class that you have erected over the years.

The idea that John C. Holmes (a.k.a. Johnny Wadd) was a king in the eyes of all men is absurd. I have seen some of his films, and for that reason, I do not con-

sider myself to be a puritan. Nonetheless, I was offended by what I read. The sort of man who considers Johnny Wadd to be "as famous as any movie star" does not read *Playboy*. And "making love" is not something Johnny Wadd ever did on camera. The 14,000 women he screwed may have enjoyed the experience, but I seriously doubt that they felt loved.

Michael L. Tomeo
San Diego, California

I would agree with Asa Baber's tribute to John C. Holmes if I could believe that Holmes embodied the qualities ascribed to him. Unfortunately, he does not seem to have been the loving sex partner Baber wants us to remember him as.

Holmes claimed to have mated with 14,000 women; it is inconceivable that he could have looked into the backgrounds and hearts of so many women and ascertained beforehand that he would not be hurting them. He might have wanted to care about them, but his actions say that he did not. He seems to have gotten in over his head, and because of that, plus whatever private reasons he had, his life was one of torment.

Holmes said he would rather have been a truck driver, and I think we should believe him. As a truck driver, he would have had a shot at a clean and happy life.

Linda Bairstow
Albuquerque, New Mexico

CUTTING HARRY ON THE BIAS

With all due respect to Harry Edwards (*20 Questions*, *Playboy*, August), I find his position on the role of blacks in athletics to be suspect. He seems to believe that the percentage of blacks in upper-management positions and in the sportswriting field should reflect the racial make-up of the teams. Does he also wish a large percentage of white sports fans to stop watching, so that the fan population will also be mostly black? Perhaps I am missing some basic element of logic, but I have doubts.

Lewis Guignard, Jr.
Charlotte, North Carolina

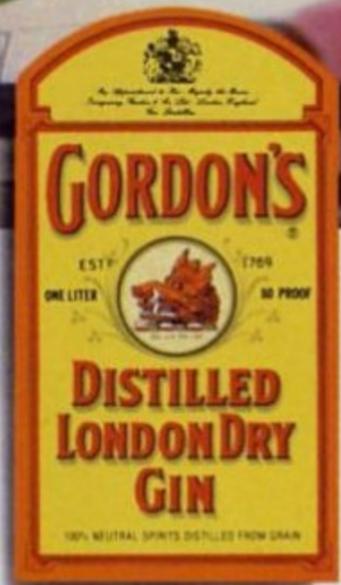
The subhead for *20 Questions* with Harry Edwards, which says that he tackles racism, isn't kidding. You can't get more racist than saying sports teams can't win without black athletes. I guess that is why the Celtics haven't won any basketball championships. I believe that if Harry Edwards would keep his mouth shut and quit forcing things, there might be more black managers and coaches. And as for his saying "I am for running candidates who have an appeal to everybody and who happen to be black," if I were a public figure and were to say I supported candidates "who happen to be white," I would be in the same boat as Jimmy the Greek.

Michael S. Earls
New Canton, Illinois



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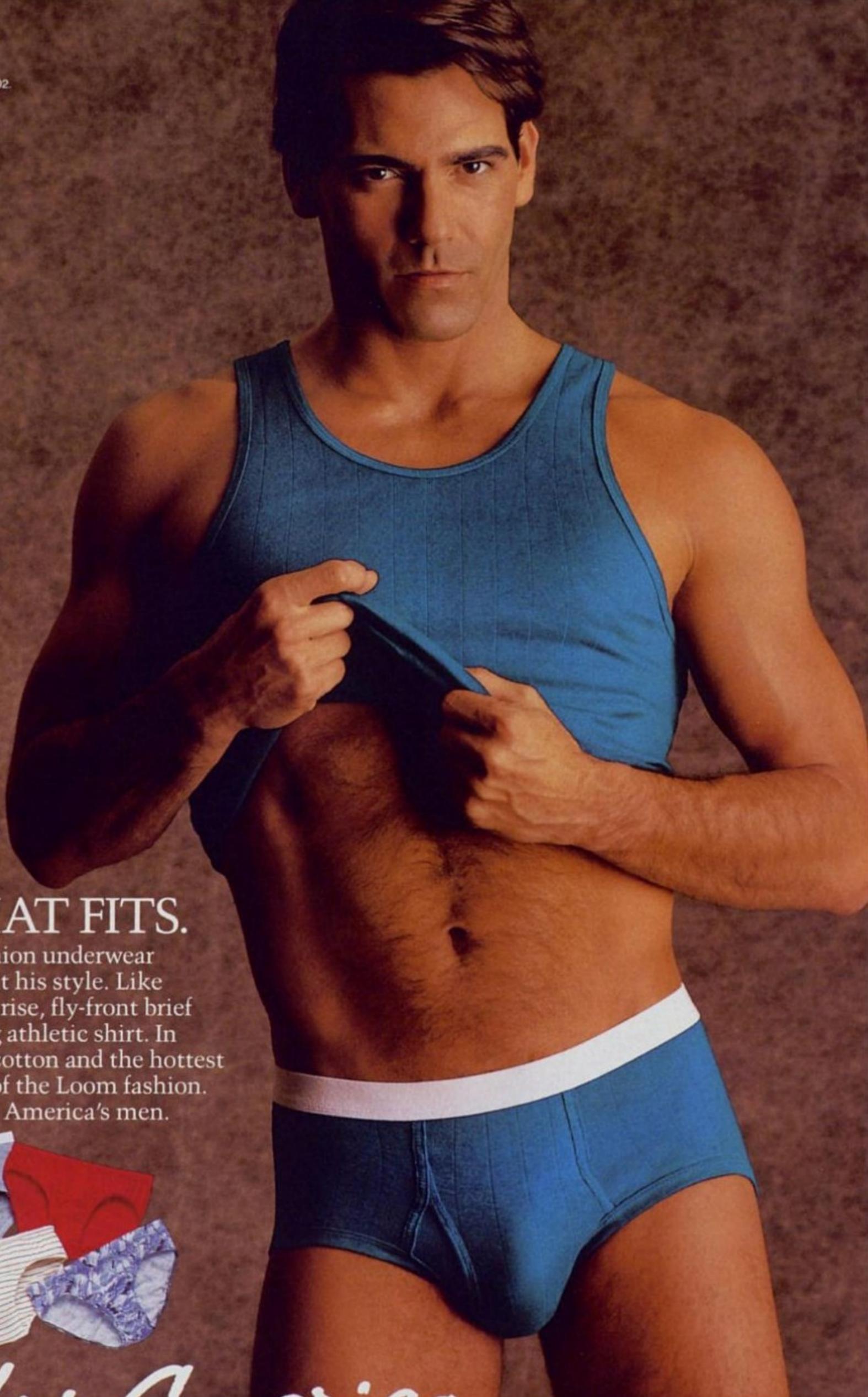


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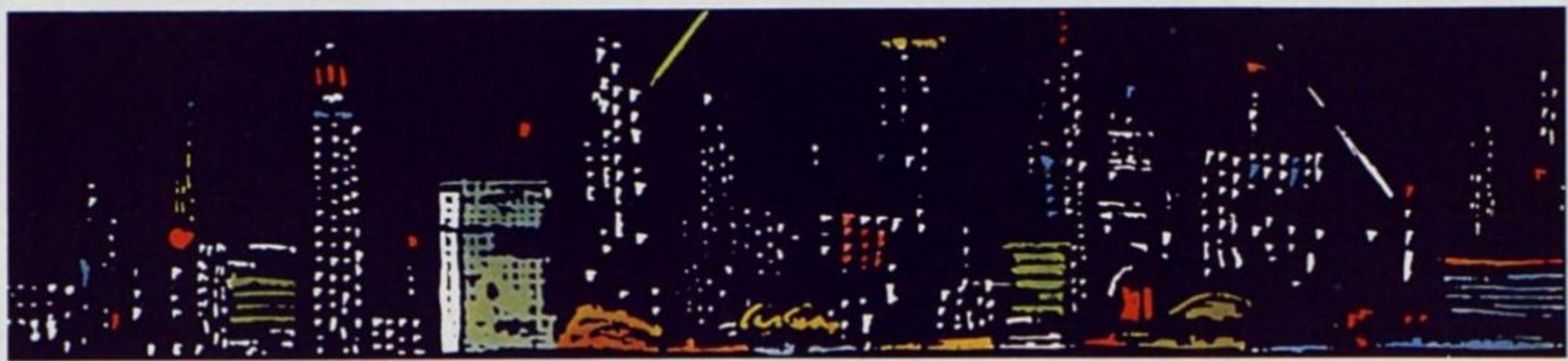
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



GETTING DOWN

For a long time, California has been full of places where people can get in touch with their "higher selves." But for those of us who want to see how low we can go, there's only one place: The Endarkenment Workshops of Will Schutz, author of the Sixties best seller *Joy*.

The workshops sound like est in reverse: Students learn how to be better martyrs, how to maintain meaningless relationships and how to ruin meditation by worrying. Then they are asked to identify what it is they do worst and teach the other students how to be bad at it. Has Schutz really turned his back on the enlightenment movement he helped start? Not exactly. "Endarkenment ends up producing the same results as if students were trying to enlighten themselves, only it's more fun," he told us. "By making fun of our shortcomings, we become more aware of them. And after you're aware of yourself, you can decide what you want to change." So, endarkenment is enlightenment; what is, *still* is; you're OK, we're OK; and you're still your own best friend.

WRONG-WAY ROCKER

Aren't rock stars supposed to play in scuzzy clubs until they have record deals and hit songs? *Later* they can retreat, Garbolike, to their boudoirs and wait for artiste status and critical plaudits.

We think Jules Shear, formerly of Jules and the Polar Bears, is doing it all backward. The composer of several megahits for other people (the Bangles' *If She Knew What She Wants* and Cyndi Lauper's *All Through the Night*), Shear has lived well for most of his career. His own discs have snagged him a loyal audience, comfortable sales and adoring critics. So why, for the past year and a half, has he been appearing with Reckless Sleepers, a typically generic ensemble that plays the New York rock-bar grind? One night, he may open for Patty Smyth's packed concert, and the next, he may show up playing for 20 patrons at some grubby downtown club.

Actually, he was paying retroactive dues

to help along *Big Boss Sounds*, his new LP. "I didn't want to do another *bedroomy* record alone—I wanted *bigger* music, so I put a real band together," instead of using session players, he told us. Bigger music? Bigger than bedrooms? Like maybe arena music?

"Hey, I don't *mind* being a critic's darling," Shear laughed. Caving in to practical matters, he added, "Still, I wouldn't mind having a hit, you know?" Not really; we've always kind of enjoyed bedrooms, ourselves.

TAKE MY MEMO—PLEASE

Harvard-trained psychologist Dr. Barbara Mackoff conducts "Humor in the Workplace" seminars for such clients as Hewlett-Packard and the U.S. Forest Service. She says that humor is the ultimate power tool. (So much for sex in the workplace.) Dr. Mackoff's basic message: Tell a joke and watch those tensions and conflicts disappear. She says yuks provide the power and the motivation to get things done.

Some of her clinically tested techniques include dividing employees and supervi-

sors into teams and having them dream up bumper stickers describing co-workers or book titles for certain jobs. A success story? How about the collection agent who plies delinquent customers with the line "We've carried you longer than your mother did"? Stop it, doc, you're killing us.

The old corporate climate discouraged humor; now it's highly prized. How come? The new corporate interest mirrors a "humor boom" in society at large. Mackoff calls ours an age of uncertainty and says we're looking to comedians for some perspective in our lives. Yes, we admit it; lately, we've been counting more and more on Bob Goldthwait for that. Maybe IBM should hire him—as vice-president of corporate humor.

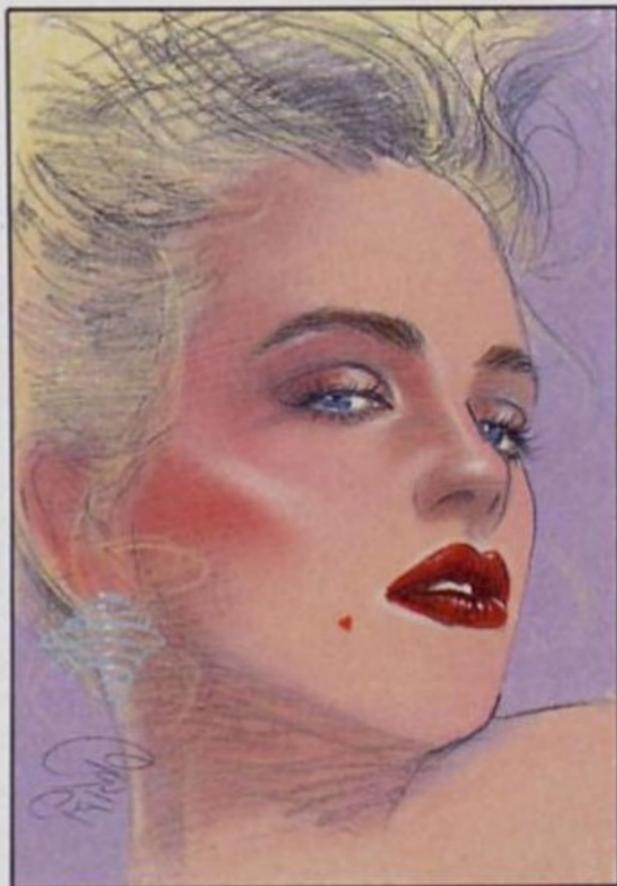
FAUX PEP

Some trendy Manhattanites we know claim to get a major energy boost by gobbling a host of proteins called free-form amino acids. One in particular, tyrosine, which is a precursor to the chemicals that make up adrenaline, is seen to be the pep pill of the Nineties. Sounds logical, but does it work?

"It's never been proven that free-form amino acids can improve your energy level," says Evelyn Tribole, a dietician and a spokesperson for the American Dietetic Association and author of *Eating on the Run*. She says it's true that tyrosine and vitamin B6 (sometimes taken with tyrosine to increase energy) are precursors to adrenaline but that when they're taken as supplements, adrenaline output is not increased. So, are amino acids just another dietary supplement designed to thin your wallet in the Nineties?

WHATCHAMACALLITS

Doubtless, you've read about the boom in the condom industry. Not unexpectedly, condom marketers have been working overtime, coming up with smart, Eighties-sounding names for their products. Here's a sampling of condom brand names that have been registered with the U.S. trademark office in the past three years: Mentor,



RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"What the voters want is a Big Ten game. Instead, the 1988 election is shaping up as Harvard versus Yale."—William Schneider in *The Atlantic Monthly*.

HOT DOG

Percentage of American homes that serve hot dogs: 95.

Number of hot dogs eaten by Americans each day: 50,000,000.

Average number of hot dogs an American eats each year: 80.

HACKERS

Number of Americans who have a computer at home: 15,000,000. Percentage of owners who use them: 53.

Number of Americans who use a computer in some aspect of their lives: 47,000,000.

Percentage of children in households with annual incomes of less than \$10,000 who have computers at home: 3.4. With incomes above \$50,000: 37.

Percentage of white children who have a computer at home, 17; of black children, six; of Hispanic children, less than five.

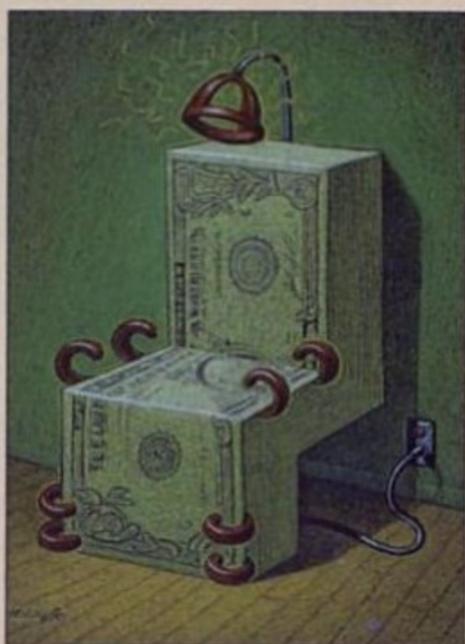
Average number of days per week white children use their home computers, 2.8; black children, 3.8.

CHEAP ADVICE

Percentage of Americans who regularly read a newspaper advice columnist: 53.

Percentage of women, 63; of men, 43.

Percentage of advice-column fans who read "Ann Landers," 36; "Dear Abby," 36; "Ask Dr. Brothers," 17; "Miss



FACT OF THE MONTH

After the entire appeals process is completed, it costs at least \$1,600,000 to execute a convicted murderer in New York. To keep the same individual in prison for 40 years costs \$602,000.

Manners," 15.

Percentage of Americans who consider astrology "very scientific" or "sort of scientific," 39; percentage who feel certain numbers are lucky for some people, 43; who have a "lucky charm," 12; who believe in ghosts, 11; who believe in witches, 11; who state that they have seen a UFO: ten.

Percentage of 3011 specific predictions made by astrologers that, in one study, proved to be correct: 11.

MAKING THE GRADE

Average score of an American kindergarten student on a general-information test, 83; of a Japanese kindergarten student, 61; a Taiwanese, 36.

Average score of an American fifth-grade student on a general-information test, 45; of a Japanese fifth-grade student, 51; a Taiwanese, 49.

HOMEWORK

Number of minutes an American fifth grader spends doing homework on a weekday, 46; on Saturday or Sunday, 14.

Number of minutes a Japanese fifth grader spends on homework on a weekday, 57; on Saturday or Sunday, 42.

His Taiwanese counterpart on a weekday, 114; on Saturday or Sunday, 105.

CHECK, PLEASE

Average check at a full-service American restaurant, \$10.56; at a steak/seafood restaurant, \$11.92; at an Italian restaurant, \$12.31.

SPOTLIGHT



Johnny Clegg: *Zulu blanc*.

Johnny Clegg, 35, has been dancing like a Zulu for more than 20 years and is a musical legend in South Africa. Not bad for a white boy. His band, Savuka, which records for Capitol, has been lauded as Steve Winwood's latest opening act. Born in England, Clegg was raised in Zimbabwe, Zambia and Johannesburg. When his parents split up when he was in his early teens, "I was very confused," Clegg says, "and I guess you could say I was looking for a father figure." Which is probably why he began hanging around the old Zulu named Charley who was a maintenance man in his apartment building.

"Charley played the guitar in the style of Zulu street musicians, and the first time I heard him play, I wanted to be able to play like that."

One night, Charley took Clegg dancing. "We went out into the streets. And as we were walking between the buildings, I heard this guttural humming echoing down the passageway, with drums and rhythmic stamping feet," he remembers.

"As we turned the corner, we saw a magical scene. One bare little bulb lighted an open concrete pavilion, where 60 men were lined up in two rows, in war formation, all holding their fighting sticks. And they were chanting in these deep, deep voices. They would shake their sticks in unison and then take a simultaneous step. And that step! Lord, when their feet hit the ground, the earth shook, man. I wanted to be among them, but I was too scared. They danced for four hours.

"And after they'd finished, Charley introduced me to them. That night, I decided not only that I wanted to learn the dances but that I wanted to be a Zulu."

So how's he doing? The comment of one stunned member of Clegg's Cleveland, Ohio, audience provides some measure of his success: "Jesus Christ, I've never seen a white guy dance like that."



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VIDEO

VIDEO NUDES

You *knew* someone was going to compile the list one day: a home viewer's guide to favorite stars in some of their nudest appearances (* denotes more than just a flash).

- Julie Andrews:** *S.O.B.*, *Duet for One*
Rosanna Arquette: *The Executioner's Song**, *Desperately Seeking Susan*, *S.O.B.*
Kim Basinger: *9½ Weeks*
Jacqueline Bisset: *Secrets**
Linda Blair: *Chained Heat**
Lisa Bonet: *Angel Heart**
Jamie Lee Curtis: *Perfect*, *Trading Places*, *Love Letters**, *Grandview U.S.A.*
Catherine Deneuve: *The Hunger**
Bo Derek: *A Change of Seasons*, *"10," Bolero**, *Tarzan**, *Fantasies**
Susan Dey: *Looker*, *Echo Park*
Sally Field: *Surrender*, *Stay Hungry*
Melanie Griffith: *Something Wild**, *Body Double**, *Fear City**
Daryl Hannah: *Splash*, *Summer Lovers**, *Reckless**
Barbara Hershey: *Boxcar Bertha**, *Entity**
Madonna: *A Certain Sacrifice**

The complete list—more than 100 entries—is available for ten bucks from an outfit called Fox Films, P.O. Box 768, New York, New York 10014.

VIDEOSYNCRASIES

Fighter Ace: Through the pilot's gun sights, witness four famous dogfights recreated from live battle footage. Ace nar-

ration by the actual pilots (Fox Hills).

Birth-Year Video: Instead of a birthday card, send a birth-year video—a 15-minute rundown of the news and fads that happened the year you did (Kit Parker).

GUEST SHOT



We asked historian and former J.F.K. aide Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., to name some of the movies he has purchased on video. Among those in his collection: "Lubitsch films, Busby Berkeley, Bogart and Astaire," he said. "They remind me of when I was younger and they're fun to watch. Of the newer films, I find Woody Allen particularly good." Does Schlesinger plan any special viewing as America remembers J.F.K. this month? "I don't own any of these so-called docudramas about the Kennedy era. Seeing them once is enough, and most of them get things wrong."

BRUCE ON VIDEO

our movie critic goes to the tape

'Tis the season for wicked witches, bats and things that go bump. Time to disinter some of the classic horror flicks you can sit home and watch with shades drawn, doors and windows bolted. Let's omit the obvious *Halloweens* and multiple *Nightmares on Elm Street*—some are creepy, but none are classics. We're talking chills of the highest

order, shockers that have passed the test of time. Brace yourself for:

Cat People: Never mind the remake. Producer Val Lewton's eerie 1942 original gave black cats a worse name and made France's kittenish Simone Simon a star, however briefly. Too subtly scary to make the fur fly, but it sure sets off a nice tingle.

Diabolique: Do the French have an edge? In Henri-Georges Clouzot's 1955 masterwork, young Simone Signoret shows what bitchery is all about as the mistress of a schoolmaster eager to dispose of his wife. Some grand surreal touches—plus a climactic blood bath borrowed, without credit, to give *Fatal Attraction* that rousing finale. *Diabolique's* is better.

Don't Look Now: Psychic mysteries concerning their dead daughter haunt Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland in Venice. It's by Nicolas Roeg (1973), from a Daphne du Maurier novel, fabulously photographed and highlighted by one of the sexiest love tussles in cinema history for erotic relief from some fine spookery.

Psycho: No such list can omit a Hitchcock standard, and none surpasses this 1960 exercise in sheer terror. If the famous shower scene is too much for you (or too familiar), try *The Birds* for mastery in a lower key.

The Shining: Heere's Jack Nicholson in a hair-raising gem by Stanley Kubrick, based on Stephen King's novel. King himself and hordes of his fans may disagree on this pick, but let them cut away to *Carrie*.

SHORT TAKES

Best Video Vacation from Hell: *Solitudes: Loon Country by Canoe*; **Subtlest Porn Title:** *Mouthful of Love*; **Best Thrill-a-Minute Video:** *A Decade of the Waltons*; **Best It's-a-Living Video:** *Metal Punching*; **Favorite Video Physicians:** *Crystal Healing* (rocks as docs) and *Health Through God's Pharmacy: A Plant for Every Illness* (Marcus Welby sets up practice in the *Little Shop of Horrors*).

THE HARDWARE CORNER

Reach Out: Away from home and forgot to set your VCR to record? Worry not. Panasonic's telephone-programmable PV-4826 hooks into your phone line and responds to your remote commands like an answering machine.

Sounds Good to Us: Sony's Video 8 Pro camcorder now records in stereo—with one microphone pulling in sound from a distance and another used for voice-overs. Perfect for recording a sporting event and calling the play by play.

VIDEO MOOD METER

a guide to how we really choose what to watch

MOOD	MOVIE
WANT TO LAUGH	Broadcast News (Hurt, Hunter and Brooks networking in perfect sync); It Happened One Night (Gable and Colbert in the all-time Oscar champ among comedies); The Out-of-Towners (Jack Lemmon and Sandy Dennis in Neil Simon's "I Hate New York" screenplay).
WANT TO CRY	Terms of Endearment (laughter-to-tears champ; hospital scene's a killer); The Best Years of Our Lives (1947 Oscar winner about World War Two vets); and Coming Home (more vet fare—this time Vietnam; Jon Voight gold).
WITH THE GUYS	Lethal Weapon (frame per frame, best of recent action buddy pix); The Great Escape and The Dirty Dozen (nods to classic male bonding); Grudge Fights (34 boxing KO's in all their gory glory—from Dempsey to Louis to Ali).
FEELING ELECTORAL	Tanner '88 (the Trudeau/Altman HBO series—brilliant); The Candidate (Hartlike Redford on the campaign trail, 1972); Pogo for President (your favorite swamp thing in Gumbylike animation, for the alternative vote).

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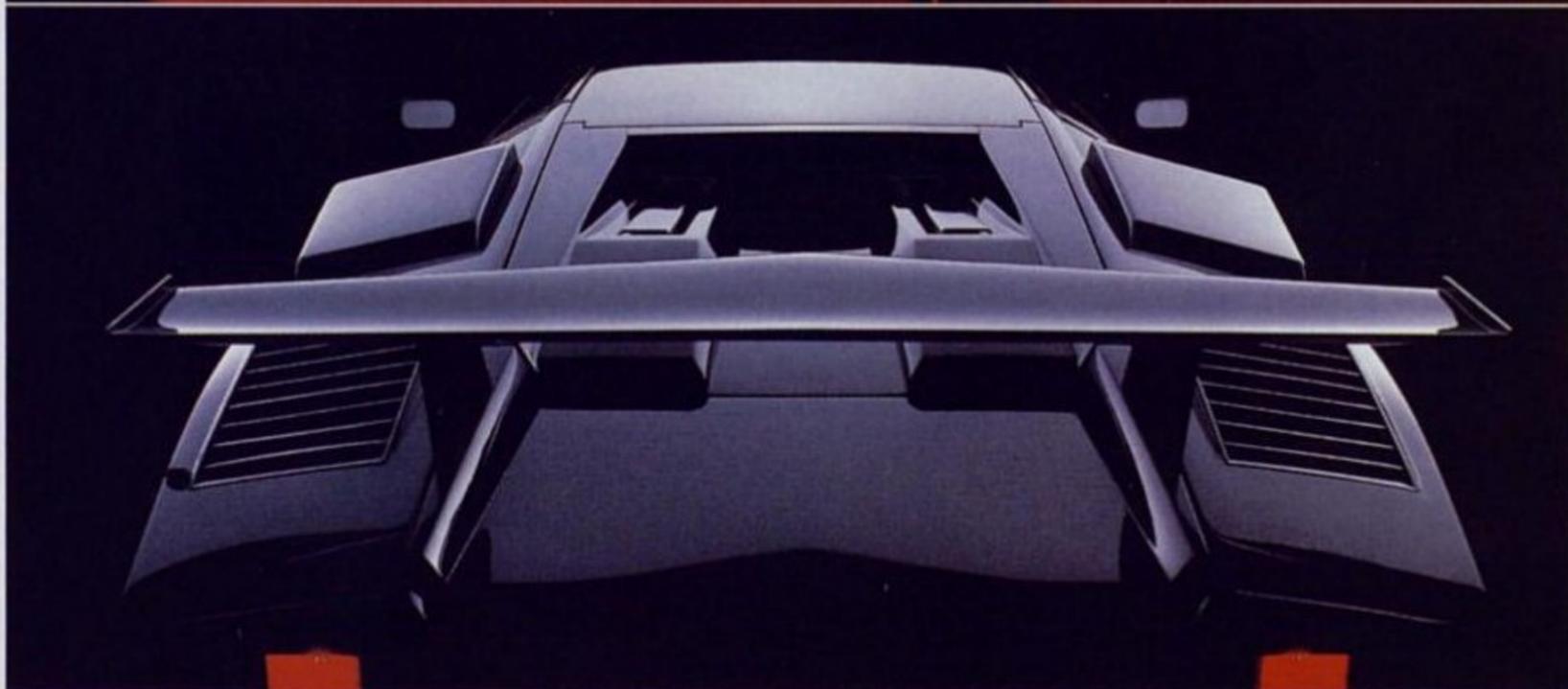
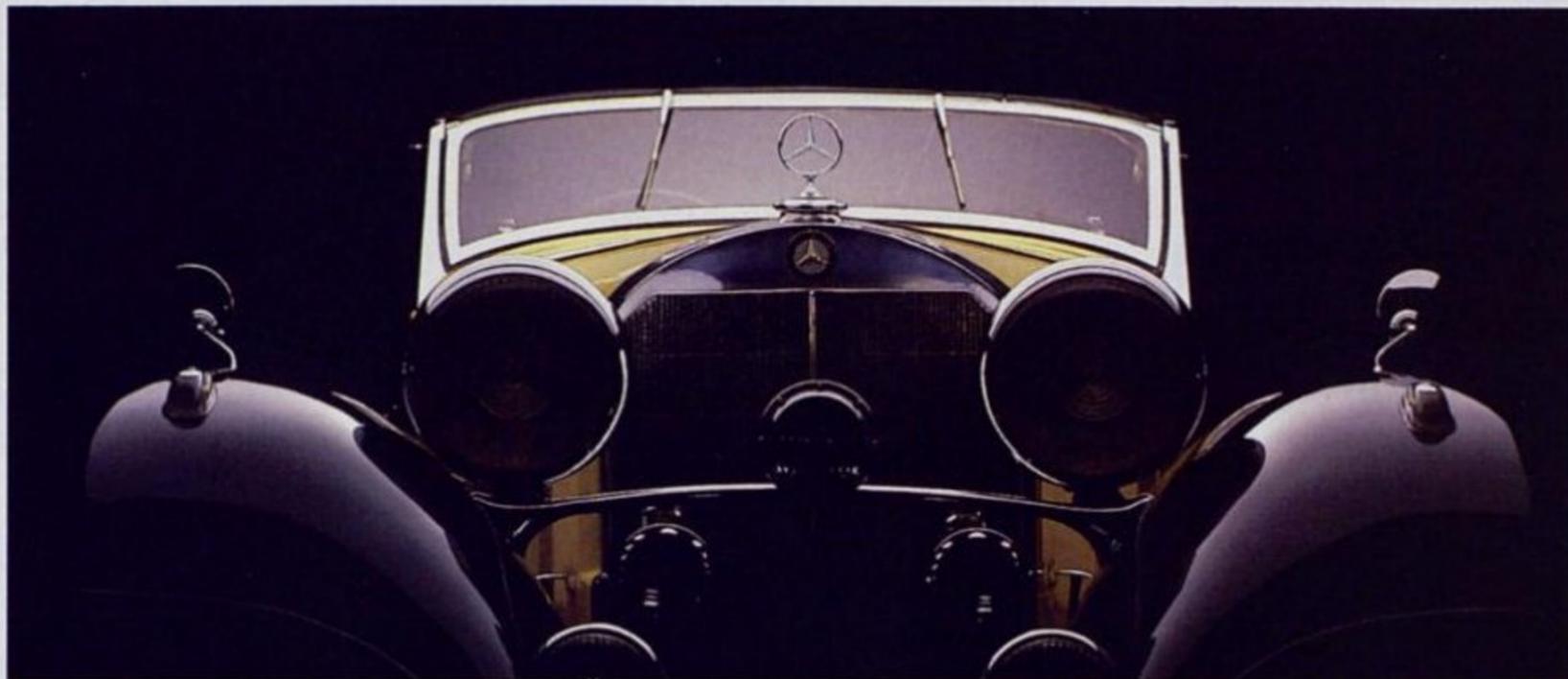


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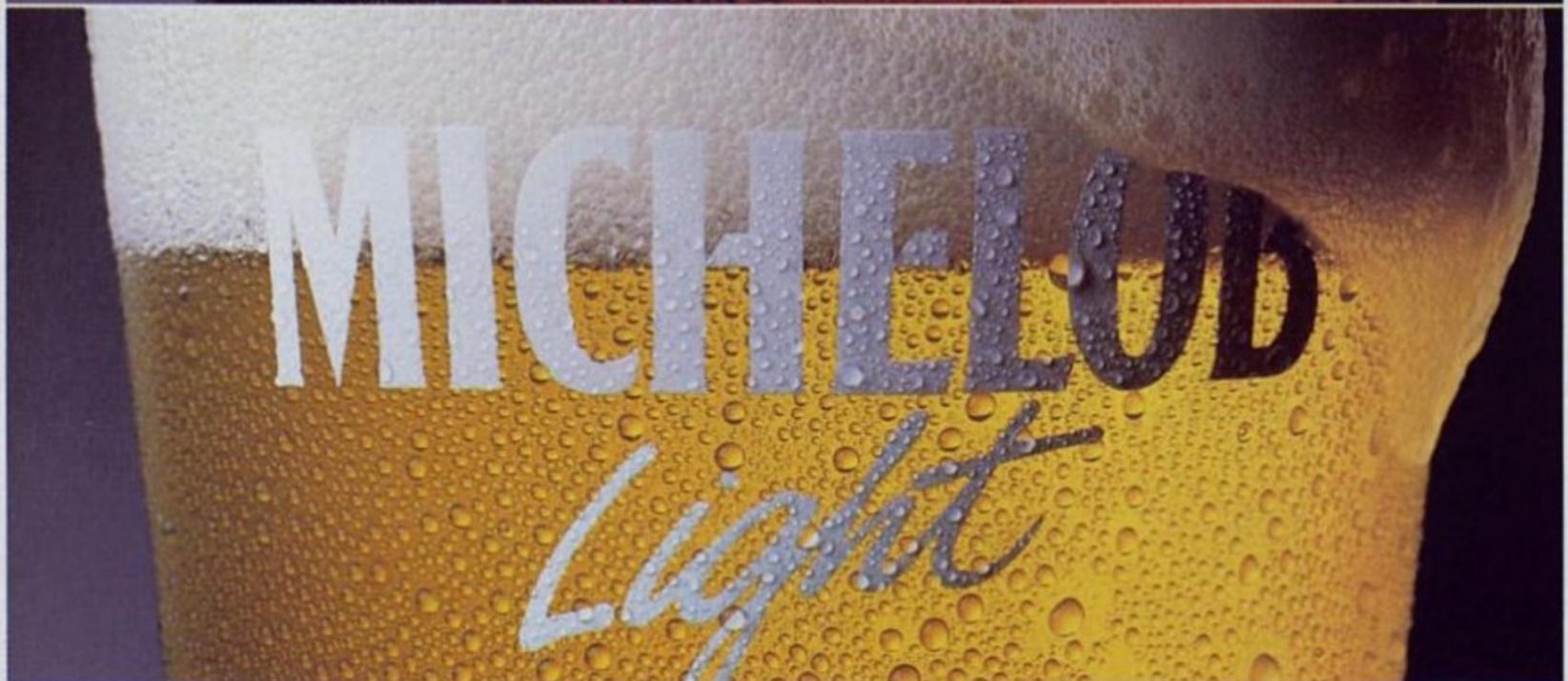


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CLASSICS VARY.



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Michelob, Michelob Light, Michelob Classic Dark. Whichever you choose, you're choosing a classic. Brewed from the world's most expen-

sive ingredients with unsurpassed care for over 90 years. The Michelob family of beers. What they have in common isn't common at all.

MUSIC

DAVE MARSH

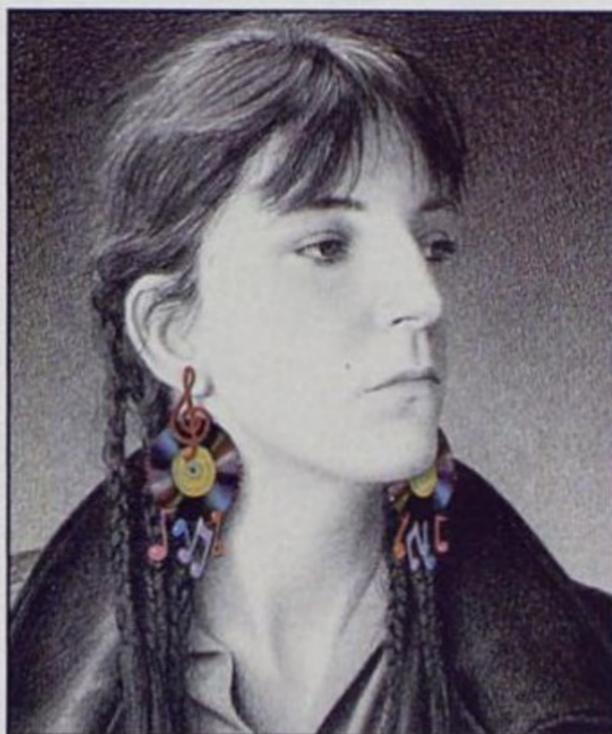
DREAM OF LIFE (Arista) is Patti Smith's first album in nearly a decade, and what's most impressive is how little she has changed without ceasing to sound up to date. She gets away with that seeming contradiction because she was so far ahead of her time (neither Chrissie Hynde nor Madonna—much less Cyndi Lauper—is quite imaginable without what Smith did on *Horses* and *Easter*) and because her vision has always been utterly personal and thus remains imperturbable. Her wholehearted commitment to life and love and justice and the power of dreams and dreaming is perhaps more tangible than ever before on this set of new songs, her most accomplished in a literary sense.

Fred Smith, Patti's husband and the former driving force of the MC5, supports her with purely lyrical power chords that are especially effective on the more political songs on side one. Richard Sohl's keyboards match the gentleness of the more private songs on side two. But mostly, *Dream of Life* revolves around Patti's own musical presence. The payoff, I think, is the closing track, *The Jackson Song*, a moving hymn for her five-year-old boy that's as quietly beautiful as anything anybody recorded in the entire time she was gone.

VIC GARBARINI

Steve Winwood's *Roll with It* was one of the year's top singles—a steaming slice of Memphis-style rock/soul with a heavy undertow that touched base with his Spencer Davis-era R&B roots. Unfortunately, almost nothing else on the LP *Roll with It* (Virgin) rolls or rocks with the emotional and musical urgency of 1986's *Back in the High Life*, his most compelling solo effort. Although Winwood is still in great voice, thin melodies and flat dynamics lead to musical anemia. The main problem is his old tendency to play too many instruments himself, which leaves things a bit monochromatic. A little more help next time from his friends who enlivened *High Life*—drummer John Robinson, Chaka Khan and Joe Walsh—should take care of that.

Now that Jimmy Page has squeezed out his first solo album, *Outrider* (Geffen), it's apparent that in terms of Led Zep chemistry, Robert Plant provided much of the sophistication and exoticism, while Page (along with Jon Bonham) was responsible for the power and guts. *Outrider*'s stripped-down approach is a lot closer to the original Zep sound than Plant's recent outings. Page can still churn out those low-slung primal riffs, while young Jason Bonham on drums competently fills his father's foot pedals. With vocalist John Miles, they rock out vigorously on side one,



Patti keeps hope alive.

Three steps forward, one step back: Smith, Cray and Winwood.

but Page's genuinely satisfying blues improvisations on the flip side are marred by singer Chris Farlowe's outrageously affected attempts to channel Al Jolson. It's no surprise that the nearest thing to a classic here, *The Only One*, vibrates with creative tension between Page's terse riffs and the one and only Robert Plant's edgy guest vocals. Taste and balls—what a combination!

NELSON GEORGE

Public Enemy's *It Takes a Nation of Millions to Hold Us Back* (Def Jam) will easily be one of the most controversial albums of 1988. And that's just what its members want. The hip-hop group's front men, Chuck D and Flavor Flav, aided on production by Hank Shocklee, Carl Ryder and Eric Sadler, are uncompromising black nationalists whose raps are informed by the speeches of Jesse Jackson, Louis Farrakhan, Franz Fanon and life on the streets. Chuck D claims that his phones were tapped by the FBI after the release of Public Enemy's debut, *Yo! Bum Rush the Show!* If that is true, surely the rap *Black Steel in the Hour of Chaos* alone may spark a phone tap. It is about a young black man who refuses to register for the draft, is arrested and subsequently leads a violent (and successful) prison break aided by the band's security force, the SIW, a.k.a. Security of the First World.

Public Enemy's rage is not directed solely at the establishment. *Night of the Living*

Baseheads is a tough-minded attack on drug dealers and their weak-willed clients on which Shocklee, a master of creative sampling, borrows bits from Run-DMC, James Brown, Farrakhan and Jackson.

But the political posturing wouldn't mean a thing if Public Enemy's music weren't as powerful as its words. *She Watch Channel Zero?!* is as close to black punk rock as anyone has ever come while still maintaining a danceable beat. *Show 'Em Whatcha Got* and *Party for Your Right to Fight* are funky in an unpredictable way.

This record is an extended conversation with two very angry young black men.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Some claim that Robert Cray's new one is not-blues that sells out to *Strong Persuader*'s fluke gold; but even if you agree (and you're wrong), you'd better believe that *Don't Be Afraid of the Dark* (Mercury) permanently establishes his standing as an artist with a subject: an unerring instinct

GUEST SHOT



TOP MUSIC trends may come and go, but the wry, no-frills Jimmy Buffett seems to be forever. In fact, his 16th LP, "Hot Water," is one of his all-time best sellers. And on the "Hot Water" track "My Barracuda" appears another big-beat survivor, Steve Winwood. Buffett happily volunteered to check out for us Winwood's latest long-player, "Roll with It."

"Steve and I have been friends for a long time, and I've always known him to be in love with that great Sixties Stax/Volt rhythm-and-blues sound. That sound is what *Roll with It* is all about—it reminds me of the funky Memphis feel Steve grabbed on the Spencer Davis hit *Gimme Some Lovin'*. He's even got the Memphis Horns, the guys who played on all those amazing Sixties Stax/Volt records, on this one. Sometimes I wonder if kids today know about those records—they're such a fabulous piece of American musical history. *Roll with It* is a great album all by itself, but the fact that it can turn people on to classic rhythm-and-blues makes it even better."



Instant-on radar: How it works. How to defend yourself.

Instant-on radar—sometimes called “pulse” radar—has been around for years. But it’s being used more frequently now as radar operators try to defeat detector users. Here’s how it works.

First things first

Ordinary radar and instant-on radar use exactly the same type of radar beams. In fact, most radar guns can operate either way. It’s just a matter of which buttons the operator pushes.

How ordinary radar works

In an ordinary radar trap, the radar gun is aimed at traffic and it continuously transmits a beam of radar waves. The effective range for the radar to “see” your speed is less than a half mile for most cars, longer for trucks.

How radar detectors work

A radar detector is a radio receiver tuned to radar frequency. A high-performance radar detector is sensitive enough to pick up the radar waves before you drive within speed-measuring range. It’s as simple as that.

How instant-on radar works

The instant-on radar trap is set up just like an ordinary radar trap. The only difference is that the gun doesn’t transmit until the operator pushes a button. So there is no radar signal for a radar detector to find.

Then when you’re within speed-measuring range, the operator triggers the beam. Hence the term “instant-on.” The radar reads your speed within a fraction of a second, too quickly for a human to respond.

Your only hope

Because instant-on radar is faster than your reflexes, your only defense is to identify it before you are within its range. You must detect it when the operator zaps the traffic ahead of you. For this, your detector must reach out for distant radar signals.



The Kustom Signals HR-12 and KR-11, two of the many radar units that can be operated in an instant-on, or “pulse” mode.

You’re looking for weak radar that lasts only a few seconds. Finding even one such “pulse” is cause for alert. Finding a series of them, each stronger than the previous one, indicates you’re approaching an instant-on radar trap that’s picking off traffic ahead.

Same old strategy

Identifying instant-on radar before you come in range is the only defense today, just as it was when we first introduced Escort. That’s why our warning system, used on both Escort and Passport, tells you both the strength of the signal and the length of it. You need to know both to defend yourself.

Nothing but the truth

Our warning system indicates signal strength two ways: by a meter for a visual check, by a variable-rate beeper if you prefer to listen. The length of the signal is indicated by the duration of the alert. Knowing signal strength and signal length of every radar encounter is the only way to find instant-on radar before it finds you.

Escort and Passport are the most effective radar-warning instruments available. But don’t take our word for it.

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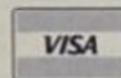
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Rick James <i>Wonderful</i>	C+	C+	C+	C+	B
Patti Smith <i>Dream of Life</i>	A-	B	B	A-	C+
Robert Cray <i>Don't Be Afraid of the Dark</i>	A-	B+	B+	C	B-

ASHES TO ASHES DEPARTMENT: A Viennese firm suggested last spring that **Mick Jagger** allow it to market his ashes after his death, packaging them in hourglass-shaped bottles. But Jagger is too busy making up with **Keith** and planning a new **Stones** album to worry about dying, except maybe on the charts.

REELING AND ROCKING: **Patrick Swayze** will write and perform two songs for his new movie, *Roadhouse*, due out next February. When asked if he'd do *Dirty Dancing II*, Swayze says, "It depends on the script." . . . Two films of live appearances by **Jimi Hendrix** will be released before the year is out. One covers his entire Woodstock set, the other's from the 1970 Isle of Wight Festival. Sound-track albums are expected to accompany both. . . . **Michael Wadleigh**, the Oscar-winning director of *Woodstock* (the movie), has written the script for *The Village at the End of the Universe*. Both **Dylan** and **Neil Young** have expressed interest in contributing songs to the film, which will coincide with the 20th anniversary of Woodstock (the festival). . . . **Billy Preston** will make a cameo appearance in *Wired*, the movie about **John Belushi**. . . . **D. A. Pennebaker**, who made the documentary *Monterey Pop*, filmed **Depeche Mode** at the Rose Bowl this past summer for a theatrical release in early 1989.

NEWSBREAKS: **Paul McCartney** will tour Leningrad and Moscow next year. He says, "Since the Beatles days, many of my most loyal fans have been in Russia." . . . **Quincy Jones**, in addition to producing movies and albums, will tour next year. . . . **Los Lobos** are back in the studio recording a contemporary-rock album. . . . The **B-52s** have also returned to the recording studio; look for another album in early 1989. . . . Although the members of **Yes** spent the

summer on their solo careers, the group plans to have an album out any day now. . . . **Billy Joel** has rented a home studio, where he's working on new songs. So far, he describes them as "blues-based rock and roll." . . . **Michael Jackson** is donating the proceeds of a Detroit concert to the Motown Museum Historical Foundation, headquartered at the record company's original offices. . . . **Gina Schock** and **Belinda Carlisle** had a reunion of sorts in a hotel lobby this past summer. All the ex-**Go-Go's** have solo careers now and none of them plans to write any "tell-alls" about their years together. . . . Just in case you haven't been paying attention, that's **Mark Knopfler** playing guitar in **Eric Clapton's** band on Clapton's 25th-anniversary tour of the States. . . . The next **Guns 'n' Roses** album will be a reissue of a live LP combined with some newly recorded acoustic originals. It will be called *The Sex, the Drugs, the Violence, the Shocking Truth*. . . . **Jimmy Page** will perform **Led Zep** tunes on his first solo tour, but if you really want Led Zepelin, says Page, "You have to look somewhere else. I'm not into doing the same old riffs." . . . The **Who** will record together but probably won't tour. . . . **Randy Newman** is working on a new album, as are **Tom Waits**, **U2**, **Bon Jovi**, **Darlene Love**, **Bryan Adams** and **Ray Charles**. . . . **Anita Baker** is touring with **Luther Vandross**. . . . Besides **Huey Lewis and the News**, look for **Aretha Franklin** and **Phil Collins** on the new **Four Tops** album. . . . Finally, **Hal Willner**, who is the *Saturday Night Live* musical director, is using a variety of musicians to make an album in homage to **Disney** songs. **Sinéad O'Connor's** contribution will be *Someday My Prince Will Come*. Wonder what old Walt would make of Sinéad?

—BARBARA NELLIS

for the messed-up symbiosis of traditional blues-based music and traditional male-based sex roles. The slick seducer of the title cut is soon peeping, walking the floor, chasing his sister-in-law, flirting with murder, losing his family and sleeping on the streets; and although Cray's forthright vocals, confident beat and sinewy guitar sure don't make his progress sound like fun, they do make it sound somehow natural, which, in blues, it is. One way Cray points up the primitive recidivism of such self-destructive behavior is by modernizing the blues form: The faster tempos, the soul changes and the keyboard hooks could almost be his way of reminding himself to shape the fuck up.

Those who prefer their blues more basic have other options. They could scarf up half a dozen MCA Chess reissues—Howlin' Wolf's *Moaning in the Moonlight*, say, or Sonny Boy Williamson's *Down and Out Blues*. Or take a flier on a couple of singers too gritty to suffer from crossover potential. Joe Louis Walker's *The Gift* (Hightone) comes from the same fiends who produce Cray, Bruce Bromberg and Dennis Walker. Maurice John Vaughn doesn't strive for the well-turned lyric the way Cray and Walker do, but he can talk that talk, and if the title *Generic Blues Album* (Alligator) sounds like fun to you, you won't be disappointed by his rough, relaxed, joky bar music. Just don't forget that the blues continue after the band leaves the stage.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

The Georgia Satellites' first album is a strong candidate for my best-of-the-decade list. So is their second, *Open All Night* (Elektra/Asylum). Chief singer and songwriter Dan Baird apparently likes to eat domestic ("Hash browns and coffee make a man feel fine") and have sex foreign ("Her skirt rolled up and I could see she was French"), but what he really likes to do is sing with such exuberance that he has become a sort of Typhoid Mary of enthusiasm. In fact, my inability to listen to this album without feeling happy leads me to suspect that it is no mere coincidence that both Baird and the Centers for Disease Control are located in Atlanta. But it could be the classic guitar sound of Baird's Fender Telecaster rhythm and Rick Richard's Gibson lead that do the trick. There's nothing you haven't heard before, but they bash away at their three- and four-chord structures with such enthusiasm that it all sounds as fresh as the first time you heard the Faces in junior high.

Crowded House's first album is also a strong candidate for my best-of-the-decade list. Unless it grows on me a whole lot, the second one, *Temple of Low Men* (EMI) is not. This record lacks oomph. Last time, the production was a wonder of taste and understated energy. This time, it's all understatement. Next time, I hope they remember to rock and roll.

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174328. George Harrison—Cloud Nine. Got My Mind Set On You, When We Was Fab, more. (Warner/Dark Horse)

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170250. Barry Manilow—Swing Street. Title song, more. (Arista)

163629. Whitesnake—Still Of The Night, Give Me All Your Love, more. (Geffen)

134420. John Cougar Mellencamp—The Lonesome Jubilee. Cherry Bomb, etc. (Mercury)

152854. Whitney Houston—Whitney. Didn't We Almost Have It All., etc. (Arista)



182522

134501. Steve Winwood—Chronicles (Greatest Hits 1977-1987) (Island)

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

153900. Best Of The Moody Blues (Voices In The Sky). (Threshold)

125179. Tchaikovsky, 1812 Overture; Nutcracker Suite; more—Solti. (London DIGITAL)

160363. The Judds—HeartLand. I Know Where I'm Going, Don't Be Cruel, etc. (RCA)

143465. Bon Jovi—Slippery When Wet. Livin' On A Prayer, etc. (Mercury)

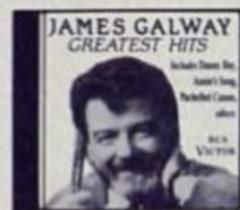
115530. Eine kleine Nachtmusik; Pachelbel Canon; Toy Symphony; more—Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields/Marriner. (Philips DIGITAL)

150019. Kenny Rogers—Greatest Hits. Lady, The Gambler, Lucille, more. (Liberty)

123385. Eric Clapton—Time Pieces (The Best Of). Layla, After Midnight, etc. (Polydor)

125264. Horowitz in Moscow—Scarlatti, Mozart, Rachmaninov, Scriabin, Schubert, others. (DG DIGITAL)

143330. Foreigner—Inside information. Say You Will, more. (Atlantic)



173233

163600. Segovia Plays Bach. (MCA)

154570. Huey Lewis & The News—Fore! (Chrysalis)

115306. Handel, Water Music—Trevor Pinnock. (Archiv DIGITAL)

172190. Elvis Presley—The Number One Hits. 18 #1's. (RCA)

264137. Chuck Berry—The Great 28. Rock & Roll Music, Johnny B. Goode, Maybellene, etc. (MCA/Chess)

153501. U2—The Joshua Tree. With Or Without You, Still Haven't Found What I'm Looking For, etc. (Island)

105392. Pops In Space—Boston Pops/Williams: Star Wars, Superman, more. (Philips DIGITAL)

173406. Jazz CD Sampler. 15 performances from Louis Armstrong, others! (PolyGram)

163917. Randy Travis—Always And Forever. Forever And Ever Amen, more. (Warner Bros.)

115356. Vivaldi, The 4 Seasons—Trevor Pinnock. (Archiv DIGITAL)

164160. The Who—Greatest Hits. My Generation, Pinball Wizard, more. (MCA)

134536. Madonna—You Can Dance. Biggest dance hits: Physical Attraction, Where's The Party, Into The Groove, etc. (Sire)

115437. Gershwin, Rhapsody In Blue; American In Paris; more—Previn. (Philips DIGITAL)

130230. Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young—Greatest Hits (So Far). Woodstock, etc. (Atlantic)

112014. Led Zeppelin IV (Runes). Stairway To Heaven, Black Dog, more. (Atlantic)

104810. Mozart, Syms. Nos. 40 & 41 (Jupiter)—Levine, Chicago Symphony. (RCA DIGITAL)

154087. Prince—Lovesexy. Alphabet St., Glam Slam, I No, etc. (Warner/Paisley Park)

144460. Robbie Robertson. Sweet Fire Of Love (w/U2), Fallen Angel, etc. (Geffen)

125153. Rachmaninov, Piano Concerto No. 1 & Paganini Rhapsody—Vladimir Ashkenazy. (London DIGITAL)

150913. Van Halen—OU812. When It's Love, Black And Blue, etc. (Warner Bros.)

160027. Alabama—Live. Green River, Lady Down On Love, She And I, etc. (RCA)

262889. Virgil Fox: The Digital Fox—Organ works by Bach & others. (Bainbridge DIGITAL)

144524. Classic Old & Gold, Vol. 2. 18 Original oldies from Ritchie Valens, etc. (Laurie)

153810. Talking Heads Naked

223559. The Beach Boys—Endless Summer. California Girls, Help Me Rhonda, In My Room, more. (Capitol)

153621. Beethoven, Symphony No. 7; more.—Royal Philharmonic/Previn. (RCA DIGITAL)

143293. Glenn Miller Orchestra—In The Digital Mood. (GRP DIGITAL)

153740. Genesis—Invisible Touch. Title hit, In Too Deep, etc. (Atlantic)

154358. Slatkin Conducts Pictures At An Exhibition, more—(RCA DIGITAL)

134392. Robert Plant—Now And Zen. Heaven Knows, Tall Cool One, etc. (Es Paranza)

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115541. Bach, Brandenburg Concertos 1-3—Pinnock. (Archiv DIGITAL)

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By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

THE WORD THUG is derived from a secret sect of thieves and murderers, the thuggees, who worshiped the Hindu goddess Kali and claimed thousands of victims in India well into the 19th Century. Based on a novel by John Masters and directed with high energy and competence by Nicholas Meyer, *The Deceivers* (Cinecom) stars Pierce Brosnan (a.k.a. TV's Remington Steele) as the British East India Company officer whose real-life counterpart joined, exposed and finally destroyed the Thugs. To avoid detection, the brave Brit stains his skin brown and masters the deadly art of strangulation with a knotted silken cord—and discovers, to his horror, that he's rather good at it. At the end of his bloody high adventure, he rejoins his lovely English wife (Helena Michell) but quietly throws away his crucifix, acknowledging kinship with the fanatic cutthroats he has come to know, if not love. All of which makes *The Deceivers* a thinking man's recap of such glorious vintage epics as *Lives of a Bengal Lancer* and *Gunga Din*. There's not quite enough time between ambushes and cavalry charges to achieve real psychological depth, but Brosnan acquits himself with honor in his third try (following *Nomads* and *The Fourth Protocol*) at proving he has major big-screen potential. ★★★

Exploring the bizarre comic notion that Sherlock Holmes was a dunderhead actor hired to impersonate the brilliant sleuth whose existence was invented by Dr. Watson, *Without a Clue* (Orion) is a fine slapstick romp for a pair of unstoppable stars. Michael Caine dominates the show as the false Sherlock, a klutz who detests the "endless twaddle" he's forced to memorize about the science of deduction. Caine is well matched by Ben Kingsley, whose Watson naturally objects to Holmes's malapropisms at press conferences, at which he bungles lines about a victim "bludgeoned to death with a blunt excrement." The game afoot (written by Gary Murphy and Larry Strawther, who clearly had their wits about them) concerns some murderous counterfeiters; it's first-rate buffoonery under the inventive direction of Thom Eberhardt, whose unfairly neglected 1984 spoof *Night of the Comet* earned a cult following. Lysette Antony, playing the inevitable comely damsel in distress, is joined by such troupers as Peter Cook and Jeffrey Jones to round out *Clue*'s collection of cunning surprises. ★★★½

To draw maximum pleasure from producer-director Clint Eastwood's *Bird* (Warner), it's best to be a dedicated jazz buff. Forest Whitaker was named best actor at this year's Cannes Film Festival for his compelling portrayal of Charlie "Bird"



Deceivers' Michell, Brosnan.

Brosnan joins killers in *Inja*,
Weaver goes ape in *Africa*,
Caine plays a hapless Holmes.

Parker, the late, great jazz sax player who died in 1955 at the age of 34, so wasted by drugs, depression and economic woes that he looked old enough to be his own father. Opposite Whitaker, Diane Venora as his patient wife, Chan, limns a graceful and moving portrait of a woman whose loyalty to her mate demands superhuman strength. Clint's directorial labor of love is a dark, almost impressionistic weaving of musical highs and emotional lows in the short, unhappy life of the legendary Bird. Still, the hypersensitive man of genius who anesthetizes his pain with booze, drugs and other women is a cliché that *Bird*'s honest good intentions can't entirely remedy. The movie, at two hours plus, is overlong. Joel Oliansky's script may baffle a generation not primed for Bird's violent outburst the first time he's exposed to a one-note abomination called rock and roll. The sound track, however—with many of Charlie Parker's original recordings toned up through modern miracles of hi-fi technology—should help *Bird* soar. ★★★

Initiated by Yoko Ono and enhanced by tape and film footage from the archives she controls, *Imagine: John Lennon* (Warner) is an extraordinary tribute to yet another legendary music man. Card-carrying Beatles fans will throw hats in the air over this vibrant portrait, culled from more than 100 hours of interviews and narrated mostly in Lennon's own words. His entire life is reviewed, with emphasis on the 20 years

beginning in 1960, when a group called the Quarry Men became the Beatles during a gig in Hamburg, Germany. The end came, of course, with Lennon's murder by Mark David Chapman in 1980. Superproducer David L. Wolper, with coproducer and director Andrew Solt, has wrought something more than a straightforward documentary in memoir. John's irrepressible humor lightens everything, from his long, self-indulgent ego trips to the filming of a tender nude love scene with Yoko and their infamous 1969 honeymoon "bed-in" for peace. *Imagine*, unabashedly partisan about which Beatle matters most, pushes the man-into-myth metamorphosis in a film made to stir debate, devotion and ever-green nostalgia. ★★★

The primordial mysteries of Africa, interwoven with eternal riddles about supposedly civilized human behavior, make *Gorillas in the Mist* (Universal) a smashing beautiful, mysterious and wonderful adventure. It is also a biography in which screenwriter Anna Hamilton Phelan and director Michael (Coal Miner's Daughter) Apter manage to avoid the sentimental excesses of *Born Free* as well as the *mem-sahib* mentality of *Out of Africa*. Their subject: Dian Fossey, a character driven by vanity and idealism, far less celebrated but no less complicated than John Lennon. Fossey was murdered in 1985 at her primate-research center in Rwanda (the case is still unsolved, though one of her research assistants was summarily tried and convicted *in absentia*). Sigourney Weaver has the richest, most complex role of her career as Fossey, a control freak who spends nearly two decades studying and writing about gorillas, never recognizing that her affection has grown into an obsession. She even chooses gorillas over the one man she really wants, a *National Geographic* photographer named Campbell (engagingly played by Bryan Brown, hereby restoring his image as a romantic leading man after the misbegotten *Cocktail*). As Fossey's chief tracker, a Kenyan native named John Omi-rah Miluwi has remarkable screen presence, too. ★★★

A nice Jewish girl (Amy Irving) who works in a Manhattan bookstore and dreams of finding Yuppie love uptown is the thoroughly modern heroine of *Crossing Delancey* (Warner). Isabelle Grossman simply doesn't reckon with the pull of her cultural roots on the Lower East Side, where her grandma and a local matchmaker (Reizl Bozyk and Sylvia Miles, both ethnic scene stealers without a shred of inhibition between them) have big plans. Their plans include introducing Izzy to an eligible bachelor named Sam (Peter Riegert), who

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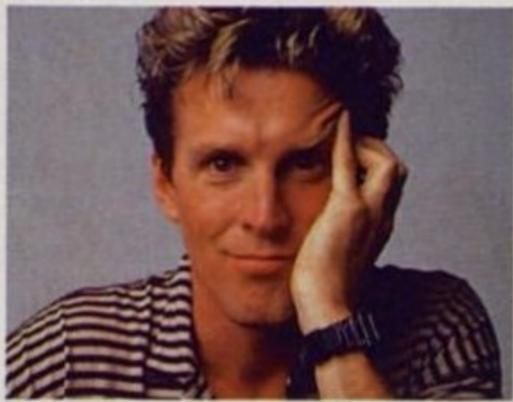
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owns a pickle stand in the neighborhood. The pickle business is pretty good, but it looks bad to Izzy, so she sets Sam up with a friend (Faye Grant) who's far more desper-



Glover: So bad, he's good.

OFF CAMERA

Looking ahead to Christmas with **John Glover**, the man moviegoers love to hate, is not all yuletide jollies. Glover usually prefers devilry. In the forthcoming *Scrooged*, he's Bill Murray's nemesis. "Murray's a network-TV guy producing *A Christmas Carol*, with Buddy Hackett as Scrooge. I'm the L.A. exec who comes in from the Coast to help Bill along with his nervous breakdown. I just push the final button and take charge. . . . I had *such* a good time." His relish for dark deeds may explain why the 44-year-old Glover has been called "the prime rotter of the Eighties" by critic Pauline Kael; others have labeled him poisonous, sleazy or worse. And why not? He plays a criminal psychopath in *52 Pick-up*, Meg Tilly's conniving stepdad in *Masquerade* and has new mischief afoot in *The Chocolate War*: "I'm this manipulative brother in a Catholic school. . . . The movie's supposed to be about a chocolate sale, but some people say it's really about Watergate." Then there's *Life on the Edge*, a comedy in which "I'm like Jim Anderson in *Father Knows Best*. I take my boss home, he makes a play for my wife, so we kill him. Then my wife, my little boy and I don't know what to do with the body." *Father* was never like this. Over a fast brunch in Hollywood, Glover goes on to describe his current gig in *David*, a TV feature that re-creates the real-life drama of an estranged husband who takes his young son on a trip to Disneyland and sets him ablaze in a motel. How can Glover, a genial sort, turn himself into such bad guys? "These people don't see themselves as bad," he explains. "You play *wanting* something. . . . That's the secret." With a breezy farewell wave, Glover adds, "Come see me at Disneyland."

ate to make a match. Complications ensue, nearly all of them delightful. Riegert scores breezily as the dauntless pickle peddler who strives to convince the object of his intentions that she can't tell a book by its cover—or, at any rate, count on its best-selling author (Jeroen Krabbe) to be Mr. Right. Irving, in the choicest screen role she has ever had, also delivers charm and spirit. Joan Micklin Silver directed from Susan Sandler's adaptation of her own off-Broadway play, giving *Crossing Delancey* womanpower to spare. This is a romantic New York comedy as tart and beguiling as last year's *Moonstruck*, and every movie season needs such a lift. **★★★★**

Chalk up 1988 as a very good year for Tom Hanks. Fresh from his comic triumph in *Big*, he comes through with a blistering tour de farce as a stand-up comedian, the one-man showstopper of *Punchline* (Columbia). "Nothing is a joke to me," snaps Hanks, describing himself as "a *hate* stylist." That is a crack Lenny Bruce would have understood, and Hanks perfectly projects the anger, drive and gut-grinding insecurity of a comic glued to the bottom rung. Unfortunately, the rest of *Punchline* is no match for Hanks, despite fine work by Mark Rydell, a director moonlighting as a sleazy comedy-club emcee, and by John Goodman, perfect as the Polish-American husband of an entirely miscast Sally Field. She's a New Jersey housewife aspiring to be the next Joan Rivers, and no matter how often writer-director David Seltzer's screenplay nudges us in the ribs, her raunchy routines elicit more groans than guffaws. Meanwhile, Hanks puts real bite into his lines, making you forget that many of them go soft under pressure. Whether he is wowing patients in a hospital ward, imitating Gene Kelly's rain-soaked song-and-dance, or totally flubbing a routine in front of his dismayed father—who believed his son was still in medical school—Hanks is brilliant. *Punchline* could use more rigor and less schlock, but when Tom steps into the spotlight, it glows. **★★★**

Connoisseurs of black comedy should relish the droll, sick jokes that keep *Out Cold* (Tri-Star) spinning, along with a cast of mischief-makers headed by Teri Garr, John Lithgow and Randy Quaid. Lithgow is hilarious as a shy butcher who wrongly thinks he's responsible for the death of his partner, who has been fast-frozen in their walk-in freezer. Garr, the stiff's widow, wanted to get rid of him, anyway, and had already hired a shifty private eye (Quaid) to help her do the job. Moving a dead body (*two* dead bodies, eventually) from freezer to delivery van to a final resting place in the wilderness is the main gag. While the actors act crazed, English director Malcolm Mowbray maintains the necessary air of quiet desperation, just as he did several years ago with *A Private Function*, which had to do with a flatulent pig. **★★**

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

- Betrayed** (Reviewed 10/88) Undercover agent Debra Winger meets Tom Berenger, who's *really* Mr. Right. **★★½**
- Big Time** (Listed only) Fine and funky original concert film, if you're a Tom Waits devotee. Otherwise, pass. **★★½**
- Bird** (See review) An Eastwood salute to music man Charlie Parker. **★★**
- Clean and Sober** (Listed only) Saying no to drugs with Michael Keaton. **★★½**
- Cocktail** (Listed only) Tom Cruise with Bryan Brown in a movie bad enough to cause severe career hangover. **★**
- Coming to America** (Listed 10/88) This Prince Charming is Eddie Murphy. **★★**
- Crossing Delancey** (See review) Catch Riegert, once in love with Amy. **★★★★**
- The Deceivers** (See review) Brits and Brosnan in Inja and all that. **★★**
- Eight Men Out** (Listed only) Director John Sayles manages some good teamwork dramatizing Chicago's infamous Black Sox baseball scandal of 1919. **★★**
- Far North** (Listed only) Country matters as Jessica Lange and Sam Shepard see them, dimly. **★**
- A Fish Called Wanda** (9/88) Pythonesque crime caper in Londontowne. **★★★★½**
- Gorillas in the Mist** (See review) It's Sigourney going ape stunningly. **★★★★**
- Imagine: John Lennon** (See review) The one and only fondly remembered. **★★★★**
- The Last Temptation of Christ** (Listed only) Jesus wimped. **★★**
- Married to the Mob** (10/88) Mafia widowhood, mostly for laughs. **★★★★½**
- Midnight Run** (10/88) On the road with De Niro and Grodin, both great. **★★★★**
- Monkey Shines** (10/88) A lesser breed of ape, and strictly for kicks. **★★½**
- Moon over Parador** (10/88) Dreyfuss as another ham for president. **★★**
- Out Cold** (See review) The butcher's wife feels some body heat. **★★**
- Patty Hearst** (10/88) Her story, according to Paul Schrader. **★★★★½**
- Punchline** (See review) Hanks on a roll in a mismatch with Sally Field. **★★**
- Rocket Gibraltar** (Listed only) Burt Lancaster wasted in a precious, and fast crumbling, family comedy. **★**
- Running on Empty** (10/88) Fugitive flower people and how they grew. **★★★★**
- Tucker** (9/88) Jeff Bridges bucks Detroit in Coppola's spectacular essay on the cutthroat auto world. **★★★★**
- Who Framed Roger Rabbit** (Listed 10/88) A so-so tale mixing Toons and real people with astonishing skill. **★★★★**
- Without a Clue** (See review) Holmes, sweet Holmes revisited on the sly. **★★★★½**

★★★★ Outstanding

★★★ Don't miss ★ Worth a look
★★ Good show ★ Forget it

A woman with blonde, curly hair is sitting on a Christmas tree. She is wearing a long, flowing pink cape and is looking back over her shoulder towards the camera. The tree is decorated with warm white lights and ornaments. The background is a wood-paneled wall.

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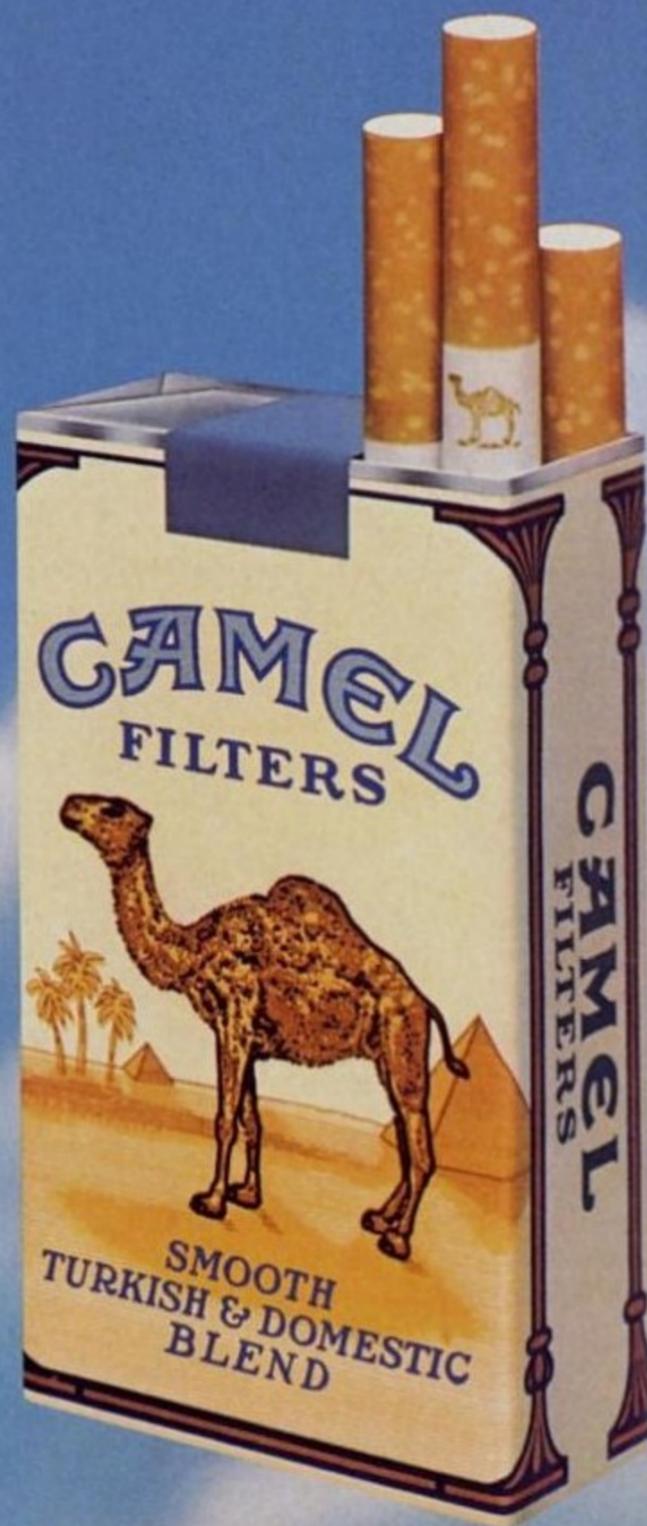
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character.

JUNE 16, 1972, Arlington National Cemetery: Soldiers in full dress, some of the nation's most powerful people in attendance for the burial of John Paul Vann, harsh critic of our policies in Vietnam, a man who first served there in 1962 and would die there in a chopper crash a decade later; soldier, citizen, advisor, counterinsurgency expert—and prodigious leaker to such U.S. journalists as David Halberstam and Neil Sheehan. It was at Vann's funeral that Sheehan committed himself to writing his biography, and now, 16 tough years later, here it is. *A Bright Shining Lie* (Random House) is the single best book about the Vietnam war—and likely to stay that way. It weaves the riveting personal history of a man who was at the center of the conflict into the broader picture of our failing national strategy. *Lie* presents Vann warts and all—opportunist, cocksman, killer, manipulator—and in all his glory: honest, shrewd, patriotic, brave. It describes the complexities of the Vietnamese people, from corrupt war lords to trampled peasants. Finally, it calls into serious question America's tactical and strategic response to what we now label "low-intensity conflict." A brilliant piece of work that truly shines its light all the way to the end of the tunnel.

Andrew Vachss may be the most interesting crime writer on the scene. In real life, he is a lawyer who specializes in children's rights. He does what he can in court, and what he can't do, he has his righteous con man/crusader, Burke, take care of in the fictional streets of New York. In *Blue Belle* (Knopf), Burke is hired by a pimp to track down the driver of the Ghost Van, a vehicle that snatches prostitutes off the streets and leaves corpses scattered in its wake. In the process, Burke falls in love with Belle, a topless dancer who was a child of incest. Vachss gives dramatic substance to the effects of family abuse spread over a lifetime. The characters are fictional; the anger is real.

Frederick Exley is the author of *A Fan's Notes*, one of the most fiercely loved novels of the past 25 years and a genuine underground classic. What made it so compelling was—among other things—the author's unvanquished sense of humor in the face of failure, drunkenness and madness. Exley could make you laugh with pity and compassion while he described his own horrifying experience with electric-shock therapy. By comparison, Sylvia Plath was an artless complainer.

The real Exley continued to write about the fictional Exley (he calls his books novels) but at a pace that could not satisfy his following. Given the life that he narrates, it is a marvel that he can write at all—much less write with humor. Thirteen years ago, there came another novel, *Pages from a*



In *Lie*, the truth about a war hero.

The best book about Vietnam; a dark and violent new Vachss novel.

Cold Island, which was middle-aged Exley. Less resilient, but still funny and tough.

Now comes the third book in what he describes as his trilogy. *Last Notes from Home* (Random House) is bitter, funny and probably wiser than the first two. The character Exley is a man who has troubles but also the honesty to see them, and himself, plain—and the wit to laugh at both with more bitterness, and more insight, than before.

"Dear Zuckerman. . . . For me, as for most novelists, every genuine imaginative event begins . . . with the facts. . . . Yet, to my surprise, I now appear to have gone about writing a book absolutely backward, taking what I have already imagined and, as it were, desiccating it, so as to restore my experience to the original, prefictionalized factuality. . . . Sincerely, Roth. . . ."

"Dear Roth. . . . Don't publish—you are far better off writing about me than 'accurately' reporting your own life. . . . In the fiction, you can be so much more truthful. . . . Obliging yours, Zuckerman."

This interchange is in Philip Roth's engaging book *The Facts: A Novelist's Autobiography* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). Should Roth listen to Zuckerman and not publish? No. Does the reader find out about Roth despite Zuckerman's views? Yes.

Story of My Life (Atlantic) is a great first novel. Trouble is, it's Jay McInerney's third. *Bright Lights*, *Big City* was a stunning debut, and we liked *Ransom* a lot—though

we were more or less alone in that. This story is Alison's and it's told in the first person. Last time we remember a male's aping a female's voice was in Denis Johnson's *The Stars at Noon*, and he did it brilliantly. McInerney's challenge is to make 20-year-old Alison interesting. She's not. The novel chronicles the clueless new youth of New York: Didi, Jeannie, Whitney and guys with such names as Trey, Dean, Everett, Skip and Trip. They go to Nell's, run up huge debts on Daddy's gold card, snort coke, order limos for one another and rut like otters. But—and here's the poignancy of it all—their lives have no meaning! Go figure! Sure, McInerney has a tremendous ear, and many of his characters' internal monologs have the ring of truth. But the doorman at Nell's should deny him entrance for a few weeks so that he can get some real work done.

The Captain and the Enemy (Viking), Graham Greene's 38th work, is a novel in which a 28-year-old man reflects on and reconstructs his childhood. As a boy, he was won in a card game by the captain of the title, who claimed him at boarding school. The captain, we learn quickly, is a consummate con man. The enemy of the title is the boy's father, who makes a few unpleasant appearances. Greene's crisp, delicate sentences conjure up layers of doubt and discovery as the boy comes to learn of his heritage. It's as if the child were a spy behind the enemy lines of his own family—which, of course, in many cases, he is. This book's a quiet triumph.

BOOK BAG

Stories in an Almost Classical Mode (Knopf), by Harold Brodkey: Sad, indeed, that Brodkey is such a well-kept secret. This collection of 18 short stories (his second in 30 years) should help spread the word: Brodkey is brilliant.

The King of the Fields (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), by Isaac Bashevis Singer: An influx of new ideas from conquering tribes and travelers irrevocably changes the pattern of village life in primitive Poland. The Nobel Prize winner continues his probe into the minds of people ruled by superstition and violence.

Angry Candy (Houghton Mifflin), by Harlan Ellison: A collection of 17 new works by a master storyteller whose goal is to "leave you with a bittersweet taste—like a jalapeño-laced cinnamon bear." Ellison blends a curious mixture of images and sensations in the eerie and often bleak worlds he creates. Each quirky tale is a guaranteed spine tingler.

The Thesaurus of Slang (Facts on File), by Esther Lewin and Albert E. Lewin: Lots of jive, a bit of hizzoner, some fancy galoot and a raunchy beef squad of Standard English words translated into slang.



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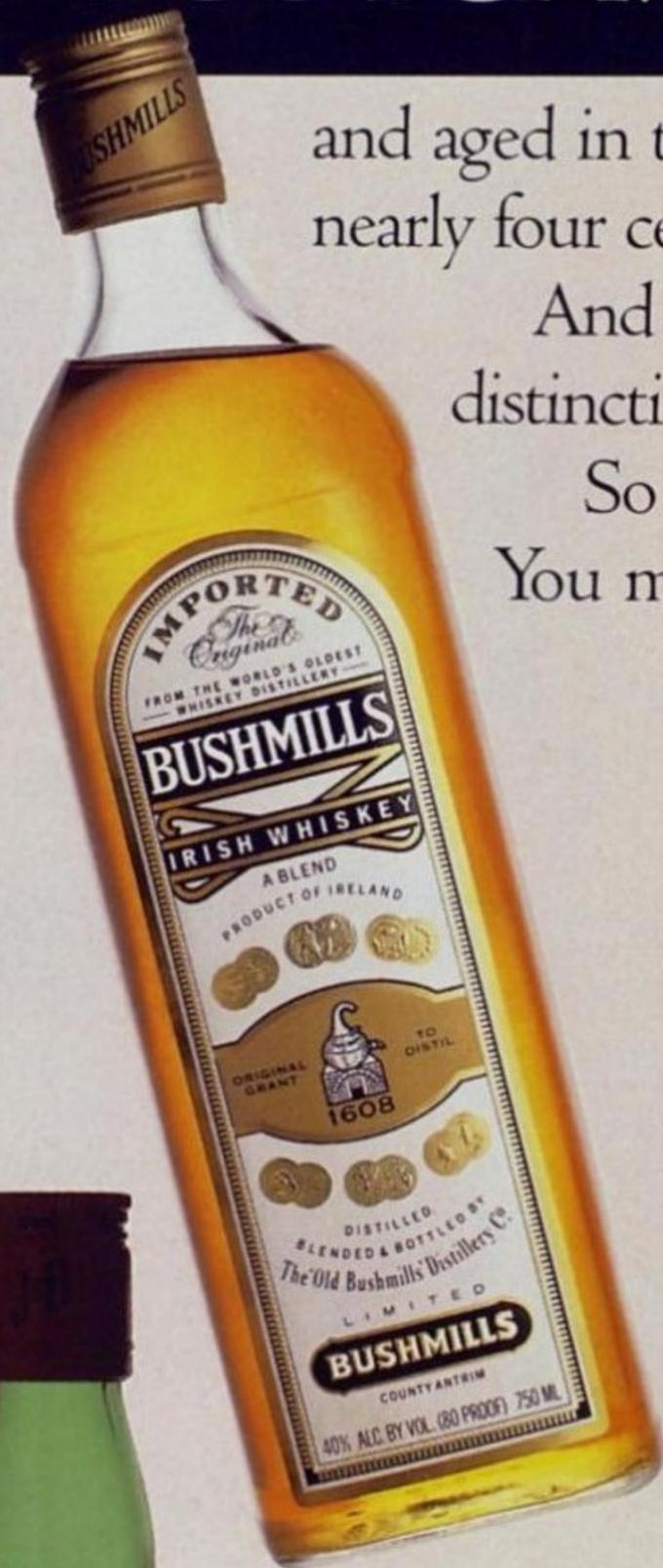
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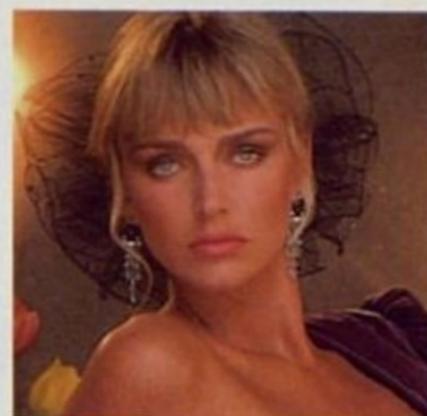
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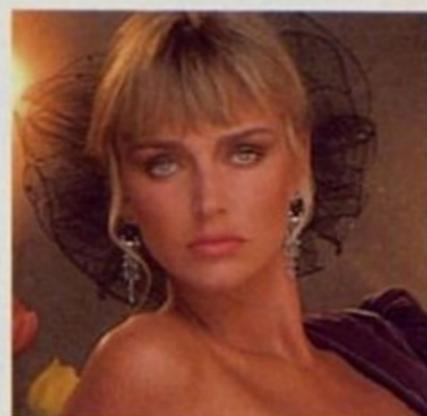


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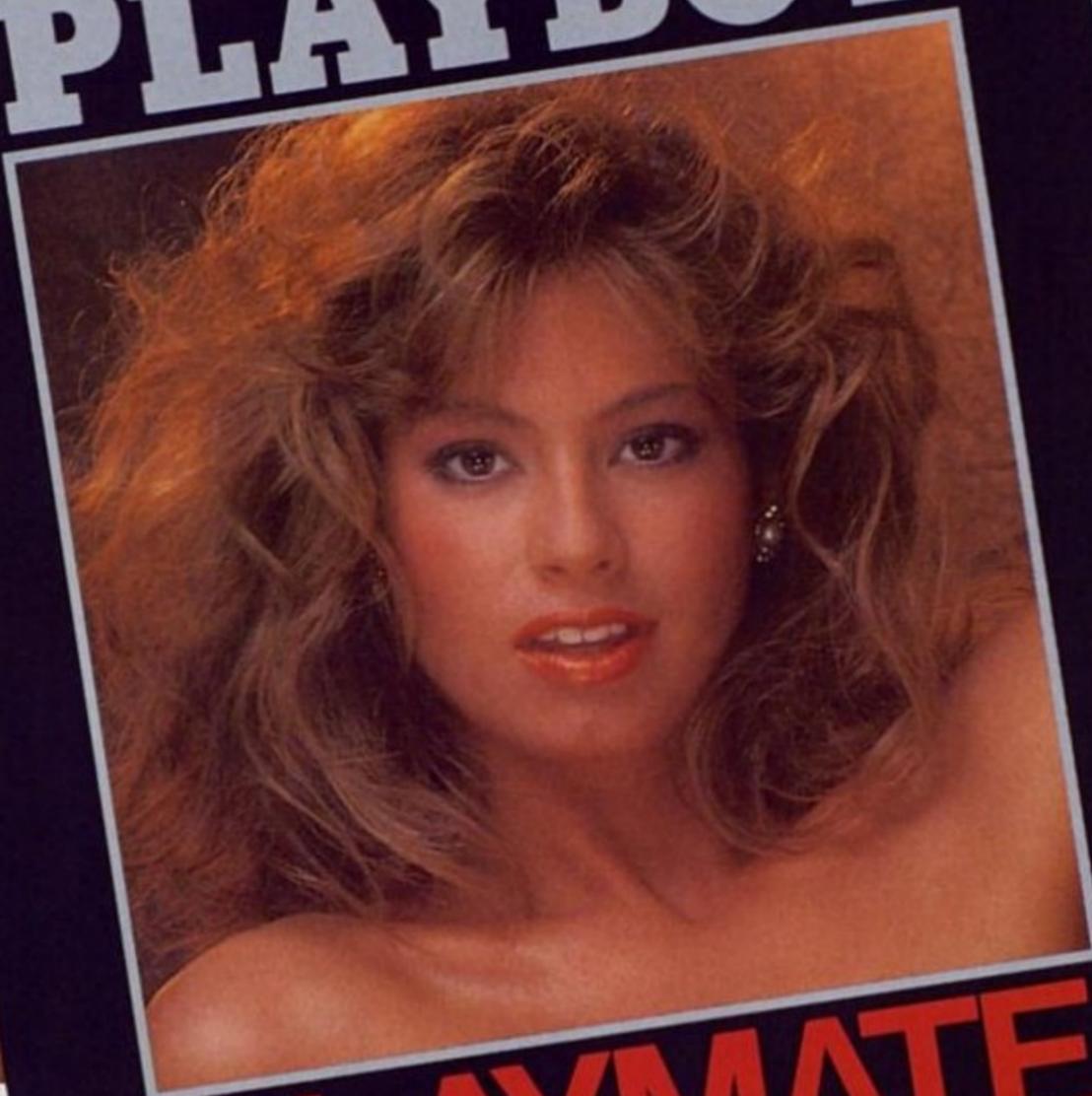
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SPORTS

By DAN JENKINS

A coat hanger that wouldn't promptly come out of a closet reminded me that my own, personal favorite sport, for my whole life, has been torturing, punishing and cussing inanimate objects.

It's good for you. Look at me. I'm a healthy, well-adjusted person of upper middle age because I've tortured, punished and cursed inanimate objects for years.

One or two moments of heated violence and you feel great.

You can say and do things to an inanimate object that you can never say or do to a human being. Not if you're as well-adjusted as I am.

The coat hanger in the Boston hotel room can tell you about it. It didn't want to come off the bar and release my slacks. I pulled. It clung. I pulled harder. It still clung.

I jerked at it and something snapped.

Not only did something snap, a tiny piece of metal hit me in the forehead.

The son of a bitch could have put my eye out.

"What the fuck is this shit?" I said to the coat hanger, which had by then been dislodged from the closet. I was holding it at arm's length, along with the pair of slacks.

"You trying to put a man's eye out?" I continued. "Are you trying to put a man's goddamn eye out?"

I slammed the coat hanger and the pair of slacks to the floor and kicked at them.

"Motherfuckin' cocksucker! Try to put a man's eye out. That is some load of shit is what *that* is!"

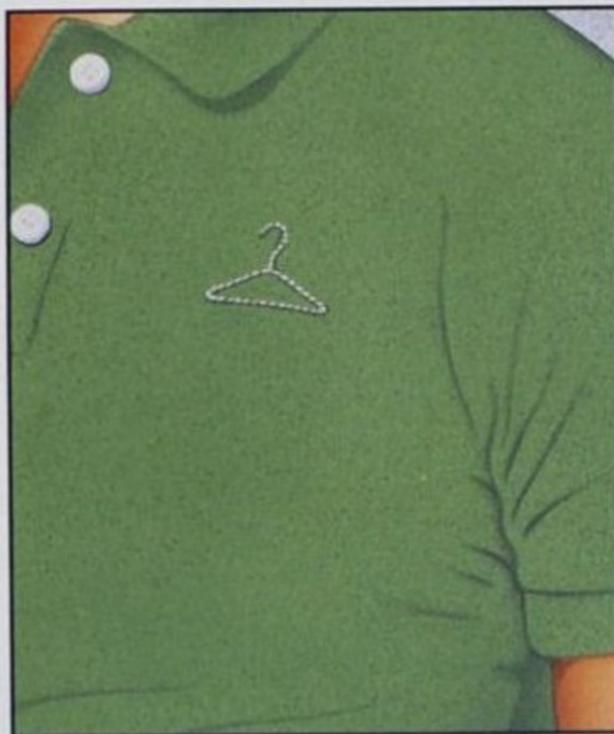
I picked up the wire hanger and bent it into a peculiar art form, and bent it again, and stuffed it into a wastebasket.

The slacks were an accomplice, I decided, so I crumpled them up and put them into the wastebasket on top of the bent hanger. The idea was to smother the hanger to death, just in case there was an ounce of life left in it.

It was to the pair of slacks that I said, with great satisfaction, "I don't need any of *your* shit, either!"

The biggest battle I ever fought was against a Thermos.

That was years ago, when I was working for a newspaper in Texas. I had driven to Augusta, Georgia, to cover the Masters. My wife had gone along. We'd had a swell time. It had been a terrific golf tourna-



OBJECT LESSON

ment. And now it was time to start the drive home.

But first we stopped for breakfast at a Toddle House. And in the middle of breakfast, I remembered I had a Thermos in the trunk of the car.

"Don't let them take my plate," I said to my wife. "I'll go get the Thermos and have it filled up with coffee for the road."

The car was parked on the street, right in front of the restaurant.

Two scenes now, one outside, one inside.

Outside, I opened the trunk and picked up the Thermos, which had been rotting in there for a week. I barely turned the lid when it exploded.

Yeah. It blew up.

Now my face and shirt and pants were covered with week-old coffee.

I don't have to take this from a Thermos, never.

"You miserable cocksucker!" I yelled, bashing the Thermos on the sidewalk. "Blow up in a man's face, goddamn you!"

I kicked at it.

I picked it up and threw it against the side of the car. I kicked at it again and stubbed my toe and hopped around in a circle.

Then I grabbed the bastard and broke the modern-day record for long-distance Thermos throwing by a sportswriter.

"Have a good life, you son of a cocksucking bitch!"

Inside, my wife had noticed that all the other customers and the two fry cooks were staring out the windows with amazement.

"Isn't that the man who was in here with you a while ago?" my wife was asked by a restaurant employee.

"No," she said. "The man who was with me was my husband and had on a white shirt and was sane. The man outside has on a brown shirt and is insane."

I say a tooth counts as an inanimate object.

About four years ago, on a Friday night, I got one of those all-time toothaches, the kind that comes on you only when you can't get to a dentist until Monday.

Over the weekend, I bought up, and used, all the oil of clove that was available in Manhattan. I also set an Anacin record.

I spent Saturday and Sunday with tears in my eyes and everything throbbing from the top of my head through my shoulder blades. I might add that I have about as low a threshold for pain as I do for any minor inconvenience.

I finally got to the dentist on Monday morning, still in pain, still tearful, but blinded with hate.

"This is an upper-jaw tooth," Dr. Klein said. "I think I can save it."

"I want it out," I said. "I want that fucker out and I want it out *now*."

"You really can't afford to lose it," he said.

"I don't care if I have to eat Cream of Wheat the rest of my life, get that son of a bitch out of my goddamn mouth!"

He pulled the tooth.

I took it from the tray.

Leaving, I walked a few calm steps down 50th Street, but I couldn't wait any longer. I stopped, removed the tooth from my pocket and placed it on the sidewalk.

I leaned over to speak to the tooth.

"Had some fun, did you?" I said. "Well, your fun's over, pal."

With that, I stomped on the tooth with my right heel.

And again, for good measure.

Passers-by might have heard what I then said to the dust particles on the pavement.

"*Now* hurt somebody, you lousy mother-fucker," I said, and walked on up the street, as happy and self-satisfied as I've ever been in my life.





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By ASA BABER

Chances are you know somebody who is slowly, secretly starving. Chances are it's a woman. You probably haven't perceived that she's starving—not unless she's in your immediate family and you're alert to the early warning signs of anorexia.

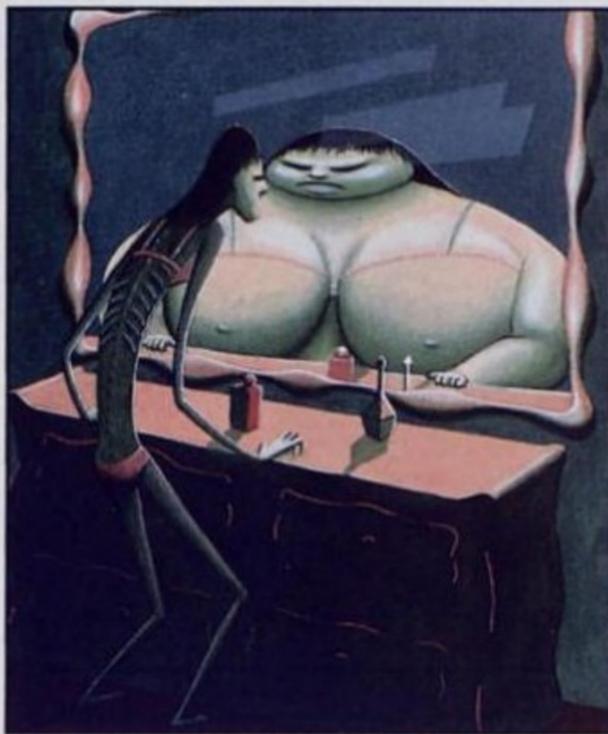
Eating disorders plague large numbers of women in this culture. Men are not immune from the predicament, but the number of anorexic or bulimic men is still relatively small. However, as men, we've got to learn how to recognize these serious, sometimes deadly diseases, how to live with them, how to participate in the healing of them. It's a difficult job, but it can involve the lives of the women we love, which makes it worth the struggle.

Women who suffer from eating disorders are haunted, driven people who live in a universe of obsession and fear. Think about it: Every morning, as you stumble out of bed and glance at your reflection in the mirror and make yourself as presentable as time will allow, there are thousands of terrified Snow Whites out there who have already been up for an hour or two, who have already done the first of their multiple daily workouts and who are staring in trepidation at their image and asking overwhelming questions: "Who's the fairest of them all? Have I lost weight? Will I be able to withstand the temptation of food today? Why isn't my body perfect? How can I deserve love if it's not perfect?"

No judge is as severe, no critic as unkind as these Snow Whites are to themselves. Indeed, many of them don't observe anything at all when they look in the mirror. Their anger and confusion are so great that they literally cannot see themselves. They are often without a self-image.

As a man, I cannot completely understand what that experience is like, but I know this much: It is truly scary shit, and it deserves my attention. I've spent a couple of years studying anorexia and other eating disorders, and what follows are some tips on how to live with the disease.

The Shock of Recognition. Your first job is to recognize whether your woman has a problem. Anorexics live like spies. They try to hide their illness, but there are tell-tale signs everywhere if you know what to look for: Is she hyperactive? Do her workouts increase in duration and intensity? Does she seem manic about exercise? Are there sudden changes in body weight? Does she toy with her food? Does she try to eat alone most of the time? Is she filled with self-criticisms about her body's shape



SNOW WHITE'S MIRROR

and attractiveness? Are there exaggerated mood swings? Even though she seems attractive to you, does she complain about how heavy she is, how her clothes don't fit her anymore, how her body is simply too large? These are some of the clues. Rest assured that they will be subtle, inconsistent and hidden.

Food Is a Four-Letter Word. For the anorexic, food is an obsession that must be controlled but often isn't. The urge to go on an eating binge is ever-present. The stress of self-denial is painful. If the anorexic loses control and eats like a madwoman, some form of purging will inevitably follow (either intensive exercise or self-induced vomiting). Your job is to understand that the anorexic's obsession with food is as vigorous and all-consuming as any addiction. You can be talking about baseball, sex, business or the weather, and it may seem to you that she is listening, but it ain't necessarily so. Her mind is often on food, the great evil and the great temptation in her life.

Therapy Is the Best Policy. The biggest favor you can do for the anorexic in your life is to gently steer her toward a professional therapist who specializes in eating disorders. There is no magic pill, there are no voodoo rites, you do not have the words or the expertise to deal with this complex condition by yourself. The roots of anorex-

ia lie deep in the mind and the history of its victims. Get help. I promise you: If Lois Lane herself displayed signs of this affliction, Superman would urge her to go into therapy.

Love and Sex Are Not Enough—but They Sure Can Help! It has been my experience that women who are anorexic really don't understand our male capacity for love and lust. The fact of the matter is that we men have no specific female body type, facial structure or weight class to which we are exclusively attracted. Tall, short, plump, thin, chiseled, soft, succulent, wiry, black, brown, red, white, yellow—hey, we love 'em all! The frightened women who think they have to be straight out of a Botticelli for men to find them attractive are simply wrong. They don't understand who we are. We may have a predisposition for promiscuity, but we also have an infinite capacity for appreciation, stimulation, enjoyment and love. We are much more tolerant of female physical variety than we're given credit for. Try us; you'll like us.

Cruelty, Thy Name Is Woman. I can't prove it, but I suspect that anorexia is primarily fueled by (A) mother-daughter conflicts and (B) woman-to-woman cattiness, jealousy and cruelty. I know it is fashionable these days to blame men for all such ills, but I think that's off target. Look at the messages women absorb through magazines, soap operas, advertising, department stores, fashion shows. Listen to the way they dissect one another's physical attributes with wicked humor and near-fatal distraction. Watch them assess one another at health clubs and spas, their eyes as shrewd and merciless as any killer's. I don't know of a male who would choose to live at the center of such a fire storm, and I don't know of one who could survive if he tried. Until women learn to ease up on one another, anorexia will remain with us.

If your spouse or significant other is a woman who is battling these ghosts and goblins, there are some things you can do to support her. But prepare for a rocky road. She will not believe all of your praise, she will not always trust the fidelity of your love, she will occasionally challenge your psychological limits and spiritual endurance. That's OK. In a way, as one who loves her, that's what you're there for.

Above all else, tell her as frequently as you can that she's the fairest of them all. Your Snow White will thank you. And she'll almost believe it. Some of the time.



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WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

It was love at first sight. The man who walked into the Lone Star Café was handsome—nicely built, prematurely gray, tall, clean-shaven, blue-eyed. He smiled at me. A big “Hi, there, cutie” smile. Then he stood right next to me at the bar. Rita, three stools down, gave me a meaningful look. Cleo, two tables over, nodded approval. Irma Thomas, *prima* New Orleans chanteuse, was belting *You Can Have My Husband, but Please Don't Fuck with My Man*.

And here's what, I swear, immediately went through my head: He looks too clean-cut for this place. Too . . . nice. That's OK. That's really good. I want nice. He looks open. Maybe too open. Just a touch of the sensitive vegetarian. But definitely intelligent, definitely. Oooh, nice eyelashes. Biceps very pleasant. Butt . . . well, not the greatest, too sedentary, but I could live with it. Another smile! This is serious; this guy is a mover! Do I look good tonight? Did I put on mascara? I'll twist around just a little, show him I'm interested. . . . Where would we live? This guy, I can tell, likes plants. Big, leafy plants. Trees, in fact. A big loft downtown? The country? Will I have to move to the country? I'll probably have to make him wheat-germ shakes for breakfast. Will he want bananas in them? Does he want children soon? It will have to be soon.

Through the crowd, a sinuous, long-haired girl snaked. She went up to my future husband, turned her back to him, grabbed both of his forearms, pulled his body snug next to hers. He leaned against her and watched the singer and would never be mine. I looked at Cleo; she was outraged. Rita shrugged, rueful and philosophical.

But I had to laugh. In the span of 30 seconds, standing next to a total stranger, I had, in my head, fallen in love, forgiven flaws, made a commitment, moved to the country, tried to become vegetarian and had two children. Could this constitute the world's record in insane fantasizing?

OK, tell me this: Say snake girl had never appeared. Say the guy had talked to me. Said something like, “God, I just love that song!” Then what? I would have been so seized up with my fantasy, so sure that my romantic future lay in the balance of my first few words that I probably would have said either, “We'll get all her albums, darling” or “Say, what's your sign?” The guy then would have looked at me fishily, shrugged and run away.



FANTASY KILLS

Romantic fantasy kills. Don't take it lightly; it can ruin your life. It will cause you to say foolish and inappropriate things to strangers. It will make you pay intense attention to the most casual of flirtations. It will lead you to invest your emotions in the shakiest of futures.

Consciousness destroys the act. Or, as Yogi Berra put it, “You can't think and hit at the same time.”

You meet a girl. She has nice legs; she's pretty; she gets your jokes. If you're the kind of joker who then decides, “That's it, she'll be my wife if only I can win her,” you're bound to lose. Because you'll have a hell of a time being natural and spontaneous with this girl, with expectations clogging your brain. Everything will take on enormous proportions. You'll be living spun-sugar dreams of bliss, which will cause you to make insanely portentous remarks every time you speak and to stumble over your feet every time you try to take her into your arms. The girl will get away.

Or maybe she won't get away. Maybe she'll stick around and turn into a real person. That will make you crazy. She will become so prosaic! She'll get hungry and petulant when she gets her period, need root canal and have a morbid fear of tents. Meanwhile, you had been dreaming of an ethereal yet rugged girl and will be filled with disgust at her perfidy in misleading you, at the fantasy not coming close to the reality, and you will dump her. That's

where fantasizing gets you.

Here is Heimel's law: Anything you fantasize about won't come true. So just cut it out.

Why (oh, why?) do we do it? My theory is that fantasies are stillborn feelings. We all have a need to love another person. But some of us can't. Maybe we've had our hearts broken too much or too recently. Maybe we're generally fearful. Maybe we're all twisted up inside and think nobody who really knew us would have us on a bet. Which leaves all those love feelings with nowhere to go. They swirl around inside us, building up steam. We tell ourselves fairy tales about some wonderful prince or princess who will make our dreams come true and pretend that can really happen. Then, when we meet somebody even slightly attractive, we make a fatal leap. We immediately attach ourselves to this person.

But they're only fantasies, and they blind us. Trust me; I know. I have, off and on, been a fantasy maniac all my life. Every time I've had my heart broken, the next two years have been riddled with dreams of knights in shining leather.

To identify fantasies, I do the phone-call test. Here's how it goes: Say the guy I'm interested in doesn't call me when he says he's going to (all of you do that; not calling when you're supposed to is a trait attached to the Y chromosome). If I go mental, stay home, stare at the phone until my eyes cross, bite all my fingernails off and end up lying on the bed curled in a little miserable ball, I'm in the throes of a fantasy.

But if the next time he calls, I can manage to say, “Yo! You didn't call me last Tuesday, you rat bag!” then I am a well woman. Then I am healthy and clear-eyed and free to fall in love.

Here's my cure for fantasy mania: Go out with everyone, especially people who are unsuitable. Last week, I went out with a 21-year-old college student (my son was appalled, but fuck him), a graduate student, an actor and an unemployed Irishman. None of them have a hope in hell of being Mr. Right, so I can be natural with them. When they don't call on schedule, I'm only mildly piqued. But meanwhile, since I really like these guys, all my churning love feelings are finding limited, temporary outlets; and when a potential Mr. Right comes along, I won't leap all over him and gibber.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Is it common for two people to disagree about sex? I've been dating my girlfriend for several months now. I thought we were getting along, but the other night, she refused to have intercourse. When I tried to find out why, she said, "Don't pressure me." My school has regular indoctrination courses in date rape and sexual harassment, so I backed off. But I still wondered, what does it mean?—M. G., Boston, Massachusetts.

Probably nothing. We can't tell you what was on your girlfriend's mind, but we can put the problem into perspective. Two Canadian researchers recently studied dating disagreements among college students, in which the man wanted more sex than the woman. How frequently did couples disagree? Almost half of the participants reported one or more disagreements, though they happened on only about seven percent of the dates studied. The most frequent cause of disagreement involved intercourse (32.1 percent), followed by breast play (23.2 percent). More often than not, the disagreement occurred after sexplay had begun (94.6 percent said they were engaged in consensual sexual activities immediately prior to disagreement). More than half (60 percent) of the men said that they were refused an activity they had previously engaged in with the same partner. How do guys react to refusal? More than half (60.7 percent) unquestioningly stopped their advances. (Interestingly, the more sexually experienced the male, the more likely he was to comply.) A small minority (16.1 percent) questioned their dates' refusal and a smaller group (7.1 percent) attempted to persuade their dates. One out of 20 verbally expressed anger, while one out of ten tried to continue with the unwanted advances. Overall, the study found that college students today follow the traditional stereotypes: The males initiate sexual activity (usually nonverbally), while the females exert negative control, avoiding sex or rebuffing the advance if they're not interested. Is there ever a problem in the other direction? Apparently, yes. A study by two researchers in Texas found that while more women (97.5 percent) than men (93.5 percent) had experienced unwanted sexual activity, more men (62.7 percent) than women (46.3 percent) had experienced unwanted intercourse. Going along with an insistent partner is not a recipe for great sex; why indulge in half-hearted behavior? If the signal is mixed, don't mix.

There seem to be more and more double-breasted suits these days. Although I like the look, I am only 5' 8" and am not sure that I can carry it off. Also, are there any rules about where and when to wear a double-breasted jacket?—S. S., Indianapolis, Indiana.

Double-breasted suits and sports coats are certainly making a comeback, with many suit manufacturers reporting close to half of their



sales in double-breasted models. Do not fear, however; both tall and short men can take advantage of this trend. In actuality, the long diagonal line of the lapel on a double-breasted jacket, especially when buttoned on the bottom button, can make you look taller. We would not, however, recommend double-breasted jackets if you have wide hips, because the cut of the jacket exaggerates them.

Although double-breasted are usually considered dressier than single-breasted models, there are no strict rules as to appropriate times or places to wear them. In fact, there is such a wide variety of fabrics, colors and patterns that you can find double-breasted for both dress and casual wear. When wearing your double-breasted suit or sports coat, keep your jacket buttoned except when seated and button only the top or the bottom button—never both.

I recently had a special encounter with my girlfriend. She was, or is, still a virgin. Let me explain. One night, we began to make out on my balcony beneath the stars. As our situation intensified, I was asked to come close without actually making love. As my penis caressed the outside of her vagina, purely by accident, it entered her. Because I had no condom and she was not totally ready for the complete act of making love, we stopped short of full penetration. I had entered her approximately two or three inches and was performing some thrusting motions when we stopped. My question is, when does virginity end? I have come up with three possibilities: (1) when the penis penetrates the actual outside of the vagina; (2) when the penis penetrates to the point of the cherry's being broken; (3) as a medical book states: sexual intercourse—male ejaculation of semen

into a female's vagina. If we were never to speak to each other again, would I be considered her first?—S. C., Muncie, Indiana.

Yes. And, if you were never to speak to her again, her first jerk. Now that you are experimenting with manhood, start acting like you have one. Your penis did not find its way into her vagina by accident. The slight thrusting motions were not merely your attempts to get traction on a slippery surface. If you had ejaculated, it might not have mattered whether or not the old definitions applied—she could have ended up pregnant. Before you proceed, speak to her again. Decide on a form of birth control and use it. Then you'll be her first good lover.

I consider myself a bit of a hand at recording home videos. I find, however, that any sort of walking or bouncing motion sends the resulting picture to the moon with its quaking and shaking. Can you suggest a way to eliminate my unsteady ways?—P. C., Glenview, Illinois.

Until recently, the only solution to jitter caused by camera movement was the Steadicam system, used in professional motion-picture production. It offered a bounce- and bother-free picture with a floating lens. Panasonic has brought this type of technology to the home-video market with its PV-460 OmniMovie VHS camcorder. An electronic image stabilization system (a lens that bobs and weaves like a heavyweight champ) virtually eliminates distracting bounces and jumps. Available in a full-size camcorder only, it sells for about \$2000.

One of my friends has a problem with drugs. I've tried to get him to seek counseling, but he insists that he does not have a problem, that I'm the problem. How would you deal with this situation?—A. F., Detroit, Michigan.

The American Psychiatric Association publishes the "Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders." It does not address the legal issues of drug use, but it does provide diagnosis of psychoactive-substance dependence. Does your friend do at least three of the following? "(1) Substance often taken in larger amounts or over a longer period than the person intended; (2) persistent desire or one or more unsuccessful efforts to cut down or control substance use; (3) a great deal of time spent in activities necessary to get the substance (e.g., theft), taking the substance (e.g., chain smoking) or recovering from its effects; (4) frequent intoxication or withdrawal symptoms when expected to fulfill major role obligations at work, school or home (e.g., does not go to work because hung over, goes to work or school 'high,' intoxicated while taking care of his or her children) or when substance use is physically hazardous (e.g., drives when intoxicated); (5) important social, occupational or recreational activities

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given up or reduced because of substance use; (6) continued substance use despite knowledge of having a persistent or recurrent social, psychological or physical problem that is caused or exacerbated by the use of the substance (e.g., keeps using heroin despite family arguments about it, cocaine-induced depression or having an ulcer made worse by drinking); (7) marked tolerance: need for markedly increased amounts of the substance (i.e., at least a 50 percent increase) in order to achieve intoxication or desired effect or markedly diminished effect with continued use of the same amount. Note: The following items may not apply to Cannabis, hallucinogens or phencyclidine (PCP): (8) characteristic withdrawal symptoms (see specific withdrawal symptoms under Psychoactive Substance-induced Organic Mental Disorders); (9) substance often taken to relieve or avoid withdrawal symptoms." In addition: "Some symptoms of the disturbance have persisted for at least one month, or have occurred repeatedly over a longer period of time." This is as good a check list as any. Run it past your friend.

I've read that using safety belts in the back seat of a car can be more dangerous than not buckling up. Is that true?—E. B., New York, New York.

Yes and no, depending on the type of accident, the type of belt and the way it is worn. Most cars now on the road still have lap belts only—instead of lap/shoulder harnesses—for rear-seat passengers. A lap belt worn too loosely and/or too high around the abdominal area can, indeed, contribute to more serious injury than you might sustain with no belt at all, especially in frontal crashes. On the other hand, a lap belt cinched low and fairly tight around the hips (as in an airplane) should prevent your being slammed around inside the car or, worse, ejected through the doors or windows in all types of accidents, including the roughly 50 percent that are primarily frontal. The best protection, of course, is provided by properly worn three-point lap/shoulder belts, which hold you tightly in place and spread crash energy across your hips and chest, the body's strongest areas. These effective belt systems have been provided for front-seat occupants for 20 years and should be in the back seats of most new cars by 1989. Our advice is that all passengers, front and rear, should buckle up, even for short, local trips. Adjust for comfort (tape some padding onto areas that rub you wrong, if necessary), but don't leave belts loose or put the shoulder strap under your arms. We wouldn't ride around the block unrestrained, even in the back seat.

A friend has just returned from the Far East with what has to be a tall tale. He says that technicians in Japan have invented a singing condom. Is he pulling my leg?—W. F., Seattle, Washington.

A report in the medical press lends credibility to your friend's story. Researchers put a microchip in the base of a condom. It works in the same way those musical greeting cards

do—chiming the Beatles' "Love Me Do" at the "vital moment." We are waiting for the musical condoms to make their debut in the United States. Will there be additional song titles (e.g., Michael Jackson's "Beat It")? Will your date ask for an encore? Who knows? We'll keep you posted.

How long does wine keep after the bottle has been opened? Are there any differences between reds and whites? Any tips on how to extend the life of an opened bottle?—G. M., New York, New York.

The thing to remember about opened bottles of wine is that air is wine's enemy. Obviously, as the bottle is emptied, there's more room for air to enter—which affects the wine that's left. Generally speaking, reds hold up somewhat better than whites, but the procedure for dealing with opened bottles is the same for both. At a minimum, recorking the bottle and refrigerating it will maintain the drinkability of white wines for a day or two and of most reds for several days. To further increase the life span of leftover wine, pour it into a clean—preferably sterilized—smaller bottle that can be tightly closed. (Empty soda bottles with screw caps fill the bill admirably.) Try to use a bottle just large enough to hold the amount of wine left, so that the space between wine and bottle top is as small as possible. Also, when pouring from one bottle into another, hold them close together to minimize aeration of the wine during the transfer.

In addition, there are several devices on the market that extend the life of uncorked wine by eliminating the air in the bottle. For further information on these, you can write to or call The Wine Enthusiast, P. O. Box 39, Pleasantville, New York 10570, 800-356-VINO, for its mail-order catalog.

I've heard that it is dangerous to brush your teeth or floss before performing oral sex. Why?—P. U., Dallas, Texas.

If God had wanted you to floss before having oral sex, He wouldn't have provided pubic hair. Actually, a recent issue of Sexuality Today warned against brushing before having a bedtime snack—it is thought that you might lacerate your gums, thus opening the way to sexually transmitted infection. Of course, if you never brush your teeth, you won't be able to attract a partner in the first place. This advice assumes that your partner has an infection. If he or she doesn't, then continue with your normal program for oral hygiene.

This will be my first winter with a Subaru GL four-wheel-drive wagon. The owner's manual says that with tires of different sizes on front and rear, the 4wd will be, at best, ineffectual—at worst, dangerous or damaging. My question is this: What will happen if I put snow tires on just the front wheels? I realize that the best traction in 4wd will be with four snow tires, but gas mileage will suffer, and snow tires on the rear will be useless. I live in mountainous country and we use 4wd often in poor weather, but most of the time, I'm in front-

wheel drive.—B. W., Monroe, New York.

If you try using snow tires on just the front end of the vehicle, the four-wheel drive will not engage or disengage properly. The pinions for the front and rear wheels have the same specs and have to turn at the same rpm. However, putting snow tires on both front and rear may actually give you better mileage, though your speedometer may read slightly lower than your actual speed.

My orgasms seem to have lost their power. I used to be able to hit the bedpost when I came. Now all I get is a dribble. Is this an indication of a problem?—R. E., Chicago, Illinois.

A change in ejaculation can signal the onset of diabetes. A report in the British Journal of Sexual Medicine warns that retarded or delayed ejaculation, a reduced volume of ejaculate, a dribble instead of a spurt or retrograde ejaculation (where semen is forced into the bladder) are all associated with diabetes. These symptoms have other explanations, but it is wise to check with a doctor.

What can you tell me about papaverine? A friend tells me that it is a drug that gives you four-hour erections. Apparently, it is a cure for impotence that lets normal guys last all night. It sounds too good to be true. What's the scoop?—B. G., New York, New York.

Reportedly, more than 10,000 impotent men have received treatment with papaverine—despite the fact that the FDA has not approved its use for intracavernosal injection. What, you may ask, is intracavernosal injection? It means that the drug is administered with a 26-gauge needle directly into your penis. In treatment, the physician teaches patients how to inject themselves (though at first, the doctor injects them, and the patients run home to their partners). The erection lasts from 90 to 120 minutes. What are the drawbacks? Well, aside from the obvious break in the romantic mood (we are a nation that has a hard time putting on condoms—stopping sex to play doctor may be beyond all but the most dysfunctional men), ten to 20 percent of men experience priapism, or prolonged erection. You have to rush back to the doctor to have your penis irrigated and/or treated with other drugs. There may be some bleeding from the injection site, and some men accidentally perforate the urethra. Extended use may result in a deformed or painful erection. Our advice: If you don't need it, don't even think about it. If you do need it, consider carefully the alternatives.

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



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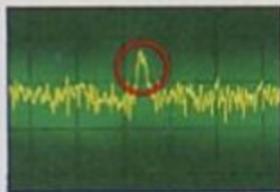
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DEAR PLAYMATES

The question for the month:

Aside from giving a woman flowers, what can a guy do to be romantic?

Write me poetry. I love to get a poem, or a song, or even a story. Something that shows some creative effort that he wants to share with me. It doesn't have to be about me; it tells me about him. I consider my own artwork something very important to share with someone I feel romantic about. There are no specific rules for romance. It really depends on what the two people involved consider romantic. You can't look in a book for the answer to this question.



Anna Clark

ANNA CLARK
APRIL 1987

It's so easy to be romantic. It takes a little foresight to know the person you are with and to discover little things that will please her. I love to read. If a man buys me a book, or if he brings me a little something and says, "I saw this funky little doodad that reminded me of you," that's romantic. It doesn't have to have monetary value, it has to have emotional value. Phone calls, affection, attention are all romantic. It doesn't take an expensive bottle of champagne or a dinner out. To create romantic feelings, it takes attention to details and knowing the person you care about.



Julie Peterson

JULIE PETERSON
FEBRUARY 1987

To be honest with you, I've gotten flowers only from men I'm *not* involved with, as a way to coax me into bed or something. They have used flowers to try to make a point. The men I end up spending real time with don't usually get me flowers, they take me places. To me, travel is romantic. Maybe a drive to Lake Tahoe or a drive up to the gold country. Or he could buy me a plant. Something that will live. Flowers are a waste of money and they leave me with no romantic inspiration because of the way they have been misused.



India Allen

INDIA ALLEN
DECEMBER 1987

Flowers don't do it for me. I work with men who think flowers will solve all their problems. They say, "I'll send her some flowers and she'll be fine." Then they tell me to sign the card for them. Maybe they should take a kitty home. I really don't know how to answer this question. Romance can be kind of phony. I just want a man to be real. I don't want him to try too hard. I don't like stuff that makes me feel uncomfortable. I want to be an equal partner so we can decide things together. I have received flowers and they didn't really make any impact on me. If they did anything, they made me wonder what he was up to.



Cher Butler

CHER BUTLER
AUGUST 1985

I need to be touched. If I'm working in the kitchen, I need him to come up behind me and hold me. Eye contact is very romantic, too. If we're at the movies, or around friends or eating out, just a touch is very romantic. I guess I need a lot of attention and I like to give it back. Not to overdo it, but if he's across the room and he gives me an "I love you" or "I want you" look, that's important. Not every five minutes, but maybe every two or three. . . .



Rebecca Ferratti

REBECCA FERRATTI
JUNE 1986

He could buy me some nice lingerie, a dress and shoes or anything that he might like to see me wear. I'd rather not be asked for suggestions. I like to be surprised. He could clean the house or make the bed. I know that sounds a little crazy, but to me, it's romantic that he would think of something like that. It would make me feel good and free me to spend time with him, relaxing and enjoying his company, instead of doing housework.



Brandi Brandt

BRANDI BRANDT
OCTOBER 1987

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



J

ack and Jill
went up the hill
to fetch a pail of water,
Jack fell down
and broke his Crown Royal
and now Jill is dating
some guy from L.A.



Crown Royal

A DRUG TEST FOR MEMBERS OF CONGRESS

Dear Colleague:

Here is a drug test you can take without fear that some lab will screw up the results. It is offered as an antidote to the bipartisan hysteria surrounding the drug crisis.

Give yourself five points for each correct answer. If you score 90 points or above, consider yourself a general officer in the "war on drugs"; 60 to 85 points means you are in the front-line trenches; 30 to 55 points means you are in the rear echelon. If you score 25 points or less, "Hey, man, what you been smokin'?"

Sincerely,
Representative Pete Stark
U.S. House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

1. According to a Government Accounting Office study, the Air Force has spent \$3,300,000 on drug interdiction, using sophisticated AWACS surveillance planes, during the past 15 months. The total number of drug seizures from this effort was:

- (A) 2476 (C) 865
- (B) 1398 (D) 8

2. From the same GAO study, in 1987, the Coast Guard and Navy combined efforts, sailing for 2512 ship days at a cost of \$40,000,000, resulting in seizures of:

- (A) 20 drug-carrying vessels and 110 suspected smugglers
- (B) 268 drug-carrying vessels and 1467 suspected smugglers
- (C) 753 drug-carrying vessels and 3370 suspected smugglers
- (D) 1583 drug-carrying vessels and 6259 suspected smugglers

3. When the Reagan Administration took office in 1981, the wholesale price of a kilogram of cocaine in Miami was \$60,000. The price of a kilogram of cocaine in Miami in 1988 is:

- (A) \$63,000 (C) \$84,000
- (B) \$10,000 (D) \$36,000

4. A Reagan Administration official, referring to the military's involvement in the drug-interdiction effort, stated that it would be "terrible national-security policy, poor politics and a guaranteed failure." The Administration official was:

- (A) Samuel Pierce
- (B) John Poindexter

- (C) Caspar Weinberger
- (D) Edwin Meese

5. From 1981 to 1987, the total amount of funds (measured in real dollars) allocated to drug interdiction:

- (A) Increased 2000 percent
- (B) More than doubled
- (C) Decreased 40 percent
- (D) Remained the same

6. From 1981 to 1987, the total amount of funds (measured in real dol-



lars) allocated to drug-treatment-and-rehabilitation programs:

- (A) Increased 2000 percent
- (B) More than doubled
- (C) Decreased 40 percent
- (D) Remained the same

7. We currently spend billions of dollars annually to wage the so-called war on drugs. The approximate percentage of those Federal funds appropriated to help support drug-treatment-and-rehabilitation programs is:

- (A) 33 (C) 18
- (B) Ten (D) Six

8. An editorial in the May 26th *Wall Street Journal* calls for increasing Federal prison space by 20 percent in an effort to put more drug dealers and users in jail. The same editorial states that it costs, on average, \$71,000 per year to hold each individual in a maximum-security prison. The total cost of the 20

percent increase in prison space would be:

- (A) 7.1 billion dollars
- (B) 12.4 billion dollars
- (C) 10.2 billion dollars
- (D) 14.6 billion dollars

9. The same editorial calls for more medium-security and minimum-security facilities to incarcerate drug users. The annual costs to hold each individual in those facilities are:

- (A) Medium security—\$64,000
Minimum security—\$38,000
- (B) Medium security—\$58,000
Minimum security—\$25,000
- (C) Medium security—\$53,000
Minimum security—\$30,000
- (D) Medium security—\$61,000
Minimum security—\$43,000

10. The total direct annual Federal funding for all programs related to the so-called war on drugs is:

- (A) 24 billion dollars
- (B) Eight billion dollars
- (C) 15 billion dollars
- (D) 19 billion dollars

11. Nancy Reagan, in a speech before the White House Conference on a Drug-Free America, called for a strict policy of arresting all drug users. Relying on the *Wall Street Journal's* figures for minimum-security-prison facilities, Mrs. Reagan's policy would have an estimated cost of:

- (A) 114 billion dollars per year
- (B) 75 billion dollars per year
- (C) 90 billion dollars per year
- (D) 132 billion dollars per year

12. Two months ago, on the campaign trail, Bob Dole called for the death penalty for drug smugglers. Not to be outdone, George Bush quickly countered with a call for "swift execution" for drug smugglers. When questioned about the constitutional provision of due process, Bush answered:

- (A) "I don't know the answer to that. I'm not a lawyer"
- (B) "I don't know the answer to that. I'm just in charge of the Federal Government's task force"
- (C) "I don't know the answer to that. Ask my astrologer"
- (D) "Don't ask me. That's their problem"

13. Of the world's 20 wealthiest persons, how (concluded on page 54)

KANSAS CITY CON

a high-powered antiporn blitz makes a farce of the truth

By the Reverend John M. Swomley, Jr.

In the fall of 1987, the National Coalition Against Pornography launched a local chapter in Kansas City, Missouri. Under the leadership of Christopher Cooper, a former executive in direct-mail advertising, the campaign flooded Kansas City with advertisements alleging the dangers of pornography.

The author, a professor emeritus of Christian ethics at St. Paul School of Theology, investigated the STOP movement. The following article first appeared in Christian Century.

A Kansas City, Missouri, campaign against pornography, STOP—Stand Together Opposing Pornography—is a model of how Christians should not conduct a campaign. Full of sensationalism, distortions and some outright lies, this pilot for a national program sought to lead churches into a prohibition movement to enforce sexual purity by law, in the name of protecting women and children from degrading, sexually explicit material. STOP is headed nominally by Clarence Kelly, former Kansas City chief of police and former FBI Director. Most of the supporters are men; none are main-line church leaders, though representatives of more conservative denominations and congregations are involved. None of the leaders participates in feminist causes. The STOP campaign was conducted largely by newspaper, radio and TV advertisements, a two-hour money-raising telethon and meetings in local churches. Video tapes of two national antipornography evangelical leaders, Jerry Kirk and James Dobson, were mailed to pastors throughout the metropolitan area with the request that they show them in their churches. Campaign officials called STOP a success, chiefly because 13,000 (out of 1,500,000) people in the metropolitan area had donated \$425,000 during 1987, which paid for staff salaries, advertising and promotional materials.

Few could object to efforts to encourage full respect for women and children. However, the Kansas City churches that seemed ready to protect women and children by banning adult bookstores had neglected such positive actions as supporting sex education in the public schools, reproductive freedom for women, shelters for battered women, women's ordination and using inclusive language

in church. Nor had those churches distinguished themselves by asking businesses owned or patronized by church members to end sexual harassment in the workplace.

STOP's critics, as the press reported, opposed the censorship of sexually explicit materials that would take place under new obscenity laws. None of these critics defended pornography as such, though STOP never produced a precise definition of it. At times, they called it sexually explicit graphics; at others, the association of sex and violence.

It is important to analyze the nature of the STOP campaign, because almost certainly, it will be duplicated in other cities. STOP relied almost exclusively on anecdotal illustrations of rapists or child molesters who had kept pornography in their homes. Even Attorney General Ed-



win Meese's Commission on Pornography admitted that we cannot prove that rape and violence come from exposure to pornography. "Other factors could bear a greater causal connection to the consequence. For example, some evidence points in the direction that gun and martial-arts magazines bear a closer relationship to sexual violence than some 'degrading pornography,' the commission reported.

The Meese commission also asked, "Is there a difference in the rates of offenses among those who use pornography versus those who don't? The only available data that directly address this issue suggest that these offenses occur regardless of the use of pornography by the offender." The STOP campaign, however, repeatedly made the claim that "hard-core pornography is behind much of the rape and sexual violence in the Kansas City area." The group cited no evidence for

this assertion.

Donna Fischgrund, head of the sex-crimes unit in Jackson County, where Kansas City is located, told me, "There is no direct link between pornography and sex offenses among adults. In a huge percentage of sexual cases, there is an alcohol-and-drug link. Most rapes are due to rapists' anger and their inability to deal with their own problems."

And Captain Marilyn Brauninger, head of the Kansas City Police Department's sex-crimes unit, says, "There is no direct link between pornography and sex offenses. Only in child-sexual-abuse arrests have there been some pictures [found among the assailants' belongings]. I am not sure pornography is even a contributing factor, but [it] may be an outcome of the disorder that leads to sex offenses. [Use of] alcohol and drugs by both the victim and the assailant plays a great part in date rapes. The biggest percentage [of sex crimes] are [committed by] power rapists not acting out of need for sexual release."

A second false emphasis of STOP is on child pornography. Lawrence Meyers, director of the Jackson County Juvenile Court, told me that "the majority of child-abuse cases are nonsexual. We have no evidence . . . that adult use of pornography has been directly involved." Although law-enforcement officers state that child pornography is essentially unavailable in Kansas City, the STOP campaign's money-raising television special mentioned children more than 100 times in two hours, and almost every published advertisement, including billboards and bumper stickers, carried one or more pictures of children. During the telethon, a STOP spokesman shouted emotionally, "Who will protect your family, your children?"

Four days after publication of the Meese commission report, the Senate Permanent Investigating Subcommittee released a 76-page draft report based on a two-year study that concluded that "the membership in known pedophile support groups in the United States is probably fewer than 2000" and that child pornography is not increasing and is not profitable. The subcommittee said that it is "extremely difficult, if not impossible," to buy child pornography in American cities.

A third false statement the campaign has made is that "in the Kansas City metro area, there are now more than 177

stores that sell hard-core pornography." A participant in the STOP telethon spoke of "the invasion of hard-core pornography" and declared, "There's no place it hasn't gone" in Kansas City. The director of STOP explained that he arrived at the number of stores selling hard-core pornography simply by phoning them to ask if they sold or rented X-rated movies.

However, Kansas City police detective Fred Jordan was quoted as saying, "You're not seeing any of the bestiality, sadomasochistic material and bondage, and what you see that's borderline will be softer-core versions."

Tom Leathers, editor and publisher of Squire Publications and an initial sponsor of STOP, asked it for a list of hard-core-porn outlets in Greater Kansas City. After a month and a second request, he was given a list of about ten. Leathers reported that he visited these places and found "Kansas City virtually clean of the awful sort of stuff I'd been led to believe was there." He found "no people having sex with animals, no places where photographs were being taken of children in compromising scenes, not even any child pornography." As a result, he withdrew from the STOP campaign.

STOP claimed that "in a Cincinnati neighborhood where adult bookstores and X-rated theaters were closed, there was an 83-percent decrease in major crimes such as rape, robbery and assault." However, neither Cincinnati police nor urban-development officials claim that the drop in crime was caused by eliminating pornography. The stores closed as the neighborhood entered a \$120,000,000 redevelopment plan of full-scale urban renewal. More than half the people living in that area left, as dilapidated low-income dwellings were replaced with high-rent apartments and condominiums. Ralph Bolton, chief of downtown development for Cincinnati, remarked that "if they're implying that the closing of peep shows is the reason for the drop in crime, that's not really true."

Cincinnati police sergeant Rick Biehl added that "a combination of things" reduced crime in the area.

The STOP literature reports, "According to a 1985 FBI study in which convicted serial killers in prison were interviewed, 81 percent of these killers reported that their biggest sexual interest was in reading pornography." STOP did not report the prisoners' other meth-

ods of gratification as listed in the August 1985 *FBI Law Enforcement Journal*: compulsive masturbation, 78 percent; fetishism, 72 percent; and voyeurism, 71 percent—all patterns of solitary sexual expression. The same report indicated that these men came from families with numerous problems, half of them from families with criminal members. More than half had psychiatric problems. Nearly 70 percent of the families had histories of alcohol abuse, one third had histories of drug abuse and sexual problems were present or suspected in almost half of the families. And there were other problems, such as physical, psychological and childhood sexual abuse. These factors can cause sexual deviancy and lead to violent offenses. Yet the STOP campaign told the Kansas City public only that 81 percent of these

FBI Director William Webster "surveyed the FBI field offices throughout the country and reported to us that 'about three quarters of those offices indicated that they had no verifiable information that organized crime was involved either directly or through extortion in the manufacture of pornography.'" The Meese report also noted that neither the major pornography producer "nor some substantially smaller ones are themselves part of Cosa Nostra."

Probably the two most important issues in the discussion of pornography are feminism and censorship. There is no doubt that much pornography is degrading and portrays male dominance over women. It is significant, however, that many, though not all, leading feminists oppose censorship. The National Coalition Against Censorship is headed by feminist Leanne Katz. And there is a very active Feminists Against Censorship Task Force, known as FACT. It is significant that the two dissenting votes on the Meese commission report were those of Judith Becker, a specialist in sexual psychology who teaches at Columbia University, and Ellen Levine, editor of *Woman's Day*.

Spokespeople for the STOP campaign claim that they are against censorship. A *Kansas City Star* editorial responded, "This is nonsense. It is censorship when one self-appointed group attempts to enlist the state to prohibit material it says is improper for everyone else. It is use of the police power to impose a set of beliefs on others. It is authoritarian zealotry and it is foreign to basic American freedoms."

Pornography is not simply sexually explicit material. It usually depicts subordination of women by violence or other exploitation.

It is a symptom of a sick society, not its cause. Although I do not buy or use sexually explicit materials, I am not prepared to ban them for others. Pornography conveys a political point of view about male power over women; but like other political expression I abhor, it must be protected if other unpopular speech, including mine, is to be protected. Instead of advocating censorship, we should put our energies into positive programs promoting respect for women and equality of the sexes. Even the Meese commission report said, "Positive educational efforts are the real solution to the problem of pornography."



men had a preference for pornography, as if that alone caused their criminal behavior.

STOP advertising repeatedly referred to organized crime, and specifically to the Mafia, as being involved in the pornography industry. Its telethon said that pornography produces the third-highest profit among organized crime's various activities. That claim cannot be documented, since Mafia income figures are not public knowledge. Even the Meese commission urged "caution about jumping too easily to conclusions about organized-crime involvement in the pornography industry." It reported that

AIDS AND THE LAW

Martha A. Field's viewpoint ("AIDS and the Law, Have Sex, Go to Jail," *The Playboy Forum*, August) is that legislation will not contain AIDS. What will contain this disease? There is no vaccine, no antidote and no cure. Until we find a cure, I think we should do everything in our power to protect us, the innocent public.

Gary DeBenedetto
Prescott, Arizona

The Illinois General Assembly passed a law that makes it a felony to sell or donate blood while knowingly carrying the AIDS virus. I don't understand why anyone would sell his AIDS-tainted blood, but given that people do any number of crazy things, this law seems reasonable.

T. Moore
Chicago, Illinois

WHAT SEXUAL REVOLUTION?

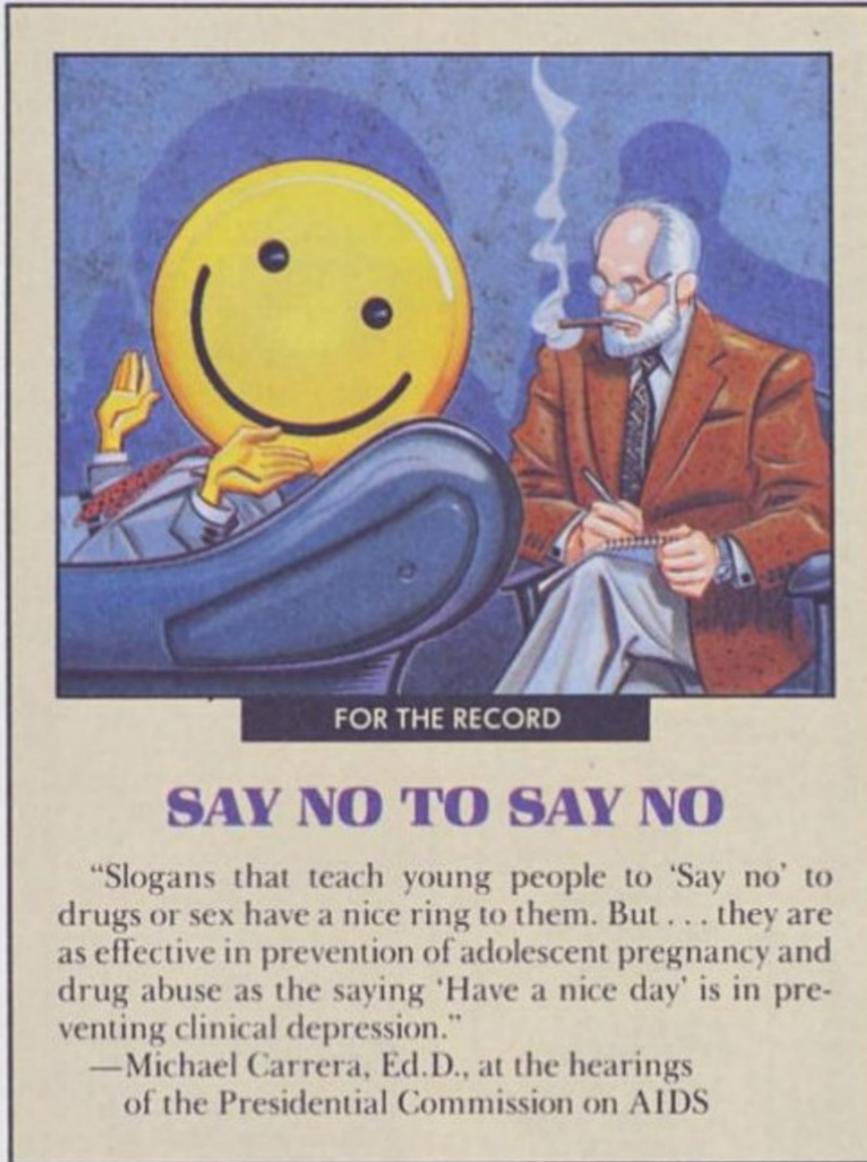
This year marks the 40th anniversary of the publication of the first Kinsey report, *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*. The appearance of Kinsey's first volume heralded the beginning of the sexual revolution—but how far have we come since 1948?

TEEN MOTHERS: The U.S. has the highest teenage-pregnancy rate of any industrialized nation.

CONTRACEPTIVES: None of the major television networks carry advertisements for contraceptives. Some cable stations air condom commercials, but generally only in AIDS-awareness public-service announcements. Even many condom-dispensing machines display the disclaimer FOR THE PREVENTION OF DISEASE ONLY.

ABORTION: The Right-to-Life movement has successfully lobbied for the cut-off of Federal funds for abortions for indigent women. With the encouragement, support and blessing of the Reagan Administration, it has lobbied for a constitutional amendment outlawing abortion. The movement also opposes family planning and dissemination of birth-control and abortion information.

SODOMY LAWS AND GAY RIGHTS: Heterosexual- and homosexual-sodomy laws are still on the books in 25 states. As recently as 1986, the United States Supreme Court ruled that the constitutional guar-



"Slogans that teach young people to 'Say no' to drugs or sex have a nice ring to them. But . . . they are as effective in prevention of adolescent pregnancy and drug abuse as the saying 'Have a nice day' is in preventing clinical depression."

—Michael Carrera, Ed.D., at the hearings of the Presidential Commission on AIDS

antee of the right to privacy does not extend to gays under Georgia's sodomy law.

AGE OF CONSENT: Kinsey felt that 16 was a realistic age of consent, because child-labor laws recognize 16 as the legal age to quit school and go to work. Yet the age of consent is 18 in some states.

PROSTITUTION: Except in certain counties in Nevada, prostitution is illegal; entrapment of prostitute and client is a common practice.

CENSORSHIP: Magazines, videos, television shows, books and records are all under fire by censorship groups. The Meese Commission on Pornography wielded its considerable power by intimidating major chain-store corporations to remove constitutionally protected publications such as *Playboy* and *Penthouse* from their magazine racks. This reprehensible Federal example sparked a wave of pro-censorship activity all around the country. These guardians of everyone else's morality never seem to learn the lesson that repression breeds obsession.

An old Italian proverb says it well: "A book whose sale is forbidden, all people rush to see. And prohibition turns one reader into three."

Ben Edward Akerley
Glendale, California

ALTERNATIVE A.A.

A man in Centreville, Maryland, should read your September *Newsfront* item regarding an organization similar to Alcoholics Anonymous for people uncomfortable with the religious nature of A.A. The man was convicted of drunk driving and received a sentence of either spending 20 days in jail or attending Alcoholics Anonymous meetings. He complained that being forced to go to A.A. violated his constitutional right of religious preference because "They talk about God 50 percent of the time. I might as well be going to church on Sundays or listening to Jimmy Swaggart." For unbelievers, the alternative A.A., called S.O.S., Secular Organizations for Sobriety, is a good way to get on the wagon.

F. Duncan
Memphis, Tennessee

AIDS NUMBERS

I am writing in response to "Numbers Crunching: Playing Fast and Loose with AIDS Statistics" (*The Playboy Forum*, July). There are many problems with trying to establish AIDS numbers, including the fact that the HIV virus has a long incubation period. Although *Playboy* is correct in saying that a panic does no good, Americans had better face up to the fact that we have a tiger by the tail and that it's going to be a long time before we're able to do anything about it.

Daniel L. Hogan
Germantown, Maryland

P.M.R.C.

In the early Fifties, Tennessee Senator Estes Kefauver adopted as his cause the corruption of youth via the reading of comic books. Kefauver had apparently read Frederic Wertham's 1953 best seller *Seduction of the Innocent*, which claimed that horror and crime comics were one of the causes of juvenile delinquency. Wertham's solution was as simplistic as his analysis—cancel comic books. Kefauver and millions of parents otherwise unable to account for their children's belief that they were nerds bought the cause of and the solution to juvenile delinquency.

Until recently, Kefauver and Wertham

seemed unbelievably quaint and minor footnotes in this country's periodic binges of hysteria—until Tipper Gore came along.

Gore is, of course, one of the founders of Parents' Music Resource Center (P.M.R.C.). She claims that rock and roll is corrupting our youth. She was able to enlist some authorities who, as in the Fifties, were quick to endorse censorship to preserve the innocence of our youth. For instance, Richard M. Narkewicz, president of the American Academy of Pediatrics, asked the music industry to "support grants to qualified pediatric researchers to document any behavioral changes from music and video."

The music business turned down this call for money for Narkewicz' constituents, probably because it knows that science in this area amounts to drawing up lists of horrible and vulgar things that teenagers do, lists of horrible and vulgar images in rock lyrics, and attributing list A to list B. Gore recommends that parents who hear music they deem in bad taste write to the Federal Communications Commission and ask it to question whether or not the license of the offending station should be renewed. She does not call this censorship—she calls it "legitimate legal action." Apparently, she believes that if a word has a negative connotation, it doesn't apply to what she's advocating.

Howard Bloom, a record-industry consultant who depends on the major labels for his income, is founder of Music in Action. Last fall he collected 25,000 signatures on a petition calling for artistic freedom. The P.M.R.C. retaliated by sending a letter to the heads of the major record labels asking that they "talk" to Bloom, then denied that it was using strong-armed tactics.

The P.M.R.C. newsletter, *The Record*, attempts to give out the most accurate information available for parents, but the information is extremely distorted. For example, in the winter-1987 issue, Steve Williamson, director of the Institute for Bio-Acoustics Research, claims to have found a subliminal message in Ozzy Osbourne's song *Suicide Solution*. According to Williamson, "The message seems to say, 'Get the gun and try it! Shoot . . . shoot . . . shoot.' Is it possible that confused fans could be convinced that suicide was a solution to life's problems?"

No, it's not possible, for the message

isn't in the song. No one but Williamson has heard those lyrics.

If the P.M.R.C. made the same argument about the blues that they make about rock and roll—that songs about despair cause despair—the organization would be ridiculed. But in our society, it is not ridiculous for an adult to tell a child that his taste is invalid and that, in any case, he has no legitimate reason to feel rotten.

Charles M. Young
New York, New York

Young is one of Playboy's music critics.

A record-store owner in Alabama was arrested and charged with selling pornographic audio cassettes, a misdemeanor that carries a penalty of several thousand dollars in fines and as much as a year in jail. The police confiscated 38 cassettes from the store's stock of 15,000 tapes, 5000 LPs, a number of CDs, blank tapes and electronic equipment. The chief of police said that he had received complaints from parents about the cassette tapes, so "We bought one ourselves, and in our opinion, it violated the state

GABRIEL POSSENTI: PATRON SAINT OF HANDGUNNERS?

It's a sorry sense of priorities that bogs us down in such petty issues as prayer in public schools and separation of church and state and abortion laws and the sexual peccadilloes of some funky television preachers when there are major religious questions that must be decided. For example, there's the matter of Saint Gabriel Possenti and whether or not he should be named the patron saint of handgun owners.

Gun lobbyist John Snyder, of the Citizens Committee for the Right to Keep and Bear Arms, has petitioned the Vatican for Possenti's patron sainthood, reminding the Holy Father that the Church has recognized hundreds of special-interest saints.

Saint Bernard is the patron saint of mountain climbers, because he set up Alpine rest stops for pilgrims on their way to Rome. Saint Matthew, a tax collector for King Herod, is the patron saint of tax collectors; and Saint Agnes, a 13-year-old beauty unwilling to marry anyone but Jesus, is the patron saint of young girls. Saint Teresa of Avila was a practitioner of mental prayer, which apparently qualifies her to be the patron saint of headache sufferers, while Sir Thomas More is a patron saint of lawyers for deciding against the priesthood in order to better serve God as a lawyer.

If tax collectors and lawyers can have a patron saint, why can't handgunners? And Saint Gabriel Possenti has what it takes. According to legend, he started out in Assisi, Italy, as a rake and womanizer who got religion in the 1850s and entered a Passionist monastery. He had been a pretty good hunter in his youth and was familiar with firearms. One day in 1859, word reached the monastery that a band of renegade Piedmontese soldiers was pillaging a nearby town and giving the townfolk a bad time. The monastery rector panicked. He hid the church valuables, told his students to take refuge in the sanctuary and then locked himself in his room.

But such was not the style of saint-to-be Possenti. He stormed into town and grabbed a pistol from a soldier who was too busy with a girl to notice some wimp in a robe. Another soldier came forward, and Possenti disarmed him, too. Now the rest of the company started paying attention but refused Possenti's request that they lay down their arms, no doubt figuring that they were more than a match for a monk.

At that tense moment of standoff, God (presumably) sent a lizard scurrying across the road. Possenti nailed it with one shot, and the soldiers started dropping their guns. Then he marched them out of town to the cheers of the populace he'd saved from fates worse than death. Not a drop of blood was spilled—except for the lizard's.

I'd say that should qualify Saint Gabriel Possenti to be named the patron saint of handgunners. Let's hear it for Saint Gabriel.

—WILLIAM J. HELMER

law [against obscenity]." And Tipper Gore says that isn't censorship.

L. Smith
Birmingham, Alabama

Tipper Gore alleges that there is a crime wave among our youth caused, of course, by rock lyrics. If she examined the facts, she would see that, according to the most reliable statistics, including those from the FBI, youth crime has decreased since 1973.

B. Cunningham
Little Rock, Arkansas

The last laugh on the censors comes from the young listeners of rock and roll, for they catch words that the censors miss—words that are not supposed to be played on FM radio.

THE S WORD: Several years ago, at the MTV Music Awards, there was a medley of ZZ Top songs. These lyrics from the song *Legs* were played: "Oh, I want her, shit, I gotta have her." Steve Miller uses the S word in *Jet Airliner*, describing "that funky shit goin' down in the city," and Mick Jagger uses it in half a dozen songs when you can't understand what he's singing. John Cougar Mellencamp uses it in a song about playing the guitar, Donovan and Pink Floyd use it.

THE F WORD: The immortal Grace Slick sings, "Up against the wall, mother-fucker" and "In order to survive, we steal, cheat, lie, forge, fuck, hide and deal" in *We Can Be Together*, a song that still gets airplay. Another smooth insertion of the F word comes in Steely Dan's *Show Biz Kids*: "Show biz kids making movies of themselves, you know they don't give a fuck about anybody else."

And in the Who's classic *Who Are You*, we hear, "Who the fuck are you?"

It's not the words themselves that provide the cheap thrill. It's hearing them over the air and knowing that they are *verboten*, knowing that those shit-for-brains censors can't stand to listen closely enough to rock and roll to catalog all the little victories the lyricists and fans have won against the blue-nosed people who feel it is their duty and calling to protect us from words.

In closing, let me quote John Lennon from his song *Working Class Hero* and dedicate these words to the censors in the land of the free: "Well, you're all fucking peasants as far as I can see."

Art Buffington, Jr.
Deerfield Beach, Florida

"If Tipper Gore examined the facts, she would see that youth crime has decreased."

YET ANOTHER RIGHT-WING ORGANIZATION

I just received a newsletter from an organization called Concerned Charlotteans. Among its articles are "The Racial Scandal of Planned Parenthood," with its conclusion that "[Planned Parenthood's racist orientation] is all too evident in its various programs and initiatives: birth-control

clinics, the abortion crusade and sterilization initiatives"; "Negativism Toward Judaeo-Christian Values High Among Academics," which concludes that librarians are antifundamentalist; and "Tough New Dial-A-Porn Law Effective July First," which thanks Senator Jesse Helms for "working so hard for the protection and restoration of traditional American values." Let's hope this organization folds—fast.

L. Stewart
Charlotte, North Carolina

Just when I thought there couldn't be any more organized right-wing religious crazies looking for someone to burn at the stake, along comes a group such as the Concerned Charlotteans.

Parker Lane
Hampton, Virginia

I received a mailing from Dr. D. James Kennedy's Coral Ridge Ministries about his "antismut" campaign in which he says, "Without a national outcry from Christians and concerned Americans, the Christie Hefners, the smut magazines and the A.C.L.U. will prevail. The anti-obscenity laws on our books will go unenforced." Surely, the majority of Americans realize that "Christian ministers" such as Dr. Kennedy endanger the basic American freedoms. Thank God we have Christie Hefners and others who are willing to fight for the freedoms guaranteed by our Constitution. God help us if the "Christians" prevail.

Don Williams
Plumerville, Arkansas

DRUG TEST

(continued from page 49)

many are cocaine smugglers?

- (A) Eight (C) Four
(B) Six (D) Two

14. What is the largest cash crop in Tennessee?

- (A) Tobacco (C) Marijuana
(B) Belgian Endive (D) Rye

15. Of the total number of people who voluntarily apply to drug-treatment-and-rehabilitation centers, approximately how many are turned away because of lack of space, resources or personnel?

- (A) 90 percent (C) 78 percent
(B) 80 percent (D) 96 percent

16. For those who are turned away, what is the typical waiting period?

- (A) One to two weeks
(B) Three days
(C) "Come back next Thursday"
(D) Six to 18 months

17. How many drug abusers will re-apply to the drug-treatment-and-rehabilitation centers after waiting the extended time?

- (A) Only ten percent
(B) Between one third and one half
(C) Almost all
(D) Only five percent

18. Of the total 1987 fiscal-year spending for alcohol-and-drug-treatment-and-rehabilitation programs, approximately how much of the total was spent on abusers under the age of 18?

- (A) Almost all
(B) Only five percent
(C) About 50 percent
(D) Only ten percent

19. If measured in cubic feet, the nation's current annual demand for cocaine (which is usually smuggled in crystalline form) could fit into:

- (A) A football stadium
(B) A C-5A cargo plane
(C) A 1988 Mercedes-Benz

(D) L.A. International Airport

20. The estimated total number of deaths attributed to tobacco products is more than 300,000 per year; the total number of deaths attributable to alcoholic beverages is 60,000 per year. Last year, how many deaths were attributable to illicit narcotics?

- (A) 224,000 (C) 196,000
(B) Fewer than 6000 (D) 65,000

ANSWERS:

(1) D (2) A (3) B (4) C (5) B (6) C (7) D
(8) A (9) C (10) B (11) C (12) A (13) D
(14) C (15) A (16) D (17) B (18) C (19) B
(20) B

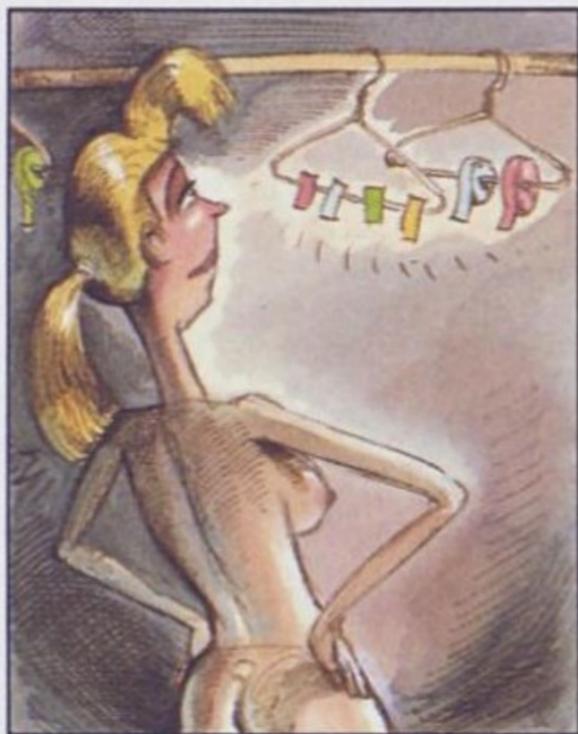
P.S. Shouldn't we discuss all the issues and facts surrounding our national drug disaster?

Pete Stark is a Democratic Congressman from California. He sent this drug test to his colleagues in an attempt to stimulate a rational discussion of the war on drugs.

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

SEE NO EVIL

EL PASO—Strippers outsmarted the city council after the lawmakers enacted an anti-pornography ordinance that ruled that certain body parts had to be covered during striptease shows. The dancers complied with the letter of the law by covering themselves with petroleum jelly or clear



tape. The city council has since amended its ordinance to specify that the covering must be opaque.

LOS ANGELES—A county employee filed suit to halt striptease artists from performing in government buildings. The woman alleged that she suffered emotional distress after watching a stripper dance at a birthday party for a county executive. A superior court judge refused to put a stop to the strippers, saying that she had witnessed strippers and didn't see what all the fuss was about.

BEEPER BAN

LANSING—Michigan has a new anti-drug law—students are forbidden to wear beepers to school. Apparently, teens wore the pocket pagers to class so that their drug suppliers could keep in touch. The law also prohibits students from using mobile telephones.

NEEDLES AGAINST HIV

Studies in several foreign cities, including Liverpool, Sydney, Edinburgh and Amsterdam, indicate that the anti-AIDS program of distributing free sterile needles to drug addicts does not increase

drug abuse, as some officials feared, and may even reduce the frequency of drug injections. Dr. Don C. Des Jarlais, an international authority on AIDS transmission, reports that, although the effect of distributing free needles on the spread of AIDS won't be known for several years, in the Netherlands, AIDS-infection rates among I.V.-drug users do appear to have slowed down. A clinic in Portland, Oregon, began a free-needle program in July, and other U.S. cities are contemplating similar programs.

BRAIN DAMAGE AND VIOLENCE

BOSTON—In the first study of its kind, psychiatrists who examined 14 youths on death row found that all had suffered serious head injuries during childhood, in nine cases, severe enough to require hospitalization for brain damage. Twelve had been brutally abused, including five who had been sodomized by male relatives. Dr. Dorothy Otnow Lewis, a New York University psychiatrist, conducted the study after she found a consistent pattern of childhood abuse and brain damage among adults on death row. A history of neurological problems and abuse should invalidate a death sentence.

FINANCIAL AIDS

LONDON—Insurance companies in Great Britain are demanding that applicants for mortgages for more than \$85,000 be tested for the AIDS virus.

SAYING NO TO SODOMY

ANNAPOLIS—Maryland's Court of Special Appeals has upheld the state's sodomy law in the case of a man who received a five-year suspended sentence for the "unnatural and perverted sexual practice" of having fellatio performed on him by a woman. The man, accused and acquitted of rape, was found guilty of sodomy, which does not have to be forced to be against the law in Maryland. The court admitted that in light of the "massive sexual revolution in the past quarter of a century," the state's "unnatural-and-perverted-sexual-practices law" is archaic and unreasonable but said that any change would have to come through the legislature. The Maryland chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union has pushed for a repeal of the law, but, a spokesman said, "It's tough to get anybody to stand up for it."

NO NUDES IS BAD NUDES

GARDNER, MASSACHUSETTS—A prisoner at Massachusetts' North Central Correctional Institution has challenged the prison's ban on nude pinups with a demand to decorate his cell with a print of Renoir's "Bather." The prison superintendent and a lower court both rejected his claim that prohibiting him from hanging the picture was a violation of his First Amendment rights, but the Massachusetts Court of Appeals ordered a trial to determine how the nudes ban serves "legitimate penological interests."

CONDOMS COURAGEOUS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—It takes courage to buy condoms, according to a group of teenagers who went shopping for the contraceptives as part of a study for the Center for Population Options. In a survey of 60 drugstores and convenience stores, the teens found that condoms were difficult to find—they were hidden either behind counters or in aisles with no signs indicating their presence—and that when they asked clerks for help, they were treated scornfully at best. One teen was told by a



clerk that only "bad girls" buy condoms, another teen was laughed at and a third reported that clerks were mean. The center sent the results of the survey to stores and asked that the managers heed the teenagers' recommendations for making condoms more accessible and their purchase less intimidating.

ANTIPOORN INVADES CONGRESS

election-year politics could spell disaster for the constitution

It sounds good on paper. The designated purpose of House Bill 1213 is "to create remedies for children and other victims of pornography and for other purposes."

It has a catchy title: The Pornography Victims Protection Act of 1987.

It makes for good press coverage, especially during an election year. Dora Lee Halperin, aide to Congressman William Green, one of the bill's sponsors, says, "The bill's [intent is to allow] a victim to file suit, such as a woman who answered an ad for modeling and ended up bound and photographed."

Nothing looks better in an election year than rescuing a damsel in distress. Or saving a young child from the clutches of a kiddie-porn ring.

As we went to press, it appeared that The Pornography Victims Protection Act of 1987 would be pushed by the sponsors for swift action before the election. What Congressman, after all, would want to appear to be opposed to a bill designed to give redress to some victims and child pornography?

Maxwell J. Lillienstein, general counsel for the American Booksellers Association, took one look at the bill and called it "potentially far more dangerous than any Federal or state laws enacted to date for the purpose of regulating or restricting the publication or sale of sexually explicit materials.

"The proposed law purports to protect all individuals over 18 years of age who are 'coerced,' 'intimidated' or 'fraudulently induced' to engage in any sexually explicit conduct for the purpose of producing any visual depiction of such conduct. Superficially, this rationale appears innocent enough. However, the bill's *Alice in Wonderland* definition of coercion completely changes the nature and the effect of the bill."

Specifically, it allows anyone who has appeared in a photograph, film or video with sexual content, and who later claims that he or she was coerced, to file a civil suit against producers, wholesalers and distributors.

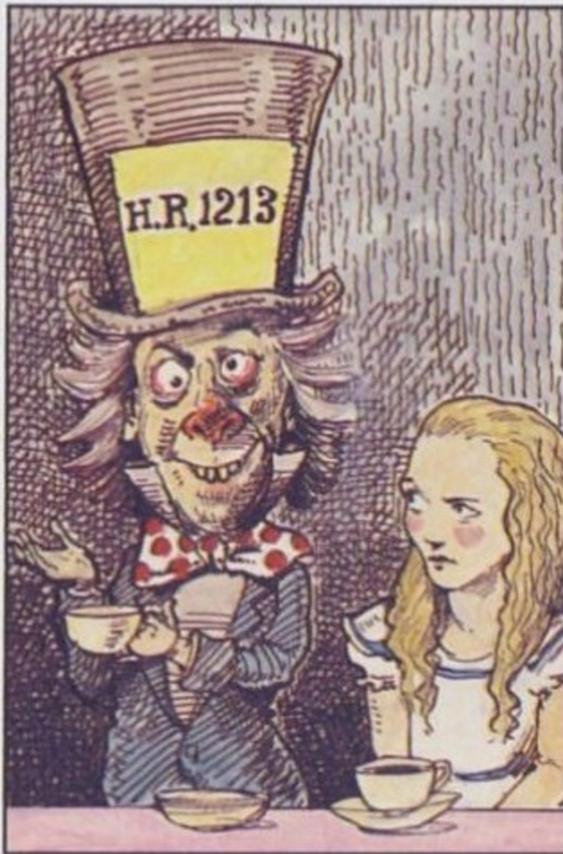
And here's where the judicial process falls through the looking glass.

If the law passes, the court will reject evidence that indicates lack of coercion; i.e., that the person consented to a use of the performance that is turned into pornography, that he signed a contract to produce pornography, that he was paid or otherwise compensated or that

he previously posed for sexually explicit pictures.

The bill does not define pornography, but its list of abuses includes "actual or simulated sexual intercourse," "masturbation" and "lascivious exhibition of the genitals or pubic area of any person."

According to Lillienstein, "The bill would therefore implicate hundreds of mainstream motion pictures, such as



"In House Bill 1213, the judicial process falls through the looking glass."

Bull Durham and *The Unbearable Lightness of Being*, neither of which is obscene but both of which might be deemed erotic or even pornographic. Similarly, the bill would implicate *nonobscene* sex-education books, books of erotic art and magazines depicting 'sexually explicit conduct,' including 'lascivious' frontal nudity."

An example of how this bill might work? Linda Lovelace, the star of *Deep Throat*, now claims that she was coerced by her boyfriend Chuck Traynor into performing in that film and countless others. She didn't file charges at the time. Having become a born-again

Christian and a martyr for the anti-porn feminists, she says now that she was harmed by the activity that made her famous. If the law were in effect, she could collect \$100,000 from Traynor, as well as \$250,000 from every theater or video shop that rented one of her films. The court could thus order forfeiture of any property used in creating the pornographic material. It could also order a jail term of as much as ten years for a first offense and a mandatory jail term of five to 15 years for a second offense—even for the people who didn't "coerce" Lovelace but who merely own the video stores that carry the tape.

Vanessa Williams signed release forms for the photos that appeared in *Penthouse*. Under the new law, when she lost her crown, she could have claimed coercion and collected from the publisher. Shere Hite once posed for nude photographs with a dog. Now an ardent feminist, she could claim coercion and seek damages. Under the new law, the dog could also collect.

How also might it work? In California, police have arrested some porn stars for prostitution. If the new law passes, a Federal prosecutor could give the porn stars a choice: Go to jail or claim that you were coerced. If you choose the latter, we can arrest the producers and close every video store that carries the film in which you starred—and you can make several grand.

Says Lillienstein, "Such chilling penalties, applied as they would be to nonobscene but sexually explicit books and other materials, would create enormous self-censorship. Publishers, booksellers and motion-picture producers, including mainstream business firms, would unquestionably discontinue the production, dissemination or sale of constitutionally protected materials simply in order to avoid such horrendous penalties that might be imposed for accidentally falling afoul of the law. Such self-censorship the First Amendment cannot abide."

Representative William J. Hughes, one of the supporters of the legislation, called it an "excellent" bill and gloated, "It's a way around the constitutional problem."

There is another way around the constitutional problem: Congressmen should vote against this legislation and any other that remotely resembles it.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

BRUCE WILLIS

a candid conversation with the work-hard, play-hard star of tv and movies about "moonlighting," sex, fistfights and fatherhood

In the same month that two national magazines' readers'-and-critics' polls voted Bruce Willis the worst singer, the worst comedy actor, the worst dramatic actor and the worst-dressed actor on television, 20th Century Fox announced that it was paying him \$5,000,000 to star in "Die Hard"—only his third feature film—and Frank Sinatra gave his OK to have Willis portray the Chairman of the Board in a future eight-hour mini-series.

Whatever some fans may think he is doing wrong, to the people who put up the money, the 33-year-old Willis was obviously a risk worth taking at the box office. Perhaps that's because, despite mixed success as a movie star, he has gained a reputation as a special kind of male folk hero, an antidote to the oversensitive New Age male—an unrepentant, unabashed enjoyer of pretty women, good times and loud music. Even now that he has hung up his party jacket to become a husband and a father, Willis still holds claim to representing a species sometimes thought to be endangered: a guy's guy.

Until 1985, when the first "Moonlighting" episode brought the fast-talking, sarcastic, smoothly chauvinistic TV detective David Addison to national attention, Willis was just another struggling actor. He had lost out

on the part of Madonna's boyfriend in "Desperately Seeking Susan" and had turned down an offer to be one of the leads in Stanley Kubrick's "Full Metal Jacket." However, he had played tough, memorable characters in a "Miami Vice" episode and as Eddie in Sam Shepard's powerful play "Fool for Love." Solid, but nothing spectacular.

Meanwhile, back in Hollywood, a young writer-producer named Glenn Gordon Caron had come up with the idea of the Blue Moon Detective Agency—run by a woman who takes on a male partner who both irritates and attracts her. Caron believed that there were few real men on television. "There were a lot of boys," he told one writer, "and a lot of white wine being consumed, and a lot of breathy conversations, but not a whole lot of real male behavior. I wanted a guy who plants his feet and speaks his mind and deals with women as he deals with men." What he was looking for to cast against Cybill Shepherd was a hip, modern-day Cary Grant. What he found, after auditioning 3000 actors, was Bruce Willis.

By the end of "Moonlighting's" first year, the critical and popular response was overwhelming. In 1986, the show received 16 Emmy nominations (though it won just one). The sexual sparks between Willis and Shepherd

were palpable. Audiences couldn't wait to learn when, or if, David and Maddie would sleep together. Tabloids took the TV dynamics and tried to find parallels in real life. Stories appeared reporting that both stars were turning into egomaniacal monsters: Cybill hated Bruce and his macho attitudes—he was just the kind of man she would avoid in real life; Willis was rumored to be on the edge, taking out his frustrations by punching a bag and blasting music inside his trailer. It was a weekly soap opera that continued to boost the ratings.

The facts were less sensational: There were tensions on the set, but they were more the result of 12- and 15-hour working days and pressures to keep to a schedule. Because of the density of the scripts and the rapid-fire staccato of the exchanges, there was twice as much dialog to learn as on a typical one-hour TV program.

For other reasons, the show's intimate style proved tough to sustain. Willis began to improvise his lines on the set and, while that kind of spontaneity worked with his co-star, who could respond in kind, it became one more hurdle for guest stars used to the tightly controlled world of episodic television. "We have a shorthand on this show," Willis said, "especially when we do screwball comedy with overlapping dialog. When an actor comes



PHOTOGRAPHY BY LORI STOLL

"David Addison in 'Moonlighting' is the kind of guy who wants babies so he can play with all the toys he never threw away. The part of me that is him is that fun-loving, chance-taking guy who laughs at adversity."

"TV, for the most part, bores the shit out of me. TV is not about quality as much as it is about selling. I watch sports and movies on my VCR—and religious stuff to get material. That's the best-paid circus in the country."

"I fantasized this conversation I would have with my neighbors in my new home: 'Oh, hi, Mr. Willis. What are those structures down there, guesthouses?' 'No, they ain't guesthouses.' 'What are they?' 'Speakers.'"

into that and is not trained that way, it becomes a scary thing."

The show faced another challenge when Shepherd became pregnant last year. New, less successful plot twists were created to account for Maddie's pregnancy. And when Shepherd took time off to give birth to twins, the show closed down for almost three months, allowing Willis time to make a movie. Now going into its fourth season, "Moonlighting" seems to be back on track, with Maddie having jettisoned a marriage to another character and she and David going at each other again like a couple of seasoned boxers. Whether they will ever recapture the freshness of the first three seasons, however, is an open question, and criticism of the show's writing has increased. Willis has said he will throw in the towel after a fifth season, when his contract expires. He intends to concentrate on movies and to record with Motown, which produced his poorly received first album, "The Return of Bruno."

All pretty heady stuff for a once fairly ordinary guy from New Jersey. Willis grew up in a blue-collar town called Carneys Point—where most of the men, including his father, worked in one of the chemical plants along the Delaware River. Willis worked at the plant and at a series of odd jobs. When he was 16, his parents split up, and the separation deeply affected him and his two brothers and sister. Within a year, he was living on his own, and after discovering acting at Montclair State College, he left in his sophomore year to try to make it in New York. He got a part off-Broadway, worked nights as a bartender and eventually found commercial work doing Levi's 501 Jeans commercials. He appeared in tiny roles in "The First Deadly Sin," which starred Frank Sinatra, and in "The Verdict," with Paul Newman. TV soaps followed, then the Sam Shepard play on Broadway and, finally, prime-time television.

With "Moonlighting" a hit, Willis found himself in demand for movies. A script, "Burglar," was developed for him, but he didn't like it and it was altered for Whoopi Goldberg. He made a Blake Edwards film, "Blind Date," with Kim Basinger (Madonna, originally cast, had to pull out), which did well at the box office. He followed that with the widely panned "Sunset"—in which he plays cowboy star Tom Mix—and the current cop caper "Die Hard."

Success did not spoil Willis' appetite for partying. For a while, to believe the press he got, it seemed as if most of his parties in the Hollywood Hills ended with neighbors' calling the police. On one occasion, he and four friends were arrested for pushing and cursing at a cop who had entered his home without a warrant.

Willis also had his serious relationships. He was involved for three years with Sheri Rivera, Geraldo Rivera's ex-wife, and later fell in love with actress Demi Moore, who had ended a relationship with Emilio Estevez. Willis married the 25-year-old Moore in November 1987 in a private ceremony in Las Vegas and then married her again in Decem-

ber in Los Angeles. She became pregnant soon after and gave birth to a daughter this past summer.

To find out if success and marriage have begun to mellow the wisecracking, hard-living Willis, we sent Contributing Editor Lawrence Grobel, veteran Playboy interviewer of such showbiz giants as Marlon Brando and Barbra Streisand, to visit him on the 20th Century Fox lot, where "Moonlighting" is produced. Grobel's report:

"He's lying in the dim trailer, where he lives like a mole for 12 hours a day, his refuge from the world outside, he says. He has his cellular phone, his music, his speakers and his books—the one he's currently absorbed in is about parenting and child care. His refrigerator is stocked with soft drinks and his freezer with Dole Fruit and Cream Bars.

"Often wary of reporters, Willis was a surprisingly open and straightforward guy once he settled into our talks. After a few hours, he was called to the set and invited me along but set one ground rule: 'You can't talk with Cybill about any of this. Just watch.'

"Cybill came onto the set after nursing her babies and said to Willis, 'So nice to see you.' 'So nice to be seen by you,' Willis responded.

"People don't want to know how you researched a film, they want to know who you are fucking. I chose not to do that."

'Aw, that's nice,' whispered a crew member. The scene they were shooting was done in one take, and Bruce and I returned to his trailer for more hours of conversation.

"The next day, he was given his freedom for a few hours, and we took off in my little convertible to grab lunch at a restaurant that closed in 20 minutes. As we zigzagged our way through traffic with the top down, drivers recognized Willis and spoke to him. I got caught behind a car making a left turn and a van passed us, the driver yelling, 'Get another driver, Bruce!'

"People obviously like Willis—as we drove, they talked to him as if they knew him, and he waved and shouted back, asking for directions. When I said I didn't think we'd make it, he said, 'Have faith, be positive.' But when we arrived two minutes late, the maitre d' refused to seat us. Star clout was of no avail—rules were rules—so we made do with a ham sandwich and a paper bowl of soup at a bakery next door. No problem.

"Two days after we finished our marathon talks, Willis called to ask if I had any more questions for him and to say that the Playboy sessions had exhausted him. I told him he should be exhausted, what with finishing his film, shooting his TV show, preparing for fatherhood and talking with a journalist for eight hours each day. 'That's enough,' I said,

'to slow down even the hottest of stars.' And maybe if the show's ratings slide or if his latest movies don't bring in the expected gold, he'll return to planet speed. In the mercurial business he's in, he's about due for a change. But either way, he'll continue to live out the kind of fantasy life that comes along just once in a blue moon."

PLAYBOY: Although you're in the papers all the time, you haven't really been accessible to the media. With the exception of some promotional appearances, why such reluctance to talk? And why talk now?

WILLIS: I feel the need to let some information out. Yeah, there's been a lot of interest in this guy who rose so rapidly. But the problem is that so much of the focus on me has been directed toward my personal life—what I do when the cameras stop rolling. It's just become unbalanced. I made a choice early in my career not to do a lot of press, not to open myself up to talking about my private life, which, when push comes to shove, is what people want to know. They don't want to know how you researched a film, they want to know who you are fucking. I chose not to do that.

PLAYBOY: It isn't just that you rose rapidly; you really *did* turn famous overnight, didn't you?

WILLIS: The velocity with which I was thrust into this world of overnight success, what they call a meteoric rise, happened so quickly that every day was a brand-new thing. It was a major, major change for me. And there was no one I could find who could tell me how to handle it.

I had never considered TV a medium in which to achieve what I thought my idea of success was. I always thought it was going to go from off-off-Broadway to off-Broadway to Broadway to films. So when it happened this way, I was afraid. I felt like I was going over a bridge where the handrails were taken away, and at any point, I didn't know what was going to knock me over. I didn't know that I was afraid of it, but enough time has gone by that I've been able to get some objectivity on what was happening to me when my success first occurred.

PLAYBOY: And have you found that people treat you differently now?

WILLIS: Well, all my jokes seem to have become a lot funnier. It's nice to be treated with deference; I'm not going to deny that. But it's also embarrassing. When people are confronted with me, it's such a shock to them. They see this guy on TV every Tuesday night and he's laughing and cracking jokes and they like him; they'd want to hang around with this guy. I was in the Midwest on a tour, and all of a sudden, there I was, right in front of 'em. People just lose their composure. I want to try to prop them up and say, "Come on, it's OK."

All of this has to do with my own sense of self-worth and whether or not I feel I've deserved all of this simply because of one acting job. Because no matter how big

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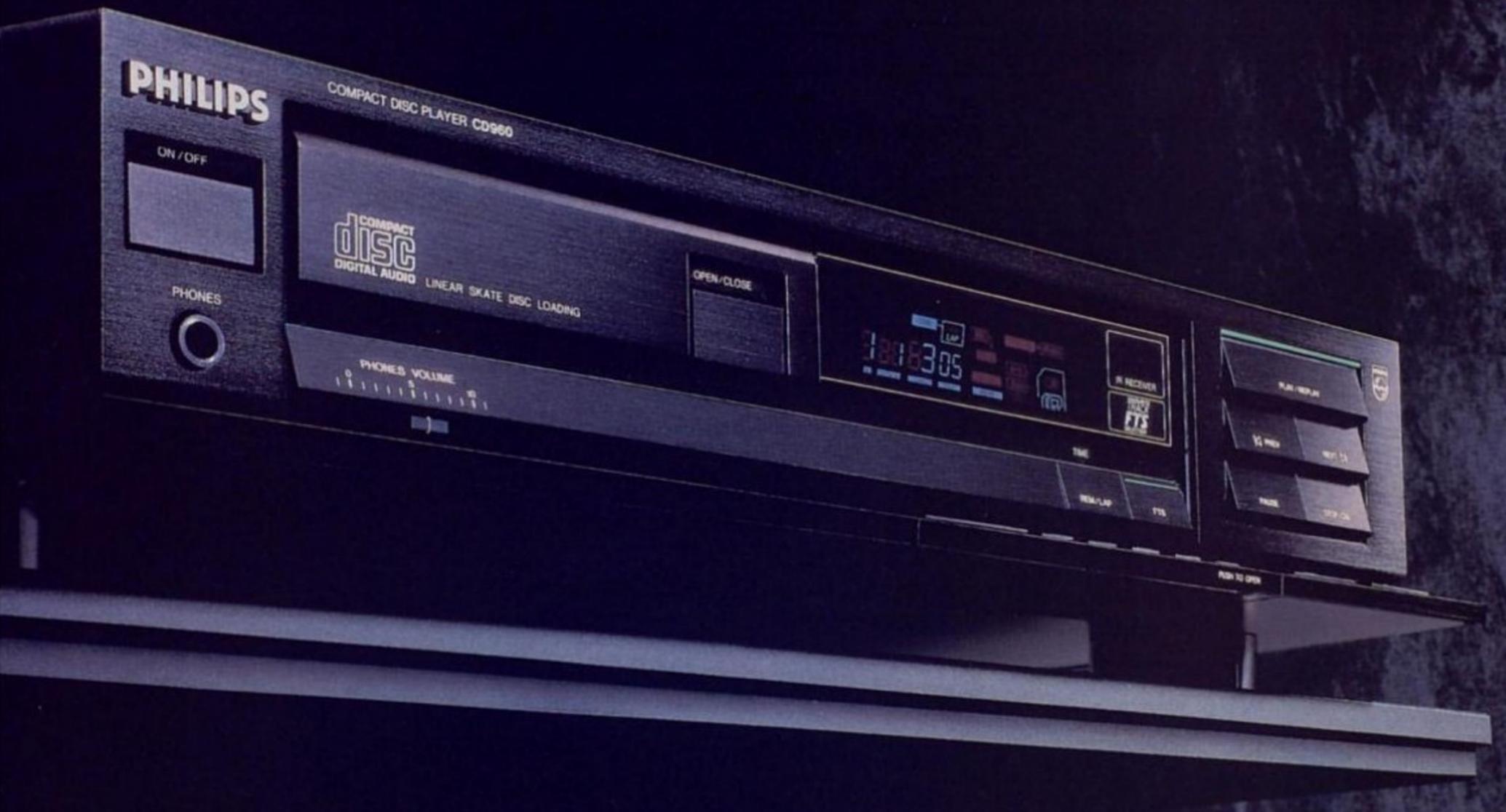
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Moonlighting gets, no matter how popular I become, it's just an acting job. And it certainly is tempting to lose sight of that, to become the person they want me to be—some big pompous asshole who stomps around Hollywood, shoves baby carriages out of the way, smokes a cigar, kicks ass and talks loud. People want me to become that. I have no desire to be like that person.

PLAYBOY: Wait a minute, Bruce—you've been known to kick some ass, talk loud, stomp around Hollywood. Are you trying to tell us that you're really not a big pompous asshole?

WILLIS: I'm at a totally different place than I've ever been in my life now. I'm a lot more comfortable with myself; I'm taking life with a lot more humor, not taking all this shit so seriously. I'm enjoying myself a lot more. I had the pleasure of meeting Glenn Ford last New Year's Eve, and he said, "I see these articles about you and Penn and the rest of you guys. Man, Henry Fonda, Bogart, Bob Mitchum—we raised more hell than you guys ever did. We tore this town right up." Then he said, "Just keep laughing, son. It don't mean a thing."

PLAYBOY: Ford may be right, but that doesn't keep the tabloids from having a field day. From what we've read, you made a spectacle of yourself at a Tom Waits concert in Los Angeles, pushed people out of your way at Elaine's in New York, then threw your coat in a waiter's face—

WILLIS: None of that happened! But because I choose not to answer those things, they get carved in stone somewhere. You know, for six or eight months, I was in those scandal sheets once a week. Once a week! There was some poll that said that right after Princess Di, if you put my picture on the cover of a magazine, you would sell more copies of that issue than any other. But that's business—and it took me a long time to realize that. I'm at that point where there's nothing else they can say about me; my life has been spread across those scandal sheets.

PLAYBOY: Was it also a lie when it was reported that on New Year's Eve, you and your wife, Demi Moore, went to Spago's with seven bodyguards?

WILLIS: A lie. We had one guy who works for us to protect Demi, because she was pregnant. I don't know anybody who has seven bodyguards. I think what you're talking about was when we left out the back of the restaurant to avoid the *paparazzi*. It's extremely uncomfortable being surrounded by 40 photographers who are flashing bulbs. Not long ago, we went to a screening, and 30 or 40 *paparazzi* chased us from the theater to our car. We were literally blinded for five or ten seconds, and my wife stumbled and almost fell. I got crazy! I started yelling at them, "Get the fuck out of here; that's enough!" It scared me, because of the baby, and I got angry. I don't begrudge people trying to take pictures of us, because we are newsworthy; people want to read about what we are doing. But the *paparazzi* take it to an extreme. It's very

disorienting; you feel hemmed in by people four feet in front of you, flashing away. It's a very helpless feeling. And as a man, I don't like to feel helpless. The only thing that I will not tolerate is someone actually touching a member of my family. I will protect my family to the death.

I used to fight against all those things, but I've learned to become calmer about them rather than go crazy, beat my head against the wall and say, "These people are fucking with me!" I just think of them as parasites that suck blood out of people.

PLAYBOY: You must sympathize with Cher's boyfriend, who ran his car into a photographer's car outside her home.

WILLIS: At some point, a line must be drawn—how far can someone go to harass a person for a story? Now they hope someone will try to hit them with a car so they can get *that* story. This "poor" guy whose car was hit by Cher's guy is suing for "emotional stress." Bullshit. He knew what he was doing.

PLAYBOY: Did Demi help calm you down about all of this?

WILLIS: She helped me by teaching me the philosophy of letting go. The more I hung on to my anger, the more power I gave those people over me.

PLAYBOY: So, let's see: When was the last time you were in a fight?

WILLIS: In New York, some years back, when I was tending bar. I used to go over the bar all the time to break things up, then get slugged and start swinging. But I haven't struck anyone in anger in a long time. Though a fight happened around me at a club in L.A., while I was filming *Sunset*. I was wearing this cowboy hat and was with a group of my friends. This guy stands up and says, "Hey, faggot. Hey, you, Bruce, faggot." I ignored him and started laughing. Five minutes later, he goes, "Hey, faggot, you in the hat." So I walked over and said, "Do I know you?" He goes, "No, faggot." "Why are you doing this? Are you trying to impress the girls?" I turned to the girls he was with and said, "Girls, are you impressed?" And right then, he snapped my hat. I said, "OK, fuck it, let's go." I was in the process of pulling my hand up, and a right comes flying by my ear and I see this guy's face get demolished in superslow motion. One of my friends had tapped him. He went down—*boom!* I never threw a punch, but a big brawl started, with tables going over.

PLAYBOY: A cop arrested you in your own house last year during a loud party. You apparently put up some kind of fight and were carried off. What happened?

WILLIS: My lifestyle just didn't coincide with the lifestyle of my neighbors. The short strokes are: We were having a party on Memorial Day, and the police arrived around ten P.M. We were swimming and dancing out in the back yard by the pool, and nobody heard the doorbell. By the time I got out of the pool, this one cop was already in my house, and I asked him why he was there. I said, "I won't talk to you un-

til you get out of my house," because he didn't have a warrant and I felt invaded. And it just escalated. I was cursing at him and he took offense. "Why are you saying fuck so much?" he said. "What is this, courtesy class? This is how I *talk*; I'm from New York." This guy was sensitive. He said, "I've arrested more important people than you. You think you're going to get away with this?"

All we were doing was *dancing*. It was fucking Memorial Day—how are you supposed to celebrate it? But the cop had a point to make. His point was, actors are not above the law. He was thrust into a situation that I'm sure he saw was potentially dangerous. I had a broken shoulder at the time, and my friends tried to tell him about it. He put the handcuffs on me and cranked my arm up around my back, like you see on TV. I heard it go *snick, snick, snick*—it broke again. And it was chaos. I was yelling in pain, my friends were yelling that I was in pain, and the cop felt threatened, so he called in more cops. One of my friends was arrested for asking what precinct we were going to. But I never assaulted him. No one got hurt, and all the charges were dropped. It certainly gave the press a lot to write about. I've been told that this cop now goes around telling people that he's the one who arrested me. If it hadn't been me, he would have just said, "Turn the music down."

PLAYBOY: How soon after that did you leave the neighborhood?

WILLIS: I moved out of that house that night. Never went back after I got arrested. I was still into my swinging bachelorhood at that time, so my goal was to try to find another place where I could play loud music and party without any neighbors around. I found this place up in Mulholland that had its own little canyon. I bought my own six-acre canyon. I had all these fantasies of retribution. I fantasized this conversation I would have with my neighbors: "Oh, hi, Mr. Willis. What are those structures down there at the bottom of the canyon, guesthouses?" "No, they ain't guesthouses." "What are they?" "*Speakers.*"

PLAYBOY: Guess we can add playing loud music to that list of kicking ass, talking loud and stomping around Hollywood.

WILLIS: I was reading somewhere about what men like and what women don't like. It said women never like to hear music played at full volume. For some reason, guys like that. One story that typifies my attitude after what happened at my Nichols Canyon house: I had this stereo; the volume control went from zero to ten. One night, I yelled to my friends, "Turn it up!" "We can't, Bruce, it's on ten." So we got a big butane lighter and tried to burn the little plastic piece above the volume control, so we could push the volume up higher. I *did* like to play the music loud.

But that whole incident with the police was just God's way of saying slow down. Me and my friends lived like we were 16 and

had money. We were reliving our youth. And I defy you to find any man who—if given that opportunity—would not take advantage of it. At that time, I was just having everything handed to me. I was like a kid who was never given anything and then given a toy store and told, "It's all yours." There's no mystery to living like that, to living hard and partying.

PLAYBOY: You were living like that long before you got the toy store. Weren't you busted for dope in college?

WILLIS: Possession of marijuana, yeah. I rolled two joints, stuck one behind each ear, had a beer in my hand and was going to my friend's house. I was on the street when a cop stopped me for having a beer in my hand. He reached up behind my ear and goes, "What's this?" I said, "Oops, that's a joint." Slapped the cuffs on me and marched me down to the police station.

PLAYBOY: And then?

WILLIS: I was put on probation for six months. At that time, things were really starting to mellow about possession.

PLAYBOY: Do you still smoke marijuana?

WILLIS: I stopped this year. It was just time to let it go. I'd done it all. I did PCP in high school. For kids coming out now, there is so much more negative information about what those things do to you. Hard and fast facts about them. We didn't have any information at all; it was kind of hushed up in the Sixties and Seventies. And for a long time, as an out-of-work actor in New York, I had this code of "I'm an actor and nothing else matters but my work." Which gives you a built-in reason to get high if you don't get work. It was escaping the reality of not having any gratification.

Disappointment is very easily numbed by a couple of joints or a couple of drinks. I just don't have any need to experiment anymore. I am on the most incredible high right now without having to take any drugs or to pick up a drink.

PLAYBOY: Is that one of the reasons you stopped doing Seagram's Golden Wine Cooler commercials?

WILLIS: I started to question why I was doing them. Did I want to continue being a spokesperson for this company? It was time to move on. When Seagram's and I reached a decision by mutual consent not to continue making commercials about its Golden Wine Cooler, it just so happened to coincide with a personal choice I had made to not drink anymore. I felt that I could not morally promote something that I didn't do any longer myself. Seagram's completely understood that. I know there have been things said—that I was very uncooperative, that I wasn't helping and that I was bossing people around. They are not true at all; we had a great time. I was proud of my work. In two years' time, those commercials took it from number five to number one in sales.

PLAYBOY: It was also extremely lucrative for you, since you earned between \$5,000,000 and \$7,000,000 for those commercials.

WILLIS: You betcha.

PLAYBOY: Was it difficult turning away from that kind of deal?

WILLIS: How many millions of dollars do you have to have? I'm making so much money now. I'm making multiple millions of dollars a year. The big thing in the press now is how much money I am making. I'd rather have them talk about my work, good or bad. I'd rather have them talk about what kind of an actor I am than what kind of a wage earner.

PLAYBOY: Since you brought it up, you made an almost ridiculous sum of money for *Die Hard*. Studio chief Alan Ladd, Jr., was quoted as saying that your getting \$5,000,000 throws the business out of whack.

WILLIS: I was offered that money; I didn't put a gun to anyone's head. They were using me as a scapegoat. There were comparisons in that article: "If we have to pay Bruce Willis for this film, what, then, does Michael Douglas get for his next movie?" Well, what should I do? Say, "OK, don't give me the \$5,000,000. Give me what Michael Douglas got on his last film"? You get what you can when you can. How do you turn it down? Do you say, "Oh, no, I don't think I deserve that much"? This business, like many other businesses, is, Get what you can today. All that shit about saving for a rainy day, live for tomorrow and save it up for when you are older is bullshit. You don't know if you're going to be here tomorrow.

PLAYBOY: So what do you spend the "multiple millions" on?

WILLIS: I spend money on clothes. And I have a few cars: a '48 Buick Roadmaster that I'm restoring, a couple of Mercedeses, a '66 Corvette that I put money into. The '66 was the best Corvette made; it was when they figured out everything that needed to be figured out about Corvettes—how the suspension should work, the drive—and they really worked all the bugs out of that body style. In '68, they started fucking around with it, changing the fiberglass and the design. The new Corvette is a piece of shit.

PLAYBOY: Just so we deal with all the rumors: You supposedly had some tough battles with your co-star on *Moonlighting*, Cybill Shepherd. How bad did it get?

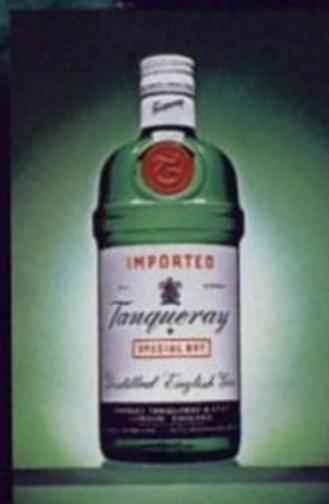
WILLIS: The worst it got was when, because of the nature of the script, we both had to fight in character. So we would literally be going at each other. And we both have very strong feelings about how our characters should be played, and we got into spats and arguments about that. But it never really got vicious or bloodthirsty. It certainly made good copy to say that Cybill and I were fighting, throwing things at each other, storming off the set and all that other horseshit. It doesn't sell anything to say that Bruce and Cybill are getting along. But people are going to buy the paper that says, "CYBILL CALLS BRUCE A PIG."

PLAYBOY: So, to set the record straight, you've never hit her?

WILLIS: [Laughs] No, I never laid a glove on her. No one ever hit anybody, no one ever



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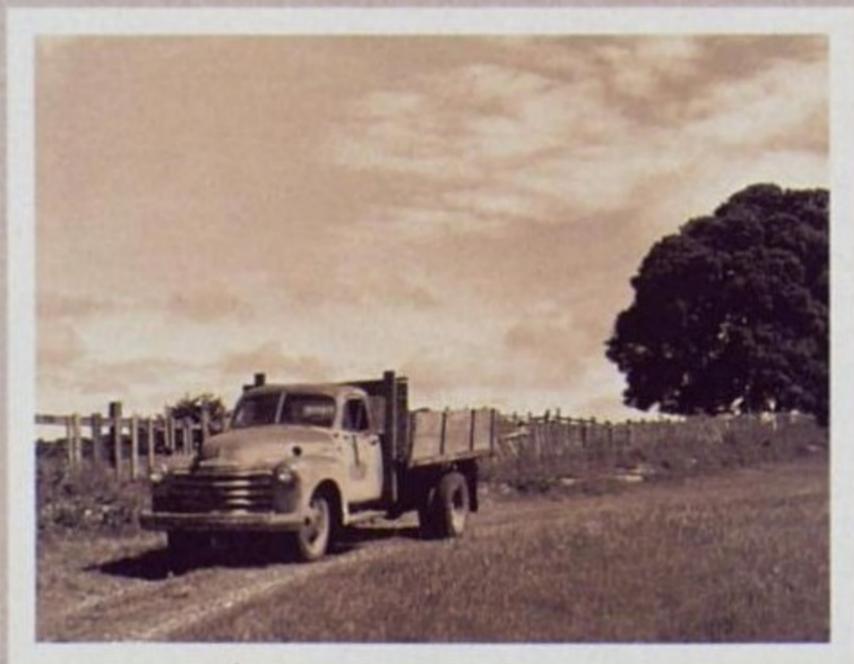
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threw anything at anybody. And I don't think either of us has a shorter fuse than the other. I've been known to go off at the drop of a hat, and so has she. But a lot of that's mellowed. We have more time behind us now than we have ahead of us. And we've created a body of work that we are both very proud of. It's like a marriage, a forced marriage. We have to work with each other, because we have contracts, no matter how we feel about each other. And I'll admit, there were days when I'd come to work and I did not want to work with her. Did not want to talk to her. But we did it. I'm sure there were days when I really annoyed her and she didn't want to see me or talk to me.

PLAYBOY: She's on record as saying that she went to a therapist to make sure your kind of guy wouldn't be in her life anymore. What kind of guy was she talking about?

WILLIS: Actors. People in show business. I read the article in which she said that. That is something that reflects more on her choice of men now and on her choice of men in the past.

PLAYBOY: When *Newsweek* ran a cover story on you two, it said there was a sexual chemistry between you and Cybill that was "potent enough to curl Plexiglas." Are you implying here that sexual attraction can be faked?

WILLIS: You betcha.

PLAYBOY: So any chemistry between you is between your characters?

WILLIS: I've been asked that question a lot. Everybody has a different viewpoint of what chemistry is. But it's not like we sit down and say, "Let's make some chemistry happen." It's something that's created by the combination of our two personalities. But I'm not David Addison. There are elements of me that are like David Addison, but he's a character.

PLAYBOY: Who is David Addison, and what parts of him are you?

WILLIS: At times, he can be the Peter Pan of the modern world. There is a party going on inside his head and behind his eyes all the time. And if you understand the party, you're accepted. If you don't understand, you're still accepted, but he's going to try to get you to come to his party. And if you do understand and still don't want to come, he's going to find a way to make you come. Or bring the party to you. He has a code that's sometimes mystical, sometimes very obvious. He hides behind his humor and uses it as a weapon and a shield. And ultimately, he never wants to grow up. David Addison is the kind of guy who wants to have babies so that he can sit around and play with all the toys again that he never threw away. The innate part of me that is him is that fun-loving, chance-taking, risk-taking guy, who, in the face of insurmountable odds or adversity, laughs and finds a way out of it.

PLAYBOY: Is there anyone after whom you styled him?

WILLIS: I stole a lot of stuff from Cary Grant. And Bob Hope and Preston

Sturges—from that style of comedy. We all steal from everybody. The Three Stooges, I like their stuff.

PLAYBOY: And is the secret of Addison's appeal that, as you've said in the past, he is beyond cool? What does that mean?

WILLIS: There's the type-A kind of cool, which is people who try to be cool and are very aware of being cool. Then there's the type-B cool, which is people who are cool in spite of themselves and aren't even aware of it. There's no thought given to it; it's just their slant on life. That's what I meant when I said that David Addison is beyond cool. He doesn't give a shit whether people think he's cool or not. That lack of caring is the ultimate cool. Just be yourself.

PLAYBOY: David Addison has been characterized as a postfeminist hero—cool, hard-boiled, a throwback to Bogart, Cagney, Wayne, chauvinistic.

WILLIS: That's what the first year was about. He was much more of a chauvinist than he is now. But I've grown as a character and as a human being in the past three years. I don't think that he's dead in David Addison, but to play a guy with a hard-on for three years is nowhere near as interesting as to play one who has grown in spite of himself.

PLAYBOY: One of the innovative things you did on the show was to "break the fourth wall" and talk directly to the audience. How did that come about?

WILLIS: We did it as a goof one time, and it got a big laugh, so we snuck it in every once in a while. It became one of the signatures of the show. If you'll notice, we never had Maddie Hayes break the fourth wall, because she represents different elements of the show. But in the big playpen of David Addison's world, that's included. Addressing the audience and letting it in on his little secrets are part of the show. See, we've pulled off things that people said would never work. I'm not really interested in people's hypotheses of what would happen if Maddie and David married or in people who were saying that if Maddie and David screwed, the show would go off the air. Or if they lived together, or if they fell in love. We've continually proved people wrong. And at times, we've pissed 'em off, and I feel real glad about that, that we don't do a show that's predictable.

When we did the episode where Maddie comes back from Chicago and says her child is not my baby and she's married, we had incredible phone calls and mail. One woman who called said she'd never watch the show again; her husband had stormed into the bedroom in anger and she had cried for an hour. I just wanted to tell her, "Wake up and smell the coffee. It's just a TV show."

PLAYBOY: Do you watch much TV yourself?

WILLIS: TV, for the most part, bores the shit out of me. TV is not about quality work as much as it is about selling things. I watch sports and movies on my VCR. I like to watch the religious stuff to get material—

that's the most well-paid circus in this country. But I don't watch much TV. Once, I was flipping through the channels and I saw a scene between Linda Evans and Joan Collins. They were in a burning fucking room for ten minutes! One of them was knocked out and the other one was trying to drag her out, then some guy came crashing in. . . . Anybody with any common sense knows that he'd be dead in about ten seconds if he were in a burning room! But they were acting up a storm. That is pretty representative of what soaps are.

PLAYBOY: Would you argue that having David and Maddie go at it in a hospital room while another woman gives birth is more real?

WILLIS: No, but we don't try to tell people it's real life. It's about a joke. Now, we don't always get to the joke, but we always tip you off that it's not a real situation. The nature of our show is, we do screwball things, we ask you to suspend your disbelief and join us in the joke. We're not really detectives. If you look at *I Love Lucy* in a TV guide, it gives you the synopsis in a sentence: "Lucy wants to buy a new dress but doesn't want Ricky to find out about it." And they do a whole half hour about that. And that's what we do. We come up with emotional conflict and do a story about it. Our only criterion is that we try to entertain.

PLAYBOY: That has been a criticism of the show this past season—that it has become less entertaining. Was Cybill's real-life pregnancy a problem for the show?

WILLIS: When Cybill got pregnant, the show was forced to go in a direction that we were all unprepared to go in, because it was so sudden. There was a lot of catch-up writing in trying to fit puzzle pieces into a shape that they wouldn't accept. Glenn [Caron, the show's creator] went away and did a film while Cybill was down. So did I. Our focus went in different directions. But we've gotten back to what initially intrigued people about the show: that clash of personalities, that sexual tension and emotional jeopardy between me and her.

PLAYBOY: Why are there fewer episodes of *Moonlighting* than there are of other hour programs? And why does it cost per episode more than any other program?

WILLIS: Because we spend more time making it good. It certainly is not the cartoons that, say, Stephen Cannell puts out, where you have dialog, dialog, dialog, chase scene, dialog, dialog, dialog, explosion! Dialog, dialog, dialog, big chase scene. They punch those things out like cookie cutters, and they make millions of dollars in syndication. It's a thriving business, but it certainly doesn't interest me. We broke a lot of those rules, because we had a commitment to producing a quality show.

PLAYBOY: What does ABC think about that?

WILLIS: ABC doesn't give a shit about quality. When given a choice between quality and consistency, they'd rather have consistency. Brandon Stoddard [ABC president]

has not once, in the three and a half years that we've been doing the show, come down and said hello to either me or Cybill. Which I don't understand. I don't get it. *Moonlighting* is one of their few good shows. We've had consistently good ratings, and for a network that should be very concerned about its ratings, it hasn't given us a whole lot of support.

PLAYBOY: Sounds like disillusionment is setting in.

WILLIS: There have been times right in the middle of this monstrous, white-hot hit show when we started thinking about how long we had on our contracts, and there was no end in sight.

PLAYBOY: How long do you have?

WILLIS: Five years. We have two more full seasons. The question that's coming up now is when do we decide that we've run out of things to say? Dick Van Dyke, Mary Tyler Moore and Carl Reiner did 50-some episodes, and then they finally said one year, "That's it. We've said everything we wanted to say; let's walk away." I would certainly not like to see the show go on so long that we crank 'em out just to get product on the air. I think there is going to come a time when we will run out of situations to put these people in.

PLAYBOY: Any more TV in your future?

WILLIS: If I have my way, *Moonlighting* will be the last TV I do for a long time. I've explored this medium as much as I care to; I feel constrained. There are no surprises for me anymore.

PLAYBOY: You're in a pretty frank frame of mind. Have you been in therapy?

WILLIS: Yeah. In the past eight months, I've really been challenging myself, making myself look at things that I refused to look at for a long, long time. About my childhood. It's very easy not to look at those things; it takes courage. I've spent a huge part of my life so far with self-constructed walls around me, to protect myself from myself. I've gotten brave enough to start knocking them down, but they are not all down yet, not by any means.

PLAYBOY: What did your childhood lack?

WILLIS: I don't remember there being a lot of closeness in my family. There was a lot of isolation, separation. There wasn't

a lot of hugging going on.

PLAYBOY: How did your parents meet?

WILLIS: My father met my mother in Germany; he was stationed there in the early Fifties. They went out, fooled around; my mother got pregnant with me. My father did the right thing, brought his bride to this country, to New Jersey.

PLAYBOY: Were your parents strict?

WILLIS: No stricter than anybody else's. I grew up when long hair first became a thing—it was 1969 and I was in the eighth grade. My father was against long hair, to the point of sending me back to the barber to make sure I got it cut.

PLAYBOY: You also grew up with a stutter, didn't you?

WILLIS: I had a terrible stutter part of the

have me talk. It was impossible to stutter. The interesting part is that whenever I acted, I didn't stutter.

PLAYBOY: Because you weren't you?

WILLIS: I think that's what it was. . . . I know that's what it was. Pretending that I wasn't me. A big part of my sense of humor came out of my stuttering, in trying to overcome that and have some dignity. I said, "Yes, I stutter, but I can make you laugh."

PLAYBOY: What was your own greatest laugh as a kid?

WILLIS: I streaked. I was the only streaker in my town. Probably one of the hardest laughs I'll ever laugh in my life was doing that. I had an accomplice who dropped me off and who waited for me at the street corner. It was on Broad and Main, the hub of

the metropolis. And there was a newspaper photographer somebody had tipped off. I had on sunglasses and sneakers.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever done anything like that since?

WILLIS: We moon here occasionally. The first year, we used to give the Blue Moon Award. We would moon the directors. Cybill was a great sport. She just said, "Warn me when you're going to do it."

PLAYBOY: Getting back to your childhood, how did you and your brothers and sister deal with your parents' separation? You were 16.

WILLIS: We all dealt with it in different ways. It's a rending, tearing thing. I chose to live with my father, and I pretty much started taking care of myself.

PLAYBOY: Did you feel closer to your dad? Did you feel that he was getting the short end of it?

WILLIS: That's not something I feel comfortable talking about.

PLAYBOY: When you started acting, did your parents come to see you?

WILLIS: Occasionally. They never really understood what it was all about. I come from a long line of blue-collar people. My grandfather, my father and all my uncles owned a machine shop that I grew up around. When I was 13, I started working there in the summertime. I learned how to repair small engines. When I was 14, I knew how to weld. So I guess I've got something to fall back on.

PLAYBOY: What was it like growing up in

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time I was in grammar school and when I was in high school, from the time I was about ten until I was 17. It was based on psychological things, on fears, on self-worth, on how I viewed myself. It came out of a fear of not being good enough, of having something wrong with me. Just fear of the world, of my place in the world.

PLAYBOY: How did you get rid of it?

WILLIS: As I started to take more responsibility and stand on my own two feet, it started to fade. I got some help from a speech therapist my first year in college.

PLAYBOY: What kind of help?

WILLIS: Just relaxation exercises. He would make me start with my toes and relax every joint and muscle in my body and then

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Carneys Point, New Jersey?

WILLIS: It was a cool place to grow up. You drive a half hour one way and you're in an urban environment, a half hour another way and you're in the middle of farmland. So I had those two worlds when I was growing up. Everybody worked for the chemical factories along the Delaware River—Du Pont, Monsanto, Dow. But there is no growth there. Carneys Point is now a sad little town, curling up and dying.

PLAYBOY: You worked for a while at Du Pont, didn't you?

WILLIS: Yeah, and I witnessed a terrible accident and decided to leave. A guy got blown up. I was about a mile away, and I saw the explosion. It was a big drum, about the size of a house, in which they mixed chemicals. This guy happened to be driving a truck past the building, which I also drove by ten times a day.

Then I got a job as a security guard at a nuclear-power-plant construction site during the winter, working 12 to eight, \$2.80 an hour. I was walking outdoors in the snow with these keys, making sure that it was safe. It was a pretty weird environment. I used to go 300 feet underground to a nuclear container to hit these keys that punched a time clock. It was very spooky.

PLAYBOY: What did you get out of high school?

WILLIS: High school helped my acting a great deal, because it taught me how to lie with a straight face. I'd cut class and go back and get snagged by the assistant principal, and he'd look right at me and I'd say, "Just went out to my car to get a book." It taught me how to beat the system. What it didn't teach me was common sense. It didn't teach me communication skills. How to deal with conflict. How to balance my checkbook. It didn't teach me anything about life. No one talked about racism at my school—and we suffered from race riots every year that I went there. When I was a senior, I was expelled for two months, along with 50 other students, for inciting a riot. It was more about 17- and 18-year-olds needing to fight than it was about race relations. My father hired a lawyer and I got back into school.

PLAYBOY: Did you get into a lot of fights?

WILLIS: I kicked some ass. I got my ass kicked, too. In the ninth grade, I got beaten up by a gang of kids who were the bad, bad guys. White kids. They were all drunk, and they just needed to kick somebody's ass and I was there. I seem to remember crying. My father was pretty taciturn about it. His philosophy was, Don't start fights, but if you get into one, fight to win.

PLAYBOY: So you learned to fight in the streets. What about sex?

WILLIS: Learned on my own, trial and error. I first kissed a girl in the second grade, stole a kiss from her; man, I was bold. We used to kiss in the sixth grade, when I was 12. I had girlfriends as soon as guys were supposed to start having them.

PLAYBOY: What happened the first time you

touched a girl's breasts?

WILLIS: Everything else of importance to my life at that time ceased to exist. It was unbelievable. I was 13.

PLAYBOY: How did you learn to masturbate?

WILLIS: How do fish know how to swim upstream? I took to masturbation like a duck to water. Any guy tells you he didn't is lying. Man, it was like—*phew!* Doing this? Gives you that? Yo! Spent a lot of time in the shower in those years.

PLAYBOY: And when did you actually put it all together?

WILLIS: I was about 14 and had a job as a bellboy at a Holiday Inn. There was a guy who worked as a night clerk on the weekends who was out of high school. He would bring all his friends in and have a party. I stopped in at one, and this chick scooped me up; she snagged me. I had a pass key to all the rooms, so we went down into the laundry room, and she kind of led me through it. I was amazed that it was happening. It was like—*boom!* "You came? Oh, good." I walked out of the laundry room whistling the theme from *The Godfather*. I had a whole new step. I tracked this girl down once more a week later; I just had to do it again, because it was the most incredible experience in my life. And the really difficult thing was that I didn't get laid again for, like, six months, so I was dying.

PLAYBOY: Guys say that at a certain point in their lives, they would do anything, say anything to get laid. Was that true of you?

WILLIS: For a big part of a young guy's life, getting laid is *the* most important thing there is. There is no mystery about that. Most guys don't start getting laid on a regular basis until they are 17, 18, some guys even later. But from the time you are 18 until whenever the novelty wears off, getting laid is it. And whatever it takes, you do. Yeah, I've lied and I've been lied to. While I choose not to lie now, I remember when I did lie.

PLAYBOY: Were you ever afraid of women?

WILLIS: There was a woman I feared who ran this restaurant where I worked as a bus boy in college. An unbelievable incarnation of flesh and tight girdles and all this shit. She was just the most incredibly tough bitch, broad, Gestapo. And I had the kind of personality that would always get to her. She'd be standing there railing at me, and I'd smile at her and bust her up. Man, she was tough. I just think she needed to get fucked. Which is a pretty sexist thing to say. This woman did need to get fucked. I don't think that's what all women need, but this woman needed to get fucked.

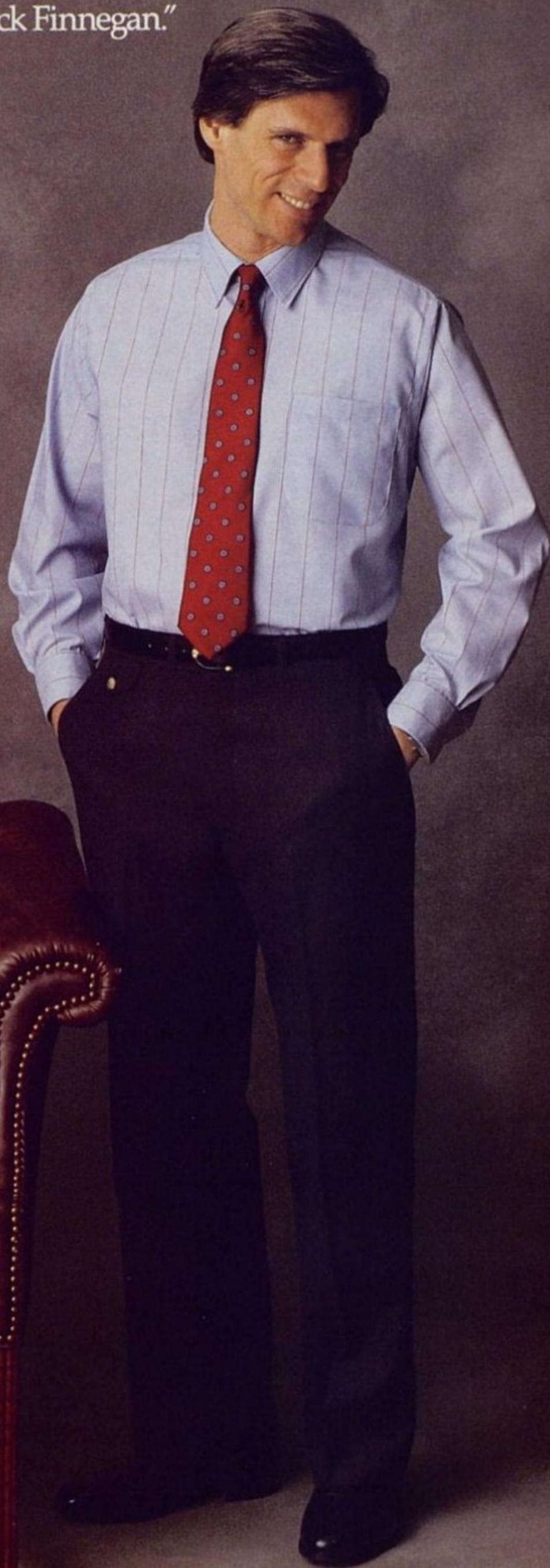
PLAYBOY: What were your best pickup lines?

WILLIS: The first one is not a line at all, it's just ignoring someone. Got a lot of mileage out of that one. You can make even the worst pickup line work if you say it funny enough. I used to say, "Hi, can I buy you a Cadillac?" Or "OK, you, me, right now; we'll get married; get your stuff."

PLAYBOY: Is it true that you once lived with

"Funny, the other day I was just Chuck Finnegan."

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two women in New York?

WILLIS: Yeah, two sisters. They were friends. They came into where I was tending bar one night and said they were getting kicked out of their apartment, and at that time, I wasn't making a whole lot of money, so I said, "Come live with me." And they did. They moved all their stuff in and stayed for nine months. We all slept in the same bed. Nobody fooled around.

PLAYBOY: You must be joking.

WILLIS: They were good friends. We worked it out.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you once say you looked upon women as an art form?

WILLIS: The ultimate art form. When you consider all the ways in which a woman's body has been expressed in art, in every medium—sculpting, painting, photography, film, TV and from a very obscene way like *Hustler* to *Venus di Milo*—it's a timeless art form. The beauty of a woman's body is breath-taking.

PLAYBOY: And what women have taken your breath away?

WILLIS: Modern women? Marilyn Monroe killed me. Young Rosemary Clooney in *White Christmas* destroyed me; I was dying. Young Barbara Stanwyck, young Katharine Hepburn. I have quite a crush on Meryl Streep; in *Sophie's Choice*, she staggered me. Anjelica Huston's definitely a killer.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that the first time you tested with *Cybill*, you told her you couldn't do it, because she was too beautiful?

WILLIS: What I said to her was, "I'm really kind of embarrassed talking to you. Because you are so pretty to look at, it's hard for me to concentrate." We were flirting. It was very thrilling for me to be working with her. She's a star. She was a real professional and she really helped me through it.

PLAYBOY: Before you tested with her, though, you were competing against thousands of other actors for the role of David Addison. How did you get it?

WILLIS: I had screen tested with Madonna in New York for *Desperately Seeking Susan* and I didn't get the part, so I decided to go to L.A. and take a vacation. My L.A. agents started sending me out on things, and one of them was *Moonlighting*. It was the last day, they had been casting for months and months, in ten cities, in Canada, and saw, like, 3000 actors for the part. And I knew nothing about it. I read the script sitting in a bar on Pico Boulevard and laughed my ass off. I said, "I can do this." I had a real cavalier attitude about auditioning. So I went in and said, "Let's do it." Did it, said "Adiós" and walked right out before they could talk with me. *Cybill* had been cast, but I hadn't met her yet. The casting people started talking about other actors they had seen that day, and Glenn Caron said, "Wait a minute. That's the guy, the guy who just left. That's David Addison." And they said, "What the fuck you talking about? We don't see it." Glenn did. He is the driving force behind the creative qual-

ity of the show. He had faith in me when no one else did. It took them eight weeks to persuade ABC to hire me. I did a *Miami Vice* and went back to New York. By that time, the audition process had gotten to the point where if I didn't get the part, there would be no *Moonlighting* and the show would be canceled, because they didn't have anybody else they wanted to use. My agent called and said, "It's over, you're out; the show's not going to be done." Glenn Caron called me the next night and said, "There's been a mistake; if you fly out and screen test on Wednesday, I think you'll get the part." I flew out and by Friday, I was cast.

PLAYBOY: When Henry Winkler was playing The Fonz, George C. Scott prophetically told him he might never get another part as good as that one. Did anyone ever say anything like that to you about David Addison?

WILLIS: After the pilot had aired, I bumped into Paul Michael Glaser, who said, "Try as hard as you can to enjoy your anonymity, man, because in a finite number of days, it's going to be gone and you'll never get it back again." And he was absolutely right. I didn't really know what he meant at that point, because I was still thinking in very small terms.

PLAYBOY: The show was immediately accepted by critics and the public as offbeat, different. How did you see it?

WILLIS: The show is in a class by itself. Shows like it come along seldom. There are a couple of shows that have a similar quality—*Hill Street Blues*, which had that straight-ahead, action-packed, deadpan delivery, and *St. Elsewhere*, which was a similar show. No one has really been able to copy *Moonlighting* so far.

PLAYBOY: One reason being the amount of talking you and *Cybill* do.

WILLIS: Yeah, we average 40,000 or 50,000 words each year—we counted them! It's just a lot of jabbering, man. It is not a big action show, it's a lot of character and a lot of dialog. And it can grind you down.

PLAYBOY: You say you want to do only movies from now on. After the so-so reception of *Blind Date* and the failure of *Sunset*, you had a lot riding on *Die Hard*—not to mention the studio's \$5,000,000. Did you ever have any thoughts that *Die Hard* might not succeed?

WILLIS: No, I was proud of my work in *Die Hard*—though I was proud of my work in *Sunset*, too. But it's strange: From the coverage of that film that I've seen, it's obvious that now the emphasis is *truly* on how much money a film makes. It has nothing to do with *content*, with how good it is.

PLAYBOY: What movie actors do you model yourself after?

WILLIS: Al Pacino and Robert De Niro—the less-is-more school, the behavior as opposed to the presentation of the work. *Dog Day Afternoon* was an amazing film. *Scarface* was a brilliant movie, one of Pacino's best. De Niro in *The Deer Hunter*; there's a scene where they are up in the mountains

and he holds up this fucking shell and says, "Hey, this is *this*, ain't nothin' else. From now on, you're on your own." It was mystical to me. I wanted to know that guy with that line. His work continually amazes me, how hard he strives to create a living, breathing person in each role. I would like to be directed by him. And Jack Nicholson is enormous. I would like to play a part of the same stature as the one he played as Eugene O'Neill in *Reds*. I think Sean Penn's work is really honest, and he strives not to repeat himself. I like actors who don't always make safe choices. Bill Hurt is a great example, and he pulls it off. Robert Duvall. Meryl Streep is the greatest living actor that America has, man or woman. Her stuff exemplifies what's important to me in acting.

PLAYBOY: Besides Streep, are there other women with whom you'd like to work?

WILLIS: Diane Keaton. Barbra Streisand. Madonna. I would have loved to work with Rosalind Russell, Katharine Hepburn, Barbara Stanwyck. I had an enormous crush on Stanwyck. *The Lady Eve* is one of my all-time favorite movies. There's a love scene in there where no one actually touches—she caresses Henry Fonda's face—but it's one of the hottest scenes without love's ever being consummated.

PLAYBOY: You had some bizarre scenes with Kim Basinger in your first film, *Blind Date*. How did you feel about that one?

WILLIS: I felt I'd finally arrived, starring in a major film. And for a first film, I was very happy with it, even if it was a one-joke film about a blind date. My role was one of a reactor and not the motivating force. I'm a better driver of a scene than I am a reactor, the person who is being done to. In *Blind Date*, Kim Basinger was the driver; she was the one doing all the crazy stuff that I was reacting to. Personally, I like my own work more as a driver.

PLAYBOY: You were cast in Stanley Kubrick's *Full Metal Jacket* but turned it down. Why?

WILLIS: Because I got the call from his office two days before we were to start shooting the first six episodes of *Moonlighting*. I was crushed. I'd always been a student of the Vietnam war. As it turned out, it took them two years to complete the film and get it out, so everything happens for a reason.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe that anything positive came out of Vietnam?

WILLIS: It woke a lot of people up to the fact that the Government had been lying to the public for a lot longer than we thought. Lyndon Johnson lied. Richard Nixon said they weren't going to bomb Hanoi, and there were saturation bombings. That information sobered a lot of people. Unfortunately, it took 50,000 lives to learn that lesson. And we're still fucking savages.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

WILLIS: We're only steps removed from the fucking Roman gladiators' slashing one another with swords. Look, we're 40 years away from dropping a nuclear bomb on Hiroshima, from Hitler's killing 6,000,000



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Jews. And when was the last time you heard anything about what this country did to the Indians? We just shoved them under the carpet like they were dirt. And all of this was theirs, all 3000 miles of it.

That's why I say we are still savages. For Ronald Reagan to say that we are going to restart development of germ warfare—it's like his head is spinning around like Linda Blair's in *The Exorcist*. What can he be thinking? It just boggles the fucking mind! That's why I believe in a higher power—that there is much more intelligent life in the universe that is watching us like we would watch animals, seeing what the hell we're doing.

PLAYBOY: Then you think aliens are watching us?

WILLIS: Absolutely. There is too much evidence to ignore. But if you talk with the majority of people out there about this stuff, smoke starts coming out of their ears and their eyes start rolling.

PLAYBOY: And would you go if they shone their light on you?

WILLIS: In a minute. I used to stand up on the roof of my apartment in New York with a fairly tasty buzz on and say, "Take me!"

PLAYBOY: For the sake of argument, let's say that doesn't happen and you're forced to live out your days on this planet. How does that prospect suit you?

WILLIS: I sincerely care about what is going to happen. I'm fat and wealthy and I'm very concerned. We are literally destroying the planet. We are cutting off all the life-support systems—the water and the air—with no heed for what it's going to be like 20 years from now. We pour toxic chemicals into the ground; we hide them. You can't drink the water in L.A. now; you can't eat the fish that come out of the Santa Monica Bay; there's a hole in the ozone layer the size of the United States, because people need to drink things out of Styrofoam cups. And no one is talking about the shape the planet is in.

You know, one accident, one oil spill, can fuck up 25 years. They say, "We'll be careful." Well, I'm sure the people in Chernobyl tried to be as careful as they could. And this whole thing about the Russians' being our enemies, Reagan calling them the evil empire. Fucking Gorbachev wants to stop fighting, but every time he says so, our Government goes, "They're lying Communists." That's right out of the Fifties, man. That's thinking from 30 fucking years ago! The clock is ticking.

PLAYBOY: We didn't realize that wild man Bruno was secretly a Sixties idealist.

WILLIS: I was apolitical for a long time. The closest we ever came to turning it around was the Kennedy era. John Kennedy, Robert Kennedy, Martin Luther King, Jr.—they wanted to help people. And the major corporations who handle the defense contracts and who don't give a shit about people who have to work for a living killed them. So they buy politicians now. They are setting up Bush to be the next President, who will continue Reagan's

money-making plans. This country needs a leader who can say, "I want to help the people." Then his problem would be staying alive. What we really need to go into office is a powerful young Government that says, "Let's start over." I need a leader.

PLAYBOY: Anyone in mind?

WILLIS: Tom Hayden. He once said he'd never be elected to national public office, much less the Presidency, because of all the Sixties baggage he carries, but I think he's a sincere man. A lot of people who cared in the Sixties are coming of age now. I also think Jack Kemp has said some interesting things about waste in Government.

PLAYBOY: Hayden and Kemp—that's interesting. You've said you read a lot. When did that begin?

WILLIS: In the seventh grade, when I read a textbook on mythology. And then I read *Great Expectations* in a week. I was mesmerized by Dickens. Reading is one of the joys in my life. I've read Tolkien's trilogy at least 15 times. His work is so rich in detail; he not only creates a wonderful epic story, he creates a religion, languages, heroic qualities that strike a deep chord in me. I can open those books now at any place and know right where I am. I read a lot of William Kotzwinkle—I've optioned *The Fan Man*. He has a wild imagination. I also own Elmore Leonard's *Bandits*. I like Truman Capote. T. Coraghessan Boyle. Pat Conroy's *The Prince of Tides* really shook me up. I read John Irving's *Garp* cover to back and then started over. Isaac Asimov's *Foundation Trilogy* is great. Arthur C. Clarke's great. I love Damon Runyon's *Broadway* stories. I couldn't put Larry McMurtry's *Lonesome Dove* down. I don't think I've ever been moved as much by a modern writer. He really paints characters well. I was also moved by Ken Kesey's *Cuckoo's Nest*; I read that five times. And I still read Shakespeare, just to hear myself say a different language.

PLAYBOY: What about musical influences?

WILLIS: I grew up with the Philadelphia sound and Motown. I listen to Muddy Waters, John Lee Hooker, Mississippi Fred McDowell, Mott the Hoople, the Stones, Jimi Hendrix. My favorite album is *Foxtrot*, by Genesis, Peter Gabriel's group. Best jazz is Miles Davis' *Kind of Blue*. Best country-western singer: Merle Haggard. Best pop: David Bowie, Sting. Best rock and roll: Led Zeppelin. Best voices in the world: Barbra Streisand, Frank Sinatra, Tony Bennett.

PLAYBOY: What about yourself? How do you rate your own voice?

WILLIS: I've never been really happy with the sound of my voice. I'm more a hollerer than a singer. Sinatra sings, I holler loudly in key. But I was the first white artist ever to sign with Motown, and my album ended up doing well; but if I had my way, I would have scrapped a bunch of the stuff on the album and started over with my new knowledge about how to approach it. But I would have done the album for free; it was just a fun thing to do.

PLAYBOY: What has been your greatest musical thrill?

WILLIS: Sitting next to Ray Charles on the piano bench and having him play *You Don't Know Me* to just the crew. That was the coolest thing. That's my ace number-one thrill of all time.

PLAYBOY: And here we thought you'd say it was the day you got Little Richard to perform your marriage ceremony.

WILLIS: Yeah, he performed the ceremony, but he was very subdued. Everybody's first impression was that he was going to come in and *be* Little Richard.

PLAYBOY: How did you choose him?

WILLIS: We just heard he was available. He's ordained. It made it really special. It was a great wedding.

PLAYBOY: It was actually your second wedding to Demi, wasn't it?

WILLIS: Yeah, it was more a celebration of the first wedding. We got married first in Las Vegas. We wanted to keep the ceremony very private, something that only we had, that we owned, that was ours forever. The last thing we wanted was to remember our wedding day with helicopters flying over the house and people trying to get at us. So we did it exactly how we wanted: We had two friends there, one of Demi's and one of mine. And this lady married us. It was very special and very loving. And the second wedding was a ceremony that Demi and I both wrote. We wrote a song. And each came up with 13 of our closest friends. All my guys got together and sang the song we wrote as they came up the aisle. And Little Richard performed the ceremony, and then we threw a great party. We rented a sound stage. I danced at my own wedding.

PLAYBOY: How did you meet Demi?

WILLIS: At a screening of a movie. When we were introduced, I didn't really pay all that much attention to her; my mind was elsewhere. I was thinking about getting into the theater with a minimum of hassle. But when I bumped into her again later that night, it was like—*boing!* And we were together after that all the time.

PLAYBOY: Was it immediate for her as well?

WILLIS: She came along a little slower. She was real hesitant. Prior to meeting her, I had no desire to be in a relationship or fall in love, because I was just healing myself from getting out of a three-year relationship. But when I met her, all that stuff went out the window.

PLAYBOY: The relationship you were getting out of was with Sheri Rivera. How important was she in your life?

WILLIS: She helped me a lot. I met her during the final stages of my stay in New York. She was very supportive of me as an actor at a time when no one else was, when I was very singular in my desire to become an actor. She was caring and very loving and understood my desires. She introduced me to people. She helped me get my agent, which eventually led to *Moonlighting*. So she was a real strong influence. When we broke up, it was hard for both of us. There

had been a lot of time invested. It was difficult and painful, but it just wasn't meant to be.

PLAYBOY: And then along came Demi.

WILLIS: I guess all the experiences that I've been through brought me to my wife, where I would know enough to love her the way I want to love her. That's what that whole eight months prior to meeting her was about. It was getting it out of my system. I was ready to give up that hard-living lifestyle.

PLAYBOY: No more temptations?

WILLIS: I don't think I would have gotten married if I felt that I would still be tempted. I'm very satisfied with my wife. It's my first completely honest relationship. It's a very freeing thing, a great release. I don't have anything to hide anymore, to lie about. She knows all my secrets. I like myself when I'm with her. I'm at my most tender, my most gentle, my most laughing, caring self. I like to hang out with my wife. People say, "What's married life like?" I say, "It's just like real life, only better."

PLAYBOY: Would you like to act with her?

WILLIS: I don't think we're going to do it. Once we got married, people started getting the idea, "Let's put them in a movie together!" But we would rather keep the work separate.

PLAYBOY: Are you planning on having a lot of kids?

WILLIS: That's what I'm trying to talk her into. I want to get my own softball team.

PLAYBOY: What do you think fatherhood will do to you?

WILLIS: Having a kid will make me a little more mellow. It makes me want to get out of TV, so I can go play with my kid. I would like now to take a couple of years off; Demi can go to work if she wants. I have no problem with that at all. I've been working really hard the past three and a half years, and she wants to work again. A lot of that shit about the man works, the woman stays home in the kitchen has no meaning in my life. It's like a cartoon.

PLAYBOY: Do you really think you can duck out of the limelight?

WILLIS: Being in the spotlight, being a household name, is a novelty that has worn off for me. The spotlight's still on and I'm not complaining, but some days, man, it's just hard being me. I would really like to be able to throw a switch just for a short period of time and be anonymous again and let go of all the pressure and the structure and the business that my life has become. And while I know that there is no such switch, I still keep looking for it.

PLAYBOY: Your friends must help you relieve some of that.

WILLIS: My friends keep me grounded. They don't put me up on the same pedestal that a lot of other people do, thank God. You could take all this away from me, everything—the money, the fame, the blah-blah-blah, the whole nine yards, man—if I had my friends and my family, I'd be fine.



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THE MEN WHO WOULD BE PRESIDENT

article

By Robert Scheer

ROCKEFELLER'S WALLET, CARTER'S LUST, REAGAN'S JOKES. . . . IN THE PAST, ROBERT SCHEER HAS GIVEN *PLAYBOY* READERS PRESIDENTIAL PORTRAITS OF THE CANDIDATES. HERE IS HIS REPORT ON GEORGE BUSH AND MICHAEL DUKAKIS

GEORGE BUSH was in his element. Throttling forward, with a wide grin on his face, he powered his cigarette boat up to max and headed straight for the dock, frightening his passengers before turning at the last moment to avoid a collision. Ha-ha! Up in his ancestral summer homeland of Maine, he's known as that kind of yachtsman.

Guts or nuts? I don't know, probably just wild sport. Bush has spent a lifetime throwing himself utterly into whatever game he's playing. All I know is that it's not something Michael Dukakis would do. Dukakis is measured; Bush, hyper.

When the campaign plane pulls up on the tarmac in some Godforsaken hot watering hole in the Midwest, Dukakis disembarks to use his allotted 15 minutes to toss a football with his aides. His playtime is also his worktime. No sense of abandon here. The ball will be thrown, muscles will be limbered and flattering press photos will be taken. A good use of time, which pleases Dukakis considerably.

Different strokes, yes. But who are these men? They both survived the grueling pace of the primaries by not revealing too much of themselves. Now the curtain is drawn tighter as thousands of us journalists will trip over one another observing them throughout the fall. I have been at this juncture before, going all the way back to Nixon and Kennedy, and I know that now the TV packaging will begin in earnest: What we learn will be by accident and little more.

When they were jostling for media space in a tight crowd of primary candidates, you could still learn something. With Bush, it means looking back to the last time he was

really out there, vulnerable, in a competitive primary pack, in the early days before the 1980 election, before he wrapped himself in the protective mantle of Vice-President. There were a few times back then when I was the only reporter in his fold and was able to interview him for hours on end. With Dukakis, it means going back to this past May, when he still had Jesse Jackson on his hands going into the California primary. His handlers seemed to think that several hours of interviews with me, a reporter for the *Los Angeles Times*, would be useful.

So it is midsummer and I now go back over my taped interviews and notes, as I did for previous elections when I wrote profiles of Jimmy Carter and Ronald Reagan for this magazine, even as I continued to cover the campaign through the conventions and into the fall. I've tried to read the histories of Bush and Dukakis, something I think we reporters don't do enough, and add to that what glints I could get from my own professional encounters with them. Not for the nugget, the almighty anecdote—we'll get a million of those before this campaign is through—but for clues as to what they really believe about issues, how they behave under pressure.

On one level, the contrast is obvious. Everyone I have talked with who really knows Dukakis ends up with the same summary refrain: "What you see is what you get." The Greek governor is controlled, efficient, never wasteful of emotion or effort. Friends call him Michael, not Mike, and none of them recalls him referring to himself as Greek before he got into politics. Despite suppressing his ethnic background, he carried his heritage with him. His father made him learn the language and customs of Greece. His acquaintances don't all put it exactly that way,

the perennial bridesmaid tries to win one without the gipper . . .



but the sense one has is that the stereotype rings true: Dukakis is a first-generation American with a funny name still proving that he can be trusted to run the store; the do-gooder superachiever looking for a load to bear so they'll let him stay.

Bush, the scion of an old-line political family, on the testimony of his peers, really does act as if he were born to run anything he damn well was interested in running. He has always belonged. His achievements were his for the asking, largely honorific; no one thought to judge seriously his performance.

It does neither man a disservice to suggest, based on an exhaustive reading of the record and personal contact, that one, Dukakis, set out to change the world, first with a reformer's zeal and later, after being chastised by electoral defeat, with a technocrat's crawl. And that the other, Bush, delighted in the world as it was and sought only its and his own refinement.

This is to suggest not that Bush is generally frivolous—there are obviously many things he cares deeply about, from family to country to public service—but that he doesn't take the role of Government to be all that important. Never once that I know of has Bush urgently pinpointed some need in the society that Government need fulfill. He is an evangelist of the status quo, a born-again believer in what *is* rather than what might be.

To understand Bush, one has to get past the credit lines that he endlessly unrolls. History? Start with his autobiography, *Looking Forward*. It reads like a letter a kid might send home from college. There's all the upbeat fun stuff—the wonderful people he met, the beautiful scenery, the moments of thrilling action—but nothing about what he *learned* from all that broadening. He exudes the conviction that Congress was “exciting” for two terms, the United Nations “frustrating” for two years, Peking “intriguing,” the CIA “stimulating” for one year and the Vice-Presidency “interesting” every darn day of his term.

But his autobiography offers little evidence of real achievement other than his dazzling personal mobility—there is only skilled footwork at avoiding the obvious pitfalls. As a Congressman, he seems proudest of the fact that he managed, after initial hesitation, to reject the support of the John Birch Society. At the UN, Ambassador Bush, who had long opposed the admission of Communist China, was kept in the dark on Nixon's betrayal of Taiwan until the last moment. In China, as our first Liaison Officer, he had to keep out of the way of Henry Kissinger, who didn't approve of Bush's glad-handing. At the CIA, Director Bush invited in the now-infamous Team B, outside hawks who demoralized the professional staff. But it is Bush's enduring strength that all these assignments were merely sturdy rungs on the ladder. “On to the next event,” he told his UN staff after Taiwan was kicked out. As Barry Bearak documents in his *L.A. Times* profile of Bush, there never was a sense of failure.

Dukakis, by contrast, seems almost obsessed by his errors of the past. He learned early in his career that he was not immune to failure. Bolting out of the gates of Harvard Law School, Dukakis chalked up one quick victory after another as a new breed of reformer challenging the entrenched and corrupt Democratic old guard in Massachusetts. He was playing in one of the toughest leagues of ethnic and patronage politics and, amazingly, he beat them by winning the governorship.

Then it was his turn to show his stuff, and the new governor did so boldly—out with patronage and perks, drive a Chevrolet, bring in a dynamic government that services people's needs. But then the voters threw him out.

“That defeat in 1978 was a very important experience,” Dukakis recently said. “I think if you get hurt, you are going to be a more sensitive and a more understanding person, and I am these days, much more than I was prior to when that happened.” One should dwell on that a bit, because, as we will see, Dukakis' electoral failure haunted his political evolution. In defeat, he returned to Harvard, this time to the Kennedy School of Government, to nurse his political wounds and figure out what had gone wrong—and to immerse himself in the new hard-boiled post-McGovern liberalism that was based on partnerships, corporate and otherwise, rather than confrontation.

I remember that period, having attended seminars with Dukakis and having observed the grouping of a new political tribe with him at the Kennedy Center. What emerged in his next stint as governor was a rejection of much of traditional Hubert Humphrey liberalism and an acceptance of new high-tech concepts of efficient government management. Play down the divisive race, class and social issues, play up competency. That and, a cynic might add, hold your breath for the national economy to improve and defense dollars to expand to float the Massachusetts miracle. Some felt that that miracle was more than aided by a Pentagon co-opting Massachusetts' labs and brains.

Whether militarily induced or not, the new package worked and more or less continues to work successfully, and Dukakis was overwhelmingly re-elected. He now has a ten-year record of real programs with quite a few accomplishments. But his every action indicates that he remains nervous about his grip on power. He had been thrown out in 1978 for reasons he still considers minor and irrational—his opponent bested him on issues such as abortion, the legal drinking age and capital punishment, which Dukakis feels are hardly central to government. So he now hears the footsteps that torment many liberals—the footsteps of an unwashed middle America that may be too easily moved to illiberal positions. In the club of the powerful, liberals like Dukakis always fear that they are “passing.” Indeed, at the Democratic Convention, the word liberal was never uttered by Dukakis spokesmen, who used the word progressive instead. Enthusiasm for the Democratic Party's legacy of reform was left to Jesse Jackson's people, while the Dukakis Yuppies were running as fast as their Reeboks could take them from their party's history.

Bush does not seem haunted by *any* sense of history. Indeed, his unwillingness or inability to look back is, I think, a major source of his strengths and his failures. When I first interviewed him, I was struck by his cavalier and, at times, even contemptuous attitude toward the past—“all that ancient history,” as he put it, referring to Watergate and the Pentagon-papers case, which had occurred a scant eight years before. As if, by definition, history's being old was, as an informing guide, simply useless.

The subject came up while I was flying with him in a little plane in 1980. It was before he won the Iowa primary that catapulted him to electoral prominence and he wasn't being taken that seriously as a Presidential candidate. I had been assigned by the *L.A. Times* to interview *all* the candidates, and, as it happened, Bush had a stopover in L.A. on his way to Santa Barbara. With only a couple of

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hours' notice, I rushed into our library and began feverishly pulling clips and throwing them into my briefcase.

By the time I sat down next to Bush on the plane, with just enough room for a press aide and the two pilots, I could talk only about L.A. traffic, and the two of us chatted amicably about that and the Oakland Raiders, who were playing that night on *Monday Night Football*. It was fun and relaxed until I remembered why I was there and pulled out a handful of clips that I had gone over in the taxi on the way to the airport. A few of the articles concerned Bush's performance as head of the Republican National Committee during Watergate and his stint as head of the CIA. I asked him about new regulations at the CIA, including one that increased the penalty for someone who leaks information, and I asked whether he thought it should have applied to the Pentagon-papers case. Here's the exchange:

SCHEER: Do you think *The New York Times* was correct in publishing the Pentagon papers?

BUSH: I haven't thought about it, frankly. If everything *The New York Times* can get its hands on— No. I think there are some constraints, some legitimacy to the concept of national security.

SCHEER: Well, do you think that should have applied to the Pentagon-papers case?

BUSH: I told you, I don't have a judgment, I don't have— I don't remember all that ancient history.

SCHEER: Well, it isn't so ancient.

BUSH: I've told you my position, and you're not going to get an answer.

SCHEER: It's important because—

BUSH: Well, it's important to you and it's not that important. . . . I've told you my position.

SCHEER: It was important to President Nixon, who you worked with, and he argued that the leak in the Pentagon-papers case was so severe that it threatened the foundations of our Government, and that was the reason for the whole "Plumber's Unit" and Watergate—right?

BUSH: I don't recall what he argued on that—couldn't be less interested.

SCHEER: In Watergate?

BUSH: Yes, in that whole area.

SCHEER: Do you think there are any lessons to be learned—

BUSH: Yes, some of them—don't break the law and don't lie.

SCHEER: Nixon's argument is that he was protecting national security.

BUSH: Interesting.

SCHEER: You said you didn't want to explore Watergate again, but there's one statement I want to ask you about. You once said, "I applaud

President Nixon's comprehensive statement, which clearly demonstrates again that the President himself was not involved with the Watergate matter."

BUSH: It came out to the contrary—oh, come on.

SCHEER: What I want to ask you is—

BUSH: Go back and read the whole goddamn thing that happened after this! What kind of reporting are you doing?

At this, Bush exploded. His drink almost flew out of his hand, and he was shouting. Only when we changed the subject did he calm down. I remember being impressed that when I interviewed candidate Ronald Reagan in that same period, he would answer similar questions without the slightest strain. Reagan, in the style to which we have become accustomed, would break off into stage-whispered jokes, anecdotes and reminiscences—but eventually, he met the questions head on, without any fuss.

I encountered the Bush temper again after my interview was published. This time, the tension was not over Watergate but over a portion of the interview about fighting a nuclear war. Bush had made a remark to me that caused an uproar in the press, threatening to derail his campaign that year. Reporters were hounding him about what he'd said—that a nuclear war was winnable—and it began to take its toll. At first, he more or less denied saying it, until reporters called me and asked to hear the taped interview. Then he shifted his stance and said that the media were misinterpreting what he had told me. Then he began to lose it. "Just read it!" he shouted at one reporter.

For the record, here it is, verbatim:

SCHEER: Don't we reach a point with these strategic weapons where we can wipe one another out so many times and no one wants to use them or is willing to use them, that it really doesn't matter whether we're ten percent or two percent lower or higher?

BUSH: Yes, if you believe there is no such thing as a winner in a nuclear exchange, that argument makes a little sense. I don't believe that.

SCHEER: How do you win in a nuclear exchange?

BUSH: You have a survivability of command and control, survivability of industrial potential, protection of a percentage of your citizens, and you have a capability that inflicts more damage on the opposition than it can inflict upon you. That's the way you can have a winner, and the Soviets' planning is based on the ugly concept of a winner in a nuclear exchange.

SCHEER: Do you mean, like five percent would survive? Two percent?

BUSH: More than that—if everybody fired everything he had, you'd have more than that survive.

I was off the campaign when the interview ran and rejoined it some weeks later. I was waiting at Midway Airport in Chicago in the chartered-airplane holding room, where the Secret Service agent had positioned me, all the right-colored tags around my neck and on my luggage giving me the appearance of a bedraggled refugee. I was supposed to rejoin the Bush caravan and was uncertain how I would be received by Bush and his staff. Suddenly, Bush burst through the doors, with staff and agents in tow but without the media pack that had been shunted aside to file its stories in a telephone-filled room. This was to be a quiet, down time for him; I had evidently been placed in the wrong holding cell.

Bush was clearly taken aback. He caught my eye in mid-stride, which for Bush is sort of a gallop, with one leg wriggling up in mid-air, an arm holding a trench coat and a briefcase stuck off to the side, his head cocked at a 45-degree angle and his mouth wide open. He looked like a character out of Dr. Seuss, and I was about to smile, expecting this odd-looking creature to say something strange but funny. Instead, the face screwed up with rage and was placed about eight inches from my face in what must be man-to-man confrontation favored by prep schoolers. A finger was jabbing the air near my nose and a somewhat squeaky but persistent voice kept repeating, "I want that tape, I want that tape."

I assumed he meant my taped copy of our interview sessions, particularly the portion covering nuclear war. At first, I was apologetic. "Is there something wrong?" I said. "Are you saying you were misquoted? Perhaps we should sit down and go over the text." I'm as inclined as the next person to accommodate the concerns of powerful people. But Bush would have none of it. With his finger still poking the air, he repeated several times, "I want that tape!" which was then followed by the threat to go to my publisher, "whom I know quite well." I was dumfounded at first, then angry.

"You *have* the tape," I said.

"What?"

"Yes, your press people sat in on the interview and taped every second of it. What's the beef?"

Bush then turned on a hapless press aide. "Get me a copy of that tape!"

I was forgotten as he and the entourage rushed past.

Why go into all this now? For two reasons: Bush is not, in my experience, the genial team player so often described by



"You'd better hit the pavement, Frank. If I get the sudden urge to screw, I'll beep you on your little beeper!"

the media that travel with him and that he assiduously and effectively cultivates. When crossed, as he was by Dan Rather recently, a less attractive side may be revealed. But, more important, he really doesn't seem to care very much about the substance of issues. When I asked him about strategies of nuclear war, all he cared about was positioning himself politically. He got into trouble because he wanted to sound tough and on top of things. The fact is, he didn't know what he was talking about. He had been echoing the hawks' argument on the Soviet build-up without having first digested those arguments and their assumptions. One of those assumptions was the notion, absurd as it may sound, that nuclear war is winnable. It was a necessary assumption for fueling the arms race, because if a nuclear war cannot be fought and won, then there is no logical rationalization for ever more refined and more powerful nuclear weapons.

I asked him what I still believe is a reasonable question: Why, with all our nuclear arms, does it matter if we have two percent more or less than the Soviets? He was not interested, as were Reagan, Carter and others I had interviewed, in the substance of the matter. He saw it only as a pitch to be squared off against.

In both his testy meanness and his opportunism, Bush's two more striking characteristics, in my view, he demonstrated the fundamental wellspring of his make-up: Bush is a political survivalist. No matter the status he has occupied in life—Yalie, airman, oil merchant, Congressman, Republican National Chairman, Ambassador to the UN and China, CIA Director and Vice-President—there is only one salient accomplishment: survival.

And not merely survival. As Bearak wrote, it is a matter of heroic survival, survival with the necessary oomph to go on to the next stage, not just getting by but being viewed as a winner. No mean accomplishment, given that even by his own reckoning, in his autobiography, not a single major accomplishment is recorded in any phase of his Government service. Scrutinize the record of his two terms in Congress and you come up with . . . good sailing skills. He was adept at negotiating the shoals between the extreme right wing of his party and the Eastern moderate Republicanism to which he had been born. He defined himself as a "Goldwater Republican" to differentiate himself from the outright fruitcakes of his time. He wasn't crazy enough to be against fluoridation or for legal segregation in housing. But he did reject Martin Luther King, Jr., as "militant," was against the landmark Civil Rights Act when he first ran for Congress, until he was finally persuaded to

vote for it four years later, opposed Medicare and favored the use of nuclear weapons in the Vietnam war if "militarily prudent."

Asked about the hard-right positions he took, Bush's response today is that he came from a conservative district in Texas and that those were centrist positions in that part of the country. Whoa, partner. The man at the other end of the spectrum from Bush, pushing civil rights and Medicare, was a Senator named Lyndon Johnson—who represented all of Texas in the nation's capital.

In fact, at the time, as L.B.J. tried to find support for both bills, Bush spoke out against both the civil rights bill, saying, "It violates the civil and constitutional rights of all the people," and the Medicare bill, saying it would lead to "socialized medicine." He has since spoken out for both bills, but only after it would have been politically suicidal to do anything else. He now supports them both, incidentally, as if he had never believed otherwise.

The problem is not that Bush, by his current standards, was wrong, but that he gives no indication of having learned anything from his mistakes. We are talking about education here or the lack thereof. His autobiography reeks of *noblesse oblige*. This man has been plopped into more interesting circumstances in any given week than most people dream of in a lifetime; yet it is as if he's only gone from one mindless cocktail party to another. He tells us nowhere that anything he encountered in Congress, at the CIA, at the UN or in China, or that any of the thousands of trips, meetings, jobs, conversations, tours altered his view of the world. He is the political surfer, ever more effectively riding the waves, marveling at this retention of youthfulness.

Reagan, that sunny apostle of eternal youth, is nourished by a powerful set of beliefs. Bush's momentum hangs on the action of the moment, but Reagan, a man who believes things deeply and truly, is driven by much more. Nancy and I may be the only intellectuals in the country to still believe this, but I *know* Reagan to be a man of political substance.

Reagan may have had some cockamamie reactions to life's experiences, from the Hollywood blacklist days to his meetings with Mikhail Gorbachev; he may get his facts and even his most personal experiences wrong, such as thinking he liberated concentration camps in Europe when he was never there. But through it all, there is a man who cares deeply about what he thinks he has seen—be it dead babies in an abortionist's bottle or the Red menace. Reagan can change, as he has demonstrated in his dealings with Gorbachev, but there is in that change the sense of a mind, however slowly and resisting, working

through a problem important to him.

Not so George Bush. In his race for the Senate, Bush held that "if Red China should be admitted to the UN, then the UN is hopeless and we should withdraw." But when Nixon began the process of opening relations with Red China, Bush was first on board, as Ambassador to that same dread UN presiding over the admission of Red China and acquiescing to the expulsion of Taiwan. Then George and Barbara could be found bicycling happily in Peking when Bush served as the first U.S. Liaison Officer to what was still Mao's China.

Why does that switch signify something, especially since Nixon was the biggest switcher of all? Because with Bush, there was something so *flighty* about his shifts of position, which are always delivered with unbridled enthusiasm, never with a scintilla of angst. Nixon anguished over his shift and, indeed, developed the Nixon Doctrine to justify it as a necessary step in a new era of limits. Bush acts like someone who has just gone along for the ride.

Bush once believed that the U.S. forces must win in Vietnam "no matter what weapons they use," because the Red Chinese were our real enemy there. So having tea with Mao must not have been as routine an occurrence as his autobiography indicates. But maybe it was just another wonderful soiree.

According to his autobiography, Bush hadn't known there was tension between the Soviet Union and China until he found himself at a chilly gathering with diplomats from both Communist powers in the residence of the French ambassador to the UN in the early Seventies. How could he not have known? The Soviets and Chinese Communists have been at odds since 1927, and the Sino-Soviet dispute was full-blown by 1960, when they were already skirmishing on their border, before the Vietnam war.

But search Bush's autobiography or the totality of his speeches, interviews and writings since, and there is not one word of serious re-examination of his earlier views of Red China or of the evolution of U.S. policy.

Why bother with all this "ancient history"? Because it goes to the main Bush claim on the Presidency: that he has *been* there. That he is, in the slogan of his 1980 campaign, "A President we won't have to train." He runs first and foremost on résumé. But his most important foreign-policy experience prior to becoming Vice-President, by his own claim, involves China. And in that area, his education was so intellectually paltry, so breezily anecdotal and so arrogantly indifferent to elementary rules of logical consistency or historical accountability as to render Reagan, by comparison, a

(continued on page 172)

forget the donkeys,
forget the elephants.
meet the nation's
favorite daughters

WOMEN OF WASHINGTON

text by RUDY MAXA

IS IT SOMETHING in Washington's water? Walk through the halls of Congress, take a summer stroll through Georgetown at night, meander down Connecticut Avenue during lunch hour. Park yourself by the Pentagon parking lots. What you'll see are svelte, sexy young women who would look at home and *soignée* on the boulevards of Milan or the streets of Monte Carlo. Most of these women are from Somewhere Else, drawn to the nation's capital by the promise of *(text concluded on page 96)*

Adding another dimension to a trio of politicians below are four of D.C.'s Capitol attractions. From left are Staci Leigh, a native of Marquette, Michigan; Michael Dukakis of Brookline, Massachusetts; Sherrie Echarté of Washington, D.C.; Ronald Reagan of Tampico, Illinois; Deenie Hale of Baltimore, Maryland; George Bush of Milton, Massachusetts; and Leslie Glass, also from Baltimore.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID CHAN







Here again is model Staci Leigh (opposite), who lives in Fairfax, Virginia. Not one for D.C.'s hustle-bustle ("I don't like politics, people with an attitude or women's libbers"), Staci dreams of someday owning a house in the tropics. When she's not behind her desk at the Defense Department, Michele Edison (above) can probably be found camping out in the Shenandoah Valley. Turn-on jokes aside, Michele is actually a direct descendant of the fellow who came up with the light bulb. From the Department of Agriculture is Yvette Street (below left), a poet, piano player and—if she has her way—future princess to Prince. And Georgia's Pamela Pashkovsky (below right) is currently working as a security aide in the United States Senate. What's Pam's main ambition once her Congressional gig is over? "Retirement."





Hot on the campaign trail (above left) is feisty fashion model Lesly Brown. A devotee of Chinese food, karate and traveling, Lesly plans to trade her make-up case for an attaché case and become a lawyer. Cynthia Curtis (above right) is president of an engineering-reprographics firm with offices at the Goddard Space Flight Center. A confessed free spirit, she'll drop everything to see an Eddie Murphy movie. Below, meet Stacey Lutz, a diehard clubgoer and jet setter who enjoys weekend hops to New York, London and L.A. If her photo brings a smile to your face, fellas, make sure it's a sparkling one: Stacey's a dental assistant. Carolynne Connor (opposite) is an administrator for a Washington landscaping company. She says she's a member of one of the District's original families, the first generation of which "raised cattle on the lawn near the Monument."









Say hi again to Leslie Glass (opposite), a secretary and former skate-boarding champion. Partial to "shopping till I drop" and "eating nachos at midnight," Leslie raves about her 86-year-old great-grandmother, "who thinks my posing for *Playboy* is wonderful." Clearly, Colleen Cerniglia (above left) is most at home around water, listing beachcombing, scuba diving and island hopping as favorite pastimes. Attention, yachtsmen: She likes her guys "in cologne and tight jeans." Sharing the spotlight with Old Glory above right is Mimi Faillace, a California native and Virginia model whose dad is with the World Bank in Africa. Lisa Pittarelli (below) definitely has a way with figures: She's an accountant with the Federal Home Loan Mortgage Corporation and has been a finalist in the Miss Nation's Capital and Miss Virginia beauty contests.





Upstaging the Washington Monument (above) is, once again, Baltimore's Deenie Hale, a dancer and co-anchor for the TV show *Washington Style*. When away from the studio lights, Deenie prefers to cool down with cherry Popsicles and dips in the pool. Ask aerobics instructor Gwendolyn Rogers (below) about role models, and she'll light up. "I have this thing about Vanity," she says. "When I die, I want to come back as her. She's one of the, if not *the*, prettiest black women in America." Any other passions, Gwen? "Sushi," she admits. "It's almost as good as sex." Cindy Rich (opposite) is a secretary and a backup singer with a rock-and-roll band. Like every good American, Cindy will cast her Presidential vote in November. Where does she stand politically? She's an unabashed member of the Bush league.





career and adventure. And who can blame them? When Washington takes over the nightly news and dominates the front pages of newspapers, the city assumes the glitter and glamor of power.

Perhaps that is what makes Washington women so interesting. They are on the move. They are here for a purpose.

Politics, of course, is still largely a man's business (of 100 Senators, only two are female; and of 435 Representatives, 22 are female). But women continue to make history—whether it's Sandra Day O'Connor on the Supreme Court, Elizabeth Dole in the Cabinet or Texas treasurer Ann Richards helping shape the destiny of her party. And not a few have penetrated the corridors of power to bask in the reflected glow of, well, their men. Who can forget the stunning Fawn Hall, who riveted attention during the Iran/Contra hearings?

Perhaps it is precisely the fact that Washington is a man's town that causes the women to sparkle so brightly. The limelight enhances any woman. And raises questions. Only in Washington would Fawn Hall's boss, Oliver North, feel compelled to defend her virtue (and his) before the world, assuring Congress that he and his secretary had never been romantically involved. The lieutenant colonel's defensiveness was understandable; Fawn would not have been the first to stake out her own territory in this lair of the opposite sex. True, not every Washington woman goes as far as Rita Jenrette, the Congressman's wife who decided that she was sick of attending Moose Lodge meetings in South Carolina and having constituents show up at her Washington doorstep asking for lodging. When Jenrette posed nude for *Playboy* in 1981, she set Washington on its ear, violating every unwritten rule of the Congressional wife as the long-suffering helpmate.

She also gave the city a little glamor; Washington is fundamentally a conservative town, not the Sodom portrayed by some politicians campaigning to replace incumbent sinners. Journalist Barbara Howar once described sex in Washington as "Henry Kissinger slowing down to 35 miles per hour to drop you off from a date," and there's some truth in that. Politics is the engine that drives the city, and, like gambling, it can make a man or a woman forget about sex. But, in the right hands, power—as Kissinger observed when he explained why leggy blondes seemed to enjoy his company—can be an aphrodisiac. In his own league, a politician is a rock star, catered to by a staff whose jobs depend on his success, quoted by the press, flattered and lobbied by special-interest groups. He gets invitations to the right parties and tickets to sold-out events. Even a paunchy, middle-aged



When D.C. lobbyist Paula Parkinson (above), star of a November 1980 *Playboy* pictorial, was asked about rumors of hanky-panky with George Bush's V.P. choice Dan Quayle, she said she and Quayle hadn't actually slept together during a 1980 vacation in Florida. "He wanted to, but I was there as Tom Evans' date," she said. "We flirted a lot and danced *extremely* close and suggestively. He said he wanted to make love."

Congressman of little account from a Midwest farm district can parlay those perks into sex appeal.

So imagine the allure of the high and the mighty. Washington women, whatever their station, share a finely tuned sensibility to the possibilities of glamor and power. For their part, men must learn one simple rule: Don't get caught. Because, lest we forget, hypocrisy still reigns in Washington. In a town where a person's best currency is his reputation, the stakes are high for both sexes. Yet politically shrewd and powerful men have shown a lemminglike willingness to make fools of themselves—and wrecks of their careers—for the sake of Washington women, the very ladies one sees on Connecticut Avenue (and in *Playboy* pictorials). Nor did the history of such shenanigans start with J.F.K. or Gary Hart. Comedian Mark Russell likes to joke that Thomas Jefferson was so loved by his slaves that some had a special name for him: Dad. There was Grover Cleveland's illegitimate child and a host of lesser-known scandals.

Is it the allure of Washington women that makes their escapades the stuff of headlines? Certainly, these capital women have prompted some bizarre behavior. Consider the influential Congressman who was stopped for speeding one autumn night. His mistress—who worked as a stripper—jumped out of his car and leaped into the Tidal Basin as startled police watched; it was the opening chapter of the Wilbur Mills—Fanne Foxe scandal in 1974. And would anyone believe that weeks later, he joined her on stage at a Boston burlesque house?

Or what about the curvy Capitol Hill

secretary who permitted *Washington Post* reporters to follow her on dates with her boss, a Congressman, because she was miffed that she hadn't been invited to his wedding reception? That was the explosion in 1976 of the Wayne Hays—Elizabeth Ray scandal.

Perhaps no story is as telling as that of Paula Parkinson, the blonde lobbyist who had a love affair with Representative Tom Evans, a married Delaware Republican whose star was on the ascent when his friend Ronald Reagan became President. The relationship doomed Evans' re-election but inspired Parkinson and her husband to consider secretly video-taping politicians having sex with her. The scheme never got past the fantasy stage, but Parkinson's back in the news with tales of a 1980 "golf vacation" in which she shared a Florida house with Evans, another Congressman and George Bush's V.P. choice, Dan Quayle.

It may be the perceived drabness of Washington that draws such attention to sexual scandal. Or maybe we simply like to be reminded that our often remote Government is composed of men of the flesh, and the Washington woman is imbued with almost magical allure.

Perhaps that's her reward for living in this city that's a playground where men may make the rules but women decide if they want to play. Whether the object of a D.C. man's affection is a secretary or a Secretary of State, she's likely to be savvy, attractive and up on current events. Beware only that her very love of adventure and her charms don't make *her* the current event.





"Much better, Mr. Simpson! Next week, the surrogate will be the horsie and you may wear the cowboy hat."

M O B Y D E C K

**you can call him ishmael. or
you can call him lew. but
when he's cruising on the
biggest tub afloat, just don't
call him late to dinner
travel**

**By LEWIS
GROSSBERGER**

EVERYBODY asks about the food. It's like a universal free-association test. Say the word cruise and 92 percent of the planet's population replies, "How was the food?"

So I'll tell you how was the food: fabulously not bad. I mean, this was not the epicurean delight of a lifetime, but I must have enjoyed it, because I averaged six and a half meals a day.

It was easy. You could breakfast in your stateroom any time of morning. You could do it again at your assigned table in the dining room and again at late risers' breakfast in a café. You could lunch in the dining room and then outdoors. You could take afternoon tea (which included sandwiches, cookies and cake) in a café. You could dine in the dining room. You could gorge at the midnight buffet. After one A.M., you could snack in the night club. And you could always get a sandwich from room service.

I did.

Everyone did. That's what you're there for, right? You mailed your check (for \$2350, if you were me) before you sailed, so now *it's all free!*

And they're always shoving it at your face. Your waiter (not to mention your bus boy, your headwaiter, your sommelier and your bar waiter) hovers, pathetically eager to please. Your entree OK? Want to try another instead? Can't decide between key-lime pie and cherries jubilee? Here, have both. Have some swan Chantilly, too. À la mode, of course. Hey, you can diet next week.

Oh, have I mentioned that I inhabited the world's newest, sleekest, most passengerful ship, the Homerically hyped Sovereign of the Seas herself? Sorry, I might have omitted a few tangential details, engrossed as I was in the vital matter of nourishment.

Sovereign of the Seas—how's that for a pretentious name? I mean, who's the admiral of this majestic vessel? Alexander the Great? Zeus? Obviously, the christening department at Royal Caribbean Cruise Line wasn't going to futz around with the standard Scandinavian Duchess stuff this time. Not when launching the hottest new package in the hottest new old industry in travel. "CRUISING BACK FROM OBLIVION, BIGGER THAN EVER!" That's what *Time* and *Travel in Legions* and TV and all the newspaper travel supplements say. "THE BIG SHIPS ARE BACK AND SOVEREIGN'S BIGGEST!"

Well, the Sov is, in fact (you should pardon the expression), titanic. As the pearly protuberance loomed in my cab window, visible far from her Miami mooring, I could only blurt, "Holy Ahab! It's too big and white to be anything but a symbol!"

What a tub. The milky monstrosity weighs 74,000 tons, she's twice as high as the Sphinx, three football fields long, holds 2690 passengers and 779 crew members and can generate enough of these bigness stats to fill a billion press releases. No less a personage than Rosalyn Carter christened her, then boarded with Jimmy and the entire clan for the maiden voyage, a week before mine. (Carter luck held true: The ship got stuck in San Juan harbor for a day when a freighter ran aground, blocking exit.) Staggered by her scale, I wandered around the exquisite enormousness in awe. It was hard to remember that this was a ship. The balconied Follies lounge ("largest showroom afloat") is as big as some main rooms in Vegas. There are two movie theaters. Two huge dining rooms. A shopping mall with eight boutiques. My God, there's an atrium! It is five decks high and has glass elevators like those in a Hyatt lobby. It's all brass and marble, mirrored ceilings and circular stairways, fountains and foliage. On the bottom deck, a quartet plays schmaltz on strings and a white baby grand.

Gaga passengers stood on various levels, sucking up the grandeur. Some wore orange life jackets, as a lifeboat drill was scheduled just before sailing. This weird juxtaposition of emergency gear and festive opulence brought on the sensation that I was an extra in the opening scenes of a TV disaster movie and would soon be trapped in an upside-down elevator with the water rising, Shelley Winters screaming in terror and Charlton Heston in a wet suit and scuba tanks heroically trying to torch his way to us through the battered hull. I forcibly expunged this negative vision, because I had decided to be buoyantly happy for a week on the fabulous Sovereign of the Seas, and nothing, nothing would stop me, not catastrophe, not even calories.

I ascended endlessly toward the Viking Crown lounge, a giant glass Frisbee perched 14 unlikely decks above any sensible height, ordered a piña colada and watched as the immaculate immensity beneath me detached herself from land and ordered the city of Miami out of our lives. Miami complied. Its skyline tossed off a flashy-pink twilight effect and slid away to sulk.

I chatted with Neil and Carol, a good-looking *thirtysomething* couple from Montreal, over drinks and peanuts. It was happening. I was starting to feel the major happiness I knew I could. Why? Because I started grasping an all-important truth.

The truth was that ships are no longer a form of transport and cruising has nothing to do with travel. Cruising has to do with country-and-western night, Bingorama, grandmother meetings, shuffleboard, whirlpool, trivia contests (did you know that yak's milk is pink, by the way?), fun fitness, yoga, cabaret shows, wine-appreciation hour, water-balloon toss, Teenie Weenie Bikini Contests, pool games, ping-pong, saunas, aquadynamics, jewelry seminars, aerobics classes, dance classes, napkin-folding classes, tanning, shopping, swimming, jogging, overeating and *shmoosing* in the Viking Crown lounge over a piña colada, watching Miami fade to black.

In other words, the ship is the destination. Once you accept that fact, relax and rid yourself of quaint travelthink such as wanting to understand the people of foreign lands, everything is peachy.

Take the Sovereign's first port of call, Not Haiti. Taking no chances on reality, Royal Caribbean bought its own private peninsula separated from actual Haiti by high, furry green mountains. Not Haiti was paradise. The bleached behemoth anchored prettily in a cove of Caribbean perfection and two big tenders started ferrying greased passengers ashore, where they were met by a token delegation of singing, strumming and dancing natives. Here (continued on page 104)





T H E

S K I N S

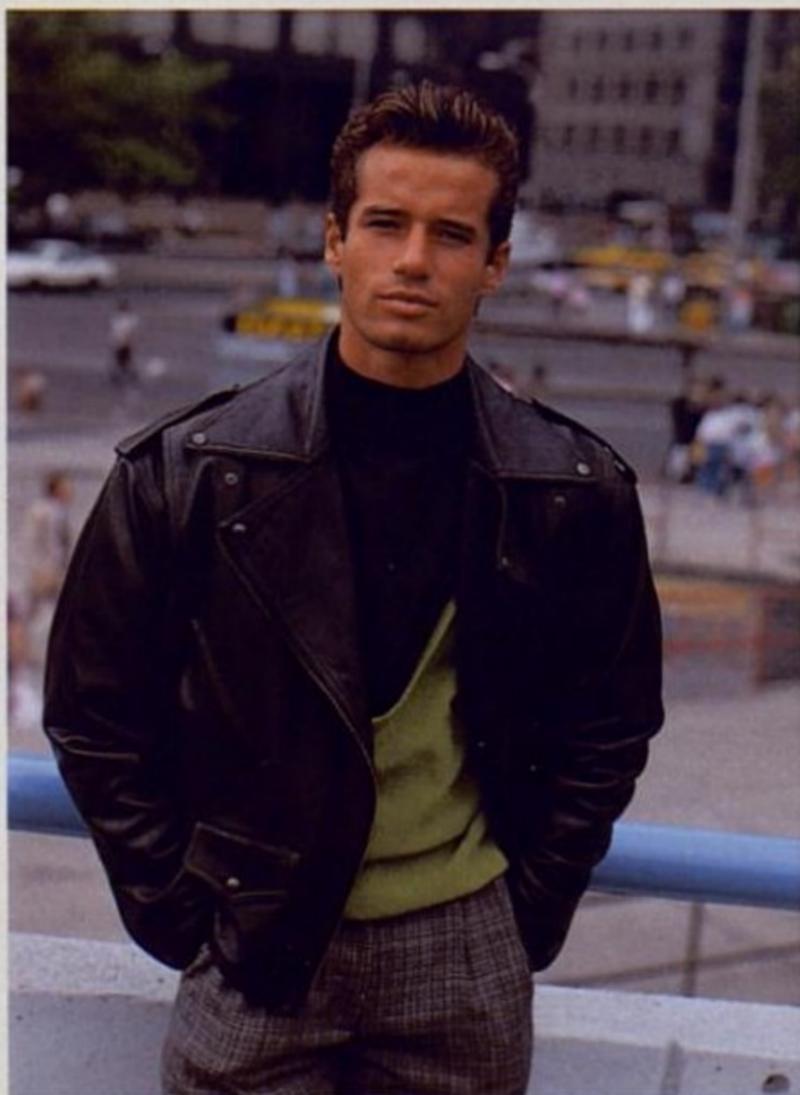
G A M E

playboy plays hide-and-sneak with cold-weather outerwear

part two

fashion By HOLLIS WAYNE

PLAYING THE SKINS GAME with cold-weather coats and jackets is a one-on-one match-up. It's you versus the elements and, because this is no battle for the faint of fashion, we're here to tell you how to win. New tanning treatments have eliminated the bulky road-warrior look of leather, thus reviving interest in sleek versions of such timeless styles as the motorcycle jacket. Shearling is also a fashion wolf in sheep's clothing, car-coat styles being the hides to seek. Washed-leather vests and braided belts are hot looks for cold days, along with heavyweight twill trousers and thick-soled brogues. All of this is no snow job, guys, so get leathered up for winter.



Above left: Deerskin blazer with three-button front and wool lining, \$925, worn over cotton-flannel tattersall shirt, \$125, and wool-tweed trousers, \$185, all by Hugo Boss. Cashmere vest, by Ballantyne for Berk of Burlington Arcade, \$272. Left: Quilt-lined leather motorcycle-style jacket with asymmetric zipper front, \$775, wool/Lycra deep-V-neck sweater with cropped waist, \$130, cotton mock turtleneck, \$50, and wool-tweed crepe pants, \$150, all by Bill Robinson. Right: Three-button shearling jacket with shawl collar, \$2725, worn over cream-striped, alpaca-blend Jacquard knit turtleneck sweater, \$425, and double-pleated wool-flannel trousers, \$330, all by Byblos. One hundred percent lamb's-wool houndstooth muffler with fringed ends, by Elmer Little, \$50. Leather-and-deerskin gloves with snap-out cashmere lining, by Peter Barton, \$162.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DOUGLAS KEEVE
 AND JAMES IMBROGNO





GROOMING BY JOSEPH MC DEVITT FOR PIERRE MICHEL

Left: Tasmanian-lamb field jacket with corduroy-inset double collar, \$650, and cotton pants, \$65, both by Wyoming Red's. Right, clockwise from top: Lizard-covered sunglasses, from Polo by Ralph Lauren Eyewear, \$175. Ostrich eyeglass case, by Luc Benoit, \$325. Deerskin vest, from Polo by Ralph Lauren, \$395. Suede shirt with sterling-silver buttons, by Robert Comstock, \$650. British backpack with brass/leather closures, from George G. Graham Galleries, \$300. Leather/deerskin gloves, by Peter Barton, \$160. Painted rock-look watch, by Genius Dilettante at Margo Hasen, \$190, and dual-time watch, from the Fossil Collection, \$70, sit in a leather box, by Arte Cuoio at Margo Hasen, \$50. Calfskin shoes, by To Boot New York, \$185. Bremen belt, \$120, and caiman belt, \$152, both by Peter Barton. Leather woven suspenders, by Trafalgar, \$85.



MOBY DECK (continued from page 98)

"Shooting skeet was fun. Shooting passengers would have been more fun, but there'd be legal problems."

we swam, sunned, snacked, snoozed, snorkeled and snapshot among birds, beaches, butterflies and balmy breezes—without a hint that we were in the most miserable, wretched, screwed-up nation in the Western Hemisphere.

A few hours later, we were contentedly ferried back to the snowy stupendousness, watched Not Haiti recede into our past, had more eats and made for the casino, lounge, disco or movie of our choice without a ripple in the seamless purr of our existence.

An entire country had been transformed into just another pleasant entertainment provided by our friendly cruise director, no different from a shipboard activity like, say, skeet shooting.

I'd always wanted to try skeet shooting, the one sport (except maybe playing slot machines) in which you get to yell "Pull!" I nailed two of the little suckers and didn't feel a bit sorry. (You wonder, though, Isn't there a pollution problem here? How many billions of blasted skeet have fallen over the aeons to the Caribbean floor? Will underwater skeet mountains flabbergast future archaeologists?) Shooting skeet was noisy but fun. Shooting passengers would have been more fun, but, OK, I can see where there'd be legal problems.

Passengers—now, there was a trial. The cruise crowd. Out of 2081 people, you'd think there would be five or six you could talk to beyond the "Hi, where you from?" stage. I tried. I worked my way through 12,000 or 13,000 one morning and found all the people I had long ago left my home town to avoid. They ranged from the ancient to the dull to the dead.

Dullest of all was the captain, who resembled an Ingmar Bergman character without subtitles. Every so often, the P.A. would chime and the captain would announce the time, our location, our speed, how deep was the ocean and how blue was the sky. Twice he came back on to say he'd got the time wrong, which started me wondering, with such confusion, whether the ivory imperiousness might not stray from her proper course and bump a Caribbean iceberg (rare but theoretically possible) or wander into range of Cuban naval gunnery practice, and next thing you know, we'd all be in a network-news update, Shelley screaming hysterically and Chuck rescuing her first because she's a star.

Still, one attribute of the captain was

formidable. On the evening of his Gala Cocktail Party (a modest bash for 2000 tossed in two rooms and two seatings), he stood resplendent in formal white at the door of the Gigi dining room to personally greet the guests, many betuxed and begowned (myself beblazered) for the glamorous affair. The ship's photographer was poised to commemorate this occasion at the moment of handshake.

Next day, the photos were displayed in a lobby. (You could buy yours for five dollars.) Hundreds upon hundreds of them lined the walls, and here was the extraordinary part: Our skipper was dead-on perfect *in every single one!* No blinks, no cheesy fading grins. Nothing but full-face, wide-eyed, smiling sea captain with major tooth display. Can you possibly appreciate the endurance, the character required for such mastery? This was no ordinary man. This was a public-relations giant.

The only eccentrics I spotted on board were a Karl Marx double from Texas and France who was on his umpteenth cruise and floated about with a video camera permanently attached to his face, and a jovial band of gays dressed in homemade naval-officer uniforms who held a perpetual happy hour in their cabin. They had music, balloons, coconuts, a blender and a well-stocked bar, and they kept mixing piña coladas and handing them to anyone who came along until the party spilled way down the corridor.

They represented an unacceptably small percentage of amusing individuals.

But I was undismayed by substandard passenger quality, because it was obvious that you don't need people to be happy aboard Moby Deck. I had a library with leather furniture and the latest best sellers. I had blackjack in the Casino Royale. I had exotic teas fetched by exotic little Filipinos in slit skirts at the charming French café. I had a nightly chocolate on my pillow and a constantly replenished bowl of fruit, courtesy of George, my ever-smiling cabin steward. I had Puerto Rico and St. Thomas, U.S. Virgin Islands, delivered outside my stateroom window.

St. Thomas had taxi drivers with such colorful names as Cobra and Godfather and bars called Wet Willie's and Fat Man's. As a cruise, however, you instinctively avoid the interesting. In St. Thomas, you shun the entire town of Charlotte Amalie—except for one street,

a long seaside avenue jammed with stores, all of them selling expensive bargains. All cruises immediately head for shop street. It oozes with them. But walk literally *one block away* and you will see not a single white face. As the stunned locals spot you, jaws drop and brains strain to comprehend what form of life this is.

On my Puerto Rico tour, I learned that the thriving metropolis of San Juan comprises two parts: Historic Old San Juan, with its colorful old shopping street, and the Bacardi factory, with its colorful old vats of rum. In H.O.S.J., I found myself standing before a historic old shrine: the house where, in 1963 (so the plaque said), Don Ramon Portas Mingot invented the piña colada, the same rummy little milk shake I had so merrily been knocking back all week. A chill ran through my liver as I realized I was experiencing one of life's peak moments.

Returning to ship, an odd thing occurred: reality. Our tour bus was stopped for a red light when a gang of teenagers burst out of the shadows and grabbed a purse from a woman in a car next to us. Everyone but me was quite shocked and disconcerted. Being from New York, I felt right at home. But I suppose when Royal Carib reads this, it'll yank San Juan and send the lily leviathan to some secure bastion such as Grenada.

Safely back in my tiny but adorable stateroom, I once again gazed fondly upon its many modern comforts, such as a telephone, air conditioning, an "interactive" TV set (which interacted with me one morning by turning itself on at six o'clock, blasting me awake with "easy listening" music) and a vacuum toilet that, when flushed, generated a crescendo of terrifying implosions that rarely failed to send me fleeing into the corridor clutching my life jacket and shouting, "Torpedo! Abandon ship!"

Toilets that come with extensive instructions always make me a little tense: TO FLUSH TOILET, CLOSE LID AND PULL BUTTON. PLEASE DO NOT THROW BULKY OBJECTS IN TOILET. DISPOSAL OF ITEMS OTHER THAN TOILET PAPER IN THE BOWL MAY DAMAGE THE OPERATING SYSTEM.

My suspicions were confirmed at the *faux* naval officers' happy hour; the campy fellows had taped on a wall a U.P.I. clipping about some poor old woman on a cruise ship who had neglected to rise and close lid before pulling button and, as a result, had suddenly lost possession of her intestines, no doubt damaging her operating system. After that, I could only think of my high-tech potty as the Sovereign of the Seize.

But, of course, my fears were absurd and again receded before my steely determination to be a Happy Guy. After all,

(concluded on page 171)



KIRAZ

"Are you sure 'Outside' magazine wants a story about us doing this?"

THRILLA FROM MANILA

it's pia reyes, the philippines' gift to the mainland

Miss November is Filipino/Spanish/Portuguese/Chinese. Her eyes are as dark as the South China Sea. "I am an ethnic jumble," says Pia Reyes, with a grin that's all-American. Born



"Being Asian-American, I cater to my man's desires—but not at the expense of my own. I guess I'm midway between traditional and modern."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG





in Manila, the fifth of eight children—her siblings called her Number Five—Pia grew up in Havertown, Pennsylvania, with little ethnic consciousness. “My parents had their Filipino friends—Mom was always cooking this smelly fish—but I grew up like a white suburban kid. I played lacrosse, basketball and tennis. I was a jock—I never wore make-up until college.” At Penn State, she played wing for the national-championship lacrosse team and blossomed into a bronze beauty. After stultifying stints as a waitress and a file clerk, Pia sent her photo to *Playboy* “on a whim.” Now Number Five is Miss 11/88. “I still don’t believe it,” she says, “but I guess a jock with the right make-up can look pretty good.”

“I’m not really that experienced with men,” Pia says with a sly smile. “I’m still trying to figure them out—assuming such a thing is possible.”





"Some men want to sleep with me because I'm Oriental. They think I'll be subservient. . . ."

63

KODAK TX 5063

KODAK



18A

19



19A



20

20A



"Maybe women in Bangkok are that way, but not me. Not all the time, anyway. . . ."

AK TX 5063

P 1 0 8 2 3



21

21A



22

22A





This year, Pia moved 3000 miles closer to her homeland—to Los Angeles. "I'm like a tropical fish—I need the warmth." An unaffected beauty who only recently decided to concentrate on her career, she has already done a Coca-Cola commercial, danced in a Joe Cocker video and played a bit part in *The Young and the Restless*. "If they want a blonde, they get a blonde," says pragmatic Pia. "If they want an Oriental girl, here I am." Acting lessons are next—she would like to break the Hollywood mold and play parts "written for white girls, brown girls or yellow girls—for any kind of girls." Pia Reyes is living proof that the American dream comes in many appetizing flavors other than plain vanilla.

"Should I explain my Data Sheet? OK—yes, my bust measurement changes. It's bigger when I'm working out. Should I go and work out?"

MISS NOVEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





Pia Reyes



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Pia Reyes

BUST: 35"-36" WAIST: 24" HIPS: 35"

HEIGHT: 5'8½" WEIGHT: 123 lbs.

BIRTH DATE: July 3, 1964 BIRTHPLACE: Manila, Philippines

AMBITIONS: Happiness... Health... Love... Laughter
and a head start in an acting career....

TURN-ONS: leather & lingerie, roller coasters,
funny men

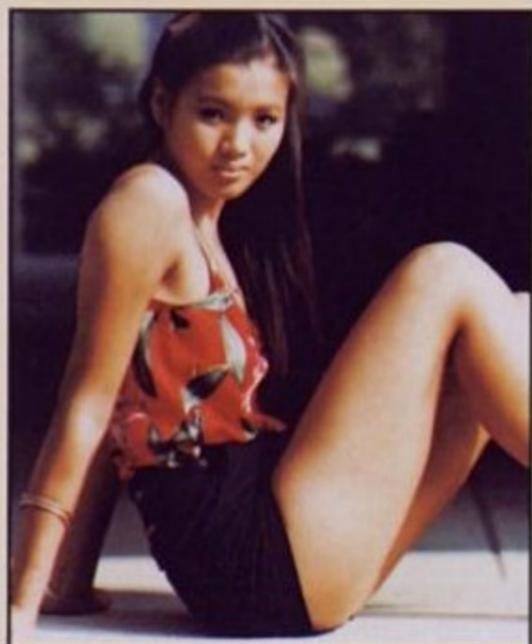
TURN-OFFS: couch potatoes, broken promises, cellulite,
phony people, tunnel vision, deception, plane delays

ROLE MODELS: Joe Paterno, Jay Leno, Meryl Streep,
Kim Basinger, Frank Lloyd Wright

MY MAN: He has a zest for life.... His mind
moves a mile a minute.... He makes me laugh....
He thinks of his woman before he thinks of himself.

I ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW: what life would be like as
a blonde.

SECRET FANTASY: making love in a gravity-free
space shuttle!



Skipping PHYSICS 201! My first "grammie" award!!

A "fresh" freshman at Penn State....



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A team of detectives arrived at the business executive's New York penthouse apartment and were admitted by a butler.

"Mr. James," one told the businessman, "we have some good news and some bad news about your missing wife."

"You'd better give me the bad news first."

"We found her floating face down in the East River this afternoon with eight large lobsters clinging to her body."

"Oh, poor Sandra," the man sighed. "What's the good news?"

"We're sending her back out in the morning."



While taking a break from the assembly line, two auto workers were discussing the strange twists life sometimes takes. "Who woulda thought," one mused, "that there would come a day when I would have more money than John Connally, higher morals than Jimmy Swaggart and more pussy than Rock Hudson?"

Two hunters were off on their annual trip to the Canadian wilderness to bag moose. As the seaplane landed on a lake in a remote area, the pilot said, "I'll be back in one week to pick you up. But only one moose, please."

When he returned to the lake, he found the hunters proudly standing beside two moose. "I told you guys only one moose!" the furious flier screamed. "There's no way the plane can take off with that much weight!"

"You're just a chicken pilot," one hunter said. "We killed two moose last year and *that* pilot wasn't afraid to take off."

Stung by the suggestion of cowardice, he reconsidered. "All right, if you did it last year, I guess we can try it."

They loaded up and the pilot taxied to the far end of the lake to begin his take-off. The plane bounced across the water as it strained to get airborne, but the overloaded aircraft finally ran out of space and crashed into the trees.

Some time later, the hunters regained consciousness. "Where are we?" one asked.

His friend looked around at the scattered debris, then back at the edge of the lake and replied, "Oh, I guess about a hundred yards farther than last year."

Sticker spotted on a London pub's condom dispenser: IF THIS MACHINE IS EMPTY, SEE THE BARKEEP. IF IT'S FULL, SEE THE BARMAID.

A New Jersey suburbanite had just motored through the Lincoln Tunnel into Manhattan when a hooker approached him and said, "I'll do anything you want—your wildest fantasies—for \$100. But you have to tell me in three words."

The guy thought for a moment and replied, "OK. Paint my house."

The cub reporter for a small-town newspaper was assigned to cover the upcoming local elections. Concerned about his inexperience, he asked a veteran newsman how one could tell whether or not a politician was lying.

"That's easy, kid," the old-timer said. "Just watch his body language. If he touches his hair, he's telling the truth. If he scratches his nose, he's telling the truth. But if he opens his mouth and moves his lips. . . ."

How many teamsters does it take to change a light bulb? Fifteen. You got a problem with that?

After the businessman was transferred to another city, he was required to have a physical exam with the company doctor.

"All the tests came out fine," the physician said. "But if you don't mind a personal observation, you have the smallest penis I've ever seen on an adult male. Any difficulties with it?"

"I've been married for twelve years, we've got two nice kids and a pretty good sex life. The only problem I ever have is finding it in the daytime."

"What about at night?"

"Nah. There are *two* of us looking for it then."



The genie of advertising offered a copywriter, an art director and an account exec any wish.

The copywriter said, "I've always wanted to escape to an island and finally write that novel I've been thinking about all these years. I want to create something that will be taught in colleges a hundred years from now."

The genie granted his wish and the copywriter disappeared.

The art director told the genie, "I want to go to Paris and paint that painting I've had in my head. I want it to be so beautiful that it has its own room in the Louvre."

Again the genie granted the wish and the art director disappeared.

The genie then turned to the account exec and asked what he would like.

"I want those two jerks back here *now*."

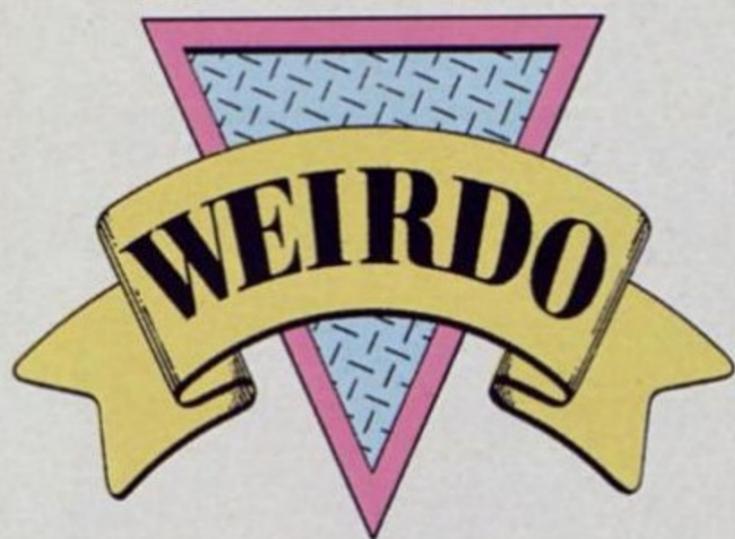
Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, Playboy, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.

Don Madden



"And to think some people doubt the power of prayer!"

M O N D O



why, suddenly, are films, tv, even government being overrun by out-and-out wackos? start by thanking mr. normal

article **By JERRY STAHL**

GUY LIVES with his mom 50 years; same little row house till the day she drops. . . . Guy lands himself a job. His first day, he has himself shipped to work, hoisted onto a boat in a jumbo crate stamped GIFT. He hops out wearing a phony admiral's suit.

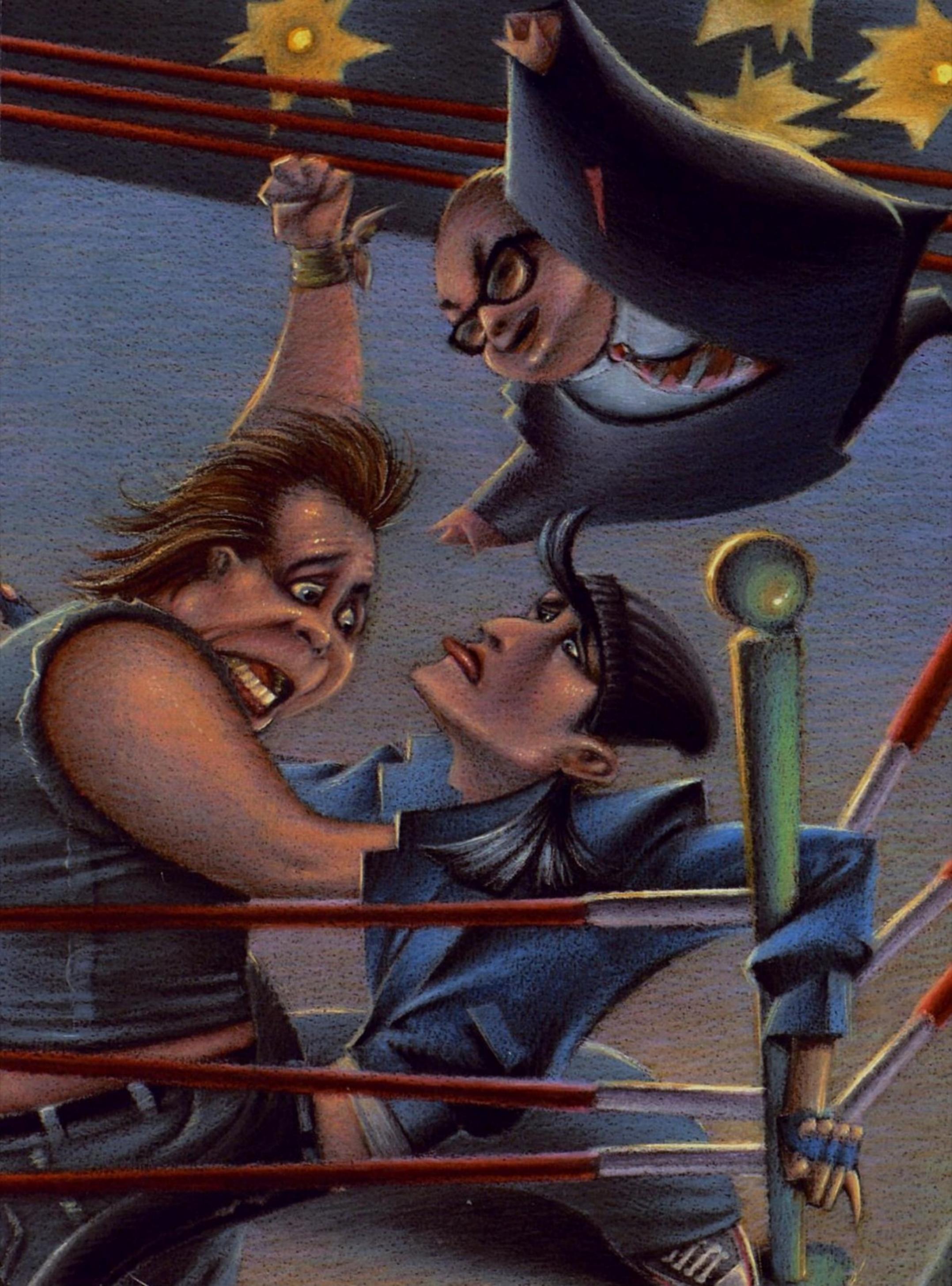
Months go by . . . and moments before an otherwise sterling on-the-job presentation, our guy dons a pair of nutty bugman glasses and keeps them on while eager *paparazzi* snap away—thereby garnering valuable Kook Points round the globe.

No big deal, really. Unless, of course, the presentation in question is the annual Maryland state of the state—and the wag who had himself snapped and gift-wrapped turns out to be William Donald Schaefer, chuckly bachelor gov of the Orioles' home state.

Oh, in another era, perhaps, a governor who bleats routinely that reporters make him want to "throw up," who addresses male reporters he does

The Odd Squad: Unholy celebs (clockwise, from left) Tenuta, Melman, Glover, Goldthwait wrestle with fame.





not like as "girls," who insists, in a sort of Norman Bates-gets-elected mode, on staying right there in his dead mommy's house—despite a constitutional canon that he occupy the governor's mansion—in another era, all this might have made our man seem a tad, I don't know . . . *extreme*. But not today. No, sirree, Bob. Today, the governor's just another upstanding weirdo doing what he does best. Gov. Don, in short, is a man in step with his epoch.

It's true. That's why swells who make stuff up for a living are in trouble. "I've seen it before," a guy who must've been 104 told me on a Writers Guild picket line, "when the side show takes over the big top. . . ."

Amid such a twisto *Zeitgeist*, Schaefer's behavior hardly merits a flared nostril. The strange has become routine. Not just in politics but everywhere. Weirdness has emerged as America's premiere end-of-the-century growth industry. Entry-level positions are opening all over.

Gag yourself on Morton Downey, Jr., snicker along with Letterman's stupid pet tricks, and what's clear is that the side show has taken over all three rings. The lame-os we once may have dismissed as mere household mutants have re-emerged as our leaders, our stars, our heroes. The people—squirm—we all look up to.

And remember, much of this was long B.M.—before Meese. Before the White House became a den of *bizarredom* and *magic*. Before the President's wife was exposed as a sort of high-society sorceress' apprentice, the Chief of State a willing hostage to Uranus, Pluto and the rest of the celestial bods.

Of late, Americans crave peculiar boobs in high places. We say we don't, but we do. All America loves an oddball in office, if only for the collective, self-righteous rush of discovering how deeply weird one human can be, while we hound him out of public life into writing smooch-and-tellers that help stave off *our* blahs.

Diehard Nixon devotees will tell you that it was *their* guy who inspired this unsavory craving. Once vanquished, they say, a presence so monumentally weird left an enormous void. A weirdness gap. A generation after Nixon's "My mother was a saint" speech before taking the First Chopper into exile, life as we know it has gone Beyond Weird, into some nether world of White House rectal polyps—remember those lively *Nightline* colon cutaways?—and rampant saliva panic.

Maybe Devo was right: The world is de-evolving! (continued on page 166)

TWISTED



presenting a revue
of national weird-do-wells.
duck and cover

W eird Names

Emo, Whoopi, Pee-wee, Dweezil, Moon Unit, Bobcat, Mookie, Chynna, Demi, Mr. T, Hulk, Jacko, Tama, Satchel.

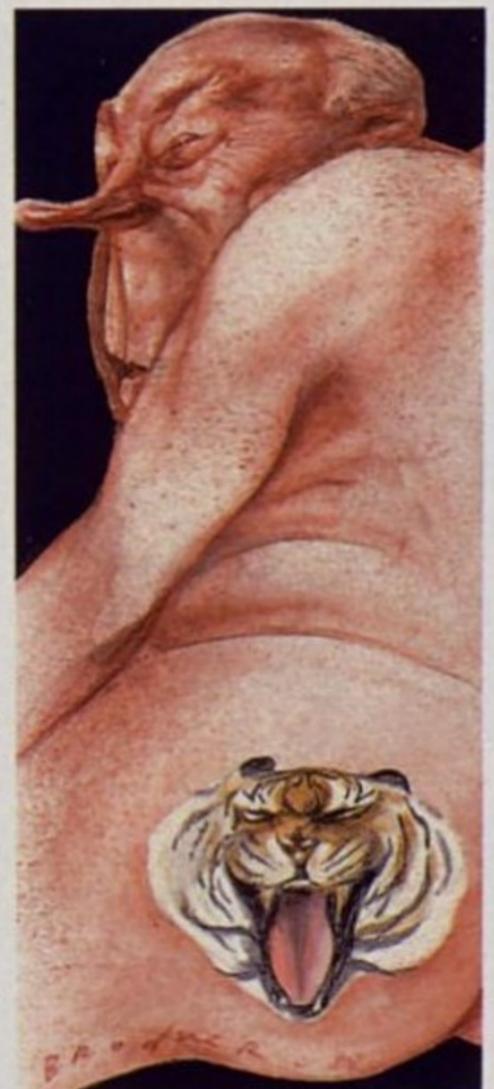
Y ou know the times are weird when . . .

- Bellowing gargoyle Anne Ramsey is nominated for an Oscar for her weird performance in *Throw Momma from the Train*.
- Sadistic carol *Grandma Got Run Over by a Reindeer* surpasses *White Christmas* in radio requests.
- Feckless ski jumper Eddie "The Eagle" Edwards finishes last in two Olympic events, becomes a folk hero and lands a condom-endorsement deal.
- Laughable bimchette Pia Zadora wins critical acclaim for her concerts.
- Onetime second banana Geraldine Ferraro shills for Diet Pepsi on national TV.
- The wife of Secretary of State George Shultz admits he has a Princeton tiger tattooed on one buttock.
- Spooky Watergate felon G. Gordon Liddy embarks on a new career as a character actor.
- Californians flee state, fearing earthquake predicted by 16th Century prognosticator Nostradamus.
- Beer company is sued for using comic/hunk Joe Piscopo as rap fatso in its ads.
- Gary Larson's surreal cartoon strip, *The Far Side*, is slated as a movie starring real people.
- The sexiest new cinema siren is a Toon.



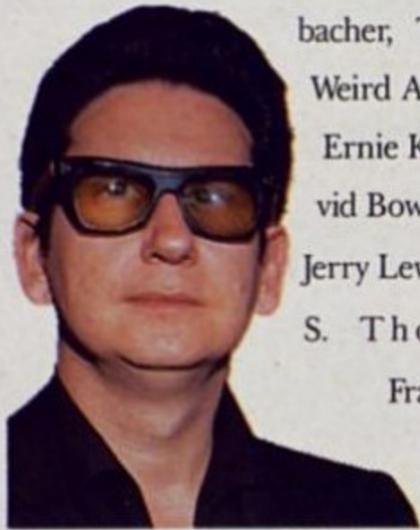
W hy do you think they call it *mad* avenue?

Forget hard-sell. Weird-sell is in. By the time that octogenarian foghorn Clara Peller finished bellowing for the beef, sales of Wendy's hamburgers were up \$500,000,000. Express-mail motor mouth John Moschitta, also from Joe Sedelmaier's eccentric studio, talked too fast to be understood. So who cared? Australian hammer puss Jacko hawks batteries—"Oy, oy, oy"—and pathological liar Joe Isuzu brags that he has unloaded a compact on the queen of England. Oy. Jim Varney, better known as spokesgeek Ernest ("Hey, Vern") and star of a bizarre feature film, makes chickenmeister Frank Perdue seem almost normal.



Pioneers of the weird frontier

Dennis Hopper, Chuck Berry, Timothy Leary, Don King, David Byrne, Roy Orbison, Marlon Brando, Orville Reden-



bacher, Tiny Tim, Weird Al Yankovic, Ernie Kovacs, David Bowie, Christo, Jerry Lewis, Hunter S. Thompson, Frank Zappa, Tom Waits.

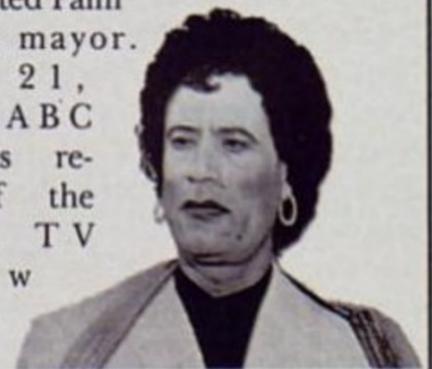


Weird Movies

Blue Velvet, Beetlejuice, Something Wild, The King of Comedy, Raising Arizona, After Hours, Liquid Sky, True Stories, Insignificance, Diva, Vibes, River's Edge, anything from John Waters or Alan Rudolph.

Time warp: the milestones

- January 7, 1980—Pope John Paul II named to America's Best Dressed List; Ayatollah Khomeini named *Time's* Man of the Year.
- March 3, 1980—First telecast of freak show *That's Incredible!*; series includes a daredevil catching a bullet with his teeth.
- February 1, 1982—Debut of *Late Night with David Letterman*.
- June 1, 1983—Spacy high kicker Shirley MacLaine publishes *Out on a Limb*. Discloses previous life as the foster child of a bull elephant.
- April 30, 1984—*That's Incredible!* is canceled; press earlier cited show for fraud and sadism.
- May 16, 1984—Weird comic Andy Kaufman dies; fans think it's a gag.
- May 21, 1984—Friszy diva Cyndi Lauper mends rift with wrestling guru Captain Lou Albano by having surrogate lady grapplers battle in Madison Square Garden.
- April 16, 1985—*Dallas Times Herald* publishes front-page apology for running drive-in-movie critic Joe Bob Briggs's song parody *We Are the Weird*. Columnist resigns and becomes cult treasure.
- April 14, 1986—Sweaty hug guru Leo Buscaglia follows his volumes *Love* and *The Fall of Freddie the Leaf* with best seller, *Bus Nine to Paradise*.
- May 25, 1986—Hands Across America fund raiser.
- June 17, 1986—*New York Post* reports that daffy despot Muammar el-Qaddafi met with visiting African diplomats dressed as a woman, complete with make-up and high heels.
- May 30, 1987—*The New York Times* features front-page story that Mr. T chain-sawed all trees on property of his verdant Illinois estate.
- August 15, 1987—Harmonic Convergence: Astronomically gullible New Agers gather to hum.
- April 12, 1988—Sonny Bono elected Palm Springs mayor.
- May 21, 1988—ABC announces return of the weird TV show *That's Incredible!*



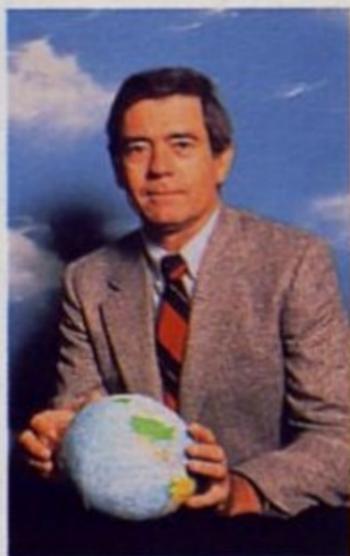
Muammar in make-up?

HALL OF FAME

THIRD RUNNER-UP—Sawed-off sex therapist Dr. Ruth Westheimer—or “Dr. Wooth,” as she says—nearly took the fun out of sex. The shock doc turned up on *Hollywood Squares* and her book, recalled because of the error, informed teenagers that sex was safe during ovulation.



Westheimer: What a racket.



Rather: Kenneth's world.

SECOND RUNNER-UP—Grim anchor mogul Dan Rather botched an on-air ambush of George Bush, claimed that a Chicago cabby had hijacked him for a joy ride, stalked off the set of *The CBS Evening News* and let the screen go blank and alleged he was accosted by a mugger demanding, “Kenneth, what is the frequency?”

FIRST RUNNER-UP—Paul Reubens invented Pee-wee Herman by squeezing into a juvenilewear suit, slicking back his hair and developing a chuckle reminiscent of Woody Woodpecker's. Matchbox shipped out a pull-string Pee-wee doll that says, “I know you are, but what am I?” Answer: Very nerdy, very rich.



Herman: Geek tycoon.

GRAND-PRIZE WINNER—Michael Jackson, whose rehabbed mug has more plastic than a fleet of Yugos, bid \$1,000,000 for Pachyderm Man. Sleeps in a hyperbaric chamber. While filming a soft-drink ad, he set his mane aflame; shares living quarters with Bubbles the Chimp.



Jackson: Gone ape.

SINCE THE DAWN of time, the spices of life—myrrh and cinnamon, sandalwood and patchouli, musk and bay leaf, to name but a few—have been linked to power, wealth, intrigue and sexual allure. Exactly why scent lights up our lives so pervasively remains a mystery. What is certain is that scent is no longer just a casual Christmas gift of after-shave but a key ingredient to a man's personality. Sleek packaging, aggressive ads, promises of virile conquests and—lest we forget—a persuasive scent are all employed to

packaging is to build an expectation that will trigger top-down thinking and immediate appeal in consumers.”

Success, ultimately, is a matter of teaming a memorable scent with distinctive packaging and instant-appeal advertising. Calvin Klein's Obsession for Men has been a leader this season, thanks to a heavy presell campaign and dramatic counter presentation. And its rich spice scent can be smelled once and remembered. (In industry lingo, it has “memory.”)

SCENTS AND SENSIBILITY

entice the potential buyer. Above all, scent is marketed to appeal to our aspirations and our images of ourselves. Drakkar Noir suggests fast cars and a jet-set lifestyle; Tuscany invokes romance, cool Italian nights and art. Lagerfeld promises fantasy, while Polo suggests wealth, leisure and power. (For a complete run-down of men's fragrances, see *Playboy's Guide to Colognes* on page 162.)

Our loyalty to a particular scent often has deep roots. If you gave your high school sweetheart a simple lavender cologne that fabulous Christmas you spent in Aspen, then you are likely to experience a resurgence of pleasure whenever you get a whiff of lavender. Years or cities later, it still transports you back to feeling young and invulnerable. Even though you can afford more expensive colognes, all the snappy packaging and artful perfumery won't hit your emotional target with as much precision and quiver as that humble lavender.

“When I smell Liz Claiborne perfume, I remember my daughter's delight when I gave her a bottle. I think of her in France,” says Craig Warren, a vice-president and director of organoleptic research for New York's International Flavors and Fragrances. “Knowledge enters in to decipher the sensory input in a way that's called top-down thinking, or cognition. When I smell something that doesn't strike an immediate flash, that's bottom-up thinking. I'm curious; I keep sniffing to figure out what it is. The job of

remains the key to how a scent is identified. Top notes are the most volatile, meaning the quickest to evaporate when the solvent (alcohol) dries on the skin.

MIDDLE NOTES: A richer, subtler smell that lasts perhaps ten to 30 minutes after the first rush.

BASE NOTES: The least volatile ingredients in the formula. Base notes have a residual smell hours after application.

The skill and magic of fragrance formulating is to keep middle and base notes in harmony with top notes. A scent that screams great outdoors upon first sniff, for example, should mature into a firm, robust, multifaceted assertion of the outdoors by the time you reach that conference room or restaurant.

FRAGRANCE FAMILIES

Fragrance is generally divided into basic smell categories or families. The most popular divisions for men include:

CHYPRE: A blend of woody and mossy fragrances. It can be subdivided into three distinctive categories: sweet (examples include Chaps, Royal Copenhagen and Stetson); regular (Paco Rabanne, Pour Lui by Oscar de la Renta, Armani, Boss by Hugo Boss and Aramis); and chypre with green (Drakkar Noir, Tuscany, Metropolis, Adidas, Quorum and Polo products).

CITRUS: A bergamot or lemon scent used more in European colognes. Top citrus scents: Bowling Green, Programme Homme by Lancôme, Bleu Marine de Cardin by (continued on page 161)

THE NOSE KNOWS

Colognes are a combination of water, alcohol and fragrance oils. Individual scents may generally be broken into three categories:

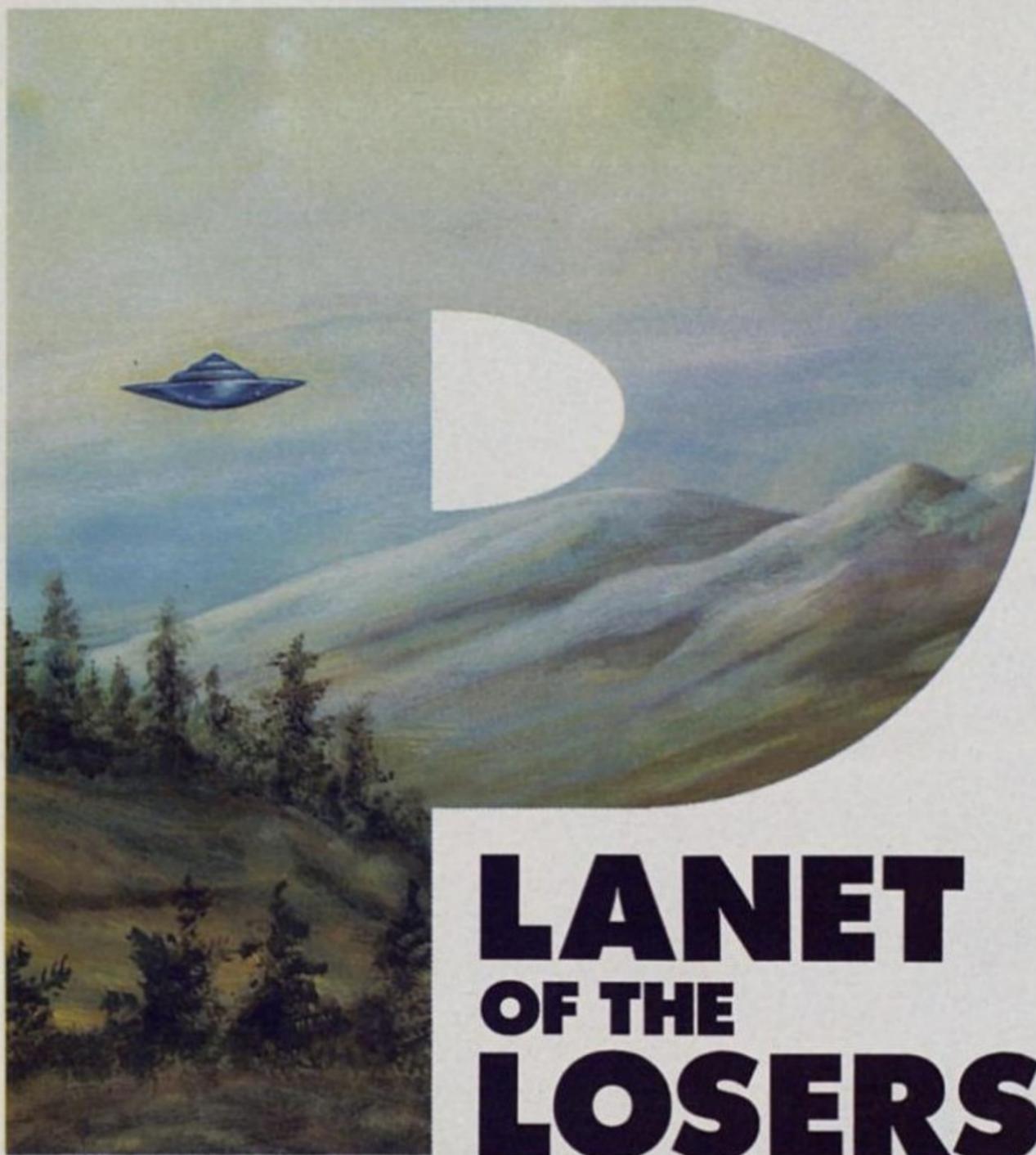
TOP NOTES: The first and most distinguishable aroma upon smelling a fragrance. This original big blast usually places a scent in its proper fragrance family—and re-

shopping for a new men's fragrance? get a whiff of these

By
NANCE MITCHELL

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG





LANET OF THE LOSERS

myra, you may find this hard to accept,
but there's an alien in our own back yard

fiction

By THOMAS BERGER

WE HAD SOMETIME SINCE reached the stage at which anything could provoke a quarrel. In this case, it was whether the cheese had ripened beyond the point of no return, and Myra finally threw her glass not at me but across the kitchen, apparently without special target—it struck the refrigerator—and hardly had the spray of wine and powdered glass reached the vinyl floor than she was out of the house and in the car, and by the time I reached the porch, her back wheels were churning up a wake of dust and gravel.

It was her car, my weekend country cottage. It was Sunday evening. If she did not return by morning; I would have to find another way back to the city from this pastoral area that was serviced by no train and no nearby bus route.

I slunk back inside and refilled my own glass with the Rhone red I had extracted from a wooden tub half full of assorted

bottles at my favorite discount liquor store, an establishment that provided more than a few pretexts for our spats, for Myra fancied herself an oenophile but was, in reality, that familiar sort of wine snob who despises any label that he/she has never seen before you present the bottle for inspection.

But before drinking my wine now, I cleaned up that which had run down the refrigerator's face to mix with the broken glass on the floor. That was a job that could not be long delayed, for my golden retriever, who was occupied outdoors at the moment, might return at any time, and he had the appetite of a goat without the impervious stomach that should be prerequisite. Which is to say, this dog would have been quite capable of lapping up both wine and glass. His name was Bub.

I had just emptied the dustpan into the pedal can that dwells beneath the sink when I heard the sound of an engine. Myra was returning much sooner than she usually did after a tantrum, and from

the awful noise being produced by the car, I could tell why. It was obvious that her old Beetle had finally revolted against a criminal lack of care.

I hastened outside, I confess, to jeer. But when I crossed the threshold and stepped onto the porch, which Myra insisted was practically unusable without screening, I left my familiar world for that of hallucination.

A flying saucer was landing in the adjacent meadow. It looked exactly as they always do in low-budget s-f movies and the eyeball-witness accounts published in the trashy papers sold at supermarket check-outs. Which is to say, it was a great big disk with portholes around the rim. Have I said that the time of day was twilight? Some form of illumination, presumably electric, could be seen behind the portholes. The engines now ceased to produce noise, and as the gigantic Frisbee settled slowly to the ground, I heard nothing but the faint sound of the stubble being crushed. My farmer neighbor periodically gave this field a rest after

cropping to ankle level what had lately grown there: It was in such condition now. Beyond the meadow was a mile or two of vacant woods.

My pet chose this moment to come home to the human being whom the canine god had assigned as his protector against bizarre menaces. Bub is valiant when it comes to other dogs and will stand up to a mastiff, but the unexpected features that are routine occurrences in the life of man—the ringing of the telephone or doorbell, the stove-top grease fire or any bent figure carrying a sack—send him to cower behind his master's knees. At the moment, however, I was pleased to have him there, his firm, warm, hairy body bolstering the legs that

might well otherwise have buckled. After decades of movies about space creatures, pro and con, I was far from ready to confront a newly arrived delegation. But the car was gone, and I had no place reasonable to run to, my nearest neighbor being the aforementioned farmer, who, I happened to know, had, with his taciturn wife and insolent teenaged son, left on a rare trip to visit in-laws in the suburbs of the city.

Therefore, I stood there, propped up by the shielding Bub (or anyway his chest; his panting face and rear end were exposed), and waited passively as an oblong of yellow light appeared between two of the portholes and an extensible gangplank emerged from it to touch the

ground. It was ever so long before this was put into use—long enough, indeed, for me to wonder in terror whether the ship's company was invisible and, if so, had landed and was all about me.

But, finally, a figure appeared in the opening of the hatch and after what appeared to be a cautious survey of the nearby terrain, began to descend the inclined ramp.

At least the creature had a head, a trunk and four limbs of what would seem the human type, and its form of locomotion was that of a person, as were such of its gestures as I could see from 50 or 60 yards away. Somewhere along the ramp, it paused for a moment with hands on hips. Then it *(continued on page 152)*





JOHN CLEESE

When the phenomenally popular "Monty Python's Flying Circus" folded its television tent more than a decade and a half ago, John Cleese, arguably its most visible member, went on to even more video success, solo, as spokesman for a variety of good-natured products and as his own creation, Basil Fawlty, the overbearing proprietor of the hilarious, forever-repeating series "Fawlty Towers." Now 48, Cleese has limited his TV activity to commercials and the odd appearance in order to concentrate on other projects, including the film "A Fish Called Wanda," which he wrote and in which he stars with Jamie Lee Curtis and fellow Python Michael Palin.

During a recent, rare visit to Southern California, the most well-known Python allowed himself to be cornered in his hotel suite by free-lance writer Dick Lochte. "The phone never stopped ringing," Lochte recalls. "Friends dropped by, including his current co-star Jamie Lee Curtis. A waiter arrived with lunch but had forgotten the entree. And as the action ebbed and flowed, Cleese remained surprisingly unruffled. The man who was once the apoplectic owner of a dead parrot, the Minister of Silly Walks and the irrational Basil Fawlty seemed at peace with the surroundings and with himself."

1.

PLAYBOY: What's the story behind the name of your film *A Fish Called Wanda*?

CLEESE: I felt it was time I did something for fish. They're so special, but people just don't appreciate them. They take them for granted, and it's not fair. Fish are so underrated these days. Especial-

the tallest
python tells
fish stories and
reveals how
david frost
saved him
from a life
within the law

ly sand dabs. All of them, really. I could go on and on about it. I do, actually. People say to me, "Don't go on about fish today, please, Jack." And I say, "Just tell me one thing: Can you breathe under water?" And, of course, I have them there. Then I say, "Do you know anyone who can breathe under water?" All these so-called great men—Napoleon, Caesar, Alexander the Great, George

Bush—could any of them breathe under water? I mean, the Gautama Buddha himself couldn't and he had astounding control over his bodily functions. And with the greatest of respect, even our Savior, Jesus Christ, who could walk on the stuff, couldn't inhale it. Yet every single fucking fish can. And what credit do we give them? It makes me sick. I tell you, if I could breathe under water, I'd be a proud man. I bet if people were to begin breathing under water, they'd be having award ceremonies within 12 months.

As for the Wanda part, that's because of a stripper I saw at the Crazy Horse in Paris. She was a truly wonderful human being and I shall never forget her. I wouldn't be surprised if *she* could breathe under water.

2.

PLAYBOY: Is the barrister you play in the film like the lawyer you hoped to become when you attended Cambridge?

CLEESE: No. He's much more upper-class. In England, barristers—the ones who wear wigs and gowns and stand up in court and get all the limelight—come from the upper-middle class. I was only lower-middle class. People from that class become solicitors, the kind of lawyers who sit in offices and delay the buying and selling of houses. So I was studying law at Cambridge with a view of going into a firm like that and—after eight years, say—killing myself. I was saved from this fate by the BBC. At the end of my three years at Cambridge, they saw me in a Footlights Club revue and offered me a job in jokes.

3.

PLAYBOY: The Footlights Club produced Peter Cook, David Frost and several Pythons. How did you get in?

CLEESE: The very first day in Cambridge, you went to this big building that housed a thing called the Societies Fair. And you wandered round it, and everybody from the chorale to the Rugby Club and the Paranormal Society would drum up members. For some reason, I was always drawn toward comedy. I can even remember when I was about nine, staying home from school one day and writing a script—which is a very bizarre thing to do, when I look back on it. So I went up to the Footlights Club desk and said, "I have a sort of interest." And they said, "Oh, good. What do you do? Can you sing?" And I'm the worst singer in western Europe. I mean horrendous. I was in *Half a*

Sixpence on Broadway in 1965 on the condition that I mime. Literally. So I said, "No, I don't sing." And they said, "No problem. Do you dance?" Now, to ask a public school boy whether he dances is plain silly. I got embarrassed and said no. And they said, "Well, what do you do?" And I blushed bright red and said, "I try to make people laugh." And I fled from the stand. Six months passed before a friend of mine said, "Do you want to come along to Footlights and do something?" And I went along and did something and it went down quite well. So I was in the club.

4.

PLAYBOY: Do you remember the first time you made people laugh?

CLEESE: In large numbers, yes. It was at Clifton College, when I was 18. I had never liked my housemaster, and he was retiring that year. In the big speeches at mid-term, everybody had been saying how wonderful he was, so at the school entertainment at the end of that term, I did a very wicked parody of the speeches, being as rude about my housemaster as was humanly possible and finishing up by wishing him every success in his renewed attempt at a happy marriage. At which point the classics professor actually fell off his chair laughing. It sounds pretty mean in retrospect, but it all came out of a kind of joy that I was leaving the school and didn't have to stick to the rules anymore. Also, of course, I *am* mean. And there was something about that particular evening that I haven't recalled for 30 years, but as I talk to you now, I remember a kind of excitement, a kind of power. It was the feeling that you get sometimes when you make a large number of people laugh. But there's a feeling of control in it, too. I once performed at a pop concert with Terry Jones and Michael Palin in front of more than 35,000 people, and when you got a laugh, you began to see why Hitler liked his Nuremberg gigs.

5.

PLAYBOY: Rock stars are always either bragging or grouching about the way their female fans besiege them wherever they go. Are there hordes of beautiful women who get turned on by comedy?

CLEESE: Hmmm. Once, and only once, that I can remember, I did nearly get

picked up by a girl at the stage door of the Hippodrome Theatre in Bristol after a Python stage show. This was in 1973. It was the only time I'd ever had someone wait for me with carnal intent. It's rather ironic that she was the only woman I'd ever met who was larger than I was. I'm 6'5" and weigh 210 pounds, and she made me feel positively dainty. I was very frightened. And that was it, I'm afraid. Otherwise, the fans in America—the Python fans, that is—have always followed the same pattern. They write you the most delightfully witty letters, and you exchange correspondence with them for two or three years. And when you finally meet, they always weigh more than 200 pounds and come from New Jersey. Which doesn't make them any less witty, but it does dissipate fantasies rather fast.

6.

PLAYBOY: Were you born with the name John Cleese?

CLEESE: To be more honest than I usually care to be, my grandfather was John Cheese and my dad was Reggie Cheese. But only until 1915, when he joined up for World War One. By then, he was fed up with the fermented-curd jokes, so on the form, he changed the H to an L. Then he did it legally when he came out of the army, before he married. So I was always a Cleese, never a Cheese. The confusing thing for me as a child was that Dad always pronounced it to rhyme with cheese, while Mum pronounced it to rhyme with fleece. I remember thinking at the time that if your parents couldn't agree on how to pronounce their name, they weren't likely to agree on much else. Mum also had difficulty with my first name. She sometimes called me Bill, who was a cousin who'd stayed with them before I was born. I think I looked a bit like him. She also called me Reg, and sometimes Roy, who was Bill's father. But I didn't mind at all. John is not a racy name. It's distinctly turgid. So I've changed it to Jack. In fact, I wanted to be Jack Cleese in the film, but MGM didn't like the idea. They thought it would confuse their vice-presidents. Now I am thinking of changing the family name back to Cheese and going to live in Monterey. But as that doesn't make you smile, maybe I won't.

7.

PLAYBOY: What got you into television?

CLEESE: Not what—who. David Frost. It all came out of the friendship with Frost that started back at Cambridge and the fact that when I was working in New York, he used to telephone me. Always called, always from the airport, and we'd always get to talk about 22 seconds before his flight was called. But he was friendly and interested in what I was doing. Just

as I'd finished my 15-month stint in America—this was at the end of 1965—he came onto the phone one day and said, "Hello!" I said, "Oh, hello, David." He said, "Super! Super! How are you? Ahh . . . oops! My flight's being called. Listen, do you want to do a television series in England starting in March?" I said, "Yes, please." And he said, "All right. Super. I'll call you about it. 'Bye!'" So the one man in England who knew really everything about my work and who was in a position to give me an interesting job just handed it to me . . . out of the blue. I've been very lucky professionally. Things always dropped into my lap without my having to try.

And by March 1966, I was doing *The Frost Report* with, among others, two people who would play a large part in my life afterward: Tony Jay, now the chairman of my company, Video Arts, and dear Marty Feldman, who was the show's head writer.

8.

PLAYBOY: Weren't you and Marty Feldman in another series?

CLEESE: Yes, *At Last the 1948 Show*. It was kind of—I would claim—a precursor to *Monty Python*. Had some very funny, weird material in it. Dappy, dappy stuff. And a lot of good sketches with Marty. We developed a particular type of sketch in which I would play Mr. Bland-Middle-Class-in-Control Englishman and Marty would play Mr. Pest. I would be in a solicitor's office, or a railway carriage or a posh bookshop and Mr. Pest would arrive, talk in a Marty nasal voice and dement me. We would finish with me driven hopelessly insane.

9.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you perform a song about a weasel on that show?

CLEESE: A ferret, actually. I appeared dressed in white tie and tails, singing, "I've got a ferret sticking up my nose./It starts wriggling when I wear my formal clothes./How it got there, I can't tell,/But now it's there, it hurts like hell./And what is more, it radically affects my sense of smell."

Oddly enough, I just recently wrote a few more lyrics. "I can see a bare-bottomed mandrill/Slyly eying my other nostril./I really don't know what to do,/But if he jumps inside there, too,/I shall be the proud possessor of a kind of nasal zoo.

"I've got a ferret sticking up my nose./It's all right when it is in repose,/But when it starts to move about,/There is really not the slightest doubt./It tends to irritate the mucous membranes up my snout."

I thought I'd actually sing it at the next Amnesty concert. If they can get hold of a ferret.

10.

PLAYBOY: Whose idea was it to create Monty Python's Flying Circus?

CLEESE: I claim it was my idea. I imagine that all the other Pythons claim it was theirs. Our recollection of the past shows very little consistency. Michael Palin has the great advantage of having kept a diary. So that's regarded as definitive. Also, his perception of reality is a good deal less questionable than one or two of the other Pythons'.

11.

PLAYBOY: How did the various Python members get together?

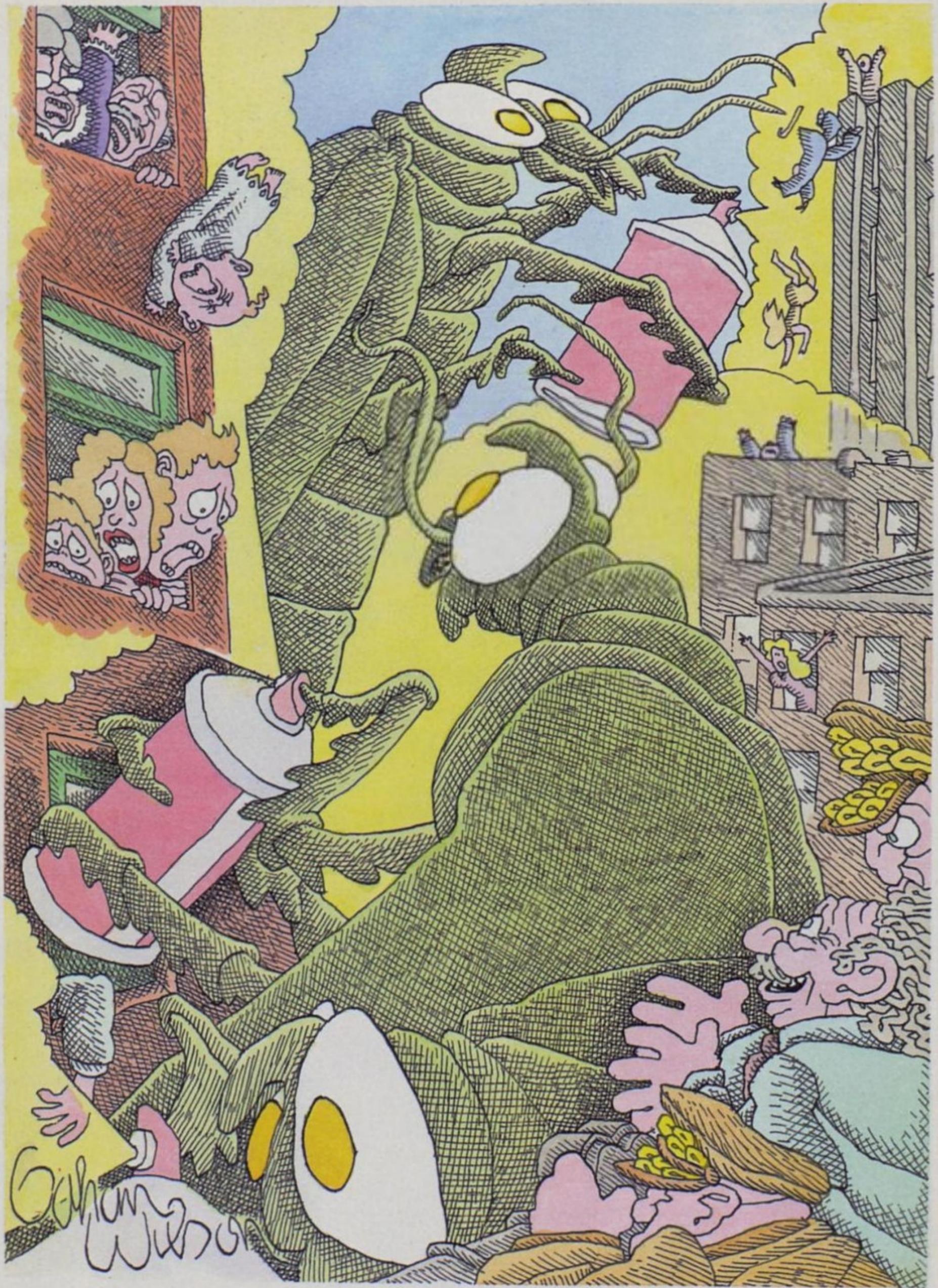
CLEESE: Graham Chapman was a member of Footlights when I was there. Eric Idle came into the club in my last year and was immediately noticed, as he was far too funny for his own good. Graham and I wrote together all through the Sixties, but we hadn't performed for about two years and were getting an itch to do so. And we took to knocking off an hour early in the afternoon to watch this show called *Do Not Adjust Your Set*, which had Michael Palin, Terry Jones and Eric Idle on it. Although it was nominally a kids' show, it was much funnier than anything else on television. We knew them because every one of us had written for Frost. And one day, I rang them up and said, "Let's do a series together." And they got slightly snotty about it. They were talking about doing one of their own. But after about two weeks, they came back and said OK. Terry Gilliam had been an old friend of mine from New York, and I'd introduced him around when he arrived in London. So when they said, "Well, he's done some animated stuff for us, let's have him in the group," it was like a completion of the circle. Once Terry proved to the BBC accountants that animation was not as prohibitively costly as they thought, we were under way. That was in late 1969.

12.

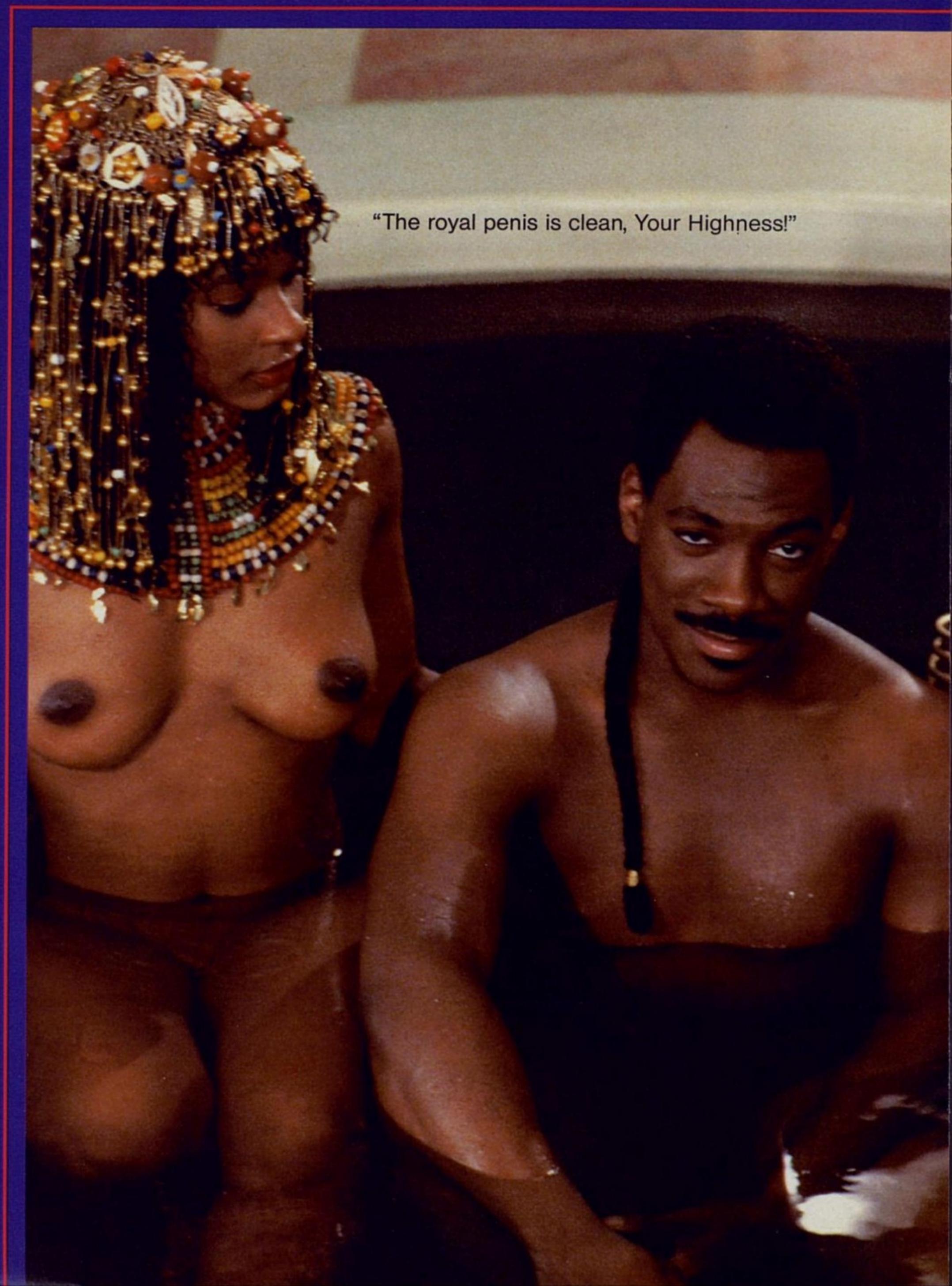
PLAYBOY: We've heard about a fifth Beatle. Was there a seventh Python? Someone who didn't quite make it?

CLEESE: Well, it's a matter of public record that Woody Allen was always trying to get into the group the first couple of years. He would telephone and say he had a sketch. But his material was always so . . . depressing. One might almost say nihilistic. And he didn't seem to want to join us in dressing up as chickens and throwing old ladies into vats of calf's-foot jelly, which is really what the Python philosophy was all about. And I was very sorry for him, actually, because I felt he had some sort of talent. As far as I know, he went back to New York. I think he works there, and somebody saw him recently

(continued on page 164)



"In a strange way, General, we may have brought all this upon ourselves!"



"The royal penis is clean, Your Highness!"



SEX IN CINEMA

1 9 8 8

while blockbusters cop out with a blink and a wink, movies about the good, bad old days deliver blasts from the past

text by BRUCE WILLIAMSON Last year at this time, pessimists were predicting that the AIDS scare would bring carnal knowledge on the screen to a screeching halt. They were only partly right. Moviemakers, as ingenious as ever, found a couple of ways to keep the screen sizzling: They played sex loose and light in such comedies as *Coming to America*, *Bull Durham*, *Moon over Parador* and *A Fish Called Wanda*—and they set most of their hottest plots (*White Mischief*, *The Unbearable Lightness of Being*, *The Moderns*) safely in the past, when “doing it” didn’t require a warning label. Moviemakers who treat sexual freedom as nostalgia may really be focusing on the bottom line. Audiences are getting older. No less a figure than Jack Valenti, president of the Motion Picture Association of America, has stated that filmgoers over 40 are the wave of the future. “The movie world,” he said, “need no longer be girdled round by boundaries set by the very young.”

Valenti might well have been talking about *The Unbearable Lightness of Being*, director Philip Kaufman’s stunning, critically hailed drama based on a best seller by Czech novelist Milan Kundera. “It rekindles the sparks of adult sexuality on the American screen,” wrote *Time*’s Richard Corliss. TV’s Gene Siskel and Roger Ebert concurred, hailing it, respectively, as “a rare epic” and “the most erotic serious film since *Last Tango in Paris*.” The excitement stemmed from a complex tale of love, politics and infidelity set before and after the “Prague spring” of 1968, a period suffused with the Czech equivalent of *glasnost*, which ended with a Russian invasion. Made in English but with a (text continued on page 142)

SOMEDAY, THIS PRINCE WILL COME: To Queens, that is, in search of a royal mate. Back home in the kingdom of Zamunda, though, Prince Akeem (Eddie Murphy), the hero of *Coming to America*, has plenty of female companionship, including palace bath attendants Felicia Taylor (left) and Victoria Dillard. It’s Victoria who utters the scene’s most memorable line.



PLAYING FOR LAUGHS: Sex is safe, movie moguls reason, if it's funny. Witness this comic sextet (clockwise, from top left): *I'm Gonna Get You Sucka*, with Keenen Ivory Wayans discovering that Anne-Marie Johnson is more than the sum of her parts; *Moon over Parador*, in which Richard Dreyfuss, impersonating a Latin dictator, inherits unlooked-for perks; *The Couch Trip*, with





another impostor (Dan Aykroyd) having a ball as a pseudo shrink; *A Fish Called Wanda*, wherein John Cleese, starkers, is caught fooling around in a borrowed flat; *Bull Durham*, introducing Tim Robbins as a pitching phenom who's convinced Susan Sarandon's garter belt will provide better control on the mound; and *Who Framed Roger Rabbit*, in which chanteuse Jessica Rabbit wows Bob Hoskins.







AUTEUR! AUTEUR! Certain directors can be counted on for original approaches to everything—including sex. For *Bagdad Cafe*, Germany's Percy Adlon sets the generously endowed Marianne Sagebrecht (top, far left) down at a Mojave Desert truck stop. James (*A Room with a View*) Ivory tackles homosexuality in *Maurice*; at top, near left, James Wilby trifles with schoolmate Hugh Grant. Ten directors were asked to improvise on operatic themes for *Aria*; one acclaimed segment (left) is Jean-Luc Godard's setting of Lully's *Armide*, with Marion Peterson and Valerie Allain vainly(!) attempting to attract bodybuilders—played out, ironically, to the aria *Finally He Is in My Power*. And the dean of directorial outrageousness, Ken Russell, delivers *Salome's Last Dance* (above), a play within a play staging Oscar Wilde's banned *Salome* in a brothel. Above, Stratford Johns as Herod has eyes for stepdaughter Salome (Imogen Millais-Scott), who's being waited on hand and foot by a clutch of comely courtesans.

TASTELESS TITLES, FREAKY FILMS: What used to be called B movies now land quickly on video-store shelves, where lurid cover photos and tacky titles boost rentals. Among 1988's high kinks: *Pandemonium* (near right), with Ian Nimmo understandably ogling Amanda Dole, a Playmate of the Year from our Australian edition; *Stripped to Kill* (far right), featuring Maria Ford; *Surf Nazis Must Die* (bottom, far left), here revealing Thomas Searle being distracted from drugs by a bust (Cristina Garcia's); *The Toxic Avenger: Part II* (bottom, near left), with Phoebe Légère and John Altamura; and *Hollywood Chainsaw Hookers* (bottom, near right), with Linnea Quigley proving her qualifications. An exception to the direct-to-video route: the surprise hit *Beetlejuice* (bottom, far right). Here Michael Keaton makes a move on a ghostly dame who, but for him, would be beside herself.



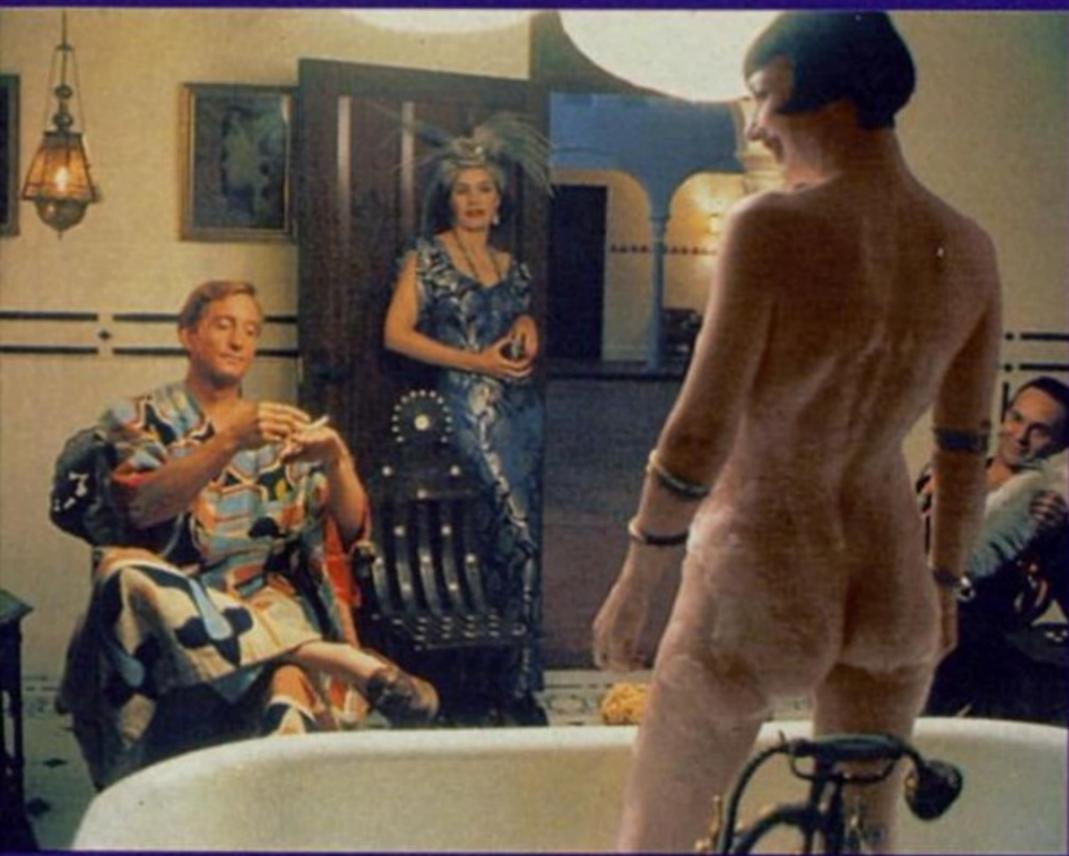




CZECHS AND DALLI-ANCES, BRITS IN PITS:

Prague circa 1968, Nairobi in 1940 are the locales for two of the most unabashedly erotic films of the year: *The Unbearable Lightness of Being* (this page) and *White Mischief* (opposite). Daniel Day-Lewis, the philandering physician of *Lightness*, shuttles between his derby-hatted artist mistress (Lena Olin, left) and his wife (Juliette Binoche, below right). At left below, Juliette takes aim at Lena in a scene that suggests a mutual attraction. *Mischief*, a real-life murder story, delineates the decadent lifestyle of true Brits in Kenya during World War Two. At top left, Jacqueline Pearce emerges from her bath, having just wondered aloud who would fuck her tonight—but getting little response from her ex-husband (Charles Dance), *his* ex-mistress (Susan Fleetwood), who's the mayor of Nairobi, or a guy called Lizzie (Murray Head). This cozy colonial clique is shaken up by the arrival of Greta Scacchi (top right), whose torrid adulterous affair with Dance ends in his murder. At bottom, hands down the most talked-about scene of the year: At the morgue, Pearce and Catherine Neilsen stand by in shock as Sarah Miles—yet another ex-mistress of the deceased—masturbates, then places a moistened finger on the corpse's lips, declaring, "Now you're mine forever."





decidedly east European flavor, *Being* stars England's versatile Daniel Day-Lewis as a young surgeon who's an incorrigible womanizer. "Take off your clothes" is the doctor's usual way of warming up a friendship, in or out of his examining room, and nearly everyone does. Eventually, the hero loses both his political and his sexual freedom through relationships with two remarkable women—his mistress (Sweden's Lena Olin) and his wife (France's Juliette Binoche). The movie's provocative highlight is a scene in which the two women photograph each other nude, their rivalry sublimated in a tantalizing charade.

There were minority opinions about Kaufman's vivid intellectual foray into sex and politics. One came from a *Playboy* reader who wrote to say that the movie should have been called *The Unbearable Lightness of Boring*, adding that his idea of sexy was *Two Moon Junction*. The reader has a point. Although *Junction's* steamy love scenes far outweighed any real intelligence in its screenplay, writer-director Zalman King (who co-produced *9½ Weeks*) obviously knows how to photograph beautiful people having good, cheap sex. *Junction* is an overheated romance with the look and feel of the Fifties. Blonde Sherilyn Fenn plays a Southern doll, engaged to be married but ripe for plucking. She is plucked, and replucked, by a hunky carnival roustabout (Richard Tyson); one of their closest encounters is a public groping in a restaurant with dumb-struck breakfasters as witnesses. In private, she rekindles the flames of passion by watching a tape he made of their lovemaking. Sherilyn also sizzles through a suggestive scene with Kristy McNichol, in which the two swap camisoles just for fun.

Even more removed in time, place and tone is Alan Rudolph's *The Moderns*, a sophisticated, semisatirical look at American expatriates in Paris during the Roaring Twenties: loose women, men in drag, nudes out for a stroll at dawn. Linda Fiorentino enticingly plays a flapper who grants time-shares in her bathtub to John Lone and Keith Carradine, both of whom assume conjugal rights.

Not even a time warp of nearly 2000 years kept Martin Scorsese from getting into trouble over his film *The Last Temptation of Christ*. Outraged Bible thumpers demanded, sight unseen, not merely that it be censored but that its negatives be destroyed. What scandalized the clergymen, who had refused invitations to a special prerelease screening, was word of a dream scene in which Christ, nude on the cross, hallucinates about a fleshly relationship with Mary Magdalene—played by a tattooed Barbara Hershey. One minister who did attend the screening, the Reverend Robert W. Thompson of the First Baptist

Church of Evanston, Illinois, came down firmly on Scorsese's side, calling the film "a feast for the heart and soul. I must say this is a film I think Jesus would have liked." *Last Temptation* should have shown up at a theater near you by now. Draw your own conclusions.

Other cinematic remembrances of things past have ranged from *The Last Emperor*, in which the couplings of Emperor Pu Yi (John Lone, again) with his wife and chief concubine are hidden beneath satin sheets, to *Patty Hearst*, in which Natasha Richardson, in the role of the kidnaped heiress, has sex with at least two of her captors but appears nude just once—in a bathing scene.

Male buns are visible, as usual, in all sorts of screen situations. Connoisseurs could argue the relative merits of the *glutei maximi* of, say, Rob Lowe as a conning gigolo in *Masquerade*, Arnold Schwarzenegger prowling through a Soviet steam bath in search of drug dealers in *Red Heat* or Daniel Day-Lewis (again) baring spindly shanks while streaking through a short-lived comedy called *Stars and Bars*. So far, no sign of Richard Gere's rear this calendar year, but Monty Python veteran John Cleese rushed to fill the gap with backside and well-guarded frontal nudity in *A Fish Called Wanda*, in which he plays a staid London barrister who's caught in a sexual caper with Jamie Lee Curtis.

Sex proves deadly serious often enough, reinforcing a trend as old as the teen-slasher movies of years past and re-emphasized by *Fatal Attraction* and *No Way Out*, a pair of 1987 holdovers portraying the wages of sin as potentially lethal that became best-selling videos in 1988. This year, after investigating zombies and making out with Cathy Tyson in *The Serpent and the Rainbow*, Bill Pullman is buried alive. In *Sister Sister*, a modern Gothic horror story, Jennifer Jason Leigh wakes up screaming from a blood-drenched sex dream as graphic as the one in last year's *Angel Heart*. *Murder One*, a drama based on the true details of a killing spree in Georgia, originally had a rape scene so horrific that most of it was scissored out—perhaps to return on video. Rape is also an issue in *Heart of Midnight*, another vehicle for Leigh, and is the subject of *The Accused*, starring Jodie Foster and Kelly McGillis in a story clearly inspired by the famous barroom-pool-table-assault trial in Massachusetts a few years ago. Here, the alleged attack takes place on a pinball machine.

But films about life on the dark side are seldom the ones to attract a huge following. By midsummer, everyone from Eddie Murphy to Kevin Costner appeared to be lightening up in a major way. Murphy's *Coming to America*, while spiced with mild nudity and a smattering of innuendo, is a surprisingly sweet romance.

Eddie plays an African prince who chooses Queens, logically enough, as the best locale in which to find a royal mate. The harebrained hero of *Who Framed Roger Rabbit*, a landmark hit mixing live actors with animated Toons, is also relatively innocent, a cartoon superstar of the Forties. Roger hires a human private eye (Bob Hoskins) to check on his faithless wife because she has been playing—now hear this—patty-cake with a prop-company mogul. The wife, Jessica Rabbit, is a Toon torch singer with extravagantly designed boobs. "I'm not bad, I'm just drawn that way," she explains in a husky voice supplied by Kathleen Turner.

Even more naïve than Roger is the 12-year-old played by Tom Hanks in *Big*. Wishing himself into adulthood, he winds up as a toy-company executive whose perks include Elizabeth Perkins. She "sleeps over" in his lower bunk (he wants to be on top) until he discovers that there are things boys and girls do together even better than jumping on a trampoline. Runner-up in the comic body-switching category, which saw four entries this year: *Vice Versa*, in which Judge Reinhold switches identities with his young son and has to fumble it when Dad's girlfriend (Corinne Bohrer) gets horny, unaware that she's dealing with a boy in a man's body.

In *Big Top Pee-wee*, Paul Reubens' alter ego, Pee-wee Herman—the nerd seemingly least likely to swing—jumps the bones of a pretty aerialist (Valeria Golino) and sets off some clashing sex symbols: a train penetrating a tunnel, fireworks erupting, waves crashing on the shore and female wrestlers writhing in mud. "Grownups will get the joke," Reubens told an interviewer.

Grownups can definitely understand the naughtiness afoot in *Bull Durham*, a baseball-cum-sex summer comedy that scored another grand slam. As a Southern belle who has vowed to take just one minor-league athlete into her bed each season—the candidate has to hit .250 or better—Susan Sarandon ends up pitching woo with both Tim Robbins, the rookie of the year, and Kevin Costner, a seasoned veteran. Her well-tested theory is that a guy who's good at balling will also be good at playing ball.

Among other releases well worth a giggle, Paul Mazursky's *Moon over Parador* casts Richard Dreyfuss as an actor impersonating a Latin-American dictator who has inconveniently died. Going to bed with Brazilian bombshell Sonia Braga turns out to be one of the irresistible fringe benefits of his new role.

Unabashedly kinky are the goings on in *Track 29*, starring Theresa Russell as a doctor's wife down in Dixie. While the doc (Christopher Lloyd) spends his

(continued on page 179)

1 9 8 9
 P L A Y B O Y
 M U S I C
 P O L L



pump up the volume and vote! IN THIS YEAR of plebiscites, we offer you a spectacular voting opportunity—the annual Playboy Music Poll. And we guarantee that it's the easiest ballot you'll cast. Here's what you do: On the first part of the ballot, write in your picks for the best. On the second part, write in your Hall of Fame choice. For the rest, use the letters and numbers provided—or, if you prefer, write in your nominees. Simple. Then just pop your ballot into the mail to us. Only official ballots count, and they must be postmarked before midnight, November 15, 1988.

T O P
P E R F O R M E R S

Below, write in the LETTERS and NUMBERS of listed candidates you choose. If your choice isn't listed, then write in the name. Remember—you don't have to vote in every category!

POP/ROCK

Male vocalist _____
 Female vocalist _____
 Instrumentalist _____
 Group _____

R&B

Male vocalist _____
 Female vocalist _____
 Instrumentalist _____
 Group _____

JAZZ

Male vocalist _____
 Female vocalist _____
 Instrumentalist _____
 Group _____

COUNTRY

Male vocalist _____
 Female vocalist _____
 Instrumentalist _____
 Group _____

P L A Y B O Y
H A L L
O F
F A M E

(write in your choice)

Instrumentalists and vocalists, living or dead, are eligible. Artists previously elected (Duane Allman, Herb Alpert, Louis Armstrong, Count Basie, John Bonham, David Bowie, Dave Brubeck, Ray Charles, Eric Clapton, Phil Collins, John Coltrane, Miles Davis, Bob Dylan, Duke Ellington, Ella Fitzgerald, Benny Goodman, George Harrison, Jimi Hendrix, Michael Jackson, Mick Jagger, Elton John, Janis Joplin, John Lennon, Madonna, Paul McCartney, Wes Montgomery, Keith Moon, Jim Morrison, Willie Nelson, Elvis Presley, Linda Ronstadt, Frank Sinatra, Bruce Springsteen, Ringo Starr, Peter Townshend, Tina Turner, Stevie Wonder) are not eligible. (Mail ballot to: Playboy Music Poll, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.)

1 9 8 9
 P L A Y B O Y
 M U S I C
 P O L L

THE
 YEAR'S
 BEST:



pump up the volume and vote! IN THIS YEAR of plebiscites, we offer you a spectacular voting opportunity—the annual Playboy Music Poll. And we guarantee that it's the easiest ballot you'll cast. Here's what you do: On the first part of the ballot, write in your picks for the best. On the second part, write in your Hall of Fame choice. For the rest, use the letters and numbers provided—or, if you prefer, write in your nominees. Simple. Then just pop your ballot into the mail to us. Only official ballots count, and they must be postmarked before midnight, November 15, 1988.

1. *Rock LP* (Title and Artist)
2. *R&B LP* (Title and Artist)
3. *Jazz LP* (Title and Artist)
4. *Country LP* (Title and Artist)
5. *Movie Sound Track*
6. *New Age LP* (Title and Artist)
7. *Album Cover* (Title and Artist)
8. *Live Recording* (Title and Artist)
9. *Compact Disc* (Title and Artist)
10. *Rock Song* (Title and Artist)
11. *R&B Song* (Title and Artist)
12. *Jazz Composition* (Title and Artist)
13. *Country Song* (Title and Artist)
14. *Song Without Words* (Title and Artist)
15. *Protest Song* (Title and Artist)
16. *Teeny-Bopper*
17. *New Artist*
18. *Comeback Artist*
19. *Rapper*
20. *Bald Performer*
21. *Groupie*
22. *Live Act*
23. *Musician in a Beer Commercial*
24. *Music Video*
25. *Format: LP, CD or Tape*

For the poll results, see our April 1989 issue.

THE YEAR'S BEST:

Write in the full name of your choice in each category.

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____
6. _____
7. _____
8. _____
9. _____
10. _____
11. _____
12. _____
13. _____
14. _____
15. _____
16. _____
17. _____
18. _____
19. _____
20. _____
21. _____
22. _____
23. _____
24. _____
25. _____

BALLOT

AND NUMBER ON THE ACCOMPANYING BALLOT.
NOT LISTED, WRITE IN THE FULL NAME.

JAZZ

Male Vocalist

- I1. Mose Allison
- I2. Tony Bennett
- I3. George Benson
- I4. Ray Charles
- I5. Bob Dorough
- I6. Billy Eckstine
- I7. Michael Franks
- I8. Al Jarreau
- I9. Bobby McFerrin
- I10. Milton Nascimento
- I11. Lou Rawls
- I12. Gil Scott-Heron
- I13. Frank Sinatra
- I14. Mel Tormé
- I15. Joe Williams

Female Vocalist

- J1. Patti Austin
- J2. Angela Bofill
- J3. Dee Dee Bridgewater
- J4. Jean Carne
- J5. Betty Carter
- J6. Ella Fitzgerald
- J7. Lena Horne
- J8. Whitney Houston
- J9. Cleo Laine
- J10. Tania Maria
- J11. Carmen McRae
- J12. Sade
- J13. Sarah Vaughan
- J14. Dionne Warwick
- J15. Nancy Wilson

Instrumentalist

- K1. Stanley Clarke
- K2. Billy Cobham
- K3. Chick Corea
- K4. Miles Davis
- K5. Jack DeJohnette
- K6. Dizzy Gillespie
- K7. Herbie Hancock
- K8. Keith Jarrett
- K9. Chuck Mangione
- K10. Branford Marsalis
- K11. Wynton Marsalis
- K12. Pat Metheny
- K13. Sonny Rollins
- K14. David Sanborn
- K15. Wayne Shorter

Group

- L1. Akiyoshi/Tabackin Big Band
- L2. Ornette Coleman and Prime Time
- L3. Crusaders
- L4. Michael Franks
- L5. Herbie Hancock
- L6. Bob James/David Sanborn
- L7. Stanley Jordan
- L8. Jeff Lorber Fusion
- L9. Chuck Mangione
- L10. Shadowfax
- L11. Spyro Gyra
- L12. Sting
- L13. Weather Report
- L14. World Sax Quartet
- L15. Yellowjackets

COUNTRY

Male Vocalist

- M1. John Anderson
- M2. Johnny Cash
- M3. Steve Earle
- M4. Lee Greenwood
- M5. Merle Haggard
- M6. George Jones
- M7. Lyle Lovett
- M8. Willie Nelson
- M9. Kenny Rogers
- M10. Ricky Skaggs
- M11. George Strait
- M12. Randy Travis
- M13. Steve Wariner
- M14. Hank Williams, Jr.
- M15. Dwight Yoakam

Female Vocalist

- N1. Rosanne Cash
- N2. Janie Fricke
- N3. Crystal Gayle
- N4. Emmylou Harris
- N5. The Judds
- N6. K. D. Lang
- N7. Loretta Lynn
- N8. Barbara Mandrell
- N9. Kathy Mattea
- N10. Reba McEntire
- N11. Juice Newton
- N12. K. T. Oslin
- N13. Dolly Parton
- N14. Judy Rodman
- N15. Tammy Wynette

Instrumentalist

- O1. Chet Atkins
- O2. Glen Campbell
- O3. Roy Clark
- O4. Ry Cooder
- O5. Steve Earle
- O6. Amos Garrett
- O7. Johnny Gimble
- O8. Sonny James
- O9. John McEuen
- O10. Bill Monroe
- O11. Jerry Reed
- O12. Earl Scruggs
- O13. Ricky Skaggs
- O14. Jo-El Sonnier
- O15. Steve Wariner

Group

- P1. Alabama
- P2. The Bellamy Brothers
- P3. The Desert Rose Band
- P4. Exile
- P5. Highway 101
- P6. Willie Nelson Band
- P7. Nitty Gritty Dirt Band
- P8. Oak Ridge Boys
- P9. The O'Kanes
- P10. Restless Heart
- P11. Sawyer Brown
- P12. Southern Pacific
- P13. Statler Brothers
- P14. The Whites
- P15. Hank Williams, Jr., & the Bama Band



CHOOSE THE TOP PERFORMERS BY LETTER AND NUMBER ON THE ACCOMPANYING BALLOT.
TO VOTE FOR SOMEONE WHO'S NOT LISTED, WRITE IN THE FULL NAME.

POP/ROCK

Male Vocalist

- A1. Jon Bon Jovi
- A2. Bono
- A3. Phil Collins
- A4. Peter Gabriel
- A5. Sammy Hagar
- A6. Rick James
- A7. Huey Lewis
- A8. Ziggy Marley
- A9. Richard Marx
- A10. John Cougar Mellencamp
- A11. Prince
- A12. Bob Seger
- A13. Bruce Springsteen
- A14. Sting
- A15. Steve Winwood

Female Vocalist

- B1. Pat Benatar
- B2. Belinda Carlisle
- B3. Tracy Chapman
- B4. Gloria Estefan
- B5. Debbie Gibson
- B6. Whitney Houston
- B7. Janet Jackson
- B8. Cyndi Lauper
- B9. Annie Lennox
- B10. Madonna
- B11. Sinéad O'Connor
- B12. Sade
- B13. Tiffany
- B14. Tina Turner
- B15. Jody Watley

Instrumentalist

- C1. Eric Clapton
- C2. Phil Collins
- C3. Ry Cooder
- C4. Robert Cray
- C5. Thomas Dolby
- C6. Edge
- C7. Mark Knopfler
- C8. Jimmy Page
- C9. Keith Richards
- C10. Joe Satriani
- C11. Steve Stevens
- C12. Edward Van Halen
- C13. Stevie Ray Vaughan
- C14. Tina Weymouth
- C15. Stevie Wonder

Group

- D1. Aerosmith
- D2. Bon Jovi
- D3. Crowded House
- D4. Def Leppard
- D5. Hall & Oates
- D6. INXS
- D7. Huey Lewis & the News
- D8. Tom Petty & the Heartbreakers
- D9. R.E.M.
- D10. Run-DMC
- D11. Bob Seger & the Silver Bullet Band
- D12. Bruce Springsteen & the E Street Band
- D13. Talking Heads
- D14. U2
- D15. Van Halen

R&B

Male Vocalist

- E1. Gregory Abbott
- E2. Philip Bailey
- E3. James Brown
- E4. Terence Trent D'Arby
- E5. James Ingram
- E6. Freddie Jackson
- E7. Michael Jackson
- E8. Billy Ocean
- E9. Jeffrey Osborne
- E10. Teddy Pendergrass
- E11. Prince
- E12. Smokey Robinson
- E13. Al B. Sure!
- E14. Luther Vandross
- E15. Stevie Wonder

Female Vocalist

- F1. Anita Baker
- F2. Natalie Cole
- F3. Aretha Franklin
- F4. Whitney Houston
- F5. Janet Jackson
- F6. Chaka Khan
- F7. Gladys Knight
- F8. Patti LaBelle
- F9. Teena Marie
- F10. Pebbles
- F11. Pointer Sisters
- F12. Diana Ross
- F13. Sade
- F14. Jody Watley
- F15. Deniece Williams

Instrumentalist

- G1. George Clinton
- G2. Phil Collins
- G3. Robert Cray
- G4. Charlie DeChant
- G5. Herbie Hancock
- G6. Rick James
- G7. Stanley Jordan
- G8. Stuart Matthewman
- G9. Mtume
- G10. Prince
- G11. Lionel Richie
- G12. Patrice Rushen
- G13. Jamaaladeen Tacuma
- G14. Dave "Hawk" Wolinsky
- G15. Stevie Wonder

Group

- H1. Ashford & Simpson
- H2. Earth, Wind & Fire
- H3. Fat Boys
- H4. Gap Band
- H5. Isley Brothers
- H6. D.J. Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince
- H7. The Jets
- H8. Gladys Knight & the Pips
- H9. Kool & the Gang
- H10. Lisa Lisa and Cult Jam
- H11. LL Cool J
- H12. Mtume
- H13. Public Enemy
- H14. Run-DMC
- H15. The System

JAZZ

Male Vocalist

- I1. Mose Allison
- I2. Tony Bennett
- I3. George Benson
- I4. Ray Charles
- I5. Bob Dorough
- I6. Billy Eckstine
- I7. Michael Franks
- I8. Al Jarreau
- I9. Bobby McFerrin
- I10. Milton Nascimento
- I11. Lou Rawls
- I12. Gil Scott-Heron
- I13. Frank Sinatra
- I14. Mel Tormé
- I15. Joe Williams

Female Vocalist

- J1. Patti Austin
- J2. Angela Bofill
- J3. Dee Dee Bridgewater
- J4. Jean Carne
- J5. Betty Carter
- J6. Ella Fitzgerald
- J7. Lena Horne
- J8. Whitney Houston
- J9. Cleo Laine
- J10. Tania Maria
- J11. Carmen McRae
- J12. Sade
- J13. Sarah Vaughan
- J14. Dionne Warwick
- J15. Nancy Wilson

Instrumentalist

- K1. Stanley Clarke
- K2. Billy Cobham
- K3. Chick Corea
- K4. Miles Davis
- K5. Jack DeJohnette
- K6. Dizzy Gillespie
- K7. Herbie Hancock
- K8. Keith Jarrett
- K9. Chuck Mangione
- K10. Branford Marsalis
- K11. Wynton Marsalis
- K12. Pat Metheny
- K13. Sonny Rollins
- K14. David Sanborn
- K15. Wayne Shorter

Group

- L1. Akiyoshi/Tabackin Big Band
- L2. Ornette Coleman and Prime Time
- L3. Crusaders
- L4. Michael Franks
- L5. Herbie Hancock
- L6. Bob James/David Sanborn
- L7. Stanley Jordan
- L8. Jeff Lorber Fusion
- L9. Chuck Mangione
- L10. Shadowfax
- L11. Spyro Gyra
- L12. Sting
- L13. Weather Report
- L14. World Sax Quartet
- L15. Yellowjackets

COUNTRY

Male Vocalist

- M1. John Anderson
- M2. Johnny Cash
- M3. Steve Earle
- M4. Lee Greenwood
- M5. Merle Haggard
- M6. George Jones
- M7. Lyle Lovett
- M8. Willie Nelson
- M9. Kenny Rogers
- M10. Ricky Skaggs
- M11. George Strait
- M12. Randy Travis
- M13. Steve Wariner
- M14. Hank Williams, Jr.
- M15. Dwight Yoakam

Female Vocalist

- N1. Rosanne Cash
- N2. Janie Fricke
- N3. Crystal Gayle
- N4. Emmylou Harris
- N5. The Judds
- N6. K. D. Lang
- N7. Loretta Lynn
- N8. Barbara Mandrell
- N9. Kathy Mattea
- N10. Reba McEntire
- N11. Juice Newton
- N12. K. T. Oslin
- N13. Dolly Parton
- N14. Judy Rodman
- N15. Tammy Wynette

Instrumentalist

- O1. Chet Atkins
- O2. Glen Campbell
- O3. Roy Clark
- O4. Ry Cooder
- O5. Steve Earle
- O6. Amos Garrett
- O7. Johnny Gimble
- O8. Sonny James
- O9. John McEuen
- O10. Bill Monroe
- O11. Jerry Reed
- O12. Earl Scruggs
- O13. Ricky Skaggs
- O14. Jo-El Sonnier
- O15. Steve Wariner

Group

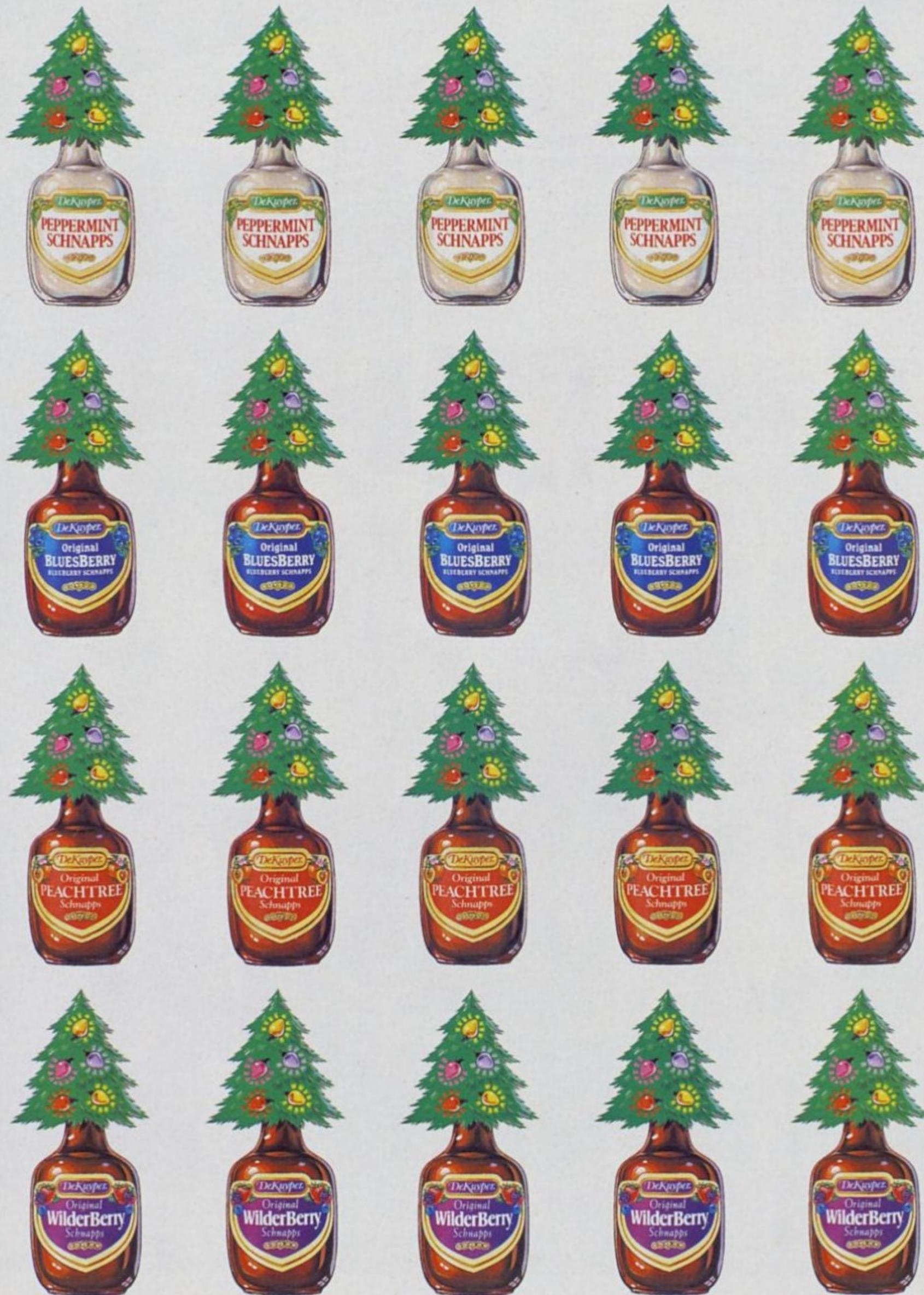
- P1. Alabama
- P2. The Bellamy Brothers
- P3. The Desert Rose Band
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- P8. Oak Ridge Boys
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- P10. Restless Heart
- P11. Sawyer Brown
- P12. Southern Pacific
- P13. Statler Brothers
- P14. The Whites
- P15. Hank Williams, Jr., & the Bama Band





"Pardon me, folks, but this is merely a singles bar. Any commitments of a more personal nature should be concluded elsewhere."

DeTwenty Fifths of DeCember.



DeKuyper® Schnapps has DeHoliday spirit in store for you. Just check our "Deck DeHalls" display and enjoy the taste of true holiday DeLight.

**DeLiciously
DeKuyper.**

WICKED WILLIE'S LOW-DOWN ON MEN

Cartoons and Captions by Gray Jolliffe
Text by Peter Mayle

This is something that happens only to other men, but there do seem to be a lot of them about.

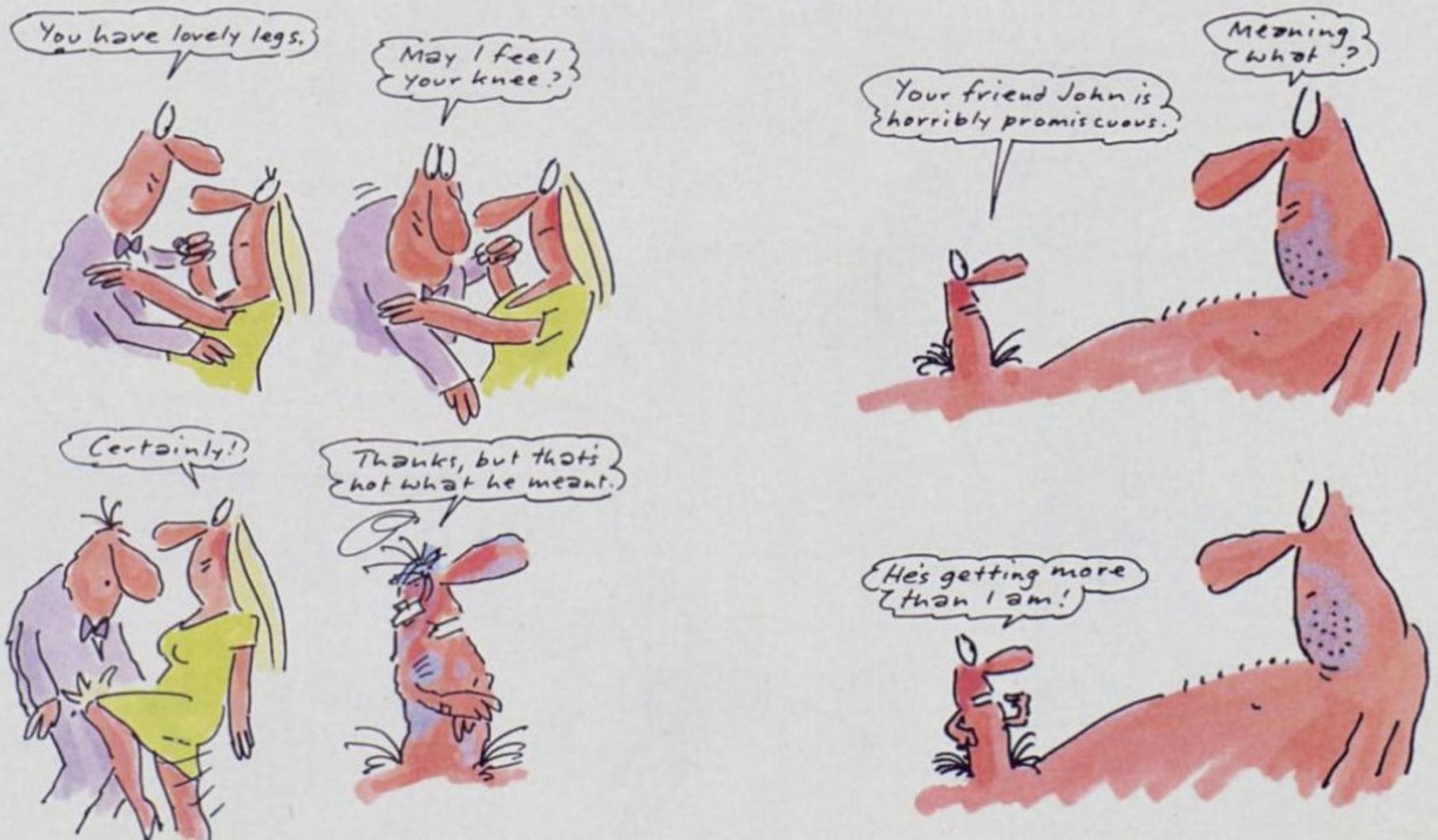
Their distinguishing characteristics are a refusal to accept the facts that they have outgrown their trousers, that sudden movements on the dance floor are likely to end in traction and that 19-year-old girls are immune to their charm and *savoir-faire*.

During this period, men are driven to try various rejuvenation techniques, such as monkey glands, vividly colored knee-length



dressing gowns and Porsches (despite the fact that these are as difficult to get into as their trousers). As one might expect, Willie is not the sort to take a minor problem like menopause lying down, though occasionally he has to, due to his owner's tendency to fall asleep at inappropriate moments. Trying times, indeed, and who can say how long they will last? All we know is they do come to an end, ushering in the golden era of the Dirty Old Man.

A DIRTY OLD MAN



THE MALE MENOPAUSE



The male menopause is a very real condition causing the loss of many millions of man-hours each day, particularly in big cities, where there are plenty of girls.

At a certain age, some men worry about the loss of their youth and start acting strange...



like going to a trendy hairdresser...

Shall I dress both of them, love?



and chasing young women.

I'd love to get to know you better, but how about a spot of dinner first?



Suddenly, they try to get in shape....



Try to memorize the top ten....
Get new clothes.... Get an old sports car....



Boogie till the
small hours....

I said, don't you have
any Rock, my good man?

So how long does
the male menopause
go on for?



Sooner we start,
the longer it lasts.
Forty years if we're
lucky!



Mother nature is a
male-chauvinist pig. All
women get is hot flushes.



Conclusion: The male menopause
is no bad thing as long as you have
credit cards to help you through.

“‘We’re from Wurtz. In the galaxy of Wile?’ ‘Forgive me,’ I said, ‘I know almost nothing of astronomy.’”

shook its head and glanced back at the ship, after which it rubbed its chin, for all the world as my old uncle Marty would undoubtedly have done had he found himself deboarding first from a vehicle that had just landed on an unfamiliar planet. I have not picked my example at random. As the spaceman reached the ground and began to approach the porch, I saw even more resemblances to my maternal uncle: an upper body that suggested an avocado, a head fuzzy at both temples but radiantly bald in between, a splayed sort of stride, with the feet at right angles to each other, and, finally, the kind of two-piece suit that, were it made of wool, would have been baggy but in polyester double knit looked, here and there, uncomfortably snug. He was not, as far as I could see, armed, but the possibility that he had available some more subtle kind of weapon, perhaps one that could be triggered by his thoughts, restrained me from assuming that because of his attire and penguin-footed stride, shared with Uncle Marty, he was as harmless.

But Bub suddenly lost all fear and bounded from the shelter of the back of my legs, approaching the space creature with bare-fanged hostility and a deep-throated, unpleasant sound that I had never before heard him emit.

The figure from the saucer abruptly halted, then bent at the waist and began to speak to the dog in a very human-sounding way.

“Hiyee, wuzzums! Is oo upset cuz fella on oor turf? Oo, but ize oor friend. Oh, what a sweet poochie-woochie boy oo is.”

Bub hesitated for a moment, limbs and tail gone rigid, and then his growl became even more menacing and his advance even more ill-willed. It occurred to me that if the creature was not armed in any fashion, his comrades on the ship must certainly have weapons at their disposal, and with but one set of teeth, poor Bub could easily be outgunned. I silently cursed my pet, for without his display, we both might have slunk out the back of the house and concealed ourselves in the woods till the saucer had finished its business, whatever

that might be, and had taken off. As it was, I now had to put myself in jeopardy. But you just can’t abandon a pet like Bub, especially when your closest female friend is someone as volatile as Myra.

I called out to my dog, praying that my voice did not sound as feeble to the space person as it did to me. “Bub! You come back here! These nice folks don’t mean any harm.” The last was obviously putting the wish before the fact.

Bub proceeded to growl more furiously, which I might have anticipated, familiar as I was with his tendency to grandstand when he believed I would be impressed.

But the man from the saucer straightened up from the crouch in which he had been trying to placate the animal and said in a voice quite as fearful as mine, “Hello, sir! Please forgive us for the intrusion, but I’m afraid we had to make an emergency landing, and we thought an empty field was far better for it than to crash into a hospital or any place thickly inhabited. Of course, we’ll make any compensation within our power if we have damaged your land. You have a lovely dog. I’d like to pet him, but I’m afraid he doesn’t seem to like me.”

Encouraged by the pacific speech, Bub was now ready to jump him. I went down the three steps into the yard and in a burst of inspiration uttered the only words that could have any effect on my dog. “Bub, want some *steak*?”

The animal quickly exchanged the display of hostility for his wheedling act, a sequence in which grovel, if not answered immediately, gives way to snivel, and which normally is ingratiating enough. But the spaceman had precedence at this moment.

I fended Bub off with the side of my sneaker, smiled and said, “Hello. My name is Tony Walsh. I come here on weekends. That’s not really my field, but I’m sure you’re welcome to it.”

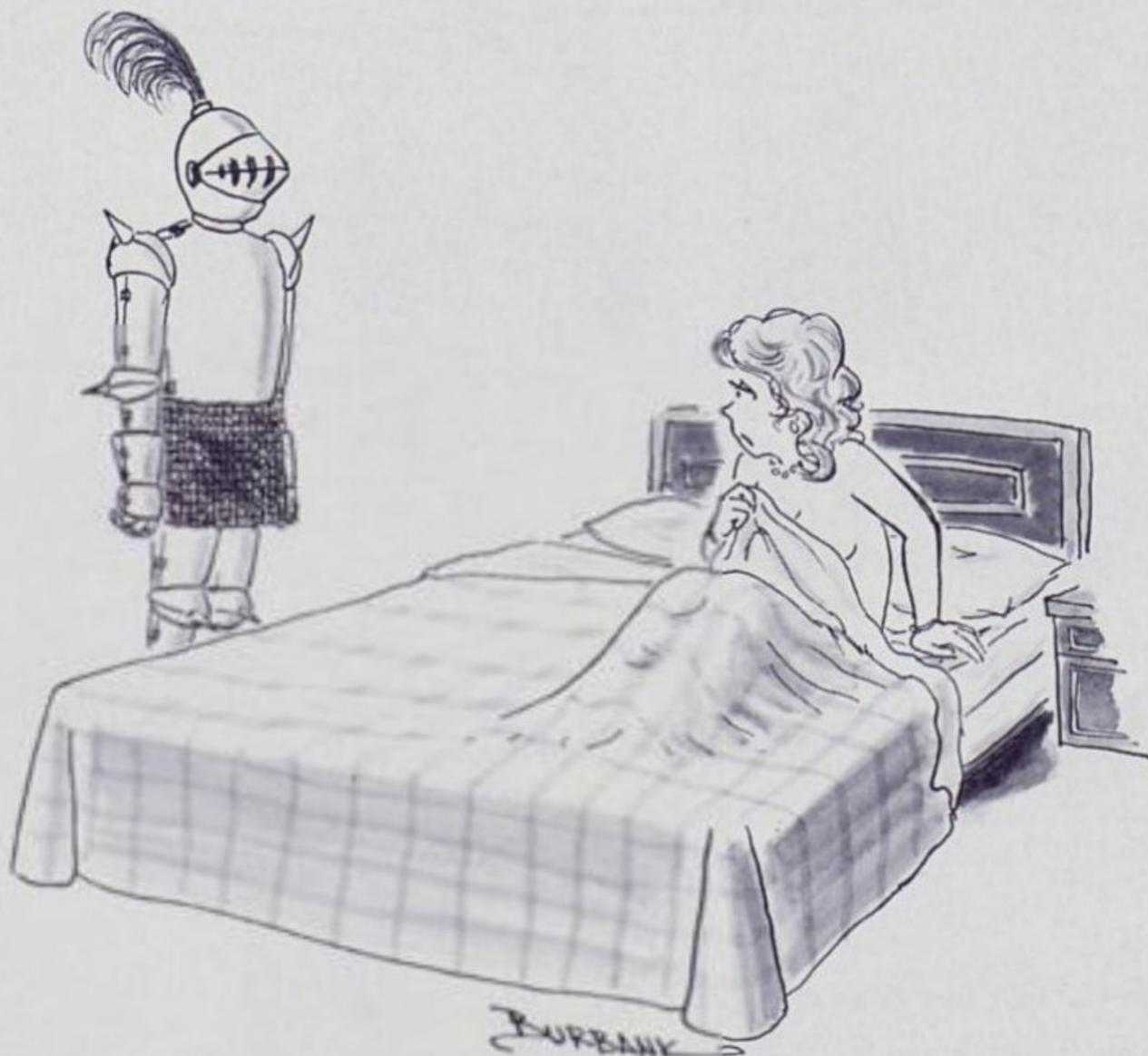
He came forward and put out a hand that looked, and felt, altogether human. “Hi there. My name is Wonk.”

I had begun by now, without being at all conscious of it, to assume that he and his ship were actually American and only superficially exotic. But the simple sound of his name was enough to return me if not to fear, then at least to wonderment.

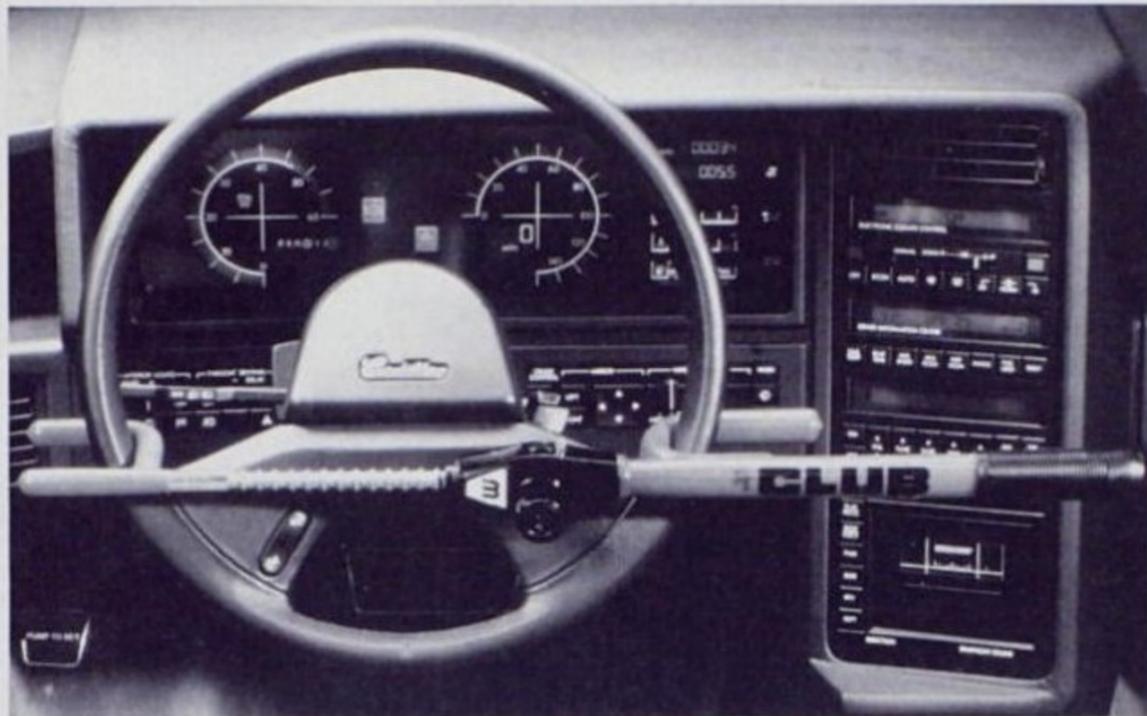
“Are you from, uh, someplace else?”

He was still shaking my hand in a rather flabby clutch. “We’re from Wurtz.” It was still sufficiently light to see that although he did not resemble Uncle Marty in any facial feature, he looked quite as human. He had a pug nose, crinkly eyes, a slightly recessive chin and what would seem a set of regular, if dingy, teeth. He waited as if for my reaction and when none came, said, “In the galaxy of Wile? You don’t know it? It’s just beyond—”

“Forgive me,” I said, “I know almost nothing of astronomy, and, in fact, I’ve never even read much science fiction. I



“Uh . . . just how much experience have you had with safe sex, Ralph?”



Problem: AUTO THEFT
Solution: THE CLUB

An auto theft occurs every 26 seconds in the U. S. One in every 41 cars are stolen or tampered with by thieves. How can you best protect yourself from having your car stolen? "THE CLUB" is the answer.

HOW IT WORKS

"THE CLUB" is a slide-and-lock brace that once it's locked into place, steering is impossible. The extension end is so long that it's stopped by anything immovable, such as the windshield, door post or seat. The steering wheel can NOT be turned enough to make driving possible.

IT'S SIMPLE

It takes only seconds to lock into place. "THE CLUB" permits easy entry or exit from vehicle. Storage is convenient, as the unit fits underneath the passenger seat when not in use.

IT'S TOUGH

"THE CLUB" is constructed of high quality tempered steel that defies cutting. Overall, the quality of materials used in "THE CLUB" makes it nearly impossible to defeat.

IT'S STREETWISE

"THE CLUB" was field tested in Los Angeles on 500 Porsches for one month with outstanding results. Not one of the Porsches that was using "THE CLUB" during the test period was stolen. During the same test, 45 of the Porsches not using "THE CLUB" were stolen. Mr. C. Van Tune, Editor of AUTOTECH MAGAZINE stated, "I test over 100 new cars a year, most of them expensive. After the shocking experience of having one stolen, I've been using "THE CLUB" on everything I drive."

**PREFERRED
 DETERRENT
 WORLD-WIDE**

NO FALSE-ALARMING. "THE CLUB" is strictly mechanical and does not rely on someone else to answer your alarm. With so many systems false-

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KILL-SWITCHES AND CUTOFFS only have so many places they can be hidden, and it doesn't take a thief long to find them. Once the thief has broken in, the damage is already done. "THE CLUB" is NOT hidden. It is bright red, and it's position on the steering wheel makes it highly visible from the outside. This visibility deters thieves BEFORE they attempt to break in.

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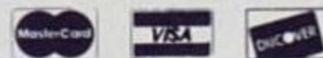
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have never taken flying saucers seriously. I'm not sure I'm not dreaming at this moment, to be frank."

He frowned. "Oh, I don't believe you are. In any case, I'm real enough." He had finally dropped my hand, but he now re-clasped it. "You can feel my flesh. I'm here. And so is the ship. You might come and visit it, though I'm afraid we can't afford you the hospitality we'd like, for we're out of provisions—which, in fact, is one of the reasons why we've had to land."

I flapped my arms. "Well, you're certainly more than welcome to share my food, though I don't know if it would be enough for your entire party. You see, I'm here only on the weekends, and at such times, I bring along just enough for myself and whatever guests are coming. I don't keep much on hand here, because the field mice will get into it if I do, and the ants and beetles, and so on. . . ."

"Pardon me," said Wonk. "What was that?"

"The food," I said. "I'm afraid on a Sunday night like this, I don't have much. There's a cold lamb chop and, of course, some cheese, unless it's too ripe—"

"No," Wonk said. "Forgive me, but did you not name some beasts that might invade your larder?"

"Yes. Mice. Raccoons, even. They once tore a hole in the kitchen roof!"

"I'm thinking of something smaller,"

said Wonk. He held up a pair of pincered fingers.

"Insects? We get all kinds. Ants are the worst: the little red ones that march in armylike columns. The black kind come as individuals. I don't know which is worse."

Wonk was grinning. "What good fortune that by chance we landed in just the right spot on all this enormous planet!"

"I think we're fortunate, too," I said politely, "that you speak English."

"Aha! We know it as Wattle. But it certainly does seem very similar to your tongue. . . . Please don't think me rude, but I wonder whether I might see these ants of yours."

"You certainly may, but it's almost dark now. Won't you come into the house and have a glass of wine, and we'll see what we can work out with the food? How many people are on your ship? I've got a few cans on hand: pork 'n' beans, and so on. Sardines. Maybe even corned beef." I gestured toward the porch. "Trouble is, I don't have a car at the moment, or we could run over to the convenience store at Briceville."

He finally moved but seemed reluctant. I assumed he was shy or perhaps even suspicious that I might be luring him into an ambush. That was understandable. What must it be like to sail across the vastness of space, to land on an alien planet and confront such a (to him) exotic creature as I?

I led him through the dimly lighted front portions of the house to the kitchen,

which was brightly lighted from the overhead fixture. I must say that seeing him clearly now simply confirmed my sense that, from the visible physical evidence, he and I could not have been distinguished each from each as to species.

"Won't you sit down?" I gestured at the table under the light, and then, when he made no move toward it, went there and drew out one of the chairs. He remained motionless.

"Is something wrong?"

Wonk showed embarrassment, coughing into a balled hand. "I'm sorry to say, I don't understand what you want me to do."

"To sit here, if you like. Or perhaps you'd prefer the other side."

He lowered his chin. "I'm afraid I don't know what 'to sit' means."

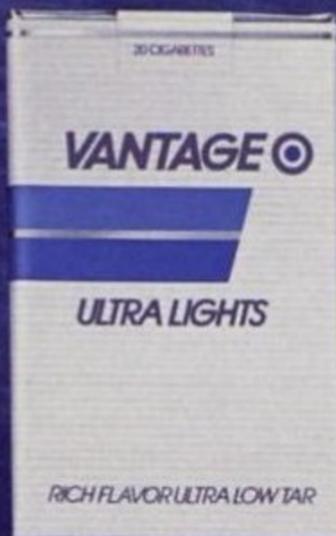
I wondered whether I should really buy this but anyway went ahead and demonstrated. "This is sitting," I said, feeling as foolish as I ever have in my life long. "Do you have another word for it?"

"Aha! No, we do not speak of it, because we don't do it. Is it as easy as you make it look?"

"Here, let me help. Just bend these legs." I tapped him behind the knees. "Now, down, down—you're all right. I've got you." I was holding the chair with one hand and reassuringly touching his shoulder with the other. "There, you've landed. Now, isn't that comfortable?"

He looked up at me and made a smile of

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relief in which an element of fear could still, however, be seen. "I still can't believe it," he said. "This is an excellent compromise between standing and lying down. Now that I know about it, I find it hard to believe that we Wurtzels have never discovered what seems so obvious." He stood up. "Still another thing to thank you for! But now, may I just have a look at those ants? I don't mean to be rude, but I'm afraid we're famished."

"If that's the case, then let me first fix you some soup. We'll have time enough to see ants." I waved a soup can at him and asked, "Are you an entomologist, by chance?"

He looked uncomfortable. "I'm afraid not, and I beg you not to think me the glutton I must seem. Forgive me; your sculpture is beautiful. After the meal, I'd like to see all your work." He made a sweeping gesture to indicate the expanse of the kitchen. "Your studio is lovely. I love the arts. I was myself one of the leading poets of Wurtz before the famine."

I inserted the can into the electric opener. "Of course," I said, "I don't have any influence on our Government, but I should think they'd want to give you people some assistance, hands across space, as it were. Golly, I'd say Washington will be so relieved to see that the first visitors from outer space are nice, they'll do anything for you." This was finally beginning to seem normal to me, realistic, believable, as I saw

the hairs in his nose, a tiny fragment of lint on his lapel. "Uh, which sculpture are you referring to?"

"The object you are now polishing."
"This soup can?"

"Forgive me, Tony Walsh," he cried desperately and, springing to his feet, approached me rapidly. "I'm afraid that unless you take me immediately to the ants, I shall be forced to give you a good tongue lashing!"

I put the can down. "I suspect we're not in perfect communication, Mr. Wonk, but if you have such strong feelings, I'll be pleased to do as you ask. Would you mind telling me what your interest in ants might be?"

He threw up his hands. "To eat them, for heaven's sake! I assure you being hungry is no joke."

This was really too much. Nevertheless, I switched on the floodlight that illuminated the rear yard and led the man, if such he could be termed, out into the weeds that ruled there. The saucer still rested in the adjacent meadow, silent as ever, its crew remaining unseen. "All right," I said, pointing to a mounded, sandy place near the rotting stump of a bygone tree. "I believe you'll find an ant hole there."

"That's all very well," said he, looking down, "but how can I get to them?" He raised his head and stared reproachfully at me.

"Oh, come on. You wanted ants, and

here they are. No doubt they're asleep at the moment, but surely you can rouse them by taking that stick and digging. . . . If, that is, you really do eat them and this is not some sort of hoax." I was annoyed.

Wonk raised his hands and backed away. "I'm no hunter. I told you I was a poet. Don't you have any farms, where the ants are domesticated?"

"Toy stores often sell so-called ant farms, glass boxes filled with dirt. The ants can be observed as they crawl through their tunnels and go about their business. Kids are given these by childless friends who have been invited for the weekend."

"I'm relieved to hear that at least your children eat ants," said Wonk. "From your reaction thus far, I assumed you didn't regard them as edible at all and you lived on the cans you spoke about and felt quite superior because you can digest tin. Well, so be it; we are obviously a younger race and haven't evolved as far as you. We need flesh for nourishment."

I picked up a stick with the intention of unearthing some ants for him, but then threw it down. "Mr. Wonk," I said, "from what I can see of you, we belong to races that, if not precisely the same, are pretty closely allied. Now, there's not going to be enough ants in this hole to feed a person your size, let alone your comrades in the ship."

"Tell me," he asked, "are we anywhere near a shop where food is sold? If so,

would it not be simpler for all concerned if we simply went there and purchased enough ants to take us on our way? We're perfectly capable of paying, I assure you."

"Briceville's five miles, but I'm afraid my friend has taken the car. Besides, you wouldn't be able to buy ants there. People here don't ever eat that sort of thing. You really must try other kinds of food. We have all sorts: grains and eggs and fruits of many varieties. Don't you eat anything else on Wurtz?"

"Some grasses and leaves," said Wonk, "as filler, but, of course, they're not very nutritional—to leave taste out of the picture."

"Please come back to the kitchen and try the sardines. They were cold-blooded when alive."

Wonk put his hand out. "Darned nice of you to offer. But I think we'd better try elsewhere. I hope I wasn't too rude earlier. I apologize."

"You're not going to get what you want anywhere else in this country," I said. "But I've seen pictures of eight-foot anthills in Africa. Perhaps you could zoom over there in your saucer."

He shook his head. "I confess that Earth has consistently gone beyond our wildest expectations. We were prepared to find

you had the wheel and the lever, things that even yet we haven't mastered. Our wheel is still awfully bumpy, though we have been making some progress from the square we started with: It's now hexagonal."

My suspicions about his authenticity had waxed and waned. This was too much. "Come, now," I said derisively, "you supposedly fly here from outer space in a vehicle that obviously has overcome the problems of gravity and friction and centrifugal force, etc., and burns a fuel that has no visible exhaust, and you haven't perfected the wheel?"

Wonk shrugged his round shoulders. "Oh, the ship. They left it behind. I don't think it needs fuel. It just runs when you move a switch and stops when you turn it off. To make it go up, you move a stick back, forward to make it go down, and so on. These things are all clearly labeled, else we wouldn't have the foggiest idea as to how to operate the machine."

"They? Who are they?"

"The superior people who occupied our planet for a while and dominated us, making us do menial tasks for them."

"But they left?"

"To conquer other worlds. They gave us up as completely hopeless, I'm afraid. Said

we don't even do a good job as flunkies." Wonk smiled sweetly. "They had robots who did all the skilled work, and we were supposed to do the cleanup, sweep the floors, carry out rubbish, and so on, but we couldn't seem to meet their standards. Finally, they put us to digging ditches and filling them in, in a wasteland area, but hard as we tried, we'd end up with a series of holes with piles of sand between them. A shovel just doesn't seem to do what it's supposed to when one of us is wielding it."

His manner was so sincere that I could not withhold a belief that there was substance to the outlandish story.

"Come along," I said, leading him back to the kitchen. "Please try some of the tinned foods."

After a short refresher course in the technique of sitting, he took a chair at the kitchen table and satisfactorily lowered himself onto it but fell off when trying to pull it, with himself, forward. He was not hurt, however, either in body or in spirit. It would have been hard not to find him ingratiating; he was trying so hard to catch on to new ways.

As it turned out, he preferred the oil to the sardines, licking the former off the latter and then dropping the fish onto the plate as one discards the cob when the corn has been stripped away. He was innocent of the uses of knife and fork and wiped his greasy hands on the lapels of his suit. When I urged the paper napkin on him, he polished the plate with it. With the worry that any beverage containing alcohol might affect him deleteriously, I found a can of soda and poured a glass of it, over ice.

Suspecting that in the absence of instruction he might do anything with the liquid but take it into his mouth, I told him it was exclusively for drinking.

He laughed politely. "Good heavens, you must think us even more barbarous than we are. I should say that drinking was instinctive and pretty much the same throughout the universe." He plucked the ice cubes from the glass and tossed them onto the table, then poured some soda into his left palm and, lowering his head, lapped at it dog fashion.

I decided to let that go for a while and was about to introduce him to peanut butter applied to a graham cracker (one of my own favorites for which I would not have apologized to Brillat-Savarin) when I heard the slamming of the front screen door. Before remembering that such was Myra's preferred way of reminding me that the spring was too weak to do the job unassisted, I assumed that one or more of Wonk's associates had become impatient for his report as to the local availability of food, and although Wonk himself had proved innocuous, I was not yet free of apprehension: They were, after all, the hungry crew of an alien space vehicle.

But it was Myra who burst into the



"Remind me to tell you about the hand job she gave me and Martinez in the back seat of his convertible. . . ."

**HE WENT
FOR THE
WINDSOR.**

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smoothest Canadian, you'll
break away from the rest.

**GO FOR THE
SMOOTHEST.**



kitchen. She was at least as angry with me as when she had left, I'm sure, for it is a point of honor with her to hold a grudge interminably, but she was also, by reflex, a thoroughgoing optimist with respect to men she had just met. Irrespective of their age, appearance or type, she could always project some association of value—if not lover, then father or brother or just someone good with hammer and nails—and I found that an endearing trait, no doubt because I am much the same when it comes to women; perhaps we could be called pragmatists.

In any event, Myra lost her glower on seeing my guest. "Hi," said she, advancing with outthrust hand. "I'm Myra Clendenning."

"Myra," I said, "this is Wonk. Wonk, my friend Myra. Now, Myra, you may find this hard to accept at first, but if you noticed on the way in, there's a spaceship parked in the field next door. Actually, it's a real flying saucer, from the planet Wurtz. I didn't believe in them, either, till this one showed up, but there it is, and Wonk here came with it. He and the rest of the crew

are without evil intent. They landed because they're out of food. Now, as you know, we've got a few tins of this and that, and I'm introducing him to things he has never tasted."

Wonk had sprung up when she entered the room and bowed elaborately, as he had not done for me, and kissed her wrist.

I added repetitiously, "You may find this hard to believe."

"Why should I?" Myra asked, with a sparkling smile for the benign-looking alien, obviously reluctant to let go of his hand. "I've been expecting that one of these days, someone like this would come to reach out to us in our ignorance."

"Thank you, Myra Clendenning," said Wonk, "but I'm afraid *we're* the ignorant ones. I've only just been taught by your friend how to sit down and that there are other things to eat than ants, though I hope I'm not being rude in saying that there's still nothing tastier."

"What in the world has he given you to drink?" Myra asked, then glared at me and said, "Open the Talbot, for heaven's sake."

"I think we might wait for that," I told

her. "Everything's so new."

"It's *my* property," she said irritably though continuing to beam at Wonk. She went to the undersink area that served as a wine cellar and brought out the only bottle that remained there. She had bought it on sale somewhere. I suspected it was an off year, though I can never find one of those little vintage cards when I want to.

Myra deftly extracted the cork with the two-pronged nonscrew gadget that I have never mastered. "I know," she said to Wonk, "that you undoubtedly have much to teach us, not only about technology but about the more important issues. Foremost among them would be how to live in peace with one another." She poured some wine for him.

"Myra," I said, "he doesn't drink from a glass. You'd better——"

"Teach us," Myra said. "Oh, teach us how to live together."

"Goodness gracious," said Wonk. "I'm afraid we're the last people who could do that. You see, we were able to come to power only because our old Bosses went elsewhere in the galaxy to find new people to conquer and treat like scum. But now we're in the lamentable situation of being on top, with nobody else underneath us, no inferior folks to despise and mistreat."

He gave me a sheepish look. "I must apologize for lying to you, Tony Walsh. We came here not only to look for food. We were searching for slaves. But it didn't take me any time at all to see that if you are representative of Earth's population, we would be savagely whipped if we tried anything here. You have every advantage: You can eat and drink anything, you tame and keep as pet an animal that would otherwise be ferocious and you have a friend that smells sweet and speaks melodiously. I suspect she's an example of your females."

Myra hated being spoken of as if she were absent, and she moved quickly to assert herself. "I admire your humility," said she. "We can certainly learn a lesson from that. But don't sell yourselves short. Let me suggest that you get more particular in your search: Look for inferior *individuals*, not peoples. I assure you, the former are in abundance. True, collecting them one by one can be tedious, but the effort will be well worth it."

"Myra," I cried, "what are you saying?" To Wonk, I hastened to say, "Myra is known for her sense of *irony*. Let me explain that term——"

"No need for that," said he. "It's certainly one thing we are familiar with: pretending that what everyone knows is true is really false, and vice versa. It was the only way we survived when under the thumb of the Bosses. We could use less of it now that they've gone, but, unfortunately, we just can't seem to shake off the habit, even though it really makes no sense nowadays."

"You just let me characterize my own



"Dr. Snyder is busy at the moment. Would you care to indulge in some foreplay?"

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mystique," Myra said nastily to me. She turned to Wonk. "I was *not* being ironic. If you want a collection of boneheads, just go to the company for which I work, or go to the nation's capital or to any state legislature."

I had not realized she was such an anarchist. I shrugged and added, "Well, for that matter, how about the factories where they make garments with buttons from which the thread has already mostly unraveled before you've worn them for the first time?"

"Oh," Myra scoffed, "that's frivolous. But what about all the thieves on Wall Street, and the people who, though not in need, think it's cute to shoplift?"

"Drunken airline pilots!" I shouted.

"The illiterates who misspell names printed at the bottom of TV screens."

"Waiters who are insolent and then mispronounce crepes."

"Excuse me," Wonk said in a tone of distress. He had not touched his wine. "I do believe you are bickering. That's one thing we cannot endure: a conflict of opinions. All of us are always in perfect accord at all times. Perhaps it's a racial trait. In any event, I thank you for your kindness, which I must say I'd have taken as a symptom of weakness had you not proved our superiors in so many other ways." He smiled. "I still can't quite understand why you haven't given me a good thrashing and then burned the space craft. I don't mind admitting that's the way we would have treated you had the situation been reversed. I think we might have the moral edge on you there. What's the purpose of being strong unless it's to exploit the weak?"

He had acquired a look of discomfort. After a moment, I realized that he was trying to rise from the chair but was in too close, his thighs under the table. I told him what to do.

"So many things to remember!" he complained when he was finally erect. "As if the learning isn't enough." He beamed at Myra. "Thank you. For a female, you're quite articulate."

He had already forgotten the location of the door by which he had entered, and I had to lead him out of the house. When we reached the yard, I remembered I had not seen Bub for a while, the reason for which was that he had stayed on guard against the saucer. Or so I believed until he turned to me with a snarl. Had the space creatures transformed him . . . ? He sullenly averted his head in a familiar movement. Of course! He was bitter about the false promise of steak with which I had earlier subdued him. "All right," I said, "I've got that coming. But just trust me a while longer." Alas, it would have to be quite a while, until the following evening, in fact, back in town, for the Briceville convenience store, though open 24 hours, sold cold cuts only.

"Goodbye, Tony Walsh," said Wonk.

"Goodbye to you, Wonk. I won't wish you well, for, in fact, I disapprove of your mission. Why don't you people go back home and buckle down and try to improve yourselves? Study and work hard and make a real effort not to be such jerks. You'd surely improve yourselves significantly. Look what you learned in the short time here: sitting, drinking sardine oil, and so on. And then, once you had acquired self-respect based on accomplishment, you wouldn't need anyone else to lord it over."

He stared searchingly into my eyes, and then, with the greatest good humor, uttered one stark obscenity, after which he plodded to the space vehicle and went up the gangplank. In a trice, the saucer rose noisily into the air and whirled away.

I returned to the kitchen, where Myra sat with the glass of wine Wonk had not touched.

"I hope you're not brooding," I said, "over that tasteless comment of his."

She showed a vulpine grin. "Hardly. What can you expect from some fat old freak like that?"

"I'm glad you came back before they left. I didn't have a camera."

"Don't think I intend to tell anyone about this," she said firmly.

"Are you serious?" I cried, and we proceeded to argue heatedly.

Finally, Myra made a crucial point. "All right, *you* tell and see how far you get! I have no intention of confirming your account."

"You mean you'll suppress the entire incident just because maybe there'll be some people who won't even believe the two of us? But it *happened*, did it not? I never thought you, of all people, could ever be accused of a lack of conviction."

She gulped what was in her glass and poured herself more Château Talbot. I had to pour my own. "As usual," she said, "you're barking up the wrong tree. . . . The reason I'll keep quiet is that the Wurtzels are contemptible trash. Why give them publicity?" She stared into the middle distance. "I say let's wait for more positive-thinking space visitors. I *know* they're out there. Maybe those Bosses will show up, and we'll have a fight on our hands. But who needs more Wurtzels?"

I hope I haven't given the impression here that I don't admire Myra. We may wrangle, but underneath it all, we invariably end up seeing eye to eye. Except, perhaps, about wine. This one, with its excess of tannin, was, as yet, far too young to drink. But I kept my own counsel on the matter, fearing that were I to mention it to Myra, she might storm out again. And, frankly, I was scared to be alone, lest tougher guys appear now that the trail had been, so to speak, blazed.



SCENTS AND SENSIBILITY

(continued from page 124)

Pierre Cardin and TerraNova.

FOUGÈRE: An old-fashioned lavender family more popular in Europe than in America. Some top *fougères*: Brut, Iron by Coty, British Sterling and Clinique's Tailoring for Men.

GREEN: A leafy fragrance that's a bit on the wild side. Although most men's fragrances use some green notes in their for-

mulas, there are very few true-green colognes. One example: Grey Flannel.

MUSK: A heavy, sensually suggestive fragrance. Some top musks: Jovan and Royal Copenhagen Musk.

ORIENTAL: An exotic, intriguing blend of spice (such as clove) and sweet (vanilla or amber) notes, along with incense smells (myrrh, for example). Some top Orientals:

Obsession, Pierre Cardin, Lagerfeld, Mennen Skin Bracer, Santa Fe by Shulton and Colors de Benetton.

SPICE: Your kitchen cupboard predominates in this category, with scents such as nutmeg, cinnamon and cloves. Some top spices: Old Spice, Night Spice, Halston Ltd., Sport Continental Splash and Perry Ellis Cologne for Men.

WOODY: As the name implies, a full-bodied woody scent, as in sandalwood,



"And they call us man-eaters!"

GUIDE TO COLOGNES

As a rule of thumb, colognes and after-shaves are of heavier fragrance and last longer than eaux de toilette or natural sprays.

LEADING LIGHTS

ANTAEUS: By Chanel. A sleek combination of spice, leather, tobacco and wood notes.

ARAMIS: By Aramis. The long-running classic is joined by Devin, Aramis 900 and JHL scents.

ARMANI: By Giorgio Armani. This goes with the rest of Armani's line.

DRAKKAR NOIR: By Guy Laroche. A refreshing blend of citrus, herbs and woods.

GREY FLANNEL: By Geoffrey Beene. Herbaceous notes set this apart: One of the rare men's fragrances that belong strictly to the green family.

OBSESSION FOR MEN: By Calvin Klein. Elegant, Oriental, exotic.

PAUL SEBASTIAN: By Paul Sebastian, Inc. (Also V.S.O.P. and Brownstone.) Refined, no-nonsense packaging and a subtle, virile scent.

POLO: By Ralph Lauren. A crisp, sporting bouquet with leather and tobacco middle notes.

TUSCANY: By Aramis. A Mediterranean bouquet of geranium, patchouli and bergamot.

VINTAGE: By Gruene, producers of a top-notch skin-care line for men.

And don't forget Bowling Green and Xeryus.

OTHER ELEGANT ENTRIES

KOUROS and YSL POUR HOMME: By Yves Saint Laurent. The former features a warming tone from honey and base notes of musk and incense; the latter was designed by Saint Laurent himself for himself in 1971.

LAGERFELD and KL HOMME: By Parfums Lagerfeld. Look for solid, masculine scents in *eau de toilette*, natural spray, after-shave and soap.

PACO RABANNE: By Compar. Those famous "about last night" ads, combined with a scent that has "memory," make this a continuing favorite.

SANTOS DE CARTIER: By Cartier. In *eau de toilette* spray or after-shave.

TAILORING FOR MEN: By Clinique. In cologne or cologne spray, citrus top notes mark this complement to Clinique's skin-care line.

And don't forget Stetson, Quorum, Pierre Cardin, Lauder for Men and Estee Lauder's Metropolis.

CONTINUING SPLASHES

ADIDAS: By Beecham. Bold, athletic packaging and scent.

CHAPS: By Ralph Lauren. Masculine and rugged.

JOVAN MUSK: By Beecham. A longtime best-selling musk; other Jovan offerings include Gambler, Grass Oil for Men and Oleg Cassini for Men.

MC GREGOR COLOGNE: By Fabergé. Joins Fabergé's Brut, one of the best-known and most popular names in men's toiletries.

MEMBERS ONLY: By Mem, producers of English Leather. A good-smelling moisturizing after-shave with aloe to be massaged into the skin. Try also: English Leather Musk.

NIGHT SPICE: By Shulton Fragrances. The prime of the spice rack: warm notes of clove and nutmeg.

SPORTSMAN: By Houbigant. Inexpensive; a pleasant outdoors scent.

cedar or patchouli. Some top woodies: Halston Z-14, Astor of the Trumper Collection, Floris of London 89, Lauder for Men, Patou Pour Homme and Woods of Windsor for Gentlemen.

Keep in mind that the above families and classifications are open to debate. Also, since many fragrances involve a blend of several families, some formulas are tough to pigeonhole.

SCENT SELECTION

Here are some tips to follow when shopping for a new scent:

- Sniff around. Avoid grabbing the same cologne/after-shave you've used since college—which is probably the one your dad used, right?

- Remember that women buy as much as 75 percent of all men's fragrances sold. Many scents are directly formulated to be comfortable to women. One buying strategy may be to ask the salesperson which fragrance women find most appealing.

- Don't buy a fragrance according to your first-whiff-from-the-flacon reaction. You're reacting only to the top notes. Put some sample fragrance on the back of your hand or the inside of your elbow, a drop at a time, and then walk around the store for a while to let it "bloom on the skin." A half hour after application, see how the subtler middle and bottom notes appeal to you and react to your chemistry.

- Judge a fragrance by the distinctiveness of its top notes (is it memorable?) and then by such intangibles as a connoisseur might use to weigh the difference between a cheap and a fine wine: quality, balance and character.

- Try to keep all fragranced products that you use—deodorant, after-shave and cologne—within the same family.

- Apply cologne and after-shave to pulse points—behind ears, inside wrists and elbows, on neck and chest.

- If you're dining out, don't make the common mistake of overdoing it with cologne or you'll overpower the wine and food.

- Tired of your fragrance? Switch to another brand within the same family. Examples: Trade Paco Rabanne for Tuscany (chypre), Obsession for Lagerfeld (Oriental).

Finally, don't be afraid to make a splash. Men and women have anointed themselves with fragrance since Adam and Eve discovered the Elysian headiness of laurel, berry and bower. Whether for love, power or just to enjoy another sensuous dimension, scents make nothing but perfect sense.





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Give me a Jameson. Hold the coffee.



"The tartan isn't authentic. The rest of her is for real."

JOHN CLEESE *(continued from page 130)*

"Anyway, what's so bad about death? Most of the best people are dead, you know."

and said he was, you know, doing OK. And there was that band-wagon jumper, Olivier. . . . And Camus tried to get into the group at one stage, and when we said no, he stamped his foot and jumped into his car and drove off very fast. Also, to our considerable surprise, U Thant. We gave him a chance. We had to. Several. He wasn't a strong comedic personality. I mean, he got laughs at the United Nations, but that's an easy audience.

13.

PLAYBOY: Why did the *Python* series end?
CLEESE: We did three series of 13 shows each. I had the problem I always do of getting bored. Not with the people, though they are fairly boring. Actually, I have a high level of tolerance for boring people, which may explain the nature of my social life. But workwise, if I'm learning, I'm happy. And when I am working on a sausage machine, turning the handle and churning it out, I'm not. By the time we got to the second series of shows, I felt we were repeating ourselves. The others were very keen to do more, because they enjoyed the process much more than I did. By the time we got to the third series, I resisted and said I'd do six or seven. Then I was pressured into doing the full 13. And I didn't

enjoy it very much. Also, there were a lot of fistfights.

14.

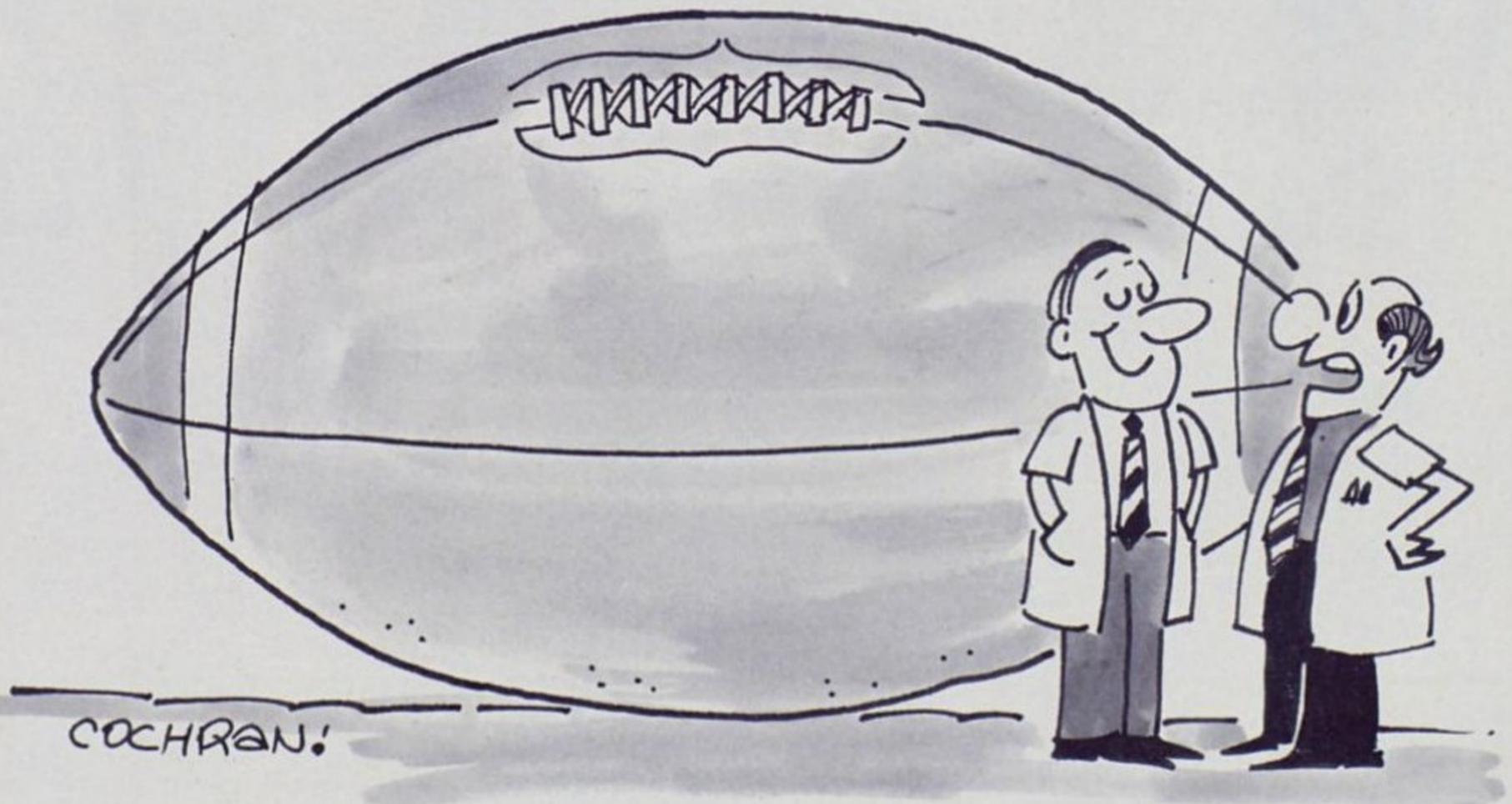
PLAYBOY: What are the other Pythons up to these days?

CLEESE: Well, several of them are quite old now. Terry Jones is in an elderly persons' residence in Eastbourne, and he's a little embarrassing to visit, because . . . well, he's lost control of his bodily functions. He always had that sort of trouble, but visiting him now is quite a risky business. It's best to wear old clothes. Michael Palin is in a home in Bath for people who've damaged their mouths by talking too much. Sadly, in his case, it's irreparable. He's completely deaf now, too, though fortunately, he hasn't noticed it. I go down once a week and take him out for tea. It's like visiting a radio. This year, he talks mainly about doors. But at least he's happy. And that's the main thing, isn't it? Chapman is in great shape, though he has become rather vague. In fact, he's writing a book about it called *The Art of Vagueness*. Or, rather, he thinks he may be. Eric Idle has retired now that he has the biggest collection of pop stars' thumbprints in the world. We don't see much of him, because he's trying to accumulate as many miles as possible on his

frequent-flier plan. And then, of course, there's Terry Gilliam, a film maker. A remarkable guy. A painter, a skiing Olympic gold medalist, an archaeologist, a poet, a film director and an explorer all live in his neighborhood. Some call him a renaissance man. Personally, I'd put it a little earlier. Upper Paleozoic. The sloping forehead, the prognathous jaw, the unmistakable lope. . . . I said to him the other day, "Terry, which do you reckon is more developed in you, the visual or the verbal?" "Nnnnnarrgggh," he replied. "Uuuurrrfff nnnnggggooooompph." Still, give him some crayons and a few crates of fresh fruit and he'll do the Sistine Chapel in 48 hours.

15.

PLAYBOY: What are your current interests?
CLEESE: I'm getting very curious about what I'm going to be doing *after* I'm dead. I think this happens as you get older. For the first 35 years of your life, you're quite happy to run around and try to make your mark. Then you get to the second half of your life and, as Jung said in a totally positive way, that should be about preparation for death. And I think once you're in your mid-40s and the grave begins to loom, there's something truly fatuous about continuing to clamber up career ladders trying to become more important. Surely, you should be moving into something a bit more interesting than that. People think I'm weird, of course. I think it's weird to believe that mental health consists in pretending you're immortal. Anyway, what's so bad about death? Most of the best people are dead, you know.



"Very interesting, doctor. And now that you've injected a football with steroids, how will it affect the game?"

16.

PLAYBOY: Why, then, did you decide to write a movie at this point?

CLEESE: One reason is that I've never yet written one of the big three. That is to say, a stage play, a novel or a screenplay. So I wanted to do that. And I wanted to meet Jamie Lee Curtis before I died. Incidentally, she *can* breathe under water. And I wanted to be in a movie where I got the girl at the end. I've long asked myself, Who is ever, ever going to write a film in which I get the girl? Answer: Me!

17.

PLAYBOY: What did you think of the American version of your *Fawlty Towers* series?

CLEESE: They tried it twice. I can't remember the name of the first one, but it didn't get beyond a pilot. I suspect that the reason it didn't work was that the producers feared it was too mean-spirited. Someone had put pressure on the actors, Harvey Korman and Betty White. Every time they did something mean, which was really what made *Fawlty Towers* funny, they kind of did something to say, "It's all right, folks. It's only a joke." They tried to sanitize the comedy. So that's, I think, why it didn't go beyond a pilot.

And then, sometime later, I had the most extraordinary Hollywood experience in my life. I was at a house party in England and two Americans introduced themselves. They said, "Our company owns the *Fawlty Towers* format. And we're just about to make six of them." My heart leaped to the sound of cash registers, and I asked, "How nice, but would a series about a small private hotel be understood in America?" "No problem with that," they said. "Have you made any changes at all?" I asked. "Just one," they replied. "We've written Basil out." And you know, there's just this moment when you stand there smiling politely, thinking everything you've ever heard about Hollywood is true.

They did it with Bea Arthur, who is very funny. But you see, the dynamic couldn't be right. What is funny about Basil's rudeness, his fury, is that, by and large, it is fueled by fear of his wife, Sybil. That's why he gets into those terrible panics, which produce his rages. Once you changed the dynamic, never mind the gender, there was no way it could have worked. And it didn't. I have always thought that they should have just remade the shows for America, keeping them very, very similar and casting Peter Boyle as Basil Fawlty. He would have been superb.

18.

PLAYBOY: We often hear about the difference between British and American humor. What do you think it is?

CLEESE: I don't pretend to know. I spent two years of my life in America, and I've married Americans twice, but I still feel insecure about making jokes here. But I do suspect that Americans like gags more

than the British, who seem happier to relish insane situations without needing one-liners to trigger the laughs.

19.

PLAYBOY: In *Fawlty Towers*, you raised anger and irritation to an art form. What is it that *really* makes John Cleese mad?

CLEESE: Oh! I thought you were going to say what makes me laugh. What makes me mad? Let me see . . . yes, people who pretend they're bandicoots. Cream-colored telephones. Arctic explorers who stutter. Bits of string more than 15 inches long. Czech organ-grinders. Square dice. All the usual things.

20.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that you were once named one of Britain's ten best-dressed men?

CLEESE: Yes. It was undeserved. In fact, when it was announced over the radio during the rush hour, three of my friends had accidents. I don't dress well, I dress disgustingly. I make a point of it, as I have never met a well-dressed man whom I liked. I went to lunch at Buckingham Palace once and discovered at 11:15 A.M. that I'd mislaid my shirt. My training-film company had it and sent it over by bike. I also have the finest collection of bad-taste ties in the free world. Most of them have a fishy leitmotiv. I choose suede socks, and Turnbull & Asser make me shirts with the buttons missing and holes in the sleeves. Incidentally, may I congratulate you on the way you dress?



An admiral bird.

MONDO WEIRDO (continued from page 122)

"No notion's tasty enough. Bill Casey's stuffed and mounted in the Camp David rec room? So what?"

The Reagan era, which began as a celebration of Norman Rockwell Normals and Normalities, ends up this limping parade of skeeks and lawbreakers. The secret crime of the Double-R Regime? Grotesquerie has been devalued as much as the dollar. Only the extreme gets heat.

Forget bread and circuses. Weirdness-wise, in its ultimate incarnation, Team Reagan supplied a diet of pure icing. Now nothing is shocking; no notion's tasty enough. Bill Casey's stuffed and mounted in the Camp David rec room? So what? George Bush runs crack for "Spuds" Noriega on Air Force Two? Big deal.

The return of the Hipness Schism—*people who get it versus people who don't*—conjures up the mythic Sixties with the force

of Timothy Leary glomming on 1500 mics. To understand the Hippie Decade, you have to absorb what went before. Button-downia. In the Fifties, dullness was next to godliness. And what was psychedelia if not the opposite of dull? The Antidull.

In the same way that nightly body counts inured Sixties citizens to death and violence, Eighties media victims have O.D.'d on weirdness. After all, eight years of the old coot with rouge on his cheeks have anesthetized the popular psyche. To make yourself stand out in this landscape, you have to act very odd. You have to outflank reality. No mean feat, with all this competition from *people who aren't even trying*.

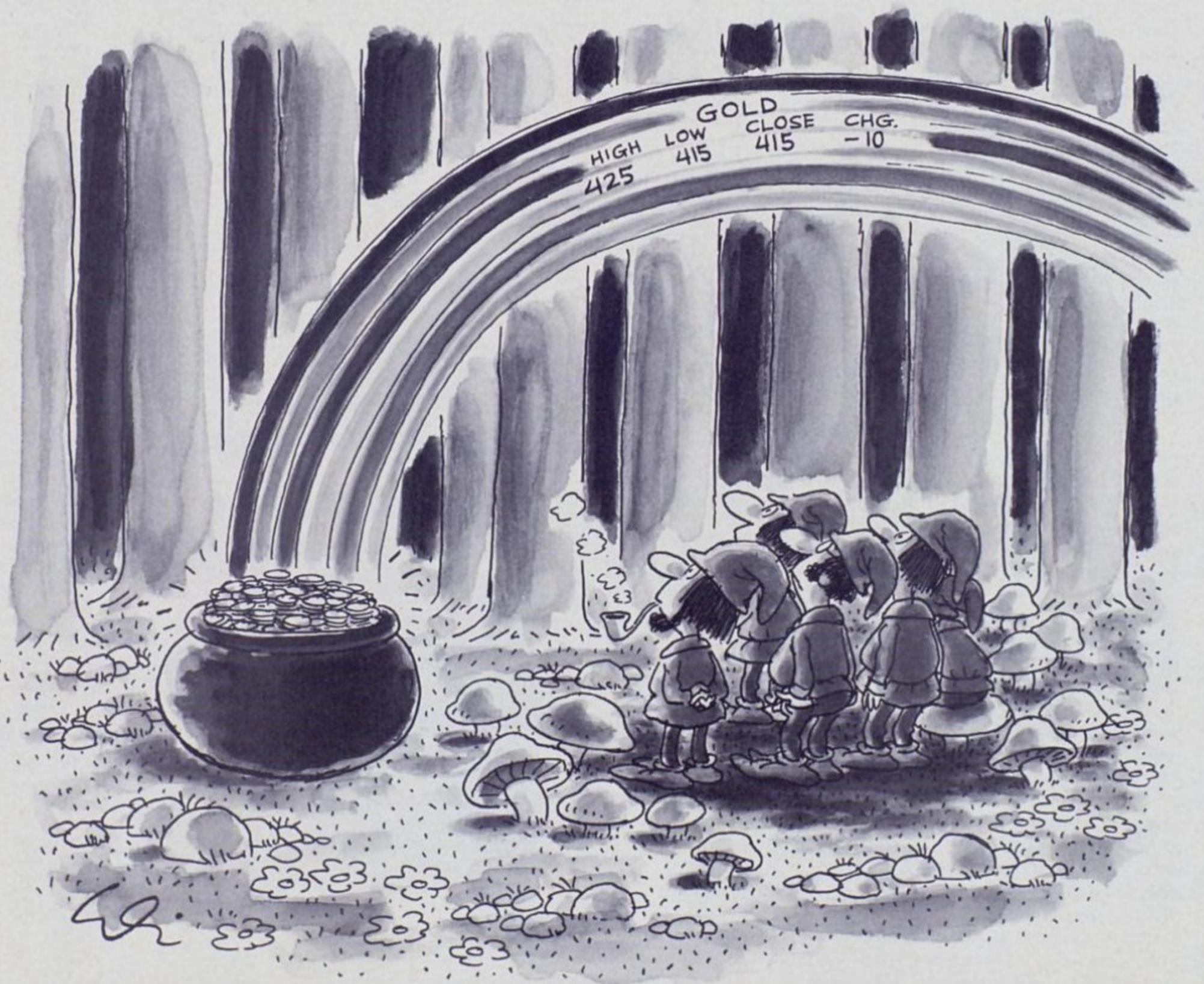
Naturally, the best way to plumb the

depths of Joe Citizen's appetite for the stuff is to delve—where else?—into his most personal, private pleasures. To peep through the keyhole, in other words, when he has got the TV on. The war between Straights and Heads was engaged with a vengeance on the junior screen back in the Paisley Era.

And guess what? The same subverso skirmish is waged almost nightly today. *The Tonight Show* is the *Lawrence Welk Show*. *Letterman* is *Laugh-In*. One caters to squares; one to incipient hepsters.

There's a level on which this all makes surprising sense. See, you have to realize that normal men could dine out till Armageddon on what Ed McMahon makes leasing his face to sweepstakes envelopes. Big Ed's is the face America sees when it dreams of fortune. Larry "Bud" Melman's is not.

Just imagine waking up one fine day to discover you'd been turned not into Kafka's cockroach but—even edgier—into "Bud" Melman's agent! Your boy's not exactly leading-man material. He can't tell



jokes. He can't juggle chain saws. Clearly, you need something to sell. Well, sir, how about the fact that he *exists*? That he wasn't snuffed out at birth? A guy like him can be a star—that's what keeps *this* fan gaping.

Cops call this the Gawk Factor. It's the same impulse that jams the freeway when folks slow down to get a good look at a fresh four-car pile-up. Larry "Bud" personifies a peculiar truth at the heart of the best yuk hucksters. What they do amounts to what they are. At least, if you're successful, it *appears* that way. (Not necessarily the case among, say, tax consultants or guys who power-screw the doors on Ford Tempos.)

It's hard to picture Larry "Bud" steering his silver Jag back to the rococo *pied-à-terre* where his roommate is whipping up chicken cassoulet for "some close friends in publishing." Then again, maybe that's just how good Larry "Bud" is. Maybe he's such a genius, he's up there cackling over demitasse with Susan Sontag *right now*.

What do *you* think? Would it be weird to find out that "Bud's" real name was Calvert DeForest? That his uncle Lee DeForest invented the very vacuum tube that made TV and talkies and, lest we forget, Larry "Bud" himself possible? Strange, as they used to say, but true.

Apparently, David Letterman's scouts spotted the pre-"Bud" DeForest in an NYU student film. But that's the thing about weirdos. After the initial shock, if they're

weird at all, you can't help but wonder where they came from. (It's not your first reaction to Charles Kuralt.) But once you've experienced, say, Sam Kinison face to face, you can't help wondering what chunk of heartland spewed him forth. Here's a neckless twist case as popular with people in trailer parks as he is with guys in limos. A real boundary breaker.

Oddly enough, the rotund comic hails from Peoria, Illinois, which may or may not explain his trademark high-volume yeech "I live in hell!"

Like any true weirdo, Sam sleeps secure in the knowledge that no other performer is going to lift his shtick. Only he sports the bloated, coked-to-the-elbows persona to

back it up. He spent five years as a pentecostal preacher, two years hitching around the country with his guitar and his Bible. "I'd be standing there in the sun," he says of his days on the road, "waiting for a ride, and I'd just start talking to God."

You know what Sam looks like—would you pick him up? Even now, with those beady eyes and the porno overcoat, Sam stands out like the kind of loner folks on the road instinctively shrink from. Even in pouring rain. On vast, deserted highways. . . .

That's the Kinison charm. Why you have to love him. Try snagging a career in chuckles when you look like the sort of guy who stuffs tattooed girls into Burger King Dumpsters. That is what makes Sam so

Right out of the chute, you think, here's a lug willing to write off those lucrative Shriners bookings for the chance to express himself.

Lucky for us! Seen live, one of Goldthwait's most impressive talents is his bleating, I guess you'd call it. Sort of a panicky groan gone screechy, like Curly when Moe's after him with a ball-peen hammer.

Pretty much an all-round cutup, Bobcat's capable of great lines, cool concepts, that sort of stuff. Not to complain about the bleats. (Anybody willing to scream "Scott Baio is the Antichrist!" for a living is OK by me.) It's just that, even sans bleating, we're discussing a funny guy. Bobcat does a swell routine about *Entertainment Tonight*—"the show for people too dumb to read *People*."

So what is it about the world we live in that signals Bob, the dumpling, to keep the bleats and shivers? Why we need to see a guy feign breakdown two shows a night is something that must keep many an aspiring wiseacre up nights. After all, Bob has busloads of solid mainstream material—Bob Hope could tell the *Entertainment Tonight* joke, and it would be appropriate. It would get a laugh. But, see, *material's not enough, young fella*. Not these days.

You can almost hear the agent hustling his new crop to some club owner in Cherry Hill. "Kid's great, Sid, great. Does a complete neurological-shutdown thing. . . . Killer stuff. You'd think the lug just waddled out of elec-

troshock. He looks kinda weird, too, with this long, stringy hair. . . ."

Blabbity-blabbity. Until—on come the lights—Sid the booker's eyes blink to life. "You mean, like that Goldthwait fella? The psychotic shtick?"

"That's it, babe."

"Terrif! Gimme the juggler, the singer with the nay-nays . . . and throw in the weirdo."

So now your basic booker, Sid, has something to sell Mel, your basic club owner. It's a highbrow business. Weirdness guarantees a decent B.O. Remember when mime was hot?

Listen to me, though, and you'd think

There are less expensive bourbons. There are also thinner steaks and smaller cars.

WILD TURKEY

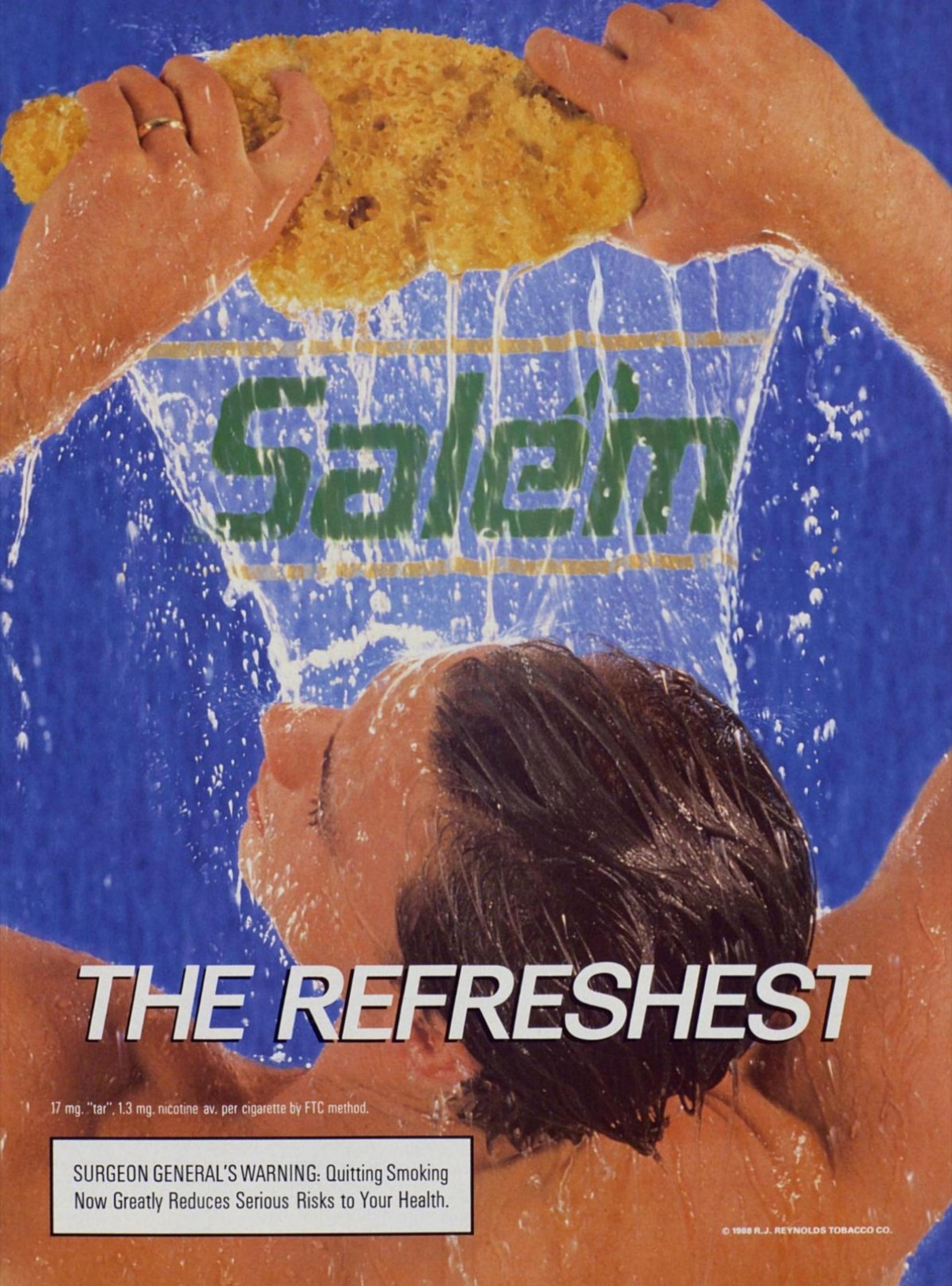
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impressive. He's so stylish yet still willing to take the heat for Ethiopia jokes. "I've figured out why you people are starving. . . ." Beat. "It's because you live in a fucking desert!"

The question of whether a human is truly peculiar—Sammy K? That new New Nixon?—or whether he's only pretending never stops haunting the full-time weirdness devotee. I mean, how can you tell? Take Bob Goldthwait, or "Bobcat," as his credit reads in those seminal *Police Academys*. Here's a guy who slams on stage squeezing a diet cola, whipping his long, thinning hair back and forth and screaming like some postmodern William Bendix, "I have never masturbated in my life!"

A woman is shown from the chest up, wearing a blue t-shirt. She is holding a large, yellow, porous sponge above her face and pouring water over it. The water is splashing down over her face and hair. The word "Salem" is printed in green on the blue t-shirt.

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that the whole world was full of weirdos. It's not true! There are plenty of weirdettes, too. Great ones, such as Chicago's Judy Tenuta. The grand Tenuta never fails to make me squirm, for reasons that may have more to do with *my* checkered past than with hers. Not that it matters. In college, I had a thing with a girl who accompanied the act with a piercing "Fill me, Daddy! Fill up my incubator of love!" Which strikes me, in retrospect, as vaguely Tenutaesque. At least something someone she knows might say. But enough about me. . . .

The important thing is that Judy, she of the Neo-Grecian gown, bride-of-Frankenstein hair and hell-raising accordion, knows how to throw a serious squirm into an audience. It can't just be secret incubator shame, either. Other people get the squirms, too. I've seen it.

Borscht Belt comics have been *tumeling* over Miami Beach forever. But when Judy talks about the oldsters lounging on the art-deco porches, it's not just laughter she's after.

"What I love is, they sit out there and wait until the sun turns them into purses. And the women who are 12,000,000 years old actually attempt to put lipstick on. 'I'm a purse and I'm gonna try to find my lips.'" Sorry, Grandma.

Tenuta has built a career railing about "stud puppets," promising "love slaves aplenty" to true believers in "Judyism." That kind of thing. Not a whole lot of "What I hate about L.A." jokes. Instead, we get a personal cosmology.

"You know what scares me?" she asks. "When you're forced to be nice to some paranoid schizophrenic just because she lives in your body."

Sure, you say, anyone can act weird in a night club, with a lot of juiced yahoos. But what about where it counts—in the movies? Well, according to the *New York Times* "Arts and Leisure" section, which tracks these things, a new kind of leading man stalks the land: "A strange, distinctly Eighties hybrid of Jimmy Stewart and Dennis Hopper."

A nice guy, in other words, but weird. Just like your De Niros, your Pacinos, your Nicholsons, Rourkes and Penns, your Cages and Hurts—a whole roster of current superstars who have made coming off strange a bankable corollary to stardom. The whiff of twisthood lends complexity to the requisite two-fisted individualism.

If weirdness spices up a leading man, it also helps define the bad guys. The archetypal villain nowadays is Ray Liotta in *Something Wild*. *Wild*, of course, stands out as the *ne plus ultra* of cinema weirdité, those semidemented movies where normal fellows are led astray in subterranean swirls of strangeness, with women they never dreamed existed until coincidence swept them together. *After Hours*, another paranoid fable, saw Griffin Dunne sucked into the vortex of downtown Manhattan, like one of those baby gators flushed down

the toilet in the amphibious Fifties.

Actors, of course, don't really require personalities. When they have them, and they make a big deal out of it, it's either because they want to or because they can't help it. Off-the-map talents such as Bob De Niro—your basic bent nice guy, though who knows?—manage to stay more or less invisible between pictures. So you'd figure a relatively new up-and-comer such as, I don't know, Crispin Glover, might be able to maintain a shred of anonymity.

Not so. Seems Crispin's always getting himself in the news. He's a fixture in West Coast party columns. In fact—what is the opposite of anonymous?—the Crisper's carving out his own high-profile niche in the cultural firmament. He can't help it. He's just such an out-there guy.

Hysterical is the word tossed around most often when mention's made of Glover's best-known role, as Layne, the brain-sautéed amphetamine enthusiast in

1987's teen-disturbo classic, *River's Edge*. Crispin turned in one of those performances, for better or worse, that are just a little too convincing.

A peculiar story even floated around *Edge* at release time: The studio had the speed stuff inserted later, after the rest of the thing was shot, so there would be some kind of explanation for Layne's behavior. Back-story heaven! You can't buy that kind of publicity.

As agencies swing into action—word is, William Morris may be first out of the chute with an exclusive weirdo wing—the Glover saga remains a triumph of bent PR, the ideal toward which other strivers may only claw. "I'm so over the top, they had to give my character a drug problem. . . ."

And if it happens to be false—so much the better! You wanna be Public Weirdo Number One, you better be packing the ammo. The mere fact that the trendigentsia take the bait so seriously suggests



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what a dent the boy has made. All that hard work's paying off.

Around L.A., ever friendly to itinerant actor-artists, the mythic Crispin has come on strong with a newly issued photo-text book: *Studies in the Art of Rat-Catching*, by Crispin Hellion Glover. El Crispo's tome features what appears to be an authentic Dickens-era treatise on rodent roundups, liberally sprinkled with antiquey-kitsch pictures and charts. But it's the photos that pack the punch. A typically quaint tableau features your half-naked native sporting an open lesion the size of a pie plate smack dab on his belly. Debility porn.

One real shocker: Some stunned oldster hunkered naked on a chair is accompanied by the *auteur's* heady scribble "Sometimes I feel as though I may fade away. . . . Then I remember my work."

It's just so cool to be weird. It's so cool you could almost forget the talent that sets a swell such as Crispin up to be publicly bizarro in the first place. Or maybe not.

This cutting-edge predicament—the whole Weirdness Drowning Out Actual Talent issue—doesn't appear to be shortening the life spans of any notable strangeos. *Au contraire!* The parade of off-key characters through recent history mirrors the dirty secret at the heart of it: More weird things are happening than ever before. Weirdness has replaced entropy as the state to which all creation sags. Check it out! Bernhard Goetz (the man, not the TV movie) steams out of a meeting with bearded Barry Slotnick, the lawyer he shares with another weirdness-era legend, Panama's Manuel "Make My Day" Noriega. Coincidence? Or law of nature taking its course?

Every field spawns its own strains of arcane behavior. Even college sports, normally the most cleansing of arenas, erupted in fits of cryptopunk posturing of particularly cheesy prominence in the wake of major linebacker Brian Bosworth. The Boz, in his one-man weirdo promo mode, dyed his hair orange, guzzled pink daiquiris and waxed rhapsodic on the joys of lobbing "loogies" in opponents' faces. No wonder, there for a while, he was America's darling. America has weird taste.

We must—otherwise politics would be boring. Reagan went internationally weird: the thoughtful Nazi wreath at Bitburg. He went nutritionally weird: catsup as a vegetable. Weirdness conspiracy freaks will tell you that Reagan had a plan all along. Distract 'em with astrology yuks, then do a total reversal on the Evil Empire stuff and start holding hands with Gorbachev.

The history of our time is a history of weirdness. What's really *outré*, in the crumbling reign of Ron Rex, is how the new New Nixon seems eminently unweird, as comfy in the mantle of elder statesman as Fred MacMurray in his favorite slippers.

Compared with the late-model skeekdom of, say, Arizona's Evan Mecham, the resurrected Nixon lives on as a paragon of

charm and culture. Arizona's deposed governor, a man who thinks that pickaninny is a term of endearment, actually made his living hustling Pontiacs. People *did* buy used cars from the man—and he ended in disgrace.

But Nixon—why, Citizen Dick is even the star of an opera! The 1987 epic *Nixon in China* features a surreal ballet with Kissinger and the Nixons and the Red Detachment of Women. "Never," sings Richard Nixon, "have I so enjoyed a dinner. . . . A vote of thanks to one and all whose efforts made this possible. . . ."

Buzz off, Madame Butterfly! Who could have guessed, back in the darkest Seventies, that avant-gardists such as Peter Sellars would one day be lavishing their art on the saga of Richard and Patricia?

So far, not a single visionary has hopped forth and offered to turn the saga of Ev Mecham and his replacement, Rose Mofford, into High Art. So let me be the first. For sheer political weirdness, Hairdo Division, Mofford's beehive deserves special mention as a possible alternative to S.D.I. From the looks of the woman's ceiling scraper, there's not much room for stray nukes to coast into Arizona.

For that alone, residents of the shamed desert state can hold their heads high again. While several state senators received telephone threats after voting to remove Mecham from office, the silver-haired secretary of state waited in the wings with quiet dignity, shellacking her skyhive.

Iowans, too, found themselves blessed with political role models of a high moral order in the post-Yup years. Fred Grandy, before his Congressional incarnation, portrayed the knee-socked toady Gopher through nine years of crack *Love Boat* episodes.

Skeptics back home in Sioux City suspected Fred of carpetbagging—making like Mr. Iowa to get himself elected and hop from Hollywood to the wilds of the Beltway. But Gopher has shown them all. In one of the most creative, contempo conspiracy theories, the retired *Love Boater* has found a cause all his own: the creeping tide of antimeat enthusiasts. Your No-Brisket Brigades, according to Grandy, operate behind such fronts as The Farm Animal Reform Movement.

The goal of these Red dupes? They mean to make us weak, *from within*. . . . to paint red-meat eaters with the same "threat to the planet" brush they used to taint pro-nukers. Grandy, in other words, has made himself the Meat Candidate. "It not only tastes good—it's good for you!" Catchy motto.

Whether or not Grandy's supporters' hearts hold out long enough to push him to the Senate—how about an all-protein ticket?—or even a Veep seat, it's clear that the former prime-time pinhead has made the grade: He's blue-ribbon, country-club Republican. Ready to go to the wall to make America safe for rump roast—a staple,

one suspects, in the three squares consumed by one of the late Eighties' strangest political meat by-products, Morton Downey, Jr.

"Mort," as the throngs on hand like to chant at tapings of *The Morton Downey Jr. Show* over Secaucus superstation WWOR, makes his living as a right-wing bad boy. It's not a pretty job. For one thing, there's that trip to Secaucus every day. Not to mention the little matter of looking in the mirror when he shaves, knowing in his heart of hearts that he owes his job to . . . Wally George.

Grim but true. Like lovable Wally, Mort's peculiar genius is in finding ways to lure *Wrestle-mania* fans away from the mat to the no-contact talk show. There just wouldn't be a Mort without a Wally. But unlike *Señor* George, who plays at being a bully, Mort seems weirdly serious. About the weirdest thing you can say about Wally is that he's half the reason Rebecca DeMornay exists. Even that's not weird, necessarily; just unexpected. Like finding out that Wallace Shawn is Arnold Schwarzenegger's dad.

If Mort—he's the son of an Irish tenor famed in the Forties—seems more vehement, he comes off prime numbers ahead of the competition in the I.Q. department. A smart man. Just ask some of the Jersey tireheads who've braved the Downey "loudmouth" podium to voice *their* opinion, only to have *Herr* Host snap, "Zip it up, buddy!"

Mort is one witty guy. Close your eyes, turn back the clock, and you can almost imagine him at the Algonquin, swapping bons mots with Dorothy Parker and the rest of the gang. On the other hand, if someone doesn't get the butt end of his patented epithet, "Pablum puker," the folks on hand are bound to feel disappointed. It's not like anybody came to hear a Commie from Planned Parenthood. It's that weirdness fix they're after. The bully rush.

In the end, if any one man embodies the Weirdness Era, it's Geraldo Rivera. Geraldo looks normal, all right. And he is. If it weren't for him, we would not know that famed party clown John Wayne Gacy called his girlfriend "pieface."

Talk about enthralling. Gacy also cemented 30-odd boys under his basement after having sex with them. But we knew that. It's Geraldo's pieface stuff that normal people want to hear. America has a wholesome yen to meet his sweetheart. America must. Geraldo's sponsors wouldn't put up the dough for a show on women who love "lifers" if Mr. and Mrs. Front Porch weren't interested in a major way.

Yes, sir! Here we are. Out of the Me Decade . . . into the Weirdo Years.

Indeed. Cast even the mistiest glance over recent history—Jim Jones and rampant liposuction, Elvis dead in a diaper and Disco Anonymous—and it's hard to believe we ever left.

But maybe that's normal, too.



MOBY DECK

(continued from page 104)

the pale preposterousness had to be the safest hydrohotel ever built. Even her lifeboats had lifeboats. Why, the thing was so big, it wasn't even subject to ocean motion.

Or so I thought my first five days aboard. On the sixth, the sea snickered and went into blender mode, vividly dispelling the illusion that Godzilla was too grand to rock-and-roll. Neither sonar nor stabilizers, bow thrusters nor variable-pitch propellers, Dramamines nor little patches behind the ear could keep queasy cruises from racing to their suckomatics to return their daily six and a half in the most ancient ritual of the sea. I, thank Neptune, was saved by the sheer force of unbendable will not to spend one second suffering aboard the whopping whitefish.

Too soon did my porthole pan across Miami, activating ingenious people-mover technology that, within a few hours, belched all 2081 used passengers onto the dock and replaced them with a fresh cast ready to rerun the cruisereel. I was packed up and shipped out.

So, you ask, sadly sensing that the end of

this saga is near, which was the greatest pleasure of my week with the chalky colossus of the Carib?

Perhaps it was the gala midnight buffet, with its exquisite ice carvings and surrealistic butter sculptures. ("The doors open early for those who bring cameras to take advantage of this photo opportunity.")

Or the magnificent atrium, with its soaring this and cascading that.

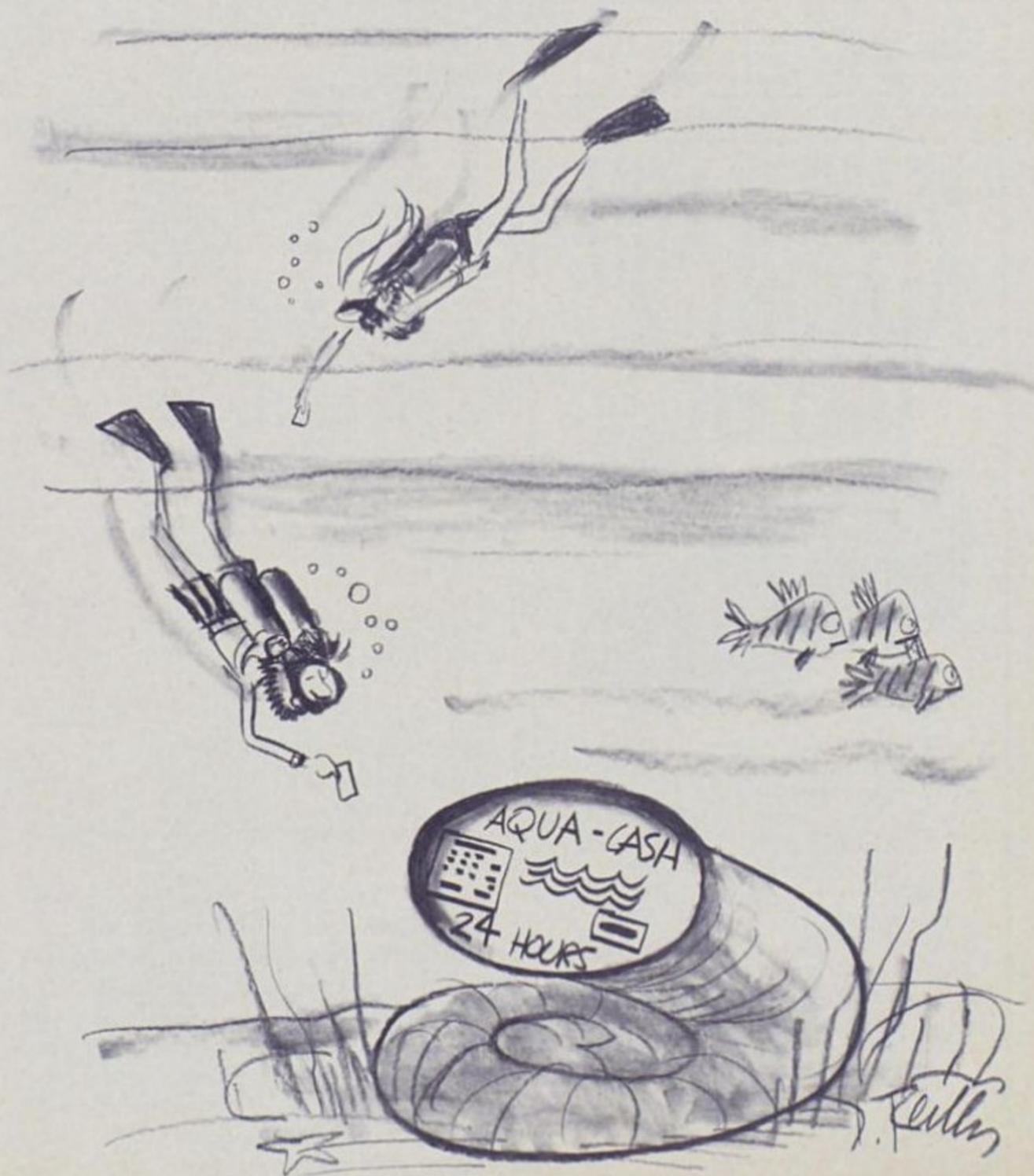
Or the flaming babalus (whatever they are) arriving on the heads of dancing waiters on Caribbean night.

Or my color-photo souvenir of the Carter family, suitable for framing.

Or the glum woman with her arm in a cast who, when asked how she had become impaired, replied, "At the slot machines."

Nope. Grand as those were, the best of all was just climbing to a high deck, leaning on a rail and watching the humongous honkie glide through the calm aquamarine, with the breeze in my hair, the sun warm on my skin and, up above, the vast, bright blue southern sky.

Wish I had a little of that right now. You can have the rest.



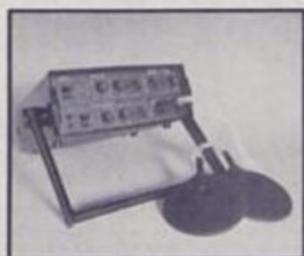
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MEN WHO WOULD BE PRESIDENT

(continued from page 86)

Talmudic scholar.

Bush's learning curve remains similarly flat when one turns to his experience as Vice-President. On most matters of controversy during that eight-year period, sending the Marines to be blown up in Lebanon or the Iran/Contra affair, Bush insists that he was "not in the loop." But during his tenure as Vice-President, he *did* have an important responsibility: He was in charge of formulating the nation's strategy on counterterrorism. He headed the Presidential Task Force on Terrorism and its public report was issued under his name.

In the introduction, signed by Bush, we find the quintessential Bush prose style, reminiscent of résumés and autobiographies: "Our task force was briefed by more than 25 Government agencies, visited 14 operations centers to observe our capability firsthand, met with more than 100 statesmen, military officers. . . . Our conclusion: The U.S. policy and program to combat terrorism is tough and resolute." It ended with a ringing declaration: "We will make no concessions to terrorists." Impressive enough.

Yet that report was issued at the end of February 1986—a month after Bush, as it was later revealed, had attended a meeting with the President to go over a proposal by Oliver North that arms be offered to Iranian terrorists.

Did Bush know for sure that the U.S. Government was planning to give arms to Iranian terrorists at the very moment that he signed his declaration against "concessions to terrorists"? The "Where was George?" taunt by Ted Kennedy and the Democrats at the convention was reinforced by a Republican. A Reagan Administration insider, Constantine C. Menges, the National Security Council expert on terrorism, states in his new book that "the Administration had decided to appease one of the most violent sponsors of terrorism." Bush's basic response to such charges is that he was in the dark, "unaware . . . denied information . . . not in the loop."

He was absent from the crucial December 7, 1985, White House meeting with the President at which George Shultz and Caspar Weinberger strenuously opposed the arms sale to Iran. Bush could have been there but had other things to do. "I was off at the Army-Navy football game," he told *The Washington Post*, "and none of them ever came to me [to discuss their objections]."

He did manage to make another meeting a month later, at which time Shultz and Weinberger protested again. Shultz says, unequivocally, that Bush favored the arms sales. "I don't recall that," Bush has said. Nor does he recall that ten days later, President Reagan approved the covert sale of arms to Iran when he signed an intelligence finding. A Poindexter note places Bush at that meeting as well, but Bush in-

sists, "I do not recall a finding being signed, and I think I'd remember that. The President may have signed the finding, but there was no discussion of a finding in front of me. . . ." Nor does he even "recall" the now well-documented fact that Shultz and Weinberger opposed the arms sales.

Who's lying? Too early, given all the trials to come, to tell. But a more pressing question to ask of one who now seeks to be President is, If he opposed the policy, why didn't he rise in the manner of Shultz and Weinberger to object? "I was persuaded by the President's view on that," Bush said. "Now, if it were a question of, you know, my feeling I may have broken some law or done something wrong, why, then I'd be much more concerned about it," he added. "It's a question of judgment. You correct it and go on to the future."

Sounds reasonable until one recalls that counterterrorism was Bush's terrain within the Administration and that the Iran affair undermined the entire program that Bush had put together. The arms sale to Iran was not a side show in which one gracefully accepted a bit part. Nor was it a matter, à la Ed Meese, of his being legally guilty of a crime. Bush is asking to be President based on his experience in the White House. And the arms sale, more than any other incident in the long eight years, shows Bush being tested on his leadership and judgment. Perhaps, most of all, it demonstrates Bush's lack of seriousness. He told Ted Koppel this past summer that he now views the entire affair not as an occasion for soul searching over a major transgression of stated U.S. policy but as one of "two or three little issues that have gone wrong."

Whoa again. It is not just two or three little issues. The reason the Iran/Contra affair—which threatened to bring down the Reagan Presidency—occurred in the first place was adherence to outmoded attitudes toward the Soviet Union. Briefly, the fiasco of Iran/Contra was made possible by blind adherence to the dying mythology of the Cold War. It presumed, as Ollie North so eloquently testified, a battle between Communist evil and free-world virtue. Stopping communism in Nicaragua justified an alliance with terrorists.

OK. But what if communism is no longer the Evil Empire—unified and determined in its drive to destroy us—as Bush used to say? What if the Cold War is over? Is Bush the man to recognize that sea change, to move it along as fast as possible and to prepare America for the shock of peace breaking out? Iran/Contra was a test of Bush's ability to assert common sense in the midst of a swirl of patriotic and jingoistic hysteria. If Shultz and Weinberger passed that test, Bush failed it.

Would he fail it as President, when dealing with a myriad of communisms in the world may be his biggest challenge? It is ironic, but the record shows that Republicans have been better at exploiting breaks

in Cold War tension than Democrats. Eisenhower brought Nikita Khrushchev to the United States, Nixon went to China and Reagan went to Moscow. Why not Bush as peacemaker? It can't be ruled out. Republicans are better positioned to make overtures to Communist governments because they are far less vulnerable to Red baiting. Ever since Democrats took the rap from Senator Joseph McCarthy for having "lost China," they have been traumatized by the charge of being soft on communism. But Bush's performance in Irangate raises questions about whether he has the stomach that Reagan had to take on the right wing of his party in negotiating with the Soviets.

Far from showing courage with his right wing, Bush has apparently decided to show that he has his own foreign policy, distinct from Reagan's, by attacking the President—from the right. Despite the remarkable string of changes in the Soviet Union that prompted Reagan's reappraisal of his own Evil Empire theory, Bush warned that the President might be going "too far."

"The Cold War is not over," Bush warned in a major foreign-policy speech after the Moscow summit. He added that "we must be bold enough to seize the opportunity of change but at the same time be prepared for what one pundit called 'the protracted conflict.'" At another gathering, Bush pointedly denied Reagan's assertion that fundamental change was taking place in the Soviet Union. "We've got to keep our eyes wide open," he warned. Asked if he accepted Reagan's statement at the end of the Moscow summit that the Soviet Union was no longer the Evil Empire and that the world was now safer, Bush replied, "I don't agree with the premise. I don't agree that we know enough to say that there is that kind of fundamental change, a turning inward à la China, on the part of the Soviet Union. I don't feel that way."

An odd issue on which to break with Reagan. This is the Vice-President who, in the name of team loyalty, did not break with Reagan over his support of the racist government in South Africa, his fruitless pursuit of the *Sandinistas* in Nicaragua or his efforts to minimize shooting down a civilian airliner over the Persian Gulf. Only when Reagan expressed the possibility that the Soviet Union might be changing for the better did Bush choose to dissent.

Nothing the candidates may have to deal with is as important as how the U.S. reacts to the Soviet Union's undergoing a second revolution. Bush's reaction has been to attack Reagan—presumably for his right-wing constituency—to credit the Soviet changes to the U.S. military build-up and to call for more of the same. Where Dukakis stands on this is less clear.

Is he a Cold War Democrat in the mold of the late Henry "Scoop" Jackson, determined to prove that he is not soft on com-

munist? Or is he closer to Jesse Jackson's view that we now have more things in common with the Soviets than real differences? Or, and this is a scary one, is he another Jimmy Carter floundering helplessly between those two contradictory views of the world?

Dukakis hates the Carter-comparison questions more than any others. The only time I saw him bristle was when I asked him about how he would avoid Carter's tendency to vacillate in foreign affairs. "It's really a foolish question to ask," he said. Why foolish? Carter, also a governor with no hands-on foreign-policy experience, attempted to speak for all wings of the fractious Democratic Party and ended up speaking for none. Carter turned to dovish Cyrus Vance to be his Secretary of State and superhawk Zbigniew Brzezinski to be his National Security Advisor, and the result was foreign-policy malaise. But any President must now choose between those two roads, and it is fair to ask which one Dukakis would take.

I talked with him about the Cold War one night on the plane coming back from California, where he had clinched the Democratic nomination—though his ever-calm demeanor hardly suggested victory. After a stop in St. Louis to pick up, for the benefit of the TV cameras, the endorsement of Congressman Richard Gephardt, and pausing for a passing tornado, we were again en route on the bumpy ride to Boston. Dukakis, indifferent as always to his surroundings, ignored the rude shocks to the plane and continued reading reports on platform controversies with the intensity that one of the TV crew members was devoting to a steamy novel.

I slipped into the row behind him to interview his constant side-kick and fellow Greek, Paul Brontas, the Boston lawyer who has been associated with Dukakis since Harvard Law School days. Brontas reminisced about the time the two of them had driven to Los Angeles to attend the 1960 Democratic Convention—where John F. Kennedy, a neighbor in the affluent Boston suburb of Brookline, was nominated. The two friends were conspiring to reform the Democratic Party in the Sixties, and Brontas knew Dukakis then, as he does now, as well as anyone other than his wife.

I asked Brontas about what they did during the war. Not in the Fifties, in Korea, where they were both Infantry grunts, but in the Sixties, when they were rising Democratic Party politicians and their party was waging the Vietnam war.

Brontas forthrightly said that he had stood by the President and could never bring himself to break with Johnson on the war. I asked about Dukakis' position, and Brontas said he didn't know, since they had lost contact during those years. I suggested we ask the governor, who was by now dozing off from a grueling day of campaigning in three states. He wouldn't

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do that. I persisted. "Oh, what the hell," Brontas said. Both of us stood up to lean over the seat in front of us, while Brontas shook the governor awake.

"Scheer here wants to ask just a couple of questions. OK?"

Dukakis rubbed his eyes sleepily and nodded. I pointed my microphone at him over the seat and blurted out, "When and what did you first think about Vietnam?"

Dukakis, though still rubbing his eyes, seemed not at all perturbed to have been awakened for such a question and spoke extemporaneously—a rarity during a campaign of set speeches: "I think it was 1965, Bob. There were either five or seven of us, Democrats in the legislature, who issued a statement at that time. . . . Then I was—you know my Democratic organization went for McCarthy in 1968 and I was a McCarthy delegate at the Chicago convention. As a matter of fact, we had a fight within my town in 1968 over control of the Democratic organization, because at that time, interestingly enough, Jack Backman, who subsequently became a very liberal legislator, thought that we were being unpatriotic in opposing Johnson in 1968. This was well before Johnson's withdrawal, and so we had a contest, kind of an anti-

Vietnam slate, if you will, between the group that I and other people were leading and this more conservative, whatever, pro-Vietnam group.

"I just felt from the beginning that the whole thing was doomed to failure. And apart from the whole history of the thing, I was just very strongly opposed to the war. And a lot of that had something to do with my experience in Korea, you know, a sense of what was happening over there, and so forth. It's hard to say. I remember reading *The Quiet American*, by Graham Greene, and feeling like I wanted to send 150 copies to key folks in the State Department and say, 'Look, this will take three hours; read it, maybe you'll have some sense of the futility of what you're trying to do.' And, of course, as it went on, it just got worse and worse. . . . It was really one of the worst decades in history. . . ."

I was intrigued by the heartfelt, impromptu response and by Dukakis' choice of reading material on Vietnam. *The Quiet American* is about the efforts of a CIA operative—the Oliver North of his day—to save the Vietnamese for the free world during the time the French colonialists were in Vietnam; his efforts are blundering in a complex cultural and religious ter-

rain. To some old-time antiwar activists, Greene's was the first novel that explained the quagmire that would become the Vietnam war.

Still playing the reporter, I asked Dukakis why he had not backed Robert Kennedy's challenge to Johnson. He smiled and said, "Well, I probably would have, but I was already committed to Eugene McCarthy's campaign as a delegate." Which, of course, was an even earlier and gutsier break with Johnson than backing Kennedy.

I have no doubt that Dukakis is as free of Cold War obsessions as any leading Democrat this side of Jesse Jackson. But his foreign-policy aides are another story. He has attracted the best and the brightest gang, the same sort of Harvard intelligentsia that brought us Vietnam. Some of the old faces, such as John Kennedy aide Ted Sorensen, who wrote the Dukakis platform declaration for the convention, are back. But mostly, they are a far younger crowd who nevertheless seem determined to project what foreign-policy advisor Jim Sternberg terms an "activist" role for America in the world. Whether that means a revamped Kennedy Peace Corps or special forces advisors remains to be seen.

Nor have Dukakis' advisors exhibited the political courage required to lead this country out of its dependency on the Cold War. They have exhibited instead a desperation to win without much concern for the content of their victory. Dukakis' long primary campaign was little more than a series of photo opportunities in which he carefully skirted controversy. Dukakis' staff denigrated the effort of the Jackson people to raise issues, dismissing them as party poopers; that is to say, they trivialized Jackson's concerns, as if they represented the picayune efforts of a spoiler rather than a serious challenge to the politics of the Democratic Party establishment.

Dukakis' campaign manager, Susan Estrich, was so scathing in her attack on Jackson's motives in continuing his fight over the Democratic Party platform that she had to apologize. I was amazed when I heard that, since I had observed Estrich as leader of Ted Kennedy's platform challenge to Jimmy Carter at the 1980 Democratic Convention.

Which was the real Dukakis campaign? The answer came soon enough in the choice of a Vice-Presidential running mate. In probably the most revealing move of his political life, Dukakis sent a message of unmistakable clarity: Win at any price. In turning to the Cold War wing of his own party, presumably to add balance to the ticket, Dukakis indicated clearly that he could countenance the movement of U.S. policy in that direction should he be incapacitated. As a young Congressman, Lloyd Bentsen advocated the use of nuclear weapons to end the Korean War.



"All right, then, how about this: my place, Glenn Miller records, rye and ginger and just a little mutual masturbation, inside top, outside bottom. . . .?"

He didn't indicate whether or not that would also end Korea. As a U.S. Senator, Bentsen has supported each and every military boondoggle and, indeed, is famous for gobbling up contributions from defense contractors.

It is also not reassuring that the two Democratic candidates come from states that rank very high in military spending and that the economic miracles they allude to depend so much on that fact. According to a Dartmouth study, the Massachusetts miracle "was triggered by a specific factor: the beginning of the national military build-up in the late Seventies." Census figures indicate that Department of Defense industrial purchases grew by 165 percent in New England from 1978 to 1983, while the national growth was only 122 percent, and Dukakis has not been known to turn any of it back.

Even without Bentsen, the Dukakis program envisions a military build-up rather than a freeze, as advocated by Jackson. Although he favors a halt to some nuclear systems, such as the MX, the Midgetman and S.D.I., Dukakis wants to shift that money to new high-tech gadgets for conventional-war fighting.

Dukakis also favors continuing some very expensive nuclear-weapons programs, such as the D5 missiles for submarines and the Stealth bomber. I could never get anyone in the Dukakis campaign to tell me what the Stealth bomber could do to warrant its 50-billion-dollar price tag. Its military task, as outlined in Congressional hearings, is to seek out enemy targets after a nuclear exchange has been under way for some days. Not a very exciting prospect, yet each one of the suckers costs \$500,000,000, or twice the amount that Dukakis is willing to spend on increased funding for education during his first year in office.

Dukakis never did meet the challenge of Jesse Jackson head on when Jackson charged that there would be no commitment to an increase in social spending without a fundamental challenge to Cold War priorities. When I pressed Dukakis on whether he would go along with Jackson's commitment to make major cuts in defense in order to apply the funds to education, he said no.

So what commitment *will* he make? In Massachusetts, Dukakis and the legislature he controls have taken care of the poor and otherwise needy as long as the state's economy and its tax revenues have expanded. When they haven't, and now is such a time, he has slashed those social programs first. This is neoliberalism à la the Harvard Kennedy school, which may make fine accounting sense unless you're the one with the heat turned off. But maybe if you've come up in politics as the Representative of wealthy Brookline, you don't



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know about that.

Interviewing Dukakis and his domestic-issues aides, I came upon a startling observation: They don't believe that there is an underclass in America, in the sense of a group of people who have been frozen out, down through generations, by racism, poor education and a welfare holding-cell mentality. True, they know full well that there are poor, homeless, even exploited people. But their view of why those people exist is not far from Bush's: Expand the general economy and they will be brought along to a new prosperity.

"Good jobs at good wages" is Dukakis' most fervently expressed campaign promise on the economy. The idea that there may be large numbers of people out there—indeed, right around his own Statehouse, where it is frightening to walk at night—who are too poorly educated and socially undisciplined to take those jobs seems to have escaped him. Dukakis told me, "I reject the idea of an underclass in the sense of people being locked into poverty." Perhaps it is to be expected that a man who had only one top black in his national campaign office for most of the primary is not focused on the dire consequences of a history of racism and the fact that a significant number of people in this country are simply not part of the system and will not easily be brought in.

"There are good white schools and there are good black schools," said Tom Herman, senior deputy director of domestic issues, and the point is to get good administrators in both.

Given his view that the problem is so easily manageable, it is no wonder that Dukakis thinks an additional expenditure of 250,000,000 Federal dollars a year might really have an impact on taking kids from inner-city public schools into the high-tech jobs of the future. One has the sense, having spent time with him and his people, that under the skin of this reasonable and well-intended reformer/do-gooder lies the disapproving sensibility of a Horatio Alger conservative. Maybe he really believes that "those people" should just get their act together, that Government will do the minimum to assist, if the money is there, which it is not likely to be in the big-deficit years ahead. Only a thought, but how else to explain his rift with Jesse Jackson, which was not a leftover story from the primary or the convention but the central quandary of Dukakis' party.

Is it possible that Dukakis really does believe that being a black from 125th Street in Harlem is the same as being a Greek from Brookline, Massachusetts? And that he simply doesn't get the message of alien-

ation demonstrated by the broad black support for Jackson? Here's another part of a conversation we had:

SCHEER: One thing that clearly has emerged in this election is that the black community in America is alienated from white leadership.

DUKAKIS: I don't see that at all. As I've said often, [Jackson's] getting the lion's share of the black vote. I'm getting the lion's share of the Greek-American vote, for the same reason.

When I asked Dukakis if he had learned anything from the Jackson campaign, he replied, "I think Jesse has done a terrific job of addressing issues. He obviously has great gifts as a public figure. And while we disagree on some issues, we share a lot of the same goals and a lot of the same hopes and dreams and aspirations for the people of this country. And, as I said, our two respective communities have been tremendously inspired and enthused by our candidacies, I think, because in many ways, we are a symbol of their hopes and dreams and aspirations. I think it's terrific. . . . Now, obviously, there's a much larger black community than there is a Greek community, but I think that a year or two ago, if anybody had seriously suggested that a



couple of guys named Dukakis and Jackson would be the two remaining candidates, people would have said no. It's happened, and I think it's terrific." Which, to me, means that he has learned very little from Jackson. Dukakis generally avoided the slum neighborhoods that Jackson routinely visited, and when he occasionally ventured nearby, it was like a tourist missing the entire point. Dukakis spent an hour in Pasadena and for months after talked about the great work being done there to control gang violence. He didn't seem to understand that middle-class Pasadena relates to impoverished south central and east L.A., the centers of serious gang violence, the way his Brookline high school does to East New York Vocational.

I'll drop it now, but the subject remains a live issue in contemplating a Dukakis Presidency. The Massachusetts miracle, which has occurred in a state with a small minority population, a state favored by massive centers of learning and high-tech competence and fertilized by disproportionate military expenditures, is not a model for the urban and racial problems of this nation. Nor is there anything in the Dukakis program that goes beyond that model.

Perhaps for that reason, Dukakis staffers tend to focus less on what he might do with the economy and more on his intent to

return the Supreme Court to its civil-liberties moorings. The staffers describe not an activist Democratic Presidency, but a damage-limiting one that would stall the Reaganites' attacks on past civil rights legislation and on the liberalism of the courts. And here Dukakis is quite willing to take the heat.

"For too many years," Bush thundered before a receptive audience at the National Sheriffs Association in June, "we've been held hostage by well-meaning but misguided politicians and judges who get their legal views from the A.C.L.U." Bush was referring to Dukakis' admission in an interview with me that he was "a card-carrying member of the A.C.L.U." Ironically, I had been pushing Dukakis because he seemed to me to accept censorship of sexually explicit publications. The exchange, the context of which Bush pointedly ignores, went like this:

DUKAKIS: I think there is a constitutional distinction between political speech and obscenity. That is, I think we can regulate constitutional obscenity. I think it's got to be limited and restrained. I think if somebody wants to put a pornographic bookstore in the middle of downtown Stoughton, Massachusetts, I think the people of Stoughton have the right to say, "Sorry, we don't want that bookstore." But

on political speech, I think, we, constitutionally, have got to allow the broadest possible range.

SCHEER: Where do you draw the line? Henry Miller? D. H. Lawrence?

DUKAKIS: That's a good question, and great people have been trying to make that distinction for years. I can't define it, but I know it when I see it, you know? All I'm saying is that constitutionally, I make a distinction between those two things. . . . Come on. I got work to do.

SCHEER: Just this one: When you said this thing about pornography, are you endorsing the work of the Meese commission?

DUKAKIS: No, no, no, no. Look, I'm a card-carrying member of the American Civil Liberties Union, and I think you have to be very restrained, but I'm not somebody who takes the position that under no circumstances can society impose restrictions on material that, by any standard, is clearly pornographic. And so, in that sense, I think there are some limits. But they've always got to be done in a way that's careful, responsible, restrained, thoughtful and gives as much latitude for people to write and express themselves as we possibly can.

SCHEER: But this hasn't scared you?

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You're not worried about the Phyllis Schlaflys and the Pat Robertsons saying this guy is an A.C.L.U. guy, and a secular humanist? Doesn't bother you? Why not?

DUKAKIS: Because I don't think people believe it. In any event, I think you've got to stand up and be counted, and my experience has been if you do it, people respect you for doing it, whether they agree with you or not. I just feel strongly about these issues, and there's no question that growing up politically during the Fifties had a lot to do with it.

When I saw Dukakis after the interview had appeared, and the attacks on him by Bush were in full swing, he smiled and said, "I can handle it; it's what I said and what I believe." No finger pointing at the reporter as the source of his problems. He seems centered and able to handle himself in a way not always obvious in Bush. The polls indicate that the voters tend to view him that way as well. They regard Dukakis as a centrist despite the fact that he is for legal abortions, against the death penalty, for strong civil liberties, against *Contra* aid and for a vigorous Government's role in

the economy. Bush finds it frustrating that the voters have not turned to him as the centrist standard bearer, and while on a check list of labels and credentials, Bush may appear to be more of a centrist than Dukakis, there may be something else at work here. The voters may be looking to a centrist manner or temperament rather than a check list of the issues.

Bush is perceived by many voters as erratic. The man, either through his own psychology or because he's a Northeastern establishment Republican transplanted to Houston, doesn't inspire confidence even within his Republican constituency. He was, after all, defeated in two Senate races in conservative Texas, once by Bentsen. The only elections he has won have been in his wealthy home district in Houston. From the beginning of his political career to the present, the right wing of his party has never trusted him and has voted that way in every primary. So he must constantly touch base with the party faithful by taking positions that his closest advisors say he doesn't really mean. His campaign manager, Lee Atwater, once told me, "The luckiest break for Bush would be for the Administration never to *win* on any of the social issues." That way, Bush would get to

have his rhetorical cake without eating the consequences.

Atwater cited issues that go to the heart of a contradiction in the Republican program: Polls show that most Americans are against the right-wing social program and do prefer cuts in the military budget over those in social spending. They may be for occasionally tough talk on foreign issues, as long as there is no war and no draft. They are for curtailing the liberties of others but not their own; zero tolerance on drugs for the ghetto but not for the country club. In his effort to straddle those contradictions, Bush has seemed all over the place throughout his career. For the E.R.A. one moment and against it another. Against an amendment making abortions illegal at one moment and not so sure another. That balancing act has left Bush an exhausted, harried figure requiring constant self-testing to prove to himself and the rest of us that he does hang together.

Maybe, by contrast, Dukakis is too orderly and too careful to lead us anywhere different from where we've already been. Maybe he will just pull us together and ease us intact into the New Age. Dukakis bears all of the marks of the second-generation-immigrant's family, determinedly denying all remaining vestiges of the old world's style while nostalgic about its dreams. Dukakis is Michael Corleone in *The Godfather* but has nothing to do with crime, mind you. He is as squeaky clean as they come, but in the sense of always taking care of business. No wild dancing, glass throwing or drinking for him, but tears do well up when he recalls his immigrant father going from the family store to Harvard Medical School. That is the source of his liberalism, a vision in which everyone makes it—blacks, women, the Third World—through hard work and increased opportunities, just as his people did.

Dukakis is easy to understand, because most of us have attempted to follow that same path with varying degrees of success. Shape up, keep your nose clean, work hard and you will get respect. Bush is driven by demons unique to those who have nothing to prove to the rest of us. His style is more suggestive of the man who talks a good game but leaves us a bit uneasy, all because we are not sure where the joke ends and when he might explode. He seems to be trying too hard to answer a question that he alone is posing, some matter of self-worth that gnaws at his innards and threatens to undermine his surface optimism and geniality. It's the difference between the mongrel who loves to rush out and get the paper and the overly inbred springer spaniel who is poised and happy—until he bites just for the heck of it.



SEX IN CINEMA

(continued from page 142)

passion on model trains or an occasional experiment in bondage with his head nurse (Sandra Bernhard). Theresa dreams up erotic fantasies about a young British layabout (Gary Oldman). His presence ultimately inspires her to sabotage hubby's goddamned trains, while derailing most of her own inhibitions. The characters get right down to basics in *Patti Rocks*, an outspoken sleeper—already available on video—about a philandering working-class husband (Chris Mulkey) who drags his best friend, Eddie (John Jenkins), along on a trip to another town to tell a pregnant chick, Patti (Karen Landry), why he can't marry her. Before these clowns' long night's journey into consciousness raising ends, Eddie is in bed with Patti, an extraordinarily liberated type who's obviously too good for either of them.

More kookie than kinky, *Married to the Mob* establishes Michelle Pfeiffer as a Mafia widow when her philandering husband, Frank "Cucumber" De Marco (Alec Baldwin), is found nude—and shot dead—in a hot tub with his chief's favorite hat-check girl. "They didn't call him Cucumber for nothin'," notes one dry-eyed mourner. *Cocktail*, based on Heywood Gould's novel, shakes up the ingredients of debauchery with Tom Cruise and Bryan Brown paired as a couple of randy mixologists on the bed-hopping New York bar scene. This time, though, the dirty words speak louder than the actions.

Films aimed at the youth market this year are mainly a sorry lot. A notch above the rest is Neil Simon's autobiographical *Biloxi Blues*, in which the calendar flips back to World War Two. Recruit Matthew Broderick goes through a basic training that includes a bumbling but funny sexual initiation with a helpful prostitute (Park Overall). *Casual Sex?* makes a feeble effort to meet contemporary issues head on, with Lea Thompson as a sleep-around girl spending her summer vacation aware of, but undaunted by, anxiety about safe sex. She has a horny, ho-hum time of it and winds up married to a jerk.

In *For Keeps*, Molly Ringwald begins to grow up in earnest as a pregnant teenaged bride. This turkey, really out of sync in its dippy romanticizing of the serious problems faced by immature parents, is memorable mainly for Ringwald's first screen encounter with a naked man (Randall Batinkoff) in the shower. She pronounces his penis "cute." He'd prefer "awesome." Well, her fans can hope for better things from *Fresh Horses*, in which Molly meets a college boy for what is promised to be "an obsessive and intoxicating" love.

Trash has always appealed to the teenybopper set, and this year's bumper crop of junk movies, while meeting the demand for mindless sex and violence, packs most of the titillation into its titles. *Assault of the*

Killer Bimbos, *Space Sluts in the Slammer* and *Sorority Babes in the Slimeball Bowl-O-Rama*, to name three, deliver their punch lines before the titles begin to roll. Most of them have scooted right past theaters to the shelves of your corner video store.

How are foreign films faring in this era of sexual nervousness? The British, who were leading the pack in permissiveness last year, stayed out front with *White Mischief*. Another fact-based blast from the past, this saga of British colonial misbehavior in Kenya during World War Two recounts each of the seven deadly sins. *Mischief* culminates in the murder of Charles Dance, a nonpareil seducer who has been getting it on with a wealthy old aristocrat's ripe-and-ready wife (Greta Scacchi, dressed to kill but frequently undressed for Dance). The film's most talked-about sequence, however, takes place in a morgue, where several of Dance's female conquests arrive to view the remains. The lady to watch is Sarah Miles as an eccentric voluptuary who lifts her skirt, masturbates, then touches moistened fingers to the dead man's lips and whispers, "Now you're mine forever."

There's plenty of body English as well as period color in *Salome's Last Dance*, by director Ken Russell, who has built his career on outrageousness. Here, he places Oscar Wilde (Nickolas Grace) in a brothel where his young lover (Douglas Hodge) is performing as John the Baptist in Wilde's own play *Salome*, banned as licentious in 1892. For Russell, it's relatively tame stuff, fleshed out by bare-breasted superwomen and a Salome (Imogen Millais-Scott) who has a sly way of getting head.

Forbidden fruit figures in *Stealing Heaven*, director Clive Donner's lush retelling of the 12th Century tragedy of Héloïse and Abélard. Cannes festival scouts report that the not-yet-released film contains steamy love scenes between Kim Thomson and Derek De Lint, playing the ill-fated pair whose unbridled passion led to castration and life in a monastery for him, a convent for her. England's James Wilby, who has the title role as a latent homosexual in *Maurice*, reappears as a cuckolded husband in *A Handful of Dust*. Oddly, Rupert Graves, who plays the actor who seduces Wilby's wife in this stylish adaptation of Evelyn Waugh's novel, also plays the gay gamekeeper who becomes Wilby's lover in *Maurice*. It's a small world over there.

Consuming Passions is an eccentric British comedy about cannibalism. Bonbons given extra flavor by the corpses of workers in a chocolate factory are the main joke. But the real surprise is a shameless stint by Vanessa Redgrave, who instantly seduces the young executive (Tyler Butterworth) who has come to tell her she has been widowed because hubby fell into a vat. Vanessa, in a seeming feeding frenzy, all but eats the boy alive.

From elsewhere in the Commonwealth comes *Shame*, a blunt feminist tract about a woman lawyer (Deborra-Lee Furness)

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who, while biking through Australia's outback, gets stuck in a sinister town where local studs casually gang-bang any sheila they take a fancy to—until the plucky heroine galvanizes local womenfolk to exact both justice and vengeance. *High Tide* stars Judy Davis, who may be Australia's answer to Meryl Streep, as a backup singer on the skids who's obliged to take a job in a strip joint. Davis does only minimal disrobing, though, and makes it look like a painful chore, as intended. You'll see more of Amanda Dole, a centerfold from *Playboy's* Australian edition, in *Pandemonium*, described by enthusiastic publicists as Australia's answer to *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*. It's bound to be more titillating than "Crocodile" *Dundee II*, a cheeky sequel that, while it offers substantial clues that Dundee (Paul Hogan) and his American friend (Linda Kozlowski) are living together in New York, dilutes their sexual chemistry with such prudence, you'd swear that the relationship was Platonic.

Elsewhere, Germany's Percy Adlon found a public hungry for his *Bagdad Cafe*, filmed in English and starring the ample Marianne Sagebrecht (she had the title role in Adlon's *Sugarbaby*) as an uninhibited German tourist who initiates cabaret entertainment at a truck stop in the Mojave desert. Yugoslavian-born director Dusan Makavejev's *Manifesto* lands an international but English-speaking cast in a mythical European village where some madcap revolutionaries, circa 1920, plan to assassinate the king. Advancing the plot, sort of, is an impetuous beauty (Danish actress Camilla Söeberg) whose lovers tend to die violent deaths after they've had their fill of her. Voraciously concupiscent and often nude, Söeberg at one point offers her body as a play area for a litter of exuberant, lucky pups.

The Spanish *Matador* is a dark fantasy about a retired bullfighter (Nacho Martinez) in whose tortured mind sex is so commingled with death that he's compelled to kill the woman to whom he's making love at her moment of climax. He finds a soulmate in a woman lawyer (Assumpta Serna) who performs similar tricks on her male lovers—the poor devils come and go at the same instant.

French imports in 1988 have been for the most part noncontroversial, with Bertrand Tavernier's *Beatrice* the striking exception. Set in the Middle Ages, this blasphemous tale of incest and other perversions stars 18-year-old Julie Delpy as the put-upon heroine who is defiled by her lecherous father. In contrast, *The Grand Highway* has all the robust humanity and *joie de vivre* of classic French comedy, describing the long, hot summer of a boy farmed out to family friends in a rustic village, where he learns almost more than he needs to by observing adults fighting, suffering and making love in a haystack.

Japan's *A Taxing Woman* zeroes in on a Tokyo businessman who clinches deals on the telephone while feeling up his secre-

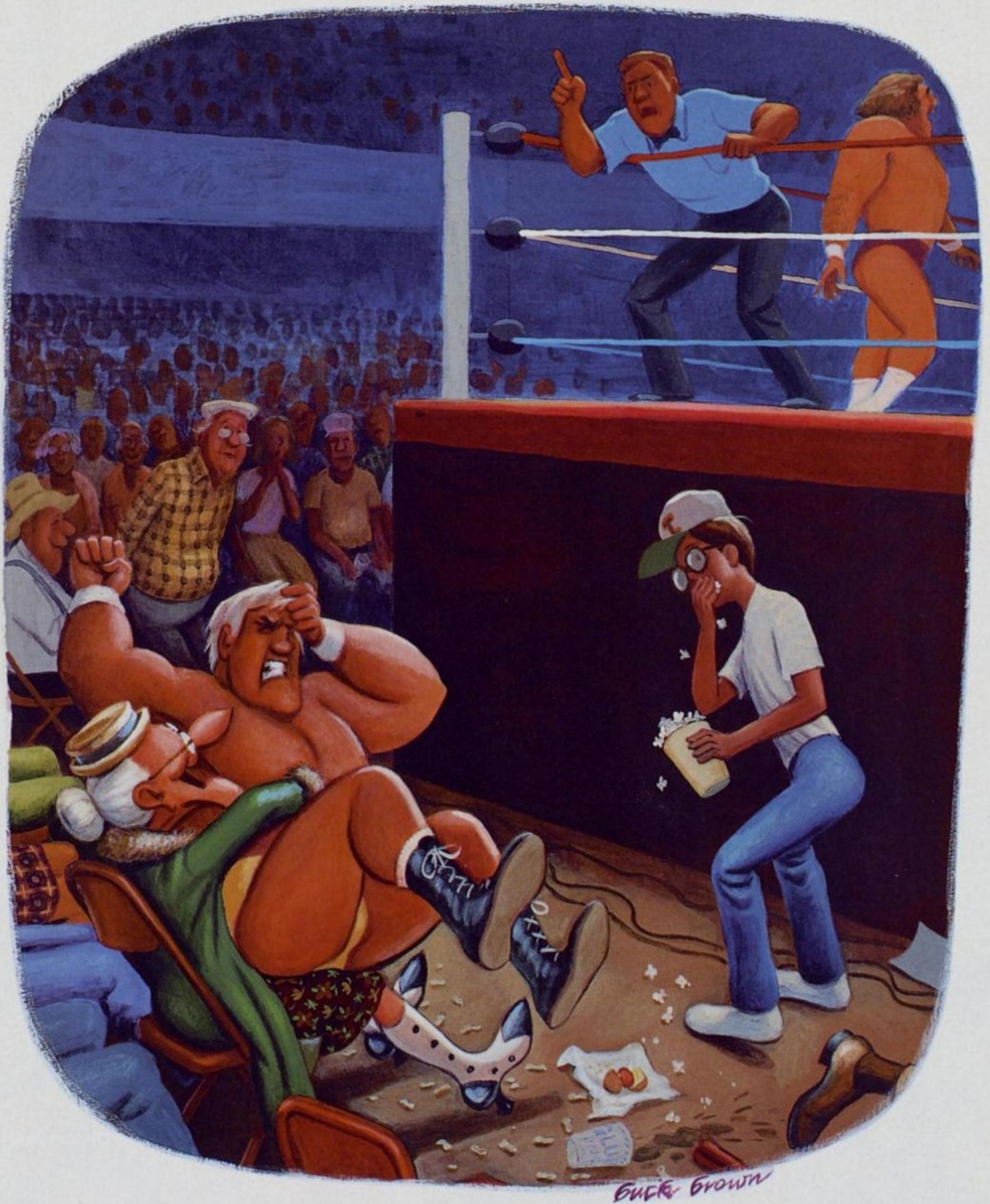
tary. German superstar Klaus Kinski, who can usually be counted on to come up with something unconventional, has two features on tap, both based on historical figures. In Werner Herzog's *Cobra Verde*, he plays an apparently conscience-stricken Brazilian slave trader who leads a rebellion. Kinski also directs and co-stars with his nubile steady companion, Deborah Caprioglio, in *Paganini*, a biography of the great violinist-composer that promises to be both melodic and erotic.

In the world of hard-core porno on film, most of the news is bad. A profusion of cheap, brightly packaged video quickies continues to glut the market, making quality, shot-on-film features economically unfeasible. *Amanda by Night*, a current hot seller in video, is OK for the indiscriminate. Candida Royalle's *Sensual Escape*, a twin set of stories directed by women (Royalle and porno superstar/magazine editor Gloria Leonard), is mild and pretty erotica on video, targeted for couples. In fact, Royalle has established such acceptability that she does TV talk shows, from *Donahue* to *Dr. Ruth*, and this year was invited to be guest speaker at a national convention of sex educators and therapists.

So porno lives, with or without condoms. But John "Johnny Wadd" Holmes died, reportedly of AIDS, this year, and gay film star Casey Donovan went the same way. Traci Lords, who nearly scuttled the industry when the story broke that she'd been the queen of X since she was 15, is now 21 and starring in *Not of This Earth*, the perfectly straight remake of a Roger Corman epic. Fully clothed, Traci plays a nurse who battles vampires from a distant planet. "If you're expecting an amusing B movie, you'll love it," says Traci, who is also quoted as vowing that she will no longer do nudes. *Sic transit* Traci.

The film industry, as always, tends to supply what it believes the public wants. Invariably, it's a crap shoot. The consumer demand for sexiness on the home screen may be met by the steamy but superficial excitement of such movies as *Two Moon Junction*. Mature treatments of human sexuality, as in *The Unbearable Lightness of Being*, remain relatively rare, but that may change. On the horizon are a number of movies with adult themes. Among them: Harvey Fierstein's *Torch Song Trilogy*, based on his fiercely funny play about a proud drag queen and the boys in his life, with Matthew Broderick, of all people, playing Fierstein's lover; and two film versions of *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*, the 18th Century French classic about corrupted innocence and competitive promiscuity, a stage version of which took London and New York by storm last year. So have patience, fans. When it comes to mankind's favorite contact sport, look for the best of it and keep in mind Noel Coward's observation that "sex is a question of lighting."





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PLAYBOY

ON · THE · SCENE

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

WEEKEND IN THE COUNTRY

In fine leathers, tweeds or even waterproof urethane-coated nylon, that weekend bag you stuff into an airplane overhead bin or lash to the boot of your vintage roadster has come a long way from being an anonymous duffel. Styles may vary from a traditional soft-sided case to the classic leather Gladstone bag, but the image reflected is pure travel-

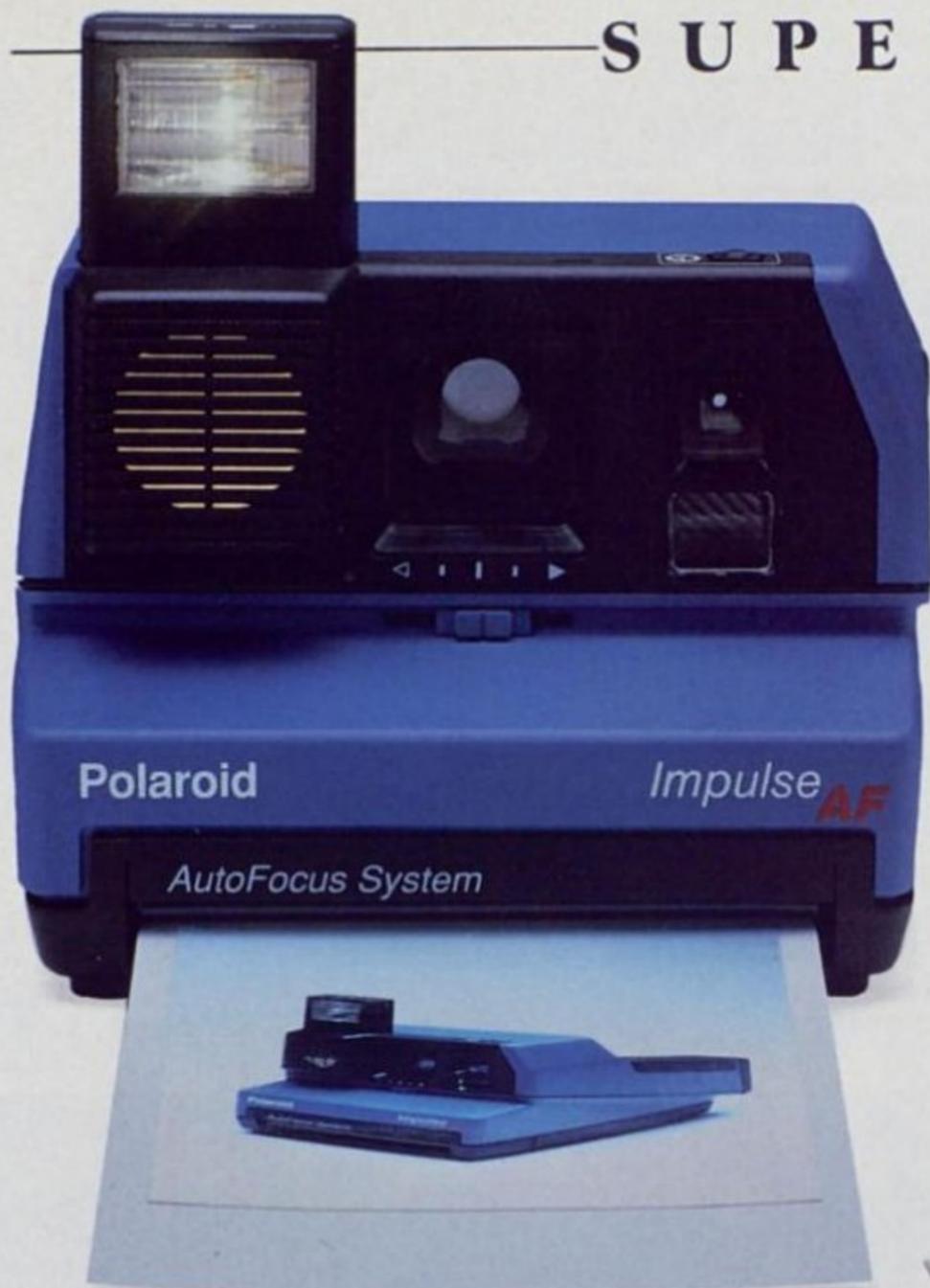
ing savvy. Most come with reinforced seams and handy vinyl-lined compartments for toiletries and the like. (Another neat feature to look for is an inside ring on a strap to which you can attach your house keys.) Choose wisely and you and your weekend companion will be the classiest traveling duo since Jeeves and Bertie Wooster motored south to the sun.

Clockwise from top left: Extra-large urethane-coated nylon duffel bag with leather trim, from Hunting World, New York, \$570. Wool Gentry tweed carry-on bag with calfskin handles and reinforcement straps, from Rosenthal-Truitt, Los Angeles, \$245. Calfskin one-suitcase carry-on bag with pigskin trim, from Mark Cross, Chicago, \$850. Windsor grain-leather hand-sewn Gladstone bag with brass fittings, from T. Anthony, Ltd., New York, \$1200. Canvas-and-cowhide weekend bag handmade in England, from Asprey, New York, \$475.

RICHARD IZUI



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



The Impulse AF, Polaroid's latest instant camera, features auto-focus, pop-up flash, Spectra view-finder technology and a self-timer. It uses 600 Plus instant color film that gives sharp, long-lasting photos, \$89, including a special-effects filter.

The 7 x 50 Steiner Commander RS2000 binoculars feature an illuminated 360-degree bearing compass, distance range, rubber armoring and a unique narrow-beam compact optical design with higher brightness and sharper resolution, from Pioneer Marketing & Research Co., Westmont, New Jersey, \$894.



These lightweight Air Mariah road-racing shoes are made of nylon with colorful and contoured polyurethane soles, plus a special Air-Sole suspension. Hit the road and color them gone, by Nike, Beaverton, Oregon, \$65.



Handmade cognac-colored European desk set in calfskin, by Arte Cuoio, includes a pencil holder, \$185, an IN/OUT tray, \$235, and a letter holder, \$205, all from Marcovici Designs, Boston.

Casio's DH-100, the world's first digital horn, is breath sensitive as a traditional wind instrument or battery powered for keys-only sessions. Six preset tones—sax, clarinet, oboe, trumpet, flute and synthreed—reverberate through the built-in speaker, \$179.50. Let the good times blow!



Gruene's Vintage Cologne for men is a woody herbal mix with citrus top notes that the manufacturer markets in a French black-glass container to protect it from the sun, \$38 for 3.3 ozs.



Come to the block party. The Super Blocks telephone features a pulse/tone switch, last-number redial and a mute button, and there's a drawer for storing Super Blocks that you can toy with during very tedious calls, from Tyco, Mt. Laurel, New Jersey, about \$50.

The tiny Sure-Fire 6 is almost twice as powerful as a five-D-cell flashlight and only 4 3/4" long, by Laser Products, Fountain Valley, California, \$39.95. (The leather case is by ASP, Appleton, Wisconsin, \$16.) Call: 800-828-8809.



The Write Stuff

Actress **ARIELLE DOMBASLE** wrote the screenplay for *Les Pyramides Bleues*, which was presented at the Cannes Film Festival this past spring. She also stars in it with Omar Sharif. Until it plays in America, we're content with dreams of a smart and beautiful woman.



CASANO / STILLS / RETNA LTD.

A Star Is Born

This terrific-looking woman is singer **BRENDA K. STARR**. You'll want to catch her in concert or get her debut album, *Brenda K. Starr*. A single, *I Still Believe*, hit the top ten on the charts. Another album is in the works for 1989. Brenda won't be an opening act for long, so get out there *before the crowd*.



© WALTER MCBRIDE / RETNA LTD.

Batter Up!

The beauty behind the mask at home plate is actress **LAUREN HUTTON**, who played ball at a benefit for the tenth anniversary of New York Women in Film. Lauren will be on screen at your theater any day now in *Bull Dance*. She plays the director of a girls' school in the Antonioni film. Whatever Hutton plays, baseball or make-believe, she does it with class.

© PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE

Changing the Guard at Buckingham Palace

We love this: the FAT BOYS and CHUBBY CHECKER checking out the queen's guard on a trip to London for Freedom Fest. The Boys are doing a new movie, *Fat Wolf*, for the summer of 1989, a cartoon for TV, *Super Fats*, and the theme for *Nightmare on Elm Street, Part IV*. These guys are really rolling.



© 1988 EBET ROBERTS



© SIMON FOWLER / LFI

Flying High

It's all in the family with the JETS, brothers and sisters ranging in age from 14 to 22. Their *Magic* album took off.

This Jury Is In

Actress-model-dancer VERA JURY goes native with a natural flair. She has appeared in rock videos and is about to make her big-screen debut. If there's any justice, Jury will triumph.



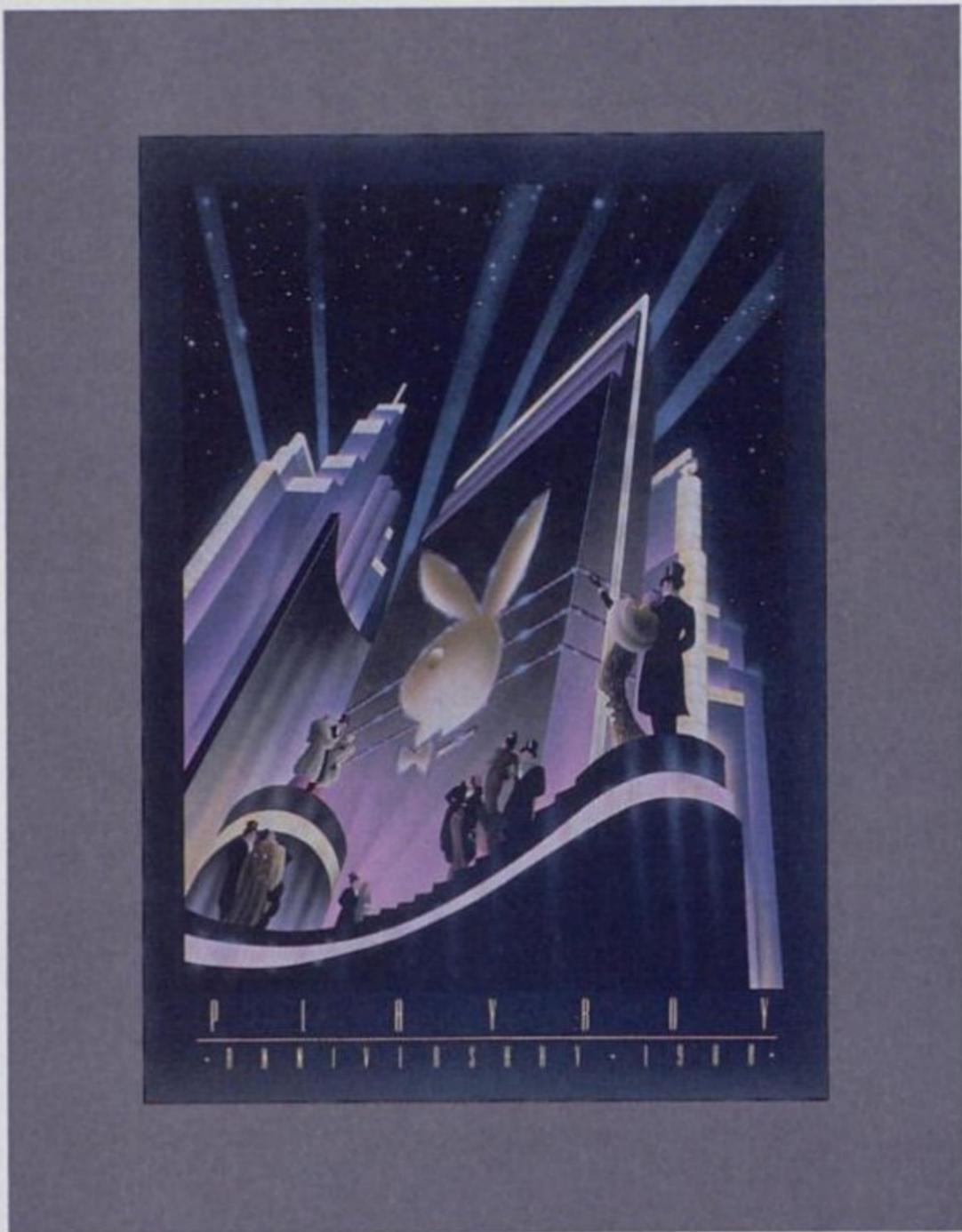
© 1988 MARK LEIVDAL

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Once in Love with Amy

Actress AMY PANTER has appeared in TV's *Maude*, in a role in *Alligator* and in Mattel's *Barbie's Beauty Boutique*. Amy's at her best in *Grapevine*.





PLAYBOY'S PREMIERE ART POSTER: HOPPE TO IT

Remember Robert Hoppe's elegant art-deco illustration of city night life that appeared on the cover of our January 1988 issue? It's available as a 34" x 24" special limited-issue poster titled *Playboy Anniversary 1988*—the debut offering from a new Playboy subsidiary, Special Editions, Ltd., created to market our extensive art collection. The price of this unique, eye-catching Hoppe is only \$65 (plus \$6.60 for a special mailing tube, postage and handling) sent to Playboy Products, P.O. Box 1554, Elk Grove Village, Illinois 60009. *Anniversary*, by the way, is the first in a series of quality posters reproduced from original *Playboy* artwork that will be available soon. To come are works by the late Patrick Nagel and Alberto Vargas, plus other highly collectible *Playboy* artists. Keep an eye out.

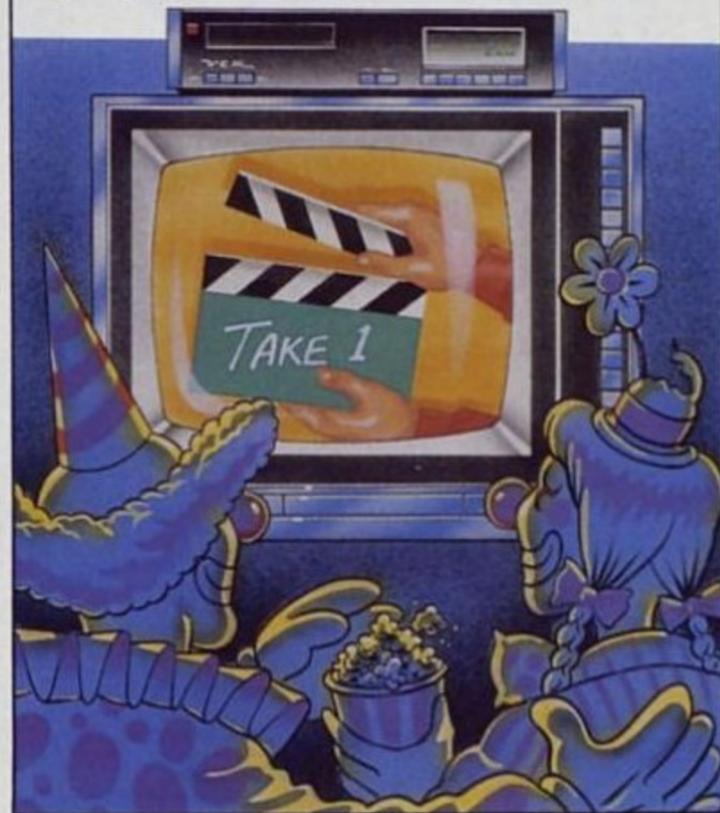


JAZZ BY THE BOOK

Here's something to applaud: *The New Grove Dictionary of Jazz*, which is available in a 1400-page, two-volume set, covers topics dating from the origins of jazz all the way to today's jazz resurgence. Included are 3000 bios, plus jazz terms, illustrated topics, lists of jazz festivals and much, much more. The price: \$305, postpaid, sent to Grove's Dictionaries of Music, 15 East 26th Street, New York 10010. Groovy, daddy!

LIGHTS! CAMERA! VIDEO ACTION!

Looking for something creative to do with your video camcorder besides shoot your own kinky version of *Debbie Does Des Moines*? Hollywood Make a Movie, P.O. Box 4986, Toms River, New Jersey 08753, is marketing a do-it-yourself video comedy kit that comes with scripts, props, sound-effect tapes and more and is sure to turn you into the reincarnation of Mack Sennett faster than you can say Fatty Arbuckle. The kit is only \$42.95, postpaid. A horror version is out, too.



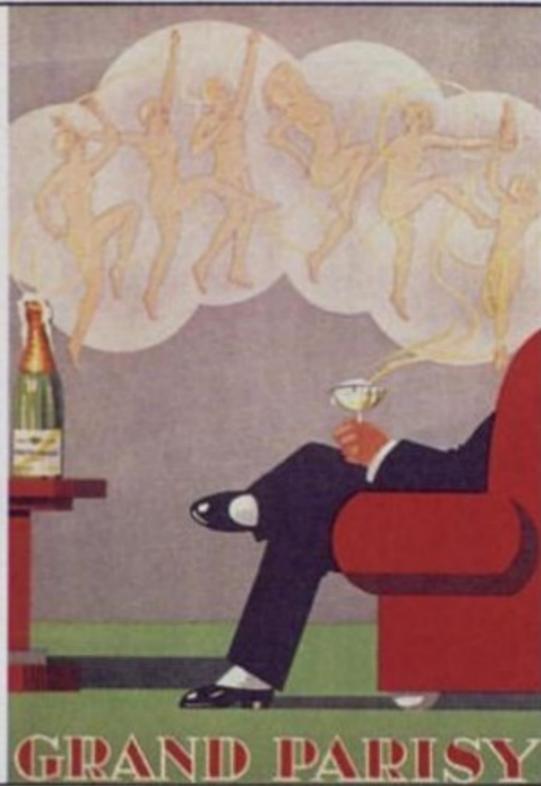
MAKING LIGHT WORK OF RUNNING

To the adage "Speak softly and carry a big stick" may be added, "Run safely and carry a Loud-Stik." Two Loud-Stiks are available: a 14-inch plastic baton that shines an electric light and features an air horn (\$33, postpaid) or a 36-inch walking-stick version with the same functions (\$43). Orders go to Loud-Stik Corp., Suite 209, 11125 Rockville Pike, Rockville, Maryland 20852. You're coming in Loud-Stik and clear.



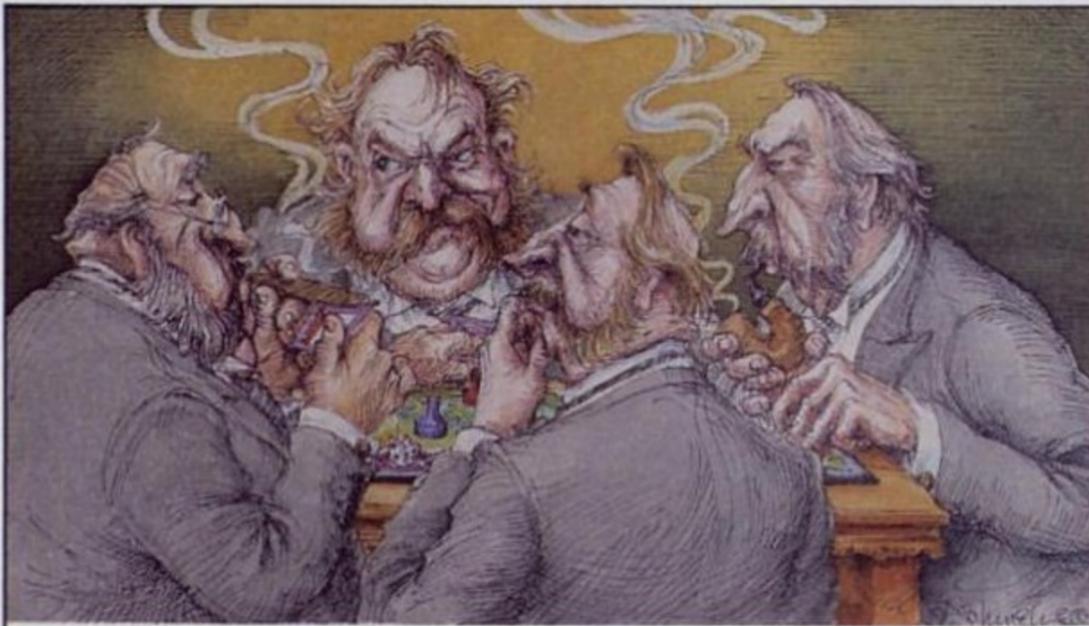
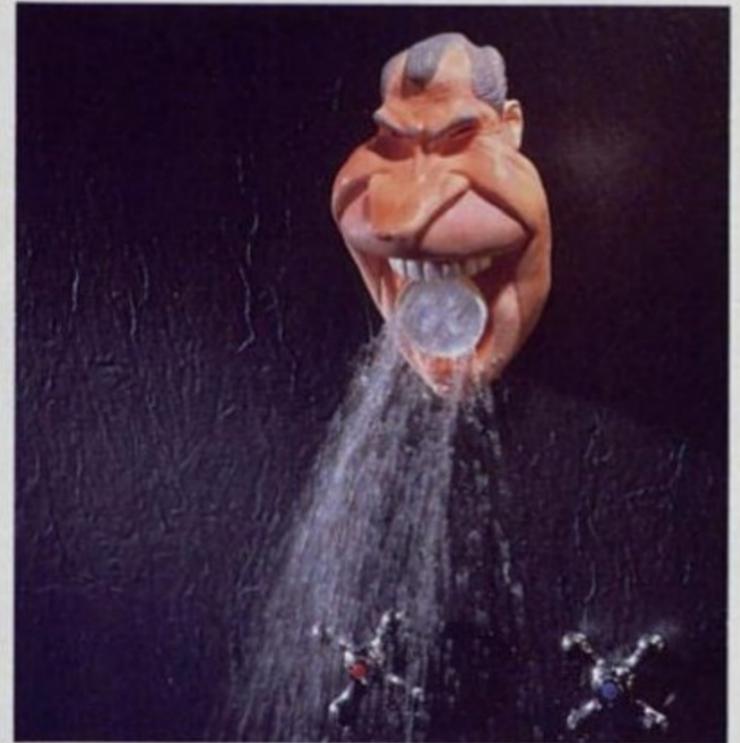
VINTAGE STOCK

Wine Ambiance, "a catalog of wine cellars and accessories . . . for people serious about wine," is an oenophile's dream come true. Inside is everything your little bibbing heart could desire, from pre-built refrigerated cellars for your finest *vinos* to original prints, such as the framed, circa-1930 Grand Parisy Champagne one pictured here. (It's \$275.) Two dollars sent to Wine Ambiance, 703 Market Street, Suite 2100, San Francisco 94103, gets you the catalog. It's a real corker.



SLICK DICK

You may not have Richard Nixon to kick around anymore, but you can still shower with him if you like. Banning Enterprises in Farmingdale, New York, is marketing the PVC Tricky Dick shower head for \$14.95 through Bloomingdale's, Macy's and other fun stores around the country. But if getting wet with Dick isn't your idea of a good time, Banning also manufactures Bubba the Gorilla, a bearded snorkeler, and Hot Lips, a sleazy blonde. Shower with the best!



YOU'RE TALKING BALDERDASH!

Looking for an indoor pastime to while away the long winter months? Try Balderdash, a best-selling Canadian game that has crossed the border to challenge U.S. masterminds. The object: to outbluff your opponents by creating definitions to real but zany words such as olecranon. (That's your funny bone, stupid.) Joe Isuzu and Jon Lovitz would love it.

LOOK! UP ON THE WALL! IT'S A MARTINI!

Now that the cocktail has returned, the clever entrepreneurs at RJ Design, 24293 Telegraph Road, Southfield, Michigan 48034, have drafted a smashing alternative to a bartender's manual. *Liquid Assets* is a 36" x 24" poster printed on high-gloss paper that's a blueprint for the fixings of 20 classic cocktails (plus a few maverick concoctions such as a devil's tail). The poster is \$25, postpaid. A 24" x 18" version costs \$12. Look up and drink up.



A FORCE TO RECKON WITH

If ever there were a catalog created with James Bond in mind, the one from Life Force Technologies, Ltd., P.O. Box 4165, Aspen, Colorado 81612, is it. Items range from an infrared night scope to an electronic expense recorder and a single-seat helicopter powered by hydrogen peroxide. One catalog is two dollars or you can fork over five dollars for a year's worth (four catalogs) of information on exotic goodies. The ladies in the Life Force catalogs are up to 007's standards, too.



COMING NEXT: A SPECIAL ISSUE PACKED WITH HOLIDAY CHEER



ADULT COMICS



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SEXY STARS

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"THE CHANGING OF THE GUARD"—THE AUTHOR AND SEXUAL MAESTRO CLARIFIES WHAT SEPARATES WIVES FROM MISTRESSES—BY **NORMAN MAILER**

"STAND-UP"—JAY LENO, SANDRA BERNHARD AND OTHER TOP COMICS GET BACK AT HECKLERS, GRIPE ABOUT JOKE THIEVERY AND RATE **JOHNNY CARSON** AND **DAVID LETTERMAN**

"ROAD WARRIOR"—THE LONE AMERICAN TO ENTER THE 1988 8000-MILE, 22-DAY PARIS-TO-DAKAR RALLY KEPT A DIARY TO PROVE HE SURVIVED—BY **MALCOLM SMITH** WITH **LEE GREEN**

PLUS: LEROY NEIMAN'S POLO LOUNGE SKETCHES IMMORTALIZE HOLLYWOOD'S MOVIE GREATS; SIZZLING **"SEX STARS OF 1988,"** WITH TEXT BY **JIM HARWOOD**; A SPECIAL YEAR-END TREAT, **"PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW"**; CHRISTMAS SPIRITS, **"SINGLE-MALT WHISKIES"**; *PLAYBOY'S* COLLEGE BASKETBALL PREVIEW, BY **GARY COLE**; **"THE BODY FOR '90"**—**RICHARD** AND **JOYCE WOLKOMIR** CONFIRM THE FACT THAT SEXY CURVES ARE BACK! **"THE 12 STORES OF CHRISTMAS,"** OUR QUINTESSENTIAL YULETIDE GIFT GUIDE, AND MUCH MORE

"IN PRAISE OF SINNERS"—AMERICA'S PRESENT OBSESSION WITH CHOOSING SQUEAKY-CLEAN LEADERS MAY PROVE TO BE MORE DANGEROUS THAN WE REALIZE—BY **PETE HAMILL**

"CRACK"—THE DEADLIEST DRUG OF THEM ALL HAS CHANGED THE RULES OF CRIME. FROM THE MEAN STREETS OF NEW YORK, THE GRITTY INSIDE STORY OF HOW CRACK IS TAKING ITS HUMAN TOLL—BY STREET-WISE NEW YORK JOURNALIST **JIMMY BRESLIN**

CHER TALKS ABOUT HER MOVIES, HER MUSIC AND DATING HER MOTHER'S BOYFRIENDS AND REVEALS WHAT SHE DREAMED ABOUT **JESSE JACKSON** IN AN OUTRAGEOUS *PLAYBOY* INTERVIEW

"ROOM AT THE INN"—IT'S LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT WHEN A MAN AND A WOMAN MEET AT A CHRISTMAS-EVE PARTY. FICTION BY **HERBERT GOLD**

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