

# PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JUNE 1990 • \$4.00

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**RENEE  
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**INTERVIEW: GREAT  
TALK FROM TV'S  
TALKIEST SHOW,  
*THIRTYSOMETHING***

**MICKEY ROURKE  
AND CARRÉ OTIS  
ARE ON FIRE IN  
*WILD ORCHID***

**PLUS: MEXICO FOR  
LOVERS, HORSE RACING  
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BIKES FOR THE NINETIES  
AND MUCH, MUCH MORE**



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# CAMEL



## Smooth Character

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette  
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

By ASA BABER

**T**hey are out there, men. They have you under intense surveillance and your every move is being tracked. May as well face it, *amigo*, you are a deadass duck on the highway of life. The Feminine Bureau of Investigation is on your case, and you don't have a chance. This F.B.I. is the sharpest, brightest, most inquisitive and shrewdest intelligence agency ever devised.

I recently visited the international headquarters of the Feminine Bureau of Investigation in Washington, D.C. As you may remember, the F.B.I. is run by J. Evangelina Hooverette (Angie to all who know and love her). I am here to tell you that director Hooverette is a very tough cookie who does not suffer foolish men gladly.

"Asa Baber, also known as Needle Dick?" Angie said to me as I walked into her office. "Sit down and shut up, Butthead," she barked with a flinty smile. She was built like a fireplug. She had a strong handshake, too.

I sat down fast. "Needle Dick? How did you know that's what the women at the health club call me?" I asked anxiously.

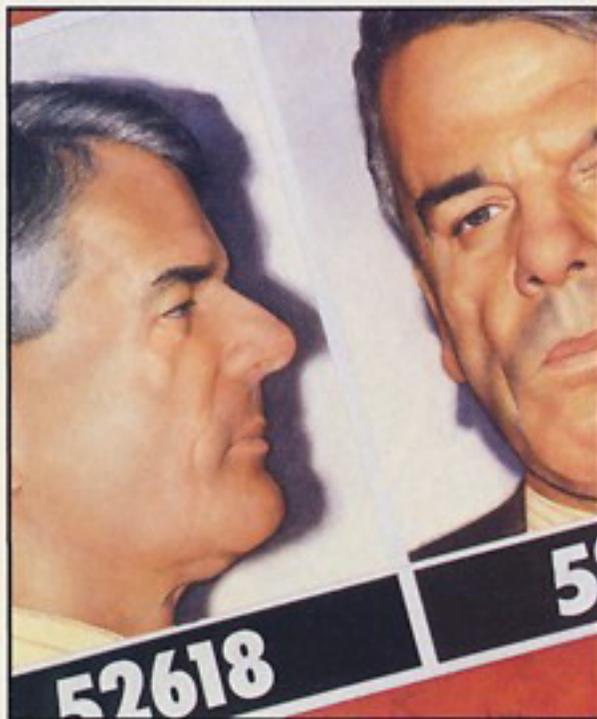
"Oh, hell, Asa, this is the Feminine Bureau of Investigation. We've known all about you for years." She pulled out a very thick folder and started reading from it. "Asa Baber; Chicago, Illinois; 1990 update: 'Thinks he's a stud but is only a pony.' 'Plays with himself all the time to see if that will make it grow.' 'Thinks he's a writer, but couldn't write a parking ticket if he had to.'" Angie looked up at me and laughed at the expression on my face. "Surprised? We've got sitrep reports from every woman you ever dated or talked to. We've got wire taps and video tapes, transcripts and infrared photographs, credit checks and medical histories. We know more about you than *you* do. Had enough, Pudthumper?"

"Yes, yes!" I cried. "That's enough." I felt very shaken. I tried to collect my thoughts. "I'm not here to learn about my file," I said.

"Well, what are you here for, then, Baby Balls?" Angie asked.

"I'm here to learn how women got so smart and observant, why they are so far ahead of us guys," I said. "I want to know why they notice things about me that I would never notice about them, why they sense social situations so much faster than I do, why they think faster and talk better."

"You mean," Angie said, "why, if you wear socks with holes in them to the



## THE F.B.I. IS WATCHING!

office—which, according to our files, you did two days in a row last month—all the women in the building know it within five seconds of your arrival? And why, if you even think about hitting on one of them, the word is out to all the others before you get back to your desk?"

"Yes," I said, "that's what I want to know. Women see more, they know more, they compare notes more often. It's very intimidating."

Angie leaned back in her chair with a smirk. "Well, in the first place, Crappy Columnist, we train our women well. Every woman in the world has been through our training program. Remember Eve? Of Adam and Eve? She started it. I'm just following up. It's genetic by now."

"You mean that throughout history, it's been like this?"

"Oh, yes," Angie said, nodding. "We're way ahead of you gentlemen in terms of intelligence gathering."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because you are always distracted when you're talking to women. You're thinking about sex all the time. You're usually mesmerized by women, aren't you? By the wink of an eye, the thrust of a breast, the shape of an ankle, the curl of a lip?"

"I guess so," I said. "Aren't they interested in the same things about us?"

"Eventually, they may be," Angie said.

"But first they are required to conduct a personal inventory. We teach them to do that before anything else."

"Personal inventory?" I asked.

Angie handed me a printed form. "Just follow me on this one, Liver Spot," she said as she read aloud: "Personal Inventory Sheet, First Meeting, Form 101, Alpha Bravo: height, weight, estimated age, color of eyes, color of hair, estimated value of clothing, estimated value of personal jewelry, estimated career potential, estimated cash on hand, number and type of credit cards—"

"This is very cold," I interjected.

"No shit, Emetic Eyes?" She shook her head and went back to reading: "Type and expense of dentalwork, physical-energy level, vocabulary level, estimated penis size—not valid if pants are pleated—"

"Wait a minute!" I yelled. "You mean to tell me that every woman fills out one of these forms on every man she talks to? You mean there are no casual moments, it's all business?"

"That's right, Panic Breath," Angie said.

"So while we're checking out the sex angle, they're making business decisions?"

"What else?" She handed me several other forms. "They fill these out and send them in. Here's a form about your domestic living quarters, here's one about your family and friends, here's your Colleague Evaluation Report, your credit-bureau record, etc. By the time she's done with you, the profile is complete. She sends it in, the information is added to your file and she gets a final print-out the next day."

"Guys don't have anything like that," I said.

"Guys never will," Angie said, smiling.

"Maybe if I warn them in my *Men* column?" I asked.

"Be my guest," Angie said. "Men look at the pictures first, they look at the pictures last, they skim your shitty column sometimes. You're no threat to us."

I stood up and shook Angie's hand. "Thank you—I think," I said.

"Get some new socks, Jarhead," she said.

I could hear the director's laughter all the way down the hall. Outside, there was a beautiful woman in a trench coat in the parking lot. She had great legs and a warm smile and bright eyes. I was so distracted that I almost backed my car into the fence. As I drove away, I saw the woman smile at me. Then she began making notes.



# WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

**B**ig crisis! Cleo had sex! And it was unbelievably great! Now she wanted to jump out a window!

But instead, she just sat there in the West Beach Café, her face buried in her hands, shaking her head and muttering repeatedly, "What have I done?"

"Well," I said, "what *have* you done?"

"You made me call this guy I hardly know. . . ."

"Me? I simply said here you are in L.A., staying in a luxurious bungalow at a very fancy hotel, and everybody knows that the only thing to do under such circumstances is—"

"Get laid. I saw the reasoning. So I call this guy I picked up at a party last year, this guy I had sex with once, dinner with once, talked on the phone with maybe four times. In short, a guy I hardly knew and rarely thought about. . . ."

"And he came right over. . . ."

"That he did. And we had *tremendous* sex. It was beyond wonderful. It may have been the best sex I've ever had in my life."

"Oh, no," said Rita, who had arrived without our noticing. "This is a catastrophe."

"Sit down," said Cleo. "I'll buy. This may be my last meal on earth."

We sat in gloomy silence for five minutes.

"Listen," I finally piped up, "it may not be so bad. We're modern women."

"Fat chance," said Rita.

"Do you notice how my eyes keep darting to the door every time it opens?" asked Cleo. "That's because I called him this afternoon, calculating when he would be out, so I could just leave a message on his machine, a message I composed and re-composed in my head for an hour and a half. In fact, here it is, word for word: 'Hi, it's Cleo. I'm in town for longer than I expected, so if you're in the mood, come over to the West Beach tonight after eight. Goodbye.'"

"Very nice and straightforward," I said supportively. Rita groaned.

"My heart jumps into my throat every time that goddamned door opens," said Cleo. "I'm tapping both feet spastically under the table, and just looking at the bread nauseates me."

We lapsed back into silence. Then Brendan arrived and took in our morosity. "What?" he asked.

"I've just made an excursion into the world of casual sex," Cleo explained.

"You got laid? Congratulations."



## THE TERRORS OF CASUAL SEX

"A guy I hardly knew," said Cleo, "and now I think I'm madly in love with him and I may die if he doesn't come through the door this second and I want to have his children."

"Just because he had his dick in you?" Brendan wondered. "Jesus, am I glad I'm not a broad."

"Listen, buddy, there's no such thing as casual sex," a beautiful movie star named Teri said, leaning over from the next table. We, of course, applauded.

"Everybody knows that men are not just another sex, they are another species," said Rita.

"No," I said. "Men aren't even from the same planet. For men, love and sex are two separate things."

"Listen," said Cleo, "even if the sex is bad, for at least a nanosecond we believe that it's destiny and marriage and true love forever. And if the sex is great, we're total goners. Look at me. Yesterday I was simply horny. Today I am obsessed. It's some kind of biological imperative."

"Of course it is," said Rita. "It's an instinct that is buried deep in our reptilian brains. We pretend to be modern, but our biology goes back to the Stone Age. We're the ones who have the babies. We want a man to go out and hunt for food and build us fires while we gestate. . . ."

"Fucking bullshit," said Brendan. "You

just don't like to fuck as much as guys do."

General uproar.

"Women don't have a truly adventurous and playful taste for sex," he continued, unabashed. "You want this thing with conditions. Men unconditionally want sex, without prerequisites. You need this goofy-ass love shit. And this sensation of yours gets you into trouble. You'd be better off without it. Snap out of it; that would be my position."

A curly-haired comedian came walking along. "Just because I want a hamburger doesn't mean I have to marry the waitress," he intoned cryptically.

The waitress came over. "That guy at the third table wants to buy you a drink," she told Rita. "Very cute, wearing a wedding ring."

"Tell him I'm a lesbian," said Rita.

"Listen," I said, "we want sex just as much as guys do. It's just that as soon as we get turned on, the fantasies start flooding in. I was at a party last night and there was this really cute Italian guy I was crazy for. I wanted to sleep with him a lot, so I made up this whole endearing personality for him. Then he started bragging about his money and ancestry. Then he made a big push to go home with me, but the thought of him touching me nauseated me, because he was an asshole."

"Who the fuck cares?" said Brendan. "You should have taken him home and made him wear five condoms."

"Who? What?" said Herb, who had just walked in.

"We're talking about how women can't have sex unless we think we're in love," said Cleo morbidly.

"I will admit it's better when you are in love," said Brendan. "Much, much better."

"You mean to say," said Herb, "you don't have fantasies about running around and screwing everything in sight, with no guilt, no shame, no consequences, and the next day forgetting who it was and finding someone else?"

"No," we said.

"Huh," said Herb. "I guess it's because women have the babies and they have a limited supply of eggs. Men have billions of sperm that they constantly replenish. For women, sex always has consequences. It's not really fair."

"You can say that again," said Cleo. And then he walked into the room and she lit up like a marquee.



# SPORTS

By DAN JENKINS

**I**M.G. has announced that it has signed Jennifer Capriati, a 13-year-old tennis player, as a client and has already arranged a \$5,000,000 tennis-clothing-and-shoe contract for her." —NEWS ITEM

I had my first business meeting with Cynthia Giggle when she was five years old. At I.M.Z., we don't sit around. See something, we go after it.

Cynthia's father and coach, Fred, had called to tell me he had a tennis player I ought to take a look at. Fred was a great player in his own day. At the age of 14, he won the mixed doubles at the French with Olga San Pablo, who later became a guy.

I said, "Fred, don't waste my time. Last week, I turned down a four-year-old at La Costa. No killer instinct."

Fred assured me that Cynthia had a killer instinct.

"Last week, she killed our Yorkshire terrier," he said. "Choked it to death in two minutes. It could have been my fault, I don't know. On the tennis court, I'd been calling her a choking dog, to toughen her up, and—"

"And the next thing you knew—"

"Yeah," he said. "She was choking the dog. Cynthia has quite a grip, I'll say that."

When I arrived in Naples, Florida, I found Cynthia Giggle smashing forehands into her father's chest. They have a court in their back yard. Fred had to make some sacrifices to build the court, but he and Martha agreed they would rather have a tennis court for Cynthia than a bedroom for themselves.

Martha looked tired. She had been acting as ball girl for the past six hours. This was her role in the family crusade to make Cynthia a star.

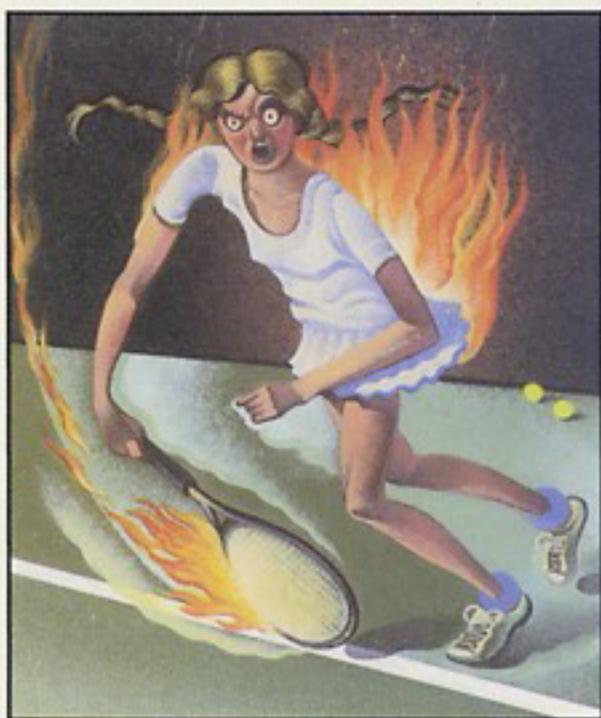
All of the balls had been hit astray by Fred, who hadn't been able to handle his daughter's forehand smash since Cynthia was two, which is the reason his chest looked so concave and further explained his hacking cough, which had been known to awaken neighbors.

Suddenly, Fred made a loud noise and clutched his chest. He staggered a bit.

"Ha, ha!" said Cynthia.

Martha said, "Sometimes I think Fred has worked her too hard. He put a racket in her hand when she was six months old. She killed the cat with it."

Cynthia was a cute little thing in those days. Blonde, blue eyes. Big for her age. She must have been two and a half feet tall. Some people always thought she had a



## THE BAD SEEDED

fiendish look on her face, but I say it had more to do with her competitive drive.

"They'll be through in a minute," Martha said. "They'll work on her lobs, then you can talk with her." Fred liked to work Cynthia about 14 hours a day, Martha explained.

"Does she ever get tired?" I asked.

"Oh, no," said Martha. "Stamina is one of her real attributes. I think the only time she ever complained was one Easter when she was two years old. We bought her a duck and it took her an hour to kill it with her T-2000."

"Ha, ha!" I heard Cynthia yell. She had hit a backhand top-spin lob that her father hadn't been able to retrieve.

"This is the fun part," Martha said. "Fred gets mad and they really go at it."

Fred hit a hard serve at Cynthia. She returned it with a forehand winner down the line. He hit another hard serve at Cynthia. She returned it with a drop shot that sent Fred sprawling on the surface.

"Ha!" Cynthia laughed, hopping up and down.

Fred snarled at his daughter and hit her the hardest serve he had in him, and rushed to the net.

Cynthia returned it with another backhand top-spin lob. Fred spun around and chased after it but suddenly stopped and clutched his chest again.

"Ah . . . ah . . ." he said, stumbling, dazed, dizzy, a look of shock and agony on his face. He fell to the ground.

"Ha, ha!" Cynthia yelled.

"He plays this game with her," Martha said. "She gets all excited because she thinks she's finally killed him."

Near Fred, Cynthia was gleefully chanting, "You're dead, you're dead! Ha-ha, ha-ha!"

"He's not moving," I mentioned.

Martha smiled. "He taunts her. Sometimes he lies there for two or three minutes. When she's absolutely certain she's killed him, he rolls over and laughs at her. She gets furious. Ptew! She spits at him. Fred says it's something he learned about competition from a junior high school football coach."

"He's still not moving," I said.

"Boy, is she going to be mad this time," Martha said.

Cynthia came over to us.

Martha said, "Honey, this is a very important man. He's with a company called I.M.Z. They make tennis stars. Would you like to be a tennis star?"

"Can I kill things?" Cynthia asked me.

"You can kill other little girls," I replied.

"Would you like that?"

"When?"

Cynthia was all smiles.

Fred still wasn't moving. In fact, Fred never moved again. I waited for an appropriate moment after the funeral to ask Cynthia if she had enjoyed killing her father.

"Yes!" she said happily.

That's when I knew that I had a true champion.

Well, you know the rest of the story. Wimbledon champion at the age of nine. Five Wimbledon titles by the time she was 14. The first 12-year-old ever to win the Grand Slam.

I say Cynthia would still be winning tournaments if it hadn't been for that eight-year-old bitch out of Bulgaria.

But she's a happily married old lady now. Seventeen years old, with two kids. She stays home and cooks and cleans, and there's hardly any talk about sports around the house, though her husband surfs competitively.

*New: Sports scores by Playboy. Dial 1-900-740-5500 for up-to-the-minute scores and information about man's second-favorite leisure activity; only 75 cents per minute.*



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

## FROM COLD WAR TO PRICE WAR

WEST BERLIN—Since the Berlin Wall came tumbling down, East German prostitutes have been invading West Berlin and roiling the local hookers by undercut-



ting the price of sex. The Commie prostitutes have been raking in West Germany's more valuable currency by charging only 50 Deutsche marks for services that usually cost three times as much.

## YOU WON'T FEEL A THING

LONDON—While rogue dentists have been known to take advantage of female patients when they've been knocked out for dentalwork, it's also possible for the Valium type of drugs used in dentistry to induce sexual fantasies. Writing in the British medical journal *Lancet*, attorney Diana Brahams cited 42 instances in which women imagined sexual fondling while sedated by benzodiazepines and then wrongly accused their dentists of working on more than their teeth.

## POT AND POLITICS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The Drug Enforcement Administration lost the battle but won the war against the use of marijuana for medical purposes. The National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) filed suit in 1972 to reclassify marijuana from an illegal drug to a prescription drug. The DEA's chief administrative law judge has endorsed the

proposal. However, the DEA is not bound by any decision but its own and it rejected the recommendation to upgrade the drug. NORML has appealed to the District of Columbia Court of Appeals.

## URINE A HEAP OF TROUBLE

CHICAGO—Saint Sabina's, a Catholic grade school on Chicago's South Side, has become, it is believed, the country's first elementary school to introduce random drug testing of its students. "The approach we've taken is that we're family and we're doing this because of love," explained the school's parish pastor. Federal law prohibits public schools from randomly drug-testing students other than athletes.

In its own crackdown on drugs, the U.S. Navy has abandoned its "second chance" policy for recruits who test positive for marijuana. "You test positive—you're gone," said the Navy's chief of personnel. One strike—you're out is already the policy for recruits who test positive for cocaine and other illegal drugs.

## ABORTION BENEFITS

BALTIMORE—To the annoyance of anti-abortionists, a Federally financed study of inner-city teenage girls has found that those who have abortions do better in school, are more likely to graduate, are better off economically and seem to have fewer emotional problems two years after their abortions than those girls who choose to bear children. The researchers also found that the girls who had abortions were more likely than those who didn't to begin using birth control consistently in order to avoid subsequent pregnancies.

## SUPPLY-SIDE ECONOMICS

ANDERSON, SOUTH CAROLINA—Inspired by a Federal program that rewards informants, Anderson County sheriff Gene Taylor is offering citizens up to 25 percent of any money or assets seized from a drug dealer if they help convict the person who sells them illegal drugs. Says Sheriff Taylor, "I want people to realize they can make some really good money, depending on how much they cooperate." Participants can either be confidential informants or testify in court. Those who testify will probably earn more. A local advertising company has donated space on 15 billboards to carry the message NEED

CASH? TURN IN A DOPE DEALER. "I realize this program won't appeal to the majority of people in Anderson County," Taylor said. "This is for the person who really wants to get involved."

## BUY THE POUND

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Ambassadors from Colombia, Bolivia and Peru have joined in proposing that the "war on drugs" be fought with brains instead of bullets. The envoys told a Senate Judiciary Committee that the United States could save itself a lot of money and their countries a lot of grief by simply buying the coca-leaf crop at the same low prices now paid by the cocaine cartels—and then destroying it.

Meanwhile, despite drug-war efforts, cocaine production is 54 percent higher than previously estimated and its prices have not risen in four years.

## DIRTY DANCING

CHAMPAIGN, ILLINOIS—A University of Illinois task force on campus rape has recommended abolition of the school's cheerleading squad of pompon girls because it "projects women as sexual objects." The director of the Illini marching band



said that the group's critics are the ones who are being sexist. The Chicago Tribune agreed in an editorial: "They don't perform 'Swan Lake,' but neither do they inflame males. The old blame-the-rape-victim mentality is best left to the past."



*Intarlandi*

*"Have you ever been blown out of the water, so to speak?"*

# WILD ORCHID

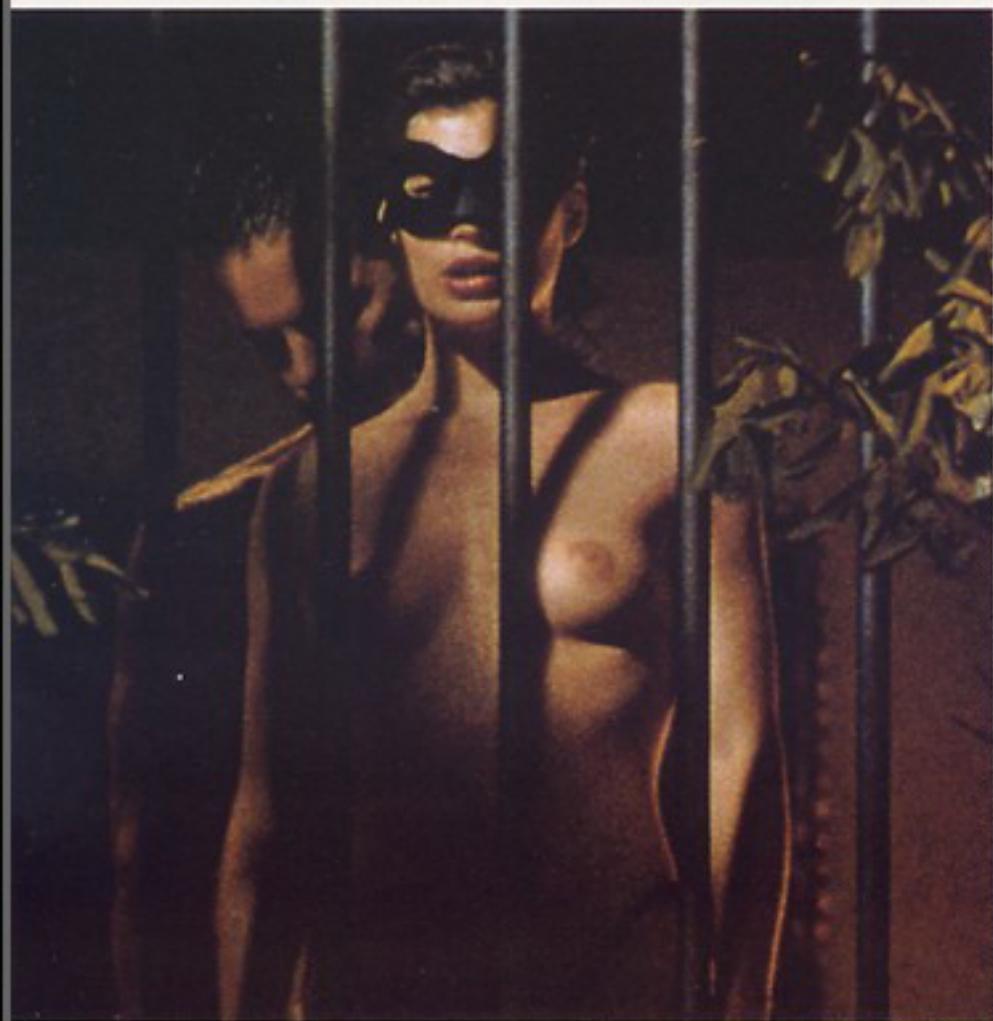
in what bids to be the year's steamiest movie, otis blossoms while rourke burns



ZALMAN KING doesn't do fainthearted movies. Neither does Mickey Rourke. The last time the two teamed was for "9½ Weeks," with King as producer and Rourke as the sinister arbitrager who involves Kim Basinger in steamy sadomasochism. Word that King and Rourke were reuniting to make "Wild Orchid," this time with King in the director's chair, suggested that sizzling fare was headed for the screen. And it was. Someone extremely closely connected with the production, who prefers anonymity, supplied *Playboy* with the following account:

Call me the fly on the wall: I was there, from the casting of the all-important role of Emily Reed—the young attorney who's whisked to Rio on her first important job and finds herself lost in a consuming tropical passion—to the shooting of the climactic, and I use that word advisedly, love scene. It wouldn't be your typical Hollywood (text concluded on page 172)

Kansas-bred lawyer Emily Reed (Carré Otis) keeps her eyes and mind open in Rio. With the jaded tycoon Wheeler (Mickey Rourke) as her guide, she's exposed to back-room orgies and masquerades, where the sight of sex between masked strangers (above) awakens hidden desires. Later, she replays the scene with a pickup, Bruce Greenwood (opposite).



They say Brazil is where "the songs are passionate and a smile has flash in it." It's also where Carré finds herself in the back of a speeding limo with Rourke and a married couple (Assumpta Serna and Oleg Vidov, below) who're getting it on beside her. Could be that Rourke's whispered nothings (and helping hand) spurred them on—or perhaps it was just carnival magic. But don't discount the additional presence of beautiful Carré as an aphrodisiac for the pair.

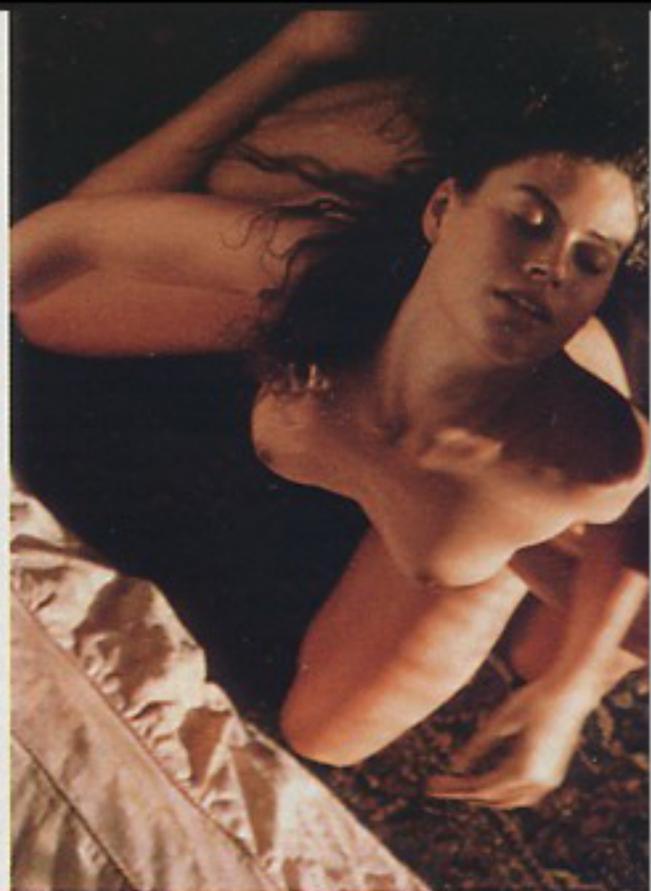




Reckless lovers seek relief from the steamy weather any way they can (left)—but under the watchful eyes of Carré, who has come upon them unawares. The heat's also getting to Jacqueline Bisset (below), who begins to admire Carré for more than just her Peeping Tomfoolery. When Jackie and her new bare-assed friend look for a three-way, Carré tries to maintain neutrality. But the beach bum drives a hard bargain and his body language (bottom) leaves her speechless.



This controversial series of frames has two tales to tell. The first is obvious: The simmering sexual tension between Otis and Rourke boiled over during this climactic scene as the tender initiate Carré teaches the burnt-out master a lesson in love. But take a good look—it may be your last chance before *Wild Orchid* goes to video. And that's our second story: The Motion Picture Association of America's threatened X rating forced film makers to trim this sequence to fit prudish U.S. standards. Some of the hotter shots may be seen only on European screens. Whatever the outcome, we continue to admire Rourke's eye for co-stars. As for Carré, she's certainly not in Kansas anymore.





# WILD ORCHID

(continued from page 82)

undercover tumble: Mickey wanted it to be the most erotic love scene ever played on film.

First, the girl had to be tall. Mickey apparently has a penchant for big women. She had to be thin, with full lips, and someone who could measure up against the other woman in the film, Jacqueline Bisset, who's not exactly chopped liver.

Director King saw hundreds of actresses. His first likely choice was Brooke Shields, who, as it turned out, was eager for the part. But there was one problem: She wouldn't do nude scenes.

Next: Cindy Crawford, model and *Playboy* cover girl. King thought he had her. She was even scheduled for a fitting with designer Luciano Soprani in Milan. Then she, too, asked that nudity be written out of the script. And by then, King and the production staff were already in Rio, ready to shoot.

Enter a model named Carré Otis, a wildly beautiful and exotic girl. Never mind that she had never uttered a word on screen: This was the girl. "I have a feeling about her," Mickey said. "I know she can be great." After testing her three times, King was convinced she could do it.

On location in Brazil, Carré and Jacqueline took to each other immediately, Jackie

taking the ingénue under her wing and giving her guidance and confidence.

If she needed warming up before the final love scene, Carré had ample opportunity. In the film, her character chances upon a construction worker and a woman uninhibitedly making love in a deserted building. Later, she watches Assumpta Serna, the beautiful Spanish actress who stars in Pedro Almodovar's *Matador*, and Oleg Vidov, playing her husband, make love in the back of a speeding limousine—the result of Mickey's seductive wiles. Next, with one week left in the shooting schedule, there is a scene in which Mickey persuades Carré to make love to another man (Bruce Greenwood). Rumor has it that by that time, Rourke was jealous. At any rate, he insisted on being on the set during filming of the scene.

As the clock ticked toward the main event, for the first time, Mickey refused to come out of his trailer. All of a sudden, he didn't like his wardrobe, he detested the dialog, he hated the make-up. The producers called it Mickeyitis. They had even budgeted for it.

Carré, on the other hand, was calm and controlled. Up to that point, Mickey had guided her, glowing with pride every time she excelled on screen. Now the tables were turned: The student, confident, prepared, had become the teacher. Shooting was scheduled for the following day.

But half the day went by: no Mickey. Lights and camera were ready, the set dressed. The producers paced the halls; King sat in a corner rewriting something. Still no Mickey. And since Carré was always with Mickey, no Carré, either.

At last, word arrived: Mickey had overslept, and so had Carré. Fifteen minutes later, dressed in identical terrycloth robes, the stars arrived. Only those crew members essential to the filming were allowed to stay on the set. The doors were locked, guards posted. Mickey and Carré took their places on the floor at the foot of the bed. A camera pointed down from the ceiling. Another was on the left, one on the right—they were everywhere, because who knew how many times King could actually get them to do this?

King called for action; the scene was amazing. The film's stars really did love each other. It was apparent in their every move and every touch, in Carré's smile and in Mickey's tenderness. The cameras ran out of film; the actors didn't seem to notice. The cameras were reloaded and rolled again; they still didn't seem to notice. In the finished product, it's impossible to see this scene of uncontrollable passion and not wonder, Did they or didn't they? But that's not really the point. They created a scene of courage and commitment. True love.



# SEX BULLIES

article By Molly Ivins

**a**USTIN, TEXAS—The nice Baptist lady from Waco had come to tell a committee of the Texas legislature why sex education was such a terrible idea—"Just like pouring gasoline on a raging fire." She got to explaining her own family's program for preventing teenage pregnancy. The lady and her husband have a daughter, and on this daughter's 16th birthday, her daddy took her out to dinner at a real nice restaurant. In the course of that dinner, he gave his little girl a little golden ring for her finger. And on this ring was a little golden padlock that symbolized the girl's chastity. The daddy has kept the little golden key to the little golden padlock, and on the girl's wedding day, he will give the key to the padlock, and to her virginity, to her new husband.

Right away, you could tell the audience had a lot of questions. Will it really help to keep her finger locked up? If she gets to be 35 and still isn't married, then can she have the key? Is there some whiff of male control of female sexuality here?

Well, the plan may have a few holes in it, but what we have here, friends, is the latest answer to a series of complex and troubling problems—not an answer just to sex education and to teenage pregnancy but to unwanted pregnancy in general, to abortion, to homosexuality, to AIDS, to pornography, to sex itself.

Sex. There it is, your root cause. The answer is, just say no. You stop sex and that takes care of all the rest. Heaven only knows why it took so long for people to come to this conclusion.

Look, we all know we're supposed to be living in a sexually liberated country; it has been 25 years since the sexual revolution made the cover of *Time* magazine, and by now, we're all supposed to have these stainless-steel, free-from-guilt, sex-is-good-for-you attitudes. Bull. The fact is that sex is scary. It makes people feel guilty and ashamed of themselves. It em-

barrasses the hell out of them. It causes no end of trouble and is probably the root of as much evil as money. Sex has all these squirmy manifestations—makes you do things you don't really want to, lose control, act the fool; it's a hunger, a craving you can't do anything about. It exposes people's weaknesses and vulnerabilities: Very few things hurt more than a betrayal in a sexual relationship, because it's a treason against intimacy, against trust. Sex is powerful stuff.

And there are a lot of people so afraid of it they will do anything—burn down abortion clinics, beat up queers, pressure politicians, mess with the Constitution—to control sex. All these years, groups such as Planned Parenthood have been thinking that education and contraception would help. "I think contraception is disgusting," says Joe Scheidler, the Chicago anti-abortion activist. "People using each other for pleasure."

And you thought these folks were upset about abortion. Randall Terry, the head of Operation Rescue, the militant anti-abortion outfit, is opposed to all forms of birth control and would eliminate all contraceptives. "Ultimately, my goal is to reform this culture," says Terry. "The arts, the media, the entertainment industries, medicine, the sciences, education—to return to right and wrong, a Judeo-Christian base."

That's a fairly strenuous agenda. Overturning *Roe vs. Wade* and getting *Playboy* out of the Jiffy Mart are peripheral goals. Even "the unborn," victims of "the new Holocaust," are only symptoms of the larger problem, according to these folks.

Just what the hell is going on here? Is it new? And is it a substantial phenomenon and a threat to freedom in this country?

There are several centers of frankly antisex thinking currently at work in the society, all of them political-issue organizations focused on something else: They are anti-abortion, antigay, antipornography and anti-sex education. In many cases, they describe themselves as "pro-family." Their constituents and their motives vary, but all of them are deeply afraid of sex. Fundamentalists, of course,

have been preaching for hundreds of years that sex is Satan's favorite snare, the surest route to the Devil's lair and a siren source of misery and temptation for the unwary and the infirm of faith. The flesh, they are wont to observe, is weak. They have generally prescribed prayer and cold showers.

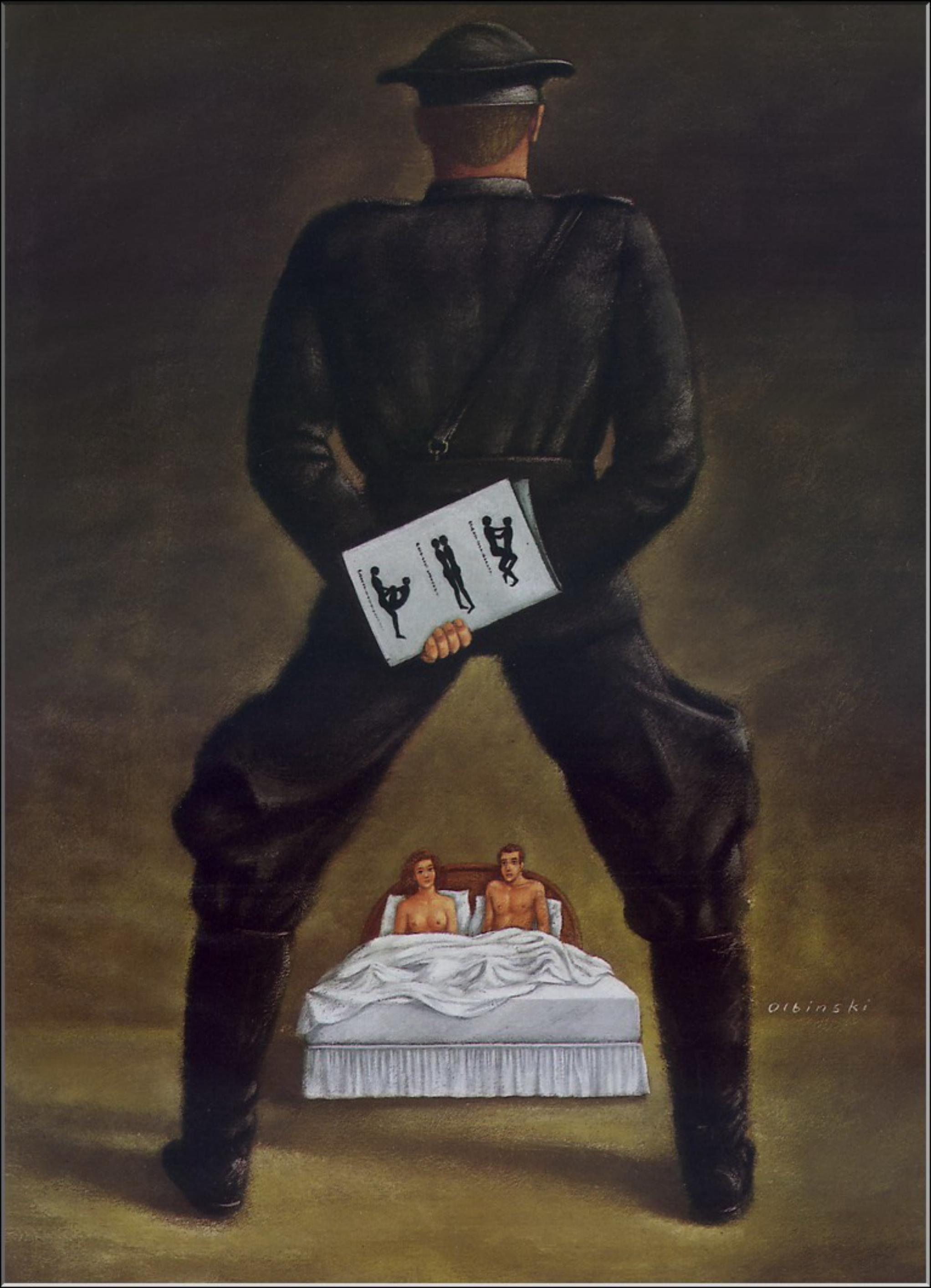
In fact, those of you whose notions of fundamentalism come from such quaintly dated efforts as *Elmer Gantry* are in for a surprise. Fundamentalists discovered quite some time ago that sex is great stuff. To be sure, they recommend it only within the boundaries of Christian marriage and continue to denounce it with varying degrees of vigor in all other contexts, but there is a flourishing fundamentalist sex trade. There are sex manuals for the born-again and all manner of discreet tapes sold through Christian bookstores. Such widely read Christian family counselors as Tim and Beverly LaHaye purvey sound sexual advice. Praise the Lord.

And there is Scheidler, who is such an extremist that Planned Parenthood uses him in its own fund-raising ads. "Anti-choice activist Joe Scheidler used a private detective to track down a 12-year-old girl scheduled for an abortion," reads a current ad, "and then, according to the *Chicago Tribune*, 'harangued her mother' through his bullhorn, 'demanding to see the child alone.'"

"The mother was almost hysterical," Scheidler is quoted as saying. "We couldn't reason with her."

The anti-abortion movement is a particularly complex amalgam of Catholics, fundamentalists and citizens independently convinced that fetuses are human. However, what is observably true is that Scheidler represents both what is new and what is most active in the anti-abortion movement. In 18 months, Operation Rescue—run by Scheidler's disciple Terry—spread from a small group ininghamton, New York, to 35,000 followers in 200 cities. This group has adapted the tactics of civil disobedience to anti-abortion efforts, claiming moral inspiration from the civil (continued on page 160)

WHAT DO THE ANTI-ABORTION, ANTIGAY, ANTIPORN GROUPS WANT?  
NOTHING LESS THAN THE CONTROL OF SEX



Orlanski

# SEX BULLIES

(continued from page 88)

rights movement (much to the well-expressed disgust of the leaders of that movement). The anti-abortion movement was, until recently, dominated by Catholic religious leaders and composed largely of women. Most of those women held strong religious convictions against abortion and many were antifeminist as well, because they believed that feminism threatened their identity and prestige in the traditional roles of wife and mother.

But what we are seeing with Operation Rescue is not women who feel threatened by the feminist movement—it is young men. It's young men you see outside abortion clinics these days screaming "Whore!" and "Dyke!" at every woman who enters. Susan Faludi, who is writing a book on the backlash against feminism, reports that Terry's background is fairly typical. Son of a middle-class family in Upstate New York, Terry was a bright and talented kid who was underemployed by the early Eighties. He flipped burgers at McDonald's, pumped gas, sold tires and cars and was laid off twice during the recession. Faludi observes, "The men of Operation Rescue—and police records indicate that 56 percent of the activists are men—do not fit the stereotype of grizzled Christian elders. Almost all its leaders and nearly half its active participants are in their late 20s to mid-30s. They are men who belong to the second half of the baby-boom generation, men who not only missed the political engagement of the Sixties but were cheated out of that era's affluent bounty.

"In the media," Faludi writes, "the abortion debate is most commonly framed as a moral dispute over a biology question: When does life begin? But Operation Rescue's peculiar brand of passion and animosity is fueled by far more personal emotions. These are men who are losing ground and at the same time seeing women gaining it—and suspect a connection."

The resentment of young white men who are losing ground in the system and

who blame it on women and on affirmative action takes some odd cultural forms. One of them is the popularity of extraordinarily sexist comedians—"the Rev" Sam Kinison, Andrew Dice Clay, Rick Ducommun and others, who are not only hot on the comedy-club circuit but also frequently featured on cable-TV channels. "Bitch," "slut," "cunt," "dyke," "whore"—the insults pour out of them and audiences roar with laughter. Part of their appeal is the lure of the outrageous—to be daring, to be *outré*, to say what no one else dares say. And part of the appeal is what one form of humor has always been good for—it's a great way to express hostility.

Terry says it without humor: "Our diehard enemies are almost totally femi-

with child abuse or work at shelters for battered women. They are under constant assault by people convinced that they are destroying the family by trying to stop physical violence within the family. These so-called pro-family groups are often fundamentalist Christians hipped on the notion, pure and simple, that God intended the man to be the head of the family.

With the antipornography movement, the antisex coalition takes on an even more unlikely ally than hip comedians—feminists themselves. In the well-known cases of the Minneapolis and the Indianapolis obscenity statutes, we saw an alliance of fundamentalists and feminists united in efforts to impose legal censorship. In Minneapolis, the statute was vetoed by

the mayor; in Indianapolis, it was overturned by the courts. But these will not be the last such efforts. Legal censorship is by no means a majority position among feminists—few approve of pornography, but then, few approve of censorship, either.

Pornography is a cause that attracts a wide range of crusaders. One of the most notable is Charles H. Keating, of Lincoln Savings and Loan: When not presiding over his failed S&L and consorting with U.S. Senators, he spent his time on efforts to keep dirty magazines out of the Pick 'n' Pay. Which is not to say that all who oppose porn are given to financial chicanery—merely that they're a heterogeneous lot.

Antiporn groups also attract a deli-

cious assortment of fruitcakes and blue-noses, who can be counted upon to denounce immortal works of literature, sight sexual innuendoes in Dr. Seuss books and otherwise add to the festive carnival of malarkey that enriches our civic life.

One fundamentalist divine, the Reverend Mark Weaver, heads a group called Citizens Against Pornography and is hell-bent on driving sin out of Austin, Texas. At a recent City Planning Commission hearing, Weaver informed a horrified audience that only the day before, a man had come out of the dirty-movie theater on South Congress Avenue, gone into the alley behind that theater and . . . masturbated. And a lady who has two little girls lives

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One look and you'll agree: you've never seen women quite as beautiful as those featured in this all-new edition of Playboy's Book of Lingerie. An uninterrupted gallery of great looking women in and out of the world's sexiest intimate apparel: something to savor all Spring long. At newsstands now.

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THE JOY OF SEXY INTIMATE APPAREL

©1990 Playboy

AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

nists. Radical feminism, of course, has vowed to destroy the traditional family unit, hates motherhood, hates children for the most part, promotes lesbian activity. Take Margaret Sanger [founder of Planned Parenthood]. She was a whore, she slept all over the place, all over the world, with all kinds of people."

The prescription is clear: Back to the kitchen; keep 'em barefoot and pregnant.

Perhaps the cruelest manifestation of this attitude is the work of the pro-family forces to stop programs designed to end child abuse and to help battered women. You may wonder how anyone could be against stopping child abuse or wife battering. Easy; ask social workers who deal

right behind that theater and they might have seen that man doing that—except, praise Jesus, she has a large wooden fence around her yard.

Weaver's testimony against the evil wreaked by dirty movies caused John Henry Faulk, 75, to creak up to the microphone and announce that he had been born and raised in South Austin, not a quarter of a mile from where the dirty-movie theater stands today. "I think you should all know," he announced, "that there was a *considerable* amount of masturbation goin' on in South Austin before there was ever a dirty-movie theater on South Congress Avenue."

The antigay movement, as reflected in its literature, springs from the dank and murkier depths of human motivation.

The fact that it is distinctly sick is reflected in the miasma of hatred that surrounds it. A lot of people who are antigay don't just crusade against homosexual bookstores or try to put gay bars out of business with zoning ordinances—they go out and beat up the patrons. It is that sick violence that makes antigay literature and action groups so repellent. The question that always comes up is, Just who is calling whom perverted here?

The more genteel reaches of antigay bigotry continue to enjoy wide social acceptance. The young thug in Dallas who went out gay bashing one night last year and wound up murdering two men he didn't even know is not destined to become a social

lion. On the other hand, Judge Jack Hampton, who gave this creep an exceptionally light sentence on the stated grounds that his victims were "just queers," enjoyed more applause than condemnation. He is running unopposed for re-election and has received a huge number of campaign contributions.

AIDS has obviously reinforced a range of fears about homosexuals and has promoted antigay prejudice. As the disease spreads and begins to cost more and more—its impact on the nation's health-care system has only begun to be felt—it will inevitably help give sex a bad name.

Barbara Ehrenreich, in her recent book *The Fear of Falling*, notes that the current

social and political conservatism of the American middle class was caused in large part by a reaction against and fear of the dread Sixties triumvirate—sex, drugs and rock and roll. Middle-class reaction against hedonism, real or perceived, is extremely strong. Middle-class mores call for discipline, self-denial and postponement of gratification.

The President of the United States regularly says that the most serious problem this country faces is drugs, which are, in fact, used by only a very small percentage of Americans. But the fear of drugs and of permissiveness and of all they imply about decline and decay is pervasive in our country. Not even rock and roll is safe from reaction: All over the country, legislatures

attempts to outlaw sex in one way or another. James West, a senator in the Washington State legislature, introduced a bill this year that would outlaw not only sexual intercourse among those under 18 but also "heavy petting." According to the National Center for Health Statistics, 54 percent of young women 15 to 19 have had intercourse at least once, so this bill would create a substantial pool of future felons. Right away, you can see the complications that would ensue from legal sanctions against heavy petting. Definitions would be critical. Did you touch it? Did it twitch? If you're the first person in your area to be thrown into the hoosegow for French kissing, how will you explain it to all the mother rapers and father killers doing hard time?

One ambitious Texas legislator introduced a bill that would have made same-sex hand-holding illegal. But it is unwise to assume that just because this is a hopelessly silly endeavor it will never succeed. American jurisprudence has not always moved to greater freedom—there have been several times when freedom was rolled back, rights were rescinded and the Constitution failed to rescue the many unfortunates. Fear causes more damage to liberty than any other factor.

John Henry Faulk, that wise old man who spoke about masturbation, likes to tell the story of the time his momma sent him and his friend Boots Cooper to clear a chicken snake out of the

family's henhouse. Johnny and Boots looked on the lower shelf of nests and couldn't find the snake, so they stood on tiptoe to see if it had got up on top, and that's how they came to be nose to nose with a chicken snake. They left that henhouse so fast they did considerable damage both to themselves and to the henhouse door. Johnny's momma thought it was pretty funny: "Boys, don't you know a chicken snake can't hurt you?"

That's when Boots uttered this immortal line: "Yes, ma'am," he said, "but there's some things that'll scare you so bad that you'll hurt yourself."



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This mate has style, European breeding but no alcohol and just 50 calories. Moussy's imported beer taste satisfies your thirst and leaves your senses razor sharp to enjoy the rest of the evening with a clear head. Because Moussy's the drink to choose when you choose not to drink.

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have passed laws banning the sale to minors of records with "sexual excitement or activities" in the lyrics; some states put warning labels on rock albums and rock videos or require opaque wrappers.

Add to all these trends a sane reaction against the commercialization of sex. Sex, after all, is used to sell everything from cheap, quotidian products such as tooth paste to expensive, exotic foreign sports cars. Thoughtful social critics across the political spectrum deplore the phenomenon, though they disagree about remedies.

All of these fears and prejudices, dislikes and distastes, reactions against wretched excess and sexual abuse result in repeated





# S W I M W E A R

## 1 9 9 0

six-time ms. olympia cory everson, the star of the espn show *bodyshaping*, can kick sand in our face any time she wants to  
*fashion* By HOLLIS WAYNE

OK, MEN. It's time to file those dog-eared copies of this year's *S.I.* swimsuit issue. Amateur hour is over and now *Playboy* is sending in the A team. Or maybe we should make it the C team, because bodybuilding superstar Cory Everson has definitely brought high-powered definition to this year's swimwear feature. Her revolutionary concept of body shaping—the combination of resistance training with sustained exercise modes—has

both men and women rethinking their old firming and toning routines. And if you don't agree with her theories on skin sculpting, tell it to Cory, please. Back on the beach, the



volley short, styled after the longish, roomy styles worn by serious volleyball players, is this summer's killer cut. The wide, flared legs make the shorts comfortable and flatter body-shaped thighs. The fabrics used are soft and drapery rayon or high-tech nylon that is fast-drying and cool to the touch. Besides being perfect for the beach, they also make great laid-back street attire. Go for trunks in shades the brighter the better, preferably incor-

porated into exciting retro patterns and ethnic prints such as the ones our guys are wearing in this feature. You *have* checked out the male swimwear on these pages, haven't you?

**Left:** Want to compare biceps with Cory Everson? Good luck. We're talking hard Cory. His suit? A nylon volley-length stretch model with side pockets, by Gotcha, about \$28. (Her print bikini by Jimmy'Z.) **Above:** Cory's queen of the hill, and who's going to argue? The crinkled-nylon trunks (above left), by Patrick Einhorn from Kingswood Sportswear, \$48; and the sunglasses, by Ziari, \$75. The Beyond Neon iridescent-coral nylon cross-dye swim trunks with a double-pleated front and three pockets (above right), \$34, and a cap, \$12, both by Big Dogs Sportswear. (Her bikini by Darling Rio.)

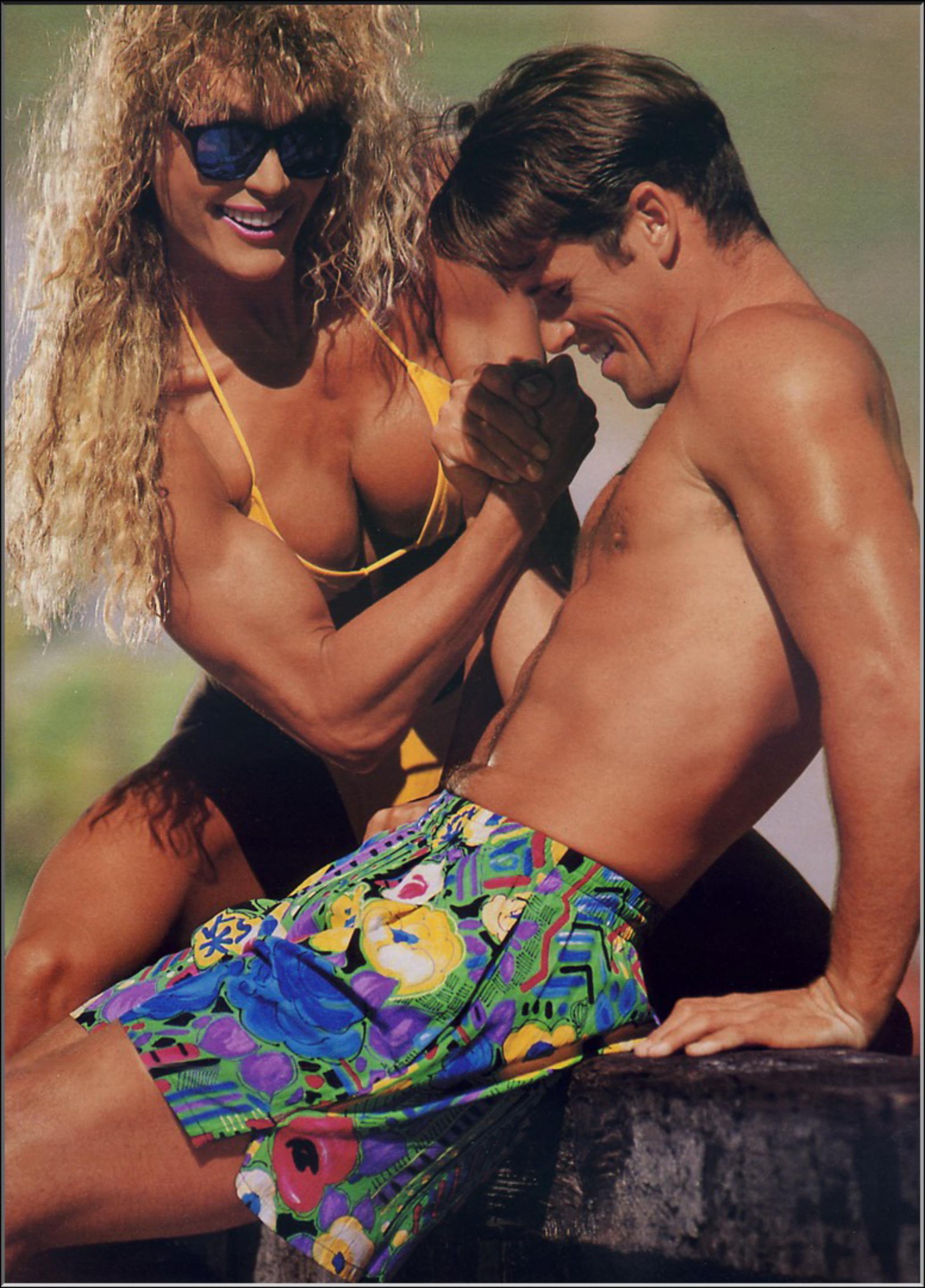
It's round one and everybody's betting on Cory to deliver a knockout punch, including our model in the blue-and-yellow nylon-and-cotton geometric-print swim trunks with elastic/enclosed-drawstring waistband and on-seam pockets, by Bad Guys, \$40. (Her bikini by Jimmy Z.) So where's Buster Douglas when we need him?





Below: Cory works out with a Lifeline Gym and an able-bodied partner wearing batik-print trunks, by Speedo America, \$37; and sunglasses, by Sanford Hutton for Colors in Optics, \$62. (Her bikini by Darling Rio.) Right: Rayon floral-print swim trunks, by Jams World, about \$35. (Her bikini by Darling Rio; sunglasses by Rēvo.)

Where and How to Buy on page 174.





MEET MISS JUNE  
AND YOU'LL AGREE:

# BONNIE RATES



"AS YOU CAN SEE," says Bonnie Marino, shaking her head sadly, "this has become really built up. It used to be rural and charming, and now there are all these homes." Bonnie is giving a tour of the town of Lodi, in the agrarian heartland of California, where she grew up. In fact, she's right in front of the quaint two-story house she lived in with her parents, four brothers and sisters as a child. To a jaundiced urban eye, this area doesn't look overdeveloped at all. The sturdy wooden house is bordered on three sides by vineyards that stretch

Long ago, Bonnie dreamed of becoming a professional model. "I used to wish my mom would put me through modeling school," she says. But she was also drawn to medicine; at the age of 15, she became a Candy Striper hospital volunteer. Now Bonnie enjoys both worlds. "I believe everything happens for a reason," she philosophizes.



CENTERFOLD PHOTOGRAPHY  
BY KIM MIZUNO

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

out endlessly. Sure, there's a cluster of newer homes—five or six of them—nearby, but it's a far cry from urban overcrowding. Hey, it's a far cry from *rural* overcrowding. But Miss June is a small-town girl, and proud of it. Although she'll tell you she has temporarily given up the gentleness of Lodi for the big city, she has actually moved just a few miles south to Stockton so that she and John, her husband of one year, can be closer to their jobs. With a population of fewer than 200,000, Stockton's a town where an eight-story building is considered a skyscraper. John works in construction and Bonnie is a medical assistant. She currently works in a local clinic. Eventually, Bonnie and John may move to a smaller community. "I love small-town living," says Bonnie, 28. "I like a low crime rate and privacy. I loved the feeling of being safe I had when I was a child, of keeping the doors unlocked and







"I used to think of myself as being very shy—I even took a drama class to help build up my confidence. But I always loved having my picture taken," says Bonnie. "In fact, if I could have met anyone in the world I wanted, it would have been Marilyn Monroe. Her nudity was recognized as an art form and she loved being photographed."



"I'm not a couch potato. I have my work, my husband and I own a boat and go water-skiing most weekends on the Delta," says Bonnie. "I love to ride my bike, walk my dog and spend time with friends, but most evenings, I prefer to just be with John."



knowing the neighbors. That's what I want when I have a family." Still, she admits, there are drawbacks to rural living. "It limits you," she says. "You don't have as many options as you do in the city."

As a child, for instance, Bonnie dreamed of being a model or a dancer. But Lodi didn't have much call for either, so she concentrated on her medical career. Then, a few years ago, she met Katherine Hushaw, the October 1986 Playmate of the Month, who had also come from Lodi. Introduced by a local hairdresser, they became fast friends. When Bonnie looked at Kathy's pictures and said, "Gosh, I could do that," Kathy agreed. The hairdresser took some swimsuit shots and Kathy championed them at *Playboy*. The next thing Bonnie knew, she was on a plane headed for Playboy Mansion West. Her husband and family were thrilled. Her boss, the doctor, has been a *Playboy* subscriber for years and happily altered her schedule so she could fly to Los Angeles and Mexico for her photo sessions. Her mother was so proud she gathered up the test shots and showed them off to her co-workers.

But no one is happier than Bonnie. "If being a Playmate leads to a big modeling job, that's great. If not, that's fine, too. At least now I've fulfilled the dream I had as a young girl. I've modeled for a big magazine. I think I have the best of both worlds."





MISS JUNE  
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Bonnie Marino

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Bonnie Marino

BUST: 35 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5' 8 1/2" WEIGHT: 128

BIRTH DATE: 12-20-61 BIRTHPLACE: Cleveland, Ohio

AMBITIONS: To further contribute to Playboy. Advance my medical and modeling career. Become a mother.

TURN-ONS: Silk nightgowns, warm summer months, soft whispers, interesting conversations, trust in relationships, physical fitness.

TURN-OFFS: Crime, drug and environmental abuse.

FAVORITE TV STARS: Tracey Ullman, Shelley Long, Arsenio Hall.

FAVORITE AUTHORS: Russell W. Lake, Adelle Davis, Jules Verne.

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Eric Clapton, Rolling Stones, Beatles, Elvis Presley.

I AM WHO I AM BECAUSE: Of freedom of choice, supportive family and friends, plus following my intuition and occasionally my heart.

IDEAL EVENING: Sailing to a remote beach house, off the mainland, then having a fresh seafood dinner, as the golden sun sets, with the man I love.



Some what shy  
seventh grader



Refreshing  
Escape!



Glad Grad!

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

After several months on an island with just a pig and a Doberman for companions, the lonely man awoke one morning as horny as hell. Putting his natural reservations aside, he hungrily eyed the two animals, prudently settling on the pig. Just as he approached the porker, the dog ran up between them and began to snarl, putting an end to his amorous plans.

After weeks of frustration, the man spotted a raft drifting onto shore. On board was an unconscious woman. For two weeks, the man tended her as best he could, barely able to take his eyes off her. Finally, she awoke.

"Are you all right?" the man asked.

"Oh, yes," the woman replied. "How can I ever thank you?"

"Well, there is one thing . . ." the ecstatic man began.

"Just name it," she insisted.

"Do you think you could take that damn dog for a walk?"



How do San Franciscans perform safe sex? In a doorway.

During a long rain delay, the baseball announcer filled in time by providing some baseball trivia for his color man. "Do you know who had the most home runs between 1955 and 1975?" he asked rhetorically. "Hank Aaron. Do you know who had the most R.B.I.s between 1955 and 1975?" Hank Aaron. Do you know who got hit with the most balls in the face between 1955 and 1975?"

"Hank Aaron?" the color man guessed.

"Nope," replied the announcer. "Liberace."

We've been told that a major pharmaceutical company is introducing a new painkiller for masochists. It promises to bring slooow relief.

A tourist was walking in mid-town Manhattan when he saw a man lying in the street. Rushing to his side, the newcomer bent down and asked, "May I help you?"

"No, thanks," the prostrate New Yorker replied. "I just found a parking space and I sent my wife to buy a car."

The well-known televangelist returned from an overnight business trip and called his aide into his office. "Bob, the most incredible thing happened last night in the hotel," he began. "I had just gotten into bed when the door burst open and in stepped the most gorgeous woman I had ever seen. And Bob, she was naked as a jay bird! Naturally, I drew the covers over my head and ordered her to leave." The minister noticed his aide's skeptical expression. "Well," he asked, "what would you have done?"

"Reverend, I'd have done the same thing you did, only I wouldn't have lied about it."

What's the real reason Manuel Noriega left the Vatican embassy? Elvis snores.

A man was walking down the street, dragging one foot, when he saw a man approaching him, walking the same way. As they passed each other, the first fellow smiled, gave a thumbs up and said, "Mekong Delta, 1969."

The second fellow smiled, returned the salute and said, "Dog shit, five minutes ago."



We understand that OSHA is preparing regulations that require air bags on all headboards in honeymoon hotels.

Two former high school sweethearts met at their 30th class reunion and chatted about the good old days. As they drifted on to more recent developments in their lives, the man asked, "So, Donna, how have you been?"

"I have some good news and some bad news," she replied.

"What kind of bad news?"

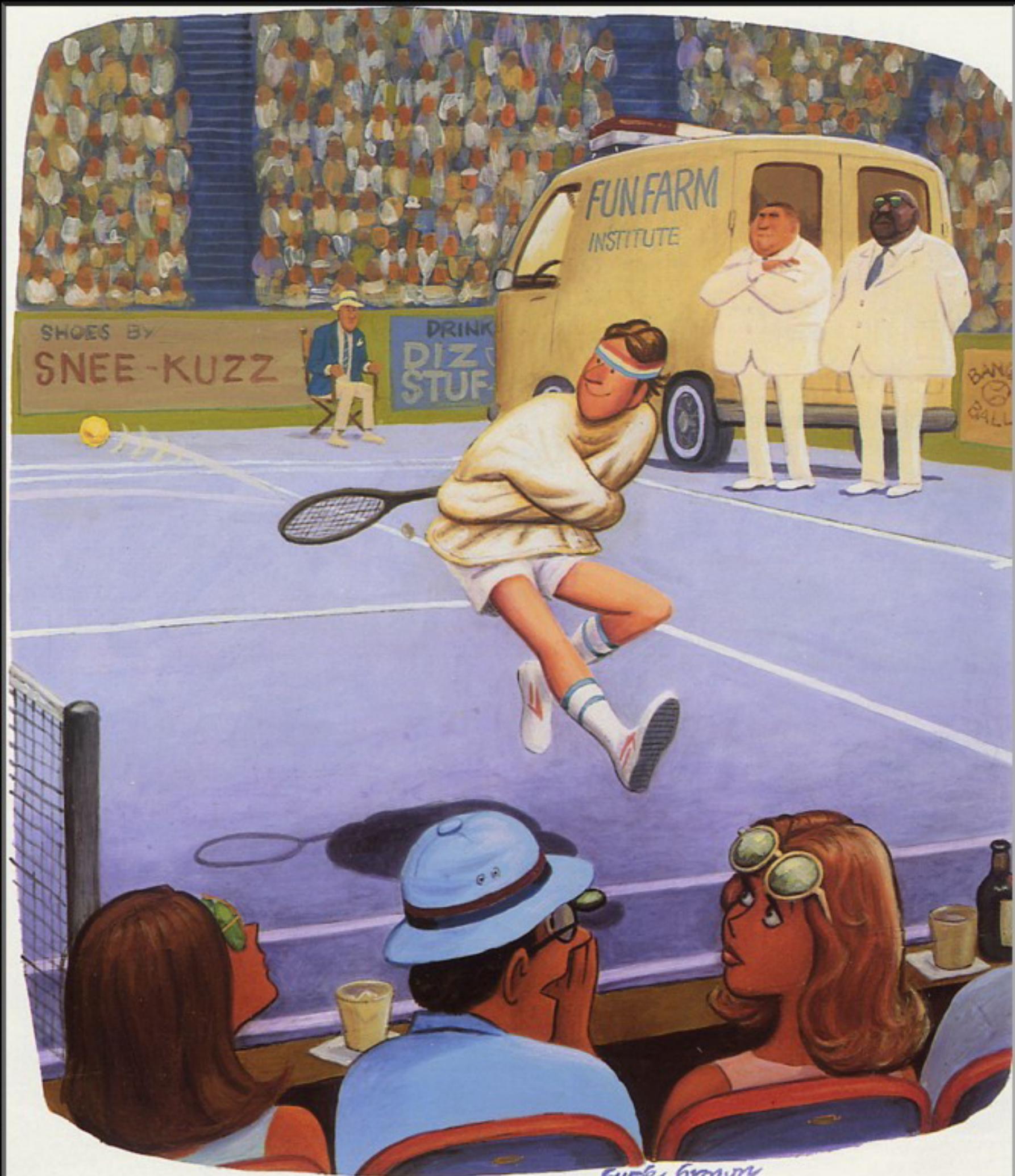
"I had to have a complete hysterectomy."

"Oh, I'm sorry to hear that," he consoled. "But what's the good news?"

"Well," she said, grinning sheepishly, "we found your class ring."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.

Laugh along with Playboy on The Party Joke Line, 1-900-740-3311. Or tell a joke of your own! The charge is only two dollars per minute.



Buck Brown

*"Just think how great this guy would be without the strait jacket."*



# P E D A L P O W E R

how and  
where to ride  
the latest  
high-tech bikes,  
from bad-boy  
mountain cycles  
to 21-speed  
road rockets

NOT LONG AGO, it was easy to own a bike. Greg LeMond wasn't a role model, the bike path hadn't been invented yet, helmets were for football and about the only thing finer than owning a new "English racer" was the rush you felt when you and your ten-speed became one mean piece of machinery. The modern versions of those English ten-speeds are faster, sleeker and featherlight, and most have about 21 gears, enabling the rider to handle the 11 new types of topography that apparently were discovered in the past few decades.

Not only is the bicycle of the Nineties hot, it's downright sexy. Guys who have never before straddled an inanimate object are mounting up and doing some up-close-and-personal drafting of the opposite sex on bike paths across the country. Bicycle magazines are even taking surveys on biking and sex: Yes, it's supposed to be better before you ride.

Climbing onto the saddle of a bicycle is not purely a testosterone-driven function, though it is a great way to work up a sweat. There are serious environmental considerations to owning and riding a bike. The rider takes an environmentally sound piece of equipment out into its element. No fumes, no noise, no divots, no damage. It's a clean sport. So much so that, in many states, mountain bikers have adopted a list of rules and regulations for off-road riding designed to protect wild lands and improve the image of bikers.

Unlike the nations that treat their bicycles as a viable means of transportation, we are not a country of pragmatic two-wheelers. We fancy products replete with bells and

whistles. All this has led to an interesting phenomenon in the cycling industry. We now purchase our bicycles in much the same way we assemble our stereo systems. Components—headsets and stems, gearing and braking component groups, pedals, chains, rims, tires, handle bars and seats—all are as mixable and matchable as a high-end tuner/receiver is with

the umpteen makes of loud-speakers available.

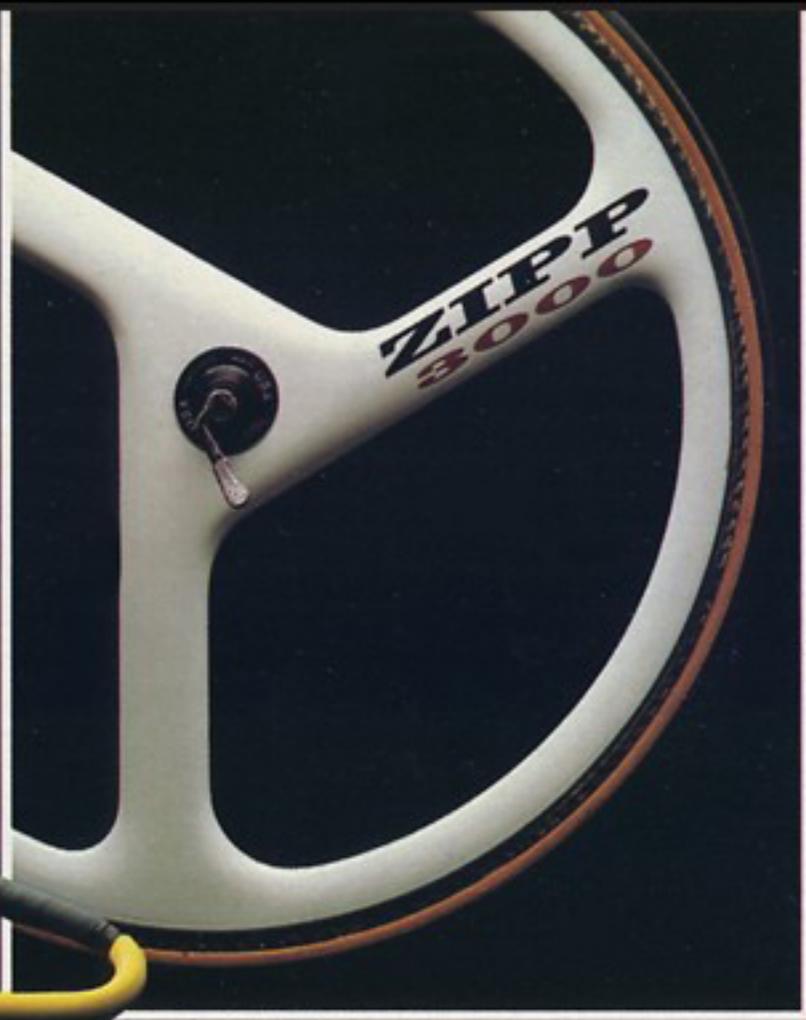
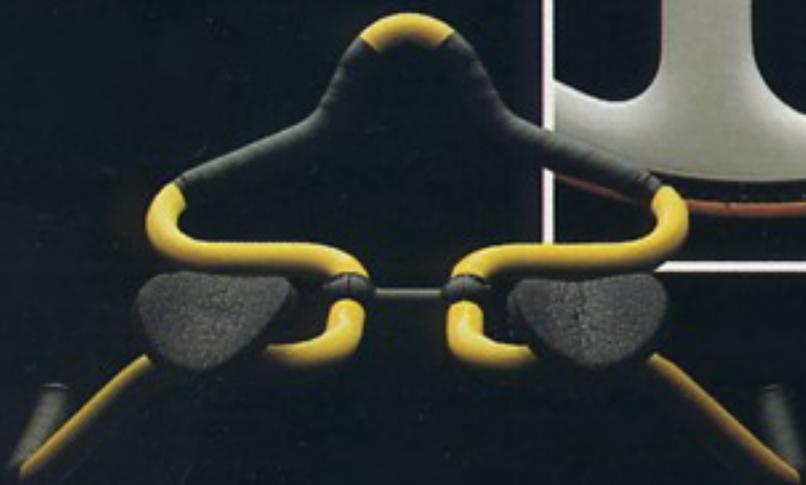
Stroll into a bike shop and you'll find a virtual parking lot of the latest that the technology has to offer. Meet the Alien ACX from Nishiki, the Prelude from Schwinn, Huffy's Triton and the Klein Attitude.

Familiarize yourself with such creatures as the Mongoose, the Ascent from Diamond Back, Fat City's Wicked Fat Chance and Bruce Gordon's Rock 'n Road. There are Rockhoppers from Specialized and Iguanas from Giant. Sure, you'll find that many of the high-end manufacturers, such as Trek with its hot 970 and Kestrel with the MX-Z, still just number their models, and this seems to work out fine. But the merry pranksters down at the bike factories seem to have stayed up late personifying their offerings with exotic names and kick-ass designs.

Here are some easy-to-follow guidelines.

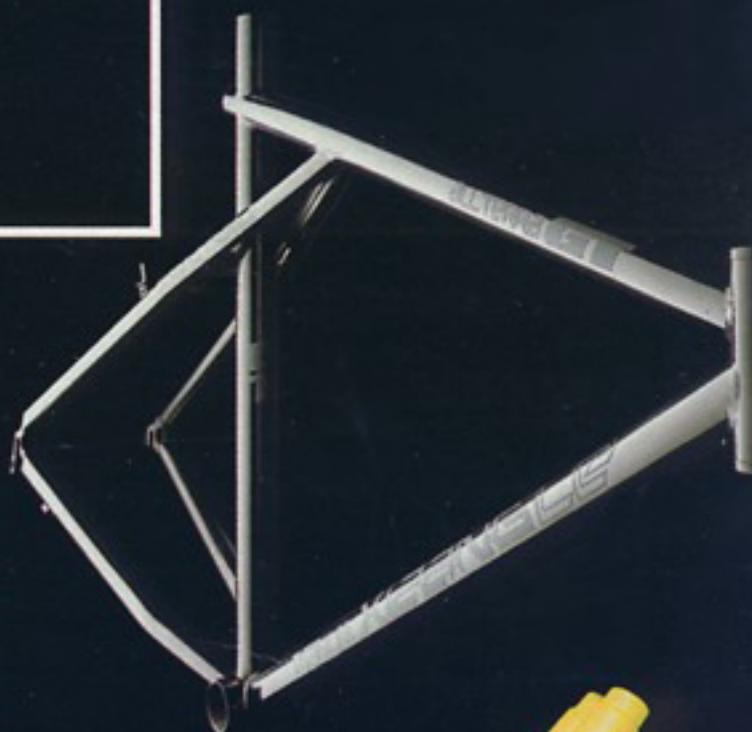
*All-terrain/mountain bikes:* These are the bad boys of biking. Resembling racing bikes on steroids, they were created to get down and dirty and to like it. ATB/mountain-bike frames, forks, headsets and stems are heavy hitters made of titanium, steel or combinations of both. The brakes are nonsense. Contrary to first impression, the newer, puffy-looking all-terrainers are not (text concluded on page 162)

Below: For the serious biker, there's Aero III time-trial bars, a handle-bar set that's geared to fast riding. The armrests are adjustable and the bars feature a seamless one-piece construction that's ergonomically designed for natural wrist angles when grasped, by Profile for Speed, Chicago, \$99.95.



Left: Molded from the same material that is used to construct jet fighters, the Zipp 3000 wheel is, at about two pounds, the lightest composite spoke wheel in the world. The three aerofoil spokes are designed to reduce drag and let air flow through the wheel to ease handling, by Compositech, Indianapolis, \$885.

Right: The super-strong Xizang LE Limited Edition all-terrain/mountain-bike frame of handcrafted titanium is a high-tech answer to a biker's weight and strength needs, by GT Bicycles, Huntington Beach, California, \$2400 complete.



Below: The Triton, a hybrid cousin to Olympic-caliber racing bicycles, is designed and built from its rider's measurements, specifications and riding style, by Huffy Tech Center, about \$8500, with nifty HED wheels and Shimano components.



Right: Your favorite trail will be more comfortable to navigate if you equip your all-terrain/mountain bike with a Rock Shox shock-absorption system for the front fork that's air-sprung and tunable to match your weight and the terrain you'll be riding over, from Kestrel Cycle Composites, Watsonville, California, about \$400.



Below: Campagnolo's Delta brake, from its Record group of components, is a center-pull, adjustable stopper, by Campagnolo Corp., West Caldwell, New Jersey, \$469, including levers.



Shimano's uniquely designed Rapidfire brake-and-shift-lever system lets you shift gears with your thumb while maintaining control of the brakes and keeping your grip on the handle bars, from Shimano American, Irvine, California, \$125.



Below: Copping an attitude is the Klein Attitude mountain bike, with its tough, ultralightweight, oversized aluminum frame, forks, headset and stem, by Klein Bicycles, Chehalis, Washington, \$2195, with Campagnolo components group.



## WORDS TO THE CYCLE-WISE

Know your downstrokes (pushing the pedal down) from your upstrokes. Here's a brief bicycle-English dictionary:

**Attack:** In a race, a fast breakaway from other riders.

**The Bonks:** Total exhaustion from hard riding. You're bonked.

**Century:** A 100-mile ride.

**Clinchers:** Tires with separate inner tubes.

**Criterium:** Street race held on closed streets, between one and three kilometers long.

**Hammering:** Riding hard. Leads to the bonks.

**LSD:** Long, steady distance. A two-hour-plus training ride.

**Road Rash:** Abrasions from a fall.

**Sag Wagon:** Repair vehicle that follows racers.

**Silks:** Lightweight racing tires with silk threads. They cost more than cottons.

**Sit on a Wheel:** Tail another cyclist to exploit the slip stream.

**Velodrome:** Banked oval bicycle-racing track.

## GREAT DESTINATIONS

Pump up a mountain, tour a country or catch a race: Here is a potpourri of the best biking bets.

### FOUR DELUXE BICYCLE TOURS

1. Custom Tours, by Bicycle Holidays, RD3, Box 2394JW, Middlebury, Vermont 05753. This company specializes in bike tours in Vermont tailored to your wishes. You can camp out or stay in luxury inns and even travel with a full-support van. The price: about \$80 to \$100 per person per day (much less if you camp out).

2. The Scottish Borders and Lowlands, by Peter Costello, Ltd., P.O. Box 23490, Baltimore, Maryland 21203. Six- and nine-day guided tours south from Edinburgh along the River Tweed through the land of kilts, bagpipes and single-malt whisky. The price: \$600 to \$850 per person, not including air fare.

3. Burgundy and Beaujolais, by Travent International/Vermont Country Cyclers, P.O. Box 305, Department 990P, Waterbury Center, Vermont 05677. Eight days traveling on country lanes through some of the world's

finest vineyards. The trip includes a stay at the romantic Château de Pizay and dining in four-star restaurants. The price: \$2075 per person, not including air fare. Tours are also available to other French regions, as well as to Switzerland, Ireland, Italy, Holland, Japan and North America.

4. Bali Mountain Bike Tours, by Backroads Bicycle Touring, 1516 Fifth Street, Suite M29, Berkeley, California 94710. During the day, you'll pedal past temples and black sand. At night, you'll relax in luxury hotels and traditional native inns. Tired? Just hop aboard the *bemo*, your Balinese support van. The price: \$1595 per person, not including air fare. Other tours are available to North America, Europe, Hawaii, Australia, New Zealand, China and Thailand.

### FIVE GONZO MOUNTAIN TRAILS

1. White Mountain Peak in a Day, a 65-mile route starting just outside Bishop, California, that goes up to higher than 14,000 feet. Not for the faint of heart. There's usually a group ride in July organized by Rick Wheeler, 1375 Hearst, Berkeley, California 94702.

2. The Resurrection Pass trail on Alaska's Kenai Peninsula. Gold miners originally packed in supplies over this trail that's now used by bikers, snowmobilers, hikers and horseback riders. For six to 11 hours, you pedal past grizzlies, eagles and moose. There's usually a group ride in August. For more information, contact Mountain Bikers of Alaska, 2900 Boniface, #657, Anchorage, Alaska 99504.

3. Slick Rock in Moab, Utah. Bikers fly in from as far off as Saudi Arabia to view the stunning vistas and tackle a trail that's so steep it's best to have treadless tires. The ride is only 12 miles and four to five hours, but don't be lulled—it doesn't come any tougher than this.

4. American Birkebeiner in the winter is a top Wisconsin cross-country-skiing trail. In the summer, it's a north woods bike trail that runs 40 miles from Hayward to Cable, up rolling hills, across streams and through dense fir forests.

5. Pearl Pass is a classic. Riders bike from Crested Butte, Colorado, up an 1880s ore-hauling trail for mules, over 12,700-foot Pearl Pass to Aspen, 35 miles away. The ascent is 3500 feet

on the Crested Butte side, 4500 feet on the Aspen side. The Pearl Pass Tour is September 13 to 16. Fat Tire Bike Week is July 7 to 15.

## BIKE FIRST AID

What if you're hammering through Death Valley and one of your bike tires blows? You won't be buzzard brunch if you're prepared with a tool kit that includes tire irons (tools to pop the tire free), a tire patch and a pump. It also helps if you've had somebody walk you through a flat-fixing drill and you've packed *The Roadside Guide to Bike Repair*. Other preventive medicine includes:

- Every time you ride, check tires, brakes and lights.
- Every two weeks (and whenever your bike gets rained on), clean and lubricate the chain.
- Every month, lubricate the brakes and derailleur (the mechanism that moves the chain from gear to gear). Check for worn brake pads and wheel wobbles.
- Every six months, tighten all bolts.
- Every year, have the derailleur overhauled and replace brake pads and brake and shifting cables.

## KEEPING YOUR WHEELS

It's a jungle out there. So what can you do about bike heists on those mean streets?

Rule one: Take it with you. Like into your hotel room.

Rule two: Many police departments lend tools for engraving your driver's-license number on the frame, so you can reclaim your recovered stolen bike.

Rule three: If your bike must stand unguarded, lock it to a parking meter or any post with a top that bulges or tees. Take off the front wheel and put the lock's bar or cable through the rear wheel, front wheel and frame—bike parts are almost as valuable as the frame. Some mountain-bike seats pop off, requiring a special lock.

Rule four: Invest. A top-grade lock, such as Kryptonite's Rock II (about \$50), stops 42-inch bolt cutters, hack saws, pry bars and hammers. If your bike is stolen while protected with a Rock II, Kryptonite will give you a check equal to the bike's value up to \$1000, except in New York City.

—RICHARD AND JOYCE WOLKOMIR



## PEDAL POWER

*(continued from page 121)*

suffering from glandular problems. They are constructed of ultralight aluminum tubing oversized to increase strength. Their fat, knobby tires and state-of-the-art multigear component groups can take, and survive, a beating off the beaten bike path. Of course, it makes little difference that most mountain bikers will come as close to riding on a mountain as Dan Quayle came to landing in Saigon.

*Road racers:* The top guns of bicycling are made to go fast, period! Their light alloy or aluminum frames, aerodynamically designed disc or three-spoke composite wheels and finely machined component groups make these hot screamers look sharper and move faster than any previous generation of roadies. The fallout is that they have unleashed legions of LeMond

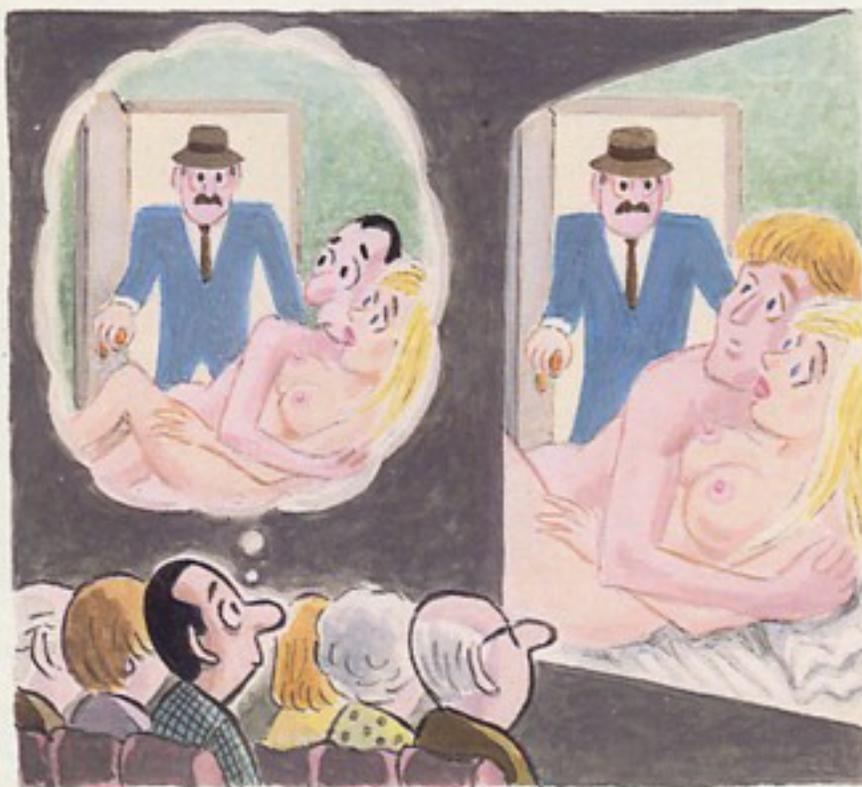
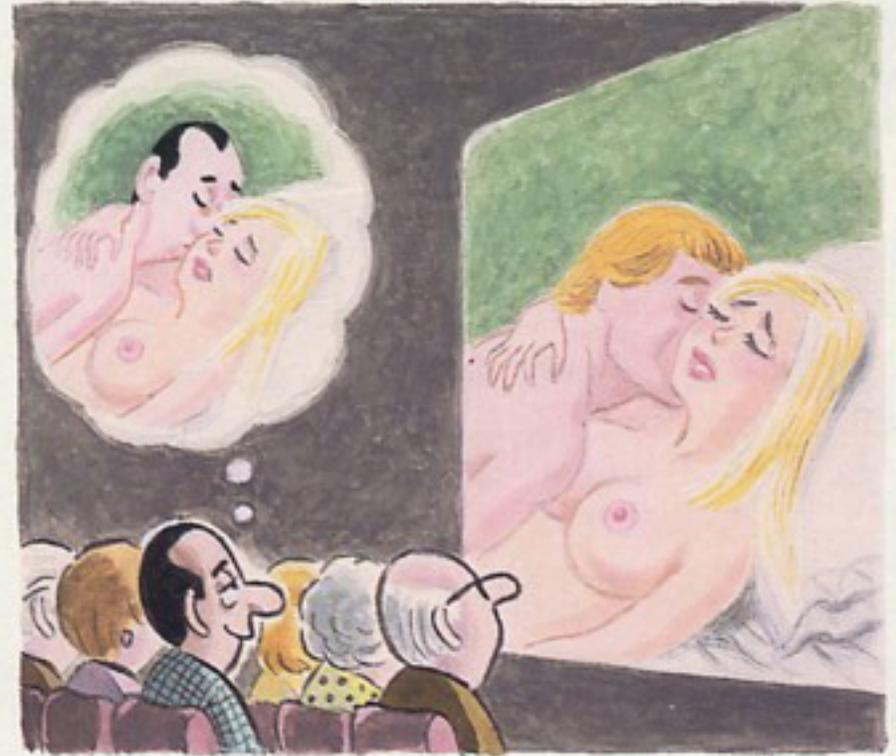
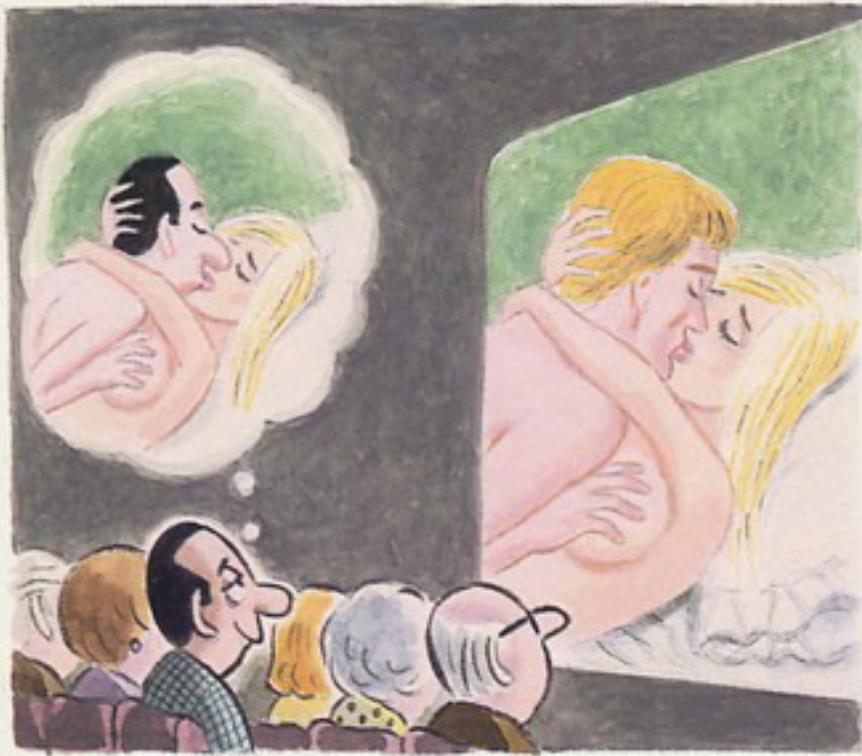
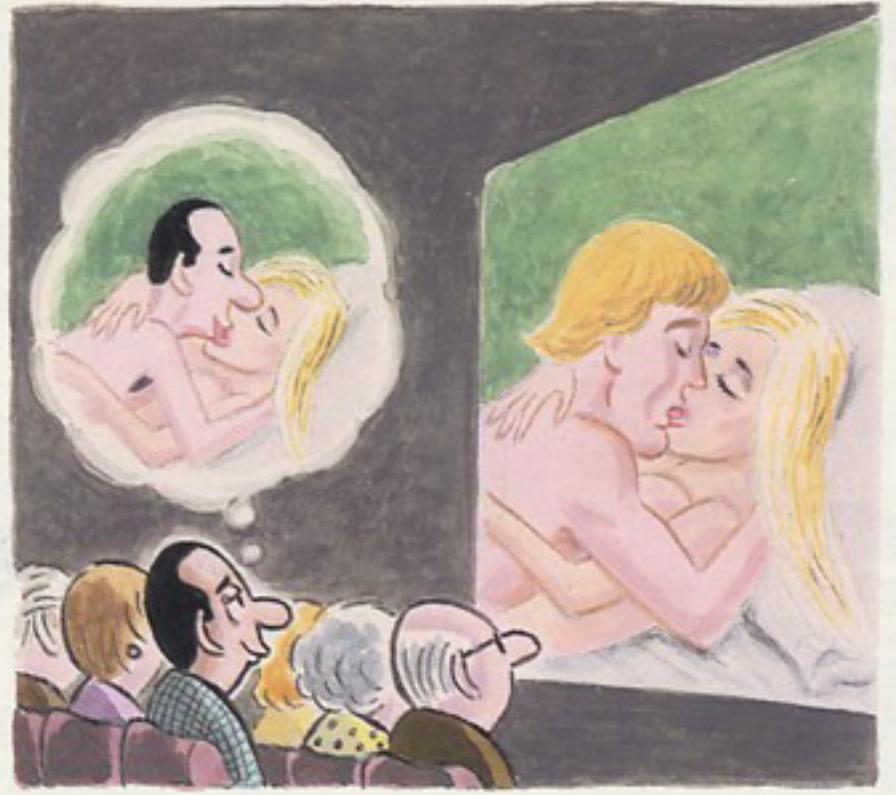
clones onto the bike paths and public ways, which is like using a Corvette as rush-hour transportation in midtown Manhattan.

While biking is enjoying a renaissance, riders now face police and rangers with radar guns, advocates for mandatory helmet laws and cops on mountain bikes making arrests. Can Ted Koppel and *Nightline* be far behind?

Whether the bicycle is to the Nineties what the horse was to the last century remains to be seen. That it can take its rider farther and farther away from the urban sprawl is a certainty. That it's being used for just that purpose is also a given. It's the perfect escape vehicle, no matter what you plan to escape from or to. So, although it once may have been easier to buy a bike, it sure wasn't as much fun. Happy trails.



*"Luckily, I hit my head  
when I fell off the bar stool and I suddenly remembered  
who I was and where I lived."*



John  
Dempsey

...so there I was, waiting at the bar.  
Waiting for a guy like you. It was dark.  
Smoky. The music was driving. It was  
a night filled with promise.

Then you walked in, looking for a  
good time. Right away you saw what  
I had to offer. You fell for my fabulous  
body, my obvious good taste.

Your throat went dry. You wanted  
me. You knew this was your night to...





## ...meet the right girl.

**Born:** Bremen, Germany

**Most Appealing Qualities:** A fabulous body, great head on her shoulders, incredibly good taste.

**Favorite Pastimes:** Getting picked up at bars, being the most popular girl at parties.

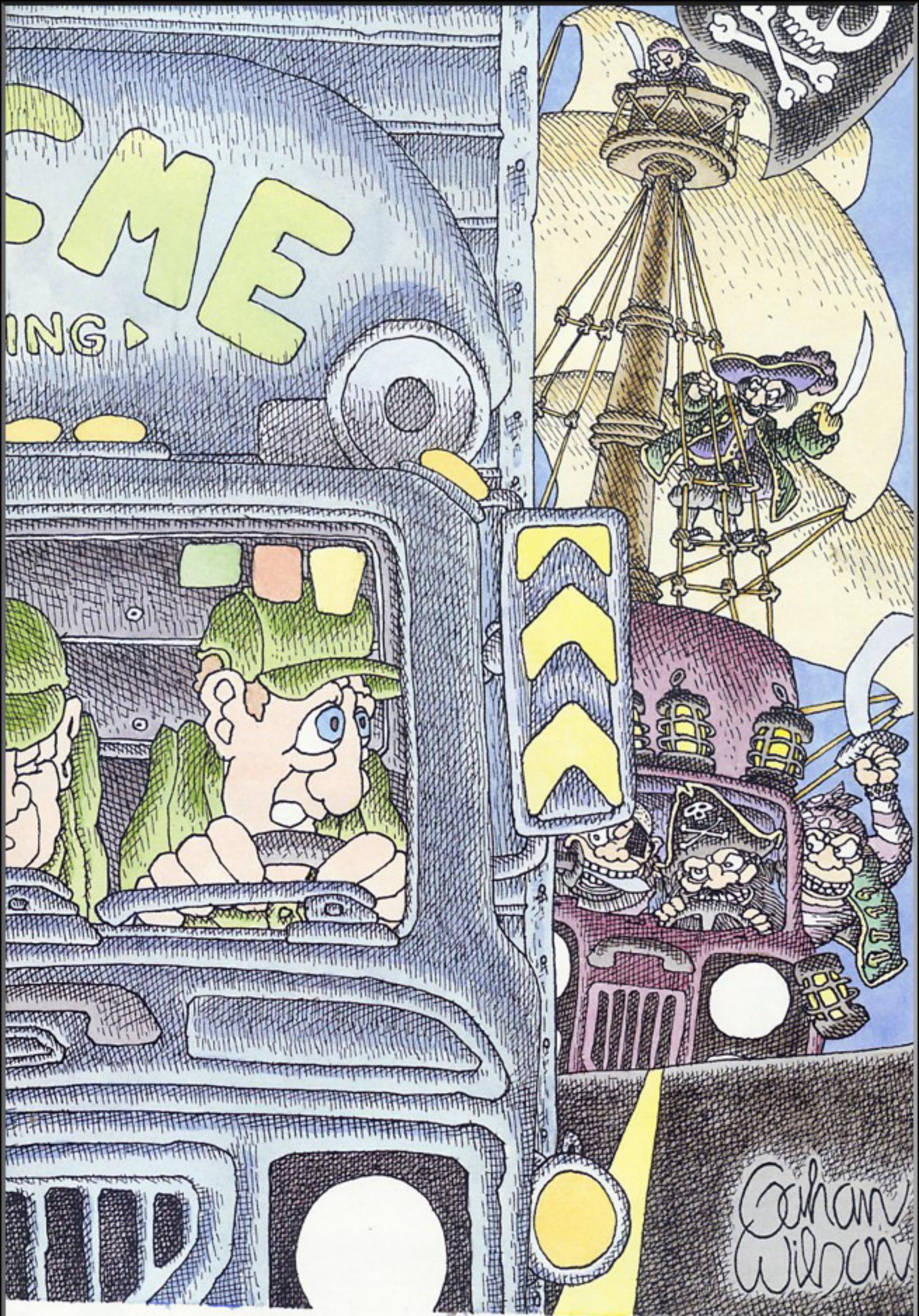
**Favorite Kind of Guy:** One who admires a girl for her purity.

**Quote:** "I love to hang around and talk, so tear out my poster and call me at 1-900-990-MTRG. Each week I'll give you seven new opening lines you can use to meet girls like me." One minute call 85¢

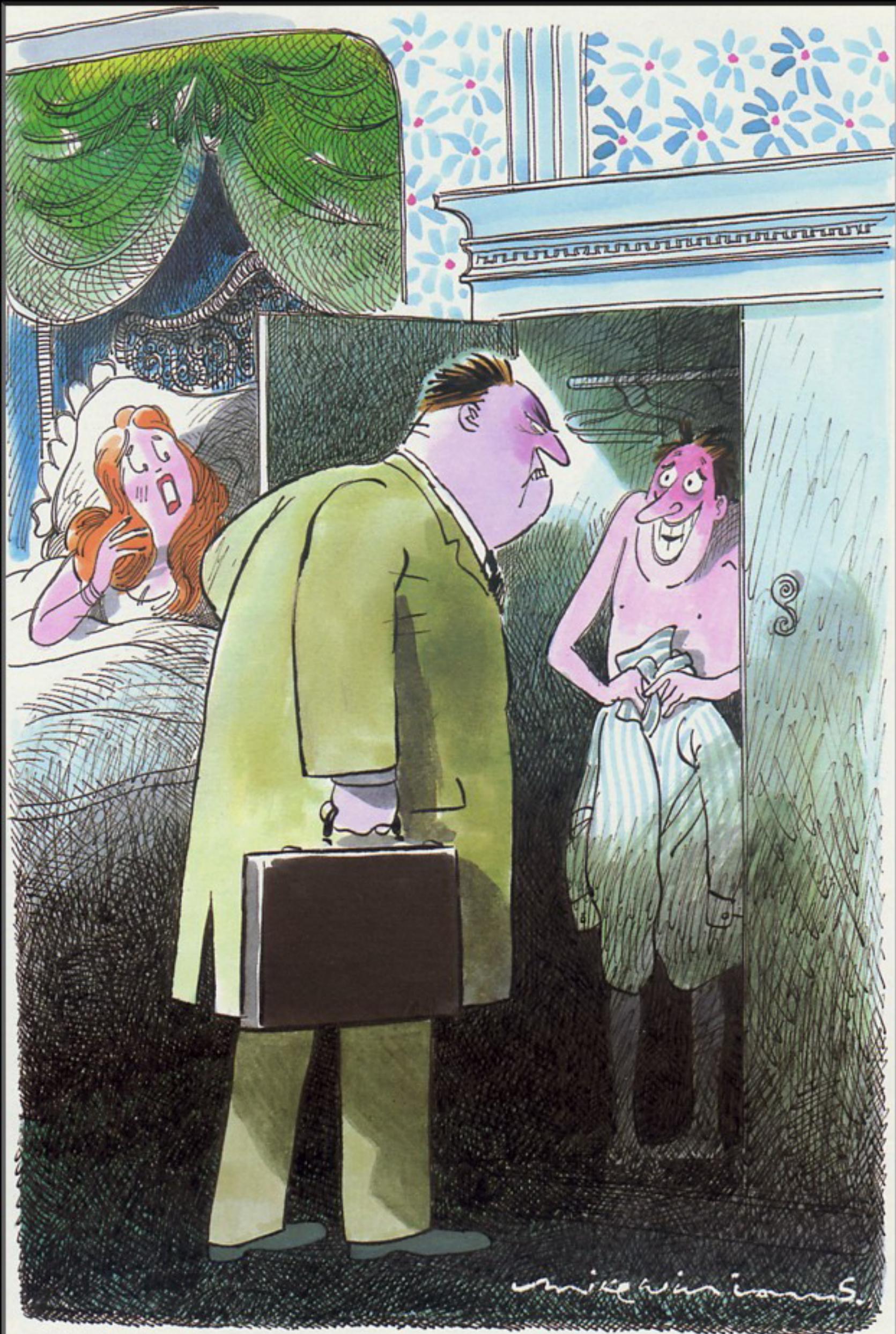


ST. PAULI BEER

ST. PAULI GIRL  
BREMEN GERMANY  
BEER



*"I think we're in deep trouble, Herman!"*



*"Well, enough about me, Frank; how's your troublesome backswing coming along?"*



# THE PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

idaho beauty  
renee tenison  
wins *playboy's*  
top honors

RENEE TENISON thought she was dreaming. This place certainly wasn't Melba, the tiny Idaho town where she'd grown up. It wasn't Boise, where she had worked in a computer factory. Rubbing sleep from her eyes, sitting up in a curtained bed in an elegant hotel room, she wondered where on earth she was. "Then it dawned on me," she says, shaking her head, astonished by the events of the past few months. "I thought, I'm in Paris. *Playboy* is taking pictures of the Playmate of the Year, and it's *me!*"

At 21, Renee is the proud owner of a sleek new Eagle Talon TSi, which will replace the old Mustang she used to drive around town. She is \$100,000 richer—a sum that represents more than five years' worth of her work at the factory. And much more important to Renee than the goodies that come with her new title are two firsts: She's proud to be our first Playmate (text concluded on page 174)



PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANCIS GIACOBETTI

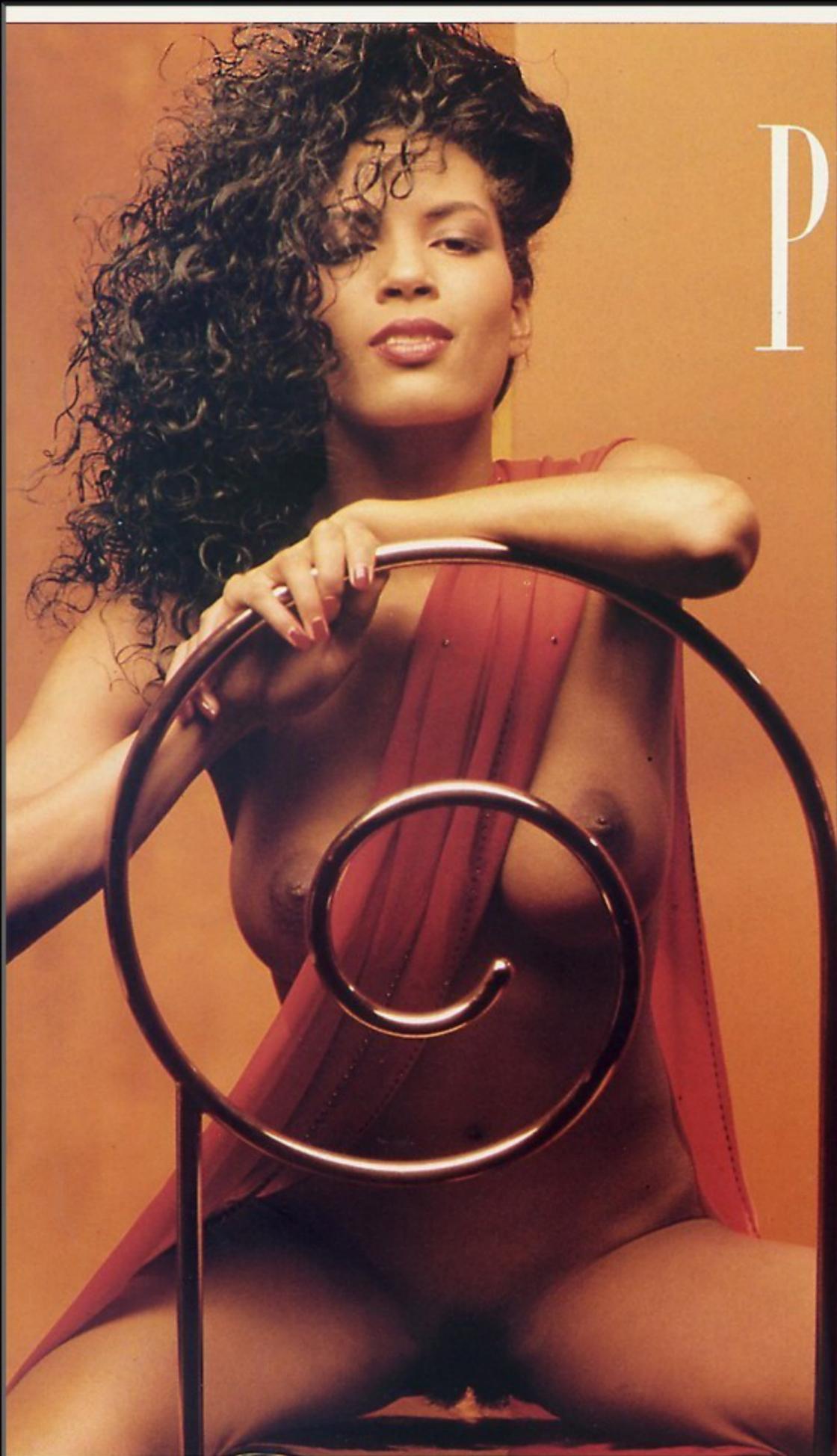




**T**he very first time I saw *Playboy*," says Reneé, "I thought, If I ever had a chance like that, I'd do it in a heartbeat." Now her pulse is quickened by an all-wheel-drive Eagle Talon TSi (below) with a check for \$100,000 in its glove compartment. The money and the car, fab as they are, impress Reneé less than the symbolic weight of her new role. "I'm a mix, a mulatto—different," she says. "A first as Playmate of the Year. It's exciting, but there's responsibility, too. When you're different, you can't afford to make mistakes. I want to represent *Playboy* as well as I can. I'm not Vanessa Williams; there are no skeletons in my closet." We're not worried. *Playboy* admires Reneé's sense of duty, but we chose her for her beauty. There's no mistaking that.







P

osing for *Playboy* "isn't so much about sex. It's about freedom," Reneé says. "You can't try to be sexy. You have to feel it. You just have to be yourself. If you are comfortable with your own sexuality, it shows. And that's sexy."









*"No halfway measures will work. In the end, Bush will have to appoint an anticholesterol czar."*



*"Why do I have this feeling that something happened to the Jaguar?"*

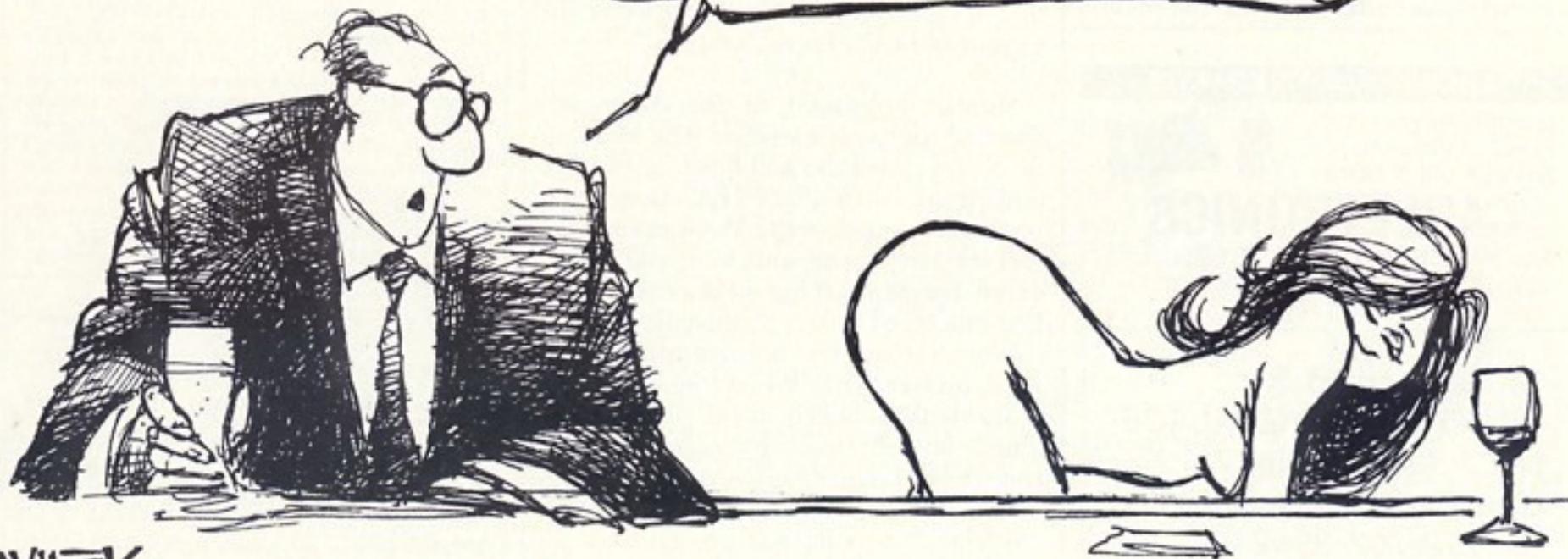


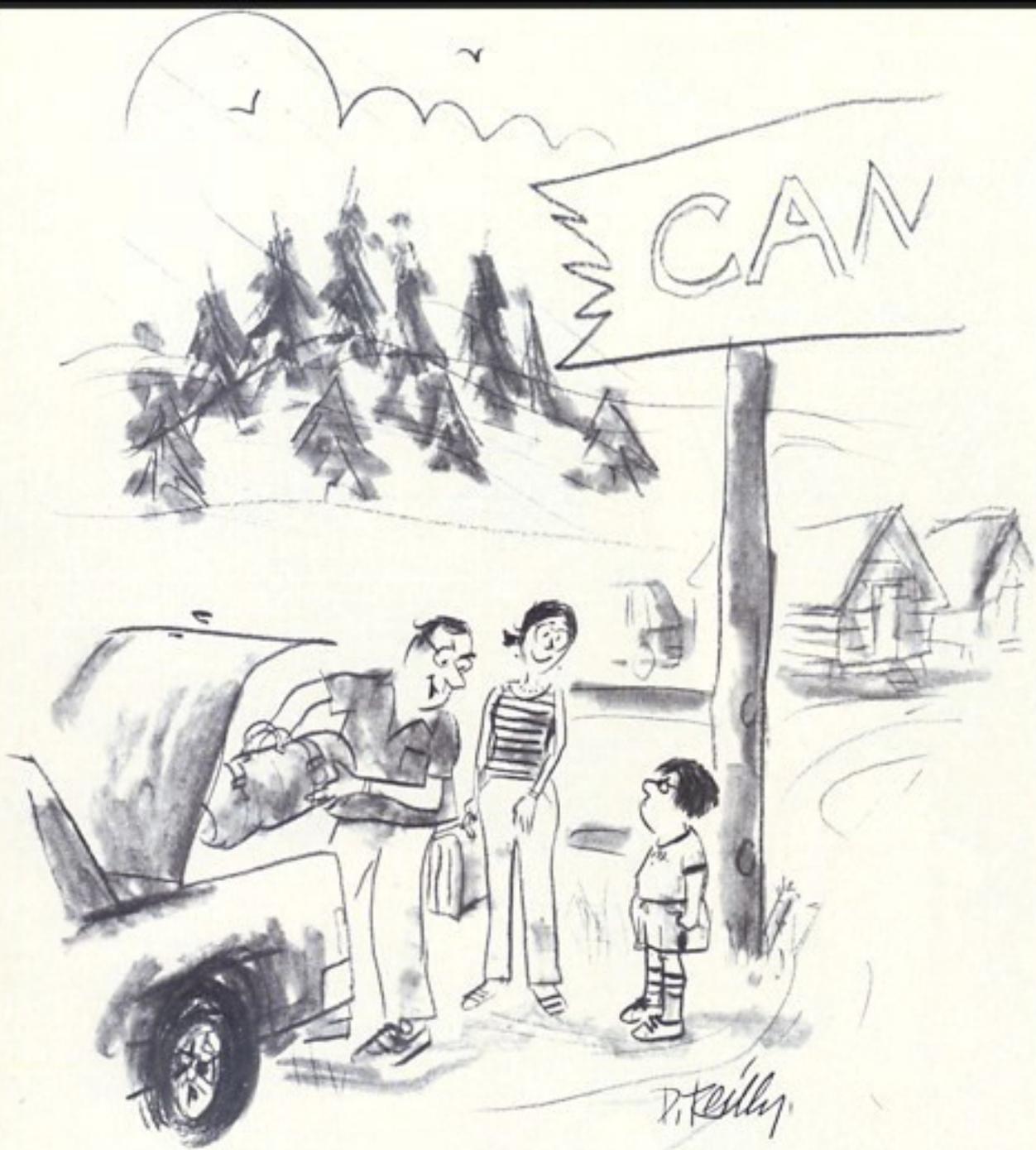
*"Blub. . . . So much for your 'Who's going to know?' . . ."*



*"Staying strong is not just men and machines; it's  
administration, maintenance and rocks!"*

NO, I'M NOT A TV EVANGELIST,  
BUT THANKS FOR THE OFFER  
ANYWAY....





*"But always remember, Son, that today's dorks may become tomorrow's heavy hitters."*

## Don't Walk Away, Reneé

Beauty **RENEÉ GRIFFIN** came out from behind her shawl to do *Head of the Class* and *Mickey Spillane's Mike Hammer* on TV and *Hollywood Boulevard 2* on the big screen. *Grapevine* unwrapped Reneé just for you.



© MARK LEIVDAL



PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

## Tell Tchaikovsky the News

Get familiar with the **KRONOS QUARTET**. Its repertoire ranges from Bartók to Ives to Mingus to Howlin' Wolf. Kronos has played all over the world and on *Sesame Street*. Look for their latest album, *Black Angels*, and if you don't catch them in concert, American Public Radio has a ten-part series in the works for the fall. Kronos makes the classics rock.

© 1990 SCOTT DOWNIE/CELEBRITY PHOTO

## Peek-a-Boobs

Actress **ANDREA THOMPSON** joined the cast of *Falcon Crest* to play the vain, ambitious Genele Ericson. You also saw Andrea in *Wall Street* and *Doin' Time on Planet Earth*. We've caught her doing hang time.





## Bang the Drum, Slowly

JOEY KRAMER of Aerosmith has a provocative drum kit. The band will be on tour throughout the year, with a stop in the Far East, and *Pump* has gone triple platinum. Joey's keeping time.



© NICK CHARLES

## Walkin' the Dog

As a singer, CAROLE DAVIS wants to be the ambassadress of hip-hop. Listen to *Heart of Gold* to see if she succeeds. As an actress, Davis is in *Shrimp on the Barbie* with Cheech Marin. We give her an A for effort.



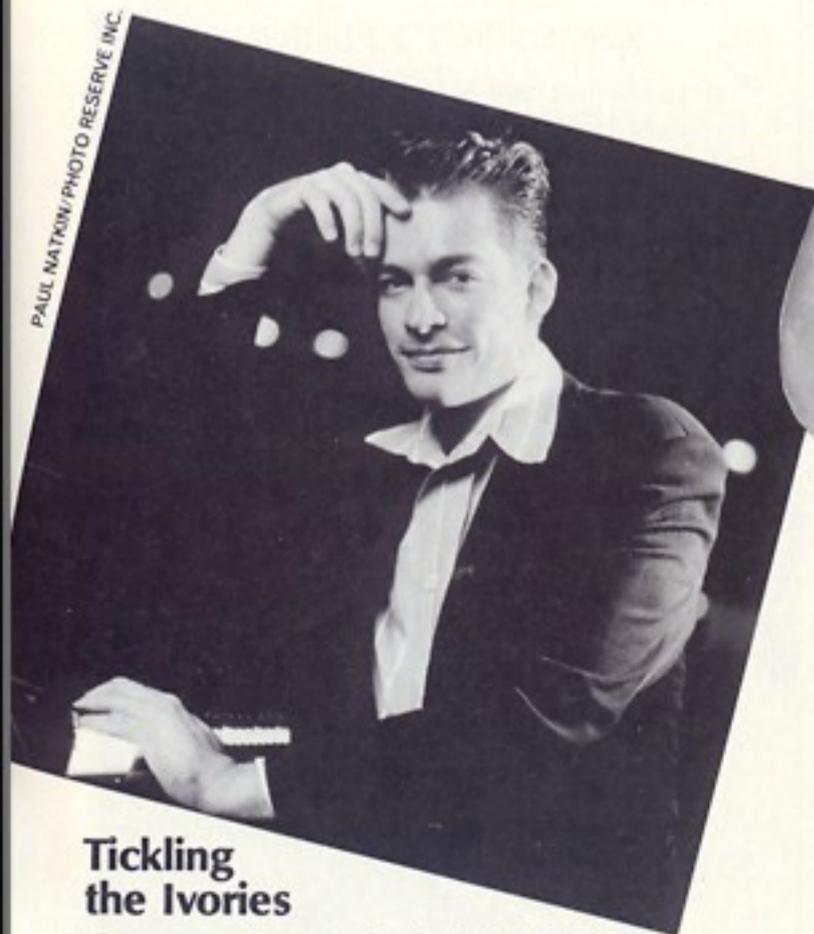
## Uncovering the Bare Facts

Is actress TAMRA CARRERA ready for summer? You've seen her on *Baywatch* and *Jake and the Fatman* and in *Back to the Future II*. Tonight you'll see her in your own beach-blanket fantasy—courtesy of us.

ALAN HOUGHTON

## Tickling the Ivories

Piano man, singer and actor HARRY CONNICK, JR., is having a killer year. Two new albums were released last month. He's currently touring with a 30-piece big band, and in August, he'll debut in *Memphis Belle*, a movie about a B-52 bomber crew. We're wild about Harry.

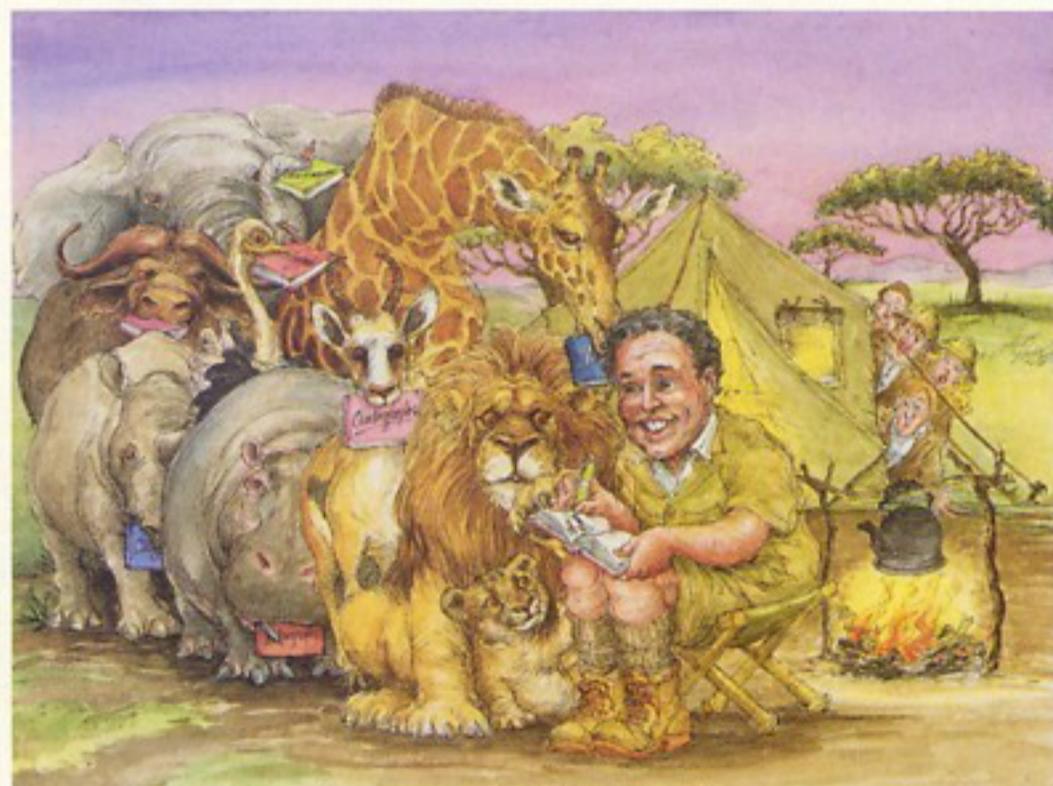


PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.



**IT'S SHOWER CURTAINS FOR THE BRONX**

When Murray Leffers, who designs and manufactures bathroom accessories, spotted some graffiti in Manhattan, he tracked down the local "artists," a Bronx gang, the TC Mob, whom Leffers commissioned to create a 20' x 30' wall of street art. Leffers photographed the result, named it *Cityscape* and had it hand-screened in a reduced format onto a durable, waterproof canvas shower curtain that's guaranteed to perk up the most mundane bathroom with the look of chic urban blight. *Cityscape* is available from Gra' feeties, 3047 East Greenway Road, Phoenix, Arizona 85032, for \$85, postpaid. Or phone 602-867-8821 to put the curtain on plastic. By the way, the city has whitewashed over the wall, so what you're buying is limited-edition shower art. Tell that to the TC Mob.

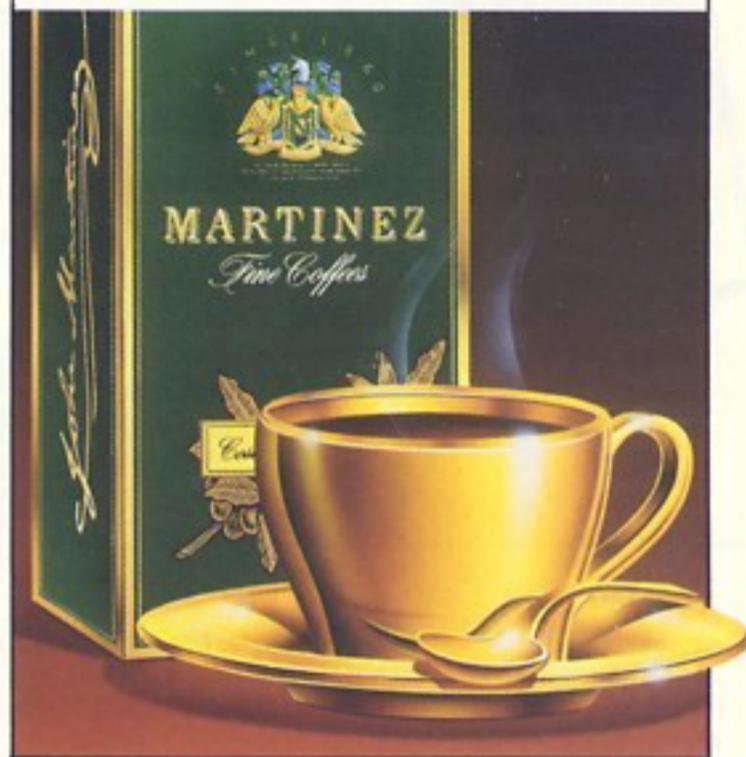


**BEAVER IN THE BUSH**

You all remember Jerry Mathers, who entered America's hearts and homes in 1957 as *The Beaver* in the TV show *Leave It to Beaver*. From October 20th to November third, *The Beaver* and his wife, Rhonda, will be trading the tree-lined streets of mid-America for darkest Africa, escorting a Kenya camera safari that includes first-class/deluxe accommodations at a number of stopovers, including Amboseli National Park, Mountain Lodge Tree Hotel, Samburu Game Reserve, Mount Kenya Safari Club, Masai Mara Game Reserve and Karen Estates, the home of Isak Dinesen, who wrote *Out of Africa*. Paul Merzig's Adventure Safaris Ltd., Eight South Michigan, Suite 2012, Chicago 60603, can provide all the details (312-782-4756). The price: \$2566 per person, not including air fare. Leave it to Beaver!

**BREWS FROM THE SOUTH**

At \$28 a pound, Jamaican Blue Mountain coffee from the Wallendorf Estate is the most prized and most expensive cup of Java you can sip. So if you're feeling flushed and want to try some, J. Martinez & Company at 3230A Peachtree Road Northeast, Atlanta 30305, is a great place to start. The Martinez family has been involved with coffee for more than 100 years and its free catalog offers Blue Mountain as well as other terrific brews, such as Kenya AA and Hawaiian Kona Extra Fancy. Or call 800-642-JAVA.



**KNOCKOUT RESORT**

Safety Harbor Spa & Fitness Center in Safety Harbor, Florida, is more than just another pretty place to do aerobics and catch some rays. It also offers a boxing plan that includes room, meals, equipment, boxaerobics classes, massages, plus more, for prices that begin at \$150 a day. And when you're not working out, you can watch the pros pummel one another. Call 813-726-1161 for more info, slugger.



## HUNTING QUAYLE

Poor Dan Quayle. While other Vice-Presidents quietly fade into the woodwork, Dan the Man has an entire quarterly newsletter—appropriately titled *The Quayle Quarterly*—devoted to his doings and undoings. The inaugural issue includes a review of *The Dan Quayle Quiz Book*, “Travel Tips for Number Twos” and even an ad for a Dan Quayle doormat. The price? Just \$3.95, or \$12 for a year’s subscription sent to *The Quayle Quarterly*, P.O. Box 8593, Brewster Station, Bridgeport, Connecticut 06605. Stay healthy, George.



## LAST NIGHT, WE DREAMED WE WENT TO MANDERLEY. . .

For the 50th anniversary of Alfred Hitchcock's *Rebecca* starring Laurence Olivier and Joan Fontaine, the Voyager Company in Santa Monica has recently released a special Criterion Collection CAV laser video disc that includes original screen tests, a theatrical trailer, a Mercury Theater broadcast with Orson Welles and much more for \$124.95. Or you can buy the CLV edition of the movie (no additional material) for \$69.95.

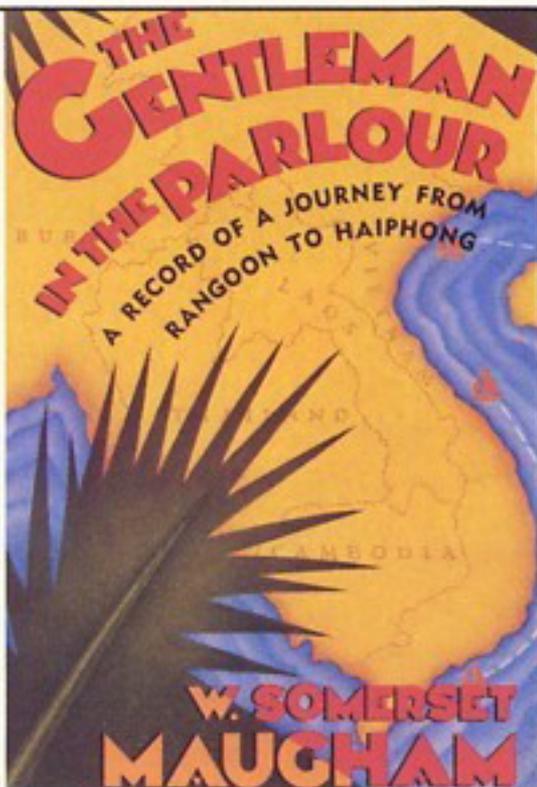


## HAVE BOARD, WILL TRAVEL

If you've ever seen a photograph of a fleet of windsurfers stretching across a bay like a Chinese dragon, you've been looking at a Mistral One Design sailboard regatta. The Mistral One (\$1795) is a durable version of the World Cup-winning Equipe. It comes with state-of-the-art components and a built-in schedule of racing and social events. Olympic medalist Scott Steele oversees the competitions; for the parties, you're on your own. For information, call 301-796-4755.

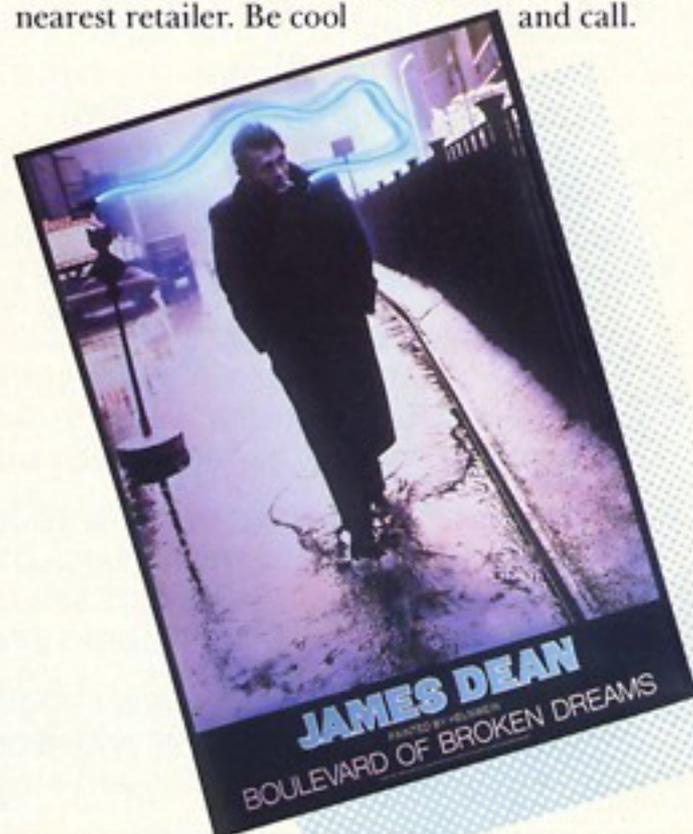
## THE ROAD TO ADVENTURE

Long to leave the beaten path and go adventuring but don't want all the inconveniences of roughing it? Then Paragon House Armchair Traveller Series may be just your cup of tea, *bwana*. The series consists of paperback reissues of such out-of-print travel classics as John Steinbeck's *A Russian Journal*, Sir Francis Chichester's *Ride on the Wind* and W. Somerset Maugham's *The Gentleman in the Parlour*. The price: \$10.95. Now, see if you can get your date to serve drinks wearing a sarong.



## LIGHTING UP WITH JAMES DEAN

The classic James Dean on Broadway poster has been around for years, but now a company named Neonize in Huntington Park, California, has brightened his hunkered-down image by adding a thin stream of blue-neon “smoke” wafting from his cigarette. The 40" x 28" poster, which sells for about \$300, comes framed and ready to hang—all you do is plug it in. A call to the company at 800-776-NEON will get you the name of your nearest retailer. Be cool and call.



# NEXT MONTH



MARILYN REMEMBERED



AARON'S SALVATION



MARRIED LIFE



HISTORY REPEATED

**"SOME STILL LIKE IT HOT"**—RHONDA RIDLEY AND MARILYN MONROE HAD SOMETHING IN COMMON. IF WE DIDN'T KNOW BETTER, WE'D SWEAR THEY SHARED THE SAME BODY. SO, IF YOU SUFFER FROM A SEVEN-YEAR ITCH, HERE'S A PICTORIAL FOR A PLACE YOU MAY NOT HAVE BEEN ABLE TO REACH BEFORE

**"HANGING OUT WITH THE BUNDYS"**—WHILE YUPIES COCOON IN TV LAND, THE CREATORS OF THE SLASH-AND-BURN SITCOM *MARRIED . . . WITH CHILDREN* HAVE BEEN BUSY HATCHING THE RAUNCHY ANTIDOTE TO COSBYIZATION. A WEEK BEHIND THE SCENES WITH THE OUTLAW CAST AND CREW—BY **PAMELA MARIN**

**"AARON NEVILLE'S AMAZING GRACE"**—HE WAS A LONGSHOREMAN, A THUG AND A DRUG ABUSER. BUT ABOVE ALL, HE'S A SINGER WITH THE SWEET, SOOTHING VOICE OF AN ANGEL—PROFILE BY **STEVE POND**

**"FIGHTING THE WRONG WAR"**—A TOUGH LOOK AT OUR INTERVENTION IN LATIN AMERICA ON BEHALF OF THE WAR ON DRUGS—AND HOW IT SEEMS A LOT LIKE THE LAST WAR WE LOST—BY **ROBERT STONE**

**QUINCY JONES**, THE TALENTED PRODUCER OF **MICHAEL JACKSON'S** *THRILLER* AND **STEVEN SPIEL-**

**BERG'S** *THE COLOR PURPLE*, TALKS ABOUT JAZZ, RAP AND RACISM WITH *ROOTS* COLLABORATOR **ALEX HALEY** IN A WARM, REVEALING **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

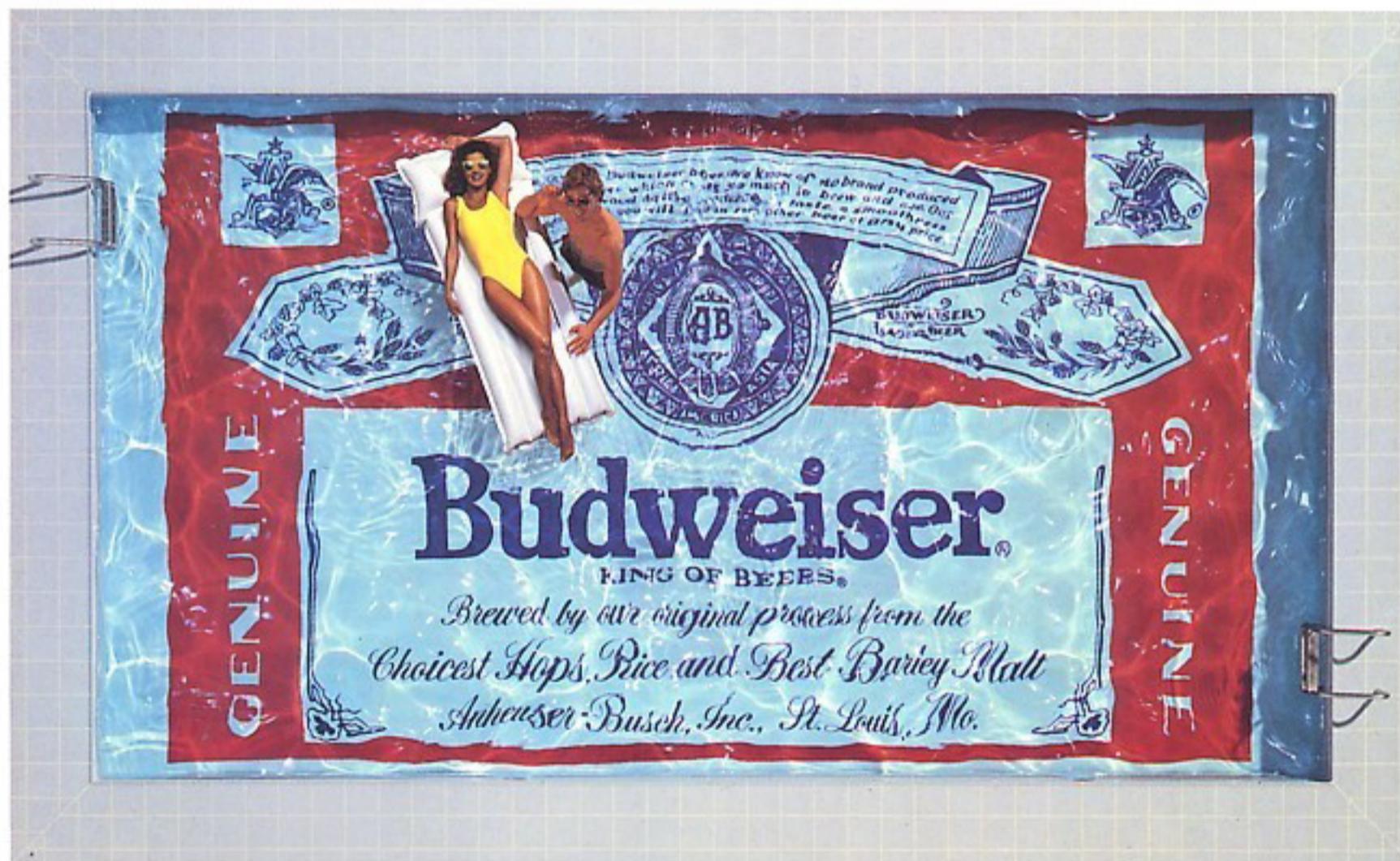
**"SENIOR LEAGUE BASEBALL"**—THE BULL-PEN CATCHER OF FORT MYERS' SUN SOX CHRONICLES LIFE IN THE NOT-SO-BIG LEAGUES, PROVING YOU CAN'T KEEP AN OLD BASEBALL PLAYER DOWN—BY **RANDY WAYNE WHITE**

**"THE ALL-CONSUMING"**—A JAPANESE GOURMAND FAMOUS FOR FEATS OF INGESTION TRIES DELICACIES FROM A RADIOACTIVE RAIN FOREST—AND FINDS THEM TO BE AN ILLUMINATING EXPERIENCE—FICTION BY **LUCIUS SHEPARD**

**"THE GAS-STATION CAPER AND OTHER TALES OF THE NIGHT"**—THE BIGGER THE RISK, THE HOTTER THE SEX. MEMORABLE EROTIC ENCOUNTERS AS CONFESSED TO **MEN** COLUMNIST **ASA BABER**

**PLUS:** FASHION WITH A TWIST: BRITISH DESIGNER **PAUL SMITH** HAS A PASSION FOR THE OFFBEAT, BY **HOLLIS WAYNE**; MAKING A POWER PLAY FOR POWER BOATS—HOW TO PLAY WAVE JOCKEY ON THE BOUNDING MAIN, FROM A 16-FOOT DONZI RUNABOUT TO AN ARONOW ALPHA 45; AND MUCH, MUCH MORE

# SOMEWHERE THERE'S A POOL OUT THERE WITH YOUR NAME ON IT.



## AND OURS, TOO.

Budweiser, Bud Light and Bud Dry are giving away up to 100 in-ground Bud Label swimming pools this summer.

And you could be one of the lucky people who win one.

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merchandise. Beach towels, lounge chairs, pool rafts and more. Just look for our display wherever you buy Budweiser, Bud Light and Bud Dry. Who knows? You may end up making a big splash with your friends.

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