

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JANUARY 1988 • \$4.00



HOLIDAY
ANNIVERSARY
ISSUE



PLAYBILL

HAPPY YOU-KNOW-WHAT. We have much to look forward to in 1988. Soon, the earth will cease to tremble with the shrill crash of falling Democrats. There are midseason network replacements, bowl games, elections, an entire new year of Playmates. Ah, but before we leap too precipitately ahead, let's take a look back. Remember the Sixties? Just about everyone has an opinion about that stormy blip on the time line that actually ended sometime in the Seventies. To keep the debate afire, we've recruited some celebrated writers for *The Sixties: A Reappraisal* (illustrated by **Peter Max** and **Marshall Arisman**). While screen- and short-story writer **Harlan Ellison**, who has been called the Lewis Carroll of the 20th Century, hails the era as one of enlightenment, former *Ramparts* editors **Peter Collier** and **David Horowitz** think that it was all a big mistake. They even blame the Sixties for the spread of AIDS. Maybe yes, maybe no; we do know that AIDS is a central fact of the present decade, and this month, in *Panic in the Sheets*, **Michael (The Andromeda Strain) Crichton** views the affliction both as a doctor and as a bachelor. He thinks the crisis is twofold—the horrors of the disease are coupled with the problems of a society that has trouble with intimacy.

In recent years, we've often enjoyed going around twice. You know—reruns. Wait long enough and the person or phenomenon reappears, just like the Sixties (or Chuck Berry or *The Honey-mooners* or diner food). Now, in *The (Hurrah!) Return of the Miniskirt*, one of our favorite authors, **Bruce Jay Friedman**—who was there the first time—happily salutes America's reclamation of that tiny treasure. Contributing Photographer **Arny Freytag** and West Coast Photo Editor **Marilyn Grabowski** provided the, uh, leg-work on the accompanying pictorial. We get another look at a classic in *Krazy Kat* (illustrated by **Everett Peck**), an excerpt from **Jay Cantor's** upcoming book from Knopf. Here you'll really see what pops up when cartoon characters *Krazy Kat* and *Ignatz Mouse* discover sex. Gilding the fiction department this month are famed fantasist **Roald Dahl's** *The Surgeon* and distinguished master of short fiction **Andre Dubus' The Curse** (illustrated by **Phyllis Bramson**). Weighty stuff, though no challenge to our brawny, brainy January *Playboy Interview* subject, **Arnold Schwarzenegger**, who reveals his hidden strengths to journalist **Joan Goodman**.

Now's a good time of year to play catch-up, and here's how. Begin with *The Best*, our annual roundup of ultimates. For maximum *déjà vu*, peer into our annual *Playmate Review*. Read *Playboy's College Basketball Preview*, by Sports Editor **Gary Cole**, and you'll learn everything you need to get you through the 1988 season; you'll also meet **Shon Morris**, the winner of our first Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete Award in basketball, given in honor of our late Sports Editor. If your passion is that other winter obsession, football, **Herbert B. Livesey**, in *Ten-Point Spread*, provides a game plan for hosting your own Super Bowl party. Then get a new perspective on the Russians' latest fad—*glasnost*—from **Andrew Tobias' Quarterly Report, Russki Business**. By the way, look for Tobias' new book, *The Only Other Investment Guide You'll Ever Need* (Simon & Schuster), plus a new version of his celebrated MECA software program *Managing Your Money*, both just out. Meanwhile, cartoonist **Rowland B. Wilson** makes money funny in *A Night at the Cash Machine*. For *20 Questions*, **Dick Lochte** talked with L.A. Law's peroxidized prosecutor, **Susan Dey**. **Max Headroom**, another hot TV property, gets into leather in the person of his alter ego, **Matt Frewer**, in *Max to the Max*, by Fashion Editor **Hollis Wayne**. And we couldn't leave 1987 behind without a fond look at the PTL's **Jim Bakker** through the eyes of our very own *Little Annie Fanny*.

Our February 1983 cover girl, **Kim Basinger**, has moved on to startling success in films. Obviously, it's time to take another look at this screen dream, so we've done so in this month's steamy pictorial *Kim*. And allow us to introduce another Kim—our 1988 lead-off Playmate, **Kimberley Conrad**. From the looks of things, we're anticipating a pretty exciting new year. We're happy that you're along for the ride.



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PLAYBOY®

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COVER STORY The holidays are a time for puttin' on the ritz, so this month's cover is decked out with a painting by artist Robert Hoppe, a legend for his glamorous art-deco cityscapes. Hoppe's version of the high life, *Playboy* style, recalls the days of the *Ziegfeld Follies*, but his dramatic vision is timeless. If you can't find the Rabbit right away, we suggest you ask a friend to drive.

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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

in which we offer an insider's look at what's doing and who's doing it

HEF PUTS THE SQUEEZE ON "DREAM GIRLS"

That's Patti McGuire Connors on Hef's right and Sondra Theodore and Carrie Leigh on his left. What brought them all together was the most famous pajama party on the West Coast, Midsummer Night's Dream at Playboy Mansion West. Other well-known revelers included Michael J. Fox, Emilio Estevez, Christopher Penn, Shannon Tweed and Kiss's Gene Simmons.



BEAUTY AND THE BEASTS

October 1987 Playmate Brandi Brandt visited the TKE fraternity house at California State University at Chico, our number-one party school—and, as expected, she got one heck of a welcome. These guys are proud. Go, Chico!



DONNA BRINGS HER SPECIAL CHEER

Playmate of the Year Donna Edmondson visited patients at the Veterans Administration medical facility in Des Moines and caught some flak from a few prudish staffers. Said Donna, "I did what I wanted to do. . . . What other people think, that's their right to feel that way." Then, with a smile, she went off to charm the vets and the rest of the staff.

BIG YUKS IN CHICAGO

Actress/comic Marsha Warfield headlined Playboy's Windy City Comedy Blow-Out, which was taped for The Playboy Channel. Warfield and a cast of hot young comics played it strictly for laughs. If you missed it, don't despair; they will run it again in 1988.



THE MIGHTY RABBIT

That's our famous logo painted on a German warship docked in Baltimore Harbor. Although the sign said, PHOTOGRAPHEREN VERBODEN, our intrepid photographer risked all to capture the image in the interests of posterity.



CHRISTIE HONORED

Mortimer B. Zuckerman, chairman and editor in chief of *U.S. News & World Report*, presented our Christie Hefner with the 1987 Human Relations award from the Publishers and Distributors Division of the American Jewish Committee. We're proud.



DEAR PLAYBOY

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KISSING COVERS

Your October cover, featuring the eminently kissable face of October Playmate Brandi Brandt, is delicious, particularly after the "sophisticated" but somewhat chilly August and September covers featuring Paulina Porizkova and Maryam d'Abo, respectively. A girl who looks like she wants to kiss is *always* a good subject for a *Playboy* cover, and I speak as a 20-year subscriber who's seen about 250 of them.

Nat Stein
New York, New York

GENERAL PRINCIPLES

In his *Playboy Interview* (October), Major General Richard Secord takes a number of shots at me concerning references to him in my book *Manhunt* about the activities, capture and conviction of the rogue CIA agent Edwin P. Wilson.

General Secord says that I had him by a pool at Wilson's Virginia estate, though, according to Secord, there was no pool. He reports a conversation with me in which he pointed this out and quotes me as telling him, "Oh, that was just cosmetic."

I want to apprise *Playboy* and, I trust, its readers that the conversation Secord conjured up never occurred. The reason is that I have never spoken with him in my life. Despite my best efforts, he refused to give me an interview.

(By the way, the pool at Wilson's not only was quite large and heated but boasted a waterfall.)

Secord laughs off his alleged connection with a freight-forwarding firm called EATSCO. He says that it is always "the recipient country's responsibility [in this case, Egypt's] to provide transportation" for military aid. But that's what made the incident so special. In this instance, the Pentagon had an absolute say in what company got the contract, since the U.S. Government had forked over *in advance* the cost of shipping arms to Egypt, upwards of \$70,000,000.

Secord also says that my description of

his retirement from active duty after the EATSCO affair was completely "inaccurate." But when this got to be a hot topic in public, Frank Carlucci, former Deputy Secretary of Defense, was quoted in an interview in *The New York Times* confirming my account.

Secord accuses me of using the Iran/*Contra* scandal as an opportunity to "market" *Manhunt*. The book, however, was published in April 1986 and was on the best-seller list of *The New York Times* months before any outsiders, including me, had ever heard of the Iran/*Contra* business.

Finally, Secord says that I "twisted around" his appearance at one of Wilson's trials and that he was actually testifying as a Government witness. The court transcript clearly shows, however, that he was summoned to the stand by the defense.

Possibly General Secord's most pressing need is for a good ophthalmologist, in more ways than one.

Peter Maas
New York, New York

As a Vietnam veteran and Army reservist, I can appreciate General Secord's many patriotic actions; but his comments concerning the freight-forwarding industry disturb me and warrant comment.

I am in the freight-forwarding business and have been for many years. In order to be an ocean-freight forwarder in the United States, a firm must be licensed by the Federal Maritime Commission. This organization, as well as the U.S. Customs Service, Department of Commerce and other branches of our Government, monitors the activities of firms such as my own to help ensure compliance with Federal laws governing the import or export of goods to and from our country. Commissions paid by steamship lines are published and are subject to audit by the FMC. Goods of high-tech capabilities or potential use in weapons systems require export licenses

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prior to shipment overseas, and these laws are obeyed every day by many honest exporters, freight forwarders and commercial carriers (both air and ocean).

As in any profession, there are people who can and will use their influence and/or personal contacts to make a profit in a dubious manner. The general may or may not have been involved with Edwin P. Wilson in his dealings with Libya, and his reported profits of \$8,000,000 on the sale of arms to Iran may or may not have been illegal. However, he should be reminded of the old saying "Tell me who you associate with and I will tell you what you are."

(By the way, our company is not another Air America; we just happen to like the name Pentagon.)

R. Michael Miller, Vice-President
and General Manager
Pentagon Freight Services, Inc.
Houston, Texas

OH, DONNA!

I know some readers will write to say that your pictorial on Donna Mills (*Oh, Donna!*, *Playboy*, October) isn't revealing enough, but as a longtime Donna Mills fan, I was delighted and relieved to see that she didn't reveal *everything*. Maybe I'm old-fashioned, but I prefer that some things be left to the imagination when I'm looking at a woman whose personality makes my blood hot. Donna showed just enough to drive me to distraction.

Gary Holmes
Boston, Massachusetts

CORRECTION

Our December issue pictures an extraordinary watch, the Pasha de Cartier, and lists the price as \$2400. Would that it were so. Add a zero, guys. We're awfully sorry.

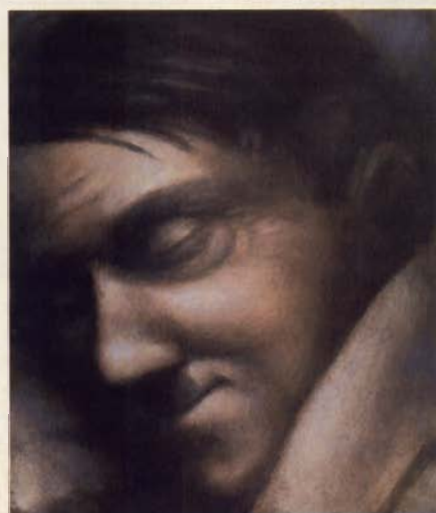
HOMOPHOBIA VS. HETEROPHOBIA

Hooray for Asa Baber's *Men* column "Hitler's Dream" (*Playboy*, October). I'm a gay man who subscribes to *Playboy* because I enjoy the magazine. I regret that more gay men won't be reading that column, because Baber makes some great points. There is a huge gap in communication between gay men and straight men, and the majority of the blame lies with straight men; but gay men could do an awful lot that they're not doing because of their own heterophobia. Heterophobia is just as harmful as homophobia. I have too many gay friends who are at a loss in a straight crowd. Maybe they're intimidated, but I think that's a cop-out. Have you ever tried to talk football in a gay bar? It's

not a happy experience. You just get blown off (no pun intended) by guys who think this is just your way of appearing *macho* and heterosexual. And God forbid I should have a copy of *Playboy* lying on my coffee table when I have gay friends over. They think I'm just not facing reality.

Straight men and gay men aren't really all that different (much to the dismay of both). We all have egos, hang-ups and fears. Thanks, Asa, for giving us food for thought.

(Name withheld by request)
Wichita, Kansas



Hitler's Dream

As a constituent of Congressman Barney Frank's, I take issue with Asa Baber's *Men* column in the October *Playboy*.

In an essay that purports to encourage a dialog between gay and straight males and condemns gay-bashing, Baber engages in a bit of gay-baiting himself.

I suspect that sour grapes over having his interview request rejected induced Baber to attack Congressman Frank and to conclude that Frank's refusal to speak with *Playboy* (which Baber equated with a refusal to open a dialog between gays and straights) could contribute to the return of fascist leadership (in response to the issue of AIDS).

It is my belief that Congressman Frank's personal activities are his own business. His refusal to be interviewed by *Playboy* doesn't mean that he's against open discussion between gay and straight males.

Straight people have no idea how hard or how isolated life is for gays in or out of the closet. Frank showed great courage in his announcement of something that really is none of our business, and that, by itself, is a step toward progress in gay-straight relations.

John Rosenfeld
Newton, Massachusetts

ALZHEIMER'S IS NO JOKE

I'm writing in regard to your *Party Joke* on Alzheimer's disease in the October issue. My husband and I found no humor in this joke and felt that it was in very poor taste.

My husband's father has this disease, and it has taken a toll on his entire family, especially his mother. Each day, we watch his father die slowly. I hope neither you nor anyone you care for ever suffers from Alzheimer's.

Mrs. Gerald T. Lane
King, North Carolina

We regret that some of our readers found the Party Joke offensive. Sometimes, in attempting to make light of deeply troubling situations, we inadvertently offend those who have a personal stake. Nothing, naturally, could be further from our intention.

MEN ON WOMEN

Cynthia Heimel's *Women* column "Courtship" (*Playboy*, October) points up the reason men are reluctant to bare their souls to their romantic partners. Men realize that what they say will quickly be shared with a half dozen other women. When women learn to be more discreet, then they can reasonably expect men to be more open and honest with them.

Paul Thiel
Crescent Springs, Kentucky

Cynthia Heimel's *Women* column in the September *Playboy*, titled "Men Who Love Too Little," is by far the best of her many good essays and raises some painful and honest questions.

Are men victims of our own supposed stoicism? Do we stay in destructive or castrating relationships because we don't realize or won't admit the amount of damage being done to us?

My only objection is to Heimel's title. I suspect that if the essay had been about women who have given up on romance, it would have borne a title such as "Women Who Have Been Hurt Too Much." Being wounded to the point of not finding the whole enterprise worth the trouble is, in fact, what we're talking about.

Scott Baltic
Chicago, Illinois

A NOTE TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

Many of you wrote or called to complain that you received your November issue late. The volume of material involved in Jessica Hahn's story forced us to take extra time in the editing and research process. As a result, we were late delivering copy to our presses and to the bindery. We prize our subscribers and regret the delayed delivery of your copies. Please accept our apologies.

—The Editors



THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

All the safe-sex books recommend mutual masturbation as an effective alternative to intercourse. Unfortunately, my girlfriend finds touching me with her hands to be rather boring. Any hints on how to make it more interesting?—W. F., San Diego, California.

Tom Carey deals with this problem in *"The Modern Guide to Sexual Etiquette for Proper Gentlemen and Ladies"*: "I think it's time we paid some attention to the manual stimulation of the male parts, as well as the female. This can be a distasteful chore for many women at first; but, like milking a cow, once you get the hang of it, it can be lots of fun. Make it a game. Hang targets on the wall. Try for new distance records." Sounds neat, hey? Maybe you could set up a conveyor belt of ducks to move across the headboard of your bed. Carey also recommends mutual masturbation: "Here's what I want you all to do. Sit naked on your beds facing each other. Now, when I say go, I want you all to watch each other masturbate. Ready. . . . Go. And no fair cheating. Girls, if you usually use a vibrator the size of a table leg, plug it in. Guys, if you normally drive carpet tacks into your nipples, then do that, too. All good sex books recommend mutual masturbation. It'll help you better understand all the disgusting things your partner wants you to do."

I'm writing for your advice on giving a bachelor party. My closest friend is getting married in August, and I'm in charge of his last night out with the guys. He lives with his fiancée just outside Manhattan, and I would like to organize something in the city, since his place isn't an option. I've thought about the traditional party favors; a stripper might be an idea (where do you find one, though?), while a prostitute is definitely out. I'm sure a lot of drinking and smoking will take place; and since the guests (14 of us) will be coming to the party from many directions, I'm sure we would have a much better time if no one had to worry about driving later that night. Unfortunately, I'm still a student and won't be able to spend more than \$50 or \$60 for the evening. However, 13 guys spending the same amount should be able to throw a good party even in Manhattan, shouldn't they? What do you think?—A. K. B., Wilmington, Delaware.

Bachelor parties are very much a matter of individual taste these days. We think they should reflect the interests and preferences of the groom-to-be. Since you're the groom's closest friend, you should know what type of evening would be most appropriate and most enjoyable for him. If a quiet dinner out followed by some social drinking at a neighborhood bar fills the bill, so be it. You can always consult your local Yellow Pages for sources of singing telegrams or strip-o-grams. We agree that a prostitute would be a poor choice—not



to mention dangerous and illegal. So, for that matter, would be an evening that resulted in the tattooing of certain private parts. If your budget is as limited as you claim, there's certainly no harm in asking the other invited guests to chip in. The only real limitation should be your imagination. And if you're really stumped, it might not be a bad idea to ask the groom himself about his preferences for the evening. We think the idea of a bachelor party as one last wild night out with the boys is a bit passé—but if that's what the groom wants, do the best you can within the limitations of a budget to accommodate his wishes. Have fun. Practice safe sex. Appoint a designated driver.

Please give the formula for determining the size of the erect male sex organ by the size of his hand. Bending the middle finger down to the heel of the hand will indicate the length, but what about the diameter? My friends and I are having a debate over the ratio of length to thickness.—L. R. P., Scottsdale, Arizona.

Here's how you use your hands to determine penis size: Take both hands and hold a tape measure along the side of your penis. That's it. Old wives' tales to the contrary, the size of a man's erect penis has no connection whatsoever with the size of his feet, his hands or even his flaccid penis.

I am an avid tennis player, playing up to six times per week, and have a problem with my strings' breaking. I use a boron-graphite racket with synthetic strings. The ones I am now using cost around ten dollars, and I can't afford new ones every two weeks. The center vertical string always breaks. I hit with a lot of top spin and the strings move around quite a bit. Is there

anything I can do to correct this? I know that my local pro (who also happens to be my racket stringer) won't like your solution, but my checkbook will.—B. R., Bowling Green, Kentucky.

You don't mention where the string breaks. If yours breaks in the middle, tough luck. Play less tennis or take up golf. This is normal wear, given your playing style. If your string breaks near the edge, there may be some hope. Perhaps there's a grommet that is cutting into it. Another explanation may be that the top of your racket is worn down, causing that particular string to become more prominent and more easily damaged. This results from your scraping your racket on the court, as occurs when players attempt to pick up the balls from the court with their rackets. If you have this bad habit, it is one that you should break—for the good of your racket, strings and pocketbook.

With condoms the new rage, I have an etiquette question. How long after the peak of ecstasy does our protective friend depart from the scene? Not from the penis—from the bedroom. Is there a proper setting prior to the final exit? Discarding a condom certainly adds a problem of logistics to a usually quiet time. I'd like to know if the procedure could be handled more smoothly.—G. M., Dallas, Texas.

First, let's go over the basics. Remove the condom while the penis is still erect. If you wait until you lose your erection, it can slip off, causing leakage. What you do with a used condom is a matter of style. We've heard of one guy who kept used condoms in a scrapbook, like pressed prom flowers. You could tie yours in a knot and play basketball with the bedroom wastebasket. Or just put it on a plate or towel on the bedside table. Enjoy the quiet time and leave house cleaning for later.

I have a question about audio and video equipment. Can Freon TF be used to clean the audio heads of my cassette deck and of my VCR? If not, what is the best method?—D. H., St. Louis, Missouri.

Freon TF may be used to clean the audio and video heads of your equipment. It is not popular because it evaporates very rapidly. A 90 percent isopropyl-alcohol solution is more widely used for head cleaning. One note of caution: Regardless of the solution used, cotton swabs should be avoided, as they can shed fibers that may clog the video heads. A better device is a cleaner with a chamois tip. Due to the delicate nature of video heads, cleaning should be done only when necessary and always by a qualified video technician. The moderate charge of a professional cleaning will be a lot lower than the cost of repairing damage resulting from improper cleaning.

A few years ago, while I was researching some ancient Taoist texts at a famous

library in England, I came across a few volumes of the *Tao of Sex*. In one written during the Tang dynasty (618–907 A.D.), I found the sexual technique called the Hovering Butterfly. In this technique, the man lies on his back, with both legs opened but drawn toward his chest. The woman sits astride him with the penis inserted. Once the penis is firmly entrenched, the man clamps his legs on the woman's waist. Then she moves up and down, which causes his legs to move in such a way as to resemble the flapping and hovering butterfly. (In this position, the woman can also lean forward and the man can suck her breasts at will.) The woman has to be quite agile. She should have good vaginal-muscle control. She has to use her vaginal muscles to milk the penis to get the man to ejaculate, because in this position, he cannot penetrate too deeply with ease. A woman who can master vaginal control is the ultimate coitus queen and is worth more than gold. The best way to utilize this technique is to alternate letting the woman ride up and down for a while with letting her sit still but use her vaginal-muscle control. The last piece of advice is that the couple should take care while the woman is moving, for the penis may easily slip out if its penetration is not deep enough.—T. H., Copenhagen, Denmark.

Thanks for the tip.

Some of my health-conscious friends

have taken to moderation in a big way. Now, when I have someone over for dinner or lunch, we seldom finish the last bottle of wine. Are there any approved methods for storing half-empty bottles?—J. R., Chicago, Illinois.

Restaurants that serve wine by the glass have a similar problem. They solve it by using commercial machines that reseal the bottles after substituting nitrogen for the oxygen in the half-empty containers. Cruvinet has come out with single-bottle nitrogen systems. Vacu-Vin sells a rubber stopper with a built-in pump that removes the air from the bottle before sealing. A good wine shop should be able to provide help.

Id like to share an unusual practice with you and your readers. When I become erect, my penis stands up at a 45-degree angle and elongates considerably. This causes the skin around the base to stretch taut. When this happens, if I apply light pressure to the underside of the scrotum, my testicles pop up into what seems to be a hollow cavity inside my body, on either side of the base of my penis. They will remain there until the erection softens. Normally, this lasts only a few minutes; but the only time I ever timed this phenomenon, they stayed up inside me for nearly 21 minutes. The sensation is just the opposite of what you're probably thinking. It's actually amazingly comfortable. Without anything hanging down,

I'm completely smooth under my fully erect penis, and under the crotch, there's no pain whatsoever. In fact, without any outdoor plumbing dangling in the breeze, there's nothing delicate to have to watch out for or be careful of. This means that both I and my ladyfriend can be more rambunctious than usual. She doesn't have to be careful of hurting me, because there's nothing there that can be hurt. And when I come this way, it seems to be more intense than the usual way. Because I can do this only when fully erect, it's not something I do a lot; it's just interesting from time to time.

Here's why I'm writing to the *Advisor*: I've never heard of another man's being able to do anything like this. How common is this ability?—S. T., Vancouver, British Columbia.

We've heard of this practice. Supposedly, Japanese wrestlers train themselves to hide (and protect) the family jewels in just such a manner. It saves a lot of yen on jockstraps and cups. So relax and enjoy your increased aerodynamic efficiency.

Recently, I decided to get some fog lamps for my 1986 Prelude Si, but I have a few questions. Why are the majority of the fog lamps on the market equipped with amber lenses? Are they really preferable to clear lenses when it comes to illumination in fog, rain, snow, etc.? And since I am planning to use them for more than just



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foul-weather lighting, would you suggest that I consider looking at those with clear lenses rather than amber?—J. Y., Upton, Massachusetts.

The amber lenses cut through fog much better than clear lenses do: Using a clear-lens lamp in fog is equivalent to using your brights. As you know, using your bright lights in fog only decreases visibility. Amber lamps are available in various models and types and cost from \$15 to \$70.

I am a 31-year-old female, happily married to the same wonderful guy for just over ten years. We have a very enjoyable sex life; however, there is one small problem. We both enjoy various positions and especially oral sex. I really enjoy sucking my husband's penis, because he gets really excited, and I would like to be able to suck him off to a climax; but for some reason, I am afraid to do so. I don't know why—perhaps because of the taste. I know he would like me to do so—he has said so—but, being a sensitive and understanding guy, he warns me of his coming ejaculation to allow me to quit sucking in time. I either finish him off with my hand or quickly change positions and put his penis between my adequate breasts to finish the job. I, and probably thousands of women with the same hang-up, would certainly appreciate any advice you can offer in helping us overcome this problem. It would also make our men more satisfied

with the oral sex we enjoy so much. Is there a simple solution or answer?—Mrs. W. H., Columbus, Ohio.

Ask yourself whether it is the taste of semen that worries you or the smell and feel of it. Remind yourself that sex is messy; that's part of its charm. If taste is your concern, the next time your husband comes in your hand or on your breasts, put a finger in and sample it. If the problem is feel and smell, maybe a dozen raw oysters will prepare you for the consistency and scent of semen. If you are worried about volume, try oral sex for the second or third orgasm, when there is less ejaculate. Since you clearly enjoy sex and want to please your husband, we suspect that you'll find a way to work this out. Good luck.

My girlfriend is still a virgin. She would like to engage in making love but is afraid she could become pregnant even if we were to use a condom. She wants to go on the pill, but I am against that because of information about the negative effects it can have on a girl. Please tell me what to do.—C. K., Tullahoma, Tennessee.

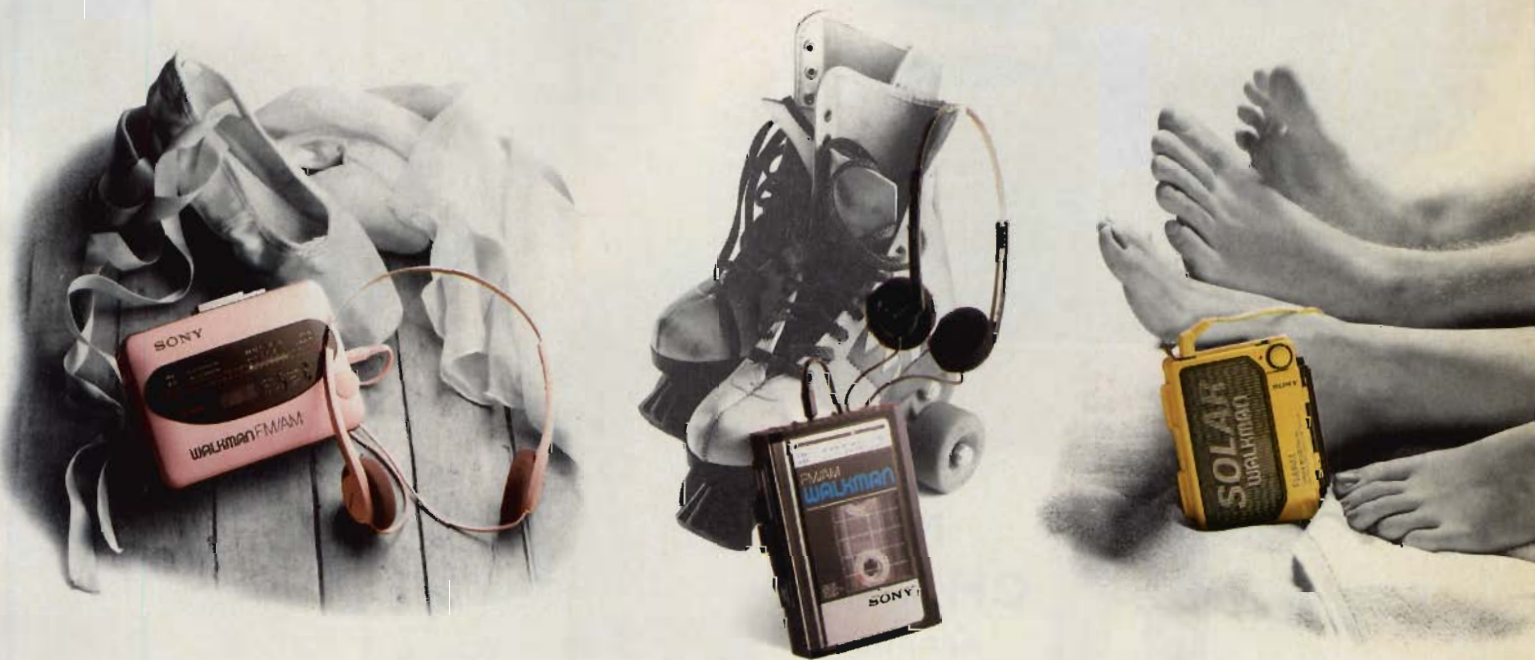
Birth-control pills are still considered the best form of contraception for women under the age of 40 who don't smoke. The benefits far outweigh the infrequent drawbacks. You should talk with your family physician or your girlfriend should talk with her gynecologist to determine what methods of birth control might work best for the two of you. In the

meantime, experiment with oral and manual sex—i.e., sex without penetration. Making love includes more than intercourse.

Ever since my girlfriend and I saw *Fatal Attraction*, we have been arguing about extramarital affairs. While a one-night stand with a stranger may have its dramatic value, how many spouses actually take up with mysterious lovers?—B. M., Atlanta, Georgia.

Frederick Humphrey, of the University of Connecticut, studied 179 couples undergoing marital therapy. He found that husbands were involved in one or more affairs an average of 29 months; wives, 21 months. Men were more likely (20 percent) to take up with strangers than were women (eight percent). For all the scare stories associating affairs with AIDS—or, in the case of "Fatal Attraction," with homicidal maniacs—it seems that people are still having them the old-fashioned way: with people they have known for a while.

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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Of course, we do have to add one footnote to all this. If it isn't a Sony, it isn't a Walkman.

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DEAR PLAYMATES

The question for the month:

Since sexual attraction is initially visual, how would you make love to a blind man and get him to "see" you?

God, that's a great question. I do like to see a good-looking body. That turns me on. I keep myself in good shape, which turns on my partner. If he couldn't see me, he'd have to feel me. Sex talk is wonderful. Now that I'm really thinking about this, it could be very exciting. Touching and talking are really more important than seeing. I could make love to a blind man. I'd stay and continue this conversation, but I'm going to find one.



Kimberly Paige

KYMBERLY PAIGE
MAY 1987

Touching. Creating an environment for sex with incense and classical music. I love classical music when I'm making love. I don't count on my looks or his. I do look for energy and attitude, a sense of humor and a strong character. A powerful man who will treat me like a woman, meaning with sensitivity and consideration. We could bathe together. I could give him a massage, rub oil on his back and then roll him over! He wouldn't have to see me. But I would do all of these things with the right guy whether he could see me or not.



Luann Lee

LUANN LEE
JANUARY 1987

I'm not too attached to my own looks. If the man were blind, I'd first try to use my voice. It would be a little game. Since he couldn't see me, he'd have to use his imagination. My voice, soft music, a nice atmosphere and touching him around the face and hair. I'd massage him. I love the feel of skin. I'd continue to talk to him, trying to make him feel comfortable and relaxed. If he didn't have looks to go on, he'd have to rely on feelings, his and mine. Touching would be very important. And, after a while, so would silence.



Rebecca Ferratti

REBECCA FERRATTI
JUNE 1986

I've never had a relationship based on looks. If I were having a relationship with a blind man, I'd make sure my hair was in good condition and my skin was very smooth, because different textures would be very important to him. He would be sensitive to touch. Smell would be important, too. Perfume would play a role. His finger tips would be sensitive. I would be his eyes. It would be an honest relationship. Why? Because even if his friends told him I was a good-looking girl, at the end of the day, if my personality sucked, he wouldn't be interested.



Marina Baker

MARINA BAKER
MARCH 1987

What is sensuous, aside from seeing your partner? Skin. A healthy, supple body. A blind man could feel that. Seeing is nothing compared with touch. Soft hair. A fit body. In some ways, it might make an encounter easier if it weren't all based on the visual things. Sex might be less inhibiting. On the other hand, I'd be dishonest if I pretended that visual stimulation wasn't a part of sexual attraction. You just don't need it as much when your other senses are working.



Julie Peterson

JULIE PETERSON
FEBRUARY 1987

If I can't visually stimulate him, what can I do? Is that the question? I don't think sex is all about physical beauty. It's in the eye of the beholder. If two people care about each other, that in itself is stimulating. I feel confident about my attractiveness and I have a personality. I can convey that to someone who can't see me. Also, I'm attracted to comedians, men who can make me laugh and have something going for them besides a chiseled jaw. Humor is adorable and sexy.



Lynne Austin

LYNNE AUSTIN
JULY 1986

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



PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER

a candid conversation about mind over muscle with the well-built, well-married and wealthy champion—yo, Sly!—of action movies

The legend is well known: how an Austrian-born muscleman, having singlehandedly transformed the sport of bodybuilding into a national pastime, went on to conquer Hollywood. There, portraying a series of entertaining comic-book superheroes—from gargantuan cavemen to monster robots—he created a new kind of strong man. His characters were invincible, often brutal, yet betrayed, if one squinted, a certain vulnerability.

The formula proved highly bankable for Arnold Schwarzenegger. Blockbuster films such as "The Terminator," "Conan the Barbarian," "Conan the Destroyer" and "Commando" grossed more than \$100,000,000 each. And as the revenues rolled in, they made Schwarzenegger rich. His subsequent investments, mostly in real estate, enhanced his reputation for shrewdness. The record shows that he owns several apartment complexes in Los Angeles; that he sold a \$10,000,000 investment property in Denver a few years ago; that he owns another \$10,000,000 office block in midtown Santa Monica; and that he's thinking about developing a Chicago-style Merchandise Mart in California. Forbes magazine recently estimated his two-year income from investments and holdings to be approximately \$26,000,000.

Such wealth, especially among the movie-

star elite, is not unique. What sealed Schwarzenegger's grip on the American dream was his remarkable entry into society. In the spring of 1986, he walked off with one of the country's great romantic prizes, Maria Shriver. A niece of John F. Kennedy, Shriver had beauty, brains and breeding—and served to replace her groom's recently expired green card with the ultimate blue-blood credentials. The man who had won five Mr. Universe and seven Mr. Olympia titles had completed his conquests.

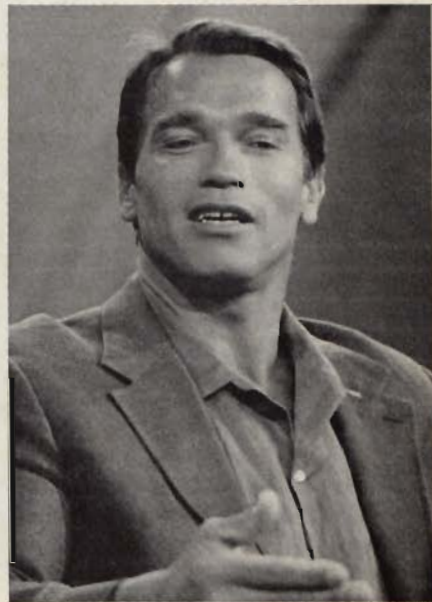
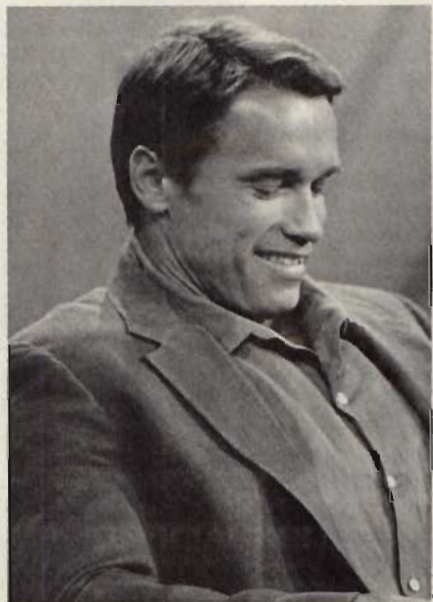
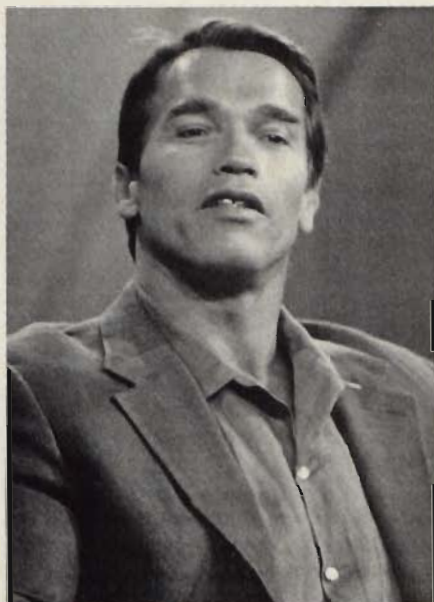
Yet this remarkable journey from Austrian weight room to international stardom has not been easy. Born 40 years ago in Graz, Austria, Arnold Schwarzenegger had a strict upbringing. His father was a military man who, after World War Two, became the district police chief; his mother also had a strong sense of discipline. Feeling penned in, he sought release in sports.

His father had wanted him to be a soccer champ, so at the age of 15, Schwarzenegger began lifting weights to strengthen his legs. He was taken with the regimen and began to study bodybuilding muscle by muscle—learning how each muscle worked, how to shape them. Soon he began to devote himself entirely to weight training. His obsession alarmed his parents, who eventually forbade him to go to the gym more than three nights a week. Un-

daunted, he built his own gym in an unheated room in the house. He watched Steve Reeves and Reg Park muscle movies. Enlisting in the army in 1965, after high school, he used his stint in the service as yet another vehicle for weight training. His dream, however, was to compete in America.

He arrived in the U.S. in 1967 with "little more than a gym bag" and high school English. Schwarzenegger knew that he had two things going for him: a charismatic personality and a strong will. "My desire," he stated in his autobiography, "was to train one whole year and beat everybody in America." The hard work paid off in the form of titles, most dramatically in 1970, when he was named Mr. Universe (for the fifth time), Mr. World and Mr. Olympia—a hat trick that no other professional bodybuilder has repeated in a single year.

In addition to his determination, Schwarzenegger also showed another trait in those early years: sly manipulateness. During competition, he would use a variety of tactics to psych out his rivals. In the documentary "Pumping Iron," he was shown playing on competitors' insecurities en route to grabbing the Mr. Olympia title. The New York Times, in a review of the movie, described Schwarzenegger's methods of "[messing] up



PHOTOGRAPHY BY PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE

"In the old days, bodybuilders talked about eating two pounds of meat and 30 eggs a day and about how they couldn't have sex, and so on. And I said to myself, 'Who the fuck wants to be part of that kind of sport?'"

"I experienced a lot of prejudice. The people in Hollywood had many reasons why I could not make it: my accent, my body, my long name. You have to establish yourself in such a way that no one else can compete with you."

"I have a love interest in every one of my films—a gun. It doesn't always have to be a woman. That's boring. Besides, you have to understand: In most action movies, women are in the way."

his opponents.' . . . He uses the guarded camaraderie that precedes the competition to play all kinds of one-up games."

Comfortable in his adopted land, Schwarzenegger began to think about making the United States his home. He had already evinced a shrewd head for capitalism, starting a weight-lifting mail-order-catalog business under the name Arnold Strong. Now, bored with the limited glories of competition, he became enamored of that tried-and-true American path to celebrity: movie stardom. Though prepared for a struggle in Hollywood, he got lucky fast. Running into a friend who was working on Robert Altman's "The Long Goodbye," Schwarzenegger was invited to the set to meet the director. Altman eventually hired him as the character whose primary purpose was to beat up Elliott Gould. In the credits, he was billed as Arnold Strong.

Pleased with the experience, he began to take his budding acting career seriously, working with professionals on his accent, his voice, his talent—lessons he continues today. His next major appearance—in "Stay Hungry," with Jeff Bridges and Sally Field—was his breakthrough film, earning Schwarzenegger a Golden Globe as best newcomer in films. From there, he was on to title roles, specifically in the "Conan" series.

But it was Schwarzenegger's portrayal of the title role in "The Terminator," in 1984, that secured his fame: He was named International Star of the Year, and the movie was listed among the ten best films of the year by Time magazine. The subsequent top-grosser "Commando"—as well as "Raw Deal" and last year's "Predator"—confirmed his growing popularity. That popularity was not limited to the screen. He proved a charming and witty guest on his numerous appearances in front of "The Tonight Show's" TV cameras, just as he had charmed the camera in "Pumping Iron." Yet, clearly, Schwarzenegger was a man who kept tight control of his cooperation with the media. Even after he had agreed to sit down for the "Playboy Interview," it took months for him to slot it into his schedule. And when the summons finally came, it was abrupt. He called Playboy interviewer Joan Goodman in Los Angeles on a Tuesday afternoon and told her to take a Wednesday flight to Chicago, where he was making a film. Goodman reports:

"When we began the actual interview, he was pulling on a long, black Cuban Davidoff cigar, which he said had cost \$25. Only half joking, he commented, 'Your time will be measured in stogies. When I finish one, the interview ends.'

"In that instance, Schwarzenegger was merely demonstrating the fine art of control—keeping everyone slightly off balance. He is one of the more finely tuned control freaks I have met in a career of celebrity interviews. He has said, 'The only thing that makes me nervous is when I don't get my own way'—and he means it.

"My first reaction to him was, there's a new Schwarzenegger on the scene. A normal-sized Schwarzenegger. He was 30 pounds off his

top competition weight and ten pounds down from his previous movie low of 210 pounds. The planes of his cheeks looked taut and sharp, the waist narrowed and hard-toned. In other words, he looked as near to regular-sized as can be expected from a man who has spent his life developing his pecs, abs, glutes and quads to outsized proportions.

"He explained that his new size was tailored for his character in 'Red Heat,' the movie he'd been shooting in Chicago. In the film, he plays a Moscow cop on the tail of a Soviet drug smuggler in the U.S. Although the film has the usual murder and mayhem woven into the script, Schwarzenegger was happy to defend it—as he does all his films.

"As you might expect, Schwarzenegger is a charmer with a slightly Teutonic sense of humor. He's old-fashioned and European with women. He won't let you pick up a check, he opens doors and he watches his language.

"I think he's probably at his best with men. A pal says he calls Schwarzenegger 'the elephant,' because he's a Republican. That, and because he never forgets his friends. Or his objectives."

PLAYBOY: If there's one thing your movies

"I watched violent movies all my life and it had no influence on me. Something on the screen doesn't turn a person into a killer."

are noted for, it's violence. Sometimes it's cartoonlike; sometimes it's gory. Do you ever think that too much screen violence may be bad for people?

SCHWARZENEGGER: If I thought it was, then I wouldn't do those films. As far as I'm concerned, it doesn't influence people. I watched violent movies all my life and it had no influence on me. Something on the screen doesn't turn a person into a killer unless there's something already wrong with him. And I don't think when you make a movie you can say, "There's some crazy person out there who may take this the wrong way, who may do something crazy." If you did that, you would never make a movie.

PLAYBOY: But the danger isn't just from the random crazy person, is it? Some studies show that younger people, especially, are influenced by the violence they see on the screen. And some people are acting against it.

SCHWARZENEGGER: Yeah, yeah, I know about the P.T.A., but this is just parents who don't want to take responsibility for controlling their kids. They work or are divorced or something. They think they

don't have the time. Besides that, the press and the TV news focus on violence—real violence—all the time. Every local news show starts with how many killings happened that day.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't that drive movie people like yourself to think up more and more violent scenes to outdo the real stuff?

SCHWARZENEGGER: There is less violence and gore in my latest movie, *The Running Man*—you don't see it as much. The cameras focus more on the faces and show the fear and the tension. Still, people get entertained in different ways. Some like love stories, some like historical movies, some like emotional films. And then there is that category of people who just like to go and see action movies with some violence throughout.

PLAYBOY: And the effect on younger viewers—

SCHWARZENEGGER: Movies are rated, for adults or for kids. So it's up to the parents. It's a tough job. I remember when my father would say, "Don't go to see this movie," I would run twice as fast. That's how I could tell how much I would like a movie: by how much my father disapproved of it.

PLAYBOY: Then you know that young people will get in to see your movies—or rent them on video—no matter what the rating.

SCHWARZENEGGER: Of course; whatever is forbidden as a kid you want even more. We had much stricter controls in Austria, because we had a police officer standing at the entrance to the movie theater checking our identification. If you were not the right age, you couldn't get in.

PLAYBOY: How did you get in?

SCHWARZENEGGER: [Laughs] My method was to walk in backward when the people were coming out, like I was part of the audience. I always found a way to get in there.

PLAYBOY: So what you are saying is, if a kid is like you, there is no way to keep him from seeing the kind of violent action films you make.

SCHWARZENEGGER: That I don't know.

PLAYBOY: What about the kinds of characters you play—terminators, eliminators, commandos? Do you think the message they send is that violence is heroic?

SCHWARZENEGGER: No, because the bad guys do worse. My characters just defend themselves. The message that is sent is to be strong and to be smart and to rely on yourself to get out of danger, to save your own life.

Look, you've had assassinations before now. Presidents were shot before Reagan and Kennedy, before there was television or radio. You can't say what puts a crazy idea in a crazy mind. It's easy to blame a movie rather than to blame yourself. Which is what parents are doing.

Another thing about these reports that come out: They can be interpreted how you want. Many movies reflect what is happening in society and are taken from

real stories. Maybe showing that is helpful, because it makes people know what can happen to them if they kill someone.

But the newspapers and news media are much more sensational. There was violence on the California freeways before, but now everyone's doing a story on it.

PLAYBOY: So you think the press is at fault?

SCHWARZENEGGER: In the case of the California freeway killers, I think the big mistake is that people keep guns in their glove compartments. The deal with that is, when you have a permit, you're always supposed to keep your ammunition and your gun separate, so if you get emotional, by the time you get your gun from the glove compartment and your ammunition out of your trunk, you have a chance to cool down.

But the bad thing about all this is that it makes people think that we have to eliminate guns.

PLAYBOY: And you don't think so?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Outlawing guns is *not* the right method of eliminating the problem. If you outlaw guns, people will still have them illegally. In Europe, they're outlawed everywhere. They have very strict gun control in Italy. Yet the Pope was shot. They have very strict gun control in Germany. Yet you see pimps shooting one another. Politicians have been shot in Sweden and Holland, where guns are outlawed.

I don't know how you handle this. I'm no expert.

PLAYBOY: Has playing so many violent roles had any influence on you personally? For example, do you have a bad temper?

SCHWARZENEGGER: No; I used to lose my temper more easily, but then I realized it's not worth it. It doesn't interest me to have revenge, either. It takes too much time and energy.

PLAYBOY: Although your movies have plenty of gore, they don't have much sex. And your character rarely has a love interest. Is that deliberate?

SCHWARZENEGGER: I have a love interest in every one of my films—a gun. [*Laughs*] It doesn't always have to be a woman. That's boring. Besides, you have to understand: In most action movies, women are in the way.

PLAYBOY: Interesting rule of thumb. Any exceptions?

SCHWARZENEGGER: If the story specifically revolves around the woman or the woman's role is written to make the story work. But when women are thrown in, the way Hollywood does—as bait to get sex in the movie—I don't want to be part of that.

PLAYBOY: Is that a principled stand?

SCHWARZENEGGER: As long as the woman is a token, I won't do the movie. It has to be like *The Terminator*, where the woman is the main character—where the story revolves around her. Then it is perfect. Then she comes out the hero. *Conan* is another great example. Or any of the movies where the woman has a specific purpose. But if they're just used for bait, then fuck it; I

don't want them treated that way.

PLAYBOY: There is probably a feminist thought in there somewhere. Actually, surveys show that there is a growing audience of women who *do* watch your films. Why do you suppose that is?

SCHWARZENEGGER: The vulnerability factor, I think. I play that on purpose. First of all, I *am* vulnerable in many ways. And I think that what you are comes out in a movie. I also think that people respond to a sense of humor in a character, especially when he's playing the stud, the big, strong guy.

PLAYBOY: So you think that a gentler, more vulnerable man shows through?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Yes, I think so. I mean, it depends. There is no such thing as a gentle man or an aggressive man; it just depends on the circumstances. Professionally speaking, I'm much more aggressive than I am gentle. In sports, I'm more aggressive than I'm gentle; but there are moments when you ought to be gentle, and then I can be gentle, too.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you projected that same vulnerability when you broke with the stereotype of the bodybuilder?

"I think that people respond to a sense of humor in a character, especially when he's playing the stud, the big, strong guy."

SCHWARZENEGGER: Yes. I think I made the sport more acceptable when I promoted bodybuilding in the mid-Seventies. For one thing, I didn't say the kind of things that put people off. In the old days, bodybuilders talked about eating two pounds of meat and 30 eggs a day, how they had to sleep 12 hours a day and couldn't have sex, and so on. And I said to myself, "Who the fuck wants to be part of that kind of sport?" First of all, it was not accurate; and second of all, if you want to make people join a particular activity, you have to make it pleasant-sounding.

PLAYBOY: What did you talk about?

SCHWARZENEGGER: It's like promoting anything: You make it fun. I talked about diet—but I said I eat cake and ice cream as well. I said I stay out nights and I have sex and do all the things that everyone says you shouldn't do. I said all you have to do is train three times a week for 45 minutes to an hour and you will get in shape.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you made muscle-bound guys more attractive and likable?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Yeah. I think for many years people always said that women

weren't interested in men with bodies that were physically developed, men who had a lot of muscles. But all that stuff was only talk. The reality was quite different. I never felt that women didn't like me, nor have any of my friends felt that.

PLAYBOY: You mean your bodybuilding buddies?

SCHWARZENEGGER: No one ever complained to me that since he got muscles, he couldn't get a woman. I think a lot of talk was the jealousy of men, because they felt inadequate around people who were in shape. That was in the Seventies, and it's all changed.

PLAYBOY: You mean the fitness trend?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Now every man belongs to a gymnasium or a Y or a club of some sort. People work out with weights. From the time I got to this country until now, it went from having 2500 gymnasiums to having between 30,000 and 40,000 clubs. That's what really changed.

PLAYBOY: Where did your original goal to be a bodybuilder come from?

SCHWARZENEGGER: I think I wanted to do something unique, something that not everybody else did. I was also very impressed with the idea of weight lifting, and when I joined the sports club, that was all that was in my mind.

PLAYBOY: How old were you?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Fifteen. It was my own idea to join this club. It was in Austria, and it was the first time I had made a decision on my own, without my parents. I had grown up in a very strict household. My father wanted me to be a champion soccer player, because I played soccer a little bit at that time. So to join the bodybuilding club on my own gave me a really great feeling of independence.

PLAYBOY: Did the other kids make fun of you? Bodybuilding wasn't exactly a varsity sport in Austria, was it?

SCHWARZENEGGER: No one made fun of me, but there was a lot of misunderstanding about bodybuilding. But that was fine. I understood that people were ignorant of this new thing. Now, of course, it's a very big sport in Austria and everyone is doing it. I was just ahead of my time. Whenever you're ahead of your time, you find resistance.

But, you know, resistance is a very healthy thing. It makes you a fighter. If everything comes easy in life, you become a softy, and my luck was that I grew up in very difficult conditions. I grew up just after the war, and there was no food around and very little money. It made me a fighter. When you're born in comfort, it's sometimes harder to struggle through things. So I was fortunate about that.

PLAYBOY: You have a reputation as a very determined person. Do you think your upbringing explains that?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Partly, yes. My mother and father were very strict, very proper—like everyone else around us. Or it may also be hereditary; my father was a very driven person, a perfectionist. Or it could

The Velvet Touch...

have been competition with my brother; he was a year older than I was. Or it may have been all of it together.

All I know is I had tremendous drive. I was taught that pain and suffering were not obstacles you should even think about. You just go through them. You just go on and conquer, then move on. When people say to me, "It must have been so difficult," it didn't even cross my mind. It was just part of it all.

PLAYBOY: Looking back now, was it enjoyable to spend all those years lifting weights?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Yes, it was the most fun thing to do. As a young guy, I trained with guys who were at the level of Mr. Austria. And that was a great inspiration. You don't usually start out so high. To work out with them and go to competitions and see myself getting stronger and more muscular and becoming a weight-lifting champion—something just clicked in me.

Everyone has something in him that will give him the same kind of joy. People have to give themselves the chance to find it by trying out different things. Some people never overcome the routine of life where you go to school, then go to work from eight to five and then have no time to try anything else, because you're tired. I was fortunate to stumble onto something that I really enjoyed.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying it's all luck?

SCHWARZENEGGER: No, not at all. I stuck with it and I struggled and worked very hard. It gave me a sense of accomplishment and a sense of independence.

In bodybuilding, you're not part of a team. You test yourself, learn to rely on yourself. That was always a big thing for me. I always hated to ask anyone for help, though I've gotten plenty of help in my life. Everyone needs help, but it was always more difficult for me to ask for help than to give it. I always wanted to do everything myself. It's my own craziness.

PLAYBOY: Bodybuilders traditionally rely on more than just themselves—chemicals, for instance. When you were competing, did you take steroids?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Oh, sure, sure.

PLAYBOY: Does that concern you now?

SCHWARZENEGGER: No, I don't worry about it, because I never took an overdose. I took them under a doctor's supervision once a year, six or eight weeks before competition. I was always careful and checked, and I never had any side effects.

PLAYBOY: What is your attitude today toward steroids? *Can* you become a champion without them?

SCHWARZENEGGER: I always tell people to stay away from them and rely on hard work. Today, there is a whole new breed of bodybuilders who rely just on hard training and use food supplements and amino acids and things like that. A lot of the guys who relied on steroids have retired.

There was always too much emphasis on what steroids could do. They might



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help you five percent, but they couldn't make you an overnight champion.

PLAYBOY: Then why did you take them?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Because at 20, all you want to do is be a champion. You take anything that anyone else is taking. You try to find out what are the best proteins, the best supplements around. When I came to this country, I found out about steroids and I tried them out. But I wish that in those days we had had drug tests. It would have been much better. Bodybuilding is what the name implies: to make your body healthier and stronger. Drugs do exactly the opposite.

PLAYBOY: What about other drugs; have you done them?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Never in my entire life. When I came to America, someone gave me a drug like speed. He told me it would make me sharper and I'd lose weight. But I lost muscle tone. It was like having a hard-on that's not hard, that is half limp. I don't like that. I like to feel fully pumped. I threw the pills away. Nor has anyone so much as smoked a joint when I was there. Or sniffed coke. Or taken any drugs. In Hollywood, I have never seen any drugs on the set or anywhere. It could be because people know me well enough to know that I don't want anything like that. I'm around actors all the time—and I've worked with them in Mexico, on jungle locations where you'd think it might happen just to pass the time—and I've *never* seen it.

PLAYBOY: That probably says something about your clout on a movie set. But the power you have now didn't come overnight, did it?

SCHWARZENEGGER: I experienced a *lot* of prejudice. The people in Hollywood had many reasons why I could not make it: my accent, my body, my long name. That made it very difficult—until I realized that you cannot compete at that level out here. You have to create your own position where you establish yourself in such a way that no one else can compete with *you*.

You just turn the whole thing around. That is what black actors do—including people like Bill Cosby and Eddie Murphy. They've created a certain thing that no one can touch; no one can compete with them. Studios can't do what they did to Marilyn Monroe and Jayne Mansfield and all those girls years ago. "If we can't get one, we'll get the other. She's blonde, she has tits, she has an ass, she has a good body. . . ." If one didn't want to do a script, they would get the other. That's what *The Jayne Mansfield Story*, which I did for television, was all about. [Schwarzenegger played the role of Mansfield's husband, bodybuilder Mickey Hargitay.]

PLAYBOY: You learned a lesson in power from *The Jayne Mansfield Story*?

SCHWARZENEGGER: I learned that you have to establish yourself in an area where there is no one else. Then you have to create a need for yourself, build yourself up. While their empire goes on, slowly, without their

realizing it, build your own little fortress. And all of a sudden, it's too late for them to do anything about it. And *they* have to come to *you*, because you have what they want. Because you're stable and your films always make money for the producer or the studio.

PLAYBOY: But can't that stability lead to a vicious circle, where you always make the same kind of films?

SCHWARZENEGGER: I feel I *like* to specialize in action adventure films right now. I know that a lot of people say, "I don't want to be typecast," but that's crap. It's *all* typecasting. If they want a black guy for a movie, no matter how fantastic an actor you are, if you're white, you will not be hired. Not even if you're Dustin Hoffman. And if they want somebody ordinary-looking for *Kramer vs. Kramer*, they're not going to hire Sylvester Stallone and they're not going to hire me, because we don't look ordinary.

PLAYBOY: What about your own acting? Most critics refer to your performances as "wooden." Don't you ever feel as if you'd like to show a little more emotion?

SCHWARZENEGGER: I don't say to myself, "Gee, I wish I could show my emotions." I think *The Jayne Mansfield Story* was a very emotional film in many ways. *Stay Hungry* showed a lot of emotion. So did *Commando*.

But you're right. In action films where you do the action yourself, you can't always show emotion. I think the majority of people out there appreciate that. They like to be able to disconnect emotions and go after what they want to go after, destroy what they want to destroy. That's why they go to see those films. It's a fantasy.

I'm portraying something that everyone wants to do. Everybody wants to say, "I'm upset with my boss. I wish I could finish him off. I wish I could just be cold and not let anything get to me." When people see one of my films, they subconsciously think it's *them* handling all these situations so easily, fighting back and getting even. So in those situations, you don't *want* to show too much emotion.

And producers also hire me because I don't *look* ordinary. If you do heroic things in movies, you can't look like a skinny rat. You have to look accordingly, and that's typecasting.

PLAYBOY: Was all of this—the movie career, the fame—an ambition you had from the start?

SCHWARZENEGGER: No. When I was younger, I wanted to do exactly what my father did—to be in the military or to be a police officer or with the *Gendarmerie*, which is the country police, or something like that. As a kid, I always ran around with my father's uniform on. I had to stand on a chair, because the coat would hang down below my feet. I put on the hat and all that stuff that went with the uniform. That was my first dream.

PLAYBOY: You had a brother who died.

SCHWARZENEGGER: Yes, in a car accident in

1971, when he was 24 and I was 23. I still think about it many times. I'm now bringing his son Patrick over to America. He's 19 and has just graduated from high school. He wants to study in America and will go to college to study business.

PLAYBOY: You were close to your brother, weren't you?

SCHWARZENEGGER: We were close. The whole family was close, but there was a competitiveness, too—obviously in sports and in school and every other way. There was always competition, because we were so close in age. I'm sure that's part of what spurred me on.

PLAYBOY: Which of you was the favorite child in the family?

SCHWARZENEGGER: The way I remember it, as a kid you get pissed off on a daily basis, because you feel there is no justice. Whatever you want to do, people tell you, "No, you can't." But my brother told me he went through the same thing. There was a no to him and a no to me, but sometimes . . . I felt he got more of the yeses and I got more noes. But then my brother would say to me, "You're so lucky that they like you more." My mother now says

*"While my friends were
dreaming about
working for the
government so they
could get a pension and
that shit, I was talking
about big things."*

that they always made an effort to treat us the same.

PLAYBOY: Your father had an enormous influence on you, didn't he?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Oh, yes, more than I ever realized. We spent a tremendous amount of time together. I grew up in a time when family was extremely strong. You'd have dinner together and breakfast together and lunch together, so you became much more a product of your parents than of outside forces.

Today, women work and they give the kid to some nanny or school and the kid becomes the product of that. That's why there is a breakdown in families today—kids don't feel close to their parents because of the lack of time they spend together.

My father was a musician. He tried to turn me on to classical music. I had no interest in it whatsoever. He was interested in cultural things, which is not unusual in Austria.

My father had this thing that every Sunday, something had to be done, if it was going hiking or going into town and seeing buildings or going to a play or listening to

him when he played with the police band. Then, the next day, we had to write about it, of course, and hand it in to my father. A ten-page paper or so. He insisted on that. He would then correct it with a red pencil, putting marks all over the place. "This sentence makes no sense. This sentence is not true; we did not go there. We did not see this exhibit. You made a mistake in the spelling; write this word 50 times." [Laughs] **PLAYBOY:** Has this carried over into adulthood?

SCHWARZENEGGER: I remember when I was 19, when I was in Munich, I was writing letters home to my father and he would say, "Why do you write so big? You don't want to write more?" And I would say, "No, my handwriting is just like that." [Laughs] So it was always something like that, correcting spelling mistakes or grammar or something like that. That's the way he was.

PLAYBOY: And did that kind of experience become a tool for you later on?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Oh, of course. The thing is that at first you bury it. You put it way back in your mind and you just ignore it. I thought everything my father said was wrong, but then you get to be 25 or 30 and you think back and say, "Goddamn it, can you believe it? All the things that I like now, my father was saying I should learn!" So somehow it surfaces again.

PLAYBOY: Someone said that that was what he noticed most about you—that you always wanted to learn, to absorb.

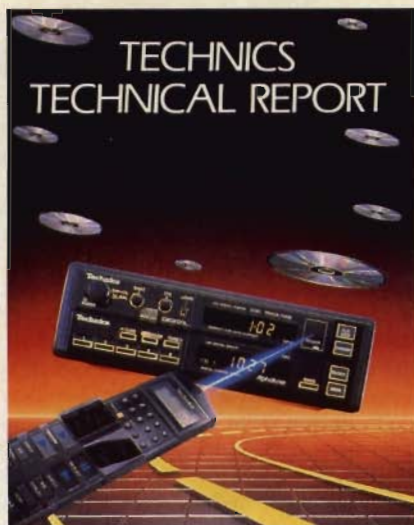
SCHWARZENEGGER: That's true. It's just part of being hungry. Hungry for learning. Continuously learning. This is what I always try to teach my friends that are around me all the time. You can't waste time. If you want to do something, learn about it, read about it, do it. Even in my bodybuilding days, I always hated just lying around on the beach in the sun. At least you could have a book and read. I had a professor in school who said, "Instead of wasting time, read 15 or 20 minutes a day about something that really interests you. By the end of the year, you will be an expert in it."

PLAYBOY: You seem to be saying two things—that you resented your father's exaggerated strictness but were enriched by it.

SCHWARZENEGGER: Of course. You have to understand, mine was a difficult background. I was born two years after World War Two ended. There was no food in Austria. My mother had to go around with us to various farms until she got enough food and sugar and stuff. I had only shelter and love from my parents; but after that, nothing. We had no television set in my house when I grew up. There was no phone, no bathroom in the sense that we know it.

PLAYBOY: And you began to plan almost immediately to get away?

SCHWARZENEGGER: It was a very small world and I had big visions and big goals. How they came into my mind, I don't know. They were just there. I had great fantasies always about where life could go,



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and I went after the fantasies rather than just dreaming them. I made them happen. While my friends were dreaming about working for the government so they could get a pension and that shit, I was talking about big things.

At the same time, we lived in a pretty large house. It was a good place to grow up, and my father was interested in antiques and art. As a kid, I never did appreciate it. All the things that were very common in Europe, I didn't like. When I came over here, it went back the other way. So I've learned now to appreciate what my father instilled in me. I even like to paint now myself.

PLAYBOY: When did your father die?

SCHWARZENEGGER: In December 1972. I was in America, in a hospital with a leg injury. I couldn't go to the funeral, because I was in the hospital. And I took it badly, because I knew how much he had done for me. When you have parents who mold you in a certain way, it's a great effort for them. You have a chance of paying them back, making them feel that all that effort meant something. Then that's all cut off. My father saw my progress—that I was developing in my sport and was smart in business—but he never saw the full circle. But death never comes at the right time, no matter when it is.

My mother is also a very important force in my life. I bring her over here to America once a year for two months, and we often spend Christmas and New Year's together. She usually comes on my film sets, too.

PLAYBOY: What does she think about your life in the fast lane?

SCHWARZENEGGER: She thinks I'm a workaholic, that I'm always on the go. You have to remember that she's from Graz, a little town in Austria where people sit around and sip coffee—one cup can last two hours—and talk. Then she comes to my house in California and gets up at eight in the morning—I'm just coming home from training—and she says, "Why so early? Why don't you eat first?" I say, "No, you have to train *before* you have breakfast." "This is healthy?" she asks.

Then the phone starts to ring and I'm eating breakfast and talking business. Then I go to the office and later I do workouts at home. I have people to the house. When I get an hour free, I play tennis on the tennis courts at home. Or I go to the park and ride my horse or go for a motorcycle ride. There's always a lot going on. My mother worries that I'm doing too much, but she's a very proud Austrian mother.

PLAYBOY: When people think of Austria these days, the subject of Kurt Waldheim comes up. What do you think about the charges against him?

SCHWARZENEGGER: I hate to talk about it, because it's a no-win situation. Without going into details, I can say that being half-Austrian and half-American, I don't like the idea that these two countries that

mean so much to me are in such a disagreement. Austria is a very important place for Americans, because it is a neutral country. With a little bit of good will, the problem will be straightened out. I think it's well on the way.

PLAYBOY: Spoken like a politician. Have you ever thought of running for office? In the family you've married into, the topic must come up.

SCHWARZENEGGER: I have no interest in that. I love politics; don't misunderstand me. It's extremely important to participate in the future of the country. But I love the job I do and the idea of being somewhat free. If you're in politics, you're supposed to serve the public, and then you have to clean up your act.

PLAYBOY: And you wouldn't want to clean up yours?

SCHWARZENEGGER: No. I don't have anything to clean up. I don't live the kind of life that will backfire. I don't believe in cheating on taxes or in secret deals to set up companies to escape the IRS. I do this out of moral principles—not because I'm worried about what the public will think. Although I admire the people who run for office, I cannot conceive of taking the risks and making the sacrifices they make.

Still, it's a question that comes up periodically. Every so often, people ask me if I'd run for office; but, like I said, the will isn't there. And the timing is wrong. I never want to leave anything incomplete. I wouldn't want to leave my business at this point, and I haven't reached my goals in acting yet.

There's something you learn very quickly in sports—to follow through with the motion. In weight lifting, you always talk about not choking the motion. The same is true for careers. There are many aspects to the entertainment business besides acting. There's directing and producing. You can take on many challenges, and until you feel saturated and done, there's no reason to think about anything else.

PLAYBOY: When you talk about getting to the top in acting, do you mean winning an Oscar?

SCHWARZENEGGER: The Oscar is only one way of establishing yourself.

PLAYBOY: What's another?

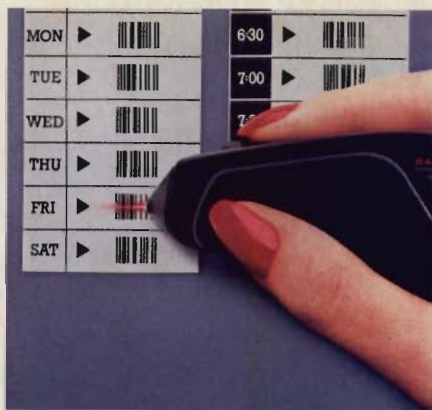
SCHWARZENEGGER: You can establish yourself as the actor who makes the most money for the studio. Or the one who actually receives the highest salary. Or the one who has the biggest percentage of ownership of the film. Like Clint Eastwood, for instance. He has a unique deal. He is truly the king of the film industry and the box office world-wide.

PLAYBOY: Are you forgetting your friend and fellow action-movie mogul Sylvester Stallone? Isn't he the highest-paid actor?

SCHWARZENEGGER: First of all, I don't know about that. Second, he is not my friend.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

SCHWARZENEGGER: He just hits me the



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wrong way. I make every effort that is humanly possible to be friendly to the guy, but he just gives off the wrong vibrations. Whatever he does, it always comes out wrong.

I'll give you an example. We had breakfast together not long ago, because we are making films for the same company. We discussed not getting in each other's way and when the films should be released. It was a very agreeable conversation on every subject, and then he said, "You've got to become a member of my new club." I said, "What club?" He said, "It's going to be an all-male club with no women allowed. Just like in the old days. Only men. And we sit around and smoke stogies and pipes and have a good time." I told him it was the worst thing he could do. That we're living in a very sensitive time period when women are struggling for equality. I said that I didn't agree with half the stuff they were talking about, but a club like that would offend every smart woman in the country. I said to stay away from it. "If you want just guys, invite them up to your house. That's what I do."

PLAYBOY: He's had some trouble with his image lately, hasn't he?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Just because you're a big star doesn't mean you have common sense about these things. Listen, he hired the best publicity agents in the world and they couldn't straighten out his act. There's nothing that anyone can do out there to save his ass and his image.

Just the way he dresses. Seeing him dressed in his white suit, trying to look slick and hip—that already annoys people. And the gold ring and the gold chains that say, "Look how rich I am"—all that annoys people. It's a shame no one taught him to be cool. He should have L. L. Bean shoes and corduroy pants with a plaid shirt. That's cool; that's how a director should look, rather than have that fucking fur coat when he directs.

PLAYBOY: Haven't you ever gone through a flashy phase with your clothes?

SCHWARZENEGGER: No; since 1976, I've had a tailor in New York who always says, "I'm going to make you look like old money." So I wear mostly conservative clothes and I don't go with trends. I love the prepie look, which, many times, is bright colors—green-corduroy pants or red pullover shirts. The thing is, you have to be very careful when you're big.

My favorite outfit is my shorts and my L. L. Bean loafers or Topsiders and a T-shirt. But you can't go to business meetings like this.

PLAYBOY: *Forbes* estimated your 1987 income at close to \$18,000,000—which you may want to comment on—

SCHWARZENEGGER: Probably not.

PLAYBOY: In what field do you make most of your money?

SCHWARZENEGGER: It's a combination of things—the films, the real estate and other

investments. I love making movies, because you make a great salary and you know ahead of time what to do with it, such as investments. That way, I pay my income taxes with pleasure. I know that whatever I give the Government, my investments will bring back. I enjoy paying taxes in this country, because you can make a fortune investing the right way.

PLAYBOY: How much money do you make per picture? We've heard that you got something like \$3,000,000 for *Predator*.

SCHWARZENEGGER: I don't like to get into the financial side of it. It doesn't sell any tickets and only makes people jealous. There are too many people out there who don't have it, so why rub it in?

In any case, I can't talk about a salary, because for years now, my salary has doubled annually. So there's no salary per se. With certain actors, you can say, "He's getting \$5,000,000" or "He's getting \$3,000,000, because that's what he's gotten on the past six movies." It's a standard fee.

With me there is no such thing, because I am a rising person. If, for instance, one year I get \$1,500,000, then the next year I get \$3,000,000 and \$6,000,000 the year after that.

PLAYBOY: Do you also participate through your production company?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Yes. That's why I cannot say what I get. Let's say for the last movie I got \$6,000,000. I then have Fox come after me for \$8,000,000. Then I have Keith Barish, who did *Running Man*, offer me a five-picture deal for \$50,000,000.

PLAYBOY: And you took that?

SCHWARZENEGGER: No, I won't take it.

PLAYBOY: Why?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Because that's not the bottom line. The number-one thing is the project itself. If the project is good, then they will all come to me with the money. Fox wants me to do another *Commando* and another *Predator* and then a prison picture.

PLAYBOY: You're in a nice position—all the studios want you to make films for them. The money keeps rolling in.

SCHWARZENEGGER: There are such enormous amounts of money that can be made in the movies. I mean, you're talking about profits on *Predator* of more than \$60,000,000 or \$70,000,000 for Fox.

PLAYBOY: Hasn't most of your movie money been invested in real estate?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Some has. But I owned apartment buildings and office buildings before I ever did a film. That was a great asset to my career. In the beginning, when people came to me and said, "I have a great part for you where you play a truck driver and you're on screen for ten minutes, but we'll use your body," I could afford to say no, because I didn't need the \$20,000 they offered. It meant nothing to me. What I wanted to do was to build a career.

PLAYBOY: As a newcomer from Austria,



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how did you know how to invest your money?

SCHWARZENEGGER: When I first came here, I began to take classes. I didn't have a student visa, so I could take only two classes in one school. That meant I took evening courses in business at UCLA and general-education courses at Santa Monica City College. I took art classes at West Los Angeles College—I was scattered all over the place.

Then I finally did a research program for Special Olympians at the University of Wisconsin. I submitted all my credits to them and needed only ten more credits for a degree. Altogether, I went to school for six years. It's all part of being hungry.

PLAYBOY: And it helped you become a smart businessman.

SCHWARZENEGGER: Yes, but you have to have a feel for business. It's something that you're born with or grow up with. Then, as long as you have an interest in it, you will want to learn and reach out and find out how it works and apply it to yourself.

PLAYBOY: Do you have an advisor for stocks and real estate?

SCHWARZENEGGER: No one specific person, though there are some people around me who give me advice. I read a lot about the subject. And I hear things. I belong to the Regency Club in Westwood, which is a very conservative businessmen's club.

PLAYBOY: Do they accept you as a businessman or as an entertainer?

SCHWARZENEGGER: It's not a place for entertainers. It's a place where I can meet people in real estate and business. I also talk with people in the stock market. It makes you aware of new companies and take-over bids. I also follow people like Donald Trump and Marvin Davis, people with a history of good business dealings. You watch their moves. That will educate you.

PLAYBOY: Does that mean that you handle your own investments?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Yes. I always do my own business dealings. Most people in the film business have their checks sent to their agent; then the agent sends it to the business manager. That's a sad situation.

PLAYBOY: What about your bodybuilding business? Is that highly profitable?

SCHWARZENEGGER: We have a mail-order business that deals with T-shirts and souvenir items that kids want. Lifting belts with my picture on them, tank tops, gym bags—that sort of thing. But they're priced so any young kid can afford them. It was never meant to be a big profit source—just something to support the office.

PLAYBOY: You also sponsor world championships. Do they make money?

SCHWARZENEGGER: I produce Mr. Olympia and Mr. Universe with a partner, Jim Lorimar, in Columbus, Ohio. It's become like the capital of bodybuilding. Listen, in my heart, I'm still as much a bodybuilder

as I ever was. I just don't compete, because I don't have the interest or the time. But I love the sport and the idea of supporting the young guys coming up. We always raise a lot of money so we can give good cash prizes.

PLAYBOY: Have you made financial mistakes?

SCHWARZENEGGER: I'm sure I have. In retrospect, I can say I would have done a few things differently. But you ask me if I have ever lost money. No, I have been far away from ever losing money.

PLAYBOY: Hasn't it been relatively easy to make money on real estate these past ten years?

SCHWARZENEGGER: People say you never lose money in real estate. That is the case if you invest wisely. But if you don't, things can fracture very quickly. There are developing situations that you're not always aware of: a change of leadership in the White House or the balance of Democrats and Republicans in the Congress. All these things create a swift change in the economy. So does the outbreak of war or a hostage crisis.

PLAYBOY: So you keep up with politics in order to be aware of these changes.

SCHWARZENEGGER: Oh, sure. When the Iran crisis happened, I could foresee it and I pulled out in time. When the shah was still in power, the Iranians invested in Los Angeles real estate. That drove up the real-estate market tremendously. When Khomeini came in, he stopped all that. On top of that, a proposition to bring controls on real estate was introduced. In a short period of time, a building that was once worth \$1,000,000 was down to \$750,000.

Whenever a Democratic Administration is in power, we in the real-estate industry make more money. Real estate goes with inflation. Under Carter, real estate made the most money.

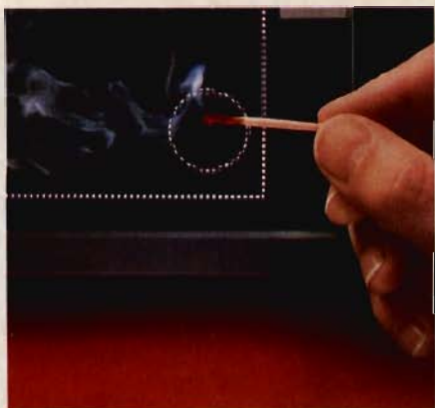
PLAYBOY: So you can't be too happy with Reagan on that score.

SCHWARZENEGGER: In the long run, what Reagan did was better for the country. You have to look at it in a less selfish way and say, "Do I want to make a quick buck now or do I want to have a stable economy for us and the next generation?" For me, Reagan was heaven.

PLAYBOY: How does this point of view go down with your wife's relatives, the Kennedys?

SCHWARZENEGGER: They understand where I'm coming from and I understand where they're coming from. You have to understand that my situation is quite different, because I'm not really part of the family in the way that, say, Sargent Shriver is. He worked directly with them and had a working relationship with President Kennedy. My business—whether it is real estate or show business or whatever else I'm doing—is much more disconnected from the family.

PLAYBOY: Then you don't feel that you have



Panasonic Audio Update

Panasonic XBS stereos produce bass so powerful, we dare you to match it. But they have much more to spark your interest.

XBS Goes Boom

The RX-C38 will put more boom in your room. It's a sophisticated 3-piece AM/FM stereo cassette recorder with auto-reverse and a 5-band graphic equalizer. Plus there's a 6-speaker system that's hard to equal. Because two speakers are subwoofers that will generate enough bass to knock you off your equilibrium.

XBS In A Mighty Mini

Don't let the small size of the RX-FM40 fool you. It's the compact stereo that produces bass with incredible impact. That's because it combines the XBS extra bass system with an AM/FM stereo, an auto-reverse cassette recorder, an 8-combination equalizer and a 5-speaker system.

XBS On A Personal Note

For those who want to experience XBS on a more personal level, there's the RX-SA79. It's an AM/FM personal stereo with multiband graphic equalizer, Dolby,* auto-reverse and specially designed headphones that intensify and magnify bass.

So if you want more than just basic bass, Panasonic XBS portable stereos will be your new power bass.

*Dolby is a registered trademark of Dolby Labs.

Panasonic
just slightly ahead of our time.®

to live with—or explain—the Kennedy mystique?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Now, knowing the family so well, I would say that the outside world analyzes them in certain ways that are largely inaccurate. The whole dynasty trip and all that stuff that people put on them—none of that is the case. They are just very full of life, energetic people, because that's the way they grew up.

PLAYBOY: Do your in-laws see your movies?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Sargent and Eunice see every one I make, and they immediately call me up to tell me what they think of it. They are very supportive and concerned that I make the right moves.

PLAYBOY: What about the rest of the Kennedys? How would you assess them?

SCHWARZENEGGER: I admire what Teddy Kennedy does, though I don't agree with his politics. I think he is the best in his field. Teddy Kennedy is one of the smartest about getting a bill through and dealing with other Senators.

PLAYBOY: Is he as smart as his brothers?

SCHWARZENEGGER: He is as smart, but he may not be as ambitious. He is the youngest, and it is hard to have that ambition or make that effort when you are the youngest.

PLAYBOY: Did you admire President Kennedy?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Are you kidding? I loved Jack Kennedy. He combined the best of each party. He was a Democrat who did things like a Republican. He hired Robert McNamara, who was the head of an auto company, to run the business of the Government.

PLAYBOY: How do you rate the new generation of Kennedys?

SCHWARZENEGGER: It's hard to say who will be the most successful. Certainly Maria and her brothers. The youngest brother has a great personality. Caroline Kennedy is very ambitious. She is going to law school now, and she wouldn't be putting herself through that shit if she weren't ambitious. She's a great girl. Jackie is lucky to have two kids like that. She deserves all the credit for it, because she raised them that way.

Bobby Kennedy, Jr., and his brother are very good. They have political ambitions, and so does the girl Emily [Bobby Jr.'s wife]. She's very smart. I don't know the Smith kids or the Lawford kids at all to comment on them.

PLAYBOY: Despite your political differences with Teddy Kennedy, do you see much of him?

SCHWARZENEGGER: When Teddy comes to town, he visits us or we have a small dinner for him. I also see him on family occasions, or sometimes we go out to dinner. He calls Maria when he's coming to town.

PLAYBOY: Maria is very close to her family, isn't she?

SCHWARZENEGGER: She is extremely close to the whole family. As a matter of fact,

I've never seen, especially in America, any family so close. They're always on the phone with one another. She spends a lot of time talking with her relatives. If it isn't Teddy, it's her parents or Jackie or Caroline or the Smiths or the Kennedys or the Lawfords. It's always something. One has a birthday, the other one gets married, the other one graduates—so there are always congratulatory phone calls and sending flowers and letters to one another. It's just continual communication.

It's wonderful to see the support they give one another. When Maria starts a new job, the phone doesn't stop ringing from her relatives congratulating her and being excited about it.

PLAYBOY: Was Maria very upset when CBS took her off the *CBS Morning News*?

SCHWARZENEGGER: I think that she felt it was time to get out of there. They got caught up in financial problems and there wasn't the support there. She was glad to move to another network—one that had more foresight as to where she could go with her career and also had the money behind it.

PLAYBOY: But all in all, would you say that her family has not changed your political views?

SCHWARZENEGGER: I'm too strong. I cannot be changed. My political point of view has been the same since I was 18. When I came to this country, I was in heaven, because Richard Nixon was President and Reagan was governor of California. I said, "This is great. This is right up my alley."

PLAYBOY: What about women's rights? Your wife also has a very visible job; has that been a problem for someone with your old-fashioned views?

SCHWARZENEGGER: When I first came to this country, I thought I would marry a woman who would take care of me and cook for me and take care of the house, the way my mother did. That's what I knew and it worked well at home, so I thought, That's exactly the way I would like it.

PLAYBOY: What changed your mind?

SCHWARZENEGGER: I lived here and went to school here and was exposed to new ideas. In bodybuilding, I saw women who wanted to get into the sport and were treated like second-class citizens. I felt that it was very unfair. So, in the mid-Seventies, I made a move to include women in bodybuilding, even though it isn't my trip to see women with big muscles. But I appreciate their intentions. Sport is for all people, not just one sex. I learned that you have to look at women differently. It came very slow. But after being called a malechauvinist pig by every girl, I now understand the struggle of women.

PLAYBOY: Has marrying Maria helped?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Of course. She's out there competing in a man's profession, and I see how hard it is. And it adds to my life, too.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

SCHWARZENEGGER: When you have a woman who has a profession, the nice thing is that there is an exchange of ideas. When you come home, you don't just talk about yourself and what you did. Maria tells me who she interviewed, what she learned. And I learn from that. So when we sit at dinner, we have the most interesting conversations. It's a two-way street. We are on equal grounds. There is no boss—though my wife sometimes tries to make me believe differently. I know for sure the way it really is.

PLAYBOY: You say you have a big ego. Do you ever get jealous of Maria because she gets a great deal of media attention, too?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Not at all. I'm doing fine the way I am. Sometimes I don't want to pose for a cover with Maria, because I know then an editor wants to do an Arnold-and-Maria story rather than something that will promote a movie. But it's not jealousy of Maria. If they want to put her on the cover instead of me, great; I'm very happy. But I don't want to sell the Kennedy shit, because that's something totally different.

PLAYBOY: You've built tennis courts at your new home. Have you always been interested in tennis?

SCHWARZENEGGER: No, I became interested in it because of Maria.

PLAYBOY: Can you beat her?

SCHWARZENEGGER: No, I can't.

PLAYBOY: That's good for you. It keeps you humble.

SCHWARZENEGGER: No, it's good for her. It makes her feel good.

PLAYBOY: How does it make you feel?

SCHWARZENEGGER: It inspires me. [*Half jokingly*] I say to myself, "I'll take 1000 hours of tennis lessons and I'll beat her."

PLAYBOY: You've said that you don't allow Maria to wear pants. Now, what's the story?

SCHWARZENEGGER: I hate pants. This is something I have inherited from my father. He despised pants, and my mother was never allowed to wear them at home. We're talking about a different time period now, when the man was much more the ruler of the house. But I still feel that way, and neither my mother nor Maria is allowed to go out with me in pants.

PLAYBOY: You prefer your women in dresses and skirts?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Definitely. Although sometimes when I see models wearing pants, it looks great. It looks sexy when you see them dance and stuff like that. But, in general, I still like the old-fashioned way. A dress represents the opposite sex. It's more feminine and it's sexier. There are times when I can understand that a woman would want to wear pants. A stewardess doesn't want anyone looking up her dress. Maria would never wear pants, believe me.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Because she knows she looks better in dresses. Maria has the kind of look—the kind of face and hair and eyes and mouth and body—that is very royal. Like a queen. And I don't like to see a queen in pants. Maria looks great in very strong colors, because she has such strong features and dark hair; her clothes have to counterbalance that. She needs royal blues and red or black and white; she needs to stay away from earthy colors.

PLAYBOY: You and Maria had known each other for ten years before you got married. Why did you wait so long?

SCHWARZENEGGER: The day I met her, I felt that she was a very special woman, but our relationship started very slowly. Looking back, I can say that every year I've been with her, I've loved her more. But a commitment to marriage is not like a business deal where, if it doesn't work, you go to arbitration or to court. That's why I didn't jump in when I was 25 or 30 or 35. It was right to wait, because I wasn't ready. I jumped in when I was 39. I knew that Maria was the right woman for me, and she has been the greatest addition to my life and my happiness.

PLAYBOY: Before you were married, you

*"I hate pants on women.
Neither my mother nor
Maria is allowed to
go out with me in pants."*

and Maria kept separate residences. Why?

SCHWARZENEGGER: It was better. Maria comes from the number-one Catholic family in America, and it just would not be right. I didn't want people to write about how she lived in sin. I wasn't thinking selfishly. I'm Catholic, too, but I don't care about all that. But I have all due respect for the family and I didn't want to hurt their image.

PLAYBOY: You've come from different backgrounds, to say the least. Does that cause problems?

SCHWARZENEGGER: That's always been a big asset to us. Maria has a great sense of humor, and she laughs at my being a perfectionist. As soon as I take a sweater off, I want to hang it up. When I have laundry, I put it in the right place. I'm very neat, and because I was a bachelor for so long, I picked up certain habits. My mother was a fanatic about cleanliness. Also, my love for clothes and my possessions is much greater than Maria's for hers, because I never had anything. And whatever I did have, I had to take care of. For instance, if we're going to throw a football around, I'll

put on a five-dollar sweat shirt. You know, you jump on the grass and roll around. Maria doesn't hesitate to put on a cashmere sweater and roll around in the grass. I'm amazed that she can put on a \$400 cashmere sweater so comfortably and sweat and throw a football or play tennis in it. I couldn't.

This, of course, is my upbringing. In Austria, silk or cashmere wasn't heard of.

PLAYBOY: So America's leading *macho* man is concerned about cashmere. Is it true that Maria gives you her buttons to sew on?

SCHWARZENEGGER: She doesn't do that anymore; she will have them sewn on by somebody. But she knows I *love* domestic work. I used to love washing my own laundry or cooking for myself or vacuum cleaning the apartment. I really enjoyed it. When we have dinner at home, I will go and take the dishes away and rinse them off. Having lived alone so long, I know that if you leave dishes in the sink, they get sticky and hard to wash the next day.

PLAYBOY: We've never thought of you as being domestic.

SCHWARZENEGGER: You should see me iron shirts!

PLAYBOY: So, for all intents and purposes, yours is the ultimate American success story. You have more money than you can count; you have married a beautiful woman from one of America's most prominent families; your career is going great guns—what do you fantasize about now?

SCHWARZENEGGER: The only fantasies I have are about my future. Daydreams, I would say. I have a very strong power of vision. When I used to train, I was very much into visualizing my body. I saw the body in front of me, the way it should look, and then I would do the exercises according to that vision. Many people attributed my winning all those competitions to that.

It's not something I do with a conscious effort at all. I don't say, "Let me think about where I would like to be ten years from now." It just runs by, like a movie. The visions come in from somewhere, and then I go after those things. I think, That's a great idea, what I just saw, and then I go after that. I may be guided by my visions more than by conscious decisions.

PLAYBOY: But the practical side of you is concerned with making money, more and more profits.

SCHWARZENEGGER: No, money doesn't mean anything to me. When I think about money, I want to have enough so I can have fun. Fun is the most important thing. I want joy. I want fun. I want to play tennis and go mountain hiking, river rafting and skiing. I want to have a *great* time with my life.





"It's 12 minutes into the new year. Maybe a little sexual exercise and off to sleep."

Kim

WE TOLD YOU BASINGER WOULD MAKE IT BIG



After her kinky fix with Mickey Rourke in *9½ Weeks* (left), Kim went on to star with Richard Gere in *No Mercy* (above) and Jeff Bridges in *Nadine* (below). Her other leading men have included a *Who's Who* of contemporary hunks: Sean Connery, Burt Reynolds, Robert Redford, Sam Shepard and Bruce Willis—quite a list for an actress whose first appearance on our pages, five years ago, brought her to the attention of top Hollywood directors. The rest, as they say, is history.

Playboy predicted Kim Basinger's big-screen potential in a 1983 cover story, a photo essay Kim herself has often hailed as "a stupendous success . . . you can't imagine what happened to my career because of *Playboy*." Back then, judging the merits of this Georgia-bred honey seemed such a daunting task that we recruited a panel of experts to appraise her prospects. They judged them hot. Federico Fellini called her "the prototype of a galactic New Woman," while the late Bob Fosse cited "a mouth that would turn a leader of the Moral Majority into a heavy breather."





No argument, guys, she's the steamiest screen blonde since Turner, Monroe and Bardot.



OK, looking good came easy for Kim, a former top model but so shy as a schoolgirl that she'd faint if called on to recite before a class. Even so, Kim insists she saw the future burning bright: "I've *always* been on a roll. . . . I had my ups and downs, yes, but I just knew everything would come."





Basinger has dared . . . and bared . . . plenty in a series of controversial career moves.



Recalling the challenge of her striptease in *9½ Weeks*, she notes, "I figured I was only going to do this once in my life, so I gave it all I've got." *Nadine* director Robert Benton sums up: "She's so beautiful, it's hard for many people to accept her immense talent as an actress."

P

oised as a movie star or posed as a top model, Kim Basinger becomes a legend most.



Kim, who rarely minces words, often tells interviewers that she prefers animals to people. And when her first unveiling here was criticized by a cosmetics exec whose products she had hyped, she replied "There's more of the essential truth of me in the *Playboy* layout." Amen.





"Maybe, this time, I won't blow it!"



O Canada

MEET KIMBERLEY CONRAD,
VANCOUVER'S MOST
EXQUISITE EXPORT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY



WHEN SHE GOT OFF the plane from Vancouver, Canadian Kimberley Conrad had a little trouble at LAX. The problem wasn't that she was carrying contraband—it was her outfit. That day, Kim had on leopard pants, bare-midriff blouse and silver pumps, and it took inspectors the better part of an hour to clear her through U.S. Customs. "I wouldn't have minded, but I was on my way to a huge party," she says. "I couldn't wait." When Customs asked the reason for her trip to America, Kim said, "Pleasure."

"The best part of sex for me is after or before—just kissing, touching, being close. I love that. I love holding and hugging and kissing, and it sounds corny, but that's how I feel."



Shortly after her airport encounter with Customs, Kim made her American party debut—still attired in leopard pants, bustier blouse and silver heels—and wowed the crowd. “Two men asked if they could buy my outfit right off my back,” she says. No dice, Miss January told prospective buyers. “But I appreciated the thought.” A lingerie fan, she even remembers what she had on *under* that costume. “A G string. And under the blouse, of course, no bra. You can’t wear a bra with a getup like that.” Who would want to? “I feel sensuous in fine lingerie,” she says. “I really think the key to being sexy is to *think* that way. I can be a flirt, but I’m very passionate by nature. In bed, I think about pleasing my man—if it pleases him, that pleases me.” When her partner is a camera, she says, “It’s almost the same thing. As a model, I try to please the camera. I think of sexy things—garter belts and French-lace bras. I think of shopping for lingerie at Neiman-Marcus or even Frederick’s—and wearing it later.” Seduced yet?







"I feel privileged to be a Playmate, but I'm not letting it get to my head. I'm going to enjoy what's happening to me. I'm in control of my own destiny, and whatever it is, it's going to be fun."



Vancouver is my home, but I think of myself as a Canadian-American," says Miss January. Born in Alabama 24 years ago, a model Canadian since she was 17, Kim has a feline grace, high cheekbones and come-on eyes that have made hers the most recognized face in Vancouver. Now, she says, she wants to take on the States. As busy and beautiful as Vancouver is—not to mention home to her fave delicacy of all time, Earls burgers—it ain't America. "I love that city, but I had to come here. If you want to succeed, this is where it's at. Besides," she says, "I like American men. I think they treat their women better. American men believe more in a woman's equality. They don't have to be in charge all the time. They're free spirits—that's what I like about Americans. Don't get me wrong—I like Canadian men, too, but when I think American, I think of a guy in tight jeans, who's well built and has a suntan—mmm, nice." Kim's appreciation of the American male is sure to be returned.



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Kimberley Conrad

BUST: 36 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5'9" WEIGHT: 122 lbs.

BIRTH DATE: 08/06/63 BIRTHPLACE: Moulton, ALABAMA

AMBITIONS: To be financially self-sufficient, do a cover for Playboy & travel the world.

TURN-ONS: Levi's 501 Jeans, sexy lingerie, midnight walks on the beach, G strings.

TURN-OFFS: gossip, pretentious people, early-morning phone calls.

FAVORITE FOOD: EARL'S Hamburgers, Chinese food, sushi and Snickers bars.

FAVORITE OUTFITS: silk & satin, leather & lace.

POTENT POTABLE: moonlight martinis.

MYSTERY DATE: I'm in a casino in Monte Carlo and receive a formal invitation to dine on a private yacht; when I arrive, I find I'm the only guest on board. My host pours champagne, our eyes meet, we set sail and then, who knows?



FASHION Model
Branka's Boutique



Mom (Betsy) & I
having a barbecue.



Dior & I playing
at the beach.

MISS JANUARY PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH







Canada

Kimberly

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

As the truck driver came flying over the top of a steep hill, he spotted two figures in his path rolling around in the middle of the road. The driver blew his horn and braked frantically, but the couple continued their lovemaking, oblivious to his warnings. The truck finally slid to a halt barely three inches from the pair. "Are you crazy?" the driver shouted at them. "You could have been killed."

The man stood up and faced the driver. "Well, I was coming, she was coming and you were coming," he panted, "and you were the only one with brakes."



The Jewish people have observed their 5748th year as a people," the Hebrew teacher informed his class. "Consider that the Chinese, for example, have only observed their 4685th. What does that mean to you?"

After a reflective pause, one boy raised his hand. "Yes, David," the teacher said. "What does that mean?"

"That the Jews had to do without Chinese food for 1063 years."

Why did New York police take the 911 emergency number off the back of their squad cars? Because thieves kept stealing them, thinking they were Porsches.

After his legs had been broken in an accident, Mr. Miller sued for damages, claiming that he was crippled and would have to spend the rest of his life in a wheelchair. Although the insurance-company doctor testified that his bones had healed properly and that he was fully capable of walking, the judge decided for the plaintiff and awarded him \$500,000.

When he was wheeled into the insurance-company office to collect his check, Miller was confronted by several executives. "You're not getting away with this, Miller," one said. "We're going to watch you day and night. If you take a single step, you'll not only repay the damages but stand trial for perjury. Here's the money. What do you intend to do with it?"

"My wife and I are going to travel," Miller replied. "We'll go to Stockholm, Berlin, Rome, Athens and, finally, to a place called Lourdes—where, gentlemen, you'll see yourselves one hell of a miracle."

A proctologist prepared his patient for examination, then buzzed the nurse and asked her to bring him a light. A moment later, she came into the room and handed him a beer.

"No, Miss Collins," the doctor hissed. "A butt light."

What do Gary Hart and the Boston Celtics have in common? If they had played at home, they would have won.

Two friends were out drinking when suddenly one lurched backward off his barstool and lay motionless on the floor.

"One thing about Jim," the other said to the bartender, "he knows when to stop."

In his usual brutish way, the chief bo'sun's mate was bullying the men assigned to paint the ship. Shouting down at the sailors suspended over the side, the unrelenting seaman yelled, "Hall, you paint like I fuck."

"Is that so, sir?" Hall replied, looking up. "Did I get it on my face?"



Philosophical graffiti spotted in the bathroom of a sex-change clinic: WE MAY NEVER PISS THIS WAY AGAIN.

A Chicago salesman was about to check into a St. Louis hotel when he noticed a very charming woman staring admiringly at him. He walked over and spoke with her for a few minutes, then returned to the front desk, where they checked in as Mr. and Mrs.

After a very pleasurable three-day stay, the man approached the front desk and told the clerk he was checking out. In a few minutes, he was handed a bill for \$2500.

"There must be some mistake," the salesman said. "I've been here for only three days."

"Yes, sir," the clerk replied. "But your wife has been here a month."

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.



"Make haste, girls—something wonderful has happened to Mr. Scrooge!"



Raymond Hill

"Oh, well, I suppose it's the thought that counts."



THE (HURRAH!) RETURN OF THE MINISKIRT



essay By BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN

MINISKIRTS. The ultimate treat for men. No need to devise clever strategies for peeking at panties and possibly throwing out your back. Miniskirts make that unnecessary. And women are trotting around in them, proving that they do like men after all and are interested in more than just their fair share of the market place.

A woman in a mini is not just saying, "Come over and hop right on." That's what caused all the trouble the last time around. Men would see those little skirts and say, "Goddamn it, she's asking for it." And sometimes she was. But not always. Inside some of those miniskirts were the proud and curvy little bods of feminists upset that they couldn't wear a teeny skirt without sending out the wrong signal. So the mini was taken away for a few decades, forcing men to consider their behavior.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG



However, it's back now, though with the clear understanding that just because a woman has one on doesn't mean she wants to take it right off. She may want to keep it on for a while. She may have just bought the damned thing.

And even though she's wearing this little wisp of a garment and is just about exposing the entire package, it does not mean she is ready for action. She may be considering the proper stance for America in the Persian Gulf—and, at the same time, airing out her legs a little. Men didn't understand that on the first go-around, but they sort of do now.

Some of the new minis seem begrudging and tightly bound, forcing their owners into a duck-like waddle that only a small group of sophisticates will enjoy.

But most of them remain short, shorter and Where Did That Sucker Go? Who looks good in them? Surprisingly, not many. If you're talking pert-and-saucy Mary Hart, fine; but a flimsy on Diane Sawyer would undercut her serious approach to world affairs. A mini on Raisa Gorbachev comes off as a cheap *glasnost* ploy. And for God's sake, keep Margaret Thatcher in something sensible.





Minis look best on distant, anonymous women with coltlike legs, slipping through the night to sip imported beers with investment bankers.

Also attractive in minis:

- Undercover decoy cops.
- Candidates' daughters.
- First novelists.

• Old broads who hung around with Papa in Paris and always knew that the legs were the last to go.

• Female characters in minimalist fiction. Joyous when they first come barreling out, these heartland honeys can be counted on to have an attack of K mart angst, vomit on their minis and wind up sitting in a pickup, waiting for the geese to fly over.

• Anyone's girlfriend except yours. You've seen Joanie's legs. You see them all the time. It's other folks' legs you want to see.

• Muammar el-Qaddafi. (According to the late CIA bigwig Bill Casey. But didn't Qaddafi's people spread the same story about old Case?)

Which leads, somewhat circuitously, to the essential question: *Why now?* Why not wait till the unpleasantness blows over? Who needs to see hot legs and a promise of much, much more when it's best to keep sex on the back burner for a while?





People of every persuasion can agree that this is a dangerous time to reintroduce a new sex toy. But since when do big bucks have a conscience? An abbreviated skirt carries the same price tag as an honest one and uses only one third the fabric. The rest is profit for the mini moguls. If working moms have to go around with exposed tushes . . . if two out of three skirt guys are forced to either sit on the side lines or take low-paying service jobs . . . if the Japanese once again come out on top . . . well, that's showbiz.

Meanwhile, the minis are back, so enjoy them while you can, or at least try to, and for God's sake, don't let the Surgeon General's face interfere with your pleasure. After all, you're only looking. Sure, there are studies that say that's worse than a hands-on approach, but so what? There are always studies, and the results are far from conclusive.

Get off on those tiny skirts. The mini, with its basic rip-off attitude toward the consumer, may be the last gasp of the what's-in-it-for-me? years.

After that, it's honest skirts and America goes back to work.







S U S A N D E Y

At 17, Susan Dey began her acting career as Laurie, the older daughter in "The Partridge Family." Now, half her life later, divorced, the mother of an eight-year-old daughter, the actress has traded in that wholesome-girl-next-door image for something a little more down to earth in the NBC-TV hit "L.A. Law." She plays deputy D.A. Grace Van Owen, prosecuting criminals in the courtroom and cavorting with co-star Harry Hamlin in the bedroom. Free-lance writer Dick Lochte caught up with Dey at a Hollywood restaurant. "There'd been a couple of recent magazine articles depicting her as a depressed, melancholy neurotic," Lochte says. "They didn't jibe with the upbeat, energetic, tanned blonde who strode purposefully across the floor and flopped onto a chair. Introductions over, she lighted an unfiltered cigarette, causing some guy at the next table to complain loudly to the waiter. The waiter explained that this was, after all, the smoking area. And as the guy huffed away in search of rarer air, Susan called after him cheerily, 'Try 'em. You'll like 'em. Really.'"

1.

PLAYBOY: It's hard to believe you're the Susan Dey we've been reading about. "WHY SUSAN DEY SAYS... I'M AFRAID OF EVERYTHING." "SUSAN DEY: HOLLYWOOD ALMOST KILLED ME." Are we catching you on a particularly good day?

DEY: I ran into the woman who wrote the "AFRAID OF EVERYTHING" article. She said, "Do you hate me?" I said, "No, I don't hate you. I hated the article, though. But I don't hate you." And she said, "I'm so glad you didn't take it personally." I told her I realized she was in business to sell

magazines. I didn't hate her, but I blamed her.

Anyway, no, I don't fear everything. We were talking about being afraid and how frightening it is to take risks, and I said that I felt it was better if you do take risks and are afraid.

The other one, "HOLLYWOOD ALMOST KILLED ME," was this conversation about my anorexic days, when I

was 17. Twenty minutes out of a three-hour interview. At one point, the interviewer said, "I guess you could say Hollywood almost killed you." And I laughed and said, "I don't think so. I never even went to a hospital. But I suppose you could say that." And they did.

2.

PLAYBOY: Grace Van Owen has been described as driven, uptight and a control freak, yet millions of men seem to be terribly attracted to her. Why?

DEY: It's the suits. That's what a man told me on an airplane. He said, "I want you to know the only reason I watch that show is the suits."

Seriously, I think it's terribly exciting to see a woman who is so independent and so powerful and yet sexual and sensual at the same time. And vulnerable. You do see Grace's vulnerability. Until recently, television viewers never really had an opportunity to see that kind of woman.

3.

PLAYBOY: Are there parts of Grace's character you'd like to acquire yourself?

DEY: I would love to be ruder. I would love to feel OK about being rude.

4.

PLAYBOY: Before that happens, let's talk a little about your past. Specifically, how does a shy teenager from Mount Kisco, New York, become a successful model?

DEY: I was—shy is not the word. Any time I could perform, I was performing. My parents would have people over. My sister and brother would hide in their rooms. Not me. I was right up front.

If there was any shyness, it was in terms of "Who am I?" I knew there was a world out there—beyond Mount Kisco—but I didn't have any sense of what it could be. I remember, I had just turned 15, and I talked to my stepmother about it. I told her I didn't know what I wanted to do that summer, but I felt this need to see what was going on. And she told me she had sent my photograph to a modeling agency in Manhattan. I was horrified at first. But that's how it all happened. My stepmother took me to the agency. They told me to lose five pounds and come back in the summer. It was that simple.

5.

PLAYBOY: Was it everything Brooke Shields makes us think it is—dining with

Scavullo and flying down to Rio to do a fashion shoot?

DEY: More so then than now. I understand things are really tight now. But I guess it goes both ways. We would change behind rocks in Central Park; now they have to have Winnebagos. But some of it used to be absolutely wonderful. All of a sudden, they would call and say, "You're going to Puerto Rico. You're going to St. Croix."

6.

PLAYBOY: Did you become one of the more sophisticated 15-year-old models?

DEY: I wouldn't say that. I'd never stayed in hotels before. I wasn't used to maid service, and it was in St. Croix, I think, that I'd get up and make the bed every morning. That's how sophisticated I was.

7.

PLAYBOY: When you became part of *The Partridge Family*, did you find Hollywood fun, confusing, weird? What were your impressions?

DEY: Everyone worked very hard. The show was an immediate hit. The timing was absolutely perfect. I loved the work. The publicity was something entirely different. This was the time of the teen fan magazines. They published whatever they wanted to. No matter how often I would say that I didn't do my own singing on the show, they convinced readers that I did. Just the other day, I was talking to an extra on our show and I happened to mention that it was not me singing, and he was furious.

Those fan magazines kept images alive. When I first came out, I remember, there was all this talk about Bobby Sherman, Bobby Sherman, Bobby Sherman. I finally had to ask someone, "Who's Bobby Sherman?" I'd come from New York. I'd come from a high school where we'd had a sit-in because of Cambodia. I knew about the Beatles. Ed Sullivan. Mia Farrow, even. But, forgive me, I didn't know who Bobby Sherman was.

8.

PLAYBOY: Not that we're suggesting that Hollywood was the reason, but didn't you become anorexic about then?

DEY: I was a true anorexic-bulimic. But I didn't know it. At the time, the illness was unknown. To me, it was a new diet.

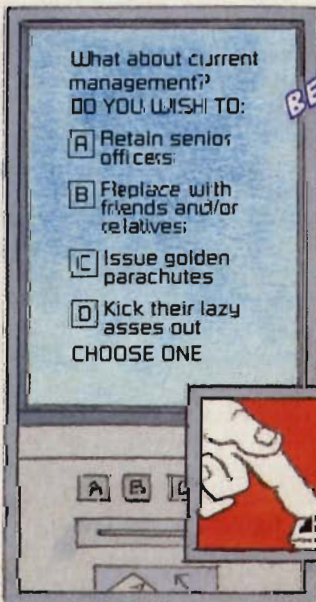
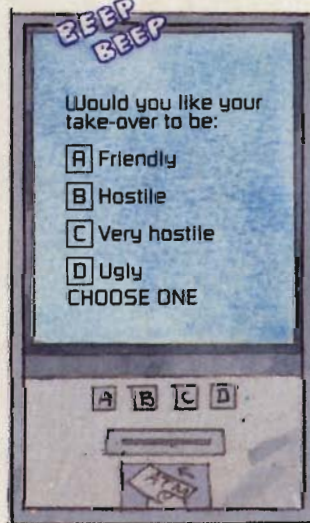
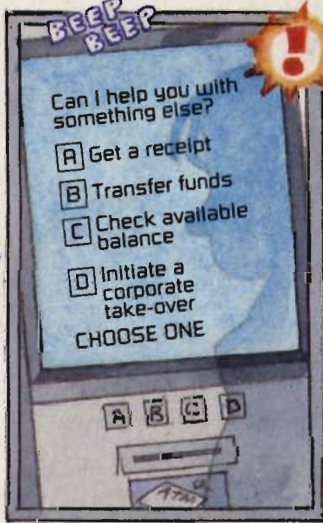
As to why (continued on page 177)

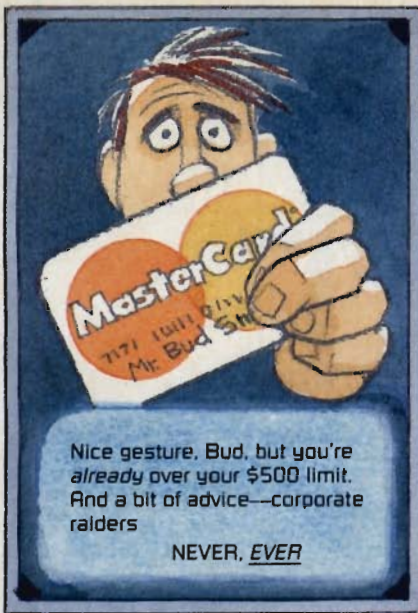
l.a. law's
deputy d.a.
makes a case
for smoking and
rudeness and
confesses a
preference for
the older man

A NIGHT AT THE CASH MACHINE



STORY: LLOYD LYNFORD, BOB SLOAN ART: ROWLAND P. WILSON



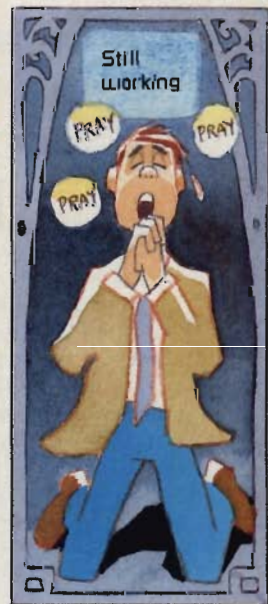
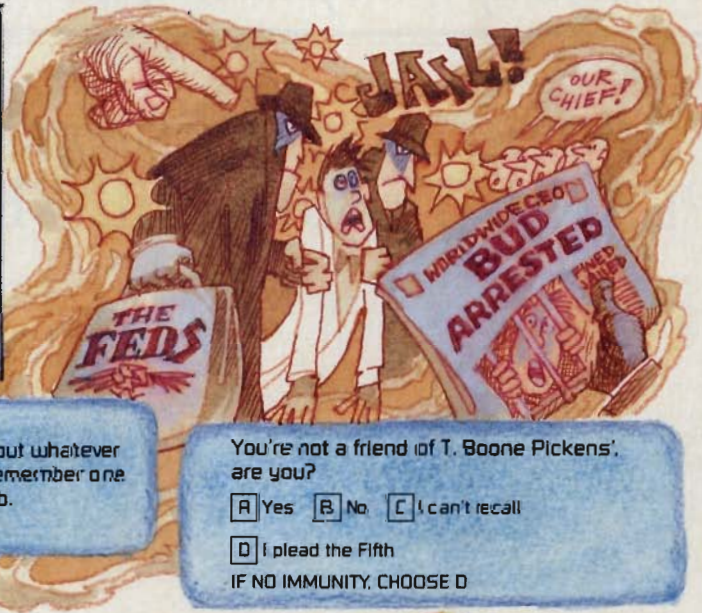


Pssst. We're stuck at 49 percent of the stock. An old lady in Paducah won't unload her 12 shares.



Not to worry, Bud. I believe I can access a little inside information that could tip the scales in our favor, capisce?

A Yes
 B No
 C Why, sure. What the hell?



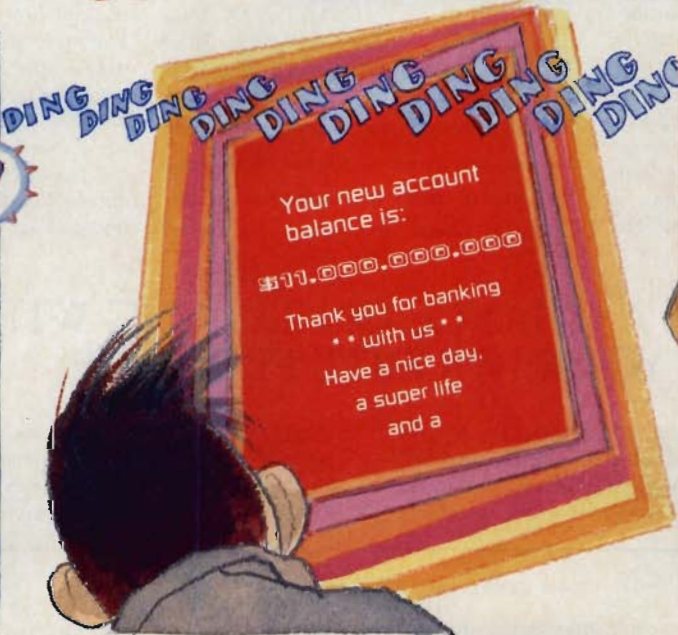
I'm still working on it, Bud; but whatever the outcome here tonight, remember one thing: You're one ballsy s.o.b.

You're not a friend of T. Boone Pickens', are you?

A Yes B No C I can't recall

D I plead the Fifth

IF NO IMMUNITY, CHOOSE D



PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW

a roundup of the past delightful dozen

WHO DO YOU THINK SHOULD BE PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR?

IT'S THAT time of year again—time to go on record in support of your favorite Playmate of 1987. All you have to do to participate in this annual extravaganza is pick up the phone, dial 11 numbers and give our friendly computer your input. Each Playmate—from Miss January, Luann Lee, to Miss December, India Allen—has her own 900 number. Whether your fave is Luann, India, Brandi, Marina (we had some great names this past year) or one of our more traditionally named beauties, you can be sure that she'll love you for calling. Each call will be acknowledged and logged by our computer, which will then inform your favorite Playmate of your support. This year, you'll have more than a month to get in on the action: The



Donna Edmondson, our reigning Playmate of the Year, gets personal with one of the many thousands of callers who supported her candidacy last year. This year—who knows?

phone lines will be open 24 hours a day, from ten P.M. E.S.T. November 18 until ten P.M. E.S.T. December 20. The cost is just 50 cents per call, a major bargain. Calls from outside the 50 states, Canada, the U.S. Virgin Islands and Puerto Rico will be charged the regular long-distance rates. But don't let that stop you if you happen to be partying in Hong Kong or São Paulo—the international operator will be greatly entertained by your message, and the Playmate of your choice will be duly impressed. Remember: This year, we're expecting upwards of 100,000 calls, so cast your vote early. Now look at the pictures on the pages that follow, make your choice for Playmate of the Year and call us. The ladies are waiting.

TAKE A CHANCE ON TALKING WITH YOUR FAVORITE PLAYMATE

As an extra added attraction, when you call in, you may get to while away the time with the Playmate of your dreams. Each day during our phone-in period, at least one of 1987's centerfold stars will answer random-

ly selected calls. So if Lady Luck smiles, you may find yourself talking person to person with one of the 12 loveliest women on earth. Reach out and touch a Playmate—and one day you can tell your grandchildren.





Miss November

1-900-210-5577

Pamela Stein (left), who made her first *Playboy* appearance as one of August's sizzling *Women of Florida*, will soon make another—hers are the luscious legs on one of our upcoming covers. "Being a Playmate has been fabulous so far," says fabulous Pam. As for 1988, she says, "I'm keeping my fingers crossed." Lucky so far, Pam looks forward to a future as bright as the Clearwater sun.



Miss October

1-900-210-3280

Movie and TV roles are the prey Brandi Brandt (above) is after. "I've had a lot of film offers, but I'm taking my time. There's no hurry," says Brandi—an understandable sentiment for someone who recently turned 19. For now, she is content fielding offers, taking a few acting classes, "meeting a lot of people and having fun." Brandi's latest gig is Frederick's of Hollywood's Christmas catalog.



Miss June
1-900-210-0188

St. Louisan Sandy Greenberg (left)—Maxine Legroom to her many fans—plans to let 1988 “take care of itself. Nineteen eighty-seven was great—life as Miss June has been even *more* fun than I expected. Now I’m just caught up in enjoying every minute of my life.” Sandy has two new posters out, one as (vavoom!) a BMW motorcycle girl.

Miss February
1-900-720-0077

Julie Peterson (right), she of the sultry eyes, came south from Alaska and promptly took Southern California by snowstorm. “I keep up with my Alaskan friends, but we don’t hike much,” she says. “There’s no place to wear your mukluks in L.A.” Julie says that life as a Playmate is something she could never forget, and our readers say the same about her.

Miss September
1-900-210-1255

An Arab-American born in Louisiana, Gwen Hajek (left) has her career in high gear. She has a movie out (*Traxx*, with Priscilla Barnes and Shadoe Stevens), a *Star Search* spokesmodeling competition coming up and a Horatio Alger attitude. “*Playboy* has been such a *positive* experience for me,” Gwen says, “I can’t see anything but good ahead.”





Miss December
1-900-210-7333

India Allen (left), a Virginian with Polish, Indian and psychic roots, calls being Miss December "the highlight of my life. I'm going to take my Playmate money, invest it in some land in the California gold country, go everywhere promoting *Playboy*—and have a real good time." Her mom, the psychic in the family, gave India the genes to be both seer and looker.

Miss July
1-900-210-1222

The best thing about Carmen Berg's (right) tenure as one of our dazzling dozen has been "sharing my life with a lot of people, with my family and friends—even fans. I've been getting fan mail, which seemed funny at first, but you've got to love it. I try to answer it all. If anyone who wrote to me hasn't heard back, don't worry—I'll get to you."





Miss August

1-900-210-1233

Longview, Washington's, Sharry Konopski (right) recently returned from a two-week promotional jaunt to Montreal, then soaked up some California sun before heading home—for the moment. Never one to cool her heels while the world rushes by, this logger turned Playmate, who recently turned 20, plans to be setting the modeling world on its ear by the time she's 21.

Miss March

1-900-720-3076

Since March, England's Marina Baker (left) has made a TV movie with Richard Chamberlain, canvassed London for the Liberal Party and founded her own theater company. Being Miss March, says Marina, "has been wonderful—and it certainly livens up dinner parties. 'And what have you been doing, dear?' 'Well, I've been the Playmate of the Month.'"

Miss May

1-900-720-6300

Designing woman Kym Paige (right) has her own jeans-and-jackets label, the aptly named 2KOOL fashions. "Design is what I love most," says Kym. "Getting my own business together has kept me pretty busy, but it's almost as exciting as being Miss May." Look for Kym's 2KOOL creations in better stores and on better bodies everywhere in 1988.

Miss April
1-900-720-5499

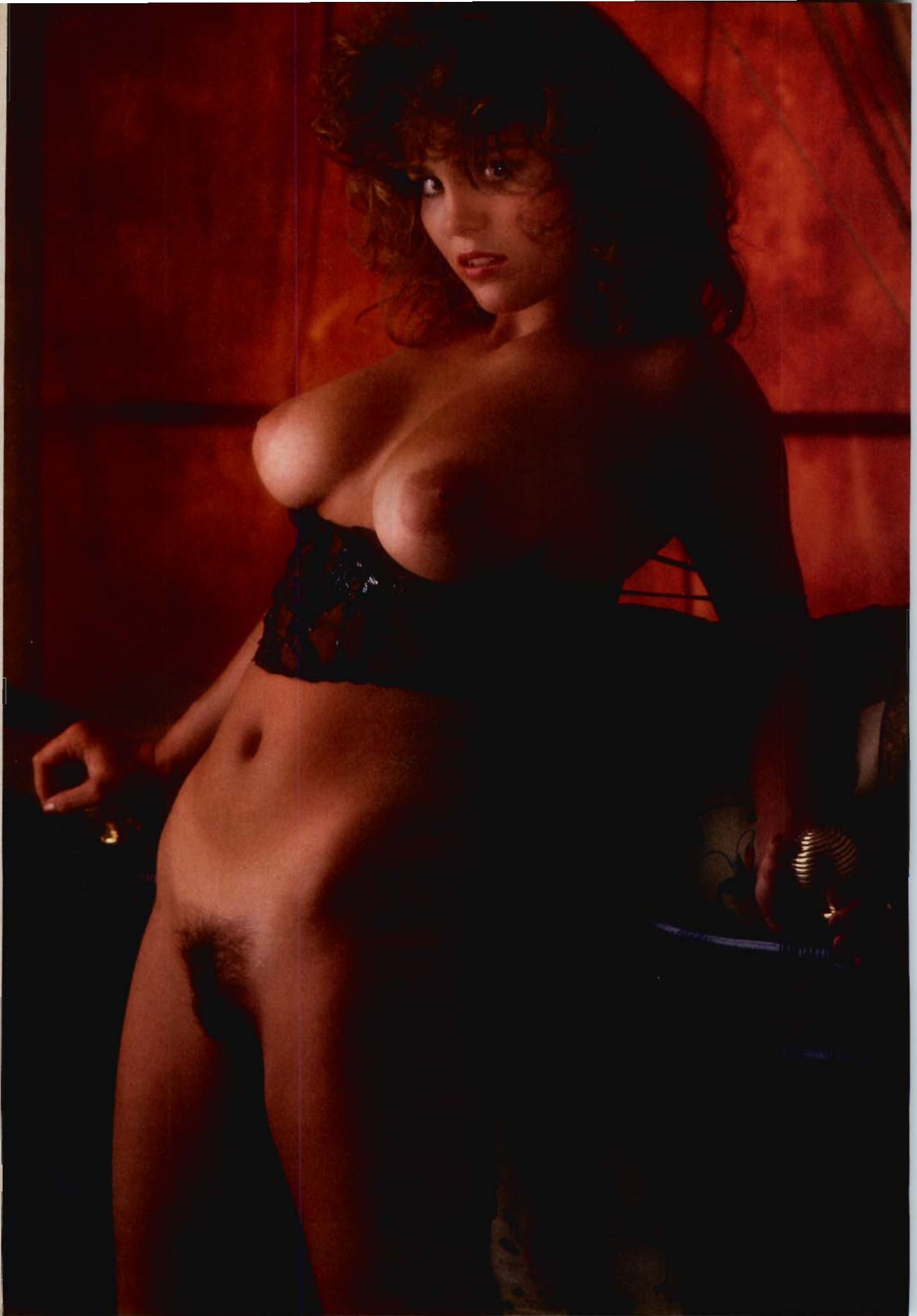
Just back from a whirlwind tour of Australia, Thailand, India ("I put my arm in the Ganges"), Kenya, Egypt, Greece and Holland, Anna Clark (right) is putting the finishing touches on her Playmate video and planning to go to graduate school. "I want to go on to Berkeley and get my business degree," says Anna, who loved Sydney, Nairobi and Amsterdam but still prefers her native San Francisco.



Miss January
1-900-720-0011

When last we heard from singer/model/equestrienne/financial whiz Luann Lee (above), she was buying up sugar futures and training for a Las Vegas engagement with Playboy's Girls of Rock & Roll. The sugar proved a sweet investment, and the singing went even better. "It was hard work," says Luann, now back in L.A. after rocking Vegas' Maxim Hotel and the Hilton in Reno, "but I loved it."





to watch the game, too.

SUPERHERO

Call it a hoagie, a wedge, a sub or a zep, the hero is the quintessential football sandwich. The mandatory loaf of fat, fresh Italian bread even *looks* a little like the object those 22 large men are fighting over. Get yours straight from the bakery, if possible, not the supermarket. Makes 2 sandwiches serving 4 to 8.

- 2 large loaves Italian bread, preferably with sesame seeds
- 10 tablespoons olive oil
- 4 tablespoons red-wine vinegar
- ½ teaspoon oregano
- ½ lb. imported prosciutto, thinly sliced
- ½ lb. smoked turkey, sliced
- ¼ lb. *provolone*, sliced
- 7-oz. jar roasted peppers, packed in oil
- 1 large red onion
- 24 pitted black or green olives
- Salt and pepper, to taste

Split loaves lengthwise. Pull out some of the soft center bread to cradle the fillings and catch the oil and vinegar.

Over each of the 2 bottom halves of bread, drizzle 3 tablespoons oil and 1 tablespoon vinegar and sprinkle with oregano. Lay in slices of prosciutto, turkey and cheese, dividing each evenly between 2 loaves. Drain roasted peppers, slice into thin strips and arrange equally over both sandwiches. Peel and thinly slice red onion. Separate into rings and arrange them over roasted peppers. Chop olives and scatter them over tops. Drizzle remaining oil and vinegar over fillings. (Mustard, mayo or both can replace oil and vinegar.) Add salt and pepper, if desired. Wrap tightly and refrigerate until ready to eat. Slice into negotiable sections and serve.

CRAB CLAWS AND BEER SHRIMP
WITH TWO SAUCES

Buy crab claws already cooked and raw shrimps in their shells. A pound of either feeds 2 to 4 people, depending on their appetites. Buy good-sized shrimps, about 24 to 30 to a pound.

- 1 lb. cooked crab claws
- 1 lb. raw shrimps in their shells
- 1 large clove garlic
- 2 small ribs celery, with leaves
- ¼ teaspoon dried hot-pepper flakes
- 1 bay leaf
- 12 whole peppercorns
- 6 whole allspice
- Beer to cover

Peel garlic but leave it whole. Coarsely chop celery. Place all ingredients except crab claws (which will be served as is) in large saucepan. Bring to boil, remove from heat and let shrimps stand in liquid for 2 minutes. Drain. Serve hot on platter with cold crab claws. Guests peel their own shrimps, dipping into the following sauces.

CATSUP-HORSERADISH

- 1 cup catsup
- ½ cup bottled horseradish
- 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
- 3 scallions, minced
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice

Put all ingredients in bowl. Stir thoroughly. Adjust seasonings to taste. For spicier sauce, add a few drops of Tabasco sauce or a pinch of dried hot-pepper flakes. Cover and chill for several hours or overnight.

AIOLI (GARLIC MAYONNAISE)

- 5 cloves garlic
- 1 cup homemade or store-bought mayonnaise
- Juice of ½ lemon
- Paprika, for garnish

Peel and mince garlic. Put it in blender and process 15 seconds. Add mayo; blend. Add lemon juice; blend. Scoop and scrape into bowl and sprinkle with paprika. Goes well with broiled or roasted fowl and pork, as well as shrimps.

CHICKEN AND PEPPERS IN JALAPEÑO PESTO

This is a cross-cultural twist on traditional recipes. The Italian basil-and-pignoli *pesto* sauce takes on added punch with the addition of minced Mexican hot peppers. All ingredients can be prepared the day before, then heated together 5 minutes before serving. If you desire, the results can be poured over cooked rice or pasta, stretching it to feed extra guests. On its own, it serves 4.

- 1-½ lbs. skinless, boneless chicken breasts
- 3 large sweet red peppers
- 3 fresh or bottled *jalapeño* peppers
- 1 cup *pesto* (available in many supermarkets and specialty food stores)
- 3 tablespoons olive oil
- 4 tablespoons freshly grated parmesan or romano cheese
- Salt and pepper, to taste

Trim chicken breasts of any vestiges of skin, cartilage and connecting tissue. Fill saucepan with enough water to cover chicken when added. Bring to boil. Add chicken. Cook at a low boil for 5 minutes. Drain chicken and cut into long strips or chunks. Set aside.

Cut red peppers in half lengthwise and remove stems, seeds and soft inner ribs. Slice peppers lengthwise into narrow strips; set aside.

Using rubber gloves, cut *jalapeños* open and remove stems, seeds and inner ribs. Chop peppers and place them in blender. Mince. Add *pesto* and blend thoroughly. Pour into bowl and set aside. (If desired, preparations to this point can be made up to 24 hours in advance. Simply cover ingredients tightly and refrigerate. Allow them to come to room temperature before final assembly.)

Heat oil in large skillet over medium-high heat. Add sweet-pepper strips. Toss and stir continuously for 3 minutes or until they start to get limp. Add chicken strips and continue stir-frying for 2 minutes more, or until meat is heated through. Turn heat down to low and pour *jalapeño-pesto* mixture over chicken and peppers. Toss until well coated. Pour it all into serving dish and sprinkle with cheese, salt and pepper to taste.

MARINATED FLANK STEAK

The choice is whether to serve the steak hot or cold. It's good either way. To serve it cold, marinate and cook the day before the game. The sliced meat can be heaped on pumpernickel or warmed onion rolls or eaten straight. An average flank steak weighs 1½ to 2 pounds and serves 3 or 4.

(continued on page 170)



"Oh, wow! How did you know I was a Dickens freak?"

For the marinade:

1 cup olive oil
 ½ cup red-wine vinegar
 1 tablespoon Dijon mustard
 1 small onion, chopped
 1 bay leaf
 1 teaspoon thyme
 1 teaspoon basil
 1 teaspoon rosemary
 Salt and pepper, to taste
 Cherry tomatoes and parsley sprigs, for garnish

Combine all ingredients except garnish in bowl and whisk until smooth. Score steak lightly crosswise on both sides. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Place steak on platter and pour marinade over it. Cover and refrigerate for at least 4 hours, turning meat in marinade 2 or 3 times.

Preheat broiler. Lift steak from platter and allow marinade to drain. Reserve marinade. Place steak on broiler pan and put it about 4 ins. under broiler. After cooking for 4 minutes, turn steak and brush on some marinade. Broil 4 more minutes. Make an incision to see if steak has reached desired doneness. If not, turn and baste again. It won't take more than another 2 or 3 minutes. Remove steak to cutting board and allow to rest for 5 minutes. Then, using sharp knife held at 45-degree angle to board, slice steak in very thin strips crosswise. Serve immediately

on platter with a few cherry tomatoes and parsley sprigs for garnish. Or, if you plan to serve it cold, cover and refrigerate until a break in the endless pregame show.

CHILLED FUSILLI WITH OLIVES, TOMATOES AND PROSCIUTTO

Make this up to 24 hours ahead. Imported olives and prosciutto are preferable to domestic, but plain cooked ham can be substituted. If you have time to make your own mayo, fine, but a good-quality store brand suffices. No need for salt, except in the pasta water—the olives, capers and prosciutto provide enough. Serves 4 to 6.

2 large ripe tomatoes
 ½ cup pitted green olives
 ½ cup pitted black olives
 ½ lb. prosciutto, in two thick slices
 ½ red onion
 3 tablespoons fresh basil leaves, or 1 teaspoon dried
 2 teaspoons salt
 ½ lb. fusilli (spiral pasta)
 1 tablespoon olive oil
 1 tablespoon vinegar
 ½ cup mayonnaise
 Juice of one lemon
 2 tablespoons capers

Bring water for pasta to boil. Core tomatoes and cut into chunks. Slice olives. Remove excess fat from prosciutto and cut

meat into thin strips. Peel and chop onion. Cut out stems of basil leaves and chop. Put tomatoes, olives, prosciutto, onion and basil in large mixing bowl.

Add salt to boiling water, then add fusilli. Cook according to package directions, usually about 12 minutes. Drain pasta in colander and rinse under cold running water. Pour pasta into large serving bowl. Add oil and vinegar and toss to coat.

Add prepared vegetables, mayonnaise and lemon juice. Toss thoroughly. Sprinkle capers over top. Cover and refrigerate for at least one hour. Toss before serving.

LENTIL AND TOMATO SALAD

This is a lot tastier and more colorful than it sounds and can be made 24 hours before kickoff. Serves 4 to 6.

½ lb. dried lentils
 4 tablespoons olive oil
 1 cup onion, chopped
 1 tablespoon garlic, minced
 2 cups canned crushed tomatoes
 1 cup beef broth
 1 teaspoon oregano
 1 teaspoon dried basil
 1 bay leaf
 Salt and pepper, to taste
 1 bunch scallions, chopped
 ¼ cup parsley, chopped
 1 large sweet red pepper, cored, seeded and diced
 2 tablespoons red-wine vinegar
 Juice of one lemon

Wash and drain lentils. In large saucepan, heat 1 tablespoon olive oil. Cook onion and garlic over medium heat, stirring until soft, not browned. Add lentils, tomatoes, beef broth, oregano, basil, bay leaf and salt and pepper to taste. Bring to boil, then lower to simmer. Cook, covered, for 40 minutes, or until tender, not mushy.

While lentils are cooking, prepare scallions, parsley and red pepper. Put them in bowl, cover and refrigerate. When lentil mixture is done, pour it into serving dish. Cover and refrigerate for at least 2 hours. To serve, combine vegetables with lentils. Stir in vinegar and remaining 3 tablespoons oil. Add lemon juice and, if desired, more salt and pepper. Remove bay leaf. Toss thoroughly and serve.

CHILI CONFETTI RICE

A hot dish in both senses of the word. All the chopping can be done ahead and each of the ingredients kept in separate plastic bags in the fridge. The actual cooking takes only 20 minutes, and the rice can stay in the covered pan for as long as 30 minutes while other dishes are being assembled. Serves 4 to 6.

1 sweet red pepper
 2 fresh ears corn, or 1 cup frozen corn kernels
 1 small onion
 3 tablespoons butter
 1 cup raw rice
 2 tablespoons chili powder
 1½ cups chicken broth
 1 cup frozen peas



"I only wish there were more believers like you."

Quarter red pepper. Remove seeds, core and soft inner ribs. Cut quarters into strips, then into cubes. Husk corn. With sharp knife, cut kernels from cobs. There will be about one cup. Peel onion and coarsely chop.

Melt butter in saucepan over medium heat. Add onion and cook until soft, stirring. Add rice and toss and stir until all grains are coated in butter. Add pepper cubes and corn kernels. (If using frozen corn, keep it aside and add later with frozen peas.) Stir until coated. Add chili powder and chicken broth. Stir. Bring to boil and immediately lower to simmer. Cover tightly and cook for 17 minutes.

While rice and vegetables cook, remove peas from carton and run hot water over them until all are separated. Set aside. (If using frozen corn, repeat process and add to peas.) When rice mixture is done, stir in peas and corn, and fluff rice. Remove from heat and serve.

BELLINI

The hottest brunch drink since blue-hued margaritas is an import from Harry's Bar in Venice, one of Hemingway's favored haunts. Our version couldn't be simpler to put together.

- 1 bottle champagne or other dry white sparkling wine
- 4 peaches
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- Mint leaves, optional

Chill champagne. Peel and pit peaches. Purée in blender or food processor. Pour into serving bowl and add champagne. Stir gently but thoroughly. Add sugar only after tasting. Float some mint leaves on top, if you have them. Ladle into punch cups or wineglasses. Serves 4 to 6.

WHITE SANGRIA

This variation on the Iberian red-wine stand-by has only recently started appearing in Spanish restaurants. It must be made ahead and goes fast, so plan accordingly. No need to be rigid about the fruits used. Lemon can be substituted for the limes, peaches for the apple, or add red or white seedless grapes. Serves 6 to 8.

- 2 bottles dry white wine
- ¼ cup Grand Marnier, Cointreau or similar orange-based liqueur
- ¼ cup vodka
- 1 red apple
- 1 orange
- 2 limes
- Sugar, to taste
- Club soda, optional

Wash but do not peel fruits. Core apple and cut in half lengthwise. Slice halves into thin wedges. Cut orange and limes in half lengthwise and halves into crosswise slices. Combine all ingredients except club soda in large pitcher or bowl. Stir, cover and refrigerate for at least four hours, or overnight. Taste for sweetness and, if necessary, add sugar a tablespoon at a time

until correct. If using club soda, add it a cup at a time to achieve the desired taste. Serve in stemmed wineglass over ice cubes.

PEPPER VODKA MARTINIS

The game starts during the cocktail hour, so what better way to toast the first touchdown than with America's classic belly warmer? The flavoring of the vodka is begun at least two days before drinking.

- 1 liter vodka
- 2 tablespoons whole black peppercorns
- Dry vermouth, to taste
- Lemon twist
- Chili pepper, optional

Pour peppercorns into vodka and replace bottle cap. Let stand for 48 hours, shaking bottle occasionally. When ready to use, pour vodka through strainer into carafe or cocktail shaker. Discard pepper-

corns. Add dry vermouth to squat glass filled with ice. Fill 'er up with vodka (which will have a smoky color) and add lemon twist. To add another coal to the fire, cut fresh chili pepper in half and put it in with peppercorns. Strain it out and discard with peppercorns. Or use chili pepper alone, remembering to use gloves when cutting it.

None of this means you can't have the conventional noshes on hand. Place baskets of chips and pretzels within easy reach of chairs. Fill an ice chest with three or four kinds of beers and wine coolers. And make sure there's a soft friend to help clean up when everyone else has left.

One last tip: Take the N.F.C. champ and give the points. Trust me.



"While you're in that mood, Bruce—there's a pile of stamps to be licked up here."

FAST FORWARD

SHE
WANTS
HER
MTV

"I'd love to have lunch with Tipper Gore," laughs **Carolyn Heldman**, 25, one of the new breed of video jocks on MTV. "I can't believe her husband is running for President." Of course, you'd expect an MTV v.j. to take issue with the infamous Tipper, the wife of Senator Albert Gore, who has helped launch a crusade to protect America's youth from what she sees as the corrupting influence of rock 'n' roll and music videos. "I don't think they're harmful to kids," says Heldman. "The videos are no worse than what they're getting on regular television. And if the women in videos care to exploit themselves in that way, then they should be able to. There's reverse exploitation, since the men are taking off their shirts and posing. What's good for the goose is good for the gander." After working for a year and a half as a disc jockey at a small radio station in Aspen, Colorado, Heldman sent an audition tape to MTV, which was looking for younger talent to suit the music channel's target audience. "The first five v.j.s stuck with it too long," she explains. But Heldman apparently isn't burdened with the same superloyalty to MTV as her predecessors. "Gosh, if someone offered me a movie role, I certainly wouldn't turn it down." —ROBERT CRANE



FRANK MICELOTTA

White-line Fever

Success has put **James Spader** squarely in the fast lane—literally. The 27-year-old actor, who scored an impressive triple play with sizable roles in three recent big films—*Wall Street*, *Baby Boom* and *Less than Zero*—has adopted the ultimate transcontinental life. He spends a third of each year in New York, a third in L.A. and a third behind the wheel of his 1969 Porsche 911 convertible,



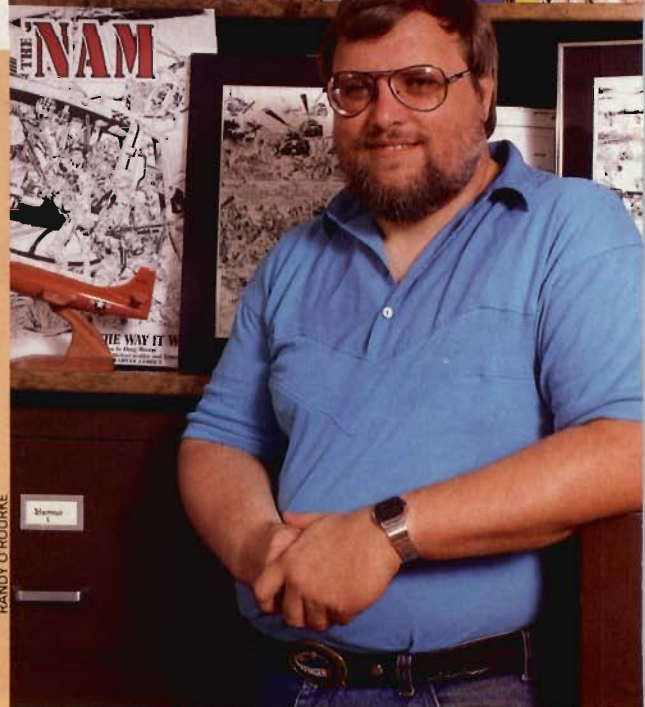
tooling around the U.S. It's a habit he picked up from his parents, college teachers who would take the kids to Europe on sabbaticals and drive around the Continent. Now Spader is seeing America second. "The reason I got into acting is that I

like to visit different environments," he says. "Traveling tends to clear my head out and remind me that show business isn't really what life is all about." —MATTHEW SMITH

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STRIPPED FOR ACTION

The Vietnam war is everywhere: in theaters, on TV and now—thanks to *The 'Nam*, where it probably belonged in the first place—in a comic book. Marvel Comics and author **Doug Murray** have created a no-hero, grunt's-eye view of the war—told, boasts Murray, as "accurately as the comics code will allow." That means that there are first sergeants who are on the take, officers who get shot by their own men and "people who bleed and die and have trouble getting to sleep at night." Murray, 40, a Viet vet himself, doesn't want kids to get a *Rambo*ized view of the war. "There were guys who thought they were Rambo, but they usually didn't come back in one piece," he says. In one of *The 'Nam's* first issues, a group of recruits watch John Wayne in *The Green Berets* on an outdoor screen while another section of the base is under rocket attack—an experience Murray lived through. "You were sitting there watching a movie about a war while a couple of hundred yards away there was a real war going on, and it was just like another part of the show," he recalls. Although sales are brisk, with *The 'Nam* closing in on *Uncanny X-Men*, Marvel's current number-one seller, Murray is reluctant to drop his day job as vice-president of the Long Island branch at Chase Manhattan Bank. "I'm waiting to see my first royalty check." —MICHAEL TENNESEN



RANDY O'ROURKE

LATE NIGHT WITH HOWARD

It may be the least-heralded job in comedy, but when David Letterman flips a card through the fake window behind his desk or fires his dart gun at the camera lens, the man who gets the yoks is **Howard Vinitsky**. Vinitsky, the show's 36-year-old audio engineer, supplies the now-trademark sound effects, such as the breaking glass, the *boing* of the dart hitting glass or any of 3000 other sounds he has available. "I try to find a sound that Dave can play off into a joke," he says. "I can usually sense his mood and what he'll react to. The only rule is, Don't interrupt a guest." Letterman once immortalized Vinitsky's all-time favorite sounds in a *Late Night* top-ten list. They included Telly Savalas crooning "Who loves ya?," Penny Through the Head ("a squeaky kind of sound," Vinitsky explains), Pigs in Fear, Electronic Jive Talk and The Cries of the Peacock. Vinitsky, who had impressed the *Late Night* team with his calm handling of *The Great Space Coaster*, a now-defunct kids' show, operates out of a tiny room stuffed with 800 audio cartridges. Sometimes, he receives an on-air critique from Letterman. "Give yourself a raise, Howard," he said when one of Vinitsky's sound effects got a big laugh. Once however, the sound was followed by mock fury—after one too many audio interruptions, Letterman snapped, "Oh, it's *The Howard Vinitsky Show* now." —LAWRENCE SUTIN



BENNO FRIEDMAN

TONY COSTA

A STAR IS FORMED

Rachel McLish, 30, the most celebrated female bodybuilder in the world, likes the smell of sweat. "Sweat is a cleansing mechanism," she says. "If you have a clean body, sweat has a clean smell. If your body is full of junk and smoke and you have bad habits, such as not bathing, you'd better leave." And if McLish tells you to leave, you may want to listen—she's the holder of two Ms. Olympia titles, the author of two best-selling books (*Flex Appeal* and *Perfect Parts*) and has been known to start her day with a five-mile run and an hour of weight training. She's now channeling her discipline into her embryonic movie career, which already includes *The Man Who Loved Women*. "The roles offered to me are Conanlike, where I decapitate people," she complains, insisting that when she does make a movie, it will be on her own terms. Who's going to argue? —ROBERT CRANE



KRAZY KAT (continued from page 107)

"She swirled her black-stockinged legs over the side. 'Let's fuck,' she said."

tucked around the rim, not in any decade's style, yet *her* style. She swirled her black-stockinged legs over the side of the sofa and sat up.

She touched the hat, straightening the veil forward. "Let's fuck," she said. "Hey!" she added, as if surprised by her own voice. "I can swear!"

"What?" He thought, I am not a good boy anymore and felt his heart beat with hard whacka-whacka willfulness. He went to her and she circled him with her arms.

"My arms bend, too," she said, with what sounded like genuine surprise. Maybe she, too, was shocked that they were able to do this thing. The keeper of the psychoanalytic laws, the sup, would be horrified. He wanted Dr. Ignatz to be moral, nourished by rectitude, unhappy, like all the Jews since Abraham. Well, who was more important—this lovely woman or the sup? Kate was, would be, had to be. Good, Dr. Ignatz thought, I'm bad! And, as if in response, Kate kissed him with theatrical fury, hurting his lips. He nuzzled a quarter-sized patch of discolored skin on her collarbone, and Kate made a pleasant growly sound from her throat. He slowly stroked the soft skin of her thighs, between the tops of her stockings and her lacy underwear, drinking her with his hand.

"My fingers work," he said, playing with her. But his fingers *did* feel special, as if he had just recovered from a long, numbing illness, as if Kate and he had almost invented hands, invented touch.

She smiled, her lips together, and purred lightly. He looked down at his once-inadequate, hairless, pink body. As

Kate stroked his chest, it was as if *this* body—oh, impossible!—were truly what she desired, what she had always wanted! "Oh, play that junk-yard music! Whip it, horns, whip it!"

His couch was vinyl and had stuck to their skin, making crackling sounds as they rolled about.

"Thank you," she said when it was over.

It wasn't over. His career might be over, but not their lovemaking. He smelled her perfume on the fingers of his right hand mixed with the magical oil from her cunt—a new fragrance called Disaster.

It wasn't like what she had imagined, Krazy thought.

Ignatz stared into the distance. "It's different," he said, bemused. Yet there was something about the bitterness that could only be sweetened, satisfied, fulfilled, if they did it again.

"I want to try again," Krazy said.

"Once more," Ignatz whispered.

"Thank you," Dr. Ignatz had said.

She had put her stockings back on, snapping them to her garters. Smiling at him distantly, she had smoothed her rumpled cotton skirt.

He watched her walk out, a blonde *ignis fatuus*, a fairy light. And he knew that he would soon run after her, an Ignatz fatuous. Was that why he wanted her so, because even as she opened her arms to him, she seemed to be moving away, drawing him onward? Perhaps chasing Kate would

free him from his unhappy marriage that wasn't a marriage. And throw him out of the career that he loved!

"Stroke your cock," she ordered. It was two weeks later.

"Thank you," he said meekly, kneeling in front of her on his office floor. Kate knew that he liked to stroke himself or to hold his cock with his hand gently underneath, like a jeweler—or a butcher—showing off a choice piece of goods, and he performed with a pleasing small boy's innocence, not adolescent cock proud but as if he were delighted and surprised that he had one. Not that his cock was *that* important to Kate; she loved Dr. Ignatz one and indivisible. But *he* sometimes acted as if Mr. Cock might have its own favorite flavor of ice cream (strawberry, probably), Presidential preference, plans for secession. In truth, though, maybe she was especially fond of his cock, so much longer and larger than one would have expected.

"Thank you," he said again.

"What?" Kate turned down the corners of her mouth with mock anger.

"Thank you, *mistress*," he said, looking down at the floor.

That was the signal to continue a "strip," just as saying their special nonsense word—Pupp—would mean that one of them was scared, that they should print for the day. How had this begun? Their strips—and why had they each thought to call them that?—had certainly started with some pretty straight stuff. And even now—she knew from service magazines and ladies'-room gossip—they were still conventional in their plots, a graduate student and a psychiatrist, bourgeois S/M, a little spice, like faddish Cajun cooking. After all, it was only a *game*.

But when, Dr. Ignatz wondered, had *she* thought to take the leading role—hot tomato become top banana? She was an inspired . . . *entertainer*. Kate was an artist, really—witty, deeply empathetic, responsive.

"Beg," she said now, as a director might say "Action." "Beg, my dear little pet, my dreamy little boy." She wore a black-felt hat shaped like a flattened paper boat.

The comedy of that hat, tilted on her head like a wink, with its veil pinned around it, made the scene possible for him, not too serious, yet serious enough, a shared joke, so he was backstage and on stage at the same time. Making the fantasy up and living it out, while knowing it was just a fantasy. On his knees, he cast down his eyes before her cunt. "May I lick you, mistress?"

She pulled him by the hair and brought his lips to her cunt, then—oh, luxury!—she drank from a balloon of cognac while he licked her. Dribbling the last of the brandy on his black springy hair, she lay back on the couch, where as her analyst, he had once given a shape to her by telling her what her fantasies meant. Now, for as



"What is Santa Claus really like?"

long as she held his head between her legs, she knew what he wanted; she drew his shape.

"Oh, that's nice," she hummed. "Now, strut it out!"

He licked harder, and she came skimmingly, as if she were the boat, yet she was the wind, and she was the ocean the boat moved across.

She took his head from between her legs, pulled him up and laid him down on the couch. Straddling him, she sucked and bit his nipples, pulled lightly, then harder on their curlieucs of black hair.

"Please," he implored in a sleepy yet insistent voice, "harder."

Her teeth dug into him like claws. Kate hummed another Cole Porter tune, a favorite of his mother's: "So your baby can be your slave? / Oh, why can't you behave?" He *would* behave, he said; he *was* her slave. He let himself sink into the mild pain, like a warm bath; the dark pool was a place where she was there *with* him, for certain; sharply joined; inseparable; fused together.

She rose over him and he entered her. "Come, slave," she said. "Show you belong to me. Give yourself."

He came into her. And she came, too. Lovingly, Kate stroked Dr. Ignatz' hair.

"Thank you," Dr. Ignatz said, his voice

still a bit sleepy-slavish, caught in the spider-web ties of a dream.

Ignatz Mouse stared at the space in front of the table where the fantasy images formed. It had been *so good*. Kate had given Dr. Ignatz what Krazy Kat had never given *him*. Always he had bricked her, pursued her. Now Kate had given him a reciprocal sign; she had given him—well, sort of *him*—the brick back to the . . . *the certainty that they were connected*. . . . But then the feeling faded like yesterday's headlines.

If only they would do it again!

Later that same week—oh, how long will Krazy and Ignatz remain lost in fantasy? When will they return to their comic-strip work?—Kate sat behind the couch in Dr. Ignatz' tall red-metal chair, smiling at this office furniture's pleasing higgledy-piggledy eclecticism (though his therapy techniques had been Freud-pure until her beauty had—unintentionally!—made him play the sap for her). Probably, the decor was mix and match because he couldn't stand thinking about furniture; his mother had spent too much time antiquing, and he still saw furniture as a competitor. (*That*, she thought, was a good analysis! She must tell him.)

Dr. Ignatz worked now behind his large old desk, trying to produce the draft of a new paper. To become more than an instructor at the Harvard Medical School, one had to produce 16—or was it 60 or 600 or six quadrillion?—published papers. But Dr. Ignatz' papers were different from the others, not make work but truly brilliant. He would risk anything so that his patients might be OK, even describing really embarrassing things *he* had done. Dr. Ignatz wouldn't tell her what this paper was about, but she was sure he was analyzing the strips they did together. Which made *her* an important part of his work.

She heard Dr. Ignatz' sharp chicken-scratch pen stop, so she brought him a cup of Java from the coffee maker she had bought for the office, their secret place. Serving him his coffee, she bent down low so he could see the new half-bra she was wearing, and the tops of her breasts. *He would have to have her*; the more she seemingly served him, the more he wanted her. "Thank you," he said, and smiled at her. She smiled. How could he want the diagram of a house more than a room that he could enter?

He couldn't. He pushed his papers aside and they walked together to the couch. For so long she had resisted her desire to belong to someone, to be cared for. Soon, he would touch her all over with his beautiful long fingers, petting her, smoothing her, admiring her, warming her.

Krazy stared in fascination at the fantasy that formed in front of her dining-room table like the bluest of movies. And *bing!* went a bulb over our Kat's head! Everyone, she saw, wanted a little spice sprinkled on his or her pleasure, a soupçon of power mixed with the soft sticky stuff of love. *It made you feel truly connected*. That accounted for Kate and Dr. Ignatz' bizarre strips of masters and mistresses! And sure, Krazy Kat *had* said with every daily bonk to her bean that love *should* be mixed with hurt! But it wasn't just Krazy's idea, it was Kate's and Ignatz' and Dr. Ignatz' and yours and mine, too!

Entering her from behind, he had one of his beautiful hands on her breast, and one of his long lovely fingers stroked her, insisting that she come. She pressed her cheek up against his. "Thank you," she murmured, "that was . . . that was steam-heated!"

Krazy basked in the warmth of Kate's coming. While she watched Kate and Dr. Ignatz "doing it"—though she didn't yet understand *what* all exactly they *were* doing—she felt as *good* as anyone. Because Krazy wasn't *especially* guilty—not as long as *everyone* was doing it. But then, how could she and Ignatz *ever* return to their comic strip? She kicked her long, limber legs up in the air, banging the table. *They had to do it again!*



"He made some wisecrack about an eternity here not being half as bad as a day with his ex-wife. So, naturally, we looked her up."



"This guy said, 'Weren't you in 'First Love'?' I knew he was thinking of the moles on my breast."

I became anorexic, I think it was a need to feel control. "I can control this eating thing. I'll just have half." And classically with young women, it's a denial of your sexuality. You starve yourself to the point where you have no breasts and you do not menstruate. I had just arrived in California. I had a great job and I was busy and I just didn't want to have to deal with that.

It went on for about a year and a half, and by then I'd begun to feel comfortable with my life, more secure. And I was around people who were eating normally, and [snaps fingers] like that I started eating again.

9.

PLAYBOY: Once the final *Partridge* episode had been put to roost, you started appearing in TV movies as a child beater, a teen jailbird—roles that were very different from Laurie Partridge. Was that a break-the-image move?

DEY: No. I didn't see my image as a problem. I really was happy about ending the series. But then I thought, Now what? It had been my first acting experience, and I

didn't know that after every job, actors always wonder if they'll ever work again. I'd led a really protected life. And I was scared about finances. The money on *The Partridge Family* was absolutely nothing. At the end, I was making \$1100 a week. That was in the fourth year.

So I signed with [*Partridge* co-stars] Shirley [Jones] and David [Cassidy]'s manager, Ruth Aarons. And I did these roles. Young women in peril. "My brother's been busted for drugs." Or "Somebody stuck a needle in my arm and now I'm doing porno films." It was the era of melodrama. Some of them were really good, good pieces. Melodramatic but good. I mean, *Terror on the Beach*, in which Dennis Weaver played my father and Estelle Parsons my mother and we all got attacked by thugs, was not exactly a gift. But the imprisonment one, *Cage Without a Key*, was considered hot. Wonderful to get.

10.

PLAYBOY: All of which led to the motion picture *First Love* and your much-publicized nude scene. Was it difficult for you to

take off your clothes in front of the camera? DEY: Nope. I mean, every single time I walk onto a set, I feel slightly hysterical. But that was a wonderful shoot and it was my first real film. The nudity was not a problem for me at all. Not at the time. This was before cable. This was before cassettes. My assumption was, Sure, I'm going to do this, but how long will the film stay in the theaters? But I was in a bank about three years after the film was released and this guy came up to me and said, "Weren't you in *First Love*?" He had just seen it on cable. And I *knew* he was thinking of the moles on my breast. I just knew it. And I thought, Oh, and he probably taped it, too.

11.

PLAYBOY: In the movie *Looker*, you played a model. Did your modeling experience come flooding back?

DEY: A lot of it came back. How do I look and who's at the party and what's my next job and where do you get your nails done? And it was fun being that kind of person. For a while. Because there was an actors' strike, I had the luxury of being able to prep for the role. Went to the gym every day and got that chiseled, untouchable look.

12.

PLAYBOY: Albert Finney played a plastic surgeon in that film. Have you ever considered having one of them make the look



This year's Christmas gift?

even more chiseled?

DEY: No; in fact, [Columbia producer] Ray Stark said to me when I was 15 or 16, "I like you. We should have your nose done." Apparently he was joking, but I thought he was serious. And I just freaked.

These days, I know I carry things in my face. Emotional pain. Stress. And I have learned recently, through—as corny as it sounds—loving myself more, how much control I have over that. I can release all the bullshit, but it's not easy. If I get really, really tired of working on that, maybe I will try plastic surgery.

13.

PLAYBOY: Describe your worst date.

DEY: I've never really done a lot of dating. But two come to mind. One was with a musician. All we did was listen to his music. I guess that was his way of communicating, but it wasn't mine.

Then there was a first date—and a last one, as I recall. We were driving by street construction. And, just by way of conversation, I said, "There's something about those sawhorses with the little lights that's great. Something quite artistic." The next thing I know, the guy is out of the car, picking up a sawhorse and putting it on the back seat. When he took me home, he carried it into my living room. I told him I didn't really want it there, particularly because it had PROPERTY OF THE CITY OF L.A. written all over it. But he left it anyway. I

had to drag it outside. And, sure enough, a policeman came to my door and asked, "How did that get there?" And I looked at him unblinkingly and told him I didn't have any idea.

14.

PLAYBOY: Articles about you invariably mention your preference for older men. True?

DEY: That's basically true. My first marriage was to an older man. And I'm engaged to someone who might be considered an older man. But I think my life has been balanced. I have been attracted to young men, some younger than myself. When it comes to commitment, though, I definitely favor the older man.

15.

PLAYBOY: What's the most romantic thing that has ever happened to you?

DEY: A birthday bed. To celebrate my birthday, a room had been reserved at a hotel; and when I entered, a birthday bed had been prepared for me. Let's see, how to describe it? I don't think I can. You can probably figure it out. There were balloons. And the gifts were not wrapped.

16.

PLAYBOY: Aside from the obviously serious anorexia problem, there have been reports of other unusual diets in your past. Could you tell us something about the carrots

episode and the doggy Milk Bones?

DEY: Right around the same time as my anorexia, I began eating so many carrots that I turned orange. Since then, someone has made an awful lot of money selling carotene to people who want to get fast tans. When the doctor told me I was turning orange because of the carotene in carrots, I should have started marketing it.

As for the other, I did eat Milk Bones when I was a kid. I pretended I was a dog. I used to get on the floor with our dog and use my "paws" to eat them. I loved them. I was very young. It was like sucking on a baby bottle. I have tried them since and found them disgusting. But my daughter asked if she could eat them and I said, "Absolutely; go right ahead."

17.

PLAYBOY: Would you be happy having your daughter follow in your footsteps in other ways? Acting, for example?

DEY: She's had offers, and recently, I took her to a luncheon for the *L.A. Law* cast and she said, "I like this life." She is also interested in writing. She has informed me she hopes to get a contract to write a book about me. It's going to be something like *Mommie Dearest*. Chapter seven, she says, will be titled "Mommie Isn't a Real Blonde."

18.

PLAYBOY: *People* magazine called him the sexiest man alive, and you have to spend a lot of time in bed with him, but is Harry Hamlin really your type?

DEY: [Long pause] Nobody's ever asked that before, and let me say this: There is only one man in my life. Only one. Are he and Harry the same type? I don't think I'll answer that. Watch the show. See how Harry and I get along.

19.

PLAYBOY: Is it possible that Grace Van Owen is too tough, that audiences will stop finding her appealing?

DEY: There is a difference between being tough and being strong. There are tough ladies who are also very dependent on men. Grace is not dependent. I think that's part of her appeal—her independence.

But I don't believe this show is about creating characters that are appealing to keep the audience watching. That's not *L.A. Law* cocreators Steven Bochco and Terry Louise Fisher. In last season's episodes, just when you thought you were comfortable with the characters, they shifted.

20.

PLAYBOY: What's the worst advice about men your parents ever gave you?

DEY: When I was still living at home, my stepmother told me not to go out with a man because he was 37 years old. I was 15. So, of course, I snuck out to see him. If she hadn't said anything, I probably would have thought he was too old for me.



"It's a happy hour that got away from us."



"What is this? Some kinky routine where I talk her out of her fear of AIDS so she'll go to bed with me?"

years. I'm a bit rusty with small talk. Over lunch, we talk about the theater, her son's school, her impending divorce, her work, my work. She's pretty and lively. We have a clear rapport. The cappuccino is brought and a silence falls, the sort of pause where somebody clears his throat and somebody else says, "Well, this has been fun," and perhaps another date is arranged, perhaps for that night, perhaps for the next night. A night date, with all that that implies. The pause falls over the table, and in that pause she says brightly:

"So. What do you think about AIDS?"

I'm surprised at the question. It is only too clear that she's really saying, "I am thinking about having sex with you, and that makes me think of AIDS."

I say, "Not much."

"It's all my girlfriends talk about. My sister wants every man to have a blood test before she'll go to bed with him."

I think, I'm glad you're not your sister. "That seems a little extreme," I say.

"Well," she says, "you never know who other people have been to bed with." She is staring at me in a certain way, an appraising way.

As if I were a purchase she might make.

All I can think of to say is "Are you asking if I'm bisexual?"

"No, no." She looks away, embarrassed. That is what she is asking.

"Then what?"

"Heterosexuals can get it, too. They say a lot of prostitutes have it." Still looking at me, watching me.

"Well," I say, "I've been in an exclusive relationship for the past three years."

"All the newspaper and TV reports are so frightening."

"Yes," I say. "But so far, the risk of heterosexual transmission is pretty small."

"So far," she says, finishing her cappuccino. "But what about five years from now?"

Her insistent contradictions confuse me. I don't understand where they are leading. Are we having an argument? Is she deciding against me? Is this woman so frightened of AIDS that she's going to turn down a second date with me?

"Who knows about five years from now?" I say to her. "You could be dead from a car crash next week."

"True, true." She is nodding now, sudden agreement. "I had a friend—she was always so healthy, watched her diet, and she died in a car crash."

"You have to balance the risks," I say, nodding.

We are both nodding. Things are going much better.

"You really think the risk of AIDS is

overstated?" she asks, resting her hand on my arm.

"I really do." I look into her eyes.

"OK," she says. She squeezes my arm.

So what is this? I wonder as we stumble out of the restaurant into the afternoon sunlight. Verbal foreplay? Some kinky routine where I talk her out of her fear of AIDS so that she'll go to bed with me? She must be weird.

But it turned out she wasn't weird at all. She was simply my first date in three years. And I hadn't yet understood the reality of dating in the Eighties: that everybody out there, male and female, is afraid of getting AIDS.

It's my friend Ellen on the telephone. "You're a doctor. Aren't you worried about AIDS?"

"Not really," I say. "I'm not homosexual and I don't inject drugs and I don't have intimate friends who do. So, no, I'm not worried."

"How can you be sure about your intimate friends?"

"You can't be sure. You can only be careful."

"But there is heterosexual transmission."

"Yes," I say. "But right now, your risk

as a heterosexual of catching AIDS is roughly the same as your risk of catching rabies."

She's confused. "Rabies? Who cares about rabies?"

That, of course, is my point.

Ellen presses on, unconvinced. "But what about Africa? Heterosexual transmission is common in Africa."

"We're in California, Ellen."

"Yes, but—"

"Tuberculosis is common in Africa, too. You don't spend your time worrying about tuberculosis."

Ellen sighs, exasperated. "I don't see how you can be so casual," she says. "The rest of the world is terrified and you talk as if it were nothing at all."

"I'm not casual. I'm very aware that AIDS is a tragic affliction for certain groups. But at this point, it's not prevalent among heterosexuals."

"Not prevalent? They're saying it's a plague," Ellen says.

"Who's saying?"

"Everybody. The papers. The news."

A mass-media society offers its citizens many advantages, but accurate understanding of risk is not among them. The media must sell themselves, and they do so by overstatement. This is hardly news.

"A plague," Ellen is repeating fiercely. "And an epidemic. That place in Atlanta says so. And I heard that somebody, a doctor, called it a scourge. How do you answer that?"

I am getting tired of this conversation. It's like a political argument: It has no



end, no possible way to persuade the other person. Ellen wants to be frightened. She is much more comfortable being frightened than she is being reassured.

Why, I wonder, is that?

A phone call comes to my office. Someone wants me to speak at a medical convention on "AIDS: the modern-day Andromeda strain." I get invitations like this every few weeks.

"No," I say to the caller. "I won't do that."

"You'd be performing a public service. . ."

"No, I wouldn't. Because AIDS is not the Andromeda strain. And people don't need to be made more fearful right now."

For the past year, the rumors have been flying. The AIDS virus was manufactured by the CIA. (It unquestionably wasn't.) Mosquitoes can infect you with the AIDS virus. (Unproved and unlikely.) Doctors who care for AIDS patients are getting the disease. (None has, except those in a known-risk group.) One hundred percent of the population of Zaire now has AIDS. (Wrong.)

So I am not going to add to the rumors in any way. I refuse to speak.

"I don't know," the caller says.

"There's a lot of interest out there about the subject of AIDS."

That, I think, is putting it mildly.

Marilyn says, "I was going to hire Jim, but at the last minute, I changed my mind and hired someone else."

"Why?"

"Well. He's gay."

"So?"

"So I have a small office, and there's only one bathroom. Everybody in the office uses the same bathroom."

"You're kidding," I say, thinking, You wouldn't hire a gay guy because you didn't want him using the same bathroom as you?"

"I just don't want to take the chance," Marilyn says.

"But you can't get AIDS from using the same bathroom."

"I just don't want to take the chance."

My friend Barry, who is gay, announces that he hasn't given up anal intercourse. "I don't see why I should change my habits," he says. "Illness is all in the mind, anyway."

"That's fine, Barry. But illness is also in the virus. I'd stop having anal intercourse if I were you."

"I won't use rubbers, either. I hate them. I just don't see why I should."

"One reason," I say, "is that I don't want to go to your funeral."

But I am thinking, Shit, what is the matter with you? You've got several friends who are already dead and more who are dying. What's it going to take to make you wake up? This isn't a matter of personal preference, Barry.

I feel angry with Barry, because he is my friend and he is threatening me with the possibility of his death. I resent his behavior the way I'd resent any friend who told me he was going to commit suicide.

"I can do what I want," Barry says. "It's a free country."

I think, The only thing worse than blind panic is blind denial.

By now it is several months since the end of my relationship, and I don't wake up feeling sad anymore, and I am dating lots of women. And I am becoming accustomed to these inevitable, and seemingly interminable, conversations about AIDS. It seems to be a feature of every new relationship, something that has to be talked about.

The panicky women blurt it out over the first dinner salad; the cooler ones wait until the second date or the third; but nobody gets into bed without a thorough conversation first.

And even then, the discussion doesn't stop. The first conversation is a kind of statement of position: I'm afraid or I'm not afraid; I insist on condoms or I don't. The later conversations are different in character: probing, exploring and intimate, with lots of looking deeply into the eyes. The topic may be clinical, but the context is romantic. And the subtext is *I like you, but how much of a risk are you? How many people are you screwing? How many people have you been screwing in the past five years? How afraid of you should I be?*

I begin to notice certain recurring features. The first is that everybody seems to be responding to the constant media focus on AIDS, rather than to any specific information. Nobody ever quotes statistics. People are chiefly disturbed by the fact that AIDS is always on the network news; it's everywhere you turn.

Ellen calls again. "You who think AIDS isn't such a big deal: I clipped an article from *The New York Times* and sent it to you."

"I got it." Standard stuff, no new information. A long filler in the "Metro" section.

"Well?"

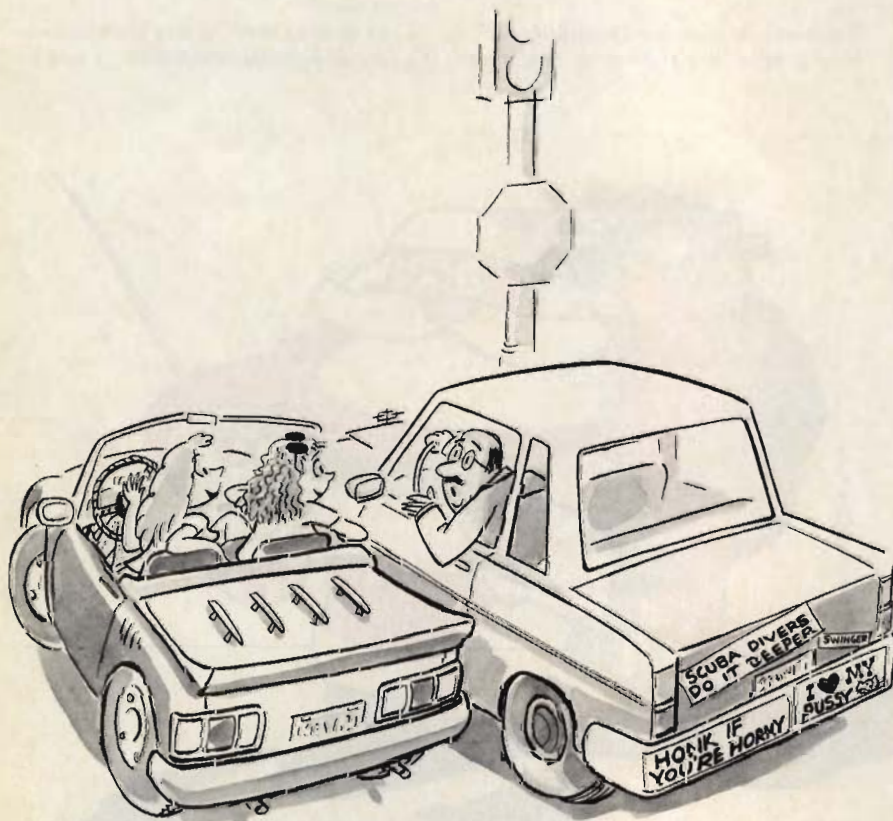
"Did you read the article, Ellen?"

"I skimmed it. It didn't frighten you?"

"No."

"Why not?"

I try to explain about risk. I have recently noticed how few people really understand the risks they face. People keep guns in their houses, drive without seat belts, eat artery-clogging French food and smoke cigarettes, yet they never worry about these things. Instead, they worry about AIDS. It's crazy.



MARTY MURPHY

"Actually, ladies, I bought this car used with those bumper stickers already on it. . . ."



*"None of that going home to Grandma's for Christmas for me!
I'm having an affair in Philadelphia!"*

RUSSKI BUSINESS (continued from page 151)

"The dirty little secret of communism is that everybody, at heart, is a capitalist."

I was back at the bus, damp from the drizzle but rich, and flushed from the adventure.

OK, I guess I thought (if I thought at all), we are not supposed to be doing this. But where's the harm? He wants the raincoat; I want rubles to buy more books about the Soviet Union; the Soviets probably want me to have more such books—"Meer ee druzhba!" This was the greeting we got everywhere ("Peace and friendship!"), and I didn't see how a little East-West trade violated its spirit. I guess, at heart, even then, I was a capitalist. The dirty little secret of communism, if you ask me, is that *everybody*, at heart, is a capitalist. But I'll get to that.

Right now we had traveled a couple of cities deeper into Russia and were camped on the outskirts of Kharkov. Tanya and Tonya, our two Intourist guides—supplied by the government whether you wanted them or not—accompanied us into town each morning. It was their hope that all 20 of us, plus our fractious leaders, would stand dutifully in front of each statue and museum exhibit while they explained, in slightly peculiar English, its

significance. We were not technically required to do so, however—it was just "best" that we do—so my friend Mark (the genetic epidemiologist) and I began striking out on our own. Mark supplied an uncanny sense of direction and considerable courage; I supplied the subtitles. I would go up to people on the Moscow subway (for example) and, nervous and embarrassed but also a little giddy, say, "Guess where we're from!"

The moon, they were probably thinking, but "Germany?" they would guess politely. "New York!" I would say, grinning, certain this would please them very much.

I can't imagine now ever having done such a thing, let alone what I'd do next. But I was completely caught up in the flush of discovering that Russians were nice people, too, and that the Soviet constitution, like ours, was filled with unsailably high-minded principles. Kennedy and Khrushchev were finally beginning to come to terms—the nuclear-test-ban treaty was signed that summer in Moscow—and I was more than a little taken with the fact that we were not quite as perfect as I'd been taught (well, what

about unemployment and racial oppression and slums in the shadows of skyscrapers?) nor communism quite as malevolent (what's so awful about "From each according to his abilities, to each according to his needs"?).

So my next question, once I'd captured their attention, was usually something like "Excuse me, but may I ask what kind of work you do?" And then: "How much are you paid per week?"

Amazingly—perhaps because they could see I was brimming with good will, if ever so slightly short on tact—most of them told me. (They earned about \$150 a month, as I recall, which was more than enough, because there wasn't much available to buy.) One even invited us back to his flat—an 8' x 15' high-ceilinged room with a hot plate and a pile of newspapers and vodka bottles in the corner.

The point is, Mark and I were not your model tour members, and I think this had been noticed.

There had already been a couple of other approaches since my first score with the raincoat ("Blue djzheenz?" passers-by would ask us quietly. "Djazz recordz?"), and now, waiting for the group to assemble outside the Intourist hotel in Kharkov, I was approached by a man intent on doing business. I was more interested in finding out what he did for a living and what he earned—I had to keep *something* to wear—but he was insistent. He pulled out a huge wad of multicolor ruble notes and offered to buy whatever I had—shoes, shirts, anything. I said I didn't have much and that I didn't think it would fit him, but I could get my suitcase from out of the bus if he wanted to look. This was a particularly dumb idea, he told me (with his eyebrows)—we should meet later, someplace private. Where was I staying? Now, with hindsight, I think he knew all along where I was staying. At the time, though, it never crossed my mind that I was being set up, so I told him we were staying at the campsite. Did he know where it was? Yes, he'd meet me outside the gate at six that evening. Bring clothes.

Mark and I hid in the grass by the gate with what little we could spare. I had already purchased and mailed home a ten-volume colorfully illustrated Soviet children's encyclopedia (\$44). I was running short of funds and eager to buy more books. I was excited by my growing expertise in Soviet economics (I knew what just about everybody earned) and enthusiastic about the sides of communism American textbooks conveniently overlooked (a distortion matched by the section on the U.S. in my Soviet children's encyclopedia).

A little after six, Ivan showed up with an empty suitcase and his wad of bills. He would make the exchange across the road, in the woods, he said—and just with me, not Mark.

Lucky me.

We went a few yards into the forest and, just as Ivan was making a big show of



"How about if I just blow you while I hum 'White Christmas'?"

GOOD RIDDANCE (continued from page 86)

"The Sixties were a time when everyone in America exhaled in unison to inflate the era to epic size."

Gordon Wright, former diplomat and eminent historian. The Panthers arrived early in the afternoon in their black-leather jackets and sunglasses, looking like some lost Nazi legion whose skin color had changed during the Diaspora. Genet, a small Frenchman with bad teeth and shabby clothes, spoke through a young woman interpreter on loan from *Ramparts* magazine. He praised the Panthers' authenticity (a characteristic he said he also admired in the Marquis de Sade, whom he praised as "the greatest revolutionary of all, greater even than Marx"). The Panthers milled around in sullen incomprehension as he talked. Discovering that Wright's son, a law student, had brought a black friend home with him on leave, Panther Elmer "Geronimo" Pratt confronted the young black man in the kitchen and spat in his face, loudly calling him an Uncle Tom and "an agent." When Pratt reappeared in the living room, the white guests pretended not to notice.

Not long after the cocktail party began, an unexpected guest dropped in. It was author and Merry Prankster Ken Kesey, who hung around the fringes of the Stanford scene. Oblivious to the Panthers, Kesey, his eyes cloudy with drugs and an out-of-plumb smile on his face, said that he had come because he had heard that a great French writer was there, and since he was a great writer, too, it seemed a good thing that they should meet.

The guests sensed that a portentous moment was approaching as Sartre's Saint Genet, *déraciné* homosexual outlaw, and Tom Wolfe's Saint Kesey, picaresque hero of the acid test, shook hands. In what seemed an act of semiotics, Kesey flashed a smile that showed that one of his front teeth had a cap in the form of an American flag. Genet, self-conscious because of his own chipped and discolored teeth, was delighted by the desecration and laughed out loud. Kesey pointed down at his feet. "I'm wearing green socks," he said with a beatific look on his face. Genet frowned uncomprehendingly as Kesey kept on talking: "Green socks. Can you dig it? Green socks. They're heavy, man, very heavy." Trying to keep up, the interpreter rendered the remarks literally: "*Les chaussettes vertes. Elles sont très, très lourdes.*" Genet looked down at Kesey's feet with the beginnings of sympathy. But before he could commiserate with him over the fact that he had somehow been condemned to wear heavy green objects around his ankles, Kesey's attention had lurching off in another direction. Pointing at the Black Panthers, he said to Genet, "You know what? I feel like playing basketball. There's noth-

ing better than playing basketball with Negroes. I could go for a little one on one with some of these Negroes right now."

So taken aback by the boyish innocence of Kesey's manner that they momentarily failed to grasp the implications of his words, the Panthers stared at him. Then one of them moved forward threateningly. David Hilliard stopped him: "Stay cool, man. This motherfucker is crazy, and we're getting the fuck out of here."

The Panthers left, pulling Genet along with them. The diminutive Frenchman turned and glanced at Kesey, shrugging slightly as if to indicate that left to his own devices, he would just as soon stay with him and exchange bizarre comments through a translator. Kesey watched him go. "Wonder what's wrong with those Negroes," he asked as the entourage moved away. "Don't they like basketball? I thought Negroes *loved* basketball."

In another era, this would have been seen simply as an odd moment—two men from different worlds trying to communicate across a vast cultural divide. In the Sixties, however, such an event was routinely regarded as an epiphany. We were fond of this term in the Sixties, because it tended to elevate the commonplace and infuse a sense of portent into situations whose *heaviness*, like that of Ken Kesey's socks, was not otherwise discernible to the inquiring eye. The Sixties were a time when every man was his own apocalyptic, when everyone in America seemed to have exhaled in unison to help inflate the era to epic size. Revolution, cosmic consciousness and other grandiose goals always seemed just an arm's length away. Although separate in other ways, political radicals and counterculturalists believed

together that the millennium was at hand and just one small push was needed to pierce the last remaining membrane—of civility, bourgeois consciousness, capitalism, sexual uptightness or whatever other impediment prevented them from breaking on through to the other side.

From its earliest battle cry—"Never trust anyone over 30"—until the end of its brief strut on the stage of national attention, the Sixties generation saw itself as a scouting party for a new and better world. It was the master of ceremonies presenting a "cultural revolution" that would release the nation from the prison of linear thought. It was the social horticulturalist whose "greening of America" would allow the long-stalled postindustrialist age finally to break through the crust of the Puritan past. It was the avenging angel that would destroy the evil empire of "Amerika" and free the captive peoples of color around the world. The Sixties generation had created a new age, the Age of Aquarius, whose kingdom was surely at hand.

It was an era in which the ordinary was special. For those of us who lived through the Sixties (and we were editors of *Ramparts*, the New Left magazine), it was an era filled with moments such as that meeting between Genet and Kesey, moments stuck in the memory like a gallery of still photographs: Joan Baez singing *Blowin' in the Wind* as free-speech protesters filed into a Berkeley hall before being hauled away in the first mass arrest; Allen Ginsberg chanting mantras before a Vietnam-protest march and gentling the Hell's Angels in attendance; Hunter Thompson stopping by the office of *Ramparts* with a duffel bag filled with pills that our mascot, Henry Luce, munched on before being rushed to the vet; Jane Fonda returning from India after breaking up with Roger Vadim, saying she was afraid the Sixties were passing her by and could we help her, please, become a leftist?

It is little wonder that people who lived through the Sixties, or who felt the nostalgia for it that such films as *The Big Chill*



decade. This was the civil rights movement, which opened America to its black outcasts. The summary moment of the civil rights movement came three months before Kennedy's death, when Martin Luther King, Jr., stood in front of the Lincoln Memorial and delivered his "I have a dream" speech. It seemed at the time that the speech might have set the tone for the Sixties. What was surprising about King's movement, however, was not how quickly it arrived (it was pre-eminently a movement of the Fifties) but how quickly it passed.

By 1965, when the "high" Sixties was in gear, King was on the defensive, under attack by a new radical generation. With Stokely Carmichael as their representative figure, black militants rejected nonviolence and social integration, calling instead for "black power." They used threats of violence to exclude traditional civil rights leaders such as Roy Wilkins and Whitney Young from their protest and put pressure on King himself. The torching of the urban ghettos, beginning with Watts in 1965, provided the light by which the black-power movement wrote a violent and chaotic epilog to King's history of decency and courage.

King continued to speak, before diminishing audiences, about peaceful and creative change, about building a movement of love and hope. The black activists opposed to him rode his coattails at the same time they were privately deriding him as "Uncle Martin" and "de Lawd." In a gesture characteristic of the nihilism that was coming to be the most typical feature of Sixties politics, they made it clear that they wanted no part of King's American dream. They were not interested in being integrated into the system, which they had decided was irredeemably racist and wanted only to bring to its knees. King talked about brotherhood; Carmichael preached the doctrine that blacks were a "colony" and called for "national liberation" from America itself.

The guerrilla army of this liberation was to be the Black Panthers. While King had enriched the national dialog on race and civil rights, the Panthers completed the debasement of political language and process with totalitarian slogans such as "Off the pigs," "Power grows out of the barrel of a gun" and "you're either part of the solution or part of the problem." As investigations revealed later, they were killing one another to resolve their internal struggles for power at the same time they were using rhetoric to titillate whites enamored of "revolutionary violence."

Except for the Panthers' murder of a few of their own and their gun battles with local police, black militancy was primarily talk. (In retrospect, it could be said that the only necessary implements of the Sixties were a soapbox, a megaphone and a suppository.) But even talk had practical consequences. A daunting example of the

impact that the rhetoric of the Sixties had on policy can be seen in the way the black family—a time bomb ticking with growing ominousness today—got pushed off the political agenda.

While Carmichael, Huey Newton and others were launching a revolutionary front against the system, the Johnson Administration was contemplating a commitment to use the powers of the Federal Government to end the economic and social inequalities that still plagued American blacks. A Presidential task force under Daniel Patrick Moynihan was given a mandate to identify the obstacles preventing blacks from seizing the opportunities that had been grasped by other minority groups. About the same time as the passage of the Voting Rights Act of 1965, Moynihan published findings that emphasized the central importance of family in shaping an individual life and noted with alarm that 21 percent of black families were headed by females. "[The] one unmistakable lesson in American history," he warned, is that a country that allows "a large number of young men to grow up in broken families, dominated by women, never acquiring any stable relationship to male authority, never acquiring any set of rational expectations about the future—that community asks for and gets chaos. Crime, violence, unrest, disorder—particularly the furious, unrestrained lashing out at the whole social structure—that is not only to be expected; it is very near to inevitable."

Moynihan proposed that the Government confront this problem as a priority, but his conclusions were bitterly attacked by the black radicals and white liberals joined in a coalition of anger and self-flagellation. The White House retreated before this onslaught and took the black family off the agenda. As Moynihan said later, "From being buoyantly open to

ideas and enterprises, [Johnson] became near contemptuous of civil rights leaders, who he now believed cared only for symbols." In his next State of the Union Address, the President devoted only 45 words to the problems confronting blacks.

It was a typical Sixties case history and outcome—rejecting real solutions in favor of demands that had been made with the knowledge that they could not be met. The consequences of this syndrome have, with time, become painfully clear. By 1980, poverty had become increasingly youthful, black, feminized and entrenched. Unwed mothers had become the norm rather than the exception in the black community.

It is a problem that the present-day apologists for the Sixties blame on the system, too. By as early as 1970, however, black families that were intact and living outside the South and in which both adults had a high school education had attained income equality with their white counterparts. These were blacks who had remained committed to the opportunity system King had embraced. But the radical leaders who had pushed King aside continued to condemn the system and counseled blacks to buy out of it so vehemently that a commitment to self-betterment almost had to be made against the grain of black life. In 1951, when America *did* have a racist system but did not have a self-anointed priesthood preaching about its evils, 8.7 percent of black teenagers (as opposed to 9.5 percent of whites) were unemployed. In 1980, after a decade and a half of Sixties rhetoric, some 38 percent of black teenagers were unemployed. Obviously, the bad-mouthing of America was not the only cause for this disastrous turn of events, but it was an instance of contributory negligence on the part of radicals. A part of the black community has made



immigrants of Woodstock were there to care for their own.

But the Woodstock Nation was an illusion as ungrounded in reality as the hallucinations induced by the LSD that was its national chemical. A few months after its founding, the decade began to draw toward its apocalyptic close. As a portent of things to come, the Beatles were breaking up. The title song of their last album might be taken as a recognition of the destructiveness of the Sixties crusade against the established order: *Let It Be*. The Rolling Stones answered this act of contrition with the title song of their album: *Let It Bleed*. Then came Altamont, the *Krystallnacht* of the Woodstock Nation. At Altamont, the gentlefolk of Woodstock met the Hell's Angels—not only criminals but suppliers of the drugs that were destroying the new nation from within. After the Stones had sung *Sympathy for the Devil*, a black man lunged near the stage with a gun in his hand and was beaten to death in front of everyone by the Angels. Devils and Angels: It all came together and came apart.

Appalled at what had happened and at the mayhem that ensued, Mick Jagger saw that the Sixties were over. It was time to go back to the dressing room, time to stop posturing as one of the "satanic majesties" of an era, time to grow up and simply become part of the rock scene again.

All of us had to do the same thing—learn to live with adulthood. And so the Sixties has faded into gauzy memory—the good old days when we were all so bad, a time of limitless possibilities and wild dreams made all the brighter by the somber and complex world that succeeded it. This is the paradoxical reason for the Sixties' growing appeal: It created the tawdry world that we now measure and find wanting by comparison with it.

There is truth in the nostalgia. It is the *memory* of the era that is false. The Pandora's box the Sixties opened is still unclosed; the malign influences released then still plague us today. The Sixties are the green socks around our ankles: heavy, man, very heavy.



Howard Chaykin

"In the final movement, the mood abruptly changes from despair to joy as the composer is awarded a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts."

HAIL THE LIGHT

(continued from page 90)

The bashers can correctly ridicule a brainless philosophy like "Don't trust anyone over 30," but the song of the Sixties was also "No war toys," and I'd hate to lose that baby with the bath water of triviality. One truth remains: You judge, at your peril, an entire decade and its activists by the worst of its adherents. All but those who have a secret agenda for making us ashamed of our past understand that a time and a movement are evaluated on the basis of the *best*, not the dumbest.

Nothin' happened in the Sixties? You really think comedians like Sam Kinison and Richard Pryor and Eddie Murphy and Robin Williams and Franklin Ajaye and "Bobcat" Goldthwaite would be working the material they're laying down in comedy clubs and on HBO if there hadn't been shrapnel catchers like Lenny Bruce, George Carlin, Mort Sahl, the Firesign Theater, the Smothers Brothers and Harry Shearer and David L. Lander with the Credibility Gap? Remember, if you will: Monty Python got going in the Sixties. If it hadn't been for jokers like Lenny, Elayne Boosler wouldn't be telling us today that she's picking up CB messages on her IUD; we'd still be picking bits of old Bob Hope routines out of our teeth, and spuds like Buddy Hackett would still be running loose instead of being institutionalized in Vegas lounges.

In the pre-social-consciousness days of Disneyland, kids with long hair were forbidden entrance to the Magic Kingdom, and, some say, those who jammed their hair up under caps and slipped through often found themselves patted down for funny stuff by the security staff. By the end of the Sixties, rock bands had replaced Grinning Young American groups in Walt's domain, and attempts to prevent same-sex dancing were later knocked back so fast it made Tinker Bell's tummy ache.

In 1961, the first real awareness that television was turning us into a nation of functional illiterates, that it wasn't universally a swell thing, was voiced by FCC Chairman Newton N. Minow, who told a National Association of Broadcasters convention, "I invite you to sit down in front of your television set when your station goes on the air *and stay there*. You will see a vast wasteland—a procession of game shows, violence, audience-participation shows, formula comedies about totally unbelievable families . . . blood and thunder . . . mayhem . . . sadism, murder . . . private eyes, more violence, and cartoons . . . and, endlessly, commercials—many screaming, cajoling and offending. . . ."

Did that have an effect on us here in the Eighties?

The networks didn't hear the song

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Minow was singing; and today they've lost almost half their audience. As Santayana told us, "Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it." The bashers of the Sixties, for their own reasons, want us to forget the Sixties—perhaps because the strengths that emerged from that time are counterproductive to their ends here in the Eighties.

Nothin' happened in the Sixties? The rise of black consciousness, black pride, opening channels for all the black versions of Albert Einstein and Marie Curie and William Faulkner who had been denied to us for 200 years. The rise of the feminist movement, for all its *Bitch Manifestos* and bra burnings, unleashed a tsunami of cultural change by that half of our population previously kept barefoot and pregnant.

We got:

Credit cards and credit banking; oral contraceptives that demolished thousands of years of male fiat as to who would get screwed and by whom; space-program technology that gave us not only desktop computers and weather and communications satellites but popularized Tang and Teflon coating for pans. (OK, so not everything was laudable.)

Producer Edward Lewis broke the Hol-

lywood blacklist by defying the conspiracy of silence and hired Dalton Trumbo to write *Spartacus* . . . and gave him credit on screen.

A fascination for the youth culture that has remained undimmed, prompted by the thorough domination of rock 'n' roll, the Beatles and their haircuts, Mod fashions and total cross-country mobility. And all because the baby boomers' demographic bulge swelled into late adolescence and young adulthood. This does not mean I can listen to the Beastie Boys or Prince. But then, that, too, shall pass.

On the plus side, we got Ralph Nader. How many of you out there are alive today because of his *kvetching* about auto safety, which resulted in the redesigning of cars, the installation of seat belts, frequent recalls of death traps and consumer protection laws? Truth in packaging. Truth in lending. Childproof caps on cleansers, drugs, paint thinners. On the minus side, we got terrorism and skyjacking.

All through the Forties and Fifties, we were told that rampant urban development was *progress!* Pave it over, tear it down, plow it under. In the Sixties, we learned that we are all part of the planetary chain—remember *The Whole Earth Catalog* and Frank Herbert's *Dune* and Denis Hayes's founding Earth Day?—and

a magical environmental awareness blossomed. The EPA was created in 1970, the same time America celebrated that first Earth Day.

But by 1966, the Department of the Interior—operating from a saner philosophy of life than that offered by our recently deposed sweetie James Watt, who told us it didn't matter if he sold off the forests for McDonald's packaging, because the apocalypse is coming and we won't be here to enjoy them, anyway—had already gotten the rare-and-endangered-species list to Congress, and in 1966, that act was passed. Millions of acres of land were purchased by the Government for parks and preservation. Tough smog standards were clamped on a heretofore-unchecked heavy industry still trying to convince us (as Coolidge had said) that "the chief business of the American people is business." Leading the environmental movement was the state of California, with higher emissions standards than anywhere else in the nation. From the land of the flower children, the Sixties bashers seem to forget, came the desire to breathe more healthily.

In the Sixties, women got "equal pay for equal work" from the 1963 Congress; the beginnings of success in sexual-harassment lawsuits; the National Organization for Women, founded by Betty Friedan; the removal of "women's menus," sans prices; the topless bathing suit, introduced by Rudi Gernreich, which led to a general abandonment by young women of brassieres staved with metal that produced breast cancer; and, by 1969, panty hose to replace girdles, garter belts and nylons, unless one chose to use them in the privacy of the sexual arena. Martina Navratilova would not today be a millionaire several times over had not Billie Jean King perceived that whipping the crap out of Bobby Riggs was an object lesson for the sons of *machismo*, and not just a cheap show filled with megabucks.

Nothin' happened in the Sixties, O my bashers?

Well, howzabout in addition to the Civil Rights Act of 1964, we got the *Gideon* decision in 1963, providing legal counsel for indigent defendants, and *Miranda* in 1966, ensuring a suspect's right to remain silent, right to have an attorney present during questioning, right to have his brains left unscrambled by cops straight out of a Spillane novel? Don't say it has nothing to do with the Eighties: In addition to turning arresting officers into crybabies because they can't use the truncheon as freely as they might wish, *Miranda* has made the writing of cop shows on TV much harder. They actually have to resemble the real world now. Sure.

The first community for older citizens, Del Webb's Sun City, opened outside Phoenix, 1960. L.B.J. signed the first Medicare bill, 1965. The Gray Panthers were founded, 1970. That's what the old folks got from the Sixties. And homosexuals



"I've got him! Now you hit him with the rock!"

dissenters (from a safe distance behind the typewriter), they try to convince us that the sexual revolution ended up in herpes and AIDS, that the creative ferment, questioning of authority and outpouring of simple concern for others lead to the Big Chill.

But we *live* with the benefits of the Sixties, the large and small treasures enumerated here. In the din of the bashing to justify personal moral flaccidity and floating ethics, they try to drown out the song the Sixties sang.

They despise themselves and what they have settled for; and so they seek to make us join their zombie death march to the nearest point of purchase.

But here are the vocals accompanying the song, remastered and digitalized, pure in their melody:

Martin Luther King, Jr.: "I have a dream. I have a dream that one day, on the red hills of Georgia, the sons of former slaves and the sons of former slaveowners will be able to sit down together at the table of brotherhood. . . ."

Ronald Reagan: "If you've seen one redwood, you've seen them all."

Muhammad Ali: "I ain't got no quarrel with them Viet Congs."

Barry Goldwater: "Extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice . . . moderation in the pursuit of justice is no virtue."

Eldridge Cleaver: "You're either part of the solution or part of the problem."

Neil Armstrong: "That's one small step for man, one giant leap for mankind."

Richard Nixon: "I am not a crook."

Anonymous, 1965: "Save water; shower with a friend."

Bob Dylan: "Don't follow leaders; watch your parking meters."

Pogo: "We have met the enemy and he is us."

Martin again, and last, and always: "Free at last! Free at last! Thank God Almighty, I'm free at last!"

I thought I'd buy it at the age of 14, but I've done the Thirties, the Forties, the Fifties, the Seventies and most of the Eighties. And although the sky is no darker and although the friends have gone to dust and although the killers of the word are still with us, I must tell you that those who bash the Sixties out of present shame and self-loathing flummox you about a time that this country can be proud of. They are merely trying to devalue Boardwalk and Park Place so they can get you to like living in one of their hotels on Baltic or Mediterranean.

Hotels in which every room is numbered 101.

Screw 'em. The Sixties were *exactly* as good as you remember them. The Eighties suck because viewers couldn't handle *Buffalo Bill*. And God don't hear the prayer of the Swaggart.

Cup your hand behind your ear. Listen hard. The song is still being sung. Not as loud, perhaps, but just as sweet. It'll all be better in the morning, kiddo.



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"Highly competitive schedules will groom the Big East teams to survive the grueling road to the Final Four."

departed, but the Mountaineers have too much talent and tradition not to recover by season's end. West Virginia, 23-8 last season, has had seven straight 20-win years under coach Gale Catlett. Forwards Darryl Prue and Tyrone Shaw will get help from Chris Brooks, held out last season by his failure to meet the N.C.A.A.'s

S.A.T.-score requirement for incoming freshman players.

Rhode Island returns all five starters from last year's 20-10 team, a surprisingly strong showing for rookie coach Tom Penders. Guards Carlton "Silk" Owens and Tom "Chief" Garrick are one of the better backcourt tandems in the East.

ANSON MOUNT SCHOLAR/ATHLETE

Playboy institutes the Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete Award in basketball this year to recognize accomplishment both in the classroom and on the court. Nominated by their universities, the candidates are judged by the editors of *Playboy* on their collegiate scholastic and athletic achievements. The award winner attends *Playboy's* pre-season All-America Weekend, this year held at Disney World/Epcot in Orlando, Florida, receives a bronzed commemorative medallion and is included in the team photograph published in the magazine. In addition, *Playboy* awards \$5000 to the general scholarship fund of the winner's university.

The first Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete Award in basketball goes to Shon Morris of Northwestern University. One of the top forwards in the nation, Morris earned Big Ten honorable mentions the past two years, while he led his team in scoring and rebounding. He never quits, no matter what the score. Morris majors in human development and social policy at Northwestern and currently carries a 3.54 average. He was a first-team Academic All-American last year.

Honorable mention: Brian Quinnett (Washington State), Mike Hess (California-Irvine), Peter White (Yale), Steve Trax (Old Dominion), Derek Rucker (Davidson), James Rhode (Idaho State), Ronnie Bellamy (North Carolina-Charlotte), Don Royster (Tulsa), Joe Calavita (Vermont), Andrew Fisher (Toledo), Gary Koterwas (Morgan State), Darin Maccoux (Dartmouth), Marc Urquhart (Iowa State), Steve Martenet (Bowling Green), Ryan Nesbit (The Citadel).

BEST FRESHMEN IN NATION

GUARDS: Lyndon Jones, 6'3" (Indiana); Michael Christian, 6'3" (Georgia Tech); LaBradford Smith, 6'3" (Louisville); Eric Manuel, 6'6" (Kentucky); Karl James, 6'3" (Nevada-Las Vegas); King Rice, 6' (North Carolina); Mark Macon, 6'5" (Temple)

FORWARDS: Sean Higgins, 6'9" (Michigan); Perry Carter, 6'8" (Ohio State); Cedric Lewis, 6'10" (Maryland); Dennis Scott, 6'7" (Georgia Tech); Byron Tucker, 6'9" (North Carolina State); Bobby Martin, 6'9" (Pittsburgh); Anthony Tucker, 6'8" (Georgetown); Dwayne Davis, 6'7" (Florida); Rick Fox, 6'7" (North Carolina)

CENTERS: Sean Muto, 6'11" (St. John's); LeRon Ellis, 6'11" (Kentucky); Elmore Spencer, 6'11" (Georgia)

OUTSTANDING JUNIOR COLLEGE TRANSFERS

GUARDS: Daron "Mookie" Blaylock, 6' (Oklahoma); Rudy Archer, 6'1" (Maryland); Greg "Boo" Harvey, 5'11", and Michael Porter, 6'1" (St. John's); Clint Rossum, 6'2" (Nevada-Las Vegas); Joey Johnson, 6'4" (Arizona State); Keenan Carpenter, 6'2" (Auburn); Richard Hollis, 6'5" (Houston)

FORWARDS: Andre Wiley, 6'5", and Tyrone Jones, 6'5" (Oklahoma); Johnny Steptoe, 6'7" (Southern University); Tony Dawson, 6'7" (Florida State)

CENTERS: Marvin Branch, 6'10" (Kansas); Brent Blair, 6'10" (Virginia)

Last season, injuries and eligibility problems plagued St. Joseph's. After posting a 26-6 record two years ago, the Hawks fell to 16-13 and were forced to fill the roster with four walk-ons by season's end. Center Rodney Blake (17.6 p.p.g.) has fully recovered from his ankle injury but is the only returning starter.

Penn State is optimistic about improving on last year's 15-12 record. All five of last season's starters return, but the more talented Atlantic Ten teams will be tough to surpass in the rankings.

Massachusetts, Rutgers, Duquesne, George Washington and St. Bonaventure all return significant percentages of last season's starting teams, but all five teams are on a par with one another and none appears likely to fight its way out of the bottom half of the conference.

BIG EAST

The Big East will continue to be one of the dominant conferences in the nation, with at least three teams having legitimate national-championship aspirations. Up-tempo offenses, aggressive full-court defenses, highly competitive schedules and excellent coaching will groom the best of the Big East teams to survive the grueling road to the Final Four.

Syracuse returns its three most talented starters from last year's team, which fell one basket short of the national championship: Sherman Douglas (17.3 p.p.g.), sophomore Derrick Coleman and *Playboy* All-America center Rony Seikaly. Coach Jim Boheim's troupe needs only to find that elusive team chemistry to win it all.

Pittsburgh has outstanding talent in *Playboy* All-America forward Charles Smith and Jerome Lane, one of the nation's leading rebounders. If Pitt can get the backcourt play it needs from Deme'treus Gore, the Panthers could be there at the end.

And then there's Georgetown. Formidable coach John Thompson will miss the scoring punch of departed Reggie Williams, but he will have the Hoyas in their usual feisty and tenacious mood. Thompson, an all-round massive presence in the basketball-coaching firmament, will have one eye on his Georgetown crew, the other on his upcoming challenge as head coach of the 1988 Olympic basketball team.

Two of the most colorful coaches in the conference—or in America, for that matter—Lou Carnesecca and Rollie Massimino, will both mold teams greater than their individual parts. Carnesecca, in his 19th year as coach at St. John's, has lost Mark Jackson and Willie Glass to the N.B.A. He'll look to forward Shelton Jones (14.6 p.p.g.) as part of the answer this year. Massimino, with the memory of Villanova's national championship dimmed by the departure of Harold Jensen and the Gary McLain *Sports Illustrated* drug exposé (in which McLain admitted that he'd played on cocaine during the 1985 N.C.A.A. championship game), has four



"Raise her ass up a minute, will ya, Chet? I have to get Sandra's coat."

returning starters, including the big (7'2") but not very mobile Tom Greis at center.

Providence would have had trouble anyway recovering from the loss of four of last year's starters, including the indefatigable Billy Donovan. But when coach Rick Pitino flip-flopped one more time and took the head coaching job for the New York Knicks, the Friars' fate was sealed. Seton Hall, led by forward Mark Bryant (16.8 p.p.g.) and Leland "Pookey" Wigington (5'3"), will play the conference dark horse and upset maker.

BIG EIGHT

Oklahoma will be big, physical and maybe better than last season, even after losing three of last year's starters. Harvey Grant and Ricky Grace will be joined by outstanding junior college transfers Daron "Mookie" Blaylock and Andre Wiley.

Last year, Missouri sneaked past perennial Big Eight powers Kansas and Oklahoma to win the conference tournament. The Tigers won't have the element of surprise this season, but they will have all of last season's starters, including Playboy All-America Derrick Chievous, and excellent bench strength.

At one point last season, it appeared that Kansas coach Larry Brown was headed to the New York Knicks and star player Danny Manning to the N.B.A. draft. However, Brown, to everyone's surprise, stayed put, and Manning, a two-time Playboy All-America and probably the best college player in the nation, opted to finish his college career. With Archie Marshall returning after a season off with medical problems, the Jayhawks need only the emergence of a solid point guard to have a good chance for post-season success.

Kansas State will return four starters but will miss the departed Norris Coleman. Lack of size and speed hurts the team's chances against its stronger conference opponents. Iowa State will have standout forward Jeff Grayer but not

enough else. Oklahoma State will be improved by the return of 7'4" Alan Bannister, redshirted last season, and Proposition 48 returner Derrick Davis. Nebraska will struggle to do as well as its 1987 third-place National Invitational Tournament finish.

BIG SOUTH

One of the less familiar Division I conferences, the Big South features small but evenly matched teams. Campbell University, located in the bustling metropolitan center of Buies Creek, North Carolina, appears to be the favorite. Baptist, which beat Campbell by one point in last year's conference championship, has dropped too much offense as a result of graduation to repeat. Coastal Carolina and Radford are the other conference-title challengers.

BIG SKY

Boise State returns Arnell Jones (15.8 p.p.g.), a great inside player, and Chris Childs (15.4 p.p.g.). If the Broncos improve their perimeter shooting, they should be conference champs. Montana State will also be strong. The Bobcats return forward Tom Domako (20.3 p.p.g.). The only other team that has a shot at the top spot in the conference is Idaho. Returning forward Andrew Jackson will get some help from Raymond Brown, a 6'8" transfer from Mississippi State. Nevada-Reno has Boris King (18.5 p.p.g.) at guard but not enough size up front. The rest of the league is in various stages of rebuilding, with Eastern Washington being a new member of the conference this year.

BIG TEN

The Big Ten splits down the middle in fairly neat order: The top five—Indiana, Iowa, Illinois, Michigan and Purdue—are teams with the potential to play all the way to the Final Four; the teams in the bottom half of the conference, with the possible exception of Ohio State, will have to content themselves with beating one another and

hoping to upset one of the top five on an off night. It looks as if Michigan has a razor-thin edge over Purdue and Indiana. Iowa and Illinois are one step behind.

Michigan will build on the proven talents of Playboy All-America Gary Grant (22.4 p.p.g.) and Glen Rice (16.9 p.p.g.). They'll be joined by guard Rumeal Robinson, who sat out last year because of Proposition 48, and center/forward Terry Mills. If coach Bill Frieder can mix the talent properly, the Wolverines will be as good as any team in the nation.

Purdue loses only one starter from last year's 25-5 team. If Troy Lewis (18.5 p.p.g.) has recovered from a broken foot in the off season, he will lead the offense. Everette Stephens, at point guard, may be the best athlete on the team. Melvin McCants (6'9") provides the size.

How about a sequel to the movie *Hoosiers*? In it, Gene Hackman follows his high school crew to Indiana University, wins three N.C.A.A. titles in the next 16 years, develops a fondness for red sweaters rolled up around his waist and keeps his players, the referees, opposing coaches and especially the media off balance with a combination of temper and humor on his way to the Basketball Hall of Fame. The problem with *Hoosiers II* is that Bob Knight has already lived most of it. Steve Alford and Daryl Thomas are gone from last year's national champions, but there are more Indiana Mr. Basketballs (Jay Edwards and Lyndon Jones) waiting to join returning Dean Garrett, Rick Caloway and Keith Smart.

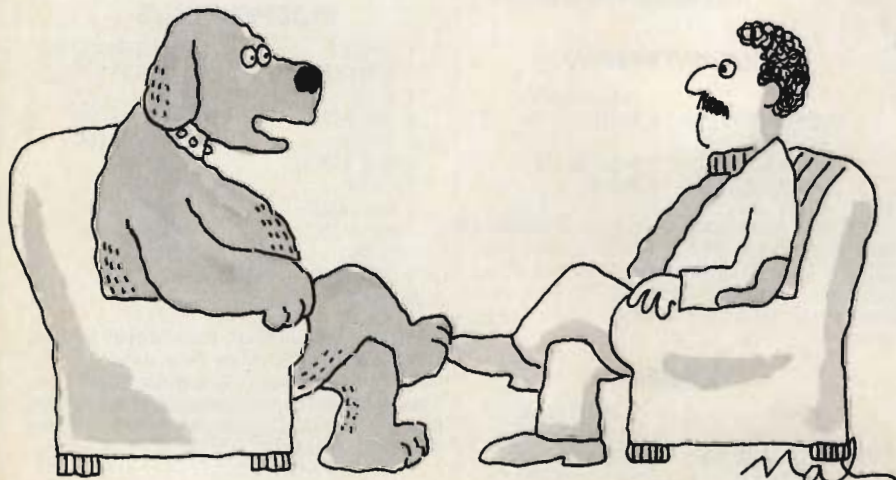
Iowa has lost three starters from last year's 30-5 squad, but because of the human-wave substitution techniques of coach Tom Davis, the Hawkeyes still have several players with significant playing experience. Forward Roy Marble (14.9 p.p.g.) is the team standout.

Illinois has also lost three starters from last year, but the talent well is deep in Urbana, especially since the addition of transfer forward Ken Battle and Proposition 48 returner Nick Anderson. Marcus Liberty, the consensus number-one high school player in the country last year, failed to make the required 15 on his A.C.T. and must sit out this season.

Ohio State will have a difficult time breaking into the top half of the conference, despite the addition of Georgetown transfer Grady Mateen (6'11"). The team will miss Dennis Hopson's 29 points per game of last season. Wisconsin guard Trent Jackson will try to lead the Badgers out of last year's 14-17 doldrums. Minnesota will improve on last season's disappointing 2-16 conference record. Northwestern and coach Bill Foster have Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete Shon Morris but little else. Michigan State returns only two starters and will lack offensive punch.

COLONIAL

Now that David Robinson, last year's all-media college player of the year, is



"I enjoy speaking, but rolling over and playing dead are no fun at all!"

great Jeff Mullins has coached North Carolina-Charlotte from oblivion to 18 wins last year. Guard Byron Dinkins will lead UNC-Charlotte's charge at Alabama-Birmingham. Jacksonville has enough size (Emmett Smith, seven feet) and skill (Troy Mundine and transfer Curtis Taylor) to hope for post-season play. Western Kentucky and Virginia Commonwealth are both weaker than usual.

TRANS AMERICA

The Trans America is yet another of the smaller basketball conferences in which the quality of play is potentially high enough to catapult a team into national prominence. There are three teams in the conference—Arkansas—Little Rock, Stetson and Texas—San Antonio—with such potential. Arkansas—Little Rock, which made it to the N.I.T. final four last year, brings back four of its five starters, plus a couple of hot prospects, Proposition 48 returner James Scott and junior college transfer Johnnie Bell. Stetson coach Dr. Glenn Wilkes has had only five losing seasons in 30 years, and three starters are back from last season's 18-13 squad, including forward Randy Anderson (15.8 p.p.g.). Dr. Wilkes and the Hatters should surpass .500 with ease. Coach Ken Burmeister and Texas—San Antonio are promising to put basketball on the South Texas map this year. The Roadrunners have more depth and size than last season. Georgia Southern was the conference-tournament champ last year but was unlucky enough to draw Syracuse in the first round of the N.C.A.A. tournament. Despite returning three starters, it is unlikely to get as far this season. Houston Baptist, second in the conference last year, is big but inexperienced.

WEST COAST

Paul Westhead, former N.B.A. coach with the L.A. Lakers and the Chicago Bulls, adds three outstanding transfers, Bo

Kimble, Hank Gathers and Corey Gaines, to a talented Loyola Marymount team. Last year's conference scoring leader, Mike Yoest (19.3 p.p.g.), returns for his senior year.

Pepperdine, 25-5 two years ago, fell on hard times last season (12-18) before reviving somewhat to finish second in the conference tournament. The Waves will start stronger this year. Santa Clara and St. Mary's both have outside shots at the conference title. St. Mary's must improve on the boards; Santa Clara lacks depth and quickness. San Diego, 13-1 in the conference last year, will suffer through a rebuilding year.

WESTERN

When you think of Wyoming, images of snowy peaks, antelope and cowboys come to mind. But the University of Wyoming has assembled its own bunch of Cowboys, who can shoot the lights out with basketballs, not bullets. The fastest gun in the Cowboy posse is a fellow with the unlikely handle of Fennis Dembo (20.3 p.p.g.). Riding shotgun for Dembo is 6'11" Playboy All-America Eric Leckner, the best center west of the Mississippi. Coach Benny Dees, formerly of New Orleans, has replaced Jim Brandenburg, who high-tailed it for San Diego State.

Brigham Young, 21-11 last season, has lost three starters but, fortunately, returns Michael Smith (20.1 p.p.g.), one of the best junior forwards in the nation. Lack of depth and experience is a big hurdle for BYU. New Mexico will have difficulty matching its 25-win total of last season, even with Hunter Greene (21.1 p.p.g.) back for his senior year. Texas—El Paso, winner of five W.A.C. titles in a row, has to rebuild in a year that finds most other conference teams improved. Utah has four starters back, and plenty of aspirations, but not enough over-all talent to make a serious bid for the conference crown.

INDEPENDENTS

Dallas Comegys, the last DePaul team member to play under Ray Meyer, has departed, and DePaul fans are finally beginning to think of Joey Meyer as the coach instead of as the coach's son. Joey, who has seemed tentative at times, has nevertheless compiled a 65-26 record over the past three years, including two trips to the Final 16. The talent recruited by DePaul continues to be superb. Playboy All-America Rod Strickland is a great penetrator and an excellent scorer (16.3 p.p.g.). If the Blue Demons can get strong inside play from returning Kevin Edwards and Stanley Brundy, they could find their way to the Final 16 again.

Last year, Notre Dame point guard David Rivers recovered from a serious automobile accident in August and still managed to average 15.7 p.p.g. As for his floor-leadership ability, coach Digger Phelps maintains that he could put Rivers and four student managers on the floor and still have a pretty good team. To get very far in post-season play, Notre Dame will have to be more than pretty good—which may be a problem, because its inside game will miss the departed Donald Royal. However, Phelps always gets the maximum out of the talent on hand.

Miami will get its program over the .500 mark this season as Tito Horford, the 7'1" giant who caused such a stir a couple of years ago in trying to find a school that would have him, begins to fulfill his potential. The Hurricanes have excellent size and quickness and could surprise more than a couple of the superpower squads.

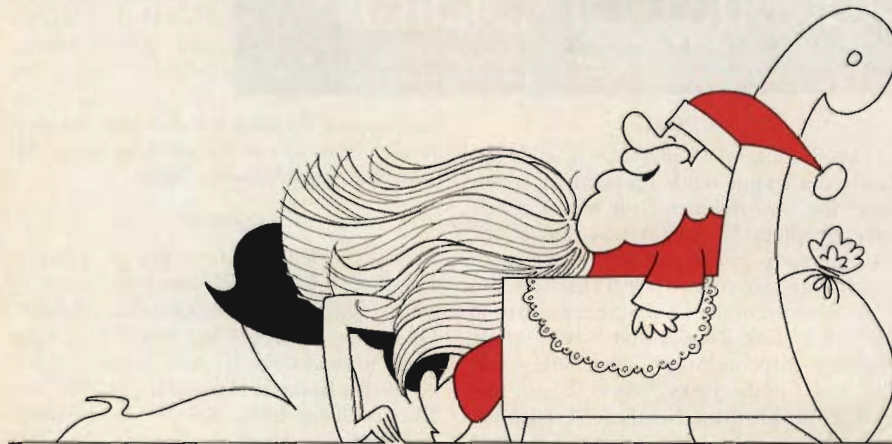
While Marquette has talented guards in Michael "Pops" Sims and Tony Smith, it will be young and inexperienced in the front court. Much will depend on the development of 6'10" freshman center Rod Grosse.

Coach Don Donoher has had only three losing seasons in 23 years at Dayton. Even though the Flyers are young (four sophomores will start), don't bet against their ending up on the plus side of .500. Next season, Dayton joins the Midwestern Collegiate Conference.

Evangelist Oral Roberts may have done some strange things this year, but rehiring Ken Trickey as head coach of the Oral Roberts University basketball program was not one of them. Trickey coached Oral Roberts to a record of 118-23 during his previous tenure (1969-1974). This is the school's first season as an independent since leaving the Midwestern.

Akron, Maryland-Baltimore County and Central Florida are all solid programs and are improving. Wright State and Missouri-Kansas City make their debuts this season in Division I.

Here's hoping your team wins.



C. Barzotti

"Oh, gosh, that was 1966 and it was just a little tricycle. You don't need to thank me now."

you say it is worth?"

"A diamond like this," Harry Gold said, taking it from the paper and placing it in his palm, "a D-color stone of this size and clarity would command on inquiry a trade price of between twenty-five and thirty thousand dollars a carat. In the shops, it would cost you double that. Up to sixty thousand dollars a carat in the retail market."

"Great Scott!" Robert Sandy cried, jumping up. The little jeweler's words seemed to have lifted him clean out of his seat. He stood there, stunned.

"And now," Harry Gold was saying, "we must find out precisely how many carats it weighs." He crossed over to a shelf on which there stood a small metal apparatus. "This is simply an electronic scale," he said. He slid back a glass door and placed the diamond inside. He twiddled a couple of knobs, then read off the figures on a dial. "It weighs fifteen point two seven carats," he said. "And that, in case it interests you, makes it worth about half a million dollars in the trade and more than one million dollars if you bought it in a shop."

"You are making me nervous," Robert Sandy said, laughing nervously.

"If I owned it," Harry Gold said, "it would make *me* very nervous. Sit down again, Mr. Sandy, so you don't faint."

Robert Sandy sat down.

Harry Gold took his time settling himself into his chair behind the big partner's desk. "This is quite an occasion, Mr. Sandy," he said. "I don't often have the pleasure of giving someone quite such a startlingly wonderful shock as this. I think I'm enjoying it more than you are."

"I am too shocked to be really enjoying it yet," Robert Sandy said. "Give me a

moment or two to recover."

"Mind you," Harry Gold said, "one wouldn't expect much less from the king of the Saudis. Did you save the young prince's life?"

"I suppose I did, yes."

"Then that explains it." Harry Gold had put the diamond back onto the fold of white paper on his desk, and he sat there looking at it with the eyes of a man who loved what he saw. "My guess is that this stone came from the treasure chest of old King ibn-Saud of Arabia. If that is the case, then it will be totally unknown in the trade, which makes it even more desirable. Are you going to sell it?"

"Oh, gosh, I don't know what I am going to do with it," Robert Sandy said. "It's all so sudden and confusing."

"May I give you some advice?"

"Please do."

"If you *are* going to sell it, you should take it to auction. An unseen stone like this would attract a lot of interest, and the wealthy private buyers would be sure to come in and bid against the trade. And if you were able to reveal its provenance as well, telling them that it came directly from the Saudi royal family, then the price would go through the roof."

"You have been more than kind to me," Robert Sandy said. "When I do decide to sell it, I shall come first of all to you for advice. But tell me, does a diamond really cost twice as much in the shops as it does in the trade?"

"I shouldn't be telling you this," Harry Gold said, "but I'm afraid it does."

"So if you buy one in Bond Street or anywhere else like that, you are actually paying twice its intrinsic worth?"

"That's more or less right. A lot of young ladies have received nasty shocks

when they've tried to resell jewelry that has been given to them by gentlemen."

"So diamonds are not a girl's best friend?"

"They are still very friendly things to have," Harry Gold said, "as you have just found out. But they are not generally a good investment for the amateur."

Outside in The High, Robert Sandy mounted his bicycle and headed for home. He was feeling lightheaded. It was as though he had just finished a whole bottle of good wine all by himself. Here he was, solid old Robert Sandy, sedate and sensible, cycling through the streets of Oxford with more than a million dollars in the pocket of his old tweed jacket! It was madness. But it was true.

He arrived back at his house in Acacia Road at about half past four and parked his bike in the garage alongside the car. Suddenly, he found himself running along the little concrete path that led to the front door. "Now, stop that!" he said aloud, pulling up short. "Calm down. You've got to make this really good for Betty. Unfold it slowly." But, oh, he simply *could not wait* to give the news to his lovely wife and watch her face as he told her the whole story of his afternoon. He found her in the kitchen, packing some homemade jam into a basket.

"Robert!" she cried, delighted as always to see him. "You're home early! How nice!"

He kissed her and said, "I *am* a bit early, aren't I?"

"You haven't forgotten we're going to the Renshaws' for the weekend? We have to leave fairly soon."

"I had forgotten," he said. "Or maybe I hadn't. Perhaps that's why I'm home early."

"I thought I'd take Margaret some jam."

"Good," he said. "Very good. You take her some jam. That's a very good idea to take Margaret some jam."

There was something in the way he was acting that made her swing round and stare at him. "Robert," she said, "what's happened? There's something the matter."

"Pour us each a drink," he said. "I've got a bit of news for you."

"Oh, darling, it's not something awful, is it?"

"No," he said. "It's something funny. I think you'll like it."

"You've been made head of surgery?"

"It's funnier than that," he said. "Go on, make a good stiff drink for each of us and sit down and I'll tell you."

"It's a bit early for drinks," she said, but she got the ice tray from the fridge and started making his whisky and soda. While she was doing this, she kept glancing up at him nervously. She said, "I don't think I've ever seen you quite like this before. You are wildly excited about something and you are pretending to be very calm. You're all red in the face. Are you



"And you don't have to worry about my orgasm. I took care of it before you got here."

and all the rest. There were two other long shelves on the far wall, and on these had stood about 20 lovely large glass jars with big ground-glass stoppers in which were kept rice and flour and brown sugar and bran and oatmeal and all sorts of other things. Every jar now lay on the floor in many pieces, with the contents spewed around. The refrigerator door was open, and the things that had been inside—the leftover foods, the milk, the eggs, the butter, the yogurt, the tomatoes, the lettuce—all of them had been pulled out and splashed onto the pretty tiled kitchen floor. The inner drawers of the fridge had been thrown into the mass of slush and trampled on. The plastic ice trays had been yanked out, and each had been broken in two and thrown away. Even the plastic-coated shelves had been ripped out of the fridge and bent double and thrown down with the rest. All the bottles of drink—the whisky, gin, vodka, sherry, vermouth, as well as half a dozen cans of beer—were standing on the table, empty. The bottles of drink and the beer cans seemed to be the only things in the entire house that had not been smashed. Practically the whole floor lay under a thick layer of mush and goo. It was as if a gang of mad children had been told to see how much mess they could make and had succeeded brilliantly.

Robert and Betty Sandy stood on the edge of it all, speechless with horror. At last Robert said, "I imagine our lovely diamond is somewhere underneath all that."

"I don't give a damn about our diamond," Betty said. "I'd like to kill the people who did this."

"So would I," Robert said. "I've got to call the police." He went back into the living room and picked up the telephone. By some miracle, it still worked.

The first squad car arrived in a few minutes. It was followed over the next half hour by a police inspector, a couple of plainclothesmen, a fingerprint expert and a photographer.

The inspector had a black mustache and a short, muscular body. "These are not professional thieves," he told Robert Sandy after he had taken a look round. "They weren't even amateur thieves. They were simply hooligans off the street. Riffraff. Yobbos. Probably three of them. People like this scout around looking for an empty house, and when they find it they break in and the first thing they do is to hunt out the booze. Did you have much alcohol on the premises?"

"The usual stuff," Robert said. "Whisky, gin, vodka, sherry and a few cans of beer."

"They'll have drunk the lot," the inspector said. "Lads like these have only two things in mind, drink and destruction. They collect all the booze on a table and sit down and drink themselves raving mad. Then they go on the rampage."

"You mean they didn't come in here to steal?" Robert asked.

"I doubt if they've stolen anything at

all," the inspector said. "If they'd been thieves, they would at least have taken your TV set. Instead, they smashed it up."

"But why do they do this?"

"You'd better ask their parents," the inspector said. "They're rubbish; that's all they are, just rubbish. People aren't brought up right anymore."

Then Robert told the inspector about the diamond. He gave him all the details from the beginning to end, because he realized that from the police point of view, it was likely to be the most important part of the whole business.

"Half a million!" cried the inspector. "Jesus Christ!"

"Probably double that," Robert said.

"Then that's the first thing we look for," the inspector said.

"I personally do not propose to go down on my hands and knees grubbing around in that pile of slush," Robert said. "I don't feel like it at this moment."

"Leave it to us," the inspector said. "We'll find it. That was a clever place to hide it."

"My wife thought of it. But tell me, inspector, if by some remote chance they had found it. . . ."

"Impossible," the inspector said. "How could they?"

"They might have seen it lying on the floor after the ice had melted," Robert said. "I agree it's unlikely. But if they had spotted it, would they have taken it?"

"I think they would," the inspector said. "No one can resist a diamond. It has a sort of magnetism about it. Yes, if one of them had seen it on the floor, I think he would have slipped it into his pocket. But don't worry about it, sir. It'll turn up."

"I'm not worrying about it," Robert said. "Right now, I'm worrying about my wife and about our house. My wife spent years trying to make this place into a good home."

"Now, look, sir," the inspector said, "the thing for you to do tonight is to take your wife off to a hotel and get some rest. Come back tomorrow, both of you, and we'll start sorting things out. There'll be someone here all the time looking after the house."

"I have to operate at the hospital first thing in the morning," Robert said. "But I expect my wife will try to come along."

"Good," the inspector said. "It's a nasty, upsetting business having your house ripped apart like this. It's a big shock. I've seen it many times. It hits you very hard."

Robert and Betty Sandy stayed the night at the Randolph Hotel in Oxford, and by eight o'clock the following morning, Robert was in the operating theater at the hospital, beginning to work his way through his morning list.

Shortly after noon, Robert had finished his last operation, a straightforward non-malignant prostate on an elderly male. He removed his rubber gloves and mask and went next door to the small surgeons' rest room for a cup of coffee. But before he got

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his coffee, he picked up the telephone and called his wife.

"How are you, darling?" he said.

"Oh, Robert, it's so *awful*," she said. "I just don't know where to begin."

"Have you called the insurance company?"

"Yes, they're coming any moment to help me make a list."

"Good," he said. "And have the police found our diamond?"

"I'm afraid not," she said. "They've been through every bit of that slush in the kitchen and they swear it's not there."

"Then where can it have gone? Do you think the vandals found it?"

"I suppose they must have," she said. "When they broke those ice trays, all the ice cubes would have fallen out. They fall out when you just bend the tray. They're meant to."

"They still wouldn't have spotted it in the ice," Robert said.

"They would when the ice melted," she said. "Those men must have been in the house for hours. Plenty of time for it to melt."

"I suppose you're right."

"It would stick out a mile, lying there on the floor," she said, "the way it shines."

"Oh, dear," Robert said.

"If we never get it back, we won't miss it much, anyway, darling," she said. "We only had it a few hours."

"I agree," he said. "Do the police have any leads on who the vandals were?"

"Not a clue," she said. "They found lots of fingerprints, but they don't seem to belong to any known criminals."

"They wouldn't," he said, "not if they

were hooligans off the street."

"That's what the inspector said."

"Look, darling," he said, "I've just about finished here for the morning. I'm going to grab a coffee, then I'll come home to give you a hand."

"Good," she said. "I need you, Robert. I need you badly."

"Just give me five minutes to rest my feet," he said. "I feel exhausted."

In number-two operating theater, not ten yards away, another senior surgeon called Brian Goff was also nearly finished for the morning. He was on his last patient, a young man who had a piece of bone lodged somewhere in his small intestine. Goff was being assisted by a rather jolly young registrar named William Haddock, and between them they had opened the patient's abdomen and Goff was lifting out a section of the small intestine and feeling along it with his fingers. It was routine stuff, and there was a good deal of conversation going on in the room.

"Did I ever tell you about the man who had lots of little live fish in his bladder?" William Haddock was saying.

"I don't think you did," Goff said.

"When we were students at Barts," William Haddock said, "we were being taught by a particularly unpleasant professor of urology. One day, this twit was going to demonstrate how to examine the bladder, using a cystoscope. The patient was an old man suspected of having stones. Well, now, in one of the hospital waiting rooms, there was an aquarium that was full of those tiny little fish—neons, they're called; brilliant colors—

and one of the students sucked up about twenty of them into a syringe and managed to inject them into the patient's bladder when he was under his premed, before he was taken up to the theater for his cystoscopy."

"That's disgusting!" the theater sister cried. "You can stop right there, Mr. Haddock!"

Brian Goff smiled behind his mask and said, "What happened next?" As he spoke, he had about three feet of the patient's small intestine lying on the green sterile sheet, and he was still feeling along it with his fingers.

"When the professor got the cystoscope into the bladder and put his eye to it," William Haddock said, "he started jumping up and down and shouting with excitement."

"What is it, sir?" the guilty student asked him. "What do you see?"

"It's fish!" cried the professor. "There's hundreds of little fish! They're swimming about!"

"You made it up," the theater sister said. "It's not true."

"It most certainly is true," the registrar said. "I looked down the cystoscope myself and saw the fish. And they were actually swimming about."

"We might have expected a fishy story from a man with a name like Haddock," Goff said. "Here we are," he added. "Here's this poor chap's trouble. You want to feel it?"

William Haddock took the pale-gray piece of intestine between his fingers and pressed. "Yes," he said. "Got it."

"And if you look just there," Goff said, instructing him, "you can see where the bit of bone has punctured the mucosa. It's already inflamed."

Brian Goff held the section of intestine in the palm of his left hand. The sister handed him a scalpel and he made a small incision. She gave him a pair of forceps and Goff probed down among all the slushy matter of the intestine until he found the offending object. He brought it out, held firmly in the forceps, and dropped it into the small stainless-steel bowl the sister was holding. The thing was covered in pale-brown gunge.

"That's it," Goff said. "You can finish this one for me now, can't you, William? I'm meant to be at a meeting downstairs fifteen minutes ago."

"You go ahead," William Haddock said. "I'll close him up."

The senior surgeon hurried out of the theater, and the registrar proceeded to sew up first the incision in the intestine, then the abdomen itself. The whole thing took no more than a few minutes.

"I'm finished," he said to the anesthesiologist.

The man nodded and removed the mask from the patient's face.

"Thank you, sister," William Haddock said. "See you tomorrow." As he moved away, he picked up from the sister's tray



"I thought for your Christmas present, I'd stop fooling around!"

recollection of swallowing anything unusual but says that he ate some fried chicken on Sunday evening. The object clearly has a sharp point that has pierced the mucosa of the intestine, and it could be a piece of bone. . . .

"How could he swallow a thing like that without knowing it?" William Haddock said.

"It doesn't make sense," the sister said.

"There's no question it's a diamond after the way it cut the glass," William Haddock said. "Do you agree?"

"Absolutely," the sister said.

"And a bloody big one at that," Haddock said. "The question is, how good a diamond is it? How much is it worth?"

"We'd better send it to the lab right away," the sister said.

"To hell with the lab," Haddock said. "Let's have a bit of fun and do it ourselves."

"How?"

"We'll take it to Gold's, the jewelers in The High. They'll know. The damn thing must be worth a fortune. We're not going to steal it, but we're damn well going to

find out about it. Are you game?"

"Do you know anyone at Gold's?" the sister said.

"No, but that doesn't matter. Do you have a car?"

"My Mini's in the car park."

"Right. Get changed. I'll meet you out there. It's about your lunchtime, anyway. I'll take the stone."

Twenty minutes later, at a quarter to one, the little Mini pulled up outside the jewelry shop of H. F. Gold and parked on the double yellow lines. "Who cares?" William Haddock said. "We won't be long." He and the sister went into the shop.

There were two customers inside, a young man and a girl. They were examining a tray of rings and were being served by the woman assistant. As soon as they came in, the assistant pressed a bell under the counter and Harry Gold emerged through the door at the back. "Yes?" he said to William Haddock and the sister. "Can I help you?"

"Would you mind telling us what this is

worth?" William Haddock said, placing the stone on a piece of green cloth that lay on the counter.

Harry Gold stopped dead. He stared at the stone. Then he looked up at the young man and woman who stood before him. He was thinking very fast. Steady now, he told himself. Don't do anything silly. Act natural.

"Well, well," he said as casually as he could. "That looks to me like a very fine diamond, a very fine diamond, indeed. Would you mind waiting a moment while I weigh it and examine it carefully in my office? Then perhaps I'll be able to give you an accurate valuation. Do sit down, both of you."

Harry Gold scuttled back into his office with the diamond in his hand. Immediately, he took it to the electronic scale and weighed it. Fifteen point two seven carats. That was exactly the weight of Mr. Robert Sandy's stone! He had been certain it was the same one the moment he saw it. Who could mistake a diamond like that? And now the weight had proved it. His instinct was to call the police right away, but he was a cautious man who did not like making mistakes. Perhaps the doctor had already sold his diamond. Perhaps he had given it to his children. Who knows? Quickly he picked up the Oxford telephone book. He dialed The Radcliffe Infirmary's number and asked for Mr. Robert Sandy. He got Robert's secretary. He told her it was most urgent that he speak to Mr. Sandy this instant. The secretary said, "Hold on, please." She called the operating theater. Mr. Sandy had gone home half an hour ago, they told her. She took up the outside phone and relayed this information to Mr. Gold.

"What's his home number?" Mr. Gold asked her.

"Is this to do with a patient?"

"No!" cried Harry Gold. "It's to do with a robbery! For heaven's sake, woman, give me that number quickly!"

"Who is speaking, please?"

"Harry Gold! I'm the jeweler in The High! Don't waste time, I beg you!"

She gave him the number.

Harry Gold dialed again.

"Mr. Sandy?"

"Speaking."

"This is Harry Gold, Mr. Sandy, the jeweler. Have you by any chance lost your diamond?"

"Yes, I have."

"Two people have just brought it into my shop," Harry Gold whispered excitedly. "A man and a woman. Youngish. They're trying to get it valued. They're waiting out there now."

"Are you certain it's my stone?"

"Positive. I weighed it."

"Keep them there, Mr. Gold!" Robert Sandy cried. "Talk to them! Humor them! I'm calling the police!"

Robert Sandy called the police station. Within seconds, he was giving the news to



"Remember, it's guys like you—the smalltime crooks, the punks, the misfits of society—who are responsible for guys like me having these good jobs."

Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

ANNIE DISCOVERS JIM AND TAMMY MUNCHKIN AT HERMITAGE U.S.A.... BUT BEFORE SHE DOES, WE'D LIKE TO MAKE AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT EVERYBODY ELSE HAS MADE ONE, SO WHY NOT US?... ANNOUNCEMENT BEING THAT UNLESS YOU, THE READERS, BUY 10,000,000 COPIES OF THE NEXT ANNIE FANNY ISSUE, THE GOOD LORD IS GOING TO SUMMON HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILLY ELDER HOME.

IT'S SO BEAUTIFUL HERE.

EVERY-ONE IS SO BEAUTIFUL

JEEPERS, MR. MUNCHKIN, LOOK AT THE CROWDS!

THE LORD'S BEEN GOOD TO US!

HE'S PUT MONEY IN OUR POCKETS! FORTUNATELY, HE DOES THIS BY TAKING MONEY OUT OF THEIR POCKETS!

PASS THE FLOOD

MAKE-UP
Does the LORD APPROVE?
by Tammy Munchkin

HOW TO CRY
by Jimmy Munchkin

HONDELLA HONDELLA KEEKEE OR
HOW TO TALK IN TONGUES

OUR PRICES INCLUDE
7% SALES TAX
15% BEAUTIFICATION TAX
10% SINT TAX

the SIMPLE BIBLE
MOST CAN UNDERSTAND

the SIMPLER BIBLE
ANYONE CAN UNDERSTAND

the SIMPLEST BIBLE
FOR IDIOTS

WE TRY TO HELP THE LORD DO HIS GOOD WORK, AND IF THE BROTHERS AND SISTERS ARE SLOW TO SHOW THEIR DEVOTION, WE HELP THEM ALONG. BUT FIRST LET ME TAKE YOU ON A TOUR OF HERMITAGE U.S.A.... YOU'LL SEE WHAT THE GOOD PEOPLE OF MY MINISTRY FLOCK FROM MILES AROUND TO SEE.



BILLY GRAHAM BLVD.

ELMER GENTRY AVE.

AIMÉE SEMPLE McPHERSON ST.

FATHER DIVINE ST.

TOUR BUS \$10.00
TOUR OUR RIVER
TOUR OUR ROCK
TOUR OUR PEPSI MACHINE

TO OZ HERMITAGE U.S.A.

A RIDE ON THE TOUR BUS!
GOODY!

WITH THOSE SMELLY PEASANTS? NO WAY! WE'LL TAKE THE LIMO! AND I'LL EXPLAIN WHY I'M INTERVIEWING YOU!

I'M LOOKING FOR A TAMMY MUNCHKIN REPLACEMENT. THOSE EYELASHES OF HERS! THEY'RE DRIVING ME CRAZY! THEY'RE GROWING ALL OUT OF CONTROL!



A HEADACHE! HALLELUJAH!
I'VE GOT JUST THE THING!
WHAT YOU NEED IS LAYING
ON OF THE HANDS--

HEAL!
OH, HEAL
THIS LITTLE
LOST LAMB'S
HEADACHE!



HOWZABOUT HEALING THIS HEEL, YOU DOG!

YIKE! TAMMY,
DISGUISED AS A CHAUFFEUR,
PLUS THE WHOLE PTL, IS HIDING IN
THE FRONT SEAT!



HOMMINA
HOMMINA
HOMMA-

BROTHER
SWAGGER,
THIS IS NO
TIME TO
TALK IN
TONGUES!

BROTHER MUNCH-
KIN, WE LOVE
YOU AND WE FOR-
GIVE YOU YOUR
TRESPASSES,
BECAUSE WE
LOVE YOU, BUT
IF YOU DON'T
MAKE TRACKS,
WE'RE GONNA
BUST YOUR
ASS.

SISTER
MUNCHKIN HAS
GIVEN US
ENOUGH
EVIDENCE TO
BANISH YOU
FROM THE
MINISTRY AND
FROM HERMI-
TAGE U.S.A.
FOREVER!

HOWEVER, BEING
THAT WE'RE LOVING
AND FORGIVING,
WE'LL LET YOU
KEEP THE LIMO
TO HELP YOU MAKE
TRACKS AND YOUR
SWIMMING POOL
TO WASH
AWAY YOUR
SINS.



CLEANSE ME! CLEANSE
ME OF TAMMY! TAKE HER AND HER
EYELASHES AS PART OF THE DEAL... AND
YOU, ANNIE, WILL HELP ME START MY
NEW MINISTRY, BEGINNING WITH
THE LIMO AND THE SWIMMO!

WE'LL
MOVE INTO THE
\$50,000 DOGHOUSE.
THE DOG WON'T
MIND!

MAYBE
INSTEAD OF
HANDS, I'LL
TRY A
TYLENOL!

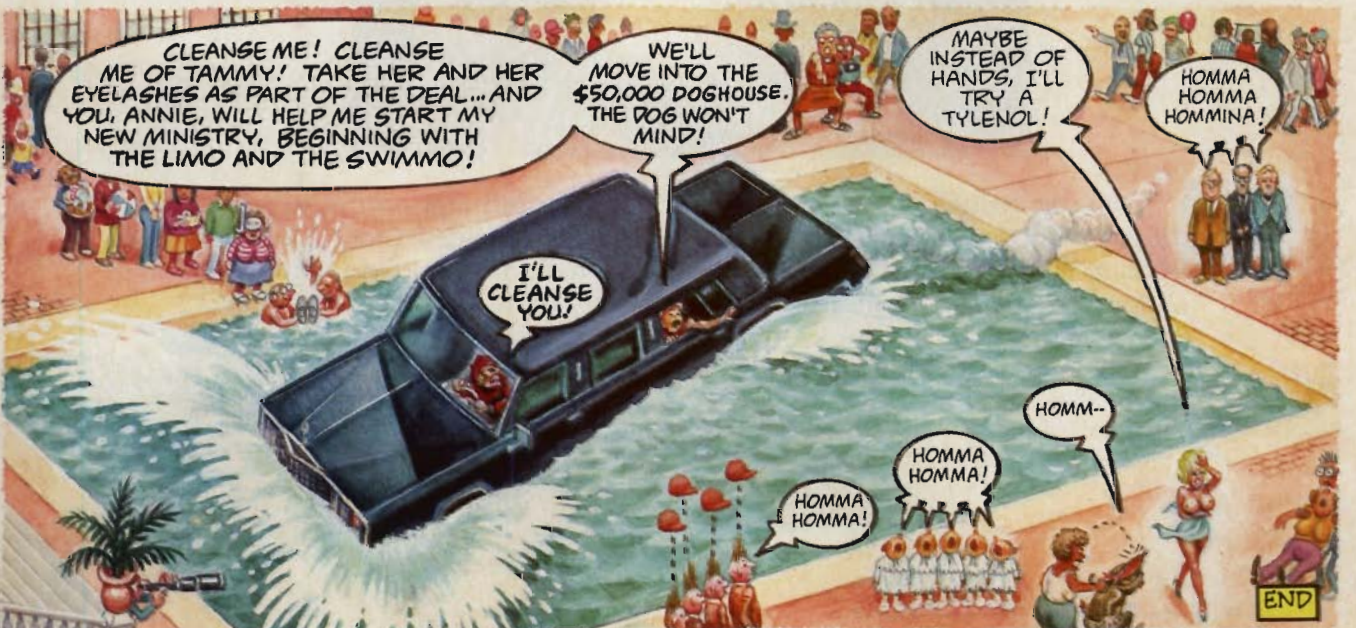
HOMMA
HOMMA
HOMMINA!

I'LL
CLEANSE
YOU!

HOMM--

HOMMA
HOMMA!

HOMMA
HOMMA!



PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

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

THE PLAYBOY PORTFOLIO

For 34 years, the *Playboy* Playmate of the Month has been the world's most popular pinup. Now we're ringing in the new year with an exciting new celebration of the centerfold: *The Playboy Portfolio, Playmates 1987*, a limited-edition (only 500) set of 12 gatefold-size custom prints, individually signed by our 12 1987 Playmates and pre-

sented in a tied case. The portfolio prints are without folds, and each set contains a notarized letter of authenticity and the individual set number. A pair of white gloves is included, and each print is further protected by a vellum overlay on which is inscribed the Playmate's name and her month of publication. The portfolio is a beauty—like our Playmates.

The limited-edition *Playboy Portfolio, Playmates 1987* is available from Playboy Products, P.O. Box 1554, Elk Grove Village, Illinois 60009-1554, for \$850, postpaid. (Illinois residents should add seven percent sales tax.) To order by credit card, call toll-free 1-800-228-5000. Orders received by December 11 should arrive for Christmas 1987. As the first in a series, the set is sure to be a collector's item. Order early.



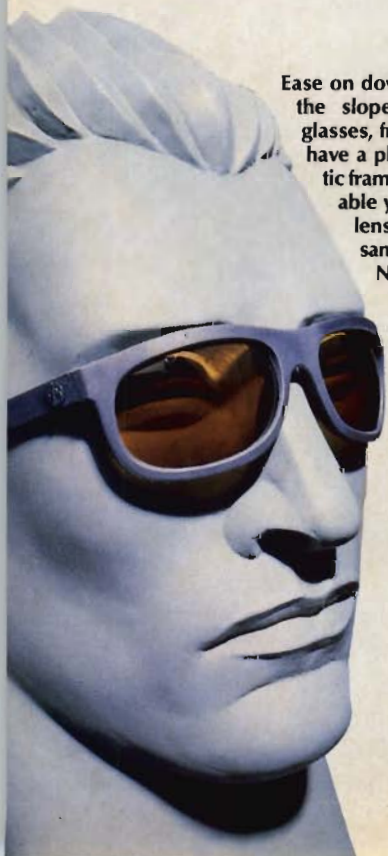
— S U P E R S H O P P I N G —

If you can't own a Porsche 959, there's always this handsome 6" x 12" model that's been hand-carved from alder wood and finished with a transparent lacquer that allows the beauty of the natural grain to remain visible, from Woodeye Productions, San Fernando, California, about \$300, including a wood base.

The Great American Sports Bag comes packed with some unbeatable features—nine pockets and compartments for everything from keys and sneakers to wet towels and sweaty workout gear, from Ronald Louis, Boulder, Colorado, \$150.



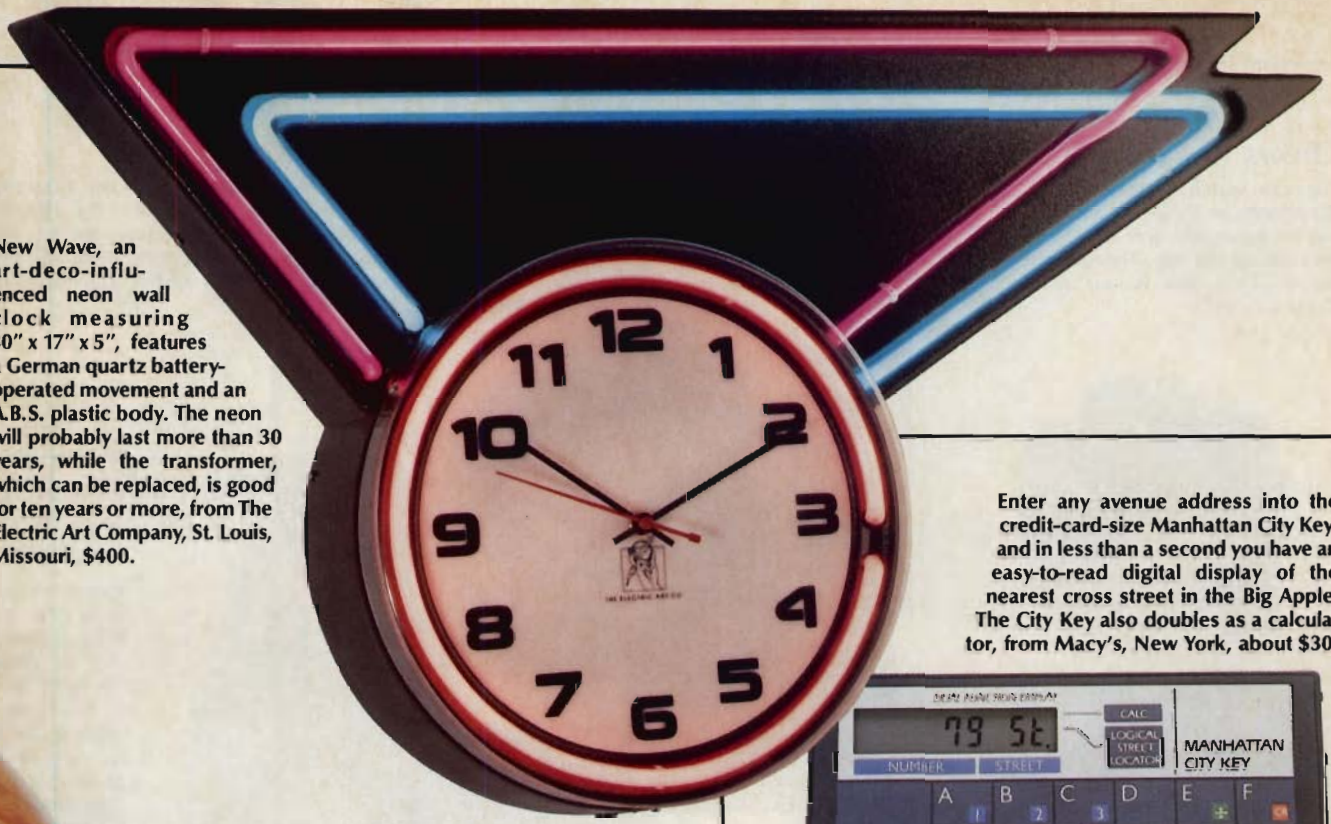
Ease on down the road or hit the slopes in Bercy sunglasses, from France, which have a pliable thermoplastic frame and interchangeable yellow or mirrored lenses, from Renaissance Eyewear, Fords, New Jersey, \$95.



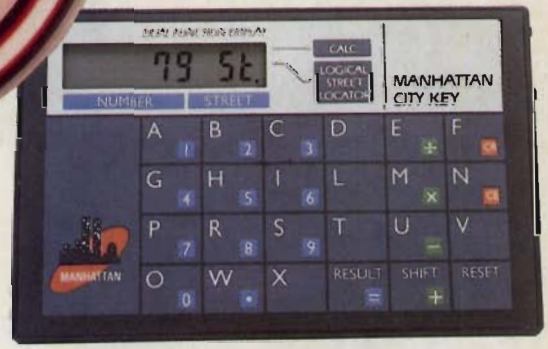
Zapit's optical remote-control power booster turns ordinary infrared remote-control devices into supercharged command centers. The Zapit system amplifies signal strength with so much power that it bounces off walls and around corners. Beam us up, Scotty! From Monster Cable Products, \$24.95.



New Wave, an art-deco-influenced neon wall clock measuring 30" x 17" x 5", features a German quartz battery-operated movement and an A.B.S. plastic body. The neon will probably last more than 30 years, while the transformer, which can be replaced, is good for ten years or more, from The Electric Art Company, St. Louis, Missouri, \$400.

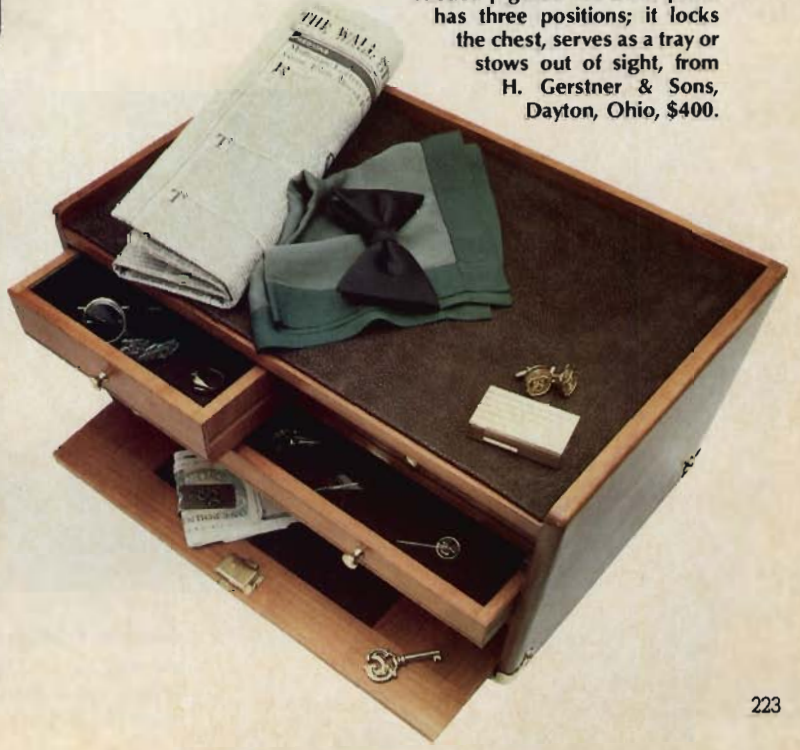


Enter any avenue address into the credit-card-size Manhattan City Key, and in less than a second you have an easy-to-read digital display of the nearest cross street in the Big Apple. The City Key also doubles as a calculator, from Macy's, New York, about \$30.



Bose's mini loud-speakers are smaller than a quart of milk and weigh about two pounds. They are part of the AM-5 Acoustimass Speaker System, featuring two sets of the two-cube speaker array and the Acoustimass module (not shown), designed to handle frequencies below the range of the cubes, \$699.

This well-designed and elegant multidrawer gentleman's jewelry chest is lovingly handmade from cherry wood and fitted with solid-brass hardware and sueded pigskin. The front panel has three positions; it locks the chest, serves as a tray or stows out of sight, from H. Gerstner & Sons, Dayton, Ohio, \$400.



Cheers to Racy Tracy

You can watch actress TRACY RICHMAN on TV in *It's a Living*, but we guarantee you won't see her looking like this. The way we see it, TV's loss is our gain. Thanks, Tracy.



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The Lady in Black

Actress VIRGINIA MADSEN can rest on her attractive laurels. *Slam Dance*, with Tom Hulce, is in the theaters now, and *Hot to Trot*, with Dabney Coleman, is due out this spring. Not too shabby for a young actress. We picked this sophisticated pose so we could tell you her secret passion: White Castle burgers.

Andee Blooms in New Year's Balloons

Actress ANDEE GRAY pops out of her balloons as a little holiday treat. You've seen Andee on TV in the soap *Santa Barbara* and at the movies in *Vasectomy* and *RoboCop*. But you're seeing her at her best in *Grapevine*, because we know how to ring in a new year: with a bang!



© 1987 MARK LEVDAL



© ROSS MARINO

Guitar Magic

Mötley Crüe's MICK MARS has his own way of making a long concert tour interesting. Crüe's tour of the U.S. ended in November, and the band is now making Europeans happy. *Girls, Girls, Girls* went double platinum on the charts. Mick's proud.

George Gets Back

GEORGE HARRISON took a break from his nonmusical duties to cut an album with help from his friends Elton, Eric and Ringo.



© ROBERT MATHEU

Hail to the Chief

DONNA BOISE can sit around our campfire any time. Her acting credits include *Can You Feel Me Dancing?* on TV and *Hard Rock Zombies* on the big screen. The next time American Indians negotiate with the Government, we suggest sending Donna. Who could possibly resist her?



© 1987 MARK LEIVDAL

Double Fault

Ski star SUZY CHAFFEE's injured leg belongs to her doctor, but her ass belongs to us. Last summer, at the Aspen Tennis Festival, Suzy's revealing rear got more attention than the players at the charity event, which included the likes of co-hosts Bill Cosby and Martina Navratilova, as well as such celebrity guests as Don Johnson, Sugar Ray Leonard and Linda Evans. Line judge Buddy Hackett was so taken with Suzy's performance that he dropped his own pants. No contest.



© GEOFFREY SPALLDING

THE ROARING 20S

Remember 20 Questions, the classic parlor game in which players attempted to guess subject matter that was people, places or things? It has resurfaced in a clever board game of the same name that makes luck just as important as knowledge. Macy's, F.A.O. Schwarz and Foley's, among other stores, sell the game for about \$25. By the way, one of the celebrities to identify "was something of a playboy even after he turned 50." Guess who.



THERE'S A STORM BREWING

Eye of the Storm has just hit the stores, and already the manufacturer, Rabbit Systems, Inc., of Santa Monica, is predicting that it will become "the next Hula-Hoop or Pet Rock." Actually, similar "plasma spheres" in which "living lightning" is created inside a clear-glass chamber have been available in limited editions priced at \$1200 and up. So Eye's \$200 price tag makes it doubly appealing. Who says lightning can't strike twice?



BIONIC POOCH

"The first animated, computer-aided walking robotic pet in the world" is how Phonetica One, Inc., P.O. Box 279, Colorado City, Colorado 80421, describes Fred the Ameri-Mutt. And if that isn't just what you always wanted to have curled up on your hearth, then we'll eat our weight in bionic dog biscuits. Fred has four modes: voice command, entertainment, security and cuddle chit-chat. He dances, barks, stands guard duty and more, all for only \$79.95, post-paid. And just around the corner is a follow-up smart toy: *the Spuds MacKenzie* in a tux. Woof!



FROM THE LAND OF THE RISING FUN

Toyota introduced its 1988 line of cars at Oregon's Portland International Raceway not too long ago, and there's not enough mustard in the world to cover the automotive hot dogs who took to the track and the nearby scenic byways for several days of dicing. Just off the assembly line is the Celica All-Trac Turbo, shown above—an all-wheel-drive liftback powered by a 2.0-liter, 16-valve, twin-cam, turbocharged hummer that's available with optional antilock brakes. Toyota also has added all-wheel drive to its reliable Camry line, and the flagship of the fleet, Supra, gets some needed interior fine-tuning. The MR2, named Best Fun to Drive in our *Cars '87: The Best* feature last May, is even more fun with the addition of a super-charged engine. Let the good times roll!