

# PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

MAY 1988 • \$4.00



HAIR-RAISING  
INTERVIEW  
WITH DON KING

THE FITNESS MYTH

DENISE CROSBY  
OUT OF UNIFORM

BAWDY TALK  
WITH TERI GARR

PLUS  
HUNTER S. THOMPSON,  
HELMUT NEWTON,  
GEORGE V. HIGGINS



# PLAYBILL

WELCOME TO THE May *Playboy*. It's fair weather and we're greased and ready. But not because we've been following Jane "work that butt!" Fonda or Arnold "pump up the volume" Schwarzenegger. Nope, this month, we have a new workout guru—**William Barry Furlong**, whose article *The Fitness Myth* warns against mindless exercise and tabulates its dire physical costs. After examining the inglorious fates of a few famous athletes, including the celebrated marathoner **Jim Fixx**, Furlong says that enough is enough. He checked with doctors and fitness experts at human-performance labs around the country and found that many of them believe that in working out, less can be more. If you're sweating just to feel the rush, Furlong tells you how to feel good faster. And our *Minimum Maintenance* chart, which accompanies the article, will help you choose what to do and how much to do it. Just remember, this is the age of easy does it.

If there's anything to the cliché that what's good for General Motors is good for America, then *High Noon at G.M.*, by **Albert Lee** (with illustration by **Robert Giusti**), who used to write speeches for G.M. chairman **Roger Smith**, is scary stuff, indeed. Smith thought he knew what was good for G.M.—technology and computer gunslinger **Ross Perot**. But the solution turned into a disastrous showdown, says Lee, who drew upon his privileged G.M. position to write the book *Call Me Roger* (Contemporary Books), from which this article is excerpted. For a different kind of management story, try **Kevin Cook's** *I Signed Nolan Ryan for Eight Dollars*, a hands-on look at Rotisserie League-baseball, the growing national pastime in which an estimated 250,000 otherwise sane Americans pretend that they manage major-league franchises. You know, the ultimate paper Tigers. The Rotisseries may be a little odd, but not as strange as the characters in Welsh illustrator **Ralph Steadman's** satirical view of America, *Scar-Strangled Banger*, a selection of memorable drawings from his book of the same name published by Salem House. To decode Steadman, we recruited his longtime collaborator, writer **Hunter S. Thompson**, who, in *The Twisted Vision of Ralph Steadman*, provides the right word for Steadman's America—weird. The wily inventor of gonzo journalism knows whereof he speaks.

This month, *Playboy Interview* subject **Don King**, the fight promoter, kept veteran interrogator **Lawrence Linderman** on the ropes with behind-the-scenes insights into boxing, politics and, oh, yes, hair. Our film mavens have again assembled their annual report, *The Year in Movies*, written by Senior Staff Writer **James R. Petersen**, with photo research by Assistant Photography Editor **Patty Beaudet**; and Contributing Editor **Bruce Williamson**, our movie critic, reveals his much-awaited 1987 top (and bottom) picks. The Fiction Department checks in with sex—*Slow, Slow Burn*, by **George Alec Effinger**, and guns—*A Small Matter of Consumer Protection*, by novelist **George V. Higgins** (illustrated by **Gordon Kibbee**). For *20 Questions*, **Robert Crane** heard from actress **Teri Garr** on love, **Robert Redford** and her never-to-be-forgotten *Late Night with David Letterman* shower scene.

Speaking of Shower scenes (well, weren't we?), 1986 Playmate of the Year **Kathy Shower** has starred in some outstanding ones on these pages, but now her screen credits are beginning to roll. Contributing Photographer **Arny Freytag** provides an update. Further Photo Department projects: another look at **Bing's** granddaughter **Denise Crosby** (who debuted here in 1979), now a star of *Star Trek: The Next Generation*. And for *Helmut's Angels*, **Helmut Newton**, the famous lensman of leather, who spends half of his time in Los Angeles and the other half in Monte Carlo, introduced gorgeous American women to state-of-the-art two-wheelers and came up with a new kind of motorcycle momma.

We told you we were greased and ready! It's time now to send you off into the May issue on your own. If you should happen to get lost, you'll find a friend in this month's spectacular Playmate, **Diana Lee**. So go get lost.



FURLONG



LEE



GIUSTI



LINDERMAN



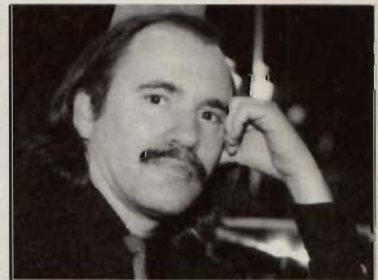
COOK



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CRANE



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# PLAYBOY®

vol. 35, no. 5—may 1988

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Kathy P. 130



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Diana P. 98



Style P. 120



**COVER STORY** To which Playmate from the past three years do the seductive eyes and lips up front belong? While you figure it out, we'll tell you that this cover was designed by Art Director Tom Staebler and photographed and hand-tinted by David Goldner. Got the answer? If you guessed December 1986's Laurie Carr, you get an A in Playmatology. The Rabbit, of course, is playing eye spy.

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# DEAR PLAYBOY



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## OLIVER'S STORY

Congratulations on a great *Playboy Interview* with Oliver Stone (February)! I have not seen *Platoon*. Several years ago, I was traumatized by *The Deer Hunter*.

Like so many veterans, I returned to a small rural town unemployed and uninjured. Survival in Vietnam was physical; survival upon return was more psychological. The enemy was even less certain and the feeling of helplessness even greater.

For 18 years, I've been waiting for someone to write a book or make a movie about the psychological hell of the Vietnam veteran's second war: coming home. I hope Oliver Stone will succeed.

Steve Wilhide  
Cincinnati, Ohio

I want to thank Marc Cooper for his truly candid conversation with Stone. I came away with what I think is an understanding of his feelings about both Vietnam and Wall Street.

Since I am a Vietnam veteran myself, I was amazed at the similarities in our attitudes regarding the war. I also enjoyed Stone's humor, which came through the pages clearly. I gave up my subscription to *Playboy* many years ago but am now returning to the fold and hoping to find more interviews conducted by Cooper.

Emmet H. Wilson III  
Los Angeles, California

*Platoon* has been called a K.G.B. film, and after reading the interview with Oliver Stone, I believe it. He says everyone is wrong but the Comrats—who does this K.G.B. Beaver think he's fooling?

Luke Asbury  
Mill Valley, California

When Oliver Stone refers to the U.S. Government as "one of the truly worst governments in the world" and says that the CIA and the NSA use drug profits to fund covert wars in Nicaragua and elsewhere, I, for one, believe he speaks the truth. When Regan, Poindexter, North and men of their ilk subvert the U.S. Constitution, that

does not, contrary to popular belief, constitute a brave and patriotic act. Such action is more a threat to the citizens of this country—for that matter, those of the world—than communism has ever been.

Don De Ruiter  
Reseda, California

## SPIES LIKE US

Far from being "a rattling defense of espionage," as you describe it in *Playbill*, William F. Buckley, Jr.'s, *Why Spy?* (*Playboy*, February) sounds like a lot of high-styled self-deception. Nowhere in the article does Buckley say anything about real abuses that our so-called intelligence establishment commits in the name of patriotism and duty. When the students at the University of Massachusetts held their sit-in, they were protesting such things as covert CIA support for the drug lords of Laos, Thailand and Burma, who support themselves with the proceeds of the largest opium crops in the world. Nor does Buckley acknowledge that the hand of the CIA has been destructively evident in the murders of Salvador Allende and Patrice Lumumba, in the ousting of Australia's Gough Whitlam government and in the U.S.' disastrous support of the shah of Iran. There is evidence indicating that Cuban nationals are freely allowed to smuggle drugs into our country, because the CIA thinks those Cubans may be useful one day in toppling Castro; in fact, international crime activities are so thoroughly entwined with intelligence activities that it's impossible to tell where one stops and the other begins.

William F. Buckley, Jr., makes me want to weep.

Jeffrey C. Matthews  
Richmond, California

If knowledge is power, then knowledge gained from spying is stolen power. I much prefer real power, the type that comes from believing in a vision, the type contained in the Constitution and the Bill of Rights. Stolen power is hollow.

Buckley claims that by spying, we try to



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needs a little variety  
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determine Soviet capabilities and intentions. I submit that many deals are cut and pockets lined in pursuit of those seemingly laudable ends in a kind of insider trading of world political opportunity. Buckley's rationalizing of the benefits of spying reminds me of the lonely and unhappy rich boy who bankrolls a trip to the ball game in an effort to buy friendship.

Thomas McGlinchey  
Pontiac, Michigan

**HITE, BUT NO DEPTH**

In your February issue, Asa Baber's satirical analysis of the latest Hite report in his *Men* column, titled "The Hype Report," is well supplemented by Dr. Janet Lever's more academic response, "A Sociologist Looks at *Women and Love*," in *The Playboy Forum*. Both point out the same basic principle: Anything one reads must be read critically. Both Baber and Dr. Lever, approaching the subject from different directions, do an excellent job of reducing the "statistics" in Hite's report to absurdity.

John C. McCarthy  
Hampton, Virginia

*Women and Love* is yet another inane Hite report for the emotionally mindless. Such dolorous caterwauling serves only as a bitter, nonprescriptive emetic.

When will Hite and those of her Yuppie, self-help, pop-psychological ilk learn that there is a vast untapped pool of highly

communicative and empathic men who are dying for a relationship?

Michael A. Stasko  
Columbus, Ohio

**YOU TARZAN, ME JEAN**

I'd once dreamed of going to New Guinea for a drastic change of scenery from my hometown Manhattan, but after reading E. Jean Carroll's *In Search of Primitive Man* (*Playboy*, February), I've decided to go on the Jungle Cruise ride at Disneyland instead.

Beth Janowitz  
New York, New York

Thank you for E. Jean Carroll's article on New Guinea. I was appalled at what she suffered and what one woman would do for a *Playboy* story—but I should have known. I'm her mom.

Betty Carroll  
Fort Wayne, Indiana

**TV GREED**

I still don't like TV very much, but at least now I understand how it works. Benjamin J. Stein's article *Minimum Headroom* (*Playboy*, February) is that rarest of forms—readable, relevant sociology.

Ona Hamilton  
New York, New York

I've often wondered why so many television shows that start out with a creative bang gradually become stale and then

hang on for years after their novelty has worn off, like ex-champion boxers who keep fighting until they embarrass themselves. After reading *Minimum Headroom*, I wonder no more. The big bucks paid for tired plot formulas make scriptwriters numb to feelings of shame.

Charles Hampton  
New York, New York

**A GOOD MAN GONE**

Now that Chicago politics have once again returned to uncertainty and turmoil, Mayor Harold Washington's vision and unifying power seem, in retrospect, even more admirable than when he was alive. As your *20 Questions* (*Playboy*, February) delightfully demonstrates, he was one of the few Chicago politicians in history with a sense of humor, something sorely lacking in the various aldermen currently battling to control city hall.

Samuel Jones  
Chicago, Illinois

A great *20 Questions* with the late Chicago mayor Harold Washington. I was impressed by his eloquence and candor. His leadership proved that people of all origins can stand tall together.

Tom McClain  
Hurlock, Maryland

**CHEEKY CHAFFEE**

In regard to the photo of my apparently bare buttocks in your January *Grapevine*:

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High-cut leotards that ride up are a pain in the *butt* for women and a fantasy for red-blooded men. It's a *bummer* to destroy this one, *butt* I was, in fact, wearing an ice-blue



leotard that slipped up in the extreme enthusiasm of winning the Aspen Tennis Festival! This is a message to my conservative friends who don't read this magazine that on the *bottom line*—I'm not turning the other *cheek*.

Suzy Chaffee  
Santa Monica, California

*We'll take your word for it, Suzy. We also failed to tell our readers that you won the match. Our bottomless apologies.*

#### HAIL THE DAILY NUDES

Your photo essay on Great Britain's *Page 3 Girls* (*Playboy*, February) is breath-taking. My favorite Brit lass is Gail McKenna, lusciously spread over pages 74 and 75. That photograph alone qualifies her to be a Playmate of the Month.

Glen Kwan  
Houston, Texas

Your feature on those brash and British *Page 3 Girls* is excellent but marred by an exclusion: You mention the exciting Samantha Fox but exempt her from the pictorial.

Bob Davenport  
Healdsburg, California

#### FUR CRYING OUT LOUD

It's a real shame to see your centerfold feature of Miss February, Kari Kennell, used as a forum for an issue such as animal rights. Even a casual acquaintance with a good biology or geology text would lead one to the understanding that this planet's life forms have succeeded at the expense of others for more than three billion years now. It's a safe bet that Kennell owes her obviously healthy body (as well as the cowboy boots and leather couch with which she's posed) to the exploitation of animals. Although vivisection and the harvesting of

animal products may appear cruel when viewed through Ethical Treatment of Animals blinders, in the broader scheme of nature, these are activities that have led to the current success of our species.

Tim Kregel  
Sacramento, California

So Kari Kennell is turned off by hunting. Does she realize that the revenue from hunting-license fees goes toward wildlife and land management to help all animals? And I don't mean to be insensitive, but could that be a real fur she is wearing on page 93?

Guy Liguori  
Towanda, Pennsylvania

How noble of February Playmate Kari Kennell to proclaim her passion for the protection of animals and their rights. Had she investigated the matter, I think she would have found that the animal corpse that she allowed to be draped over her arm (page 93) undoubtedly met an untimely and violent death at the hands of trappers or factory farmers. Was that hypocrisy on her part?

Susan Nickerson  
Portsmouth, New Hampshire

*Don't blame Kari, whose animal-rights concerns are sincere. The goof was ours; a photo staffer thought that a fox-trimmed shawl she found in an antique-costume rental shop would make an attractive prop. Sorry.*



## Radar detectors: Who's telling the truth? (and who's not)

These days every maker says their radar detector is best. Who's telling the truth?

### It's like the movies

You've seen how movie ads use a short phrase from a review to "prove" the movie is "THE YEAR'S BEST!" Well, some radar detector makers play the same game.

But we don't play games. Below are the overall rankings, first to last, from the most recent independent tests. (If you'd like complete, unedited copies of the tests, just call toll free.)

LATEST PERFORMANCE RANKINGS		
Car and Driver April 1987	Roundel June 1987	Popular Mechanics July 1987
1 <sup>ST</sup> Passport (Escort not tested)	1 <sup>ST</sup> Passport	1 <sup>ST</sup> Escort
Cobra	2 <sup>ND</sup> Escort	2 <sup>ND</sup> Passport
Uniden	BEL Quantum	BEL
Radio Shack	Whistler	Snooper
BEL	Maxon	Uniden
Whistler	Radio Shack	Whistler
Sparkomatic	Uniden	Fox
Fox	Fox	Cobra
GUL	Cobra	GUL
	BEL Vector	Radio Shack
	Snooper	Sparkomatic
	Fuzzbuster	Sparkomatic
	Sparkomatic	Maxon
	Sunkyong	

The experts were unanimous: Escort and Passport are clear winners. As for the other detector makers, you can find the ones who make the biggest claims at the bottom of the rankings.

For ten years we've been designing and building the world's best radar detectors and backing them with the best service. In fact, in 1987 *Car and Driver* called us "The leader of the radar detector industry." But don't take their word for it.

### Try the best at no risk

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If you're not completely satisfied within 30 days, return your purchase. We'll refund all your money, including your postage.

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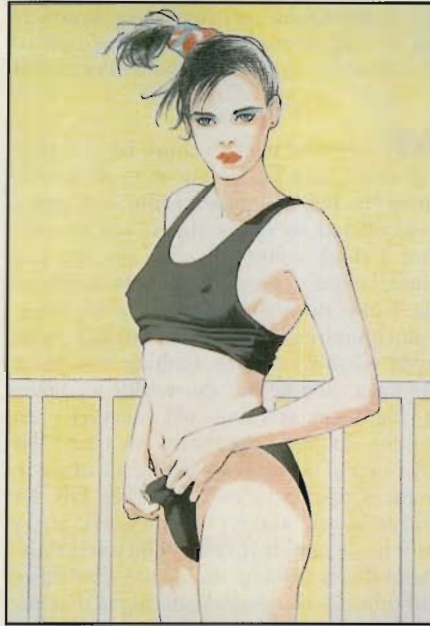
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# THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

In response to the contest asking to describe an act of room-service sex (*The Playboy Advisor*, December), I offer the following: My wife and I were in Cincinnati for the world figure-skating championships, and our accommodations were very comfortable. After a satisfying dinner and a nice bottle of wine, already brought to us by room service, we relaxed on the sofa to some soft music. As I embraced her, she ran her fingers gently through my hair. Then she whispered, "Call room service for the Alka-Seltzer." She must have read my mind. I called instantly for the old plop-plop-fizz-fizz! Room service arrived with the little gems and my wife became quite aroused. We both knew what lay ahead and did not waste time. After we undressed each other, we engaged in some erotic kissing, licking and some heavy petting. Then she whispered in my ear, "Is it time?" I said, "Yes, it's time." I took an Alka-Seltzer, broke it in half and inserted it into her wet pussy. It started to fizz, sending her body into helpless waves of ecstasy. I entered her and soon we both exploded in orgasm! Needless to say, we used up every bit of the remaining Alka-Seltzer. I wonder if they know what they actually have. Thanks, Speedy!—M. V., Akron, Ohio.

Whether this may be classified as the elusive Venus butterfly I will leave to the judgment of experts more worldly than I. However, I have enjoyed a technique that I usually call "something hot." Using temperature during lovemaking adds a new dimension to the variety of a couple's sex life. The method that strikes me as perhaps most similar to the *L.A. Law* scenario is to order hot water, crushed ice and a couple of straws from room service. Place the hot water and the ice in two cups. After shooting the paper wrappers from the straws at each other (foreplay), put the cups on a small tray and place it on the bed. While your partner lies on her back, you perform oral sex using whatever pattern you prefer. Your only variation is that you make your lips and tongue very hot by sipping a little hot water through the straw. This can become even more exciting if you hold some of the hot water in your mouth and slurp on her labia. It sounds kind of funky, but what the heck. Although she probably will enjoy the hot water more, alternating with the ice will make the hot water seem even hotter (don't tell her which is coming next). Finally, if you put some mentholated tea in the hot water, it will drive her wild and help your sinuses at the same time. *Bon appétit!*—E. D., Arlington, Virginia.

For the successful completion of the Venus butterfly, these directions must be strictly adhered to. First, order the following items from room service—roast duck,



baked potatoes, a raw-vegetable plate (with ranch dressing), steamed carrots and two sticks of butter (wine optional). The meal must be brought up on a sterling-silver cart. After the dinner is brought up, begin to feast; you will need your strength. When you're finished dining, unwrap one stick of butter and spread it on top of the cart (having first removed the dishes). Then place the cart close to a wall, directly across from the bed (you must be at least 15 feet from it). The male partner carefully gets on the cart, lying on his back, bending his knees to a 45-degree angle. He then slowly helps his lover on top of him. She gently moves from side to side; then, when her partner reaches full penetration with his penis, she begins a slow up-and-down motion. Just before climax, the male will push off the wall with his feet, which will thrust the cart and the couple across the room (be sure to remove all obstacles in the way). When the cart hits the bed, the couple will slide off it and be launched into the air. During mid-flight, the male will pull down on his lover's waist and push his lower body forward. Simultaneously, his partner will lean back and pull on his shoulders while climaxing in mid-air, thus completing the Venus butterfly. Note—the extra stick of butter is for round two.—T. G., Bakersfield, California.

Now, kids, don't try any of these tricks at home. (Go to a hotel.) The acts here were performed by professional stunt people. Be careful, but most of all, keep those letters and cards coming.

After reading your article *Best of the Browns* (*Playboy*, November), I still have some questions on blended Scotch whisky. How can one determine the age of a blend-

ed product that may contain as many as 40 different whiskies? In a bottle of 12-year-old Scotch purchased today, how much of the contents was actually distilled in 1976? How could distillers back in 1976 forecast today's demand?—R. R., Munster, West Germany.

According to local wine-and-spirits guru and liquor-store owner Leonard Solomon, the age of various whiskeys and Scotch whiskies can be determined only by the year listed on the label. However, if the bottle states 30 as its age, that denotes the fact that the youngest spirits in its contents are 30 years old. With a single-malt whisky, the contents may be all grain spirits, but the age of the grain spirits must be stipulated on the bottle. In this case, if the label says 30 years, the full grain spirits have to be of that age. When no age is listed on the bottle, the spirits have to be a minimum of four years old. In response to your question regarding how much of the contents of a 12-year-old bottle of Scotch was distilled 12 years ago, it could be anywhere from 30 to 35 percent, though there is no way of determining that with exactitude. Finally, it is obvious that the distillers back in 1976 were not able to forecast today's demand for their product. In fact, due to the public's move to clear spirits and light wines, only 30 out of 80 former single-malt distillers are still operating today. If you're interested in obtaining a free map of single-malt whiskies illustrating the regions and distilleries for various types and brands, write to Leonard Solomon at 1456 North Dayton Street, Chicago, Illinois 60622.

When recording a compact disc onto a cassette tape (not DAT), should any form of noise reduction (DNR, Dolby, dbx) be used? If so, why? Aren't compact discs inherently free of noise?—R. F. C., Potsdam, New York.

You definitely should use the noise-reduction system available on your cassette deck. Noise-reduction systems are designed to eliminate tape hiss rather than noise present in the recordings. Although compact discs are almost noise-free, cassette recordings that incorporate no noise reduction will have a noticeable amount of background noise, particularly on the quiet passages. Dolby noise reduction will eliminate the majority of tape hiss from the background, and dbx will make a near-perfect recording on cassette tapes.

I am blessed with something my girlfriend finds fascinating: a curved penis. The problem: How do I measure it? Around the outside curve, it's eight inches; along the inside, it is a little more than six. Would I be dishonest to boast the eight inches? Also, do you know of any sexual positions that take advantage of a penis that is crooked?—R. B., Phoenix, Arizona.

Dishonest, no. Tacky, yes. You would

probably fare better with a policy of truth in advertising. Many women have seen eight inches, or six inches, but both at the same time? For positions, try something known as the Captain Hook. Have your girlfriend lie on her side on a desk or tabletop. Stand facing her and use the long or the short of it, as you prefer.

Is a 100-watt amplifier twice as loud as a 50-watt amplifier? No one I know has been able to tell me why I should spend the extra cash on megawatt amps. What is the logic?—W. P., Dallas, Texas.

Imagine yourself in a Yugo, driving at 55 mph. In the lane next to you is a Ferrari, also traveling at 55 mph. Assuming the two cars weigh the same, you are using the same amount of horsepower. The differences lie in how quickly you can reach that speed, how quickly you can pass another car and how easily you can pick up chicks. Amps work the same way: For normal listening conditions, you need a handful of watts. Peaks (the cannon blast in the "1812 Overture," any drumbeat by Max Weinberg) may draw up to 30 watts, but only for a few microseconds. If your amp doesn't have the acceleration or the dynamic range to handle peaks, clipping results. You simply don't hear that bit of music as God and the Boss intended. (To switch metaphors, clipping is the audio equivalent of taking a shotgun to a Van Gogh—you can still make out the picture, even though bits are missing.) If you want to re-create concert conditions and turn the volume up until the fillings in your teeth start to rattle, the difference in power becomes evident. You need a tenfold increase in power to double the intensity of the sound. That's when the Ferrari shows its stuff. Having the extra power is great when you need it: Before you buy, though, describe to the salesman what kind of room, speakers and listening material you are accustomed to. Some of that New Age music could be powered by a firefly's farts.

Being one who enjoys a good glass of wine, I thought about something while opening a bottle. What danger, if any, is posed to anyone exposed to the lead cap that seals the bottle, either in a direct manner, by removing the seal with the bare hands, or in an indirect manner, by drinking wine that has been poured over the lead seal? I've never seen this potentially dangerous situation addressed in any article or publication. Your help in this matter would be appreciated. In the interim, I guess I'll have to drink the four-dollar-a-case variety that doesn't have a cork and a lead seal.—A. D. D., Harrison, New Jersey.

There is no danger to health posed by the presence of lead in the caps surrounding the neck of most wine bottles, though it is prudent to remove them for pouring and wipe the top of the bottle. Contact with the lead seal can hurt the wine. To avoid the remote possibility that a small piece might break off into your glass—which would be unaesthetic at best—it is worth the few seconds it takes to remove

the upper portion of the seal. The Wine Institute in San Francisco suggests removing it to at least the first, and preferably the second, notch before pouring. Doing so not only will make the presentation look more pleasing but will also eliminate any cause for concern. If you are still worried, drink California wines. Most domestic wineries use tin and synthetics for caps.

My husband likes to think he is a photographer, and his dream is to do nudes. Since "no one will pose for him" (though I have offered to many times, but he says that I don't count—he can see me any time), he has to go out looking for subjects. He looks through bedroom windows at women undressing; he looks through bathroom windows at girls bathing and using the toilet; and he has sat outside for hours at night, in freezing-cold weather, just waiting for "an opportunity to arise." He says that if women are going to dress in front of open windows, then it's OK for him to watch, and he becomes very angry with me if I interrupt him. The worst thing about this is that our sex life has gone down the tubes. I discovered one night that my husband had been taking these photos and blowing them up into 8 x 10s, or sometimes just blowing up parts of them. He masturbates to them. He stays up until three or four o'clock in the morning satisfying himself and then comes to bed and goes to sleep. Sometimes we don't have sex for two or three weeks, and when I question him, he yells at me to get off his back and says that he isn't interested because I bitch too much. Well, the sex stopped long before the bitching began. I think he's not interested because he's obsessed with beating off to his photo fantasies. He also likes to photograph little girls (ten to 14 years old) in leotards, doing various exercises with their legs spread or their butts up in the air. I view this as obsessive-compulsive behavior and perversion. I think it's a problem. He thinks of it as male curiosity and a natural thing. What do you think? And would this be grounds for divorce?—Mrs. P. J., Lynchburg, Virginia.

We hate to disappoint your husband, but his behavior in no way qualifies as "male curiosity" and/or "natural." First and foremost, he may be breaking the law by doing what he's doing—and he'll learn this the hard way if he's ever caught. We also think the nature of the photos he's taking indicates a definite need for counseling. Your husband should visit a sex therapist immediately—and you should accompany him. However, since he seems to think there's nothing wrong with him, it's unlikely that he'll seek help. In this case, you might benefit by seeking counseling, to help you deal with your frustration. As for whether or not your husband's behavior is grounds for divorce, we can suggest only that you talk with an attorney. A great deal depends on whether or not you believe your marriage can be saved—or is worth saving. However, we see no reason why you should continue to put up with this man's bizarre—

and possibly illegal—behavior. Some sort of change is almost inevitable. We wish you well.

I recently purchased a CD player. I am very pleased with the convenience and excellent sound reproduction. However, among its many features (16 bit, four-times-over sampling, etc.) is one that I'm not sure I know how to use or what it's for. It has to do with indexing within a track. I have an index readout, next to the track readout, and two index-search buttons, I-99 and 99-I. I've heard some explanations and a few guesses, but I'm counting on you for the low-down in English.—R. D., North Vancouver, British Columbia.

Very long cuts on a disc, especially on classical recordings, are read as a single track. That makes both search and track-skip functions difficult to use. Many discs feature index numbers, which means that a single track has been divided into smaller ones and each division has been assigned a number. That provides a way to access points within each track. The index-search buttons allow you to move quickly up and down from one index point to another to locate any passage you prefer in each of the track selections.

We need a question answered concerning the age-old topic of sex. A dozen close friends consuming potent hot-buttered rums around a fireplace during the holidays had to find something to talk about after exhausting religion and politics. Is the penis heavier when erect or when flaccid? One brave male member (pun intended) of our scientifically curious group was led to the bathroom scales by his current girlfriend and his last ex-wife. (I said we were close.) There, they conducted a behind-closed-door experiment. We were told no appreciable difference could be detected. No wonder; the scales register only in pounds, but he has always been the optimistic one of our crowd. A reasonably serious reply from you would be of great value because of the many huge sums bet on the correct answer. We're talking domestic six-packs among the guys, imported bottles of wine among the gals, plus tickets to upcoming sporting and cultural events.—W. F., Sacramento, California.

The penis is heavier when erect, though not as much as you think. About two teaspoons of blood per minute flow into the flaccid member; when you become erect, valves close off most of the outflow. The trapped blood (approximately 100 c.c.) produces the change in size and weight.

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





# DEAR PLAYMATES

**T**he question for the month:

**Can you turn a lover into a friend, or is the end of a love affair the end?**

I'm pretty young and not too experienced, but I think that my boyfriend and I are such great friends that if something happened and we went our separate ways, we'd be able to stay friends. Now, if a relationship ended in real bitterness, it would be harder and take longer to go back to friendship; but still, it's possible. When the end comes, you need time to think things over. But then I'd want to get in touch with him and see how he was doing and see if we could have fun as friends.



*Brandi Brandt*

BRANDI BRANDT  
OCTOBER 1987

**T**he end is the end for me. I get very emotional. To break up with someone or to leave someone is very serious. I'd be quite hurt, no matter who did the breaking up. If I did it, I'd try to be his friend. If he did it, forget it! It would be over and done. I have always had long relationships. I've been in one now for two years. He's my buddy, friend, partner and lover. If we broke up, it would be a big mistake for both of us, unless the reason were something very dramatic!



*Rebecca Ferratti*

REBECCA FERRATTI  
JUNE 1986

**N**o, it's not the end, unless you've had a lover who was just a lover and there was nothing else to the relationship. If you start out as friends before the love affair, you can go back to friendship. I have. My first boyfriend from years ago, Rick, is an example. I can call him and say, "What are you doing? Let's go out." Not too long ago, I had a surprise birthday party for my mother, and I invited Rick. She was really happy to see him. If you are only lovers, the end is going to feel like rejection, no matter what you do or say. He's going to think he did something wrong or, worse, that he's not good enough for you. Friendship cuts through all of that.



*Luann Lee*

LUANN LEE  
JANUARY 1987

**T**he only lovers I have in my life are friends. Otherwise, you're only screwing. If it's just a physical thing, you never have a relationship to lose. My boyfriend is my best friend. If something were to happen, I'd still want to keep in contact with him. Of course, there is a period of mourning, when it is too painful to come together, because you remember how it used to be. Then you have to create a new definition of your relationship and take some time to get used to it.



*Julie Peterson*

JULIE PETERSON  
FEBRUARY 1987

**M**ost of my old lovers are my friends. They still call me, and most of them live far away. They call me during the holidays or right around the anniversary of the time we met. They call to tell me how their lives are going. Sometimes, of course, it is the end. I don't know what is different about those guys. Usually, the love relationship fades into friendship. I don't sit down and have a final conversation. For some reason, after we go back to being friends, I have trouble telling them about my new involvements. They tell me about new girlfriends, but I don't reciprocate. Maybe I'm afraid they'll stop calling or something.



*Cher Butler*

CHER BUTLER  
AUGUST 1985

**F**or me, the end of a love affair is the end. If I wait a couple of years, maybe we can connect again. Before that, it's too fresh. My high school fiancé and I didn't talk for about a year after we broke up. We are friends again now. We bend over backward to do things for each other, but we couldn't even speak for a while. We didn't *want* to be friends. Now we do. You have to be able to get beyond the hurt, and that isn't always possible.



*India Allen*

INDIA ALLEN  
DECEMBER 1987

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



ILLUSTRATION BY OLIVIA DE BERARDINIS



# SLOW, SLOW BURN

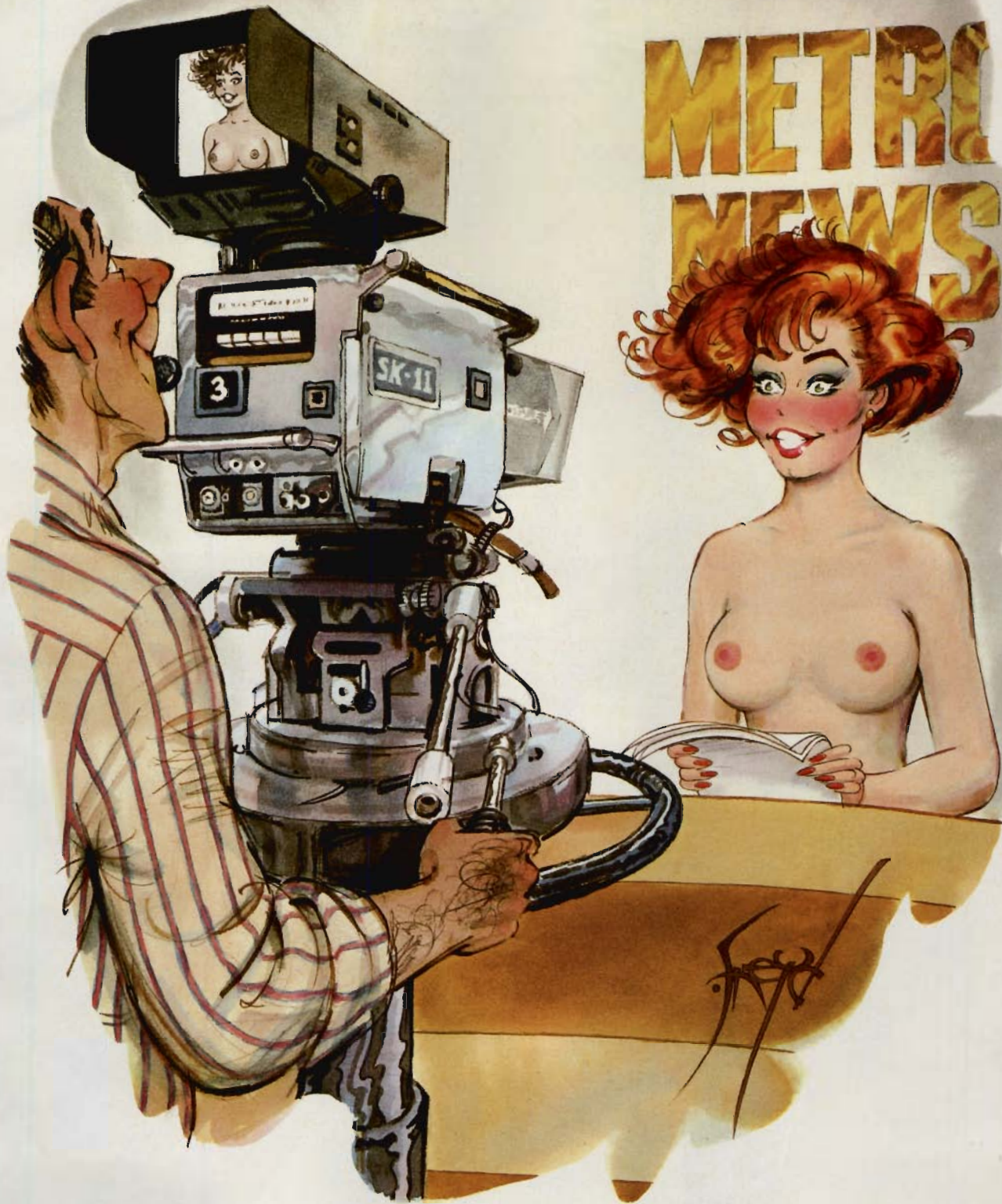
honey pillar, everyone agrees, is the most desired woman in the world. she makes the dials go crazy

fiction **By GEORGE ALEC EFFINGER**

"ALL RIGHT, this is the way I picture it: We're in a busy midtown brass-and-fern bar, OK? Table on the sidewalk, umbrella says CINZANO on it, we'll see. Two women poking at salads, glasses of white wine. They're dressed very nice, expensive but not flashy, they pay atten-

tion to details, they accessorize, know what I mean? One's older, see, she's the mother, though you don't see the age difference. They could be sisters. Both blondes. The older one's got kind of a suit on, she's the dynamic woman on the go. The daughter sort of mirrors that, a subtle thing, nice blouse that says she's shopping the right stores, and she's never





*"A new survey just released turns up some interesting facts  
about what people would like to see on TV."*



# S T A R T R E A T

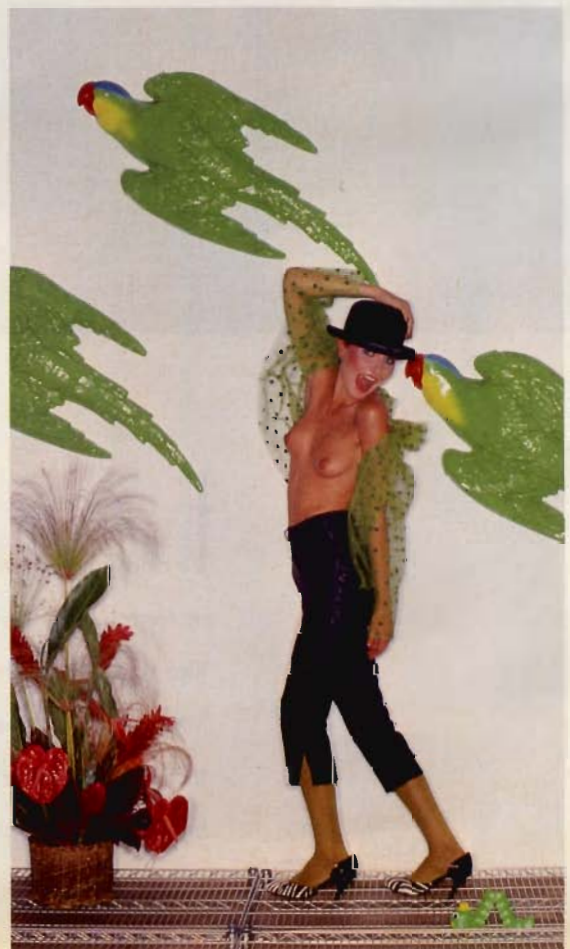
here's to bing crosby's  
granddaughter denise:  
may she live long and  
prosper on the new  
u.s.s. enterprise



If and when I break into films," Denise Crosby told us back in March 1979, when she first appeared on these pages, "I'd like to capture the elegance of Dietrich and Garbo, but in a contemporary way." And what could be more contemporary than Crosby's current role as Security Chief Tasha Yar in TV's hot new syndicated series *Star Trek: The Next Generation*?



In 1979, when these pictures were taken, Crosby was known as a highly unconventional model with a butch haircut and outrageous clothing who happened to have a famous granddad, crooner Bing Crosby. But bigger things awaited.









Crosby paid her dues in such films as *48 HRS.* and *Arizona Heat* before landing the role of the anxiety-prone Tasha. "My grandfather was a legend," she says. "Growing up with that helps me understand Tasha's insecurities."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILLIP DIXON





JACK DANIEL'S

★ COWBOYS

♥ MERLE

KISS MY BASS

USMC

☆☆☆☆ BUENO GOLD

JOHN DEERE

★ ★ ★ ★

WILLIE HONDA

BOMB HANOI

★ ★ ★ ★ NRA

GOAT ROPPER

BASS MASTERS

★ ★ ★ ★ TEXAS

★ ★ ★ ★ REAGAN

BOMB LIBYA

T AGGIES

RAIDERS

GUNS GOD & GUTS

WAP

Harley

Rawland B. Wilson

# HELMUT'S ANGELS

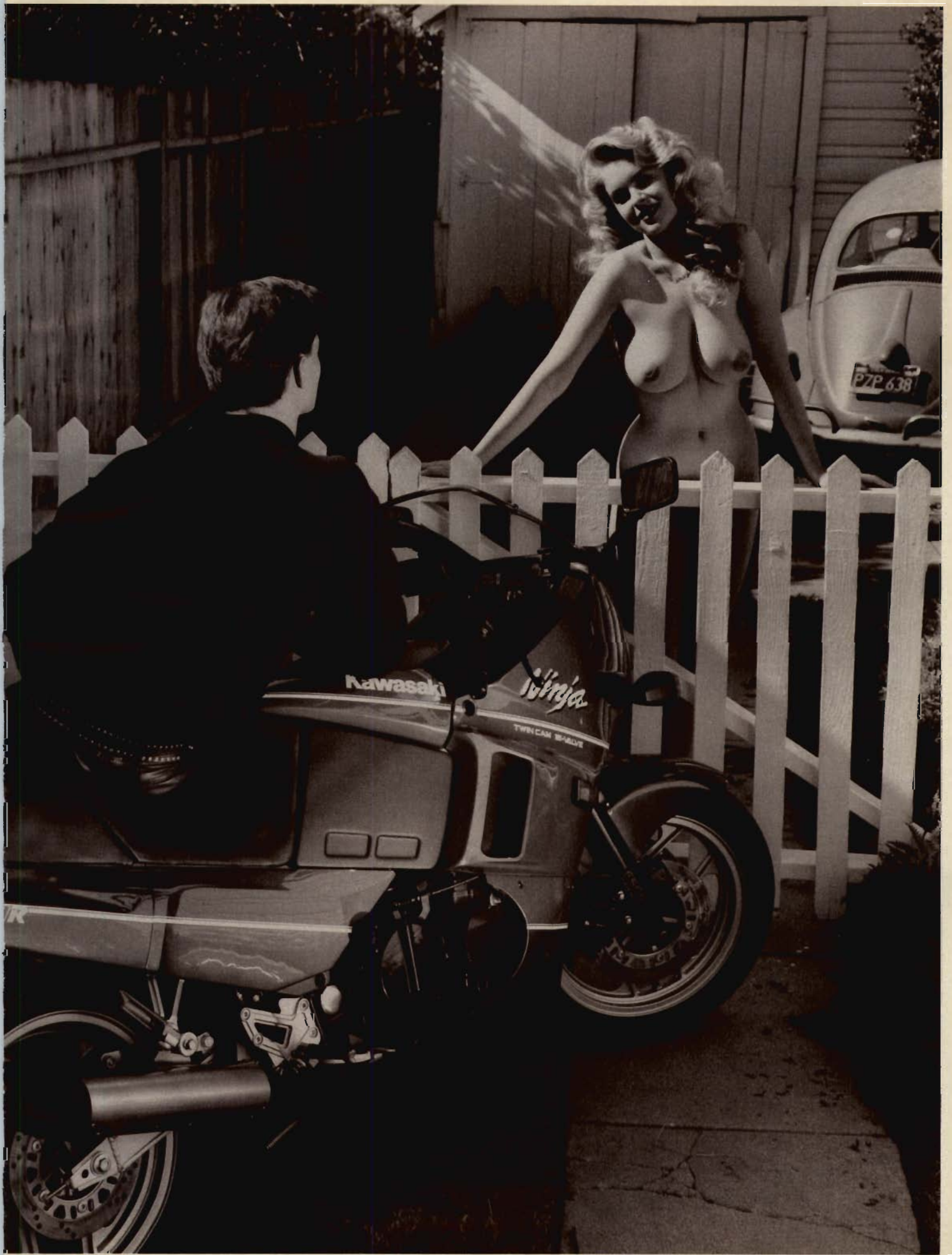
photographer helmut newton  
pops a wheelie on the high c.c.s

**H**ELMUT NEWTON is known for high-fashion photography that conveys surprise, a sense of the edge. In the past, he has shown models posed enigmatically with mannequins, saddles and riding crops. Put something compelling, something startling, in the center of a picture, and you strip away the polite façade. You say, This is serious.

These are serious motorcycles that we've asked Newton to shoot. Their names call up images of noble warriors, samurai swords, great winds and jet fighters. The numbers are

The Kawasaki 600 Ninja was the pioneer in the middleweight class. The 1988 version is lighter and more powerful. The 85-horsepower engine propels the bike to a top speed of 141 miles per hour. (The engine is 13 percent more powerful than last year's model.) The new two-piece double-cradle-design frame reduces weight by almost 33 pounds to a lean, mean 397. The front forks feature Kawasaki's Electric Suspension Control System with variable damping and antidive; the rear suspension is a single-shock Uni-Trak. Dual disc brakes on the front and a single disc on the rear provide the stopping power. Yours for \$3899. (Want to try before you buy? The Kawasaki 600 Ninja is the bike of choice at the California Superbike School in Willow Springs.)

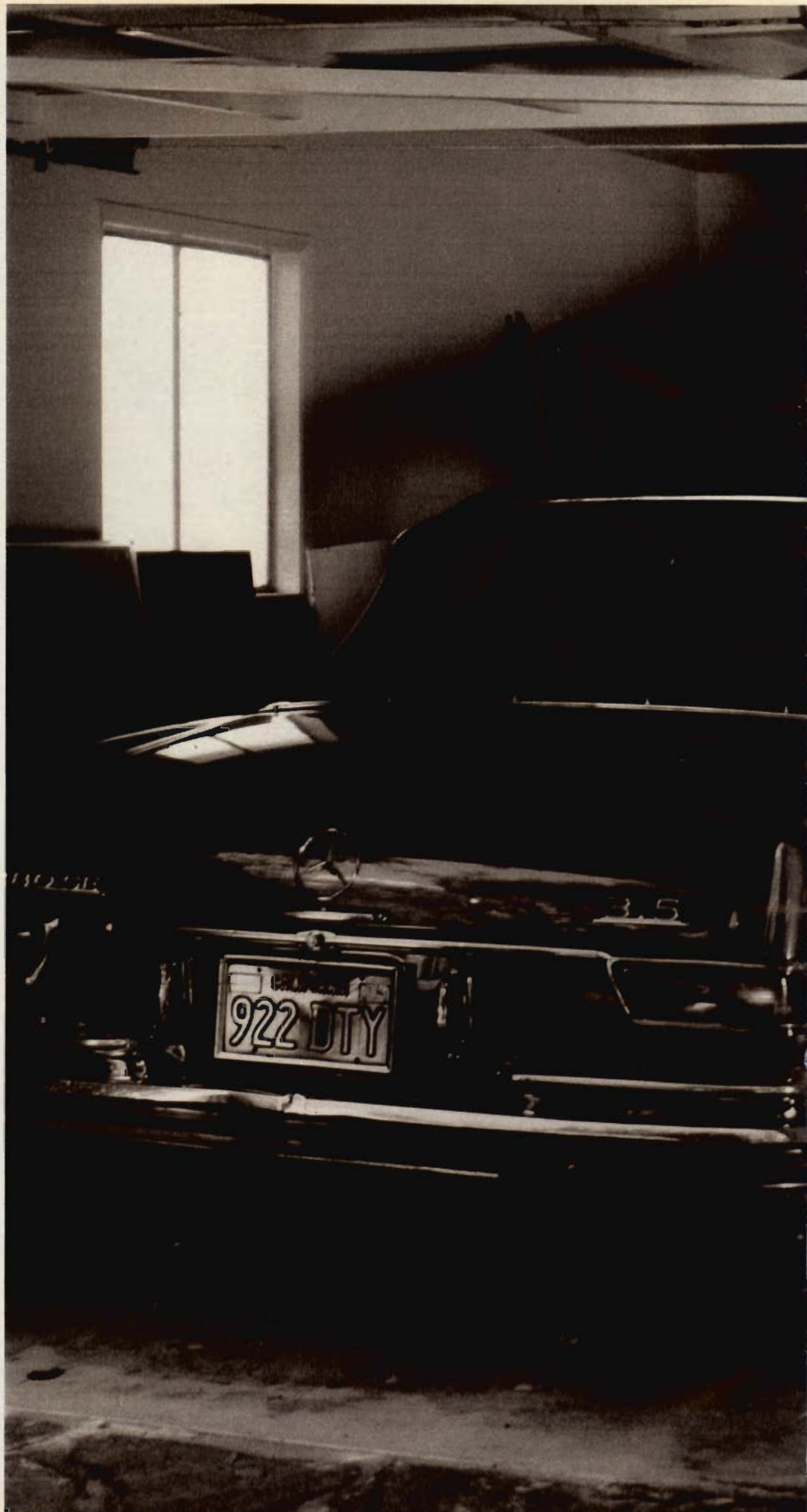


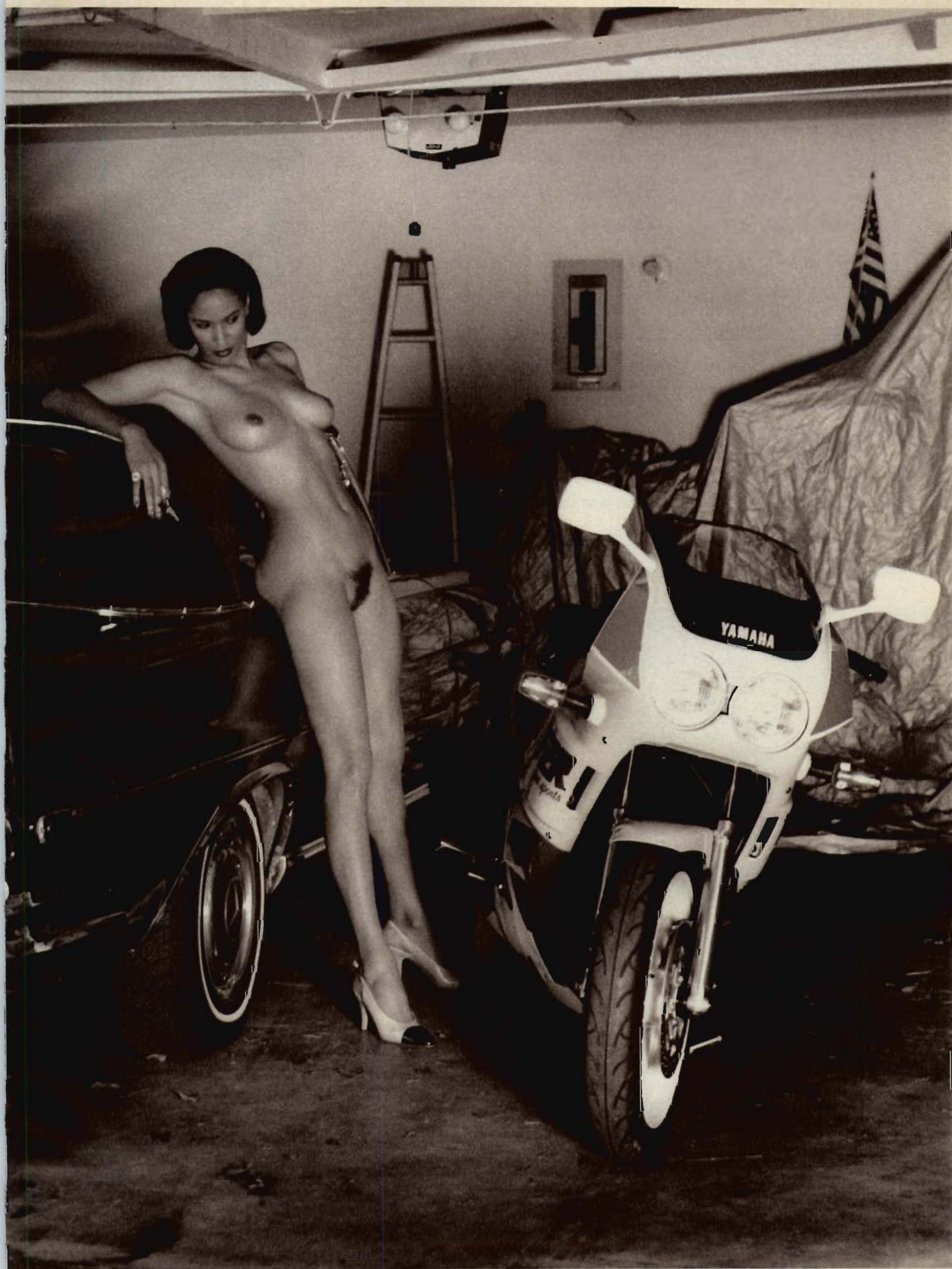


deceptive: At 600 c.c.s, the engines are not the largest or the most powerful. They are middleweights in the way that Thomas "Hit Man" Hearns is a middleweight: lightning fast with great moves.

These bikes go as fast as 750 c.c.s did four years ago. They are the right tool for the right job—if your job is to find the edge and live there. They will reach triple-digit speeds in the time it takes you to read this paragraph. They will make you believe that size

Motorcycles have a certain impact on beautiful women. Tom Cruise demonstrated that point in *Top Gun*. Admittedly, it took him almost half the movie to kiss Kelly McGillis, but that was an old version of the sport bike. New ones are much faster. Call it red-line fever. The effect on your peers is even more dramatic. The 600-c.c. class is the weapon of choice of club racers across America. The Yamaha FZ600 was introduced in 1986 and has improved every year since. It cradles a D.O.H.C., four-stroke, six-speed engine in a box frame and tips the scales at a mere 410 pounds. A 16-inch front wheel provides lightning-fast handling. Yours for \$3749.





doesn't matter: If a 600 can be this much fun, who needs the megabike 1000 and 1100 c.c.s?

These motorcycles are adrenaline, frozen in time, sculpted into shapes that cut the wind. They arouse the senses. They are also the best-selling class of motorcycles in America. They are what the Japanese do best: create an experience out of thin air and, through refinement and competition, evolve a machine that goes beyond the stuff of dreams. Dream on!

The Honda CBR600F Hurricane (below) invites you to be the calm at the center of a storm of power. The engine is a double-overhead-cam, 16-valve, liquid-cooled in-line four that will blow you, and most of your competition, away. The bike is a whisper at 396 pounds. Cost: \$4098. The Suzuki GSX600 Katana (right) is the new kid in town. Borrowing the technology that made its big brother, the GSX-R750, both fast and famous, it boasts a 16-valve, D.O.H.C., six-speed engine that cuts through boredom and rush-hour traffic with the ease of a samurai sword. Cost: \$3999. So make a choice. Buy one of these bikes, find a canyon road and ride with the angels.







and his perceptions convinced me right away that I had found a true monster, a man who would gnaw the ears off children. We understood each other.

We were thrown together at the last minute. I had an assignment to cover the race for *Scanlon's Monthly*, and I had refused to work with photographers any more, because they were just too much fucking trouble. I called Patrick Oliphant, the political cartoonist, but he couldn't do it. Then Warren Hinckle, the editor of *Scanlon's*, said, "By God, I think I know somebody. A weird Welsh cartoonist, crazed." I hadn't seen a thing by him, but we had no choice. He flew straight from London to Louisville, and I flew from Denver.

I don't think Ralph liked me at all when we met. He didn't appreciate the fact that the press passes we were holding had been obtained at the last minute by questionable means. I'd applied for them three days before the race and the press guy had said to me, "Are you crazy? We've been out for three months." I finally pulled every string I had in Louisville and got us into the press box, which was right at the finish line, above the governor's box.

As soon as he started sketching, I saw that he was an incredible artist. I knew the Derby to be a fucking nadir of human behavior, I knew what he was looking at, but he saw it very differently than I did. It was like having another set of eyes.

In fact, his reactions to  
*(concluded on page 164)*



Ronald REAGAN  
& Maggie THATCHER



Maggie THATCHER  
& Ronald REAGAN



Prince Charles  
& Richard NIXON



Woody ALLEN  
& Richard NIXON



A.C. LINSSELL  
& Ronald REAGAN



Ronald REAGAN  
& Jimmy HART

THOROUGHLY

MODERN

DANCER

DIANA LEE is the sort of woman who pursues her goals with passion. Always has. When she was six years old, she climbed her first piano bench and tackled classical music. Next, she took up the flute and was soloing with the Seattle Philharmonic while her fellow seventh graders were still tootling in the school band. At 17, accompanied by the Seattle Symphony Orchestra, she played Mozart's *Concerto Number Two in D*. "I also ran track and joined the gymnastics team at school—it wasn't as if I skipped all the things other kids did," she says, "but I was always drawn to the self-expression of music and dance." Diana's Chinese immigrant parents endowed her with a work

DIANA LEE

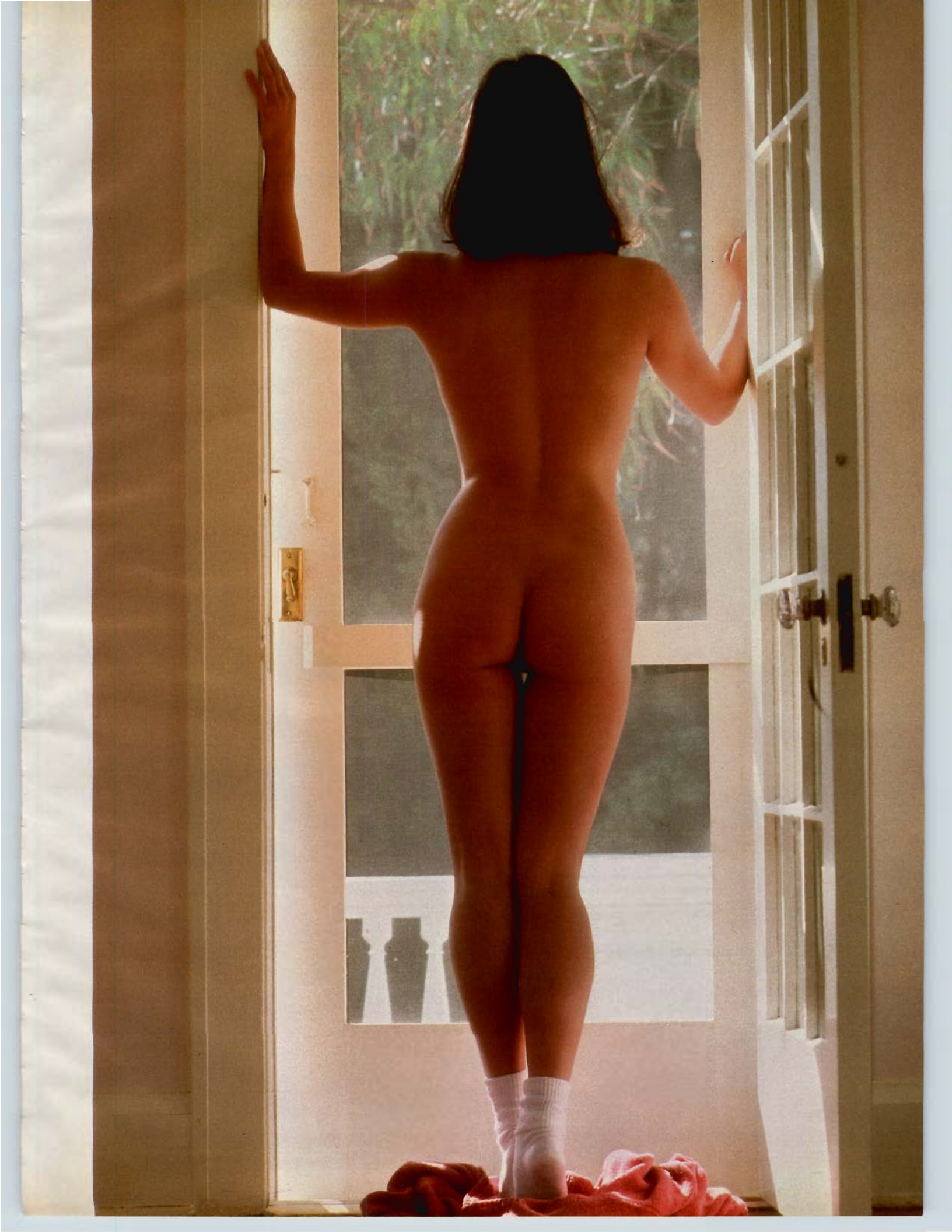
IS A

LIVELY  
ARTIST















"Posing is performance—  
flirting with a camera.  
The camera's eye is my  
lover, and I enjoy  
flirting with my lover."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA  
AND RICHARD FEGLEY



ethic, which she applied to honing her own talents. At the State University of New York at Purchase, where she went to major in music, she became entranced by modern dance, but an instructor told her she was too old to consider that career. Dancers, like tennis players and musical prodigies, start young. "I took that as a challenge," she says, "and made dance my passion." She saw a performance by a dance troupe from the University of Utah, fell in love with the "unaffected grace" of the dancers, packed up and followed them back to Utah.

Three years ago, Miss May earned her bachelor of fine arts degree in modern dance from the University of Utah. She still lives in the thin air of Salt Lake City ("a great place to train—

when you get down to sea level, you feel like Superwoman") but spends much of her time touring. Today, although she still plays the flute at gatherings of classically minded friends, she makes her living as a dancer. "I don't like to limit myself," Diana says. "I like to play around investigating things. I'd like to do some choreography. I like to draw. I like to write. I'm learning to play the congas. And one of these days, I want to raise a family, too."

Relaxing at a Japanese restaurant in Santa Cruz, California, after a rehearsal with her dance troupe, she eats *sushi* and drinks water. Dancers may not *have* to start as toddlers, as Diana proves, but they can't afford to pig out on the beer and Häagen-Dazs everyone else in this college (concluded on page 148)



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Diana Lee

BUST: 36 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 118#

BIRTH DATE: 5/11/61 BIRTHPLACE: Seattle, Washington

AMBITIONS: Dance, Draw, Write, Mend Injured Athletes... and play the Congas.

TURN-ONS: Massages, Walks on the beach, Hot Chocolate + Popcorn by the fire.

TURN-OFFS: Racism, Smoke-filled rooms, People who look for excuses.

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Wynton Marsalis, Fred Astaire, Twyla Tharp Dance Company

FAVORITE FOODS: Everything from Kiwis' to Stir-Fries to Hamburgers.

MY MAN: He's able to find humor in the darkest of circumstances. He makes no excuses and isn't afraid to show his emotions.

RECURRING NIGHTMARE: waking up blonde!



My first solo with the Philharmonic



With my pup Phaedra



Oops! Too much bubble bath!



MISS MAY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH







*Diana*

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

John found himself amid a crush of excited people as he entered Gary Hart's national campaign headquarters. He started to fight his way to the front of the crowd, when he recognized a co-worker. "What's going on?" he asked.

"Hart's on the elevator threatening suicide unless he raises enough money to pay his campaign debt," the colleague replied. "He's soaked himself with gasoline and is ready to set himself on fire. I'm taking up a collection. Want to donate?"

"Sure," John replied. "How much have you collected so far?"

"Sixty-five bucks and twelve books of matches."



On the eve of his transfer to Rome, the Irish priest paid a visit to the Kellys, who had been childless for six years, promising to light a candle for them at the Vatican.

Thirteen years later, he returned to Ireland, dropped in on the Kellys and found nine children romping around the house. Congratulating Mrs. Kelly on her fruitfulness, the priest looked around and asked, "But where is Mr. Kelly?"

"Sean?" the haggard woman said. "Oh, he went to Rome to blow out that candle."

A stockbroker walked into his apartment, poured himself a stiff Scotch and sank into a chair. Throwing back the drink, he told his wife that Black Monday had completely wiped them out.

"We'll have to sell the condo, the car and your jewelry," he said. "We're broke."

The stunned woman gasped, then ran to a window and jumped out. The husband slowly raised his head from his hands and muttered, "Thank you, Paine Webber."

What do you get when you cross James Dean with Ronald Reagan? A rebel without a clue.

An African aboriginal chief was flown to London by a local scientific society and met at the airport by a flock of curious reporters. One asked, "Did you have a comfortable flight?"

After making a series of squeaks, shrieks and gurgles, the chief replied in perfect English, "Yes, thank you very much."

"How long do you plan to stay?" he was asked.

"Tweeet, squeak, eeeuuuu," he began. "I think about three weeks."

Baffled, the reporter asked, "Where did you learn to speak English?"

"Shhhh, tweet, waaiiii. Short-wave radio."

As the highway patrolman approached the accident site, he found that the entire driver's side of the BMW had been ripped away, taking with it the driver's arm.

The injured Yuppie, obviously in shock, kept moaning, "My car, my car," as the officer tried to comfort him.

"Sir," the patrolman said gently, "I think we should be more concerned about your arm than your car."

The driver looked down to where his arm should have been, then screamed, "My Rolex! My Rolex!"

Latest theological bumper sticker: EVANGELISTS DO MORE THAN LAY PEOPLE.

A golfer was searching for his ball in the deep rough when he saw a tiny witch crouched by a tiny caldron. The little woman asked him how his golf game was going and the man replied that it was terrible. She told him to take a sip of her brew. When he had done so, she asked him how his sex life was. He confessed that it was worse than his golf game. She told him to take another sip. The man thanked her and made his way back to the fairway.

A month later, the same man was looking for a friend's golf ball when he spotted the witch.

"How's your golf game?" she asked.

"Terrific," he replied.

"And your sex life?"

"I'm averaging once a month."

"Hmmm. It should be better than that."

"But it's not bad for a minister in a small town who doesn't own a car."



In the spirit of *glasnost*, the Russians finally publicly admitted to the incidence of AIDS in the Soviet Union and sent one of their top researchers to Stockholm for an international conference on the matter.

Between working sessions, the Russian was introduced to an American scientist and the two held an informal conversation about the disease.

"We in Russia have found a difference between AIDS in the U.S.S.R. and in the U.S.A."

"What's that?" the American asked.

"Obviously, your AIDS virus is incurable."

"So is yours!"

"Nyet. Ours is invincible."

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.



inspired by the dusky and bare-titted imagery of countless South Seas specials of *National Geographic*. But more likely, it is the conventional wisdom that they do things differently in the Orient. Nothing is more tempting than the forbidden, and the Oriental woman seems like a mythical beast or a superior species of human designed to give pleasure.

All such fantasies are, I suppose, a confidence trick you play on yourself—the worst sort of self-delusion. But so what? In the realm of the senses, nothing is what it appears. It is no good saying that such women may be shrewish, materialistic and talkative—the aura, the whispers and associations are what matters. What the Chinese woman does perhaps better than any other woman is inspire a man—she sets his imagination on fire by representing his fantasies. And the great thing about fantasies is that they are triggered by suggestion and they happen in your head. Isn't most sex single-minded and private?

The West has many forms of feminine beauty: the cheerleader, the hourglass, the nurse, the nympho, the pneumatic mother figure, the surfer girl, the game-for-anything groupie, and more—each one a distinct physical type. It is easy to imagine what jobs they hold and how they dress. I knew a man who was wildly aroused by the expression bored housewife—he pictured a pretty woman at an upper window hunger-

ing to be stuffed. It is probably an effect of our multicultural upbringing, this non-Oriental notion that beauty comes in all shapes and sizes.

Beauty in the East is one particular woman. She is smooth and vaguely snake-like. Her hair is always black and straight, her fingernails long, her feet very small—foot fetishism has always been popular in China and it did not end when foot binding stopped. She is always slim, even thin. Her hooded eyes are always black, her eyebrows narrow and her lips slightly fuller than you would expect. She is nearly always small, but because she sets off her erotic feet with luxurious shoes, she may appear taller. Looking at a Chinese woman, you understand why the Chinese euphemism for a snake is “little dragon.” There is something reptilian and not quite human in her beauty.

I know there are one billion people in China and that about half of them are women. It is obvious that I am generalizing. But with a culture that is so old and well established, so integrated and so likeminded, it is possible to make certain generalizations with confidence. If you asked a Chinese man what physical traits he valued in a Chinese woman, he would describe them by repeating the classical attributes—black hair, small breasts and feet, dark eyes, slim, submissive. There are no Valkyries or cheerleaders in Chinese society, and even Hong Kong and Singapore

and Macao, which have been exposed to Western influences for well over 100 years, have not evolved a different ideal. And yet the mere fact that this Chinese woman is predictable does not make her less desirable.

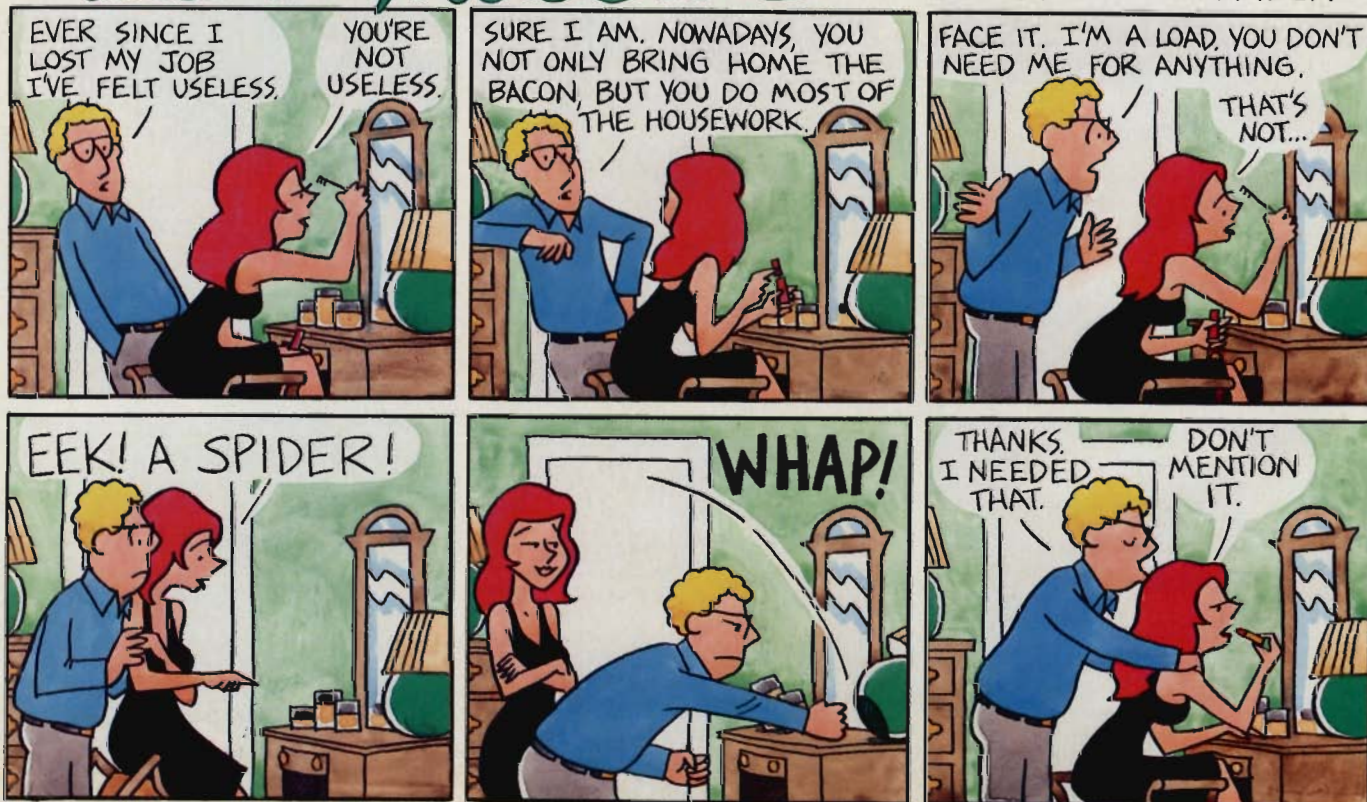
The Chinese woman is never a mother figure, and although she is sometimes thought of as a slave or a courtesan, such roles do not do her justice. She is altogether subtler, even innocent-seeming. The Chinese man usually draws his sexual stereotypes from classical literature, mythology and the imagery that is inscribed on old bridal beds, all about penetrating the lotus and discovering the jade. But this classical creature—the dragon lady with claws and a cunt like a flower blossom—is different from the Chinese woman a Westerner sees.

For one thing, she is seldom a woman. Even a middle-aged Chinese woman looks girlish, so what she represents is youth and vitality. She is obedient, she is lovely, she is small and perfectly formed. I suspect that for most men she is a daughter figure, an incest fantasy, and that she illustrates in the desire she arouses the breaking of our oldest taboo. She is the opposite of the big, raunchy bimbo of frat-house fantasies, yanking her great flopping boobs out of her blouse and saying, “Wanna play telephone?” She never raises her voice. That alone is erotic.

The Chinese woman symbolizes silence. That is her daughterly and submissive quality. The only sound that you associate

# Saturday Nite Jive

BY BILL JOHNSON





## T E R I G A R R

**R**obert Crane caught up with the effervescent Teri Garr at her office in Los Angeles. He reports, "Teri is as pretty, funny and full of doubt in person as she is on the big screen. Angst could easily be her middle name. A dancer in nine Elvis Presley movies, Garr prominently displayed her fabulous legs while wearing a business suit straight out of 'Mr. Mom.' In case you were wondering, she doesn't enjoy being asked what it's like to be David Letterman's girlfriend."

1.

PLAYBOY: If men were food, describe your favorite meal.

GARR: Burger and fries are very appealing, if you get my drift. Sometimes, gourmet food is good, too. Slow, nice gourmet food.

2.

PLAYBOY: About what are you neurotic?

GARR: Relationships with men. I never shut up about them. What does he mean? Why can't I? Why can't he? Why doesn't he? Why don't I? It's the same shit over and over. It's endless. I don't know what's going to stop it. Maybe shock therapy.

3.

PLAYBOY: Describe your recurring dreams.

GARR: Robert Redford is in my dreams a lot. I don't know why. I don't know what he represents. I don't take any notice of him. He's just another actor. All of a sudden, he'll be in a dream. I'll be working with him. I'll wake up in the morning and go, "Robert Redford. Why?" I like him very much, but it's not like Brando or De Niro.

**our favorite  
dizzy blonde  
speaks out on  
great breasts,  
bad dates and  
how letterman  
lured her into  
that shower**

I'll dream that I walk off the stage and someone says, "You were fabulous. The audience was crying." I go, "Me?" "You. We never knew that you had the capacity and depth. You were really beautiful and sexual and moving." I go, "Me?" I wake up feeling great in the morning. If dreams help you conquer your fears, then I'm in great shape.

4.

PLAYBOY: What flatters you?

GARR: Good lighting. Pink lights. Vittorio Storaro, one of my favorite cameramen. Driving around L.A. in a fancy car and being recognized. You know, the construction-worker deal; you're walking down the street and they whistle at your ass. It feels good. When people come up to me and tell me they like my work as an actress, I say, "Thank you. Can I have a dollar? Is there some way I can turn this flattery into cold cash? Otherwise, it's not worth much to me, is it?"

5.

PLAYBOY: If you could change one thing about yourself, what would it be?

GARR: I would have bigger breasts. I always thought that would be the answer. It's why everybody is popular. I'd be coping out if I had that surgery done, though. "What is essential is invisible to the eye," says the Little Prince.

6.

PLAYBOY: David Letterman: the truth.

GARR: We're secretly married and have a couple of kids. But don't print it, please. He begged me, "Don't tell anybody."

The relationship appears to be something that it isn't. I go on the show because I like David and I've known him for years. When I did *Young Frankenstein*, I went on a tour of ten cities in ten days. I thought that was the glamor part of show business. David Letterman had a radio show in Indianapolis that I appeared on and he asked the same stupid questions—"So, what's it like out there in Hollywood? What kind of car do you drive?" So, now, we have this relationship that has some time behind it. That's the only thing that makes it look so comfortable on TV. I guess we flirt with each other. We don't hang out. He's a very driven person. He's out to be at the top of the NBC peacock. He's clawing his way to the middle. He's good at talk-show stuff. He's funny. To do *The Tonight Show* is harder, because Johnny Carson always asks, "Who are you dating? When are you getting married? Who are you living with?" It's all about dating and personal life. I like Johnny a lot, but he's like a father. "It's none of your damn business, Johnny." You can go on *Letterman* and talk about how stupid beauty pageants are. David's funny, and, of course, we're married.

7.

PLAYBOY: How did Letterman lure you into his shower?

GARR: I've done other things, but I'm known only for that shower scene. Here's what happened: Letterman was doing his show in his office as an experiment. They wanted me to come early so David could show me around. He's got pencils stuck in his ceiling. He's got his own bathroom with a shower in it. When he showed me around, he asked, "Do you want to take a shower?" I said, "No, I don't want to take a shower." That night, we did the show in his office without an audience. It was like dead air. It was going out to millions of people and it was not entertaining. We started talking and trying to make a conversation. I'm thinking, Dead air. Big, big dead air. He asked me again if I wanted to take a shower. I said, "No, forget the shower." We all wore body microphones, because there wasn't room for a boom mike. When the next guest appeared, the sound man said he wanted to take my body mike. I said, "No, because I might say something while I'm sitting here." He said, "We have only so many body mikes." During a commercial, David said, "Come on, take a shower. It would make the show more interesting. Just do it." I said, "No, forget it. I'm not taking a shower. It's stupid. Stop it." The sound man was bugging me about the body mike. Finally, I said, "OK, take the fucking mike. I won't say anything anymore." As soon as I handed him the mike, the sound man said, "She's gonna take the shower!" That was on the air. I decided, what the hell. I went into the bathroom. I thought, This is just a joke. It's just some kind of a titillating, sensuous idea, but all right, I'll take the shower. It was live TV and I went in there and started to take my clothes off and thought, What am I doing? Why? David's at the door, saying, "Turn on the water; we're running out of time." I turned on the shower, and I had my underpants on. I had to walk home with wet underpants. They didn't plan this. That was my foray into "living theater" and live show business with David Letterman browbeating me into doing it. People love to see people with a firmness crumble. It must have been some kind of a sexual conquering.

8.

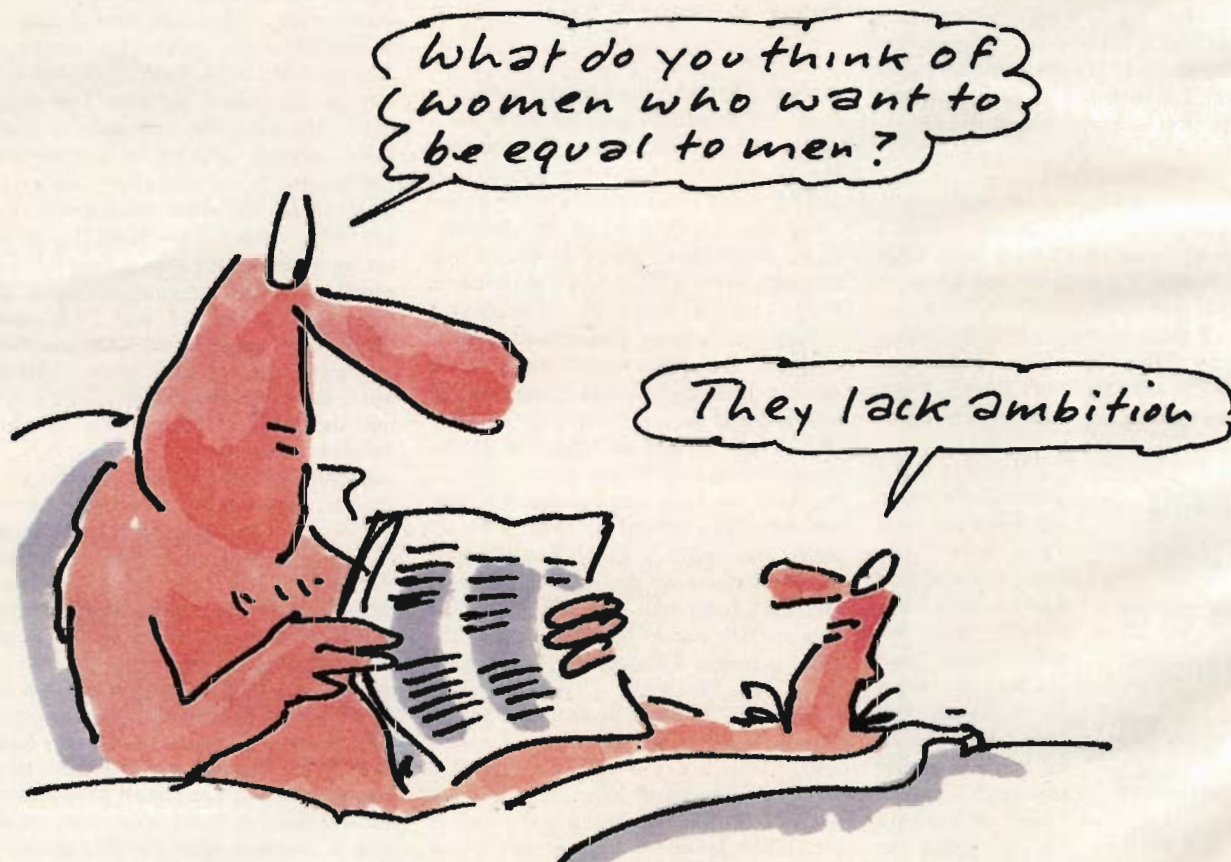
PLAYBOY: What have you learned from the Eighties? (concluded on page 138)

# WICKED WILLIE'S LOW-DOWN ON MEN

## THE YEARS OF INDISCRETION

**E**VER SINCE our old friend prehistoric man crept guiltily back to the family cave with a telltale smudge of woad on his hairy cheek and a slightly dented club, the world has been full of masculine mischief. And despite occasional deterrents, such as late-night television, things seem to be getting worse

rather than better—particularly when man reaches those golden years of common sense and maturity that come between hot-blooded youth and harmless dotage. Students of sociology are always trying to explain why it is that men who are old enough to know better are constantly being caught, figuratively and



Cartoons and Captions by Gray Jolliffe

Text by Peter Mayle

What would you like to do?



Anything - you choose



Ummm.. well...



My brain says lets see that movie...



.. But his body says lets go somewhere and DO IT!



Incredible - I didn't even see your lips move



# PHILOSOPHY



sometimes literally, with their trousers down. No section of society is immune: cabinet ministers and vicars, plumbers and milkmen, schoolmasters and long-distance lorry drivers—they're all at it, providing the News of the Screws with endless material. The explanations put forward by learned observers of this continuing phenomenon vary from a desperate attempt to recapture the joys of young manhood to a charitable urge to take wayward girls in hand, but these are merely symptoms of a more fundamental conflict.

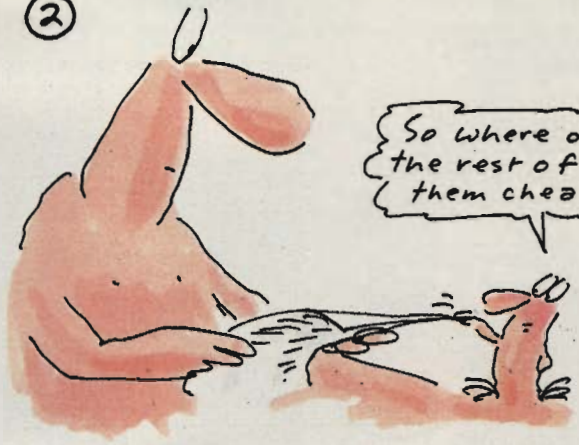
①

Good Heavens! 80% of married men cheat in this country



②

So where do the rest of them cheat?



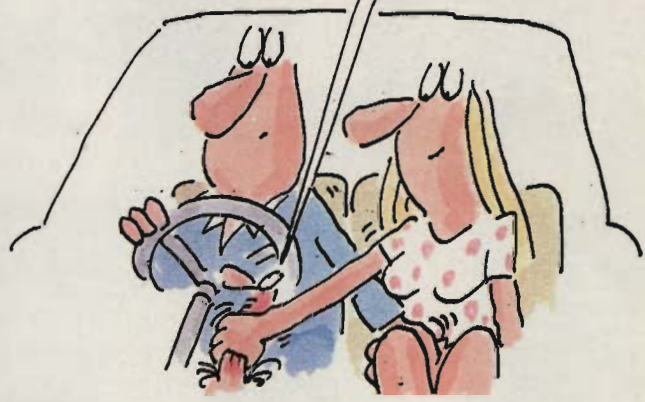
①

They say sex in the Eighties is really very dangerous.



②

She's right - better stop the car



① Where am I? Who are you??

You got hopelessly drunk last night and the worst possible thing happened



②

What?

Nothing





*"Tinted glass always makes me hot."*



# KATHY

## GOES HOLLYWOOD

say hello again to kathy shower,  
whose first three *playboy* appearances helped  
make her a movie star



In April 1984, Kathy Shower made her debut on our cover. A year later, our April Shower became Miss May, and during her reign as *Playboy's* Playmate of the Year 1986, she co-starred on TV's *Santa Barbara*. Last year, she shot up the big screen in *Commando Squad*; this year brings a new action flick, *The Further Adventures of Tennessee Buck*, and a wild comedy, *Frankenstein General Hospital*, in which Kathy stars as "Dr. Alice Singleton, shrink."

Before she flew to Africa to shoot her fourth movie, *Pray to the Moon*, we persuaded her to stop off in Jamaica to relax and





refresh the memories of *Playboy* readers who first fell in love with her four years ago. When we first met her, Kathy's acting career had been limited to commercials, TV bit parts (sometimes it seemed to her that she



specialized in falling out of moving cars) and a role in a Broadway show she demurely called *The Best Little Blankhouse in Texas*. Now that her vehicular-vixen days are over, Kathy steers clear of the fast lane. In Ocho



Rios, she idles in a cool Caribbean breeze. Kathy can't sit still for long. Faster than you can say piña colada, she takes a walk off the end of a short pier, dives into the crystalline waters of Ocho Rios and emerges, gleaming, looking like Venus in a mythic wet-T contest. Soon she will be 5000 miles from here, starting a series of 14-hour days on location in South Africa. For now, she is content to while away the day working on an allover tan. Kathy may hate to waste time, but on this trip, she's willing to let the day ebb. By nightfall, she will be stretched out on the sand, contemplating the setting sun—and memorizing her lines.











*"I was on 'The Dating Game' and I won and we had to go to Las Vegas. I wanted to be dead."*

GARR: Condoms.

9.

PLAYBOY: Is fidelity part of your vocabulary?

GARR: Of course it is. That's the only thing that's fair. It's also completely human and natural to flirt with people and have sexual feelings, as Jimmy Carter said. You can't deny that that goes on. Fidelity is also sticking up for your friends and your ideals. It's the only kind of good thing about the Mafia.

10.

PLAYBOY: Whose thighs would you die for?  
GARR: Arnold Schwarzenegger's. They're very well developed; every muscle is defined. I don't want to say I'm envious of any other woman's body. It's a bad myth to perpetuate. Women have enough trouble liking themselves.

11.

PLAYBOY: When do you know you're in love?  
GARR: It can be an instant thing. It can be a guy at the cleaners who makes a joke and I can walk out of there and think, I love this guy.

I've spent so many years being defensive and wisecracking that it's very hard to let myself know. I'm very defensive about it. It's because of men I trusted who left. I'm scared of it.

12.

PLAYBOY: Describe your worst date.

GARR: One? I have 20 and they all make me shut the door just a little bit tighter each time. I was very naïve. I came to town by myself and dropped out of college and had my own apartment and was going to be an actress and was going to be a dancer and I had roommates. I was prey to all kinds of awful situations. Men are out to get you—I'm sorry—if you're out there and you're vulnerable and you're nice. I had to learn the hard way about how to protect myself.

Once, years ago, I was on *The Dating Game* and I won a date with this guy and we had to go to Las Vegas. It was like prison. I didn't want to do it. This guy was in a singing group called the Fuzzy Lumps. It was pretty bad. I played the nickel slot machine all night and came home. Thanks, dream date. I wanted to be dead.

13.

PLAYBOY: When was the last time you lied?

GARR: Just now. Sometimes, you tell people things to protect them. You know what's best, because you know better than anybody and that's why you lie. So, it's OK.

I have a hard time with my family. I

keep certain things from my mother. I keep certain things from my brothers. I don't call it lying, but if I tell them everything about my life, then they worry. So it's not really like lying.

14.

PLAYBOY: What is an irresistible combination of features in a man?

GARR: Sense of humor is on the top, which also connotes some kind of intelligence and wit. A man should be able to dance. When I was in high school, these were the two big things: Guys had to have a great car and they had to dance. Somehow, this stuff got lost through the years. But I'm bringing it back. Men who work on cars have always been very appealing to me. I like to say, "What have you got in there? Dual cams? You got two sixes? You got three fours? What have you got?" I like these guys.

15.

PLAYBOY: What's it like being the other woman?

GARR: Being the other woman is something you unconsciously do on purpose, because you don't have any self-esteem or you don't want a relationship. You know he's not going to leave his wife, so you're putting yourself in this painful place. You're putting yourself as second fiddle and you accept it. You don't feel that you deserve or are entitled to be the number-one person. I once went out with a guy who was married—I didn't know he was married at the time—and when I found out, I went nuts. I said, "You can't do this. This is unfair." What about the wife? There's something about a man who wants to have all kinds of people he's committed to or faking it. What does that say about his ego? Being the other woman is torture. But at least it's something.

16.

PLAYBOY: When you're dateless, what are some good things you can do only alone?

GARR: I like to get into my car and drive around. It's very meditative. I've always had a fantasy that I could get a pickup truck and drive around, bash it up, go way out, just drive. It's because I'm from Southern California. We learn to drive when we're young. When you're an adolescent and you're going through such insane angst, anyway, and the minute you're 15 and a half, you have this learner's permit, you start driving. I would drive everywhere—just get on the freeway and see what it's like. I'm like the woman in Joan Didion's *Play It as It Lays*. Driving is my acting research, because I can check out how different societies live and what their day is like.

17.

PLAYBOY: How do you perceive yourself? Beautiful? Perky? Vague?

GARR: Perceptive. Energetic. Curious. Malevolent. Hostile. Empathetic. Compassionate. Precise. Occasionally, confused. There is one word—I'm not going to tell you what it is—that is used to describe me all the time. If I hear that word one more time, I'm going to eat my shoes. I guess it's my own fault for trying to be charming and please everyone. You finally get to the point where you go, "Fuck that shit. I'll just please myself."

18.

PLAYBOY: What's the Teri Garr workout regimen?

GARR: This is pathetic. I used to be really good about the running. I did a lot of running. I do Jane Fonda's workout at least three times a week. That class is like the Marines. When I go to work, it's so hard to do any exercising that the best I can do is, like, ride a bike. I hate running any more. I hate fucking running. I won't do it. I'm going to start swimming. There is no regimen. I feel so embarrassed about this. It's catch-as-catch-can. I joined three gyms. I've been to two of them once. When I'm on location, I think, The best I can do is to walk around and shop today. I'll get some exercise. Tighten my butt as I walk down the street. I'm beginning to hate it all.

19.

PLAYBOY: Who wears the pants in your life?

GARR: I do. I'm pretty much of a leader. My mother, sister-in-law and I are all from the same place, Island of the Bossy Women. You should see my brother get bossed around, and he's a surgeon, he's not a *schlep* guy. All women are like that on a certain level, because they're not allowed to do it anyplace else. So women develop this thing where their home becomes the Land of Bossiness.

20.

PLAYBOY: Where were you when Elvis died?

GARR: I danced in a lot of Elvis' movies when I was starting out and studying acting. I was in Mobile, Alabama, doing *Close Encounters*. Elvis was doing a concert there. He was right upstairs in a suite and I thought, I should go up and say hi to him, because I know him. I didn't, and he died the next year and I felt like, You see, you should say hello to people you know. We're circus people. We take care of our own. I'm fascinated with Elvis, because he came from nothing and was given a lot, and how did he deal with that transition? Where's the party? There is no party. Where's the level of fun? There is no fun. It's just another level of your life, but you have more money. If he were alive, I bet he'd be a health nut, a nondrug person. But he just didn't make it around that corner. Too bad. Nice guy.





*"I'll say one thing for you, Muriel: You instinctively know what I'm a sucker for."*

# MOVIES

THE YEAR IN

IT MAY NOT have been the number-one box-office draw of 1987 (Eddie Murphy's *Beverly Hills Cop II* topped the charts), but it was the film most likely to be discussed over lunch, dinner or bedtime snack. *Fatal Attraction* coupled hot sex and sudden death and earned \$129,400,000 by the end of the year. It was known as the AIDS



Freddy

movie, because it put in human form the consequences of casual sex. It embodied the message that has been screamed in headlines for the past few years: Have sex and die. Hollywood had been criticized for showing carefree lust. Now it would still show sex, but there would be responsible, cautionary, fear-mongering counselors around the campfire. In short, the industry would take the sure-fire success formula of the teen slasher movies and repackage it for adults. The moral logic of those movies is familiar:



"Fatal Attraction"

You always know who Freddy (left) or Jason (below middle) will go after—the first girl to show a nipple dies. The first couple to make out ends up as chowder.



Jason

Only the virgin survives. In 1987, the message was, if you have sex, maybe even your whole family dies. We're talking boiled bunny. Hollywood hadn't made movies like that for adults in years, not since Jessica Walter threatened Clint Eastwood's love life (Donna Mills) in *Play Misty for Me* (below). Ah, remember the good old days, when all of us were single and the only things we had to worry about were psychopaths with butcher knives?



Jessica



## MAGIC MOMENTS

People spent more money to see movies last year than ever before. For a while, it looked as if the Hollywood box-office draw would equal the entire budget for the Vietnam war. In fact, for a while, it looked as if Hollywood were refighting the Vietnam war, with *Platoon* clones ranging from *Full Metal Jacket* to *Hamburger Hill*. The best vet? Robin Williams found the role of his life in *Good Morning, Vietnam*. Our favorite line: his farewell to an uptight sergeant major: "That man is in more dire need of a blow job than any white man I know." It was the year that Hollywood discovered the right man for the right role. Steve Martin, delivering a 20-joke soliloquy on the subject of his oversize nose, in *Roxanne*: "Laugh and the world laughs with you; sneeze and it's good-



Best Shock Jock

bye, Seattle. . . . Commercial: Hi, I'm Earl Scheib and I can paint that nose for \$39.95. . . . Sympathetic: Did your parents lose a bet with God? . . . Hey, does that thing influence the tides? . . . Prurient: Now here's a man who can satisfy two women at once. . . . Paranoid: Keep that man away from my cocaine! Inquiring: When you smell the roses, are they afraid?" Jack Nicholson, a perfect match-up as the Devil in *The Witches of Eastwick*: "Do you think God knew what He was doing when He created women? . . . Do you think it was another of His little mistakes? Like earthquakes and floods. Volcanoes. Tidal waves. Just another little fuck-up in the divine plan. We make mistakes and they call it evil. God makes mistakes and they call it nature. So what do

Eddie Murphy,  
"Beverly Hills  
Cop II,"  
\$153,700,000

### TOP OF THE COPS



### BEST ACTION COP



## POLICE LINE-UP

Usually, we reserve this space for our favorite heroes, side-kicks, bad guys and bimbos, but this year, the boys in blue racked up all the awards. Five of the top ten money-makers were cop movies. Eddie finally followed his dick to a stint in Holmby Hills, giving us the scene most likely to be featured in *The Year in Movies* (left). The rest of the roll call was pretty impressive. Mel Gibson, besides having the best buns in the business (ask your date why she sat through the beginning of *Lethal Weapon* twice), turned in the best action-cop performance of the decade. Now we just have to check out the rumor that the Republicans are going to run Robo-Cop for President, if they haven't already. He's a heavy-metal hero.

Mel Gibson,  
"Lethal Weapon," \$65,200,000



### BEST PAIR

Tom Hanks, Dan Aykroyd,  
"Drugnet," \$57,300,000



## HOLLYWOOD BUSINESS SCHOOL

"Whadda you wanna be . . . one of those guys who makes \$400,000 a year and flies first class?" Michael Douglas earns an M.V.P. (Most Valuable Popcorn award) for his lust-and-greed double play. The guy has a gift. He starred in *The China Syndrome* and we had *Three Mile Island* for publicity. He made *Fatal Attraction* and we had the age of AIDS. He filmed *Wall Street* and we had the crash of 1987. Just don't let him film *World War*



Best Boesky



*Three*, or we're all crispy critters. Our award for Best Employee-Motivation Technique goes to Robert De Niro, for his novel use of a baseball bat in *The Untouchables*. Beats an M.B.A. any time.

Best Boss

you think? Women. A mistake? Or did He do it to us on purpose?" The movies were filled with magic moments, from Ed-209 shooting the junior executive in *RoboCop* ("It's just a little glitch") to the moment the boss fired the bad guy. As he went through the window, did you think, What color is your parachute? We'll confess to liking all of *The Princess Bride* but especially the final duel. And we'll admit to liking *Three Men and a Baby*, particularly the way Steve Guttenberg uses a turkey baster. The sex scenes in *No Way Out* and *Wall Street* revitalized the limo business. No one will win an Oscar for those performances, but they may enliven the trip to the presentations. We even liked the nod to safe sex—the rubber scenes in *Dragnet*, *Cross My Heart*, *Working*

*Girls, Wish You Were Here!* and *Amazon Women on the Moon*. And there were musical magic moments, from all of *La Bamba* to *Chuck Berry: Hail! Hail! Rock 'N' Roll* to Meryl Streep's singing in *Ironweed*. In the year after the Meese commission tried to ban nudity, we appreciated the almost nonstop nakedness of *Betty Blue*, *L'Année des Méduses* and *Castaway*. Our favorite scene of the year was the sexual encounter between Ellen Barkin and Dennis

Quaid in *The Big Easy*: You saw only her face as he performed exotic Cajun sex tricks off camera. In 25 words or less, what was he doing? See, they finally leave something to your imagination and you've forgotten how to use it. That's OK. Rent the video of *Angel Heart* and see all of Lisa Bonet. Say amen.



Richard Dreyfuss,  
Emilio Estevez,  
"Stakeout,"  
\$65,800,000

BEST STAKEOUT TEAM



Dennis Quaid,  
with Ellen Barkin,  
"The Big Easy,"  
\$17,600,000

BEST COP COPPING A FEEL



BEST CHICAGO COP

Sean Connery,  
"The Untouchables," \$76,300,000

OSCAR LOOK-ALIKE COP

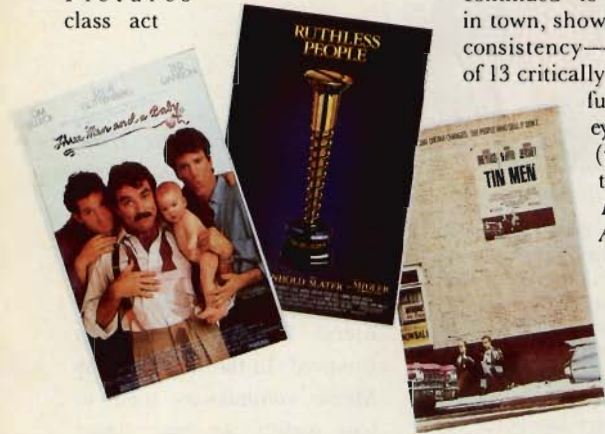
Peter Weller,  
"RoboCop,"  
\$53,300,000





## CLASS & TRASH

every five movie dollars with a few blockbuster films such as *The Untouchables*, *Beverly Hills Cop II* and *Fatal Attraction*. Touchstone Pictures class act



Paramount was the number-one studio, pocketing one out of every five movie dollars with a few blockbuster films such as *The Untouchables*, *Beverly Hills Cop II* and *Fatal Attraction*. Touchstone Pictures continued to be the in town, showing that consistency—a string of 13 critically successful money-makers (we'll try to forget *Hello Again*)—was enough to move

it into second place. Some theater owners complained that there were too many movies last year.

They didn't have time to book the likes of *Surf Nazis Must Die*, *I Was a Teenage Sex Mutant*, *Slave Girls from Beyond Infinity*, *Assault of the Killer Bimbos*, *Bitchin' Sorority Babes*, *Space Shuts in the Slammer*, *Fat Guy Goes Nutzoid*, *Nice Girls Don't Explode*, *Hack 'Em High*, *Amazon Women on the Moon*, *Street Trash*, *The Dirty Filthy Slime*, *Ishtar*, *Leonard, Part 6*, *Less than Zero* and *Over the Top*. Look for them on video. We'll rent anything to keep from seeing Shelley Long twice.



## BEST LINES

- From *Planes, Trains and Automobiles*, John Candy's remark to Steve Martin about the odds against finding transportation: "We'd have more luck playing pick-up sticks with our butt cheeks."
- From *Broadcast News*, William Hurt's reply to Holly Hunter's suggestion that he seems to like her: "I like you as much as I can like anybody who thinks I'm an asshole."
- From *Stakeout*, Emilio Estevez to Richard Dreyfuss, who has just spent the night with a woman: "Did you practice safe sex?"
- From *Ishtar*, the world's worst song lyric: "There's a wardrobe of love in my eyes. . . . See if there's something in your size."
- From *Running Man*, heroine to Arnold Schwarzenegger (in bright Hawaii togs): "I'm going to throw up all over you." Schwarzenegger: "Go ahead, it won't show on this shirt."
- From *Throw Momma from the Train*, a nerd describing a book project: "*One Thousand Girls I'd Like to Fuck*. It's a coffee-table book. Chapter one: 'Kathleen Turner.'"
- From *Sammy and Rosie Get Laid*, a comment on Sammy's politician father: "We can't let a little torture get in the way of a party."
- From *Moonstruck*, Cher's confession to her priest: "I slept



From "The Hanoi Hilton": "Knock, knock, knock. . . ."

with the brother of my fiancé and bounced a check at the liquor store."

■ From *Raising Arizona*, husband commenting on wife's infertility: "Her insides were a rocky place where my seed could find no purchase."

■ From *The Lost Boys*, kid to teenage vampire brother, whose reflection does not appear in a mirror: "You're a creature of the night, Michael. Wait'll Mom hears about this."

■ From *In the Mood*, Sonny Wisecarver, World War Two lover boy on one of his honeymoons: "This is so much better than ninth grade."

■ From *Patti Rocks*, Billy to woman propositioning him on the road: "You're so ugly I wouldn't fuck you with his dick" (gesturing to buddy Eddie).

■ From *Dancers*, two ballerinas discussing character played by Mikhail Baryshnikov: "You know how he is when he has a headache. . . . he takes two girls and feels fine in the morning."

■ From *RoboCop*: "Nukem and other quality home games from Butler Brothers."

■ From *Broadcast News*, man to employee he has just fired: "If there's anything I can do for you. . . ." Employee: "Well, I certainly hope you die soon."

Hear you at the movies.



**BEST THIGHS**



*Emily Lloyd*  
"Wish You Were Here!"

**BEST BICEPS**



*Arnold Schwarzenegger*  
"Predator"

**BEST PROP**



*Rubbers, in "Working Girls,"*  
"Dragnet," "Wish You Were Here!"

**DUMBEST JOKE**



*Harvard M.B.A. Diane Keaton*  
with Huggies, "Baby Boom"

**BEST DAY CARE**



*The biker as baby sitter*  
"Raising Arizona"

**BEST COSTUMES**



*Amanda Donohoe, Oliver Reed*  
"Castaway"

**BEST STUNTS, AGAIN**



*The 007 doubles*  
"The Living Daylights"



**THE PLAYBOY  
POPCORN AWARDS**

Hollywood gives Oscars for individual performances. If there were a category for season-long stats, Cher would get an M.V.P. award for her triple play in *Moonstruck*, *Suspect* and *The Witches of Eastwick*. Dennis Quaid would earn a similar honor for *Innerspace*, *The Big Easy* and *Suspect*. Richard Dreyfuss gets an ironman award for *Tin Men*, *Stakeout* and *Nuts*. Nice going, guy.



# BATTERIES NOT INCLUDED

Nineteen eighty-seven was the year of the adult movie. Relationships took prime place—as opposed to Brat Pack puberty rites, one-man-army turkeyshoots, terminally cute extraterrestrial trials or things that could be merchandised as toys at Christmas (though if the sexual chemistry in movies such as *No Way Out*, *Dirty Dancing* and *The Big Easy* could be bottled, or

powered by batteries, we'd like to see it under our tree). Some of the best chemistry happened between adversaries—Debra Winger's investigator and Theresa Russell's murderer in *Black Widow*; Richard Dreyfuss and Danny DeVito in *Tin Men*; Danny DeVito and Momma in *Throw Momma from the Train*; Steve Martin and John Candy in *Planes, Trains and Automobiles*. Male bonding put in a good show—in the Vietnam movies but also in *Cry Freedom*—as did offbeat living arrangements, from *The Witches of Eastwick* to the re-release of *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* to *Three Men and a Baby*. It was a year for special effects from the heart.

**BEST SPY WHO CAME IN THE COLD**



Kevin Costner, with Sean Young  
"No Way Out"

**BEST MALE RELATIONSHIP**



Kevin Kline, Denzel Washington  
"Cry Freedom"

**BEST FEMALE RELATIONSHIP**



Theresa Russell, Debra Winger  
"Black Widow"



Patrick Swayze, Jennifer Grey  
"Dirty Dancing"

**BEST ASTAIRE AND ROGERS**

**BEST REASON FOR THE PILL**



The unwanted mom  
"Throw Momma from the Train"

**BEST MENAGE A QUATRE**



Cher, Jack, Michelle, Susan  
"The Witches of Eastwick"

**BEST ATTEMPT AT SAFE SEX**



Holly Hunter, William Hurt  
"Broadcast News"





Love, Chinese Style, John Lone, Joan Chen, "The Last Emperor"

## BRUCE'S PICKS

### BRUCE WILLIAMSON'S TEN WORST

(in alphabetical order)

1. **DUET FOR ONE** As a dying violinist, Julie Andrews scrapes up something roughly equivalent to the sound of Muzak.
2. **OVER THE TOP** Looks more like Stallone has bottomed out when he's reduced to arm wrestling.
3. **A PRAYER FOR THE DYING** Slow death for audiences, with Mickey Rourke and Bob Hoskins in an Irish stew.
4. **THE SICILIAN** Another Michael Cimino disaster that makes *Heaven's Gate* look like a smash hit and Christopher Lambert look idiotic.
5. **SIESTA** Snooze right through it, blinking when Ellen Barkin and Jodie Foster take their clothes off.
6. **STRAIGHT TO HELL** Or more likely to video. Alex Cox directs Grace Jones and Dennis Hopper in a witless Western spoof.
7. **SUPERMAN IV** Is it a bird? Is it a plane? No, just a loud, hollow thud as a durable series crash-lands.
8. **TOUGH GUYS DON'T DANCE** Norman Mailer still trying to pummel that rugged prose into a movie career. Read his books.
9. **WALKER** Strained spoof about U.S. meddling in Nicaragua and another strike-out by director Alex Cox.
10. **WHO'S THAT GIRL** We can depend on Madonna for a contribution to our annual turkey shoot. Save her wishbone.

### BRUCE WILLIAMSON'S TEN BEST

(in alphabetical order)

1. **BROADCAST NEWS** Wit, women and TV workaholics put it all together in the year's top romantic comedy.
2. **CRY FREEDOM** Richard Attenborough's flawed drama about the fight against apartheid is poignant and powerful.
3. **THE DEAD** By the late John Huston out of James Joyce, a screen classic with Anjelica acting her heart out for Dad.
4. **EMPIRE OF THE SUN** When it's good, it's very, very good, and when not so good, it's still stunning Spielberg cinema.
5. **HOPE AND GLORY** Director John Boorman's memoirs of his boyhood in Britain during the blitz make World War Two almost heart-warming.
6. **JEAN DE FLORETTE** and **MANON OF THE SPRING** Claude Berri's two films are really one old-fashioned masterpiece, starring Yves Montand.
7. **THE LAST EMPEROR** Bertolucci combines Chinese history with breath-taking screen spectacle.
8. **RADIO DAYS** A really winning nostalgia trip back to the good old pre-TV days with Woody Allen.
9. **RAISING ARIZONA** This breezy, amoral comedy is the one 1987 movie that doesn't break into a rash of cuteness just because there's a baby (or babies) in it.
10. **THE UNTOUCHABLES** Slouching toward stardom with Kevin Costner as Eliot Ness.

## LIVELY ARTIST

*(continued from page 104)*

town seems to live on. Miss May has delicate hands, a voice to match and almond-shaped eyes that take in everything that happens around her, even as she describes her current passion. "Dancing is using every part of yourself to make art," she says. "If you have certain flaws, as we all do, you don't always hide them. You put them to use. It's like when *Playboy* takes pictures of all your best angles—in dancing, you can jimmy things around a little, so that to the audience, everything looks perfect. It's like any job in that you learn tricks like that, but one thing I like about dance is that your *body* is your job, the only means you use to express yourself."

One of Diana's few frustrations is that the public is often intimidated by modern art forms. "It should be a job to *do* it but not to see it," she says. "People work too

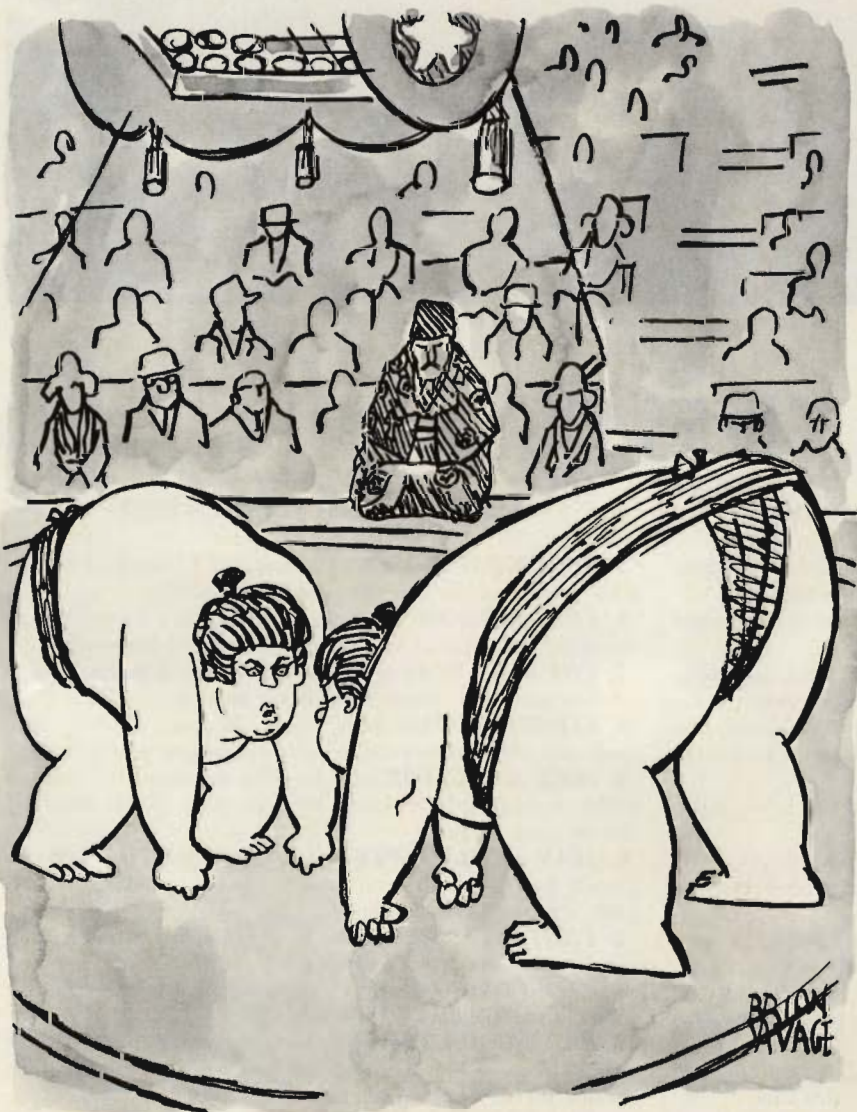
hard trying to understand modern art or modern dance." Her advice: "Just enjoy it! Draw your own meaning from it. You either like it or you don't. If you don't, don't worry about it."

Diana doesn't worry. She's too busy. Even as she dances up and down the West Coast, she is weighing future passions. She looks forward to the day when she'll have more time for writing, drawing, playing the drums and wrapping injured knees.

Knees? "I want to go back to school to study sports medicine. That's next."

Why not? Diana is already a physical artist. She felt that it was natural to make a once-in-a-lifetime appearance in *Playboy* now, "before I get wrinkled. I brought the same feeling to posing that I bring to my dancing," she says. "Posing is flirting, cajoling, seducing—performing."

Brava!



"Your mama-san."

## HIGH NOON AT G.M.

*(continued from page 94)*

the kitchen table. He set everything down in a code of standards, which defined precisely how the E.D.S. employee would look, act and feel. In case the rules missed something, there was the all-purpose ethical code, which said, "Your character, integrity and behavior, both on and off the job, determine the image of E.D.S. in the community. Therefore, your standards of conduct must, at all times, be above reproach."

Perot attacked massive jobs by putting his people in what looked like SWAT teams. One of their jobs, for example, was to set up the software for an entire state Medicare system. They laid out bunks at the job site before Thanksgiving and did not come out until Christmas, when they had the system designed. Success came rapidly. Within 20 years, E.D.S. served more than 3200 customers in 50 states and foreign countries.

Perot had no intention of giving up all that when he was contacted by a New York agent and told that General Motors wanted to buy his company. But as a good businessman, he figured that he and Meyerson should talk with them, anyway—there could be a massive contract in it for E.D.S. When Perot and his people got to Detroit, Smith took them on a whirlwind tour, flying one of the company helicopters over a number of component and assembly plants and attempting to show the Texans the scope of G.M. with world maps and film clips. "The sun never sets on General Motors," Perot said, obviously impressed.

As he left Detroit, Perot was convinced that G.M. would be a customer rather than his company's buyer. "You don't have to buy a dairy to get milk. We'll sell you service," Perot told Smith. They parted with Smith promising to make an offer and Perot still thinking service contract.

It was the bankers at Salomon Brothers, from all reports, who came up with a way of making a deal that would be impossible to refuse. Perot would join the G.M. board and pick up one billion dollars in cash and 43 percent of a G.M. stock offering created specially for the deal. The shares, called Class E common stock, would bring E.D.S. under the G.M. umbrella, but the stock would remain independent and would be traded at a price based on E.D.S.' performance—not the auto maker's. Perot was also promised that he would retain managerial control of his company. E.D.S. would be handed at least 2.6 billion dollars in new business—about three times E.D.S.' 1984 earnings.

Perhaps most important, Perot would be challenged personally to help save Detroit. "It was the opportunity to save millions of American jobs," said Perot. "It was too exciting to pass up."

The deal was signed on June 27, 1984, Perot's 54th birthday, which was also the 22nd anniversary of the founding of E.D.S.

G.M.'s sincerity, watching his own people become casualties in the struggle to change the giant, while thousands of people who were not of the E.D.S. culture were being forced into its ranks.

Yet there was little at the time that he could do about it. The frustration Perot must have experienced during that first year was not unlike that of those caught in the chaos within G.M. Perot, however, was too much of a fighter to acquiesce. "A team player at G.M. is one who will march over the cliff," he said. "Not me."

In May 1986, Perot sent a letter to Smith that contained an ultimatum. Things had to change. Perot gave Smith four choices. First, he proposed, they could begin to work together in good faith, but there had to be a written agreement of how that was to be managed. Second, Perot was no longer willing to compromise on the original agreement. Either G.M. lived up to it or they must take it to the board. Third, Smith could try to terminate him, but with the understanding of the length and severity of the fight ahead. Fourth, Smith could buy him out, but, Perot emphasized in the letter, "in my judgment, this would be a serious mistake for General Motors."

Smith had sent his attorney, and when nothing came of the meeting, the assumption was that the crisis was over. Yet even a cursory knowledge of Perot's background should have told Smith that more, and worse, was to come. Here was a man who had proved he was fiercely loyal to his E.D.S.ers, a man who saw money only as a means to greater ends and whose tenacity was proved on the grandest scale. Perot could not sell out at the time, because the best he could have done was to cut a deal to save himself. That wasn't good enough.

Perot denies having stayed to develop a rescue plan for his people, nor will he admit to having planned any tactics. Yet, conscious or not, the strategic genius of his moves is self-evident.

During that time, the Texas gadfly was buzzing freely around the company. He visited plants, development labs, styling studios, test tracks and accounting offices. And he used his down-home charm to encourage people to speak their minds. "I've been with G.M. for 24 years," an Arlington, Texas, plant employee said, "and I've seen mostly arrogance from executives. Ross is a real change."

Perot revealed his natural affinity with the working people, living, as he did, closer to their lifestyle than to that of G.M.'s executives. He refused to accept a free company car and instead traded in his 1979 Chevy for a new Oldsmobile, bargaining over price at the dealership like everyone else.

And Perot was in regular contact with his E.D.S.ers, who were operating—or attempting to—in every plant and office in the corporation. With his ability to put people at ease and get them to talk freely, he gained a thorough overview of the corporation and an appreciation for the tremendous frustration so many felt.

After all attempts—including two reorganizations of the G.M.-E.D.S. crew—failed to resolve the E.D.S. contractual problems, Perot stepped up his public attacks. "You want to know how to teach an elephant to tap-dance?" he asked. "You find the soft spots and start poking." In late July, Perot got out his prod.

In an interview with *The Wall Street Journal*, and on several less formal occasions, he made thinly veiled attacks on Smith's spending spree:

"We are spending billions to develop new cars. This isn't a moon shot; it's just a car."

"Brains and wits will beat capital all the time."

"Our solution is to go out and buy new uniforms. The team looks good, but it still can't play."

And he jabbed at Smith's tendency to blame the workers: "G.M. has failed to tap

the potential of its people. In America, we tend to blame the workers, but the workers don't design the cars, or sell them, or set up the standards. American workers are the salt of the earth, and they could beat anyone if they were given half a chance."

Perot's outbursts started the press speculating that he was campaigning for Smith's job. Smith had let such rumors persist back when the chair was not a hot seat, but now that he was under criticism from Wall Street and the media, the press speculation became a personal threat. Still, he made it clear that no one was to confront Perot.

"He's impatient," Smith said, "but he's impatient for the same things we are." Later, someone said that Smith was practicing "good-dog diplomacy"—saying "Good dog" publicly while he was looking for a stick with which to beat Perot. That was simply not the case. As unbelievable as it may seem, Smith continued to admire the Texas folk hero and throw flowers at him, even while Perot was hurling bricks in his direction.

Smith's admiration was mixed with a degree of fear. "I don't want to antagonize him," he told those who urged him to fight back. President Lyndon Johnson had had a similar problem with J. Edgar Hoover. When someone asked Johnson why he didn't fire Hoover, he said, "I'd rather have him on the inside of the tent pissing out than on the outside of the tent pissing in."

The pissing match soon turned into a torrent of bad publicity for G.M. In two major interviews with *Ward's Auto World* and *Business Week*, and in several other talks, Perot hit G.M. hard:

"The first E.D.S.er to see a snake kills it. At G.M., first thing you do is organize a committee on snakes. Then you bring in a consultant who knows a lot about snakes. . . . Then you talk about it for a year."

"This place cries out for engineers with greasy hands who know how to make cars to be making the policy and motivating every member of the G.M. team."

"It costs \$140,000 a year to heat one [executive] parking garage. I'd shut that thing down; it has nothing to do with making cars."

Smith's sense of humor was straining, but he kept up the supportive front initially. He said, "The other day, I was talking to Ross, and he was saying, 'I have to make a speech or something to tell everyone I don't want the chairmanship.' And I said, 'Well, Ross, I don't know if we need another speech.'"

Perot probed deeper. "Just a trip to the 14th [the executive] floor is depressing. Get rid of the 14th floor. Get rid of the private dining rooms and chauffeured limos and heated garages. Get rid of everything that separates people."

Perot laughs about the reaction when he finally hit the sensitive spot. "They went nuts when I criticized their chauffeurs and executive dining rooms," he said.

Although his popularity was low on the 14th floor, Perot was fast becoming a folk



C. Barzotti

"Absolutely, my dear, oral expression is protected by the First Amendment."

# SHEER DELIGHTS



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hero to the rest of the company. He was saying publicly what G.M. employees were telling one another privately. In Perot, they were hearing direct feedback of their comments to him, and they were delighted that their ideas were finally being aired.

Perot's rapport with the G.M. rank and file was a disastrous threat to Smith's faltering leadership. The appearance of unanimity on the 14th floor had always been sacrosanct. Conflict meant a lack of control, something Smith was not in a position to endure. With Wall Street already questioning his ability to get things done, he was beginning to understand the broader implications of Perot's thrust.

While the verbal jousting was gaining center stage, Perot found two other spots into which to drive barbs. First, Smith had decided that the corporation was not going to pay profit sharing for 1986, yet he would insist that his executives receive their bonuses. There was already a great deal of controversy on the 14th floor over that issue. The more people-sensitive executives urged that Smith forget the bonuses or approve a symbolic executive pay cut of, say, ten percent, to let the employees know they were sharing in the company's misfortunes. Smith insisted on the bonuses and knew he could easily get the board to approve them on December first.

Perot, however, was certain to vocally oppose the move. He was already hinting in that direction with statements such as: "In a war, you feed the troops, then you feed the officers, because the troops fight and the officers plan. . . . It's hard to fight while you're hungry." Perot would certainly be an embarrassment on the bonus issue.

There was another soft spot that Smith needed to protect. This was the one year in which he could not afford to have an inside critic exposing G.M.'s machinations. For he had painted G.M. into a financial corner with his spending and was unable to get the organization to make cuts fast and deep enough. The third-quarter losses were much worse than most suspected. David Healy of Drexel Burnham Lambert, a respected New York research firm, concluded that G.M. was playing with numbers. In a report titled "The Case of the Missing Thirteen Billion Dollars," Healy wrote, "Our suspicion is that the company inflated its third-quarter operating profit to avoid reporting a net loss for the period and 'paid back' the borrowed earnings in the fourth quarter." That, however, was not the brightest of ideas, since the fourth quarter was a disaster. G.M. unit sales dropped, while Ford sales increased. By the end of November, when the E.D.S. buy-out came up, G.M. was down to a paltry 33.8-percent market share—the lowest in 50 years.

The worst, however, was yet to come. For Smith had done what seemed to be the impossible. G.M. would pass the 100-billion-dollar revenue mark in 1986 yet actually make no money. Smith did post a net

income of 2.945 billion dollars for the year, but that was largely the result of some extremely innovative accounting. "G.M. seems to have reached something of an accounting high-water mark," Healy wrote, "by claiming an apparent four-billion-dollar total U.S. loss on its tax return and simultaneously showing an \$87,000,000 pretax U.S. profit in its stockholder report."

In looking at Smith's situation in late November of 1986, it was obvious that he would have agreed to any terms to get the loose cannon off his deck. Each time Perot spoke out against G.M., you could hear G.M. and E.D.S. stock click down another notch. Gershon Kekst, a New York PR guru who specializes in take-over battles, warned Smith about the possibility of a hostile assault on G.M. and said that Perot was one of the few people with the currency and the clout to pull it off.

Even if Perot didn't want his company, Smith must have sensed that his survival as chairman depended on giving Wall Street some good news. He somehow had to make the most embarrassing year in G.M. corporate history look good. That kind of creative reporting would not be possible with the vocal Mr. Perot shouting the truth from the deck.

So when Tom Luce, Perot's lawyer, called Johnson, Smith's lawyer, and said,

"Perot will take a buy-out," there was no question of who had the upper hand. One of the basic business lessons Perot had learned from trading horses as a boy was that the one who needs the sale most is going to pay the price.

That was no time to dicker. Smith agreed to be more than generous. In all, he gave Perot \$61.90 per share for his 11,300,000 shares. It broke down to \$33 per share for the stock and \$28.90 per share from the contingent note attached to each G.M. Class E stock. The contingent note guaranteed all other Class E stockholders returns of \$62.50 per share by 1991. In other words, if Class E stock sold for \$45 in 1991, G.M. was contractually bound to give each stockholder another \$17.50. The buy-out simply paid Perot off in full—five years ahead of the agreement.

That Smith would have agreed to the bizarre terms of the buy-out, terms that virtually guaranteed the departure of most of E.D.S.' best people, becomes perfectly logical when Smith's vulnerability and Perot's superior maneuvering are considered. By any measure, the buy-out was totally lopsided. "I just kept making obscene demands," Perot said, "and they kept agreeing to them." In the agreement, Perot was not restricted from immediately starting up another E.D.S.-like company on a non-profit basis and in three years converting it



"You haven't tried to get away with one single little thing. Just what are you up to, sir?"

into a profit-making business and hiring every one of his original E.D.S. people away from G.M.

And just as important to the many E.D.S.ers left behind, Perot got written promises that Smith would finally live up to the original agreement. E.D.S. would receive fixed-price long-term contracts as quickly as they could be worked out. The promise of E.D.S. autonomy was spelled out in the buy-out agreement far more clearly than before. In other words, the key issues that Perot had fought for were conceded to him entirely.

"I really thought the board would tell Roger he was out of his mind. It was the dumbest business deal I ever heard of," Perot said. "I found during the negotiations that they'd agree to anything on the business side, no matter how ridiculous, but they were very tight on anything that had to do with criticism or taking over G.M. The anti-take-over provisions were very strong. I had to commit to not making any effort to take over General Motors for five years," Perot said, pausing to laugh. "I was happy to do that, because I had no interest in taking over General Motors."

Smith worked hard to consummate the buy-out. He called each board member in advance of the December first meeting to be certain he would vote his way. The entire decision was arranged before the board meeting, which, with virtually no discussion, led to a unanimous vote.

Yet with all that effort, the buy-out resulted in about one hour of peace for Smith. That's how long Perot waited after the contract was signed to issue a public statement:

At a time when General Motors is closing 11 plants, putting 30,000 people out of work, cutting back on capital expenditures, losing market share and having problems with profitability, I have just received \$700,000,000 from General Motors in exchange for my Class E stock and notes.

I cannot accept this money without first giving General Motors' directors another chance to consider this decision. This money will be held in escrow until December 15 in order to give the General Motors directors time to review this matter and the events that led to this decision. If the General Motors directors conclude that this transaction of December first is not in the best interest of General Motors and the Class E stockholders, I will work with the G.M. directors to rescind this transaction.

Once again, Smith's inability to understand human relations caught him unprepared. He fully expected Perot to take his money and crawl into the woodwork. And he miscalculated public response, figuring that after taking a few days of heat for the buy-out, he could put it behind him. He had never been more mistaken.

Perot became a martyr of sorts. He was perceived as having spoken up for the common man—as having spoken the truth—and been squelched by a paranoid G.M. chairman. He was suddenly referred to as the man who could have been G.M.'s salvation. That he had spent the vast majority

of his time in Dallas and had made only a handful of management proposals during his G.M. board tenure went unnoticed. What would G.M. do without its helpful critic? Or, as one columnist put it, "If you remove the grain of sand, do you still get the pearl?"

After Perot left town, there were not enough pieces left of Smith's credibility to fill a body bag. Every major constituency—employees, stockholders, customers and media—joined in picking apart Smith's vision of a 21st Century corporation. By almost every measure of management achievement—return on investment, stock prices as an expression of confidence, employee productivity and morale, market share (without artificial supports)—his leadership had failed.

Smith's 21st Century corporation was half of a very good idea. Technology is the future. But the other half of the equation—by far the more significant half—is the individual. A Stradivarius is only wood and catgut; the music is in the mind and hands of the performer. Getting 3,000,000 people to perform in harmony is G.M.'s ultimate task. When that happens, it will truly be a cultural revolution. But that will happen only when a leader who can establish trust and inspire commitment arises within the corporation. As Alvin Toffler says in *The Third Wave*, "Elites, no matter how enlightened, cannot by themselves make a new civilization. The energies of whole peoples will be required."

The greatest rescue mission in Ross Perot's life will not be the time he sprang two executives from an Iranian jail but when he rescues all of his E.D.S.ers through a singlehanded assault on General Motors.

By the summer of 1988, the top E.D.S. executives still held contractually inside G.M. will be free to walk away with their pockets bulging with G.M. ransom money. They will just as likely join their leader-in-exile, Perot, to start an all-new corporation—financed through what may be the most generous buy-out agreement in corporate history. And recognizing Perot's flair for historical significance, one can even predict the date the new company will come into existence. It will be on June 27—Perot's 58th birthday, the 26th anniversary of the original E.D.S.' founding and the fourth anniversary of G.M.'s ill-fated acquisition of E.D.S.

When Smith bought E.D.S., he said, "If we hadn't found it, I guess we would have bought a college somewhere in Iowa and started our own. We needed an entrepreneurial company that had the youth and enthusiasm to do the job." He later added, "We decided on E.D.S. because of its strong leadership. We need the E.D.S. spirit as much as its skills."

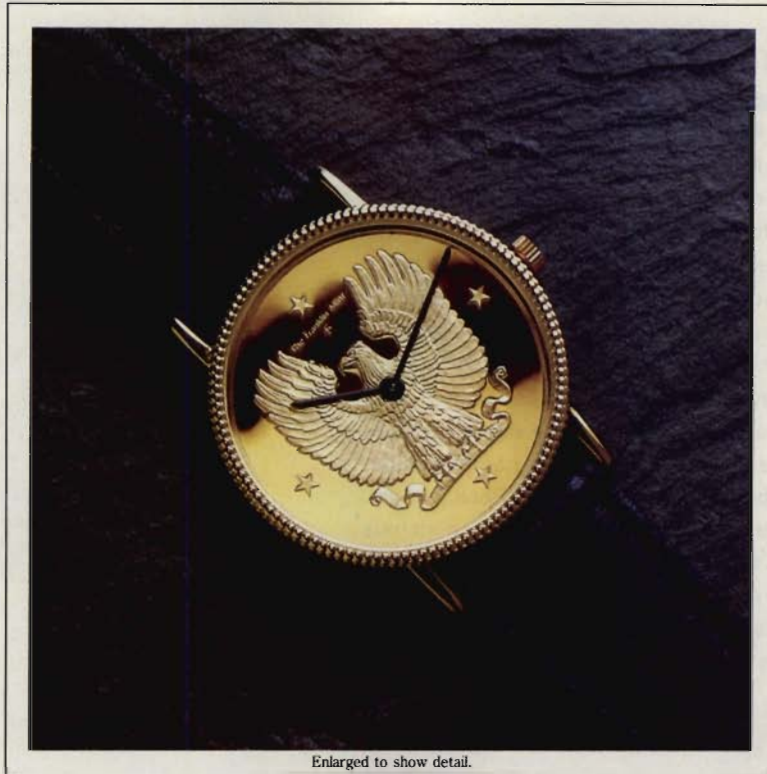
In the end, after spending three billion dollars, he will get neither.



Nut Gruberg

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# FAST FORWARD

## HITTING THE MARK

Not every up-and-coming actress can hit Sean Connery square in the forehead with a dinner roll and live to tell about it. **Virginia Madsen** did. The 25-year-old Chicago-born actress, who co-starred in *Slam Dance*, *Hot to Trot* and *Mr. North*, was having dinner at the free-for-all Le Pirate in the south of France. "The place looks like a shipwreck and you're allowed to throw food and dishes," she explains, "and Connery was sitting in the dead center of this insanity. No one would dare throw anything at him. I finally threw a roll, and he raised one finger, shook his head no and went back to eating. He was as clean and as handsome when he left as when he walked in." At home, Madsen likes to play hostess, especially at daylong Sunday brunches for her Brat Pack chums. "Those guys are great," she claims. "They haven't been vicious and abusive and they haven't been boring to be around." Her L.A. apartment, however, is no *Animal House*. "I love to clean and cook," she admits. "It surprises people that I am so domestic, because I tend to be one of the boys."

—ROBERT CRANE



TONY COSTA

## Moving Elsewhere

Had a TV producer been paying closer attention, **Bruce Greenwood**, 31, might still be belting out Bruce Springsteen covers as lead singer of a Canadian bar band. "I got my first big break because a producer came up to me and said, 'Hey, I loved you in *First Blood*,'" recalls Greenwood. Greenwood was in the movie, all right, but for only two seconds as an extra. "The guy mistook me for someone else," he laughs. That mistake took him to Hollywood and eventually landed him the heart-throb-in-residence slot on *St. Elsewhere*. Like Mark Harmon before him, Greenwood has discovered that the show is a natural steppingstone, with offers pouring in for both films and series since the *St. Elsewhere* producers called it quits. Right now, the idea of doing a movie intrigues him most, but he has learned to be philosophical about the process of getting a job, including his breakthrough television role. "I just happened to be the last actor auditioning for the part who didn't fall through the screen." —MARK CHRISTENSEN

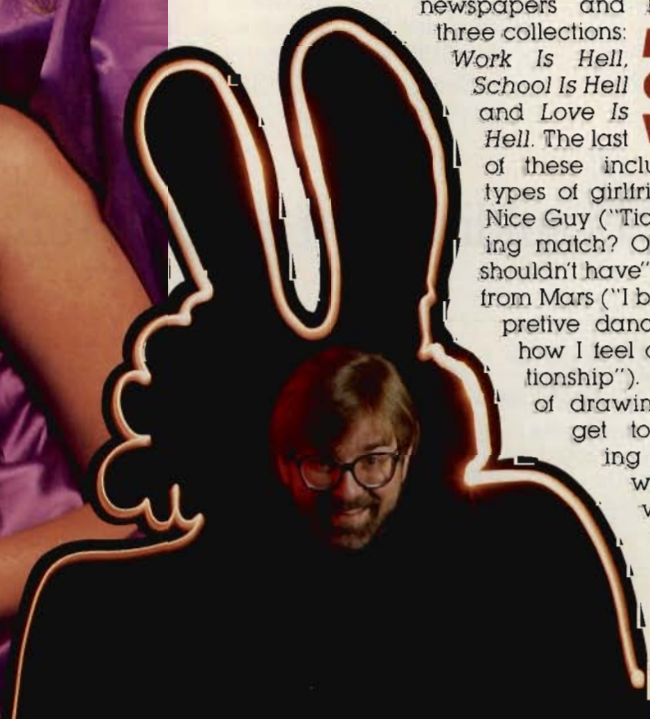


BONNIE SCHIFFMAN

**N**o one would ever accuse **Matt Groening**, 34, of being a great artist, but his crudely drawn, angst-filled characters—notably rabbits named Binky, Bongo and Sheba—have made him, and his *Life in Hell* comic strip, a favorite of malcontent Yuppies and disaffected collegians. Groening (rhymes with complaining) syndicates his strip to 60 newspapers and has published three collections: *Work Is Hell*, *School Is Hell* and *Love Is Hell*. The last of these includes the nine types of girlfriends, from Ms. Nice Guy ("Tickets to the boxing match? Oh, darling, you shouldn't have") to the Woman from Mars ("I believe this interpretive dance will explain how I feel about our relationship"). "The triviality of drawing rabbits can get to me," Groening admits. "That's why I hope to write something that will be taken a little seriously."

—JON KRAMPNER

TONY COSTA





## GOLD LINGERS

Danny Goldberg's day job involves managing such acts as Don Johnson and Belinda Carlisle (formerly of the Go-Go's) and putting together sound tracks for movies and TV shows (he was behind both the *Miami Vice* and *Romancing the Stone* albums). At the age of 38, he has been in the music business half his life. And he's smack in the middle of the age group he's shooting for with his newest venture, Gold Castle Records, an exercise in nostalgia that he swears isn't nostalgic in the least. Gold Castle's roster includes three of the biggest names from the great folk-music scene of the Sixties—Peter, Paul and Mary, Judy Collins and Joan Baez, three acts that have been without recording contracts for much of this decade. Goldberg is gambling on his hunch that there's a massive demographic group that has aged along with the folkies—a graying baby-boomer generation that is far more comfortable with acoustic guitars than with the Beastie Boys. "If this were a nostalgia label, we'd put out old songs," points out Goldberg. "We're not releasing any old songs at all." So far, his instincts have paid off, and Gold Castle has tapped an audience the larger labels ignored. "Most people don't want to think their best years are behind them. Peter, Paul and Mary aren't trying to look like they're still 18; they accept who they are," he says. "I don't think we're carrying on a flame—I think we're lighting a new one."

—MERRILL SHINDLER



BENNO FRIEDMAN

## queen of the punch line

As the owner of two of the hottest comedy clubs in the country, **Caroline Hirsch** hears a lot of jokes, but her favorite didn't come from the likes of Steven Wright, Sam Kinison or Pee-wee Herman—it came from competitors who thought her idea of a sophisticated comedy club on a low-rent block in Manhattan would never succeed. "We proved that if you have the right product, people will go anywhere for it," says the 37-year-old Hirsch, who opened Caroline's in 1982. As a cabaret, the club sputtered, but once Hirsch started booking comics, it became one of the top venues in the country for both new and established talent. Five years later—with more financial backing from her computer-tycoon husband Neil—she opened a second Caroline's in the downtown South Street Seaport and once again had a good punch line for those who thought it couldn't be done. "Comedy is just getting bigger and bigger," says Hirsch, who still greets customers most nights. Business is so good, Hirsch is branching out, producing an up-and-coming comics show for the home-video market and preparing a cable special, *Caroline's All-Stars*, featuring her family of regulars. "Never in a million years did I think I'd be doing this, but it really is a lot of fun. I can sit in the club night after night and hear the same jokes and they just get better."

—SUSAN ORLEAN

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*“Well, now, let’s be careful here. He didn’t actually shoot them. But he came near enough.”*

the community, engaged in a variety of enterprises making fortunes, except when they get shut down by the authorities? ‘United States of America vs. Gelato Marinara—interstate racketeering’: That’s your bailiwick. No living for you to be made in these poor surroundings, Robbo, not by your lofty standards. Disturbing the peace? Drunks and disorderlies? Drivin’ unders and guys who whack their wives? Public urinators? You spend two hours in these shabby precincts, you’ll lose what’d be a week’s pay for guys like me, compared with what you’re makin’ on your fat arse in your office. Get out of here and leave the garbage to poor scavengers like me—we’re used to going through the barrels—come here from the farce of habit, and we don’t mind the stink. But you, you’ll ruin that fine suit. Have to go home and take a hot bath before you can go back to work.”

Shoate sighed. “Put your mind at ease, Dinnis,” he said. He jerked his head to the left. “My client’s down by the door.”

Carnes peered over Shoate’s shoulder. He saw a man about 70 in a silvery-gray suit that matched his wavy hair. “Don’t recognize him,” he said. “Don’t belong in here, though—that I recognize. What’s the charge?”

“A small matter of consumer protection,” Shoate said.

“That’s a civil thing,” Carnes said. “Civil don’t start till eleven. This’s the criminal session. See what happens, you guys in the swell suits start working our side of the street? Right off the bat, you make mistakes, show your ignorance.”

“My client’s particular consumer-protection matter,” Shoate said, “happens to be criminal. My consumer protected himself. A and B, D.W.’s the charge. Five adults and their wee small children claim he fired a shotgun at them.”

“My goodness,” Carnes said. “What’s the fuckin’ world coming to, gentleman like that starts firing on other civilians?”

“That’s almost what he says,” Shoate said. “His version is: ‘Fuck’s going on, man has to keep a shotgun handy just to live in his own house?’”

“Did he do it?” Carnes said.

“Yup,” Shoate said. “Just between you and me, of course. And not just once, either. He’s got one of those Remington Bushmaster twelves, with the just-legal barrel, and he loaded her up and emptied the magazine—five full ounces of shot.”

“So it wasn’t a mistake, then,” Carnes said. “He didn’t think they were pheasants or something.”

“Nope,” Shoate said. “He thought they were gypsies.”

“Jesus,” Carnes said, “what is it, legal

shoot gypsies now? Who is this fellow? Adolf goddamned Hitler or something?”

“Well, now,” Shoate said, “let’s be careful here. He didn’t actually shoot them. But he came near enough so they thought he had that in mind. Little do they know. When this guy misses, it’s because he wants to miss.”

“Then why’d he shoot at them, he wanted to miss?” Carnes said.

“To get them off of his land,” Shoate said. “And also out of his pool.”

“They doing on his land? Bangin’ their tambourines at him?”

Shoate laughed. “Look,” he said, “he’s retired. He’s mostly retired. He’s got a nice big house at the foot of a lane, out at the end of the point. Got the ocean from his windows, and the lighthouse—all of that. You know how it is with these older guys:

Likes to get up early, take a swim in his pool, get his robe on and go out, get the papers from the yard. And you know how the paperboys are—papers’re always way the hell down the driveway.

“So he does that, Saturday morning. Finishes the swim, gets the terry robe on, opens the garage door and goes out and gets the papers. Coffee’s making, he’s got the little glass of anisette on the dining-room table—hey, why the hell not, all right? Enjoy his life? What’s wrong with that? He’s retired.”

“Especially since most your clients, his old pals, get retired, they’re down in Atlanta,” Carnes said. “He’s a lucky man.”

Shoate chuckled. “Well,” he said, “he’s got a good lawyer, and he usually does what his lawyer tells him. Which the guys that went South didn’t always do. But that’s another matter.

“The door opens and he goes out in the driveway and picks up the papers. Got to keep track, his investments, stocks and bonds and all that stuff. And he’s going back into the garage, and up come these two cars. White Dodge wagons with the wood on the sides? And down around



*“This is intimacy? A close relationship with good communication is intimacy? I thought intimacy was something physical.”*

## THE FITNESS MYTH (continued from page 140)

*"Researchers [tried] to prove exercise saves you from everything from terminal dimpling to meteor splat."*

though, both the proof and the statistics began to look as though they were as reliable as a Devil's smile. It's not just that special-interest groups played manipulative games with statistics. It's that respectable researchers undertook to prove that exercise could save you from everything from terminal dimpling to meteor splat. And the flaw was not so much in what they said as in what they didn't say.

Consider pioneering research in the field, published in the early Fifties, that "proved" that exercise lessened the risk of heart disease and extended the life span: The study compared longevity for drivers of

London buses with that of their conductors. The fact that the conductors did far better statistically than the drivers was attributed to exercise alone. Certainly, the drivers did little but sit behind the wheel, cursing gently, while the conductors were in aerobic action, bouncing up and down the stairway on the two-level buses, hustling for money and tickets, hopping on and off the buses at stops to shepherd passengers aboard.

But what about other differences between the two groups? A difference in their ages? In obesity? In the family-health histories? (Workers who are older, obese and aware that their fathers and grandfathers

were immobilized or killed by heart disease may actually choose sit-down jobs when they apply for work—they may prefer to be drivers.)

How about smoking habits? And eating habits? And sex habits? How about the differences in the environments of the work stations? The drivers were up front, eating exhaust all day, while the conductors were somewhat removed from it. How about stress? Drivers had to cope alone and silently, while the conductors could release tensions by chatting with or yelling at passengers.

Any or all of those factors may have been as important as exercise in their effect on heart disease and longevity. In fact, the bus drivers turned out to be more obese than the conductors when they started work in the London bus system. But that statistic was uncovered too late to influence the publicized results of the study. It was a typical case of the triumph of dogma.

Another distortion—in fact, my favorite such grotesquerie—involves the assertion, published in *The New York Times* and *Reader's Digest* in the late Seventies, that exercise is indisputably good for you because it is good for the Masai warriors of East Africa. These warriors had, it was reported, larger arteries than had their counterparts among American males. In addition, the arteries in the Masai warriors kept getting larger with age, while those of American males did not. The assumption was that coronary arteries as large as those in Masai warriors would be beneficial for American males—the proof was not stated—and the *only* reason that American males did not reach that goal was lack of exercise. Both publications pointed out that Masai warriors walk an average of 12 miles a day to herd their cattle, while American males only rarely hike so far. It was persuasive stuff.

Of course, nobody mentioned other factors that might influence the warriors' arteries. For instance, the Masai often grow to extreme heights (seven feet or more) and may thus need larger arteries—developed through the millennia in an evolutionary process—to meet the demand for blood flow over such a large frame. Masai warriors also walk around nearly naked while tending their cattle—and that places a certain demand on blood circulation. Certainly, the most pertinent factor was not mentioned at all: Masai warriors have a much shorter life span than American males, by 20 years or so. Take the available evidence and make another conclusion: The Masai exercise more and they die sooner. Do they die sooner *because* they exercise more?

All of which is not to say that exercise is bad for you. To be sure, mindless exercise is dumb of you and *perhaps* bad for you. But it is not the exercise that is bad; it is the



Ours Brown

*"I get so sick of the rotten, petty bullshit that goes on at the office. Take your husband, for example. . . ."*

specific chemicals secreted in tiny amounts by the brain during certain exercises could explain the mental high. Still other researchers suggested treating drug addiction by substituting the high of exercise for the high of a drug.

For the everyday exerciser, the most dramatic frontier was the new concept being formulated by some researchers called hi-psy. This approach was oriented to the individual, not—as in Rosenthal's theory—to the sport. In hi-psy, the response does not rest upon the risk of the exercise but upon the attitudes and input of the exerciser. Most individuals invest a high psychic input in activities such as skiing or sky diving or rock-climbing and get a consequent high psychic reward—while the psychic input invested in golf or tennis or walking is low, so the psychic reward is low or nonexistent. Hi-psy allows for the person to choose the measure of psychic response he wants by the psychic investment he makes in his exercise of choice.

Hi-psy is different from any exercise concept of the past, because it demands thought and awareness—an involvement of the mind, not just the muscle. It is different also because the force comes from within the individual; it does not depend upon the sport or obedience to some fitness guru or pitchman. It is a liberating idea.

The everyday, every-sport dimension of hi-psy explains the mystery of the "runner's high." As Rosenthal sees it, running should not return a psychic high, because it is not, for the most case, a sport of risk. Yet certain runners repeatedly report a definite psychic boost. It develops because the run on that day over that course demands an inner commitment of the runner that rote repetition does not. It is not because the next step demands risk. It may demand speed. It may demand running uphill when the runner is uneasy about his growing fatigue. It may demand running longer on that day than he feels he can run. The point is, it requires the individual to exercise his brain. It is thus the beginning of the end of tyranny.

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A number of individuals have already programed hi-psy into their lives. One young bank executive I know went trail cycling on his way to work after an all-night hospital session that was climaxed by the birth of his first child. Not only did he overcome a bone-searing exhaustion but he developed such a psychic high that he came

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up with an idea in the loan-and-collateral area that solved a major problem at work. A French-horn player I know took to highest skiing on the eve of a day on which he was to play the difficult solo horn part in Strauss's *Till Eulenspiegel*. He purposefully induced a psychic high that carried him through a performance that earned acclaim from the critics and a commendation from a testy, grudging conductor.

All this reflects the powerful, new impetus—and value—emerging from the current crisis in exercise. For crisis inevitably brings change, and these changes present immense new rewards for the indi-

vidual committed to fitness. Only a short time ago, such a person had little choice but to submit to a dismal, Spartan future: As a jogger or a runner, one had to give up not just smoking but living. The sea change is profound; the individual doesn't take orders—he gives them. To himself. The most exhilarating fact rising out of the crisis in exercise is that anybody who doesn't like the change—the hoary old pore-popping muscle-bending high priests of the past—can beat the competition cold. Just get in shape by getting smart.



## RALPH STEADMAN

(continued from page 97)

things were so good that I began to put him in horrible, violent situations just to see what would happen. I still do it. He claims to hate it, of course, but I tell him, "Ralph, you have to have pain. You have to get weird." It got so that if I were going to Mace somebody, I would put Ralph out there to confront the Macee, just to get his reaction.

I actually did Mace the governor's box at the Derby. Mace was legal then, and I'd bought a can for \$5.98 in a drugstore, and at some point, I just moved over to the rail of the press box and sent a stream down on the governor and his guests. It was a while before they realized what was happening. I mean, you're in the governor's box with a cordon of state troopers around you, the cream of Kentucky society coming and going, and you start to feel weird, feel something dropping, and your first thought is *not* that it's Mace coming from the press box. It takes a long time to make *that* jump. They got an itch on them, then they rubbed their eyes. It got nasty.

Ralph was horrified, of course. It confirmed every ugly thing he'd thought about America before he'd ever visited. Savages. Brutes. Drunken louts with no respect for authority. All of a sudden, he's in the middle of this hideous spectacle and the guy he's with is saying, "Governor? Fuck the governor. Let's Mace the bastard." And since he'd just come from England, he figured that was normal. And I was spreading a story about how the Black Panthers were going to infiltrate the Derby and erupt in a wave of violence. I told the press that I had got my information from the Michigan SDS. I had Ralph watching for them, and every once in a while, he'd say, "I see a Negro. . . . My God!"

He got onto the whole thing very quickly, though, and once he figured out that you could fuck with anybody and have a good time and get paid for it, well, the two of us were unbeatable. Of course, he's turned it into a kind of fey act by now: The Baffled Britisher . . . "This is teddible, teddible. . . . What's going on here? . . . Somebody please give me a dollar."

Still, it's magic seeing things through Ralph's eyes. It's the kind of fun that can keep me in a story. And knowing that the art is going to be the best, that you couldn't do any better, is reassuring . . . and a little bit intimidating sometimes. I'm not sure how many stories we've done together, but in a way, I have a feeling I'm always working with Ralph. If there's some kind of weird story out there somewhere, I know Ralph is brooding on it through his own twisted eyes. It's a real piece of luck and a great gift to work with a fucker like that.



*"It might make you feel better to know that ten percent of everything I steal is going to be contributed to the 1988 U.S. Olympic team."*

and flicking seeds across the dusty-rose carpet.

"Eight hundred thousand," says Kit noncommittally.

"In one day, I sell eight hundred thousand. Eight hundred thousand people come out of their house all over the world, they just to get the new moddy. You don't know what can be happening—the rain, the bombs in the airport, the police—all these people come out to pay money for me."

Kit presses a key and columns of figures begin to scroll up the screen. "Sales are up in Provence and Aragon," he says. "They love you here."

"I see that, I see," says Honey. She tosses the bulk of the melon into a corner of the white-on-white brocade couch. "I see also I have no million sales today, first day. You told me a million sales."

Kit glances up at the ceiling, hoping for courage. "A million sales, eight hundred thousand, what difference does it make?"

"Sales up at home," she says, turning her back on him, looking out the window. Far below, the crisp thin line of surf wrinkles toward the beach. "Sales down in England, Burgundy, Catalonia. That list get longer." She faces the screen again, and the sales reports are like the incessant waves, in their sum victorious, devastating. "Turn it off," she pleads.

Kit is glad to kill the data. He watches Honey misplace her manic energy. How quickly she is drained and empty. Kit feels a peculiar thrill, knowing that none of the 800,000 who have bought the new moddy could even imagine their dream lover in such a mood, that he alone is privileged with this intimacy. She lowers herself into a black leather chair and draws her small feet up on the cushion. She hugs her knees. Kit knows that she wants him to tell her the sales figures mean nothing; he does not. He knows she wants him to come over and rub her neck and shoulders. He will not. He watches her massage her temples with trembling fingers.

On the first day of sales, Honey Pilar's latest moddy has sold 825,000 copies. Her previous moddy, on its first day, sold 972,000. The one before that, 1,200,000. Is this a trend?

Goddamn right, it's a trend, Kit thinks. If it weren't, why have computers track the numbers? Honey and Kit respond differently, however. Kit doesn't see any practical point in mourning 100,000 sales one way or the other.

But Honey weeps quietly. In the silence, in the candlelight, in the cloud of burning incense, there is a peculiarly supplicatory feeling in the house. Honey herself seems wrapped in a fragile innocence. Kit thinks

that, for him, this was once one of her chief attractions.

*"This is Jerome Nkoro in the critic's corner at New York CommNet 'Morning Magazine,' and today I'm going to be talking about 'Slow, Slow Burn,' Honey Pilar's new moddy from A.T.B.*

*"In these days, when, thanks to surgical and biological wonders we've come to take for granted, men and women routinely maintain their youthful looks well past their seventieth birthday, it probably shouldn't matter that our number-one fantasy girl has just celebrated her forty-fifth. But it's something to think about. Honey Pilar is forty-five. Does that make you feel old? It makes me feel like the last of the dinosaurs.*

*"I can remember having holos of Honey Pilar in my bedroom when I was twelve, alongside my Death-to-Argentina football and my scale model of the Mars colony. My first sexual experience was a dream in which Honey couldn't remember her locker combination. And now this is her thirty-ninth moddy, and she's old enough to be a grandmother. . . .*

*"But don't get me wrong, I still think Honey is the most exciting woman in the world. I've left word with my secretary that if she calls, she can have my home phone number any time. And my locker combination, too! The problem with 'Slow, Slow Burn' is certainly not Honey's age. The problem is that my moddy library has two full shelves devoted to her, and I'm beginning to ask myself, Do I really need another Honey Pilar moddy?"*

*"Believe me, I've never had a complaint from anyone about her moddies. My partners agree with me that they're likely to get more pleasure from Honey than from anyone else's moddy—or from me, either, for that matter. Whether the moddy is turning my partner into a hungry, writhing Honey Pilar or consuming me in one of Honey's recorded sexual fire storms, there's never any chance that she will fail to perform.*

*"The question is simply this: How will she continue to keep our interest? Her partner in 'Slow, Slow Burn' is an uncredited seventeen-year-old. As she gets older, must her partners get younger? I'm dismayed by the vision of Honey Pilar offering the kids ten-speed bikes to entice them. And, for myself, doesn't a lifelong relationship with three dozen plastic moddies begin to resemble—I hate to suggest this—a marriage?"*

*"'Slow, Slow Burn' is right up to the standard Honey Pilar has set throughout her long and dazzling career. I guess it's just that after all these years, I'm beginning to realize that although I've been to bed with Honey a million times, I'm never actually going to have her. All I'm going to have is two shelves of plastic with her name on them, and an exquisitely detailed knowledge of what she's like in the sack.*

*"I'm getting to the point where I wonder what she likes to talk about afterward. What she's like at breakfast. I guess I'm getting wistful in my old age. But don't mind me. Go*



*"Because of the relentless media attention on my personal life, my wife and I have decided I should drop out of the race!"*

out and buy 'Slow, Slow Burn.' As always, it does what it's supposed to do."

Kit and Honey are throwing a party in their hotel suite, after the annual Pammie Awards. Honey is still clutching her special Lifetime Achievement statuette. It has been a wonderful, satisfying evening for her. Reporters and fans and fellow artists come up to her and tell her again and again that the honor is long overdue. Honey knew in advance that the association was presenting her with the Lifetime Achievement, so her acceptance speech was gracious and tearful and as nearly grammatically correct as she could manage. She looks beautiful in her silver Lenci sheath.

Kit stands looking out across a city that seems to live for the night, toward a black harbor streaked with the pale-green lights of bridges. Beyond the window, the world seems cold and clean. People are hurrying according to unknown but vital reasons; they are not . . . wandering. The stars are hard, white, not dimmed and hazy with smoke. Kit turns and gazes at the room, at the men and women talking and laughing. The hotel has catered this party, and the champagne is cheap and sweet. Kit sets his plastic champagne glass on the holoset for the maid to clear away. He looks for Honey.

He finds her in a corner, talking with her agent and a representative from A.T.B. He brings her a fresh glass of the awful champagne. Honey looks up quickly and smiles at him. Her eye make-up looks terrible. The agent indicates the Lifetime Achievement Award in her hand. "They wouldn't have given that to you if they didn't love you," he says.

"I owe you, too," says Honey. Kit thinks that he wound her up too much earlier in the evening, and now she just can't stop being gracious.

The agent smiles. "You did all the work, Honey."

Kit thinks of the 17-year-old boy from the beach.

The woman from A.T.B. swallows the last of her potato salad. "Are you giving any thought yet to retiring?" she asks.

The agent glares at her. Honey's eyes open wide, and then she runs across the room. Kit hears the agent say, "There isn't any air in here anymore."

Half an hour later, the party is over. Kit and the agent are trying to make Honey feel better. "That woman was a fool," says the agent.

Honey shakes her head. "They give me the Lifetime Award. They do when your career is over."

"That's not what it meant at all," says the agent. "They were telling you that you're the best, that you've always been the best."

Kit takes a deep breath and lets it out. "I think we'd better call it a night," he says.

The agent stands up. "Well, anyway, it's time for me to run. Thanks for the drinks."

He bends to kiss Honey on the cheek. "Congratulations, baby," he says. "Don't worry about that A.T.B. woman. She'll be out of a job tomorrow."

When they're alone, Honey puts her head on Kit's shoulder and sobs. He pushes her away. "Don't start," he says. "Don't get into this sad and insecure business again. I don't want to put up with it right now; I'm too tired."

Honey stares at him. "How do you talk to me like that?"

Kit turns away. "It's easy," he says. "We have this same conversation about three times a week. I've learned my part. You're still trying to get it right, because in your line of work, you don't have to worry about learning lines."

Honey turns him around and slaps his face. Kit gives her a thin smile. "You want me to tell you that you're *not* getting old?"

Honey slams her fist into his chest. He flinches but says nothing. She runs into their bedroom and slams the door.

Kit stares after her. "You're still my wife, you know," he calls after her. "Get undressed, and get ready." He knows this will make her even angrier.

This is the only part of their relationship that is all his, that exists only between the two of them. Kit becomes aroused. "I want you," he says.

She opens the bedroom door and looks at him blankly.

"I want you," he says. "But tonight, I want you to use this." He offers her a pink-plastic moddy. He has never asked her to be anyone else before.

Her eyes narrow. She looks at the moddy. "But this is me," she says, not understanding.

He laughs. "Yes, it's you. Only younger."

Kit will hold her in his arms and let himself be carried away by her passion, but already he is thinking of someone else, a young woman with Oriental eyes, leaning close to a microphone and murmuring cryptic messages in other languages.

*"Here on 'Venezia Affascinante' tonight, we're going to tell you everything there is to tell about the people you love and the people you'd rather hate.*

*"There may be a billion people in this world right now who don't like Honey Pilar, and there may be a billion people who don't care. The other five billion, though, absolutely adore her, and we're wondering tonight how they'll take the news that her fourth marriage has come to a shattering, devastating conclusion. Shattering and devastating, that is, to her fourth husband, Kit, because after you've been married to Honey Pilar, the rest of the women in the world must suddenly look a little on the drab side.*

*"Venezia Affascinante' today conducted its own scientific poll on the subject. Our question to one hundred average moddy users was this: 'Which aspect of their relationship will Kit miss the most now that he's been abruptly shown out of Honey Pilar's life?'*

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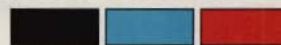
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performance' was the most popular reply. If you take our meaning.

"The second most popular answer was 'Honey's bank account,' because, after all, a good deal of her irresistible attraction lies in her wealth, her extravagant lifestyle and her association with the most stimulating celebrities in the world.

"The third answer was, unpredictably, 'her nose,' which, we must admit, is certainly cute enough.

"It took us several hours to get in touch with Honey's most recent ex-husband to compare these answers with Kit's own personal reactions in our exclusive long-distance interview. When he finally accepted our call, we put our question to him for his definitive reply. He said, and this is a direct quote, 'You can goddamn go to hell!'

"And you'll hear that nowhere else but on 'Venezia Affascinante.'

"Some unanswered questions remain: How long before Honey Pilar marries again? Will she continue to record new moddies, or does this alteration in her life signal a desire to make a fundamental change in her professional career? And who will be her new business manager? Did her experience with Kit teach her a sad lesson about combining her emotional and business interests in one person?

"Whatever she decides, 'Venezia Affascinante' is on the job to bring you the news. Twenty-four-hour-a-day coverage of the world, the world you wish you lived in. We'll be back after this word."

Two account executives sit in the smaller

of the two dining rooms in Honey Pilar's home in Provence. They've finished lunch and are sipping brandy and beaming down at Honey at the far end of the long table. Both men feel wonderful—first, because the meal they've just enjoyed was one of the finest in their memory and, second, because this is the only time they've come to the walled estate with any real confidence that they'd be able to bring their business to a satisfactory conclusion.

"The meal was truly marvelous, Miss Pilar," says the first adman.

"Was good, no?" Honey smiles with innocent pleasure.

"Well," says the account executive, letting his expression become gradually more serious. "Perhaps it's time to turn our attention to business."

"Go ahead," says Honey. "You shoot."

"Yes, well. *Slow, Slow Burn* has been in the stores now for a little more than six months. I trust you've had the chance to look over the figures we sent you."

"Yes, I see them."

"They're a little difficult to understand, even after you've been in the business as long as I have."

"No, OK, I understand them fine."

The adman frowns. "That is, I know you've been without a business manager ever since, uh—"

Honey gives him a reassuring smile.

The man from the agency looks a little uncomfortable. "Uh, as I say, you've been without a business manager. Well, we want you to know that we value your account very highly. We've represented you for al-

most twenty years. I want to tell you that you can rely on us during these troubled months."

"No trouble," says Honey.

The adman opens his briefcase and takes out a report. "We've taken the liberty of drawing up a preliminary schedule of promotional opportunities for *Slow, Slow Burn* and a suggested scenario for your next personality module. Our consultants have made some valuable suggestions relevant to regaining the market support you enjoyed on some of your previous releases."

Honey gives him her brightest smile. The account executive smiles back. "May I have?" she asks, holding out her slender hand for the report.

"Certainly," says the adman. "I'll be happy to—"

Honey rips the papers in half while she looks directly into the man's eyes. Her smile never wavers.

"Miss Pilar," says the adman unhappily, "we have some of the best market analysts in the business studying current trends in the personality-module industry and your own standing as a recording artist. While your reputation is greater now than ever, your impact at what we call point of sale seems to be softening somewhat. Our proposals are designed to make the best use of what our agency considers your chief strengths—"

"In twenty years," says Honey Pilar, "I earn much money for your agency, no?"

"Why, yes, of course."

"We call New York. Your boss is good friend."

The man takes out a handkerchief and mops the perspiration on his upper lip. "I don't think that will be necessary," he says. "We'll, uh, give them your views. Later, if you should find that handling your career on your own is too much for you, we can always—"

"You not understand. I handle my career some twenty-five years," Honey says. "I think you go now."

The two men from New York glance at each other nervously and stand up. "As always, Miss Pilar," says the first adman, "it's been a pleasure."

"You bet," she says.

As the men are retreating from her home, the second account executive pauses. This is the first time he has actually summoned the nerve to speak. "Miss Pilar," he says, looking down at the tiled floor, "I was wondering if I might invite you to dinner tonight."

Honey laughs. "You Americans!" she says, truly amused. "No, Kit was American, too. Next time, tall, blond, Swedish, maybe Dutch."

The second adman hurries after his colleague, not even looking back at their client. Honey watches them for a moment, then closes the door. She is still holding the agency's torn report. She goes back into the living room, toward the wastebasket.



"We're not building better mousetraps here. We're building better mice."

# PLAYBOY

## ON·THE·SCENE

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

### SHOE·IN FOR SPRING

**W**ith a return to the great white way of classic tennis sweaters and shorts comes a reappraisal of that stalwart staple of the courts—the white tennis shoe. Styles in rainbow hues and *ninja* black are fun footwear looks, to be sure; but this year, white's right when it comes to tennies, and, better still, the

rulebook on how or with what you can wear them has been all but tossed out: with socks or sockless; with shorts or sports pants; or, of course, casually coupled with your favorite pair of jeans. (Is there any better way to unwind?) One caveat: Don't match your belt with your white shoes unless you're on your way to a chicken breeders' convention in Keokuk.

Top to bottom: White-leather Sure Fire tennis shoe with reinforced forefoot strap, by Pony, \$40. Vertical shoe below it: White-leather model with appliqué striping, by K-Swiss, \$48. Next to it: Canvas tennis shoe, by Tretorn, \$39. White-leather Becker Whirlwind tennis shoe with gray leather-and-suede appliques, by Puma, \$45. At bottom: White-leather Deuce tennis shoe with leather back appliqué with logo, by Adidas, \$32.



JAMES IMBROGNO

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

Go with the flow. Sonneman Design Group's ultramodern Wind 1 ceiling fan with an over-all diameter of 52 inches is a supersilent model that features three speeds, a choice of center light fixtures and a reverse switch that enables you to draw air upward during the winter months, from Homestead Products, Ramona, California, \$250, in four breezy choices—polished brass (shown), polished chrome, shiny black or white. Nice.



Everybody's pulling for Vinnie D' Corker, a five-inch-long bottle-shaped corkscrew with an extra-length spiral, plus a cap lifter, a foil cutter and a handy pocket clip, by DCM Industries, Boston, \$5.95.



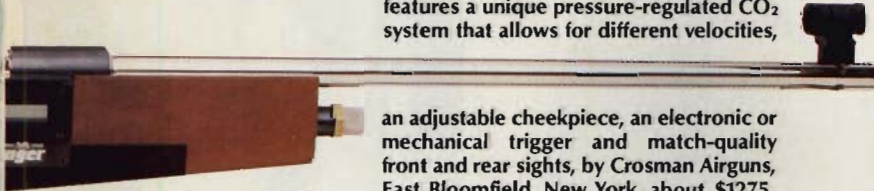
At only \$49.95, Soundesign's Model 3918 four-and-one-half-inch black-and-white personal television is a portable bargain that's tough to beat. The unit comes in five colors (yellow, vivid blue, vivid green, soft gray and burgundy) and has a swivel stand, plus adapters for A.C., car or a battery pack.

Hand-crafted in Italy of polished stainless steel and fitted with a Swiss precision quartz movement, the water-resistant Alessi wrist watch converts to a pocket watch by snapping the timepiece into a matching case, \$1195.



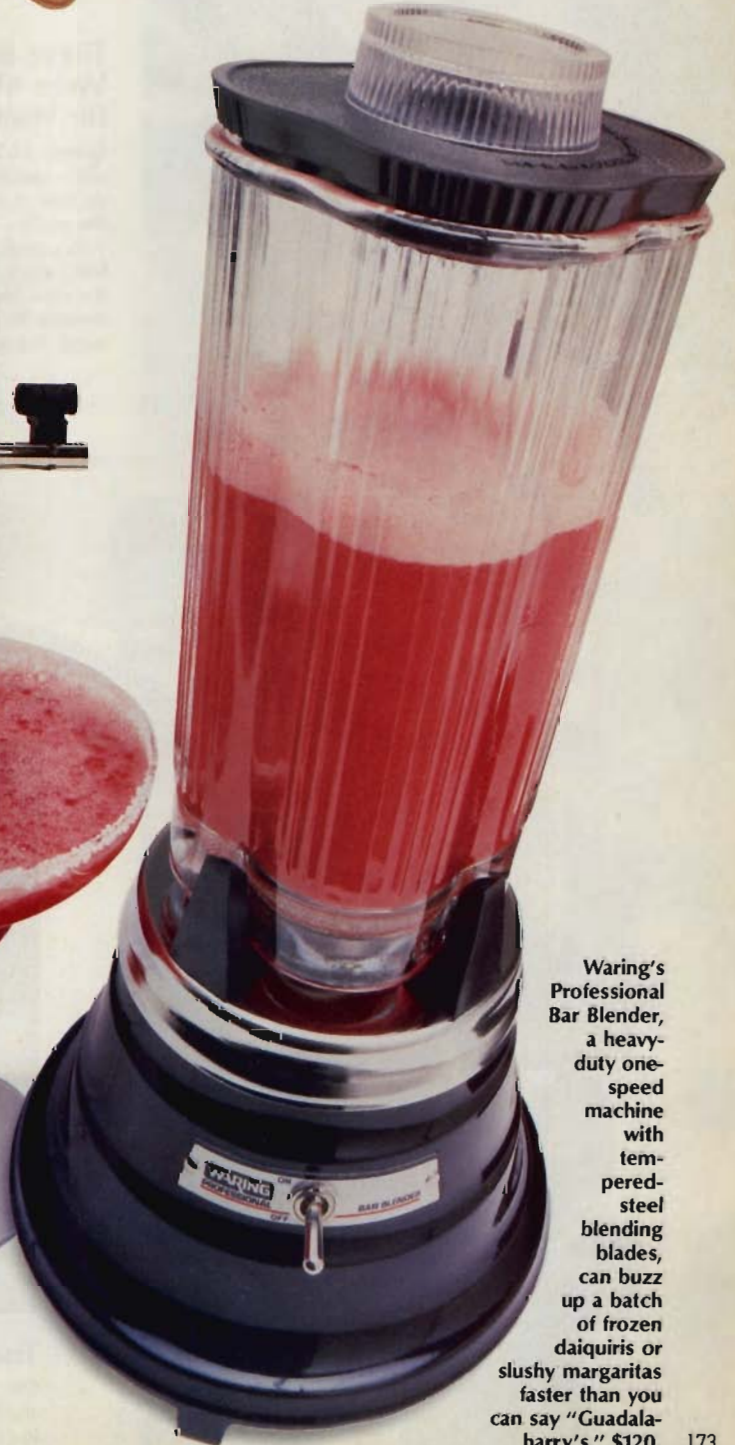
DAT goes mobile! Kenwood's KDT-99R AM/FM Digital Audio Tape Player is the first auto stereo unit featuring the DAT format, plus a tuner, to hit the streets. Wireless remote control, two-color LED back lighting, volume control displayed in decibels, index scanning for music sampling and 20 station presets on the tuner are just some of this model's sexy offerings—and DAT's a fact, \$2000.

Crosman's Model 84 Challenger, which will be used in this year's summer Olympics, is truly a high-performance air rifle. It features a unique pressure-regulated CO<sub>2</sub> system that allows for different velocities,



an adjustable cheekpiece, an electronic or mechanical trigger and match-quality front and rear sights, by Crosman Airguns, East Bloomfield, New York, about \$1275.

The Karate Rescue Radio, a stylish, simple-to-use, 40-channel mobile emergency unit, fits into the palm of your hand and automatically tunes to the channel-nine distress frequency when you activate it, by Uniden, Indianapolis, \$89.95.



Waring's Professional Bar Blender, a heavy-duty one-speed machine with tempered-steel blending blades, can buzz up a batch of frozen daiquiris or slushy margaritas faster than you can say "Guadalupe's," \$120.

# GRAPEVINE



## These Boots Were Made for Walking

Actress STACY NIX walks softly and rides on a big ax. You've seen Stacy at the movies in *52 Pick-Up*, *Valley Girls* and *Turk 182!*; here, she's dressed for the rock concert of our dreams. Say good night, Stacy.

© 1987 MARK LEIVDAL

## Bull's-Eye!

Not even a splash of cold water can dampen STEVEN TYLER's spirits or Aerosmith's hot album, *Permanent Vacation*. The photo is by our friend Ross Marino, who died this past winter. We'll miss his humor and his great rock-'n'-roll shots.



© 1987 ROSS MARINO



PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE INC.

## They Could Be Contenders

OK, everyone, rev up your Harleys, practice your sneers, tear a white T-shirt and get ready for the BRANDOS. Do they yell "Stella" in concert? You'll have to catch them on tour or pick up the album *Honor Among Thieves* to find out.

JEFF KATZ



### The Elements Return

EARTH, WIND & FIRE, which has released its first album in four years, *Touch the World*, has hit the road for a reunion tour. Philip Bailey says, "I'm ecstatic about getting back together." These guys are definitely the sum of their parts. Welcome back.



© 1987 SCOTT WEINER / RETNA

### Gloria in Excelsis

Pop singer GLORIA ESTEFAN and her band, the Miami Sound Machine, are red-hot. They are touring through the fall and *Let It Loose* is riding up the charts. ¡Olé!

JOHN SCHRAYONE / ELITE PHOTOGRAPHY

### In the Swim

This lovely dish is actress-model RENEE WAY. Maybe you saw her in *Party Plane* or *Newly Dead*. If not, get ready for *Stewardesses in Chains*—no kidding! Renee has been spotted on Southern California beaches dressed exactly like this.



PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE INC.

### No Couch Potatoes

This goofy bunch is ANTHRAX, which has completed a tour of Europe, the U.S. and Japan and is working on a new album. Lead guitarist Dan Spitz says, "We're here to prove... that speed metal is here to stay. We're no trend." They're havin' fun.

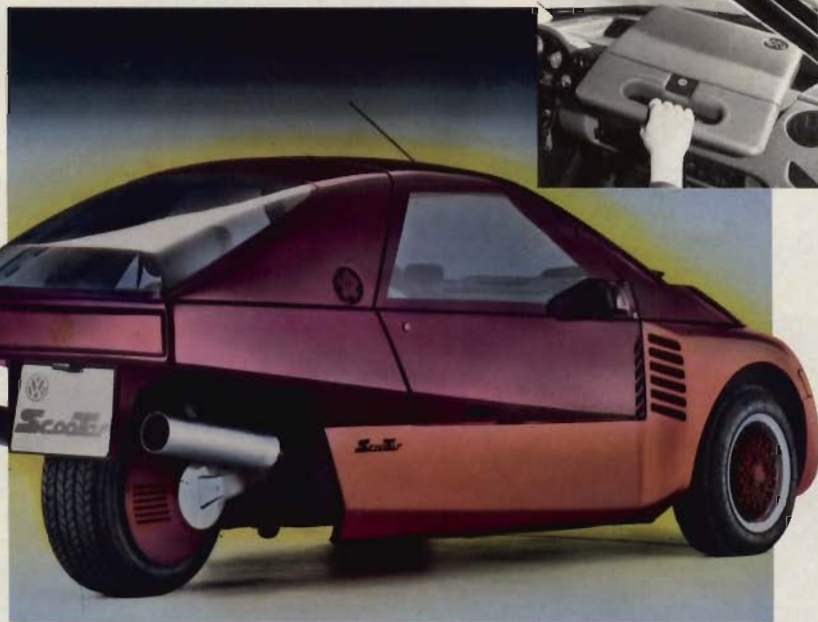


## HOT AND COLE

Remember Marilyn Cole, the stunning statuesque British beauty who was *Playboy's* first and only U.K. Playmate of the Year? Her love affair with itchy-bitsy, teeny-weeny bikinis has been well documented on our pages. So when Marilyn chanced upon a bathing suit called the Minikini, which allowed for a maximum of tan via a gravity-defying bottom half held comfortably in place by an ingeniously designed durable and rustproof spring (yes, you can wear the suit in the water and it won't fall off), it was no wonder that she bought the company. Now Marilyn's Minikinis are available in America in small, medium and large and in neon pink (shown), white and black for \$70, from Marilyn Cole, Department 1003, 330 Diversey Parkway, Chicago 60657. The top, by the way, is as brief as the bottom and every bit as sexy.

## WE CAN HEAR CLEARLY NOW...

Anyone who flies knows that most airline headphone sets have about as much sonic quality as a tenpenny nail used for a stylus, and they're none too comfortable, either. That's why Executive Travelware, P.O. Box 59387, Chicago 60659, created the Jetset portable headphone system—a small \$23 device that plugs into the airline audio system, enabling you to use lightweight headphones as a sound source. The movie will sound better, too.



## HILL-AND-GULL-WING RIDER

"The Scooter perfectly marries the safety of a passenger car with the fun of a motorcycle," says Volkswagen United States, Inc., about its sporty prototype shown here—a ten-foot-long gull-winged three-wheel machine fitted with an 88-horsepower four-cylinder engine and four-speed transmission. While there are no plans for production at this time, you can bet that VW didn't invest two and a half years of research and \$3,000,000 just to turn a few heads. The doors and rear window remove for wind-in-the-hair motor-ing (the Scooter has a top speed of 137 mph), and an attaché case fits into the dash, doubling as a glove box. Stay tuned.

## BIG TALK

There's nothing small about the way Think Big! thinks. In fact, this New York store, which specializes in outsized largess, has more than 100 unique items in its collection. (A catalog is available for a buck.) So what's big at Think Big! these days? We say go for the 15½" x 16½" reproduction of the Eveready desk calendar (refills available). At only \$72, sent to Think Big! at 390 West Broadway, New York 10012, it's a sure way to guarantee that an appointment catches your eye.



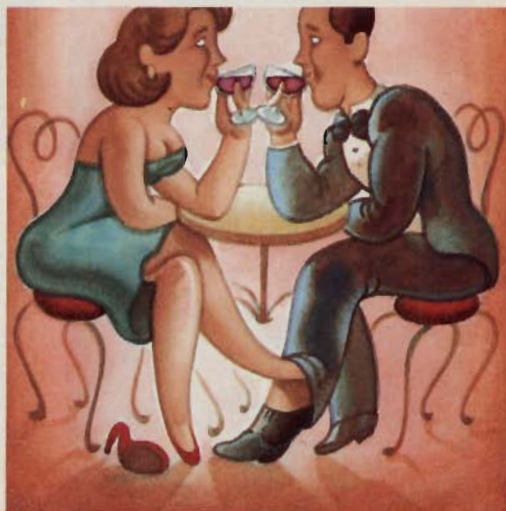
### ET TU, JULIUS?

Caesars World, the creator of Caesars Palace in Las Vegas and six other Romanesque locales across the country, has rendered unto the cosmetic industry a new fragrance line. Caesars Woman and Caesars Man are terrific-smelling exotic scents. (Just what you need in a crowded Roman forum, eh?) Caesars Woman, \$160 an ounce, is packaged in imported crystal. Caesars Man comes in four-ounce spray cologne, \$32.50, four-ounce after-shave, \$25, and after-shave balm, \$22.50. All are sold at Caesars properties, by mail or by phone, 1-800-843-1043. Sniff said.



### THE BODY TALKATIVE

According to the experts at TransVision, more than 60 percent of the communications between people in one-on-one conversations are nonverbal animated movements of the face or body. So if that isn't enough reason to order the video tape *Body Language*, "The Silent Communicator," we don't know what is. In it, TransVision, Inc., 1520 East Mulberry Street, Suite 150, Fort Collins, Colorado 80524, covers signals of honesty and dishonesty, power and control and—listen up!—women and body language and much more. All for \$29.95, in Beta or VHS.



### A GATHERING OF EAGLES

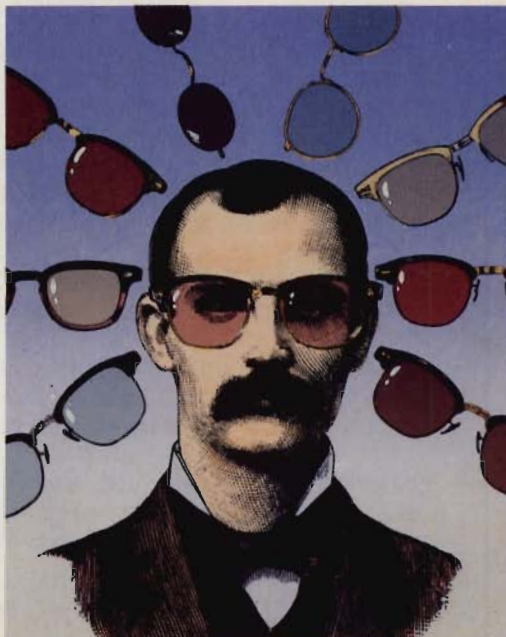
Robert Taylor is regarded by many as Britain's foremost aviation artist, so it's no surprise that the Smithsonian's National Air and Space Museum in Washington, D.C., has a retrospective of his paintings this April. If you'd like to see more of his superlative work, The Military Gallery, P.O. Box 34, Livingston, New Jersey 07039, is offering an oversized hardcover titled *The Air Combat Paintings of Robert Taylor* for \$49.95, postpaid. It's a tome that truly captures the romance—if you can call it that—of life and death in the sky.

### READ THE TOP LINE, PLEASE

Just when you thought you'd seen your last pair of original Buddy Holly horn-rims, Old Focals is reconditioning classic eyeglass frames from the Forties to the Seventies with custom-crafted sunglass lenses. The refurbished frames come with a certificate of authenticity and their history. Prices start at \$35, with choice frames exceeding \$100. Old Focals, Box 3451, South Pasadena, California 91030, has all the info. Here's looking at you, Buddy.

### LIKE PALM TREES, WILL TRAVEL

Confused about islands-in-the-sun vacation junkets? We don't blame you. There are at least 10,000 package deals available, and sorting out what's hot from what's not is a tough task. Enter TourScan, a travel agency at 39 Walmsley Road, Darien, Connecticut 06820, that specializes in the Caribbean, the Bahamas and Bermuda. Twice a year, it publishes *The Island Vacation Catalog*, a refundable \$2.50 savvy 64-page guide to the best values. So where did you spend your winter vacation?





# NEXT MONTH



TOP PLAYMATE



'NAM, AGAIN



GOLF BAGGED



LOOK! LÉGÈRE!

**"VIETNAM LOVE STORY"**—A HERO OF THE SAIGON EVACUATION SETS SAIL IN AN 18½-FOOT BOAT TO RESCUE THE WOMAN HE LEFT BEHIND, ONLY TO LAND IN JAIL. FINALLY, THEY'RE REUNITED, WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM US—BY **ROBERT SCHWAB**

**"DRIVE, WE SAID"**—NOW THAT GOLF HAS SHED ITS STUFFED-SHIRT IMAGE, WE BRING YOU EVERYTHING YOU'VE WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT THE GAME. THE LAST WORD IN CLUBS AND CARTS; THE WORLD'S BEST AND WORST COURSES; NEVER-BEFORE-REVEALED PRO TRICKS TO AMAZE YOUR FRIENDS; AND WONDERFULLY ORIGINAL EXCUSES FOR BAD GAMES

**"PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR"**—ONLY ONE MORE MONTH TO WAIT, GUYS. CAN YOU STAND IT?

**"LATE NIGHT"**—A SITCOM STAR PREPARES FOR *LET-TERMAN* IN A STORY THAT ADDS SUSPENSE TO POST-CARSON VIEWING—BY **DAVID FOSTER WALLACE**

**"CAPITOL GAINS"**—WILL **JOE SMITH** REVIVE THE LEGENDARY RECORD LABEL, ONCE THE HOME OF THE **BEATLES** AND THE **BEACH BOYS**? THE VERDICT'S STILL OUT—BY **BEN FONG-TORRES**

**CHEVY CHASE** TALKS ABOUT **RONALD REAGAN**, **JOHN BELUSHI**, LIFE AT THE BETTY FORD CENTER AND WHAT HE *REALLY* THINKS OF HIS MOVIES IN A FREEWHEELING **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

**"THE COMPOSITE CANDIDATE"**—FACE IT: NOBODY'S REALLY FIT TO RUN, SO WE MAKE OUR OWN POL WITH A DROP OF **GARY'S** GALL, A PINCH OF **PETE'S** BLUE GENES, A DASH OF **AL'S** MILITARY CARRIAGE, AND SO ON. AN ASTUTE MOCK-UP—BY **LEWIS GROSSBERGER** AND: **"LET'S GET TOUGH!"**—A SURPRISE SLATE OF SURE-FIRE WINNERS—BY **KEVIN COOK**

**PHOEBE LÉGÈRE**, THE SULTRY KNOCKOUT YOU'VE SEEN IN THOSE AMARETTO ADS AND THE CULT FILM *MONDO NEW YORK*, TAKES IT OFF FOR US IN AN EXCLUSIVE PICTORIAL

**PLUS:** GOOD NEWS FOR **NORMAN MAILER**, **PAUL THEROUX** AND OTHERS IN A RACY **"20 QUESTIONS"** WITH **THERESA RUSSELL**; DIVING CHAMP **GREG LOUGANIS** MODELS THE SEASON'S HOTTEST SWIMWEAR; NEWS FROM THE FRONTIERS OF ELECTRONICS, INCLUDING THE LATEST ON DAT, CD VIDEO AND SUPER VHS; AND MUCH, MUCH MORE