

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

AUGUST 1988 • \$4.00

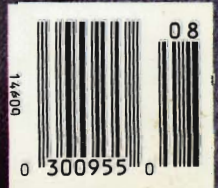
THE GREAT PALIMONY CAPER

COVER GIRL
KIMBERLEY CONRAD
THE NEW WOMAN
IN HEF'S LIFE

GORBACHEV
THE GREAT
RED HOPE?
BY ROBERT
SCHEER

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

AUGUST 1988



PLAYBILL

YOU TELL US, are these grounds for a lawsuit? A young woman gives up all the glamor that defines life in Canada to move into a mansion in Holmby Hills. Servants are put at her beck and call and she's wrapped in *haute couture*, introduced to the rich and famous and launched in a modeling career. If that doesn't sound like intolerable cruelty to you, you have something in common with *Playboy* Editor and Publisher **Hugh M. Hefner**, the target of a \$35,000,000 palimony lawsuit cooked up by his ex-lover **Carrie Leigh** and supported by her divorcing-for-dollars lawyer **Marvin Mitchelson**. The full story is told in *The Great Palimony Capers*; we might have called it *Cash 'n' Carrie*.

On a happier note, **Kimberley Conrad**—a.k.a. Miss January 1988—is now at Hef's side and on the cover of this issue, demonstrating that life, love and *Playboy* carry on.

While we wouldn't exactly call **Mikhail Gorbachev** sexy, he, too, is a welcome new presence, if only for the fact that he's the first Soviet leader in recent memory who doesn't seem to be rehearsing for his own funeral. **Robert Scheer**, veteran reporter on the Soviet scene, spent months interviewing Gorby's new crew of lieutenants, and in *Then Came Gorbachev* (illustrated by **Kinuko Y. Craft**), he sounds a Red alert for change.

The Soviets don't run the only mysterious empire on earth. There's another one that also sends mixed messages. We're talking about the empire of women, of course, and we have some tips on how to . . . er . . . penetrate it. In *A Man's Guide to Women's Magazines*, Articles Editor **John Rezek**, writer **Ben Pesta** and Editorial Assistant **Trish Wend** (our spy) decode the signals sent out by *Cosmopolitan*, *Vogue*, *Ms.* and *New Woman* to uncover the sexual preferences of modern women. Hot tip number one: If you see *Cosmo* on the coffee table, she may not be wearing underpants. Another perspective on women is provided by **Harry Turtledove's** short story *The Girl Who Took Lessons*, illustrated by **Dennis Mukai**. Hot tip number two: If she's taking a class, she may not have any. And **Robert Silverberg's** story *The Dead Man's Eyes* looks hard at the risks of killing your wife's lover. Hot tip number three: Don't—at least not when he's looking.

This month's *Playboy Interview* features **Harvey Fierstein**, the man whose play *Torch Song Trilogy* brought gay to Broadway. In his conversation with **Harry Stein**, Fierstein sounds off on AIDS, the search for Mr. Right and the sexual preferences of the Iran/*Contra* conspirators.

For your minimum monthly dose of testosterone, turn to *The Man Who Created Rambo* (illustrated by **Roy Pendleton**), where *First Blood* novelist **David Morrell** defends his creation **John Rambo** against critical snipers who say there's no heart under those rippling pecs, no brain beneath the bandanna.

We also offer a range of sporting activities in this issue, from fishing for trout to fishing for compliments to fomenting revolution. In *Lords of the Flies* (illustrated by the unflagging **Kinuko Y. Craft**), **Geoffrey Norman** plunges into the hottest sport in cool streams—fly-fishing—while the star of *Platoon* slides into a major-league fashion look in *Charlie Sheen Plays Ball*, shot by Contributing Photographer **Richard Fegley**, who also aimed his cameras at this month's Playmate, **Helle Michaelsen**. You say you want a sporting revolution? **Harry Edwards**—the man hired to boost minorities in baseball—gives **Robert S. Wieder** blistering takes on racism in sports and the failure of America's black leaders (yes, including **Jesse**) in a hot *20 Questions*.

To relax after all that activity, book a reservation with **Tom Passavant** and **Craig Vetter** for *Aspen When It's Hot* and *Aspen When It Was Cool*, an off-season guide and a memoir, respectively, that prove that the fun has just begun when the snow melts on the Rocky Mountain high slopes.

And after you've finished dallying among the peaks and valleys of Colorado, check out the stunning geography—soaring pinnacles, scenic curves—captured by Contributing Photographer **Amy Freytag** in *The Sunshine Girls*, a scintillating summer vacation with five Playmates. It's worth the climb. Why? Because it's bare. Enjoy.



SCHEER



CRAFT



SILVERBERG

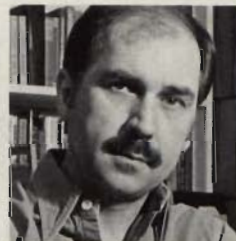
TURTLEDOVE



MUKAI



STEIN



MORRELL



PENDLETON



FEGLY



NORMAN



WIEDER



PASSAVANT



VETTER



FREYTAG

PLAYBOY®

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COVER STORY

Canadian beauty Kimberley Conrad admitted to us in her January Playmate story that she had a soft spot in her heart for American men. She has certainly captured the attention of one such man: Kimberley has become the new woman in Hef's life. The cover was photographed by Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda and produced by West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski. You'll find a pocketful of miracles when you spot the hare.



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DEAR PLAYBOY



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IN HIS HEART, HE KNOWS HE'S RIGHT

Someplace along the busy line of my life, I have undoubtedly met Larry King (*Tell It to the King*, *Playboy*, April). There is even a good possibility that I was at the Nixon party he refers to that turned into a pretty wild night. If I remember correctly, I didn't stay very long, but that's not important.

King says that we all started telling stories and that I told one about a German girl I'd slept with five or six years before. Now, I don't profess to have been a shrinking violet in those days, though at my present age, I have to admit that I am; but in all my life, I've never had an experience involving sleeping with a girl in Germany.

Furthermore, the only time President Kennedy ever called me to visit him at his office was on the day of the Bay of Pigs. He sent for me to ask me what I thought about the situation. Of course, he didn't follow my advice, but that was his business. As to President Kennedy and I having had a conversation about the girl I reportedly shacked up with, that's a lot of nonsense.

I'm sending a copy of this letter to King, because I would hate to see a story like this in any book that he may publish. He has some darned good stories to tell and doesn't have to go around making any up. I would relish hearing from him about this, and maybe I will. I just wanted your magazine, which I read, to know that there never was any hanky-panky between me and anyone in Germany, or as far as that goes, anywhere, throughout my life.

Barry Goldwater
Scottsdale, Arizona

KING OF ALL HE PURVEYS

After reading the May issue, I want to thank you for one of the most extraordinary interviews I've ever savored in *Playboy*, (or in any other magazine, for that matter). Don King thoroughly embodies the possibility that where there's hype, there's hope. No oppressed victim of racial castration, he carries balls big enough to bowl with, so his wisdom always seems to

be in the strike zone. Can you imagine him selling America from the Oval Office?

Keep waving that banner, Kingfish. The lessons you have learned deserve more teaching than they've been reaching!

Larry LeBlond
Youngstown, New York

One question on the Don King *Playboy* Interview. Who is this guy bullshitting?

Don Taylor
San Antonio, Texas

Don King states that all he gets is "scorn and the casting of aspersions" from the press. As a free-lance reporter who has written for such publications as *The Sporting News*, *Inside Sports*, *Sporting*, *The Ring*, *Boxing Beat*, *Gallery* and *The Seattle Times*, among others, I find it interesting that King strung me along for months in my attempt to interview him. After spending hundreds of dollars in phone bills, after calling him for months as he traveled all over the United States, I finally reached him. I told him I wanted to do an article on his career and on the future of boxing.

"Bill," Don said, "your questions deserve to be answered, but I'm in a meeting right now, so call my secretary and she will set up a time for us to meet."

When I called his secretary, she was so embarrassed, she was speechless.

Bob Arum, Mike Trainer, Howard Cosell, Muhammad Ali, Angelo Dundee, Joe Frazier, Jane Fonda, Burt Reynolds and Jesse Jackson are just a few of the people who have taken time out of their lives to speak with me. But Don King? No!

I won't deny that he is a brilliant promoter, but no one likes to be jacked around and lied to. Thanks a lot, Don.

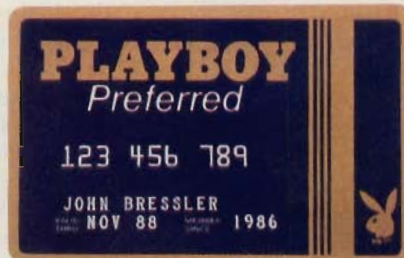
William Tuthill
Seattle, Washington

It's enough to make your hair stand on end, isn't it, Bill?

RECALLING GENERAL MOTORS

As an hourly worker at General Motors, I found Albert Lee's article, *High Noon at*

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The Playboy Preferred card gives you savings of 20-40% and more on a wide range of quality brand name merchandise. You'll travel on luxury cruises with deeply discounted fares to choice destinations such as South Pacific, Caribbean and the Greek Islands. Buy fabulous merchandise from the Playboy Catalog at a special 10% discount. Save on car rentals, leasing and purchases with discounts of up to 10% or more on Hertz car rentals, low fleet rates for leasing and special purchase prices of just 3% over factory-invoice on your choice of American automobiles. You'll even be guaranteed as much as 60% off newsstand price on your subscription to *Playboy Magazine*—that's the lowest rate available to the public.

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G.M. (*Playboy*, May), to be right on target. There are two very different worlds at G.M.: the front office and the factory. People in the factory are well aware of the outright contempt some of the higher white-collar workers have for manual laborers.

There is one irony that Lee doesn't note, probably because he is unaware of it. If an hourly worker makes a mistake that results in a substantial monetary loss (such as not checking parts while a machine is running, causing perhaps thousands of dollars of scrapped parts), the employee can be suspended from work without pay for a varied amount of time, depending on the circumstances. Roger Smith, on the other hand, can make a three-billion-dollar blunder and, as his punishment, give himself a megabuck bonus.

Management talks about sharing the pain and the rewards, but the glaring reality is that only certain members of the team get rewarded, while the rest actually lose through concessions in pay and benefits. Employee participation and teamwork don't have to be taught to anyone. They will come about automatically when people understand, not by words but through example, that their ideas and work are truly appreciated. That is something of which Ross Perot has a very good understanding. His departure was a sad loss to G.M. and its employees.

Lawrence Windhauser
Rochester, New York

FIT OR MYTH?

The first half of William Barry Furlong's *The Fitness Myth* (*Playboy*, May) is a relentless diatribe against strenuous exercise that, I fear, too many readers in the emerging "couch potato" era will find only too consoling. Recently published studies pertaining to exercise physiology confirm an association between physical inactivity and heightened susceptibility to atherosclerotic coronary-artery disease. Jim Fixx did, indeed, probably hasten his own death by failing to respond to the recognized warning signs of cardiovascular disease. But given his family history of heart disease, in the long run (pun intended), he may also have added 20 years to his life.

Wilfred S. Kearse, Jr., M.D.
San Antonio, Texas

It is a shame that William Barry Furlong, who writes so well, never learned how to read—numbers, at least. Only 25 percent of the people who jog or exercise with equipment claim to do so twice a week or more. But then, attention to the facts would not have allowed him to build a straw house that he could then set on fire.

Furlong also objects to the fact that the National Sporting Goods Association included children in its participation study. If he were familiar with the literature, he

would know that fitness among children is one of the major concerns of the President's Council on Physical Fitness.

However, the main thrust of his article is that people who engage in exercise are unthinking, a gratuitous assumption about millions of Americans (and *Playboy's* readers, as well). Furlong would apparently recommend that these unthinking Americans spend their time sky diving rather than exercise walking; after all, the "hi-psy" rewards are higher.

Thomas B. Doyle
Director, Information and Research
National Sporting Goods Association
Mount Prospect, Illinois

COMING OUT OF A DAZE

In the May *Playboy After Hours*, Contributing Editor Bruce Williamson says that Spike Lee's movie *School Daze* is "brainless." Allow me to disagree. Williamson obviously missed the moral message of *Daze*. Lee, though perhaps too casually, brings to the screen the silly prejudices that segregate blacks from one another: light skin vs. dark skin, straight hair vs. coarse hair, Greek vs. non-Greek.

To compare *School Daze* to *Animal House* is absurd. *Animal House* is a movie about a bunch of fraternity guys running amuck. *School Daze*, on the other hand, delivers a very significant message that is as much about collegiate life as rape is about sex. At its end, the movie advises blacks to wake up and stop *all* segregation. It is obvious that Williamson went to the picture show, but he missed the movie.

Darryl Harrison
New Orleans, Louisiana

ONE AND THE SAME

Actress Stacy Nix, in the May *Grapevine*, looks suspiciously like adult-film star Barbara Dare. Could they be one and the same?

Bob Arnold
Millersburg, Ohio
Sharp eyes, Bob. Stacy Nix is Barbara Dare.

THE FACE OF TERROR

On page 141 of *The Year in Movies* (*Playboy*, May) is a heart-shaped photo captioned "Jason." That is not a photo of Jason of *Friday the 13th* fame. It is a photo of The Shape, Michael Myers, from *Halloween*, which launched the lovely Jamie Lee Curtis to the status of queen of the horror flicks.

Paul Wilson
Los Angeles, California
We close our eyes during the scary parts, opening them when Jamie Lee's on screen.

MEAT THE PRESS

The writer of your May *Playboy After Hours* item on Walter's Barbeque in Athens, Georgia, calls it "one of America's

hippest hot spots." Had your writer been truly hip, he (or she) would have known that the band listed as the Meat Puppies is, in actuality, the Meat Puppets.

Scott DeJack
Las Vegas, Nevada

Ah, yes, as in "the one-eyed meat puppet." (We're talkin' cultured here.) Could have been worse: We could have called it the Band of the Hand.

DENISE'S NEW ENTERPRISE

I've been an admirer of Denise Crosby (*Star Trek, Playboy*, May) ever since I first noticed her on *Star Trek: The Next Generation*. Sure, she doesn't get to say much on the show, but somehow, I've always felt that she could be a hell of an actress if they gave her a part to work with. Then I read that her *Star Trek* character is being killed off and that she's leaving the series. At the same time, I saw her pictorial in *Playboy* (thank you from the bottom of my heart).



Is there any relationship between the two events? I'd hate to think that the Moral Majority mentality had seeped into the decision-making processes of the producers of my favorite television show.

George Howard
Los Angeles, California

No need to get your phaser cocked, George. It was Denise's decision to leave "Star Trek," not the show's producers'. Look for her on the big screen this fall; she's co-starring with Mare Winningham and Anthony Edwards in "Miracle Mile."

CARR COVER

I have subscribed to *Playboy* for ten years, and the May cover is one of my all-time favorites.

The photo of Laurie Carr, by David Goldner, says, in its simplicity, a thousand words, once again proving that sometimes less is more.

John S. Pfister
Webster, Texas



WHO WILL BE . . .



NANCY CAMERON
20TH ANNIVERSARY PLAYMATE



CANDY LOVING
25TH ANNIVERSARY PLAYMATE



PENNY BAKER
30TH ANNIVERSARY PLAYMATE



PLAYBOY'S 35th ANNIVERSARY PLAYMATE?

The Prize: \$35,000 plus the year of a lifetime!

An exceptional woman will grace the foldout of our spectacular 35th Anniversary Issue, January 1989. And we're looking for her right now.

If you think you know just the woman we're looking for, why not introduce her to us? All she has to do is write and tell us about herself: age (18 or older), measurements, occupation, ambitions, and why she'd like to be our 35th Anniversary Playmate. She should

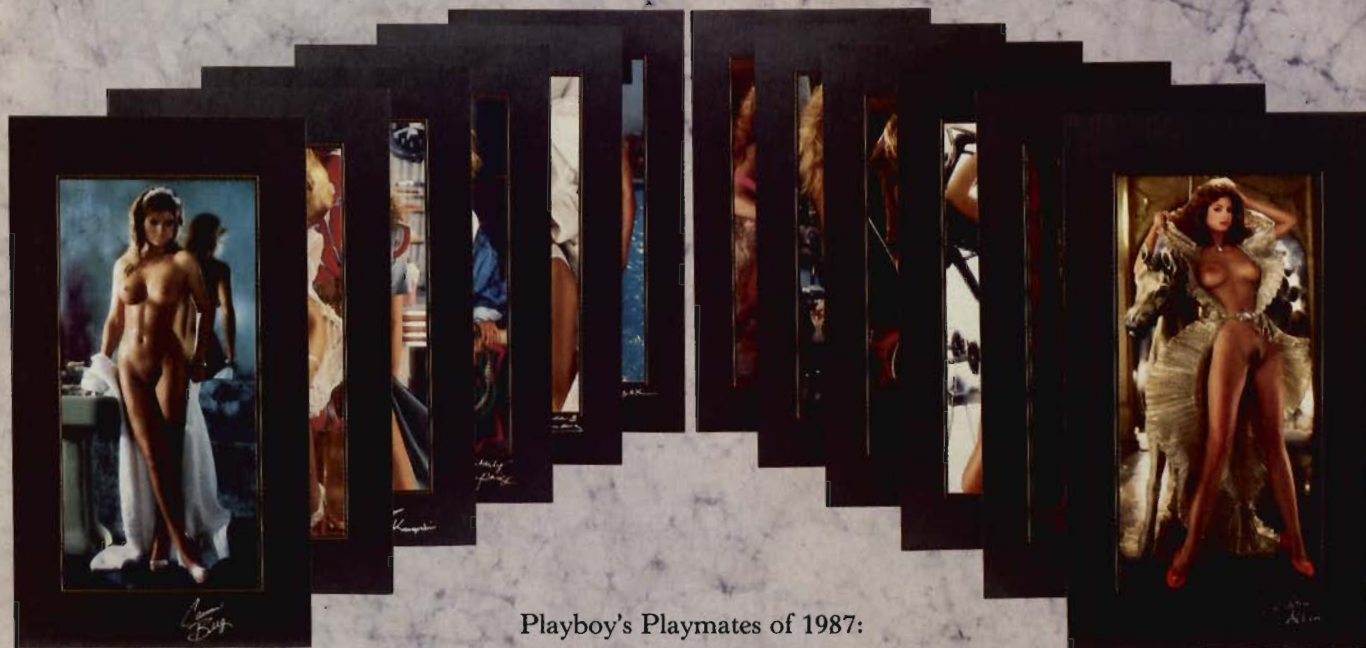
include two recent photos, one face shot, one full-figure shot.

If she's selected, she'll earn a modeling fee of \$35,000. She'll also have an opportunity to represent Playboy on TV and at other exciting events throughout our 35th year celebration.

And, if you're the lucky guy who discovered her for us, we'll pay *you* a \$1,000 finder's fee.

To enter, send letter and photos (not returnable) to: 35th Anniversary Playmate Search, Playboy Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

THE PLAYMATE PORTFOLIO



Playboy's Playmates of 1987:

Luann Lee	Kym Paige	Gwendolyn Hajek
Julie Peterson	Sandy Greenberg	Brandi Brandt
Marina Baker	Carmen Berg	Pamela Stein
Anna Clark	Sharry Konopski	India Allen

Actual Size
17" x 30"

For the first time, Playboy is offering a collector's Limited Edition showcasing Playmates as captured by the world's most accomplished glamor photographers. Only 500 special individuals will be able to own this edition. This is your opportunity to join this select group.

The hand-made portfolio holds a collection of carefully produced prints of the 1987 Playmates. Each print is impeccably crafted under the direct creative and technical supervision of Playboy's photography department. A velum overlay protects each beautifully matted print, which is personally signed by the Playmate.

To further enhance its value, each portfolio is accompanied by a letter of authenticity and individual set number registered under your name. The finished size of each measures 17" x 30" (including matt).

Not only do we think this Limited Edition Portfolio is certain to be a collector's item, but with the rising prices in the art world, you may actually see it increase in value. We hope that the pleasure we had in producing this portfolio will be equalled by the pleasure you will derive from owning it in the years to come.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

In the movie *Belle de Jour*, Catherine Deneuve plays a woman living out her fantasies as a prostitute. One of her clients is a large Oriental gentleman who carries a wooden box. It's about twice the size of a cigar box, and a loud buzzing, like the sound of insects, comes from it. I've always wondered what's in the box. How is it supposed to have been used during their liaison?—J. E. H., Fairfax, Virginia.

Welcome to the "Wonder Years." The mystery box in "Belle de Jour" is the counterculture's equivalent to "L.A. Law"'s Venus butterfly. Does the box contain a hive of hungry bees or love-starved beetles? One of the prototypes of the Orgasmatron vibrator? Angry dentures that you could wind up and turn loose on your lover's body? Luis Buñuel, in his autobiography, "My Last Sigh," complains, "Of all the senseless questions asked about this movie, one of the most frequent concerns the little box that an Oriental client brings with him to the brothel. He opens it and shows it to the girls, but we never see what's inside. The prostitutes back away with cries of horror, except for Séverine, who's rather intrigued. I can't count the number of times people (particularly women) have asked me what was in the box; but since I myself have no idea, I usually reply, 'Whatever you want there to be.'"

Do any of you keep toys in an erotic hope chest? Tell us what's in your tool kit and we'll publish the best.

Please help me settle an argument. I am starting my first job and just bought three new suits. One is double-breasted and the others are single-breasted. I want to have the pants taken up and would like to put cuffs on all of them. My girlfriend says that cuffs are for casual pants only. Are there any rules about cuffs?—P. M., New York, New York.

You win. Tell your girlfriend she has a lot to learn about fashion. Cuffs are one of those things that do come and go in popularity as times and fashion trends change. Right now, they are definitely in. Cuffing all three of your suit pants would be fine, provided there is enough length to make a cuff (your tailor can advise you on that). There are no definite rules on cuffing, but do keep a few things in mind: Pleated trousers often look best when cuffed; tall men should cuff trousers to give an impression of a shorter leg; cuffs should be hemmed on a straight line and be one and three fourths inches long or slightly shorter if you are less than 5'10". Happy cuffing!

During lovemaking, my husband will start licking my feet and sucking on my toes one by one. It also drives him crazy whenever I am barefoot, wearing sandals, open-toed pumps, high-heeled open-toed dress shoes, fish-net stockings or see-through hose. I have always had a desire to



masturbate my husband with my feet, instead of always using my hands and fingers to get him off. About the closest I have come to that is that when we are in a restaurant, I will sometimes slide off my shoes under the table and place one or both of my feet in his lap and gently caress his crotch by running one or both of my big toes up and down his zipper, which usually produces an erection. He will tell me to stop for fear of exploding in his pants.

Is there such a thing as foot sex? Can a woman give a man a foot or toe job? If so, how is it supposed to be done? Is there a right or a wrong technique?—Mrs. D. H., Flint, Michigan.

You're on the right track. Next time you're in a restaurant, play toe football—for keeps. After he explodes in his pants (actually, we think he'll merely erupt, not explode), spill a glass of water in his lap and make sounds of dismay to cover his cries of orgasm. You can also try this at home, reclining on opposite ends of a couch, maybe during "60 Minutes." Or try it during your bride club.

I just priced insurance on the new sports car I'm thinking of buying. The figure my company quoted blew my socks off. How can you believe in justice when it costs as much as \$5000 to insure a Mazda RX-7 for a year? Two other companies I checked would not insure the car at all. What gives?—T. W., Dallas, Texas.

Welcome to the world of high performance, where sticker shock begins with the car itself. The cold, hard fact is that insurance companies look at every driver/car combination as a "risk." A sports or performance car—especially in the hands of a young, inexperienced or "problem" driver—represents a relatively high risk that may outweigh the potential in-

come from premiums. Aside from the owner's age and driving record, insurance companies used to judge the vehicle itself largely by intuition. Now they have enough statistics to swamp an aircraft carrier. They know the damage and personal-injury loss rates, based on experience, of every vehicle on the market. If your coveted car raises a red flag—whether it tends to be involved in more accidents, has higher injury claims or is more expensive to repair than the average car—you'll end up paying much more for insurance. You did the right thing by checking before buying. Our advice is to comparison shop other cars (as well as insurance companies) to find the most desirable yet affordable combination. Consider a sports sedan, for example, instead of a two-seater or sports coupe. Because four-door cars are generally rated as lower risks than two-doors (even two-door versions of the same models, probably because they are typically driven by more conservative drivers), they can be much cheaper to insure. And a four-door sports sedan, equipped with the right engine and suspension, can be just as much fun as a sports car, while a lot more practical. Not to mention much less visible to the speed police.

As your typical starving college student, I've been forced to cut my expenses by sharing a residence with four other gentlemen. Unfortunately, though, along with the lowered rent comes the trauma of cleaning up after five people. To ease the problem, we divided the cleaning. Everything was going hunky-dory until one of my roommates began to complain. His job is to clean the bathroom, which includes cleaning the shower drain. His complaint is that he is tired of cleaning what he calls masturbation residue from the drain every day. He believes that a certain individual is constantly leaving the remains of his sexual frustration to clog the drain. What seemed to him to be a valid gripe appeared to me as a case of mistaken identity. I contested that this love residue was actually skin residue, dandruff and soap scum. He protested, though, that we couldn't possibly lose enough skin to stifle a bathtubful of water. In turn, I argued that if it really were semen he kept discovering every day, then by now, our drain would be permanently stopped; and besides, even as horny as the culprit appears to be, something tells me that a daily shower ritual of this proportion isn't feasible. Please help me settle the argument once and for all; we're running out of Drano.—M. S., Glendale, California.

Right. That's one frustrated individual. Five people using a shower daily could easily produce clogged drains, but only because of the natural hair loss that occurs during shampooing, along with soap residue and other natural by-products of the cleansing

process. However, any remnants of masturbatory activity are easily whisked away with water and should not require a thorough cleaning by a professional, particularly if Drano is not helping the situation. You might also begin using one of the soft-rubber perforated drain covers designed to prevent hair and the like from going down the drain, which would at least prevent any further clogging or stoppage. You might also get a date for your frustrated roommate.

My new car should arrive at the dealership soon. Do you have any advice for checking it out before taking delivery?—W. G., Nashville, Tennessee.

You *did* inspect and test-drive a demonstration car before ordering, didn't you? The procedure for taking delivery should be much the same—but is even more important. This isn't some demonstrator you're looking at: This is *your* car. And it's likely to be your car for some time to come. Don't let your excitement overcome the practical side of your brain. Start with a thorough walk-around. Is it clean and shiny? Are there flaws in the fits of adjacent parts? Carelessly aligned trim pieces? "Orange peel" or runs in the paint? Inspect the interior fits and finish just as thoroughly. With the salesperson's help, check out every switch and control, every feature and option. You should be familiar with everything—and sure that everything works—before taking delivery. Did you get all the options you ordered? Are the owner's manual, warranty

book and other documents (tire warranty, separate accessory instructions) in the glove box? Are the proper spare tire, jack, lug wrench and special tools (if any) in the trunk? Did the salesperson provide you with copies of the purchase and loan (or lease) contracts, extended warranty (if any), spare keys, registration and title papers? We also recommend a brief drive to make sure everything is right. If you *do* find something wrong, try to get it corrected before accepting the vehicle. If that's not possible, insist on acknowledgment in writing, signed by both you and the dealership manager, that they'll correct it as soon as possible at no charge. Now enjoy your new car.

My husband and I have been married for about eight months and have enjoyed a fairly satisfying sex life. A few problems have arisen, however. We use the diaphragm for contraception and have found it difficult to achieve the near-ecstatic orgasms we used to enjoy. Previously, with manual stimulation, I had wonderful orgasms. Now I find that the diaphragm inhibits my husband from stimulating me both manually and orally. I have never had an orgasm with traditional vaginal intercourse because of the damned diaphragm. Consequently, we've fallen into a sexual rut: I orally bring him to an erection and then we have traditional—boring—sex. I love my husband dearly and we share a desire to please each other in all ways. We're

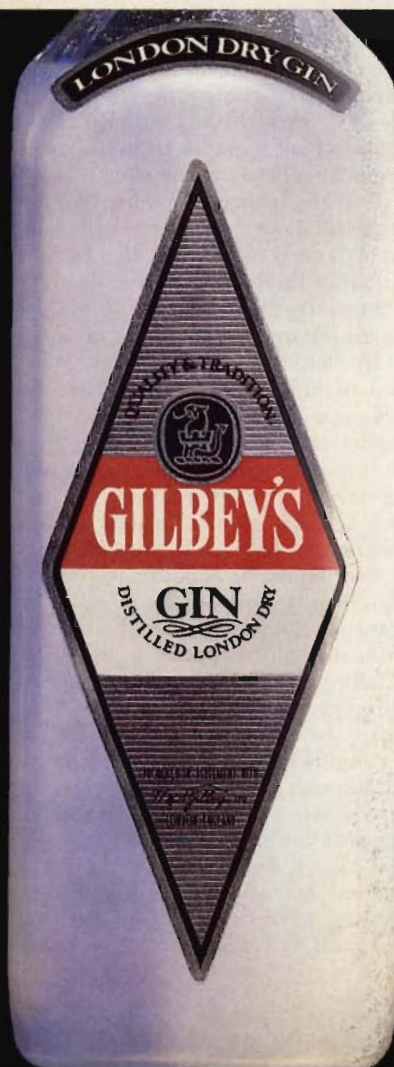
not inhibited, so give us your best suggestions.—Mrs. J. S., St. Louis, Missouri.

Go for an orgasm manually. Then go for an orgasm orally. Then put in the diaphragm and go for an orgasm genitally. Then go to sleep.

I am 25 years old. I have had wet dreams occasionally, but they have increased in frequency in the past few months. This has become a concern for my wife of one and a half years, and she wonders if it is as normal as I have tried to tell her it is. I have told her I have no control over when they happen, but it doesn't help much. Is there any explanation as to why wet dreams occur, and can they be controlled? My wife needs to be put at ease before she makes me start believing they *aren't* normal.—S. W., Lincoln, Nebraska.

Nocturnal emissions (wet dreams) are quite normal. If you've just started having an increasing number of them, it could be that your body is trying to tell you something. For some men, the dreams come in cycles. One year you'll have more than another year. Perhaps you're not getting enough sexual release during waking hours. You can drop a subtle hint to your wife that if she wants to decrease the number of your wet dreams, she can volunteer to increase the frequency of your waking sexual encounters.

Both my girlfriend and I enjoy looking at erotic videos, but we have noticed a



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slight difference in our viewing tastes. When I go to the video store, I look for films that feature new actors. When she goes, she looks for videos with the same old faces. And when looking at a given video, we find that I get more excited when there are lots of characters, while she gets excited following the same characters through an involved story. Is this a normal difference?—F. P., Chicago, Illinois.

You are an astute observer of human behavior. We found a research paper in the Archives of Sexual Behavior, volume 15, that seems to confirm your experience. Female and male subjects watched an explicit film for four days straight, then watched either (A) a film showing the same actors engaged in different sexual acts or (B) one with different actors engaging in the same activities shown in the original film. After four days of the same old same old, none of the subjects were very excited; however, when introduced to novelty, the men and women responded differently. Men reported being more turned on by new faces, women by new acts. We don't think the difference poses much of a problem: She will learn new tricks from the videos she rents and you will be there to enjoy those tricks. You'll get turned on by the actresses in the videos and she'll be there to enjoy your arousal. Neat.

In the February *Playboy Advisor*, a man writes that his girlfriend refused to shave off her pubic hair. I've read many letters

and articles in *Playboy* to which I've considered responding, but that one demands my attention. Seven years ago, my husband suggested that I shave my pubic area. I was reluctant and he didn't make an issue of it. I believed that the hair was part of what changed my body from a child's into a woman's—and wasn't it somehow wrong to shave? After all, the only place I'd ever read of a woman's being shaved was in an occasional article in *Playboy* or a similar magazine. A few weeks later, after a day at the beach, we were getting ready for a shower and my husband again suggested getting rid of the hair. I agreed and he did it for me. That first shave took more than an hour and it was a sensuous, delightful experience for both of us. It progressed into a two-day discovery period that gave me a new outlook on sex.

To all women who have pubic hair, I say this: The mere touch of the penis on that bare, exposed skin causes truly unbelievable sensations! So do fingers with a touch of lubrication! And I refuse to try to describe the sensations created by the touch of a tongue! Orgasms are frequent—and great—without actual penetration. No woman knows how unbelievably wonderful sex can be until she has experienced it with a freshly shaven pubis and the man she loves. I would never let that hair grow back. Pubic hair does not a woman make; ask my husband—or any other man who has experienced this. Other benefits are

no stray hairs coming off in his mouth or getting caught in his throat and no interruption of her sexual enjoyment. Now, a few facts: (A) After seven years of shaving, I'm just as sensitive in the pubic area as ever. (B) I've contracted no sexual diseases during that time. (C) I've had no medical problems with my reproductive organs. (D) My gynecologist (whose wife shaves) says there's nothing wrong with shaving. According to him, it's a regular practice in several other countries. I highly recommend this experience to every woman. Fight the feeling that there's something wrong in doing it. Just try it, and I'm sure you'll decide to keep that hair off forever. I think there are more women who shave than anyone suspects—we don't shout it from the rooftops, you know. It's a private act, a private decision and it results in a semiprivate display of fireworks.—Mrs. D. K., Columbus, Ohio.

Thanks.

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.



FROST



THE FROSTED TOPPER

1 part Gilbey's Gin
4 parts Tonic
Dash of DeKuyper Blue Curaçao
Over crushed ice.

DEAR PLAYMATES

The question for the month:

How do you keep a long-term relationship vital and fresh?

It takes some effort, especially if both partners work long hours at demanding jobs. I travel a lot, so when I go home, we're always really glad to see each other. Not living together all the time makes both people happy to be together. Another thing I've done is to set aside one day a week, unplug the phone and concentrate on the relationship. It also doesn't hurt to care about your appearance—dress nicely, shave your legs and don't be too predictable. Do something out of the ordinary once in a while. Don't patronize me with fake attention and don't neglect me. The main thing is knowing your own needs and those of your partner.



Julie Peterson

JULIE PETERSON
FEBRUARY 1987

I think you shouldn't ever get to a point where you're bored with each other. Sometimes, after you've been going out with a guy for a while, you start to stay home more and stop seeing other people. Keep up your mutual social life, see friends, do not spend every minute of the day together. Give yourselves a chance to miss each other a little bit. If your sex life needs a shot in the arm, don't have sex for a while. Get some new ideas, read some sex books.



Brandi Brandt

BRANDI BRANDT
OCTOBER 1987

I'm engaged to a man whom I've known for more than five years. We have a couple of ways to revitalize our relationship. We have a fight. Then we make up. We usually come out of a fight a lot closer. Or I leave for a time to do a Playmate promotion. Absence *does* make the heart grow fonder. He's into sports. He works out like a maniac. We're apart a lot during the week, so we try to make up for it on the weekends. Frankly, we haven't needed to consciously revitalize our relationship yet. We're so busy right now that whenever we get together, it's usually good.



India Allen

INDIA ALLEN
DECEMBER 1987

The main ways to keep a relationship energized are to take enough time away from each other and to have different interests. Then, when you are together, you have things to share. Your own interests and outside activities keep you excited and you bring that to your relationship. It's important to have a balance between career and love life. That balance is what keeps a couple from getting bored with each other. Everyone needs challenges to keep life fresh and interesting.



Laurie Carr

Laurie Carr
DECEMBER 1986

There are times when you just feel it's going to end unless you do something drastic. That's pretty emotional, and the perfect moment to sit down and have a long talk. Each person gets an opportunity to straighten things out. Whatever has been dragging down the relationship, each partner has the chance to make things easier on the other. By understanding each other's feelings. By not being selfish. By improving communication.



Rebecca Ferratti

REBECCA FERRATTI
JUNE 1986

Change doesn't necessarily mean a relationship is dying or needs revitalization. But both of you ought to stop once in a while and re-evaluate what you need and express it to each other. Or find a new environment to explore, maybe take a class together or discover a new restaurant. Both people have to be willing to try new things, not new people but new ideas, better communication. You've got to throw in some romance and be willing to work at it. If you can see your partner in new ways, it's like falling in love all over again.



Cher Butler

CHER BUTLER
AUGUST 1985

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.





"Now, there's a woman who knows how to drive!"

THE GREAT PALIMONY CAPER

HEFNER'S FORMER LIVE-IN LOVER WANTED \$35 MILLION FOR HER STAY AT THE MANSION

IN THE GREAT HALL of Playboy Mansion West hangs a portrait of Hugh M. Hefner, a 1987 Christmas gift from two dozen of his friends. The painting is a romanticized, more mature version of the boy entrepreneur who turned being a playboy into a philosophy of life. For three decades—since the breakup of a boyhood marriage convinced Hef that, for him, at least, matrimony was antithetical to romance—he has lived by Woody Allen's law: "Marriage is the death of hope."

He lives in a paradise of his own making. Thirty-five years ago, he brought forth a new magazine, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that bachelorhood is the best of all possible worlds. His magazine grew into an empire headquartered in a Tudor mansion in Holmby Hills, California. The man's home is his castle—a full-service monument to love, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

"It's a palace fit for a sovereign—and he rarely leaves," reports *USA Today*. "I live in a world where I'm at the center," he says. "You can use a euphemism like king, I suppose. The woman in my life has a similar status and is treated that way."

Lovers who have shared his life agree. "Let's face it, the man knows how to treat women," Shannon Tweed told the national newspaper, recalling the way Hef charmed her mother by filling a guesthouse with flowers, hiring a limousine and handing her \$1000 in "mad money."

"Who wouldn't enjoy living there? Everywhere you look, there's beauty," says Sondra Theodore, Hef's lady from 1976 to 1981, now married, with a young son and another child on the way.

"You're waited on hand and foot," confirms Barbi Benton, 1968–1976. "Hef treated me better than I imagine any woman has ever been treated. He made me feel like a queen."

On this day in February 1988, Hefner feels a bit like Midas, the king whose golden touch brought him grief. His fabled

generosity has long been his strong suit. Now an ex-lover is trying to take advantage of it—and of him. *La Dolce* Hef is being sued for \$35 million by his mansion mate of four-plus years, Carrie Leigh. Previous live-in loves Barbi, Sondra and Shannon gave him one last embrace before moving on. Carrie is different. Carrie wants combat pay. Her \$35 million demand represents \$21,289.53 for every day she spent with Hef—suffering through chauffeured shopping sprees and having servants cater to her every whim.

Like a spoiled child, Carrie has turned on her provider. She claims that Hef, the world's most ineligible bachelor, stepped out of character when no one else was around and promised her marriage, motherhood and a piece of Malibu. To assuage her alleged disappointment, she now wants enough cash to buy a castle of her own.

"Carrie's claims are pure invention," Hefner says. "This is not a palimony suit, it's a publicity stunt."

He is stung. The last thing he expected when he took Carrie Leigh under his wing was a legal three-ring circus—with the prince of palimony, Marvin Mitchelson, as ringmaster. Hefner feels betrayed. He gave Carrie the best years of *her* life; she gave him the back of her hand.

She was 19, a frustrated sometime model, anxious to get out of Toronto and an unhappy marriage, when she moved into the Mansion in 1983. He had just broken up with Shannon—like

Carrie, a leggy Canadian who came to California to become a centerfold. With Hef's blessing and support, Shannon pursued an acting career that has led from TV's *Falcon Crest* to the movies. Shannon, too, had dreamed of becoming Mrs. Hefner, but her two-year reign as Hef's consort taught her that he was open to almost anything but that.

"Marriage?" she says. "We joked about it. If he wanted something from my side of the bed, I'd tell him, 'Sure, I'll hand it over if you marry me.' Hef getting married was such an absurd idea—we thought it was funny."

Marriage, no. Love, yes. A self-described hopeless



This portrait of playboy publisher Hugh M. Hefner by artist Olivia DeBerardinis was a Christmas gift from his Mansion friends. But Carrie Leigh had a post-holiday surprise for Hef of her own.



romantic, Hefner has always fallen in love the way Pete Rose slid into second base—headfirst. “For me, being in love is the very essence of being alive,” he concedes. “I think life is deadly dull when a relationship becomes routine and boring. Carrie Leigh was never boring.”

Carrie was dark, flashy, with a wide, sensuous mouth, brown eyes burning with ambition and the kind of body men see in their most ambitious dreams. She wore dresses “slit down to the waist, up to the waist and sideways at the waist,” recalls *Playboy*’s West Coast Photo Editor, Marilyn Grabowski, a confidante of Carrie’s. When Carrie walked onto the scene, Hef was smitten.

Friends saw something sinister in this new arrival. “Carrie could be Machiavellian,” says Grabowski. “When she first arrived, she was especially anxious to meet Hef.”

On her Playmate Data Sheet, for “Famous Men I Most Admire,” she wrote, “Hugh Hefner, because he is a man who started with nothing and built an empire on what he believed, which is in the beauty of the human body and its sensuality.”

“She was very sweet and loving at the start of the relationship,” says Grabowski. “Once she had him hooked, she changed. But from the start, Hef was mesmerized by her.”

“A man in his position should be wary of gold diggers,” says Shannon. “But Hef’s innocent in that way—it’s the only way in which he is naïve.”

“He was so affectionate toward her, it used to bother me,” Michael Roche told *People* magazine. Roche owns the Sunset Strip boutique Addictions, where Carrie shopped. Even he, Roche says, “knew in the back of my mind what she was going to do to him.”

“There were early signs of instability,” says Hefner’s secretary, Lisa Loving. “She got drunk one night and ran down the hall naked, threatening to throw herself off the balcony.”

“She could act crazy and create a scene just to get Hef’s attention,” Grabowski says. “He never knew what she might do next, and she used that as a source of power.”

“I saw the vulnerable, insecure side of Carrie. It was the ‘crippled bird’ quality in her, combined with her stunning sexual presence, that attracted me to her,” says Hefner. “So I was able to tolerate a lot of her bad behavior.”

“There was a lot I didn’t know, too, of course,” he now confesses. “A wise man once said that love is blind. In my case, it was deaf and dumb, as well.”

Hugh Hefner has the resources to

These Helmut Newton photos, shot at the Playboy Mansion in 1986, hint at the chill to come between the two lovers. Carrie was already scheming to turn that chill into cash.





indulge one of the most appealing facets of his character—his boyish devotion to the idea of an all-consuming romantic love. Those who do not know him expect him to be jaded. He is the opposite—a wide-eyed innocent in love with the process of falling in love. It's not the *safest* way to go through life, but Hef is most comfortable with his heart on the sleeve of his pajamas. This passion built an empire, and made him what he is.

Grabowski, charged with shepherding Carrie through her Playmate pictorial, found her an exasperating subject. "We'd start shooting, and almost immediately, she'd want to leave," says the Photo Editor. "Or she'd come in late—or she wouldn't show up at all. Let's say she had a short attention span."

Expenses on Carrie's Playmate pictorial exceeded \$100,000—twice the usual budget—and when it was finally completed, she went to Hef and said she no longer wanted to be "just another Playmate." She wanted to do a "celebrity pictorial" à la Joan Collins, Bo Derek and Kim Basinger. The problem with that, Hef tried to explain, was that she wasn't a celebrity.

Hef gave in eventually. Carrie's persuasive powers were at their peak early in the relationship, when he was head over slippers in love.

"We did a major feature on her—*First Lady of the Mansion*," Grabowski recalls, "including a cover."

In March 1985, Hef had a mild stroke. "A stroke of luck," he called it. The stroke changed his life. He put away his pipe and, with it, the work and play habits of a lifetime.

"I quit burning my candle at both ends and started savoring every day," he says. "The stroke made me aware of my own mortality. My rapid recovery fueled my desire to make my September years the best of what had already been a rather wonderful life."

In her lawsuit, Carrie claims that she nursed him back to health after the stroke. Nothing in her eight-page legal assault on her ex-lover is more fanciful. Instead, Hef says, Carrie gave him what amounted to an ultimatum. "She took this moment to suggest a marriage in which she knew I had no interest—and when I declined, she left me."

Carrie returned to Toronto, for what she would later describe in some detail as three delirious weeks of drinking, drugs and sexual excess. Early one morning, she phoned Hef from the bathroom of her Toronto hotel suite. She was calling from the bathroom, she said, because her partners of the night before were still asleep in the bedroom. She wanted to come home, she said. He welcomed her back.

Sick with mononucleosis and more, Carrie spent the next several weeks in bed, with *him* taking care of *her*.

On May 19, 1985, she wrote, "Dear Hef, you are the most important part of my life. These past few weeks have been so

Jessica Hahn and Carrie were good friends when they posed for this sultry *Vogue*-style photo. But Carrie was jealous of Jessica's fame and furious when she wouldn't help in her plot against Hefner.

special to me. If I never get well again, I don't care, as long as we are together. Please just tell me that you love me every day from this day on."

During the long weeks of her convalescence, Hef gave Carrie what he called "Dr. Bunny" gifts whenever she got depressed. And if he wasn't ready to commit to marriage, he was willing to express his affection with the diamond ring she had coveted. In the palimony suit, this is referred to as an engagement ring, but Carrie herself called it a friendship ring in interviews. In a cover story on Hefner in its August 4, 1986, issue, *Newsweek* reported, "Leigh sports a conspicuous 'friendship ring' from Hef but says, 'If we got engaged, it would have to be ten more carats.'"

To hasten Carrie's recovery, Hef gave her an allowance of \$5000 a month and her own checking account and credit card, in return for her pledge of sobriety and sexual fidelity. He had already given her more clothes, furs and jewels than she had any use for, so for her 22nd birthday, he gave her a check for \$22,000—\$1000 for every year of her life—and encouraged her to put it away for the future. He did the same on each birthday thereafter—\$23,000 when she turned 23 and \$24,000 on her 24th.

This attempt to establish a more stable relationship was short-lived, however. As soon as Carrie was well enough, she was back to her wonted, wandering ways.

"They must have patterned the phrase *party animal* after Carrie," remarks Anne Randall Stewart, the May 1967 Playmate and wife of Dick Stewart, both close friends of Hef's.

"She outcaroused Hef, the champion carouser of all time. She made passes at his pals, and she made passes at some of the Playmates, too."

In 1986, when she was most actively courting celebrity as Hef's companion, she was also pursuing other sexual conquests and was already contemplating her palimony suit. In it, Carrie would claim she gave up a "lucrative modeling career" to devote herself to Hef as his "companion, confidante and social hostess," but her *Playboy* appearances were the only significant modeling assignments she ever had and provided the publicity that would have made a career possible if she had cared to pursue it.

Hef helped her get the green card she needed to work in the U.S., an acting coach and an agent, but she never went on an audition. He hired four top Hollywood photographers to take pictures of her for her modeling book, but she never signed with an agency or went on a single call.

"Part of modeling is getting out of bed at six in the morning and hoofing the streets, not sleeping until three in the afternoon and getting your nails done," boutique owner Roche told *People* magazine.

"Do you love me?" she would ask. "Am I beautiful?" But no amount of reassurance was sufficient.

She became a cosmetic-surgery junkie. What began as a simple nose job soon became an obsession that included three



PHOTOGRAPHY BY PAUL HARRIS / OUTLINE

There are those who say Marvin Mitchelson knows how to use the media better than the courtroom. He and Carrie held a press conference in Mitchelson's posh Century City offices (complete with Jacuzzi), announcing their demand for \$5 million in palimony. Later, they upped the ante to \$35 million—and got even more publicity.

separate operations on the nose, a facial peel, cheek implants and breast enhancement. The last and most improbable surgery involved the transfer of fatty tissue from her buttocks to her lips, prompting Mansion wags to suggest that there was now no alternative to "kissing Carrie's ass." After the breakup, she would tell *Life* magazine that Hef had "manipulated" her into having painful cheek implants.

"He paid for it," a friend says, "but he didn't like it. He liked her the way she was when he first fell in love with her."

British Playmate Marina Baker, a close friend of Carrie's during her stay at the Mansion, told the English tabloid *The People* that she began to see Carrie as a Cruella De Vil, the wicked lady in Disney's *One Hundred and One Dalmatians*. "In the flesh, she wasn't quite the way she appeared in photographs and on film. She had dyed black hair enhanced with hair extensions, huge breasts which had been cosmetically enlarged, surgically improved cheekbones and enormous bewitching eyes." Marina felt sorry for Hef, she told the tabloid.

"It was sad to watch him papering over the cracks in his relationship with Carrie in such a gentlemanly fashion."

Carrie's shopping sprees grew legendary. She filled Mansion closets to the bursting point. "Spending £3000 a week on clothes was no big deal to Carrie," Marina recalls. "She would happily slash or cut up an expensive designer outfit that didn't quite fit and turn it into something casual to wear on a beach. She simply had no respect for anything. She never had to do anything for herself; she never washed up a plate or prepared a meal.

"She never washed her underwear or did any ironing. She dropped her clothes on the floor at night and a butler would come along in the morning and hang them up for her.

"She was very immature for a 24-year-old and actually seemed to be regressing in intelligence the longer she stayed at the Mansion."

Controversy over her choice of clothing caused a major rift the evening Hef and Carrie attended the Barbra Streisand fund raiser for Democratic candidates in the fall of 1986.

"Leigh's dress is as tight as the casing on a Dodger hot dog," *People* magazine enthused. "The front of this creation consists of two pieces of cloth crisscrossed over her breasts; she looks like a railroad crossing guard in a Russ Meyer movie. At dinner, served on Barbra's tennis court, Ms. Leigh is the centerfold of conversation. 'I sure wish I had a body like that,' says Sheena Easton, between bites of mesquite-grilled veal loins with wild mushrooms by Wolfgang Puck of Spago. 'I sure would know what to do with it.'"

What Carrie Leigh decided to do with it was disappear into the night before hostess Streisand had sung a note. Having consumed a great quantity of champagne and a couple of Quaaludes, she wound up in bed with a gay Iranian at the apartment of Michael Roche. The following afternoon, she was playing kissy face with Hef at the wedding reception of

Whoopi Goldberg as though nothing had happened.

The night of the Streisand affair, Carrie lost her diamond ring. Hef replaced it with another, larger heart-shaped diamond of her choosing as a Christmas gift. She asked him if they could have a "just pretend" engagement, but Hef pointed out that even a make-believe betrothal implied the intention of marriage. Only later did he realize that this had been a ploy to compromise him in her contemplated palimony suit.

Then she told him she was pregnant.

"Leigh alleges Hefner told her he wanted to have children with her, then impregnated her and pressured her to have an abortion," *People* magazine reported. "Hefner says he did not urge the abortion on her. He also says that, given his own precautions, he was surprised by the pregnancy."

He actually doubted that it was his. "I'm a very careful guy," he says. "It's one of the reasons I've never had any paternity suits."

"When Leigh refused to use birth control," he told *People*,

"he posted an 'exact chart' of her menstrual cycle next to his bed to prevent accidents. He was especially careful, he maintains, after his daughter, Christie, warned him that Leigh might try to get pregnant as leverage against him. Roche claims Leigh told him she'd discussed that tactic with Mitchelson, who allegedly told her it wouldn't be necessary if she could just stay with Hefner a few more years."

Carrie's friend, Playmate Julie McCullough, says that Carrie never considered having the baby and didn't even discuss her plans for an

abortion with Hef until after it was over.

Celebrity was very important to Carrie, and Hefner included her in most of his publicity, from the cover of *Newsweek* to a segment of *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous*. She appeared at his side in the Playboy Mansion scene with Eddie Murphy and Brigitte Nielsen in *Beverly Hills Cop II*, the top-grossing movie of 1987.

Nielsen was an obvious role model for Carrie, especially after the surgically enhanced Scandinavian beauty won a \$6 million settlement from her marital split with Sylvester Stallone and gossip had her involved in an affair with her secretary/companion, Kelly Sahnger. When Carrie left Hefner a few months later, she introduced her own gal pal Kelly Moore to Helmut Newton as "my secretary."

"Carrie certainly identified with Brigitte Nielsen," says Anne Randall Stewart. "They shared the same taste in harlot/motorcycle dyke outfits and they both seem to enjoy their seductive-villainess images."

"One of Carrie's favorite movies of 1987 was the Theresa Russell/Debra Winger thriller *Black Widow*, about a woman who marries and murders a number of men for their money.

"Carrie and her girlfriend Kelly used to watch it constantly on video tape," recalls Hef in a wry moment: "It didn't occur to me that Carrie might be viewing (continued on page 146)



After the wicked witch, a beautiful princess: Hef's new live-in lover, Alabama-born, Vancouver-raised Kimberley Conrad, is this month's cover girl. The two first met while she was shooting her January 1988 Playmate pictorial in Los Angeles. When Carrie moved out of Playboy Mansion West, Kimberley, and her menagerie, moved in.





"What's the Japanese word for enchilada?"



Raymond De

"Your troubles are over, sir—Maxine here is our answer to premature ejaculation!"



Interpanda

"I like to think these are going to spermicidal sponges rather than to some damn car wash!"

FROM CHILLY DENMARK COMES SOMEONE AS HOT AS

Helle

HELLE MICHAELSEN stands on the balcony of her West Hollywood apartment, eyeing the luxurious swimming pool three floors below. It's an unusually warm day for early spring—even by Southern California standards—with the thermometer hovering in the low 80s. Helle would be at the pool except that she has business to attend to. And Helle (pronounced hell-a) is very serious about business. “I want very much to be a success,” she says in the charming accent of her native Denmark. “I love Denmark, but if you are a success-minded person, you cannot succeed there. That's what made

me take the step to move to another country.” Actually, Helle did succeed in Denmark. From an early age, she knew she wanted to be an actress, and by the time she was fresh out of high school, she was working regularly in Danish films and TV. Helle (who uses the first name Helena for acting) top-lined three action films that played Scandinavia and gained some notable publicity. But being a film star in Denmark is like being an auto magnate in Peru—the real game is in Hollywood, and Helle, who is now 19, wants to be a player. “I love being around people who really want to be successful,” she









says. Despite her accent and newcomer status, Helle has already found work and an illustrious social life in Hollywood. She recently worked as an extra in the upcoming Tony Curtis film *Midnight*. In Denmark, she was a leading lady; in America, she is still a bit player. "But that's good for you," she philosophizes. "You appreciate things more when you have to work for them." Socially, things are a bit more in keeping with her stellar past. She met fellow transplanted Dane Brigitte Nielsen at several parties, and it was the ex-Mrs. Rambo who recommended that Helle try out for Playmate. "Being a Playmate is important to me," says Helle. "It's a way of advertising myself." She plans to use

"I love masculine, conservative men," insists Danish-born Helle. "American men are like that to me. They have the best manners—they open the door for you and pay for dinner. You can get spoiled being around American men."





PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY



"Somehow, most of my friends are men. I'm more comfortable with them than with women," says Helle. "I'm the kind of person who needs security around me, and being around men gives me that kind of security."

her Playmate money to hire a voice coach to help her work on her accent, which sometimes stands in the way of bigger, better parts. As it turns out, Gitte isn't the only potentially helpful friend Helle has met socially. At another party, she was introduced to Gitte's ex, who, despite gossip linking him to superdeb Cornelia Guest, asked Helle to join him for an evening of champagne and dinner. "Sylvester Stallone is a very attractive man, whether he has money or not," says Helle. "For me, being around people like producers and actors is a learning experience. I look up to them, because I want to be

the same as they are." Not surprisingly, Helle sees both Gitte and Sly as her kindred spirits. All three are dedicated to their careers, and all three are self-made. But Helle may feel a bit closer to her fellow countrywoman. "Brigitte is very sweet and very intelligent," she says. She laughs when Gitte's controversial reputation is discussed. "Scandinavian women have to live up to their reputations, right? I mean, we are free girls. We're out on the market," jokes Helle, adding with a mischievous wink, "and we usually like anything Italian."

"My mother always tells me, 'You have never been in love. You don't know what love is.' And I guess she's right," admits Helle. "You know how girls are. We meet nice men and we go out on dates, and after a while, we look for something else."





PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Helle Michaelson

BUST: 35 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 33 1/2

HEIGHT: 5'6" WEIGHT: ok

BIRTH DATE: 11/2/68 BIRTHPLACE: Aalborg, Denmark

AMBITIONS: To become a great actress and a good wife

TURN-ONS: Fun people, the theater, animals, nature, my family

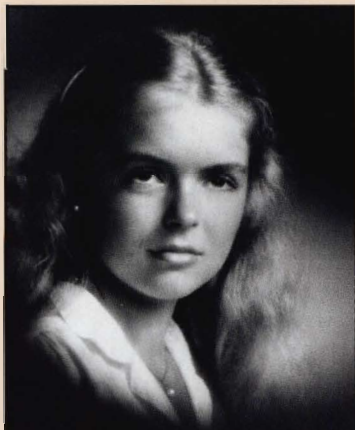
TURN-OFFS: Disloyal people, cold weather, red meat

FAVORITE MOVIES: Sophie's Choice, Casablanca, Gone with the Wind

THE ACTRESS I'D MOST LIKE TO MEET: Meryl Streep and Glenn Close - they're my idols

IDEAL DATE: A cool evening, a warm Jacuzzi and a hot man

THE THING I LIKE BEST ABOUT AMERICAN MEN: They're sexy, they have great manners and they know how to talk to women



Still innocent and in High School



17 yrs, me and "my best friend Sille"



ok, guys, don't touch!



MISS AUGUST

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

While on a visit to the Holy Land, Jimmy Carter was given a private tour of the sights by Israeli prime minister Yitzhak Shamir. When they arrived at the Wailing Wall, Shamir explained that anything said near the wall was heard directly by God and suggested that Carter stand close if he had any special requests for Him to hear.

The former President approached the wall and said, "I wish that the U.S. Federal budget deficit were lower."

"God has heard every word," Shamir said, "and will certainly grant your wish."

"I wish," Carter continued, "that there were peace between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R."

"You are talking directly to God," Shamir said. "Your wish will surely be fulfilled."

"And I wish," Carter said, "that the Israeli-occupied territories be returned to the Arabs."

"Mr. Carter," Shamir huffed, "remember, you are only talking to a wall!"

What's the difference between a poodle's humping your leg and a pit bull's humping your leg? You let the pit bull finish.



Mother, what's wrong?" the daughter asked, responding to an urgent phone message.

"Darling, first the bad news. Your father mistook some cyanide for tooth powder this morning and died."

"Oh, my God!" her daughter exclaimed. "What could be the good news?"

"Cyanide fights plaque."

A man walked into a Baltimore bar and asked the bartender if he could bring his cocker spaniel inside to watch the baseball game since it loved to watch the Orioles play. Business was slow and the bartender liked animals, so he agreed to let the dog sit on the bar near the TV set.

In the fifth inning, the Orioles scored a run on a double and a long single. The dog jumped around in circles and yapped excitedly. In the eighth, they scored another run after two walks and a bloop single. Once again, the dog went wild.

"Man, he really gets excited," the bartender said after the Orioles blew the game three to two. "What in the world does he do when the Orioles win?"

"I don't know," the owner replied. "I've only had him two years."

This is for waiting for me till I got outa the joint," the convicted burglar said to his girlfriend as he draped a full-length mink over her shoulders.

"Oh, Bubba, it's gorgeous," she squealed, pirouetting before a mirror. "It must be worth at least three to five years!"

A Baton Rouge barber claims he knew that Jimmy Swaggart was up to something funny when the fallen evangelist asked him to trim the top, take a little off the sides and shave his palms.

Sign spotted in a bikers' bar: THANK YOU FOR NOT BREATHING WHILE I SMOKE.

An elderly woman entered a large furniture store and was greeted by a much younger salesman. "Is there something in particular I may show you?" he asked.

"Yes, I want to buy a sexual sofa," she said.

"You mean a sectional sofa," he suggested.

"Sectional, schmectional," she said, shrugging. "All I want is an occasional piece in the living room."



Two gay friends met at a health club. While bringing each other up to date, one whispered, "I got circumcised two weeks ago."

"How marvelous!" the other said. "Let me see."

He pulled down his shorts and proudly displayed his equipment.

"Ooooh!" his friend shrieked. "You look ten years younger."

An attorney approached Saint Peter at the pearly gates and complained, "There must be some mistake. I'm not supposed to be here yet—I'm only fifty-two."

"I'll have to check our records," Saint Peter said. "Your name?"

"John Miller. You'll see; it's not my time."

Several minutes later, Saint Peter came back and said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Miller, everything seems to be in order."

"It can't be! I'm only fifty-two."

"Not according to our records, Mr. Miller," Saint Peter replied. "I personally checked your file and, based on your billing hours, you're seventy-eight."

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.



"Why is it every time we get together we end up squabbling?"

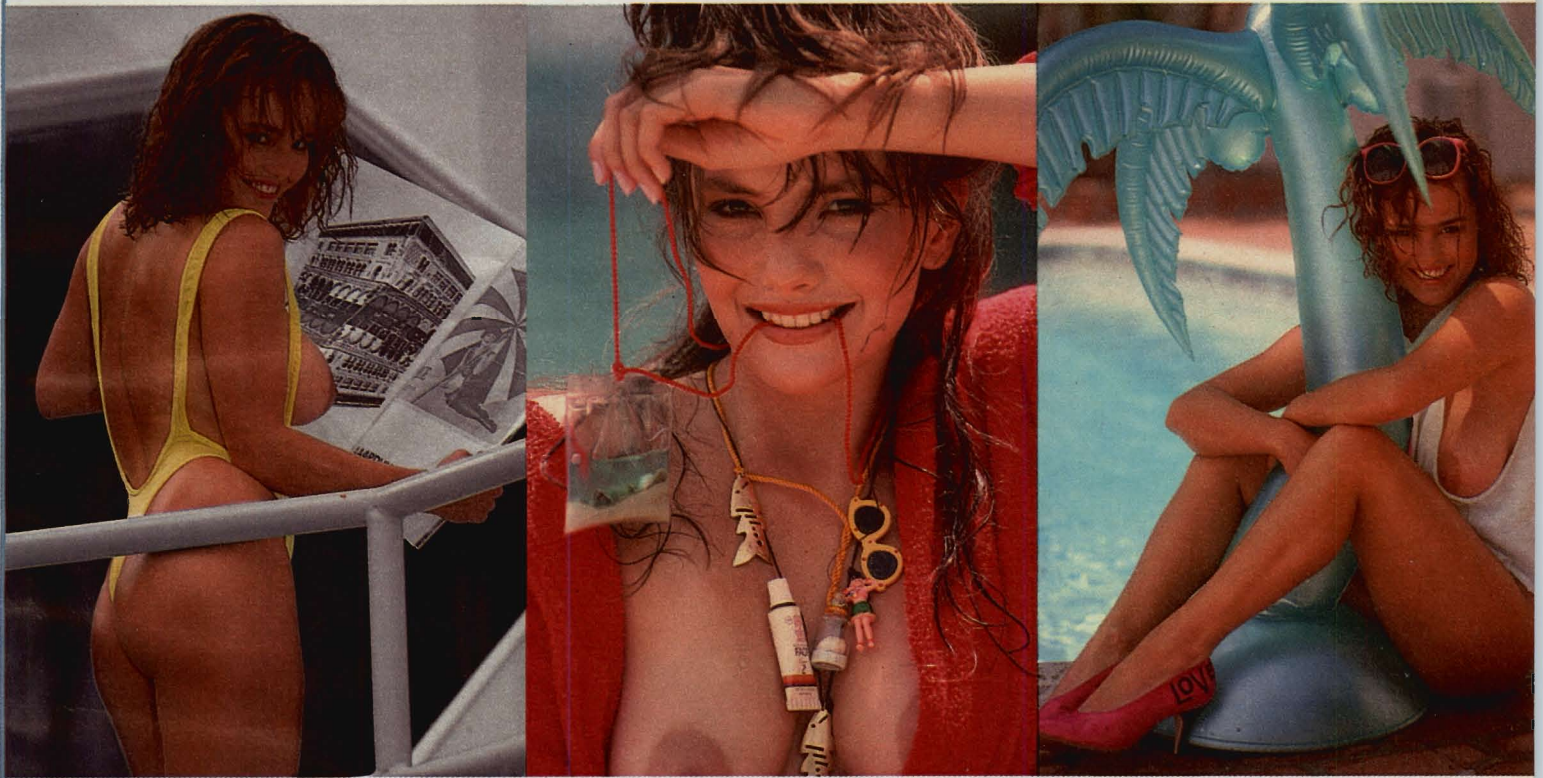




THE S · U · N · S · H · I · N · E GIRLS

five fantastic playmates in a lazy, hazy, crazy daze of summer

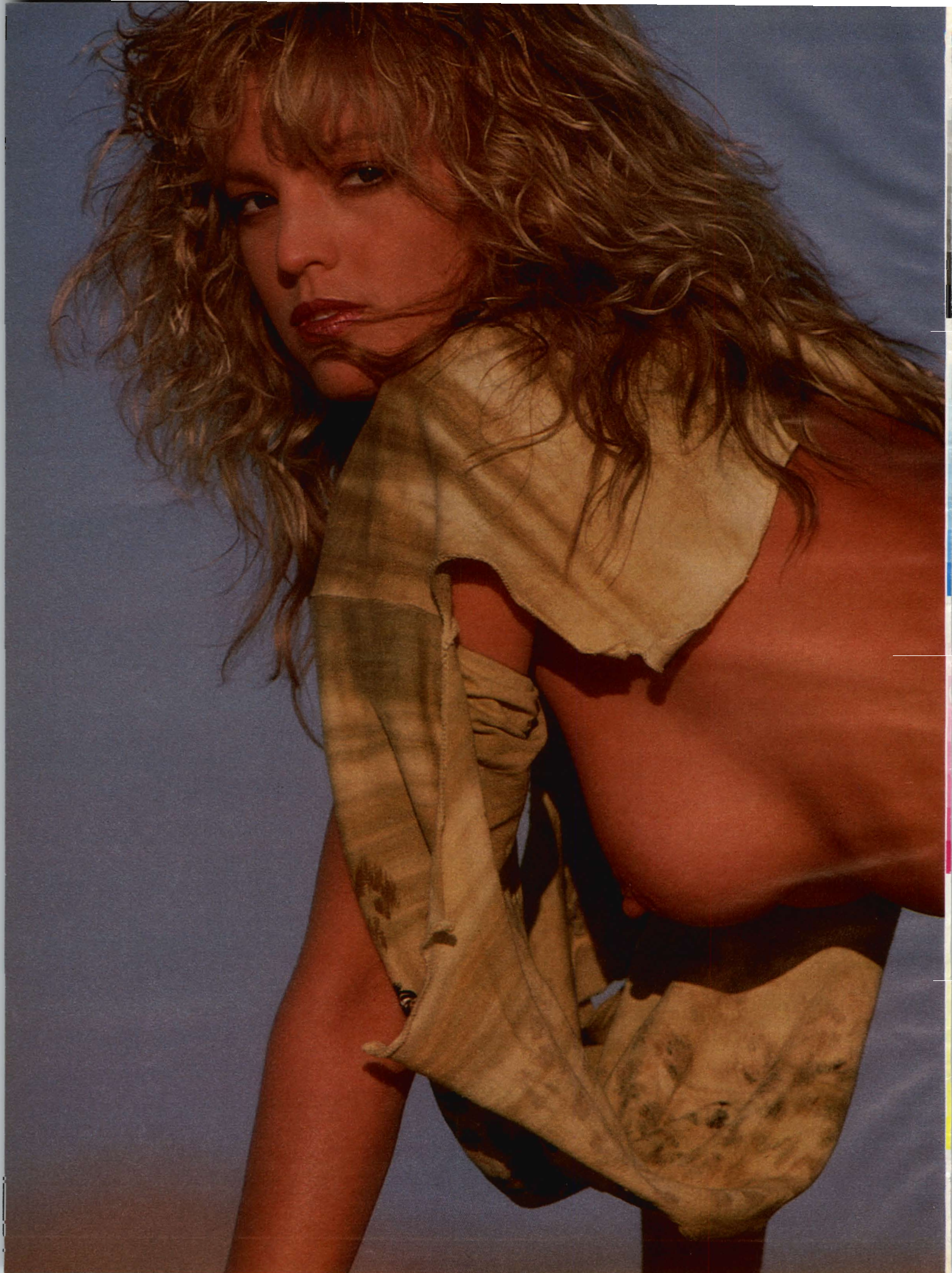
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG



BODY HEAT. You know it when you see it: the kind of temperature that brings a sheen of sweat to the curves we admire most. Sweat is the body's way of taking a shower from the inside out. It moves down your skin like a lover's lips. Sweat is the taste of salt on the rim of a glass filled with south-of-the-border-fever dreams. Summer, of course, is that time when all women look like Playmates and all Playmates look like goddesses. We love the beach, where we watch lithe turn to languorous. We love the wisp of cloth, the way the need for ventilation produces designs that cause the very breath to catch in our throats. The images of midwinter fantasies take shape and move through waves of heat. We invited Playmates Lynne Austin (opposite), Anna Clark (above left and right), Brandi Brandt (above center), Sharry Konopski and Pamela Stein (overleaf) to participate in a sunshine-expression session. Forget those wintertime swimsuit issues. Forget swimwear catalogs. Welcome to the tan for all seasons.

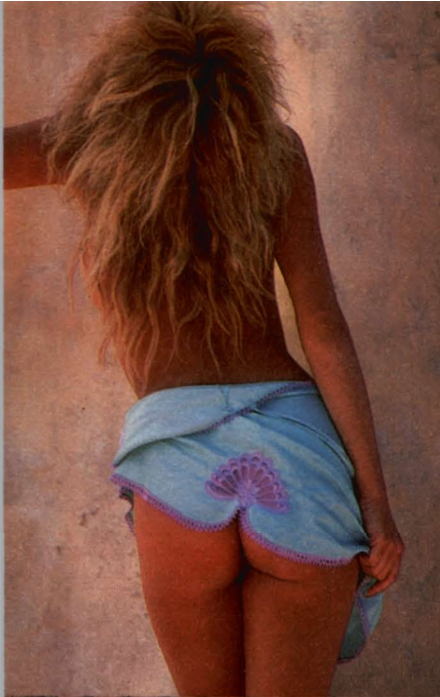






Heat. Lynne Austin summons ancient images of the savanna. Like a lioness, she moves from shade into sun, moved by hunger to hunt. There are eyes to feed.



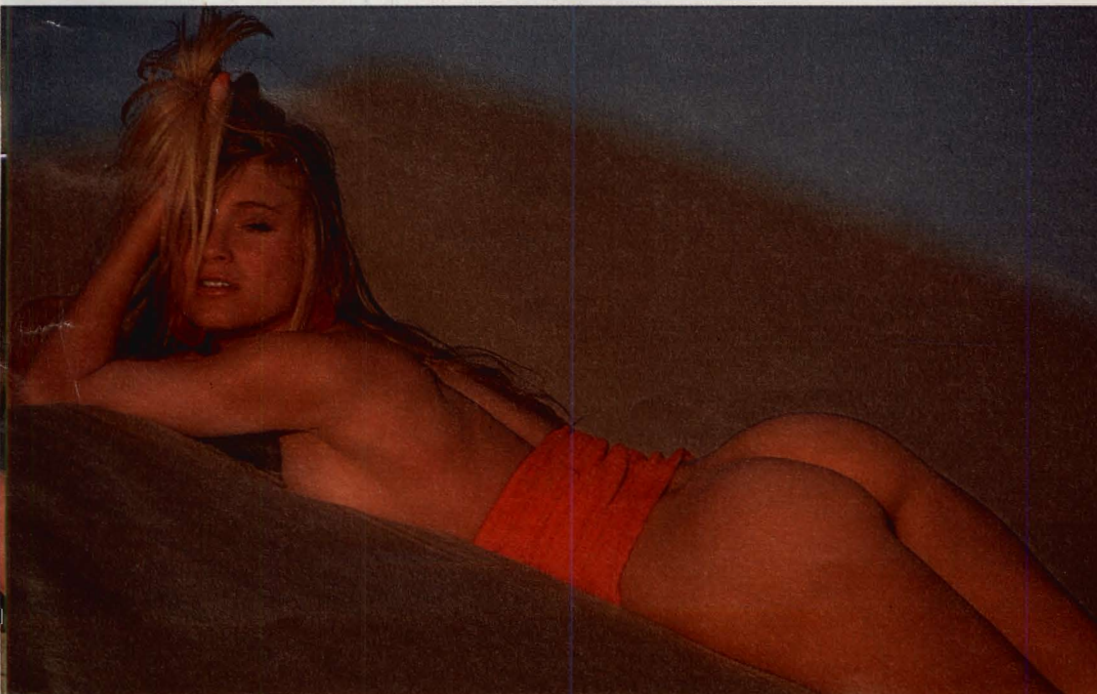


Lynne turns her back, Pam strolls, Brandi looks at the world through designer sunglasses, Lynne stretches, Brandi refreshes. Summer. So much time, so little to do.





Sharry takes a break, Pam finds an oasis. Summer is a study in extremes of sensation. Sand and water, thirst and relief, tension and easy living, the tanned and the untanned.





Summer is fun afloat with Anna, flag waving with Sharry. It's fireworks and the Fourth of July. Is that the rocket's red glare, or are you just glad to see me? It's a time for celebration, for the leisurely pursuit of happiness.





ASPEN WHEN IT WAS COOL (continued from page 114)

"Twenty of us with automatic weapons, pistols and shotguns went to war against an entire hillside."

sick and too weird for anything else." And there was no work. Not for a long time.

The drugs had something to do with it. Drugs had something to do with everything in Aspen. I mean, I know that here in the late Eighties, drugs are "a plague upon the land," and that you have to be very careful to identify the illegal stuff as the road to hell. But it just isn't possible to talk about Aspen as it was back then without talking about every drug in the entire underground pharmacy. There was a different attitude toward controlled substances in Aspen in those days. Something like the attitude of fish toward the sea. In fact, that first night, I saw more drugs on one table than I had ever seen in my life. Everybody who came by seemed to be holding a different root, powder, pollen, spore, leaf or chemical. It was like a potluck dinner, except that there wasn't any food, unless you counted the limes that came with the tequila.

I used my share: up, down and go see Alice. Nowadays, just remembering the poisons that my friends and I used to mix makes me shake and sweat, and all I can say is that we were young and stupid,

and whatever the risks, whatever the mortgage we were taking on body and soul, the laughter alone seemed worth it. Some people are just like that.

We didn't use the whole buffet that first night. When the maid waked me the next afternoon, there were still scraps of this and that scattered around the room. I had a reflexive jolt of paranoia when I saw her, but I needn't have worried. I was in Aspen. She just smiled and started her work. It turned out that she had just graduated from the University of Texas. Fine arts, she said. Then she allowed as how if I intended to tip her, she'd just as soon have it in Mr. Natural, a brand of LSD, the remains of which lay on my night table. Mr. Natural took its name from the R. Crumb character who was stamped all over the perforated blotter paper. I gave her four full men, 16 hits, for her trouble. She thanked me heavily and said she was going to save it for the next full moon, when she and her boyfriend planned to make the hike up to Conundrum Hot Springs and get neck deep in the natural baths.

Aspen was full of outdoor dopers: strong, beautiful, athletic people who saw

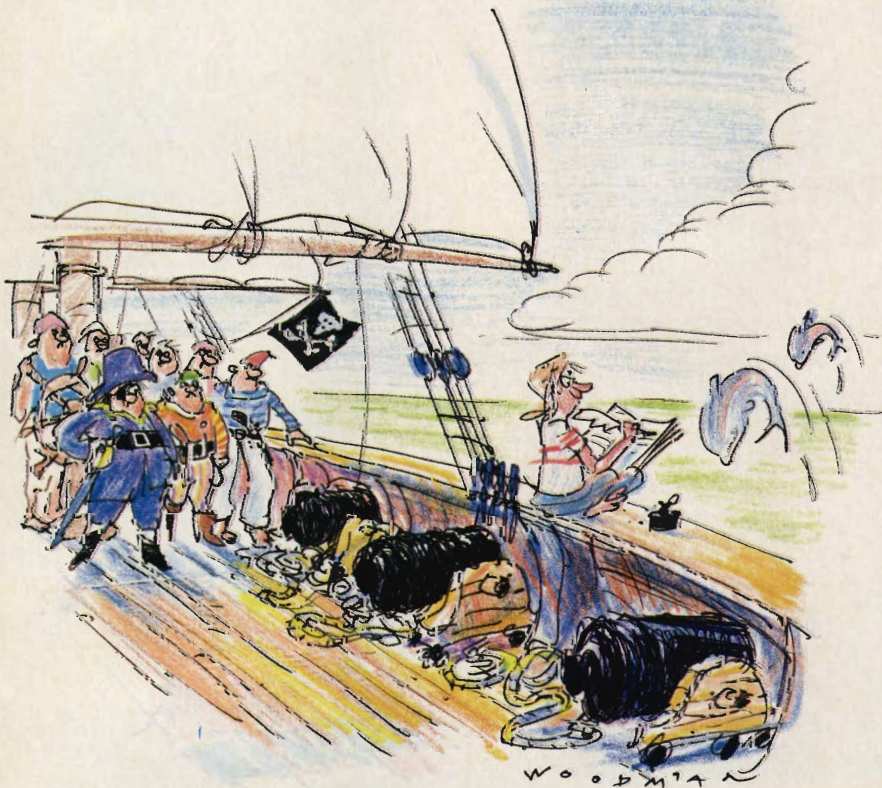
no contradiction in trading whatever was wholesome about a sunny summer day in the mountains for the edge that comes onto things when you have a head full of mushrooms or weed. I knew a guy who used to like to dose himself on acid before he flew his hang glider off Ajax. And rock-climbers who used to relax themselves the same way before night climbs somewhere up Independence Pass.

It always makes me feel saner than I really am to be around people like that, but I wasn't exactly innocent of the spirit that always looks to gild the perfect lily with the perfect high. I remember a day along Little Woody Creek with my girlfriend. We lay naked in the sun for hours on a big flat rock next to the stream, while little birds chattered at us from the dogwood. We had wine and cheese, and we'd make love and then roll into the icy stream, climb out, grease each other down, fall asleep watching jet contrails against the blue, then wake up and start all over again. There was a pure, natural perfection to that day that only fools would have tampered with. I mean, we probably didn't need the mescaline and the marijuana, or the wine, for that matter, to get where we got that lovely afternoon. But we took it anyway. Some people. . . .

All of us knew there'd be a price to pay, of course, and by now, all of us have paid it in hard coin of one kind or another. Some are dead, some went to jail, some joined the Church and some are scattered around the country, going to three and four A.A. meetings a week, probably telling stories about how bad they were in Aspen all those summers ago.

I left in the fall of 1976 under the premonition that if I stayed much longer, they were going to have to ship me down the hill in a bag. It wasn't that the fun was over. But it was beginning to take its toll, and I'd known since the day I got there that Aspen was the kind of fair that they warn you not to stay at too long.

I spent my last Fourth of July in Aspen at a party up on Thompson's place in Woody Creek, and that particular Independence Day turned out to be not so much a commemoration of the Revolution as a re-enactment of it: Twenty or 30 of us with automatic weapons, pistols and shotguns went to war against bottles, cans, a television set, chairs, an entire hillside. I don't remember any sparklers, but somebody did set off a stick of dynamite sometime after dark. The flash was beautiful, the peacocks flew, a great boom echoed back and forth between the mesas. I know: It was crazy. Drugs, alcohol, firearms and the company of lunatics. Pure insanity. But nobody was hurt or killed that day. Everybody survived. In a way.



... whimsical by nature... these mammals seem to love to play alongside our vessel....



HARRY EDWARDS (continued from page 111)

"When you turn on the N.C.A.A. championship games, it's going to look like Ghana playing Nigeria."

sports career even have to attend a college? Where's the connection?

EDWARDS: Ultimately, we'll have to deal with that question. In the meantime, we're stuck with the system we have: If you want to be a pro, you have to go to college. My argument is that under those circumstances, there has to be some commitment to academics. Otherwise, it's utter exploitation of the athlete by the institution and utter self-delusion on the athlete's part. Only two percent of athletes on scholarships ever make a pro sports roster, and 60 percent of those are back on the street within four years. Most pro players would be better off if they got a job they could do for the next 45 years. Then they're not on welfare or in jail, and they're not out on the street knocking you and me on the head for what we have.

9.

PLAYBOY: As long as college sports do function as *de facto* minor leagues, generating big revenues for the schools, why not just pay college athletes?

EDWARDS: The first thing you'd do is eliminate probably 80 percent of the institutions involved in college sports. You'd no longer be talking about collegiate athletic teams but about colleges' warehousing semiprofessional teams. Most colleges won't go for that. At least under the

present system, they can claim a legitimate kind of relationship, however remote. And the athletes, as 17-to-19-year-old freshmen, would be besieged by people who flocked around because there was money involved, and not just the money the athlete is making this year but the money he's likely to make down the road. Not to mention drugs and all the rest. Burying the stench under money doesn't diminish it whatsoever.

10.

PLAYBOY: You make college and sports sound like a bad marriage that survives only because divorce is impractical.

EDWARDS: We not only have a bad marriage, we have an internal feud that is threatening to blow up into a racial conflagration, because the revenue-producing sports are increasingly dependent upon black athletes, particularly at institutions that do not hire black coaches and black athletic directors. Black athletes are going to overwhelmingly dominate collegiate revenue-producing sports. Basketball will be all black, football will be 80 percent black. When you turn on the bowl games and N.C.A.A. championship games, it's going to look like Ghana playing Nigeria.

11.

PLAYBOY: Could you see, ten years from now, a nationwide walkout of black colle-

giate athletes?

EDWARDS: Oh, there's a possibility of that coming down *before* then. Right now, I'm dealing with a frustrated, angry group of 157 black assistant coaches who are in about the same situation as black ex-major-leaguers who've had the door slammed in *their* faces for the past 40 years. They were brought on board essentially to recruit athletes out of the ghettos for traditionally white Division One institutions. They have no access to head-coaching jobs, to athletic-director jobs, to public-information-director jobs. They've made it very clear that if there is no movement in terms of opening doors for blacks in college athletics at traditionally white institutions, they are going to mobilize a walkout of black assistant coaches during bowl games and N.C.A.A. championship basketball games, and of the athletes they've recruited. They are saying that unless this changes, then *this* year we are going to call for massive boycotts of bowl games and N.C.A.A. championship games. If the schools think they can win basketball games or go to the Rose Bowl and share in that \$11,000,000 *without* black athletes, wonderful—we'll give them a chance to prove it.

12.

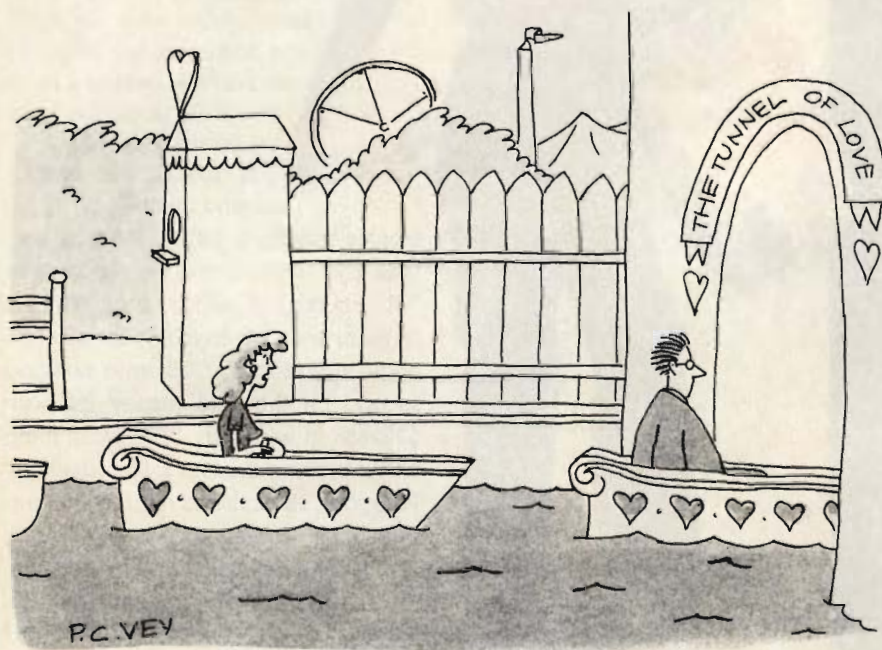
PLAYBOY: Last January, much attention was given to Washington Redskins quarterback Doug Williams—the first black to guide a team to a victory in the Super Bowl. Was his race a real issue or just media hype?

EDWARDS: It was a genuine issue. Why did it take so long for there to be a black quarterback in the Super Bowl? We still have a tremendous racism problem in the N.F.L.: We're going into another season with the longest-standing record in N.F.L. history intact—not a single black head coach. Where the media did go wrong was in hounding Williams and John Elway on the race issue, making the game such a black-versus-white thing. Both men deserved better. But the media have problems themselves. Of 658 beat writers in football, baseball and basketball, only 28 are black.

13.

PLAYBOY: You've admitted that sport is regarded as "the toy department of human affairs," yet you've devoted your life to the subject. How do you reconcile that?

EDWARDS: One reason people questioned my academic integrity was that I was writing seriously about what they considered to be fun and games played for money. The fact is that sport involves the most serious, deeply rooted values and ideals of a society. To the extent that we ignore what is happening in sport, we lose an advantage in understanding these values. Sport is as serious as any institution we have, and as the only mainstream institution where blacks participate in disproportionately high numbers—even if it is in a plantation context as the laborers—it has to be a central concern.



"You don't love me anymore, do you?"

"With America splitting apart because of Vietnam, it was time to shove the war right under our nose."

scrambled to assist the wounded. An officer barked coordinates into a two-way radio, demanding air support. The fatigue, determination and fear on the faces of the soldiers were disarmingly vivid.

The second story showed a different sort of battle. That steamy summer, the inner cities of America had erupted into violence. In nightmarish images, National Guardsmen snapped bayonets onto M-16s and stalked the rubble of burning streets, dodging rocks, wary of snipers among devastated vehicles and gutted buildings.

Each news story, distressing enough on its own, became doubly so when paired with the other. It occurred to me that if I'd turned down the sound, if I hadn't heard each story's reporter explain what I was watching, I might have thought that both film clips were two aspects of a single horror. A fire fight outside Saigon, a riot within it. A riot within an American city, a fire fight outside it. Vietnam and America.

What if I wrote a book in which the Vietnam war literally came home to America? There hadn't been a war on American soil since 1865. With America splitting apart because of Vietnam, maybe it was time to write a novel that dramatized the philosophical division in our society, that shoved the brutality of war right under our nose.

I decided my catalytic character would be a Vietnam veteran, a Green Beret who, after many harrowing missions, had been captured by the enemy, had escaped and returned home to be given America's highest distinction, the Congressional Medal of Honor. But he would bring some-

thing back with him from Southeast Asia, what we now call posttrauma stress syndrome. (It's an overused term these days, but it wasn't in 1969.) Haunted by nightmares about what he had done in the war, embittered by civilian indifference and hostility toward the sacrifice he had made for his country, he would drop out of society to wander the back roads of the nation he loved. He would sleep in the woods and live off the land. He would let his hair grow long, not bother to shave, carry all his possessions in a rolled-up sleeping bag slung over his shoulder and look like what we then called a hippie. In what I loosely thought of as an allegory (don't forget, I was a professor in training), he would represent the disaffected.

His name would be. . . I am asked about his name more than anything else. One of my graduate school languages was French, and on an autumn afternoon, as I read a course assignment, I was struck by the difference between the look and the pronunciation of the name of the author I was reading, Rimbaud. An hour later, my wife came home from buying groceries. She mentioned she'd bought some apples of a type she'd never heard about before, Rambo. A French author's name and the name of an apple collided, and I recognized the sound of force.

"His name was Rambo, and he was just some nothing kid, for all anybody knew, standing by the pump of a gas station on the outskirts of Madison, Kentucky."

While Rambo would represent the disaffected, I needed someone to embody the

establishment. Another news report, this time in print, aroused my indignation. In a Southwestern American town, a group of hitchhiking hippies had been picked up by the local police, stripped, hosed and shaved—not just their beards but their hair. They had then been given back their clothes and driven to a desert road, where they were abandoned to walk to the next town, 30 miles away. I remembered the harassment that my own recently grown mustache and long hair had caused me. "Why don't you get a haircut? What the hell are you, a man or a woman?" I wondered what Rambo's reaction would be if he were subjected to the insults those hippies had received.

In my novel, the establishment's representative became a police chief, Wilfred Teasle. Wary of stereotypes, I wanted him as complex as the action would allow. I made Teasle old enough to be Rambo's father. That created a generation gap—with the added dimension that Teasle wishes he had a son. Next, I decided that he would be a Korean War hero, his Distinguished Service Cross second only to Rambo's Congressional Medal of Honor.

What happens when Rambo encounters Teasle is familiar now. It is enough to say that Teasle, for his reasons, hassles Rambo, and Rambo, for his reasons, won't take it. A jail escape leads to a man hunt. Teasle thinks he is in Korea. Rambo thinks he is in Vietnam. In that conflict, the conventional tactics used in Korea don't have a chance against the guerrilla methods of Vietnam. Almost killed, Teasle struggles down from the mountains, accepts the help of Rambo's Special Forces instructor and hunts Rambo yet again, with the result that Teasle's town is virtually destroyed, Teasle is killed and Rambo is executed by his former instructor, who takes the top of his head off with a shotgun.

Yes, Rambo is killed. And the cop isn't the broadly sketched antagonist of the film but a character who many readers (depending on their political viewpoint) believed was the hero of the novel. And Rambo's instructor isn't the sympathetic Richard Crenna but a cold professional. And the novel tries to show that escalating force results in disaster, that nobody wins.

Because of the rigors of graduate school, I didn't finish my novel till after I'd graduated in 1970 and taught at the University of Iowa for a year. In the summer of 1971, I submitted it to a literary agent, but I had misgivings. How could an assistant professor expect to gain tenure when he'd dramatized such unremitting violence? To hedge my bets, I sent along my dissertation on John Barth.

Three weeks later, the agent called. "I sold it."

"My dissertation?"

"First Blood."

"Oh, Christ."

Time not only gave the book its lead review but claimed that it represented a new



"I like what he stands for: evolution, not revolution."

almost every major character's dead at the end of the novel. How the hell can there be sequels?"

"David, you don't know what Hollywood can do with a novel. It may end up as a musical. By the way, I've also asked for profit participation on any merchandise associated with the film."

"Merchandise?"

"Dolls. Lunch boxes. Television cartoons. Who knows? Anything's possible. That's why you hired me. To predict the future."

"Dolls? Impossible!"

How wrong I was.

While *Rambo: First Blood Part II* was being filmed, Andrew Vajna asked if I'd be interested in writing a novel based on the script by Stallone and James Cameron. My impulse was to tell him no. Novelizations are derivative, an inferior literary form, and I'm serious about my fiction, even if I aim toward the broadest audience possible.

"You don't understand," Vajna replied. "This is a \$27,000,000 picture. It'll be an enormous hit. You want to be associated with it."

"No. I won't be an automatic typist and simply add description to someone else's screenplay."

"You're not listening, David. *This is a \$27,000,000 picture.*"

More phone calls, morning and after-

noon, for a week. Each time, I said no. Finally, my doorbell rang at eight A.M. and a messenger handed me a package. I peered inside to discover a video tape. Groggy, still in my pajamas, clutching a cup of coffee, I stumbled toward my VCR, inserted the tape and slumped on my sofa. Suddenly, music blared as Rambo piloted a helicopter, attacking an enemy compound. I spilled my coffee. "Donna, get over here!" I yelled to my wife. "You have to see this! It's a \$27,000,000 movie!"

So I agreed to write a novel for *Rambo: First Blood Part II*. In the first place, no one else could do it. I hold the literary copyright. That's something else my wonderful \$500 attorney put into the movie contract. The producers can do anything they want with Rambo on film, but I'm the only writer allowed to publish fiction about him.

In the second place, I began to see the chance to accomplish something distinctive. Novels based on films are usually transcribed screenplays. But the bargain I had made with Vajna was to follow the bones of the movie's story but to invent, color and interpret as I wished, to write a novel based on a plot that happened to be supplied to me. I also saw the way to counteract the backlash I sensed some critics were ready to slam toward Rambo.

The truth is, Rambo hates war. He loathes what he is and what he has been trained to do. He reacts with justified rage

only when pushed to the wall. On the set of *Rambo III*, Stallone and I talked at length about that issue. Anger's a last-resort emotion, we agreed. People shove you around, and most of the time, you acquiesce. Why retaliate unless it's a critical issue? If your family's threatened, you have to respond. Or your life. Or your country. But it has to be a genuine threat. Otherwise, it's better to back away. Because if it's necessary to retaliate, you have to go *all* the way, and you have to accept the consequences.

That's the secret to Rambo. Fate pits him against relentless bullies and, like the gunslinger determined to retire, he reluctantly straps his guns back onto his waist.

When Vajna and Kassar hired me to write the initial script for *Rambo III*, I thought that Rambo's fundamental anti-war stance could be sidetracked only if Trautman, Rambo's surrogate father, were in serious trouble. My version had Trautman as a military advisor in Central America, where his wife and daughter paid him a visit, only to be abducted by marauders from a neighboring enemy country. Rambo's love for Trautman and his family compelled him to become a warrior again.

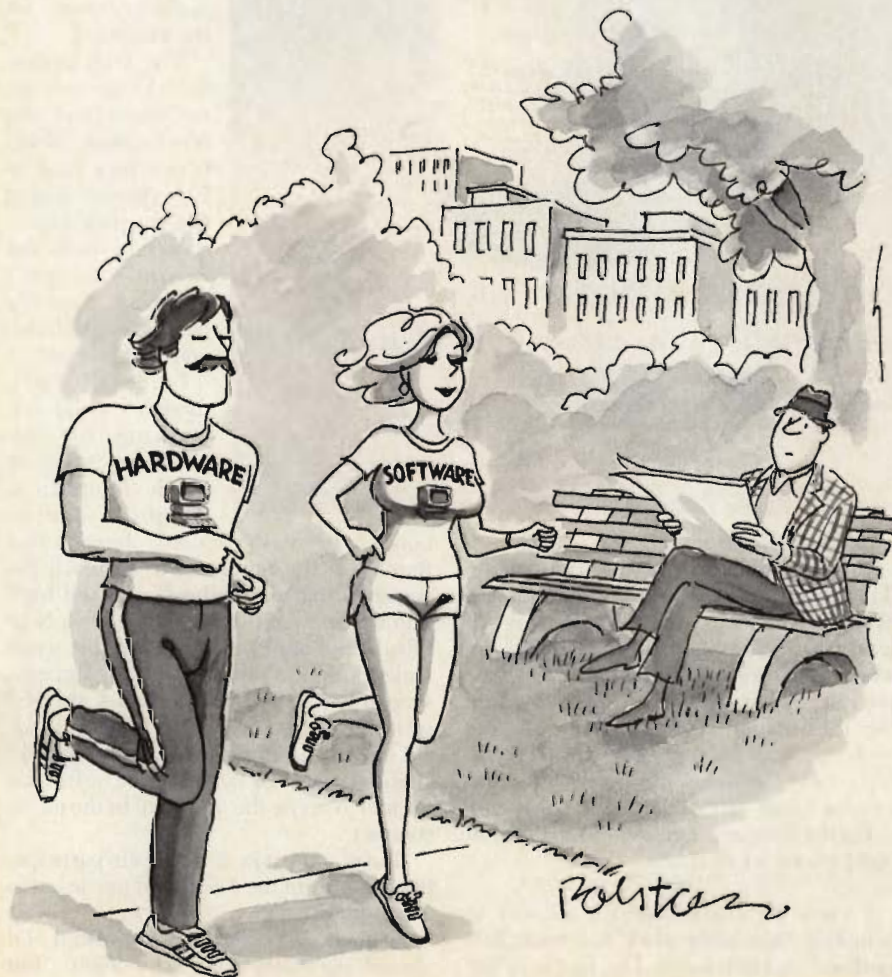
Eventually, the story's setting was changed from Central America to Afghanistan (to get away from the confining forest and jungle of the first two pictures, to give *Rambo III* a different look, the stunning scope of a desert).

Stallone and Sheldon Lettich prepared a brand-new script, necessarily changing the story to fit the war in Afghanistan. But Sly agreed with my interpretation of the character, with Rambo's desire for peace. Eliminating Trautman's wife and daughter, Stallone decided to put Trautman himself in jeopardy, captured by the Soviets on the Afghanistan-Pakistan border.

I wrote an amplified novel based on the script and in it emphasized Rambo's complex emotions. At the same time, I added new elements to his character. Now we learn that in his youth, he was battered by his father. To escape his troubled home, he joined the military (another paradox: Seeking peace, he entered a violent profession). He feels affection for Trautman, because Trautman's the only authority figure who ever showed him respect.

In *Rambo: First Blood Part II*, Stallone had a character describe Rambo as "part German, part Indian, a hell of a combination." I liked the idea of Rambo's mixed background but modified it. In my sequel novels, Rambo's father becomes Italian, his mother Navaho.

Why the change? To deepen the character. In my books, Rambo is raised in both the Roman Catholic and the Navaho religions, learning guilt from the first and mysticism from the second. While in Vietnam, he becomes attracted to Zen Buddhism. In *Rambo III*, he enters Afghanistan, a Moslem country. There, he finds elements of the Islamic faith that help him come to terms with his troubled soul. A



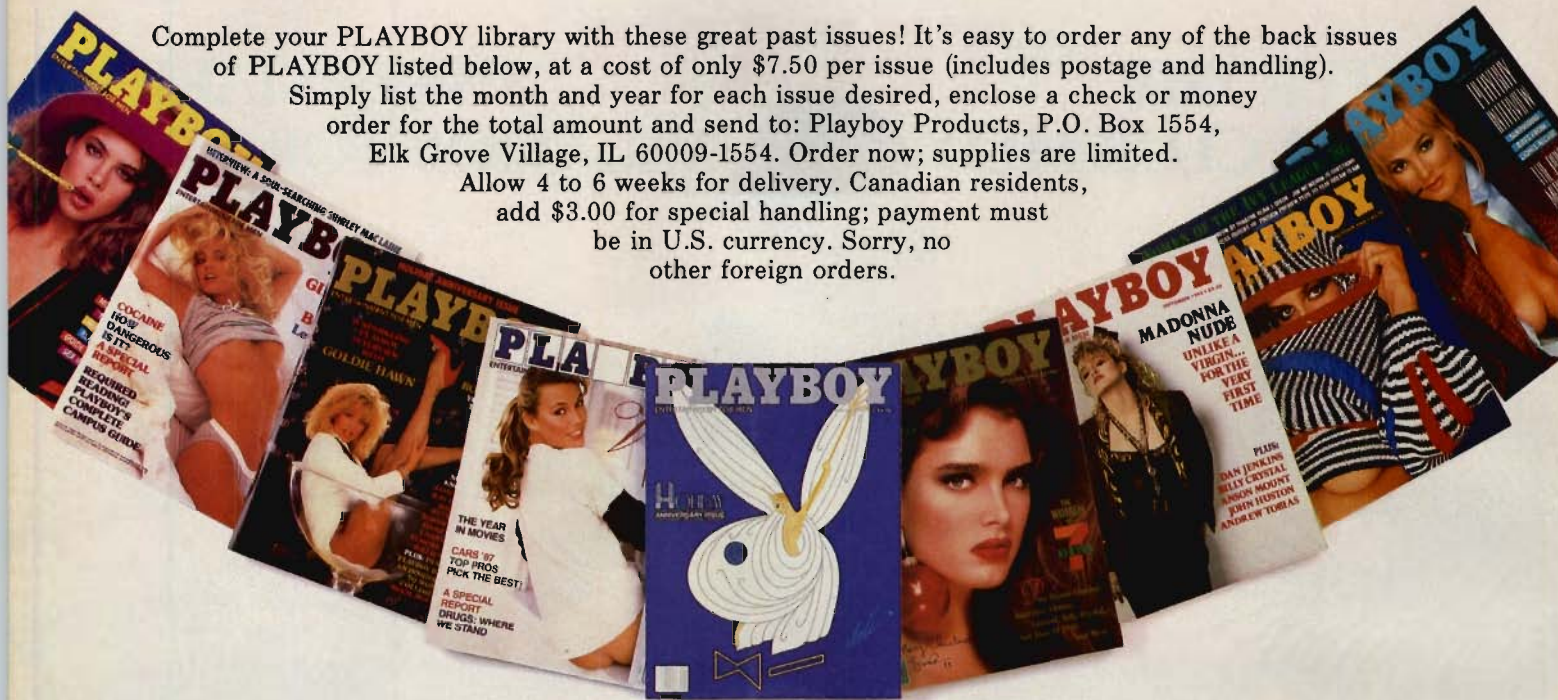


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JUL 82	Lynda Weismeier	Bette Davis	Girls of Ma Bell	NOV 85	Pamela Saunders	Sting	Miami Vice
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NOV 82	Marlene Janssen	Luciano Pavarotti	Women of Braniff	JAN 86	Sherry Arnett	Dr. Ruth Westheimer	Don Johnson Pictorial
DEC 82	Charlotte Kemp	Julie Andrews /Blake Edwards	Women of Playboy	FEB 86	Julie McCullough	Michael Douglas	Women of Alaska
JAN 83	Lonni Chin	Dudley Moore	Playmate Review	MAR 86	Kim Morris	Sally Field	Lady D.J.'s
FEB 83	Melinda Mays	Gabriel Garcia Marquez	The Women of Aspen	APR 86	Teri Weigel	Dr. Jeffrey MacDonald	The Merry Mortician
MAR 83	Alana Soares	Sam Donaldson	Playmate Playoffs	MAY 86	Christine Richters	Kathleen Turner	Fire Siren Pictorial
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SEP 83	Barbara Edwards	The Sandinistas	Girls of Atlantic Coast Conference	NOV 86	Donna Edmondson	Joan Rivers	Star Search Winner: Devin DeVasquez
OCT 83	Tracy Vaccaro	Hill Street Blues	Reds Pictorial	DEC 86	Laurie Carr	Bryant Gumbel	The Women of 7-Eleven
NOV 83	Veronica Gamba	Kenny Rogers	Women in White	JAN 87	Luann Lee	Don Johnson	"Marilyn" Tribute by Hugh Hefner
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FEB 84	Justine Greiner	Paul Simon	Women of Steel	MAR 87	Marina Baker	Lionel Richie	Janet Jones
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APR 84	Lesla Ann Pedriana	Joan Collins	Playmates Forever	MAY 87	Kym Paige	Prince Norodom Sihanouk	Vanna White
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JUN 84	Tricia Lange	Jesse Jackson	Playmate of the Year	JUL 87	Carmen Berg	Wade Boggs	Ellen Stohl
JUL 84	Liz Stewart	Walid Jumblatt	Bo Derek X-Rated	AUG 87	Sharry Konopski	Ferdinand & Imelda Marcos	Paulina
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"We have to give the people an example that something is being changed, and the first sign of something being changed for a man in the street is goods in the stores—goods that are available in the West. So we have a big job to do. But in waging *perestroika*, we are winning in a political and moral sense, and we are gaining our supporters in the West." Which is an understatement, given that in a recent USIA poll, 90 percent of the West Germans and 88 percent of the British had a "favorable" impression of Gorbachev but only 44 percent of each felt that way about Reagan.

While the Soviet reformers see a reduction of military competition with the West as a necessity of their domestic reconstruction, they do not foresee an end to competition on other fronts. There is, for example, a strongly stated position among those officials that improvements in the quality of Soviet life and a move to a more flexible and pragmatic foreign policy will expose certain weaknesses in the U.S. model of development. For instance, Yegor Yakovlev, editor in chief of *Moscow News*, one of the liveliest publications to emerge in the Gorbachev era, is convinced that the U.S. military-industrial complex will actively seek to prevent an end to the arms race and that the more reasonable the Soviet posture, the more obtuse and warlike the American response.

This view was defended by Anatoly F. Dobrynin, the former ambassador to the United States, one night in a lengthy informal discussion in his imposing office at the Central Committee headquarters. Dobrynin, now a secretary of the Central Committee, speaks a Washington columnist's insider English and noted, "You know, this idea of a military-industrial complex was invented by General [Dwight D.] Eisenhower, not by us." And when I replied that surely, a comparable complex must exist in the Soviet Union, Dobrynin, who had spent more than 25 years in Washington, smiled and said, "When our generals retire, they go fishing. They don't become vice-presidents of aerospace companies or lobbyists to the Kremlin. As to the military industry, instead of tanks, it can make cars. We need cars, and the profit will be the same, because we set the profit."

"Our intention is to have a period in which we would be able to concentrate on domestic affairs," said Deputy Foreign Minister Petrovsky, who continued with a reference to Immanuel Kant. "This is the categorical imperative of our time. The best way to prove which system and which way of life is better is by putting your own house in order.

"Sometimes, some people here think that foreign policy can compensate for domestic shortcomings, and that is wrong. The roots of foreign policy are at home; for foreign policy to be effective, it must rely on a well-organized domestic order."

Such an order, according to Dobrynin, must include democratization of decision

making. But he concedes that the institutionalization of public restraint on government is a novel question for Soviet society.

Ivan D. Laptev considers that the main problem for the Soviet Union. "The people must know everything," he says. "It's the main measure of control, of monitoring official activities to prevent mistakes, and that is the main value of democratization and openness in our society, so that the whole party will be prevented from making mistakes and people's eyes will be open."

Toward that end, the Soviet press has been publishing the results of Politburo meetings for the first time, running a variety of information from critical ministerial reports, muckraking journalism and some foreign observations. It failed miserably, however, in covering the recent ethnic challenges, particularly in Armenia and Azerbaïdzhân, where there was a blackout like in the bad old days. But still the progress is remarkable.

In one startling article carried by *Izvestia* titled "Where Did the Nos Come From?" the author listed dozens of prohi-

bitions ranging from dress codes to ideas. The answer offered was that the official *nyets* were the result of mindless bureaucratic imperatives.

Laptev refers to this problem as a "disease of thoughtlessness" and says that it "is a heritage from those days when it was considered a rule that whoever is the boss knows the truth, and this disease took hold of our psychology. Now we are trying to change this mind-set."

The tough-looking product of a Siberian orphanage, Laptev, whose parents died in World War Two, is also one of this country's new men. He started his professional career as a crane operator, while studying in the evening to graduate from the Automobile Institute. Eventually, he went to Moscow as a champion bicycle racer and entered the Moscow State University school of journalism, where he finished by writing a doctorate on the social and political problems of ecology. He has gone on to write several books, one of which, he says, predicted the rise of the pro-environmental Greens Party in West Germany.

After a stint working for the Central



"About time!"

Committee, he went to *Pravda* and ended up head of the editorial board. After 18 months, he was "unexpectedly brought here to edit *Izvestia*," where he has been for the past two years.

Asked about the prospect of *Izvestia's* criticizing Gorbachev himself, the editor replied, "We haven't had him for long, but I think that if this atmosphere of *glasnost* is established, you can expect this criticism to occur." Guys such as Laptev leave one feeling optimistic about the future of the Soviet system, not just because they have the right intentions now but also because the system, even in its worst days, produced Laptev . . . and Gorbachev.

Will it work? That depends on a lot more than the intentions of the new elite. As to its intentions, I have little doubt. Gorbachev and his crowd believe that there is no alternative to sweeping changes, and they will attempt whatever is necessary to make their society a player in the modern world economy. But they had better be prepared to hang in there for the long haul, because the stagnation with which they are grappling has its fans. I refer not to the conspiracy theories of some Western observers who point to presumed blackguards in the Communist Party. Gorbachev has proved too tough and resilient to be done in by such plots, if they do exist. As Gromyko, who has lived with many a Soviet hard-case leader put it, behind Gorbachev's smile are teeth of steel. He can play rough and has done so, and the current composition of the Politburo and Central Committee is largely of his design.

On another level, he has already been widely successful in ways that I don't think can easily be reversed. *Glasnost* has been introduced at a breath-taking pace, and as a result, the political and cultural norms of Soviet life have seriously been altered. A cowed population has been given its head and found it fun to be free. Of course I mean freer, for there is a long way to go to guaranteeing human rights in the Soviet Union. But it's still the difference between day and night compared with what was before. Three years ago, Western experts said that the Soviets would never introduce computers on a broad scale, because people could print and communicate on their own; now millions of computers are being introduced. One after another, the "You can't do that" of the Kremlinologists have been refuted, whether it be in the cultural area, where once-banned books and movies have been put back on the shelves, or in the formation of thousands of private organizations, or protests against the abuse of the environment, national rights and even the war in Afghanistan. Lake Baikal was saved and the plan to reverse major rivers in the Soviet Union was stopped by environmentalists. And the Soviets are disengaging from Afghanistan.

Ironically, it has turned out to be easier to introduce a significant measure of political freedom into the Soviet Union than

economic progress. The problem is not with *glasnost* but with *perestroika*. Restructuring the Soviet economy has not yet proved its value to the average citizen. The reforms have not gone far enough and there is a great deal of resistance.

The debate now unfolding in the Soviet Union is still largely within elite ranks; successful restructuring depends upon the continued ascendancy of the new elite that desperately welcomes this spirit. The opposition to it is real. There has even been talk of "paralysis" of Gorbachev's reforms, as U.S. correspondents gloomily report on resistance by political hard-liners in the Soviet Union. But it is difficult to imagine all of the reforms just blowing away. Too many of the new people, from Gorbachev on down, have made too public a commitment to the new course.

One hard-liner was purported to be Yegor Ligachev, who has been referred to in the past by the Western press as Gorbachev's number-two man in the Politburo. Around Ligachev, some Western correspondents thought they saw the seeds of rivalry for Gorbachev and his policies. Ligachev's departures from Gorbachev's policies were seen by those Western journalists not as the rough-and-tumble politics common in the West but as evidence that the reforms were going to be stopped in their tracks.

That analysis is too simple. Ligachev has resisted some aspects of *glasnost* but has evidently enthusiastically embraced much of the *perestroika* drive. He may have approved the March article in *Sovetskaya Rossiya*, which has been interpreted as an anti-Gorbachev manifesto. But that effort was trounced by a subsequent *Pravda* editorial and strong statements by Gorbachev and other members of the ruling elite.

In any event, Aleksandr Yakovlev, who has emerged as the leading Politburo member dealing with ideological matters, is a dedicated reformer. His take on the movement of Gorbachev's reforms is like the admonition about the impossibility of getting a little bit pregnant. "*Glasnost* can have no limits," he told me a year ago. "We cannot talk about broader or narrower *glasnost*. People should know everything and about everything. Of course, we have people who don't want democracy at all. I would be insincere if I didn't mention that there are people who would say that *glasnost* and democracy will backfire. That's precisely why we need restructuring."

It has become an axiom of the Soviet reformers' new faith that past efforts at change failed because they did not make that linkage. But how far will the new leadership really go down the path toward power sharing? I don't know and neither do they, because the answer depends on many variables, not the least of which are successes in the economy and improved relations with the U.S., permitting a major cut in the bloated Soviet military budget. But I do know that most of the top players now empowered in the Soviet Union are

betting their personal futures on vast change and would themselves be the victims if the wheel suddenly started spinning in reverse.

This is a settled-in society. Too many people have learned over the decades how to make the system, bad as it may be, work for them personally. They know when and how to grease the palm and offer the smile. They can do that talk and that walk. And now Gorbachev is asking them to stop, to sacrifice for a way of life whose worth, in the economic sphere, has yet to be demonstrated. "The atmosphere in our society has grown tense as the *perestroika* effort has gone deeper," Gorbachev admitted in his recent book, "and we have heard people say, 'Was there any point to starting this at all?'"

It used to be said that an authoritarian country can make its trains run on time but cannot provide more freedom for its citizens. In Gorbachev's Russia, which remains authoritarian, the reverse is true. And he must accomplish both to succeed.

But even if Gorbachev fails, there is no going back to the worst days. No Soviet leader since Stalin has *become* a Stalin. This is a different society from Russia of the Thirties and the Forties: educated, aware of alternatives. It operates in a very different world context. The Soviets, liberals and conservatives alike, know very well that they must function in a postnuclear, jet-age, computerized world in which the rhythms of the old Red Army songs and the rumble of its tanks are just so much static interfering with what people really want to do. That is, to tune in a clear satellite picture of real life as the modern world is living it, then play it back on the VCR.

What makes one optimistic, ultimately, is less faith in the Soviets, or in Gorbachev, than in a recognition that the world's evolution has made Cold War more untenable for modern life. Secrecy, paranoia, militarism, chauvinism are all out of sync with the requirements of this new age, which is fluid, changeable, dependent on new information from all sources and internationalist. The new generation, with or without Gorbachev, was waiting, as Gerasimov put it, in the wings. The failed militarists of old, Japan and Germany, have shown the new way: power without military might. Freedom is now established, for all to see, as the essential conductor of progress.

If this sounds Utopian, bear in mind that Communists put a lot of stock in written declarations of purpose—manifestoes—whether by Hegel, Engels, Marx or Lenin. And here is what Gorbachev, the current head of the Soviet Communist Party, wrote: "It is no longer a question of whether [we] will continue the policy of *glasnost*. . . . We need *glasnost* as we need the air. . . . There is no present-day socialism, nor can there be, without democracy." Sounds like a manifesto to me.





GREAT PALIMONY CAPER

(continued from page 68)

“‘Utter nonsense,’ Hef replied. ‘The level of fabrication in her accusations is almost funny.’”

it as a sort of training film.”

In a similar film-character connection closer to home, Carrie has been cast in the lead role of a yet-to-be-financed American First Run pictures chiller titled *Devil Woman*. The advertising brochure for the film features a close-up of Carrie’s perilous eyes and copy that reads, “Look at her, and you are marked. Touch her, and you are seduced. Love her. And you are lost. . . . Forever.”

Hef smiles at the overwrought prose but admits, “She had me mesmerized. If Carrie had not walked out on me, it is difficult to imagine how our relationship would have ended. I can’t imagine throwing her out—I had forgiven her and taken her back so many times.”

In a confrontation last September, Carrie smashed a \$15,000 sculpture by Frank Gallo and stalked off the property. She stayed for four days with Kelly Moore and her boyfriend, returning with the news that she had met with legal beagle Marvin Mitchelson and that she wanted a beach house in Malibu in return for not filing a palimony suit.

“It was simple extortion,” Hefner says. “Of course I refused.”

When her ploy proved unsuccessful, she appeared repentant, but to Grabowski, she confided, “I still haven’t given up on the house.” Kelly joined Carrie soon after, when her boyfriend kicked her out just before the holidays.

To add to the Mansion melodrama, Jessica Hahn moved in immediately after completing the national publicity tour for her

story on the Jim Bakker-PTL scandal published in *Playboy* to prepare a further feature for the magazine and start writing a book. Carrie and Jessica became close friends, though some now suggest that Carrie was jealous of Jessica’s celebrity, perceiving a palimony suit against Hef as the equivalent of Jessica’s toppling of the PTL.

A few months earlier, Carrie had managed to surreptitiously sneak Hef’s keys from his pocket, unlock a closet in the master bedroom and swipe a video tape of a multipartner sexual frolic he had made with several friends back in the swinging Seventies. Carrie thought she might be able to use the tape against him in some way in conjunction with the further threat of a lawsuit. As Roche remarked to *People*, “She’s a real sick pup.”

Carrie shared her scheme with Jessica, giving her the tape for safekeeping. Jessica turned the tape over to Lisa Loving, who promptly returned it to Hef. That spelled *finis* for the friendship between Carrie and Jessica, but Carrie waited until after the Christmas gift giving was over to split the scene. In a post-holiday depression, she departed for New York, with Kelly and another female friend in tow.

With a phone call four days after her departure, she announced that she would not be returning to the Mansion, and two days later, rumors surfaced that she was meeting with Mitchelson again and that a palimony suit was in the making.

Mitchelson, variously referred to in the legal profession as the great white shark of palimony, shyster to the stars and an empty suit, is the man who shepherded the land-

mark *Triola vs. Marvin* case through the courts. He lost that case on appeal and most of the similar suits he pursued thereafter, but in the process, he created a new field of law for wanna-be celebrities: palimony, a cross between alimony and payola. He now convinced Carrie that she could parlay her years with Hef into a lucrative, high-profile lawsuit.

On February 11, Mitchelson called a press conference in his plush Century City offices to announce that he had, that morning, filed suit in Los Angeles County Superior Court on behalf of his client Carrie Leigh, demanding \$5 million of Hef for breaking his promises to marry her, have children with her, purchase her a home in Malibu and support her for the rest of her life.

Seated next to Marvelous Marvin behind a bank of microphones, looking a little scary in a black dress with a neckline that plunged to her lawyer’s desk, Carrie played the role of a lifetime while Mitchelson referred to the event as a “photo opportunity.”

In response to a question about Jessica Hahn, Carrie announced that she had been “instrumental” in the breakup but refused to elaborate. The mere implication of a Hefner-Hahn affair became headline news.

“Utter nonsense,” Hef replied. “To support the claims in this lawsuit, Carrie would have to perjure herself. The level of fabrication in her accusations is almost funny.”

A reporter asked Carrie, “Don’t you consider five million dollars for five years a little greedy?”

As if she anticipated sympathy for five years of Mansion pampering, Carrie answered, “Not for the life that I’ve lived, no, I don’t.”

Then she upped the ante to \$35 million.

The increase, Mitchelson explained, was intended “to dissuade [Hefner] from maintaining his long-enjoyed practice of seducing teenage girls, supporting them for a few years and then discarding them.”

“But, in this case, who really did the seducing and discarding?” Hef wondered.

USA Today sought reactions from Hef’s previous live-in lovers. Barbi Benton, Sandra Theodore and Shannon Tweed, the paper reported, “gush about his generosity, kindness and honesty. . . .

“Some pals fear public jealousy could affect the palimony trial,” the paper continued. “‘A lot of people would love to see Hefner get it, because he’s had it good for so long,’ says Tweed. ‘I’m not sure there is an unbiased jury for him.’

“Others are not concerned. ‘Carrie isn’t going to get a dime,’ says Theodore. ‘There are too many people who’ll get up on the stand and tell the truth—she’s a bad seed.’

“‘I think people are pretty perceptive,’ [Hef says.] ‘The way I treated her and the way she treated me all translate into very



“My son was saying you give great head.”

human terms.' He smiles."

The press did not disappoint him on this occasion. "Hugh Hefner," *People* magazine observed, "has played Pygmalion to a pantheon of Playmates over the years, picking the comeliest from the pages of his magazine, then transforming them from mere pinups into living symbols of his *Playboy* philosophy. Showering them with money and furs, posing them before the finest photographers, offering them up for the attentive appraisal of Hollywood agents and producers, Hefner has shown his women how to turn T and A into taxable assets, so that when their tenure as First Bunny ends, they do not leave empty-handed."

Columnist Frank Swertlow of the Los Angeles *Daily News* remarked upon attempts to peddle her story to the tabloids in America and abroad, calling Carrie "the Lucrezia Borgia of Beverly Hills."

The plaintiff failed to carry even the female vote: Ann Gerber of the *Chicago Sun-Times* wrote, "Does she deserve the [millions] she's asking in palimony? She should pay Hef. She had the best clothing, entertainment, food and lodging in the world, access to the rich and famous, and now she can get a role in a steamy flick, pose for *Hustler* [and] bring out a line of Leigh Lingerie for Lovers. Leigh says Hef promised her a baby. Remember Barbi Benton, button-nosed beaut who enjoyed erotic needlepoint and kept Hef amused for years? They parted when she insisted on marriage and a child. Since Hefner fathered the ultimate woman, brainy stunner Christie, C.E.O. of Playboy Enterprises, why should he go back to the drawing board?"

Columnist Cindy Adams of the *New York Post* noted that Carrie was contemplating taking acting lessons. "Carrie wants us to believe Hef promised to marry her," wrote Adams. "She should give creative-writing lessons."

Even Jay Leno got into the act in his opening monolog as the host of *The Tonight Show*: "Where did this woman come from?" he asked. "Like, here is Hugh Hefner, a man who's had ten thousand girlfriends, and she thought he was going to settle down. She says he interrupted her career! Last night, I went out with a girl. She called today and said she's suing me for \$9000—I interrupted her career for four hours."

On March ninth, Hefner took the offensive with a countersuit and a press conference of his own. Providing a "photo opportunity" clearly intended to top Mitchelson's, Hef filled the living room of Playboy Mansion West to overflowing with members of the media. While flamingos stalked the lawn and bare-breasted beauties swam in the private lagoon, he proceeded to effectively dismantle Mitchelson and his palimony claims.

This lawsuit, Hefner charged, was "an orchestrated publicity stunt, and neither the plaintiff nor her counsel have, or rea-

sonably should have, any belief in the validity of the alleged causes of action. The only reason to initiate this action was to create public interest and media attention so as to maintain Mitchelson in the public eye, thereby increasing his ability to attract new celebrity clients, and to provide a spotlight for the plaintiff so that she might be able to profit by selling her story to the tabloids, magazines, movies or television."

In other words, Hef was pissed. He did not like being used as a launching pad for others' career ambitions. He was concerned about Carrie, but he felt that his personal reputation was being manhandled by Mitchelson and Leigh.

"Why not give Carrie \$100,000 and let her walk off into the sunset?" a reporter asked.

"I offered to help her. That's not what she was looking for," Hefner explained. "Someone like Mitchelson manages to convince a client that there's a case when there really isn't. What we're talking about here is the improper use of the judicial system . . . a quasi-legal attempt at extortion and celebrity. I want to put a stop to it."

Hef's attorney, Tony Glassman, had his say, and then the playboy of the Western world introduced the new woman in his life, Kimberley Conrad—beautiful, blonde and serene, as sweet as Carrie was seductive: Readers met her as the Playmate of the Month in the January 1988 issue and she is on this month's cover.

"I have always felt that my life was rather like a movie," Hef confesses. "But my relationship with Kimberley is better than any script."

Two weeks after Carrie's call from New York concluding their tumultuous four-and-a-half-year affair, this Alabama-born, Vancouver-bred beauty arrived from Canada to change his life.

"Kimberley was in Los Angeles for two days on a modeling assignment with Helmut Newton," Hef explains. "I was planning on screening a couple of French films, *Jean de Florette* and *Manon of the Spring*, for a few friends, and I asked her if she might be interested in watching them with me. She declined, but on the second evening, she joined us in conversation around the dining-room table after the film. We'd met several times before on stays at the Mansion during the shooting of her Playmate pictorial, but there had never been any suggestion of anything personal between us before that night. What I didn't know and could not have guessed was that this remarkable creature had been quietly falling in love with me—and I realized the same had been true for me. If this had been a movie, there would have been strings, and maybe a little Bobby Hackett horn. After that, a long weekend together was all that was required for us to know that this was something quite special."

"This is the best thing that has happened to Hef in a very long time," says Grabowski.

"Kimberley has turned his life around,"



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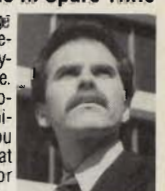
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says Loving. "She's like the sunshine after the rain."

When Kimberley moved in, she brought Leilynd, a golden Lab, Dior, a Doberman, and Spooky, a Burmese kitten, along with her other belongings.

"I already had two small dogs, a white Persian cat and a pair of parakeets," Hef says, "so we now have a veritable menagerie living with us in the master bedroom."

"The love of animals is just one of the interests we share. She likes old movies,

games and hanging out at home, just like I do. She's open, sincere and straight—just what I need at this point in my life. I've never been happier."

Kimberley describes her life with Hef at Playboy Mansion West as "paradise." Does the difference in their ages matter? someone asks. "I don't even think about it," she replies. "I adore him."

How can he throw himself into another romance so soon after Carrie? a reporter

wants to know. Most men would be more cautious after facing a multimillion-dollar palimony suit.

"I'm not willing to give up that part of my life," he admits. "That's simply too great a price to pay. I admit that I'm still the same romantic pushover I was when I was young. I don't want to change. I think what's important is that this time, I've picked the right lady."

Two weeks after the Mansion press conference, Mitchelson upped the ante again—this time from \$35 million to \$67 million—filing a \$32 million slander suit against Hefner, which was a source of great amusement at the Mansion.

"Pathetic," mused Hef. "This man files lawsuits the way the rest of us change our socks." To the press, he said, "Mitchelson should go back to law school. What he calls slander are the charges in our legal response and countersuit—and we fully intend to prove them in court."

It was not a good week for Mr. Palimony. On the same day he filed his latest suit against Hefner, Mitchelson was ordered by the Court of Appeals of the State of California to pay \$15,000 for prosecuting a "frivolous appeal" in a similar case.

In the decision of *Kurokawa vs. the Estate of Robert Beaumont*—which began as an unsuccessful palimony complaint—the court of appeals concluded that Mitchelson's client "never had the type of relationship she pleaded in her verified complaint or that she set forth in the claim filed in the probate court." The case was "replete with inconsistent conclusions and . . . allegations, cradled in opportunism." For his part in the action, the court ruled, Mitchelson would be assessed \$15,000 and would have to "share responsibility for the flood of lawsuits launched on gossamer-thin evidentiary support and warped analysis of applicable legal theories."

Six days later, nationally syndicated columnist Liz Smith wondered in print, "Isn't the beautiful Carrie Leigh having second thoughts about her multimillion-dollar palimony lawsuit against Hugh Hefner? Insiders think she now feels that attorney Marvin Mitchelson perhaps led her down the garden path, and she'd prefer to forget the whole thing, since very little public opinion has turned in her favor. But Hef is inclined to let her twist slowly in the wind."

Savoring sweet victory on the horizon, Hefner was actually inclined to forgive and forget. He was too happy in his new relationship with Kimberley to hold any grudges for the deceptions and betrayals of the past.

In early April, it was over. Carrie Leigh had suddenly decided to marry a young man named Cory Margolis, whom she had met in New York. Over Mitchelson's initial objections, she dropped her suit, and then Hef did the same. It was a victory for romantics everywhere, and a beaten but unbowed Mitchelson was free to pursue his next frivolous prosecution.



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"College has given me the opportunity to grow physically, mentally and emotionally and to develop as a total person. The fact that I still can't read or write is no big deal."



LESSONS

(continued from page 116)

chicken breasts, sautéed in a white-wine sauce with fresh basil, garlic and onions, were a legacy of the French-cooking class. That was one that had left behind some lasting good. So had the spreadsheet course, which helped Karen get a promotion at the accounting firm for which she worked. But she hadn't even looked at the *épée* in the hall closet for at least three years. That was all right with him. They could afford it, and he'd come to look forward to his early-evening privacy. He started turning pages in his page turner, and the barking thunder of assault rifles made him stop worrying about his wife's classes.

He jumped at the noise of Karen's key in the dead bolt. By the time she got in, though, he was back to the real world. He got up and gave her a hug. "How'd it go?"

"All right, I guess. We're going to get a quiz next week. God knows when I'll have time to study." She said that whenever she had any kind of test coming up. She always did fine.

While she was talking, she hung her jacket in the closet. Then she walked down the hall to the bathroom, shedding more clothes as she went. By the time she got to the shower door, she was naked.

As he always did, Mike followed appreciatively, picking up after her. He liked to look at her. She was a natural blonde and not a pound—well, not five pounds—heavier than the day they got married. He wished *he* could say the same.

He took off his own clothes while she was getting clean and scratched at the thick black hair on his chest and stomach. He sighed. Yes, he was an increasingly well-fed bear these days.

"Your turn," Karen said, emerging pink and glowing.

She was wearing a teddy instead of pajamas when he went back into the bedroom. "Hi there," he said, grinning. After a decade of living together, they did a lot of their communicating without words. She turned off the light as he hurried toward the bed.

Afterward, drifting toward sleep, he had a thought that had occurred to him before: She made love like an accountant. He'd never said that to her, for fear of hurting her feelings, but he meant it as a compliment. She was as competent and orderly in bed as out, and if there were few surprises, there were also few disappointments. "No, indeed," he muttered.

"What?" Karen asked. Only a long, slow breath answered her.

Their days went on in that regular fashion, except for the occasional Tuesday when Karen came home with bits of icing in her hair. But the magnificent chocolate cake she did up for Mike's birthday showed she had really gotten something out of that class.

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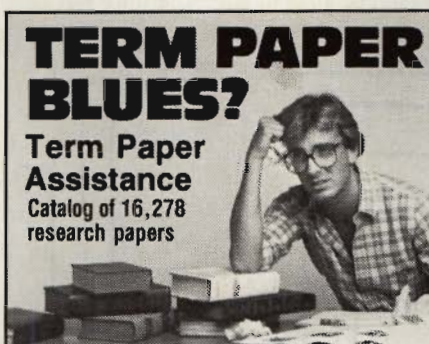
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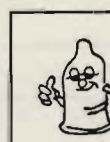
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to send her to Chicago for three weeks. "We just got a big multinational for a client," she explained to Mike, "and fighting off a take-over bid has left their taxes screwed up."

"And your people want *you* to help straighten things out?" he said. "That's a feather in your cap."

"I'll just be part of a team, you know."

"All the same. . ."

"I know," she said, "but three weeks! All my classes will go to hell. And," she added, as if suddenly remembering, "I'll miss you."

Typical, thought Mike. But he wasn't too annoyed. He knew Karen was like that. "I'll miss you, too," he said, and meant it; they hadn't been apart for more than a couple of days at a time since they'd been married.

The next Monday morning, he made one of love's ultimate sacrifices—he took half a day off from his engineering job to drive her to LAX through rush-hour traffic. They kissed in the unloading zone till the fellow in the car in back of them leaned on his horn. Then Karen scooped her bags out of the trunk and dashed into the terminal.

While she was away, Mike did a lot of the things men do when apart from their wives. He worked late several times; going home seemed less attractive without anyone to go home to. He rediscovered all the reasons he didn't like fast food or frozen

entrees. He got horny and rented *Behind the Green Door*, only to find that few things were lonelier than watching a dirty movie by himself.

He talked with Karen every two or three days. Sometimes he'd call, sometimes she would. She called one of the nights he stayed late at the office and, when he called her the next day, accused him of having been out with a floozy. "'Bimbo' is the Eighties word," he told her. They both laughed.

Just when he was eagerly looking forward to having her home, she let him know she'd have to stay another two weeks. "I'm sorry," she said, "but the situation here is so complicated that if we don't straighten it out now, once and for all, we'll have to keep messing with it for the next five years."

"What am I supposed to do, pitch a fit?" He felt like it. "I'll see you in two weeks." From his tone of voice, she might have been talking about the 21st Century—and the late 21st Century, at that.

Another thing for a man to do is hug his wife silly when she finally gets off the plane. Mike did it.

"Well," Karen said once she had her breath back. "Hello."

He looked at his watch. "Come on," he said, herding her toward the baggage claim. "I made reservations at that Szechwan place we go to, assuming your flight would be an hour late. And since you were

only forty minutes late—"

"We have a chance to get stuck on the freeway instead," Karen finished for him. "Sounds good. Let's do it."

"No, let's have dinner first," he said. She snorted.

The world—even traffic—was a lot easier to handle after spicy pork and a couple of cold Tsing-Tao beers. Mike said so, adding, "The company doesn't hurt, either." Karen was looking out the window. She didn't seem to have heard him.

When they got back to the condo, she frowned for a few seconds. Then her face cleared. She pointed to Mike's fish tanks. "I've been gone too long. I hear all the pumps and filters and things bubbling away. I'll have to get used to screening them out again."

"You've been gone too long." Mike set down her suitcases. He hugged her again. "That says it all." His right hand cupped her left buttock. "Almost all."

She drew away from him. "Let me get cleaned up first. I've been in cars and a plane and airports all day long, and I feel really grubby."

"Sure." They walked to the bedroom together. He took off his clothes while she was getting out of hers. He flopped down on the bed. "After five weeks, I can probably stand waiting just about another fifteen minutes."

"OK," she said. She went into the bathroom. He listened to the shower running, then to the blow drier's electric whine. When she came back, one of her eyebrows quirked. "From the look of you, I'd say you could just barely wait."

She got down on the bed beside him. After a while, Mike noticed that long abstinence wasn't the only thing cranking his excitement to a pitch he hadn't felt since their honeymoon and maybe not then. Every time, every place she touched him, her caress seemed a sugared flame. And he had all he could do not to explode the instant she took him in her mouth. Snakes wished for tongues like that, he thought dizzily.

When at last he entered her, it was like sliding into heated honey. Again, he thought he would come at once. But her smooth yet irresistible motion under him urged him on to a peak of pleasure, and then to a place past that. Like a thunder-clap, his climax left him stunned.

"My God," he gasped, stunned still, "you've been taking lessons!"

From only a few inches away, he watched her face change. For a moment, he did not know what the change meant. Of all the expressions she might put on, calculation was the last he expected right now. Then she answered him. "Yes," she said, "I have. . ."

The law-for-nonlawyers course did not go to waste. A couple of months later, she did their divorce herself.



ASPEN WHEN IT'S HOT

(continued from page 114)

for intellectuals, dedicated by Albert Schweitzer, as well as about a festival a week between June and September. Name a topic—food and wine, llamas, ballet, music, hot-air balloons, photography, arts and crafts, saving wildlife—and Aspen probably has a festival for it.

Aspen's range of choices makes it easy to find something for most tastes—unless you find variety stressful. That's the reason the locals think it's better when the weather's warm: In the winter, it's ski or shop. In the summer, it's, well, just about anything that goes with gorgeous scenery. And there's no dearth of entrepreneurs to help you make the pick: professional outfitters with whimsical names ranging from Blazing Paddles (rafts and kayaks) to Blazing Pedals (mountain bikes) to Blazing Trails (back-country jeep tours). The list of things to do is endless, so, rather than natter on like a waiter at one of Aspen's tony restaurants, let me offer a few of my favorite topics and observations—personal and, no doubt, eccentric—culled from summer visits over the past few years.

1. *Nobody's fat in Aspen.*

Title of a song, and too, too true. Nowhere have I seen a fitter, better-looking group of human beings. Most seem to be blond, and you see one beautiful body after another jogging along the mountain trails. The sun, the clean air, the sweat on those taut thighs produce so much sexual energy that if it could be bottled, the publisher of this magazine would have to find another business.

2. *Everybody should be fat in Aspen.*

If everyone ate as well as he could, that is. Exhibit A: At Gordon's, the chef arranges to have his herbs and lettuce grown in a special greenhouse down Roaring Fork Valley—God forbid they should wilt on the flight in from L.A. The menu is wildly eclectic—Kick Ass Swordfish is a signature dish (it's cooked with tequila)—and exotic seasonings show up in unexpected places, such as on your duck *confit*. Save room for dessert, too. It's prepared by Gordon's wife, Rebecca, and her Heath Bar cake can induce sweetness trauma.

If Gordon's is booked, starvation does not automatically follow. Aspen has about 80 restaurants. Try the new Pinons, the casual Grill on the Park, Abetone or Poppies Bistro. About ten miles away, in the sister village of Snowmass, Chez Grandmère and Krabloonik are worth a special trip. Best Aspen dining story of 1988 (so far): A rich New Yorker likes Aspen so much that he recently persuaded the owner of his favorite Manhattan restaurant to open a branch in Aspen so he shouldn't be without during vacation. That's why there's a Mezzaluna in Aspen—not the best restaurant in town,

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but the pasta and the pizza are fine. Can Spago and Lutèce clones be far behind?

3. Shop till you drop.

I know that sounds unreasonable, but I'd rather shop in Aspen than in either New York or Los Angeles. OK, there are only 16 art galleries, plus three crafts stores, nine jewelers and three stores carrying nothing but clothes for children. But you can also pick up moose-antler chandeliers and kayaks. You want a white ski suit with leopard-print inserts and a matching handbag for your girlfriend? Head for the Stefan Kaelin ski shop and take your Platinum card. Not only is the selection of goods around town impeccable but you don't have to contend with rude salesclerks, buzzers on the doors, steel grates on the windows and other charming features of shopping on Madison Avenue. Prices are high, but so is the quality. And in summer, the good stuff is often on sale.

4. So you're a country-club kind of guy?

Try The Snowmass Club in the summer. Picture yourself in a lounge chair beside a pool. A golden-haired teenager in tight tennis shorts and a tank top is peering at you through her regulation-issue Vuarrets, waiting to take your order. You blank out momentarily from oxygen deprivation. When you come to, you're staring out across the golf course to the snow-capped spire of Mount Daly. Your piña colada arrives, and you decide that you must call Continental Express airways and move your flight back to next Tuesday, or next October.

During the summer, The Snowmass Club is my favorite place to stay in Aspen (actually, it's in Snowmass). The food has had its ups and downs, but everything else is exceedingly pleasant—not what you'd expect from a mountain spa. There are 13 tennis courts, a golf course and a sort of

Ralph-Lauren-goes-skiing decor that's soothing.

It's far from the only place to stay in the area. Some prefer Aspen itself, and the downtown place to beat is the Hotel Jerome, a cowboy version of New York's Plaza hotel, renovated last year (for about a zillion dollars) to a state of unabashed Victorian splendor. The Sardy House is Aspen's idea of a simple bed-and-breakfast inn, while the Aspen Ski Lodge has a touch of Eurostyle in the Rockies. The Snowflake Inn has gentler prices, plus the requisite pool and hot tub. Again, the fact that summer rates are in effect adds a lot to their allure.

5. Rocky Mountain high notes.

The Aspen Music Festival is now in its 40th year, and it's as good as they come. This distinguished festival and associated music school bring a swarm of top-notch performers and students to town for nine weeks every summer. Sitting under the big white tent on a summer's afternoon while The Aspen Festival Orchestra has a go at Beethoven or Dvořák is pure pleasure. Every day, the streets are filled with student soloists, impromptu brass trios and string quartets. Restaurants invite them in to play for dinner guests. Favorite moment: Last year, I was sitting under the tent on a July afternoon. Conductor Kenneth Jean was about to cue the orchestra for the opening bars of Earl Kim's *Where Grief Slumbers*, a song cycle set to poems by Rimbaud and Apollinaire. The opening words of the first song were "Listen to it rain," and as the soprano sang the first note—you guessed it—a brief, furious downpour. Every eye lifted heavenward. Magic.

6. Leavin' on a jet plane. . .

Sardy Field, Aspen's local airstrip, is barely bigger than the deck of an aircraft carrier, but on busy days, it seems to have more take-offs and landings than O'Hare.

Lots of those planes are making regularly scheduled hops from Denver, but plenty more are the private Learjets and Gulfstreams of the ultrawealthy. They are the toys that really separate the men from the boys, and just watching their steeply angled take-offs over the valley provides a vicarious rush of adrenaline. Look for the custom paint jobs, which mean that the jets are privately owned, not merely rented. Last year, a wealthy retailing titan landed his private 727 at Sardy Field. It was the biggest plane ever to touch down there. The owner and his friend got off, checked on the progress of the 20,000-square-foot house they're building in town, had lunch and flew out again that afternoon. Roger.

7. No movie-star-home maps available. Yet.

Red Mountain, a smooth, treeless slope on the side of the valley opposite the ski lifts on Aspen Mountain, is aswarm with 8000-square-foot chalets that sell for a cool \$6,000,000 or so. (One local real-estate guide divides its listings between those that sell for more than and those that sell for less than \$1,000,000.) Leon Uris, Barbi Benton, Jack Nicholson, Glenn Frey, Goldie Hawn, not to mention the fella with the guitar, Mr. Rocky Mountain High himself, all have homes there. Also Rupert Murdoch. Didn't we mention that this was a progressive town? Why isn't Murdoch in Palm Springs, where he belongs? Is something happening? Watch your local tabloid for signs of taste.

8. The cops drive Saabs in Aspen.

Yes, cute white ones with flashing lights on top. The handsome, invariably mustachioed local gendarmes stroll around town in the summer in jeans, cowboy boots and baseball caps. Cool or what?

9. The hike to the Maroon Bells.

Aspen sits at the head of the Roaring Fork Valley, and just to the south are some of the tallest mountains in Colorado, peaks that top out at more than 14,000 feet. The best-known local spires are the triple summits of the Maroon Bells. Their raw, exposed faces of crumbly rock soar nearly straight up from the surrounding meadows. These peaks form the backdrop for those cereal ads with John Denver and for countless other commercials.

A hike from the parking lot at the top of Maroon Creek Road to Crater Lake, at the foot of the Bells, will take about an hour, and you should start early in the morning. When you get to the lake, set out a picnic. If you and your companion happen to be city folks, the little creatures who join you on the blanket may look like mice, but they're not. They're chipmunks, they live there and they like you. It's all too cute for words, but it happens to be real. Now take out that bottle of Moët et Chandon, pour it into the two glasses you stuffed into your knapsack and drink a toast to Aspen in the summer. There's nothing quite like it.



"Oh-oh, I think this contest is already history."



LORDS OF THE FLIES

(continued from page 86)

letting it straighten out, then driving it forward at just the right moment with a slight haul so that slack line will shoot effortlessly out over the water to land in a straight line some 60 or 70 feet long. After a short drift and mend, the angler will pick up the line and do it again. When it is right, it feels the way it does when you drive a golf ball perfectly, catching it with the sweet spot on the club so that you are almost unaware of the impact.

After the beauty of the rivers and the fish, the satisfactions of the equipment and the flies and the pleasurable activity of casting, it does not seem that there could be much more. But that is all merely the fishing, and, as an eminent angler once said, paraphrasing Izaak Walton, "The least important thing about fishing is fishing."

There are other pleasures in fly-fishing that are as vivid as lunch on the bank of a stream, with a bottle of chilled white wine. There are companions, some of them lifelong, with whom you share only angling. There are hours spent in shops or with catalogs during the off season or evenings spent reading from the considerable literature on the sport.

Anglers look upon their sport as something more than a pastime or a hobby. To them, it is a calling. And they make a record of their progress, their findings and their growth. To be a fly-fisherman, you don't have to be prepared to write a book, merely to risk trying something that you may find irresistible. In the end, as Arnold Gingrich once said, "Fly-fishing is just about the most fun you can have standing up."

LEARNING

The traditional way to learn how to fly-fish is to grow up with it, being taught a little more each season by your father or some other figure of authority. Lacking that, there is commercial help. Twenty years ago, the first formal fly-fishing school was organized by The Orvis Company to attract fishermen from New York and Boston to Manchester, Vermont, home of the company's retail store. The school was a tremendous success. "It took us all by surprise," says Leigh Perkins, president of Orvis.

Now the Orvis schools are an institution. Drive through Manchester on an afternoon in late spring or early fall, and you will see the students out on the lawn, next to the store, waving their rods and sending their lines out over the ponds that are stocked with trout. Before graduating, the students will fish the Battenkill, perhaps the toughest river in the East. For information, call Orvis at 802-362-3900.

There are many fishing schools in the West, but if you had to choose one, it should be the school Mike Lawson runs for one week out of Elk Creek Ranch, near the Henry's Fork of the Snake River in Idaho.

Lawson is a large, friendly man who has guided many prominent fishermen on the Henry's Fork and has taught some celebrated novices, including Don Johnson and Harrison Ford. His shop, Henry's Fork Anglers in Last Chance, Idaho, is a meeting place for anglers.

Lawson's one-week program includes instruction by himself and Mel Krieger, arguably the world's foremost casting coach. There are float trips on the local rivers, including the Henry's Fork and the Madison. The instruction covers everything and the fishing water is the finest in North America. Lawson can be reached at 208-558-7525.

Lee and Joan Wulff's school in Lew Beach, New York, is another first-rate clinic. Wulff is one of the grand figures in American angling and his wife, Joan, is a tournament caster. They can be reached at 914-439-4060.

L.L. Bean, Inc., conducts clinics in Maine and elsewhere. These schools are under the supervision of Dave Whitlock, an innovative flytier and angler. The L.L. Bean number is 800-341-4341.

Also, the Fenwick Company, maker of an excellent line of rods, conducts The Fenwick Western Fly-Fishing Schools not far from Yellowstone Park. Call 714-897-1066 for information.

Any of these schools will get you over the initial awkwardness of trying to simultaneously wade a stream, spot a fish, check for insect activity and make a delicate, accurate cast with a nine-foot graphite rod.

SUBLIME STREAMS

Thousands of miles of rivers, creeks and streams in North America hold trout—and salmon—but some hold more and are easier to fish or have more tradition associated with them. These are considered special by anglers. Here are some of America's premiere streams.

The Beaverkill (and Willowemoc Creek) in the Catskills of New York. Only a two-and-a-half-hour drive from Manhattan, these are quality fishing waters and the birthplace of much of the American angling heritage. Theodore Gordon—the godfather of American trout fishing—once cast over these waters. The fishing is still very good because of regulations that prohibit the killing of trout or fishing with live bait. There are lovely, small Eastern waters that suffer only from crowds and the proximity of a major highway. With a little work, you can get away from both, fish out the evening May-fly hatch on Sunday and still make it back to the city for some Chinese food before bed and work in the A.M.

The Ausable in the Adirondacks of New York. Another fine freestone river, this one in more rugged, distant and less-populated country than the Beaverkill.

The Au Sable in Michigan. A gentle, fertile stream that flows out of the low cedar country of Michigan through the old timberland and into Lake Huron. The Au

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Sable has a gravel bottom with weed growth and a heavy population of aquatic insects and trout. The river flows through Grayling, a picturesque town founded during the logging days.

The White River in the Ozarks of Arkansas. This is probably the southernmost quality trout stream before you reach the Andes. The water in the river remains constantly near the optimum for trout, since it is all dam-released. That means you can fish for trout in Arkansas when the streams elsewhere are covered with ice.

The Firehole in Wyoming. If Dante had been a fly-fisherman, this would have been his favorite stream. Fed by the same geothermal system that accounts for Old Faithful, this Yellowstone Park river remains warm very late in the year. In October, it is common for insects and snowflakes to mingle in the air. The trout feed hungrily on the insects.

The South Platte in Colorado. Despite the fact that it is near Denver, the South Platte is one of the best big trout streams in the country.

The Spring Creeks of Paradise Valley. Just outside Livingston, Montana, you can find several lethargic-looking streams meandering through the mountains. They are fed by underground sources, so they maintain a near-constant flow and temperature that are good for the insect populations and, hence, the trout. Ultimately, that is good for the fisherman. He can spend a wonderfully productive and relaxing day in the shadow of the Absarokas, fishing Armstrong, Nelson or DePuy creeks.

There are, of course, dozens of other streams. The Green in Wyoming. Hat Creek in California. The Big Hole in Mon-

tana. The Umpqua in Oregon. Silver Creek in Idaho. The Alaskan rivers. The rivers of the Canadian Maritimes for Atlantic salmon. And then, as the angler raises his sights, he will see the rivers of Patagonia, New Zealand, Norway and Scotland. So many rivers and so little time.

PLACES ALONG THE WAY

Except when in the stream, fly-fishermen like to hang around with other fly-fishermen. (In the stream, they become misanthropic.) In the old days, Manhattan editors, account executives, bankers and brokers who were obsessed with fly-fishing would spend their lunch hours at the old—and now defunct—Abercrombie & Fitch store, where they would commiserate over the flies and the rods, occasionally taking one of the latter up to the roof, where they would practice in the 50-foot casting pool.

If you fish, you will want to stop by such places as these along the way.

Antrim Lodge in Roscoe, New York, near the junction of the Beaverkill and Willowemoc. This small country inn established in 1890, where anglers ate, drank and slept, is worth a stop for the memories.

Judith Bowman's rare-book business specializes in angling titles, including first editions and signed copies. Her latest catalog covers angling, hunting and natural history. You can write for it in care of Judith Bowman, Bedford Village, New York 10506.

Martin Keane deals in classic cane rods and other collectibles. You can reach him at P.O. Box 888, Stockbridge, Massachusetts 01262.

The American Museum of Fly Fishing in Manchester, Vermont, has on display

such items of interest as rods owned by Hemingway and Eisenhower. They also have a large collection of good art. Winslow Homer, among other artists, found the trout a challenging subject.

There is almost certain to be a tackle shop near most major trout streams. Some are better than others. At the better ones, there will likely be a fly-tying bench, a telephone you can use, a place to sit and read a magazine, abundant free advice and things for sale. The Gates' Lodge in Grayling, Michigan, is such a place. So are George Anderson's Yellowstone Angler just outside Livingston, Montana, and Craig Mathew's Blue Ribbon Flies in West Yellowstone. In Jackson, Wyoming, you should stop in at the Jack Dennis Outdoor Shop, which features sporting goods of all sorts and an extensive collection of excellent contemporary art.

Finally, the fly-fisherman who wants to put some distance—physical and spiritual—between himself and the daily routine will want to commit himself to one of the many lodges designed for that. The air will be clean, the nights quiet and full of stars. The food will be good and hearty, and there will be something stronger than white wine when he is thirsty. There will be a big fireplace and wool blankets on the bed. Good fishing and good talk.

There are many such places, but any short list should include the following:

Steamboat Inn on the North Umpqua River in Steamboat, Oregon, is Valhalla for steelhead fishermen.

Lone Mountain Ranch in Big Sky, Montana, is a year-round operation that features cross-country skiing in the winter and horseback riding and fishing in the summer. Its proximity to Yellowstone and several first-class trout streams account for much of its appeal. The food accounts for the balance.

Falcon's Spencer Lake Lodge outside Bangor, Maine, may be the pinnacle of *haute sport*. This is the old fly-in sort of arrangement brought up to late-20th Century standards of comfort and service. It is the sort of place Charles Ritz (a famous fly-fisherman) would have established in the Maine wilderness if he had not been busy running his own hotel in Paris.

One final recommendation for fly-fishing for trout. It seems to make conservationists out of those who are passionate about it. You cannot wade in a clear, untainted stream, catching fish and returning them to the water, and be indifferent to the possibility that it may be poisoned for some dubious economic advantage or by simple indifference. For all of its immediate payoffs and the many ways in which it satisfies the senses, fly-fishing for trout has a way of making the angler consider the future and commit himself to the oldest and best hope of all—renewal.

You can't ask more than that of any sport.



"Excuse me, John. Is that your beeper or mine?"



PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

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

A REASON TO TERRY

What's white and shabby and hanging behind your bathroom door? The same old buddy with a ripped belt loop and a torn pocket that you've been wrapping your after-shower body in for years. OK, but *your* terrycloth robe isn't that bad, you say. Sure, fella, tell *that* to the pool attendant. Towels with arms

have escaped from the back-of-the-door hook and emerged as swim cover-ups that make a stylish statement all their own. There are ample looks to choose from, including white terries with contrasting piping, reversible and hooded models, bold stripes and bright patterns. But the bottom line is that a terry robe is a towel to go—with pockets. See you at the pool.

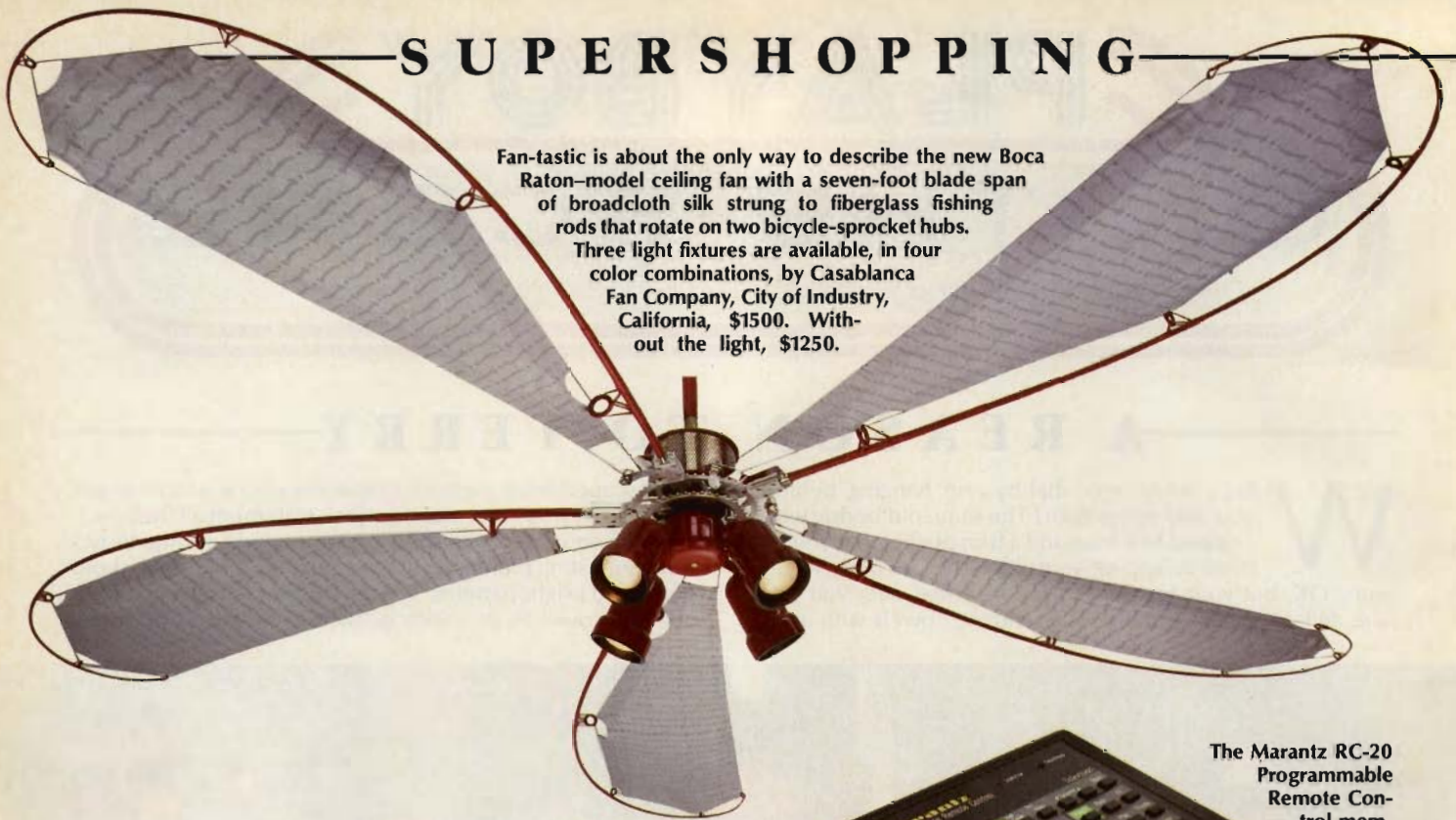
STEVE CONWAY



Above left: The easy elegance of a cotton terry/velour robe, by Neri Del Ponte, about \$300. Center: A luxurious hooded cotton terry/velour awning-striped maxilength robe with a large button-tab-collar closure, by Bill Blass, about \$90. Right: Striped for action in a cotton hooded robe with an absorbent terrycloth lining, \$95, and matching terry-lined cotton beach pants, \$35, both by Caulfeild for F.B.P. Marketing.

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

Fan-tastic is about the only way to describe the new Boca Raton-model ceiling fan with a seven-foot blade span of broadcloth silk strung to fiberglass fishing rods that rotate on two bicycle-sprocket hubs. Three light fixtures are available, in four color combinations, by Casablanca Fan Company, City of Industry, California, \$1500. Without the light, \$1250.



The Marantz RC-20 Programmable Remote Control memorizes commands from most infrared remote units. Its 60-function keyboard controls TV, VCR, compact disc player and tuner/amplifier or receiver, \$99.



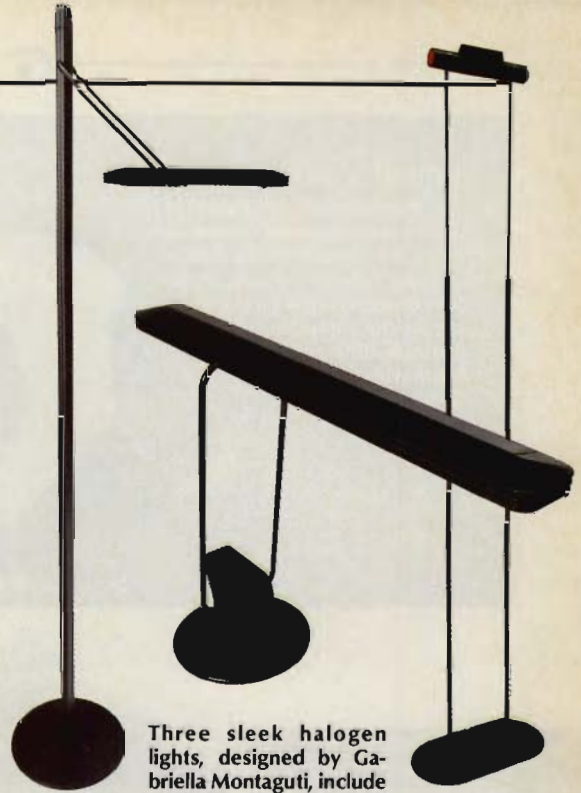
The condom has come of age, and now there are elegant cases in such exotic skins as alligator, crocodile, ostrich and buffalo in which you can carry your French letters, all from Luc Benoit, New York, \$80 to \$200.



An attaché with panache! The front panel of this elegant Italian-made 16" x 12½" cowhide case folds down to become a suede-lined lap desk that includes compartments for credit cards, magazines, etc., plus a portfolio file for daily records and places for pens and pencils, from T. Anthony, Ltd., New York, \$525, in brown or black leather.



Shabooms ceramic AM/FMs are a blast from the past, with colors, designs and shapes recapturing the great golden age of rock and roll, when radio truly rocked around the clock. Each of these Fifties-style radios operates on one nine-volt battery and comes in a funky gift box, from Leadworks, Solon, Ohio, \$60 each.



Three sleek halogen lights, designed by Gabriella Montaguti, include a Graal model 65"-tall adjustable floor lamp (left), \$560, a similar Graal desk lamp (center) that rotates 360 degrees, \$360, and a Lancillotto floor lamp (right) with a brightness regulator, \$400, all from Thunder & Light, New York. Nifty!

A perfect addition to picnic basket or tackle box, this neat folding utility knife includes a 3 1/4" blade, a corkscrew, a

screwdriver, a bottle opener and an ice pick that doubles as a marlinespike, by Mouli, Belleville, New Jersey, \$15.



Sharp's 3ML100 LCD TV, shown in its actual size, provides amazing picture clarity on its 3" screen with more pixel picture dots than any other tiny TV. It's pocket-size, portable and runs on a dry-cell, a car or a rechargeable battery or A.C. current, about \$600.

Tunnel Vision

The Boss, BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN, takes a quiet moment with an audience, *not* unusual on his Tunnel of Love Express concert tour. Says Bruce, "I knew I was going to do something thematically different . . . to break with the past a little bit." Visionary.

PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE INC.



She's Got the Whole World in Her Hands

Well. Anything we can tell you about actress MICHELLE CARLISLE pales next to this photo. If you still happen to be reading, you can see Michelle at the movies in *Ninjas Are Us* or *Dragnet*. Do we know how to salute summer, or what?

A Is for Amy

Actress AMY HABERMEL is quite a dish. You've seen her in *Personal Foul* and *Another Chance* on the big screen and in Levi's television commercials. We think you're seeing her here at the top of her form. Amy's grade is a perfect ten.

© 1988 MARK LEIVDAL



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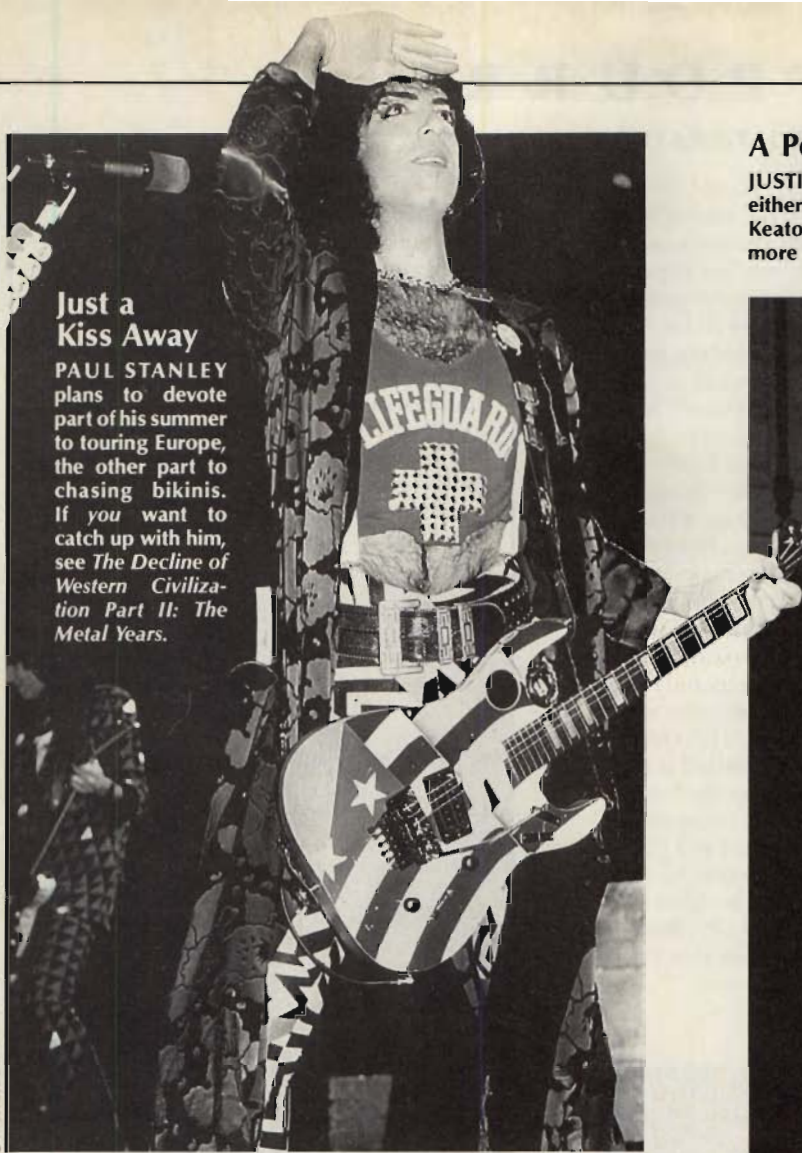
Extending the Range

BRUCE HORNSBY's recent album, *Scenes from the Southside*, rolled up the charts, while he and his band, the Range, are rolling through a U.S. summer tour. Catch the action.

Just a Kiss Away

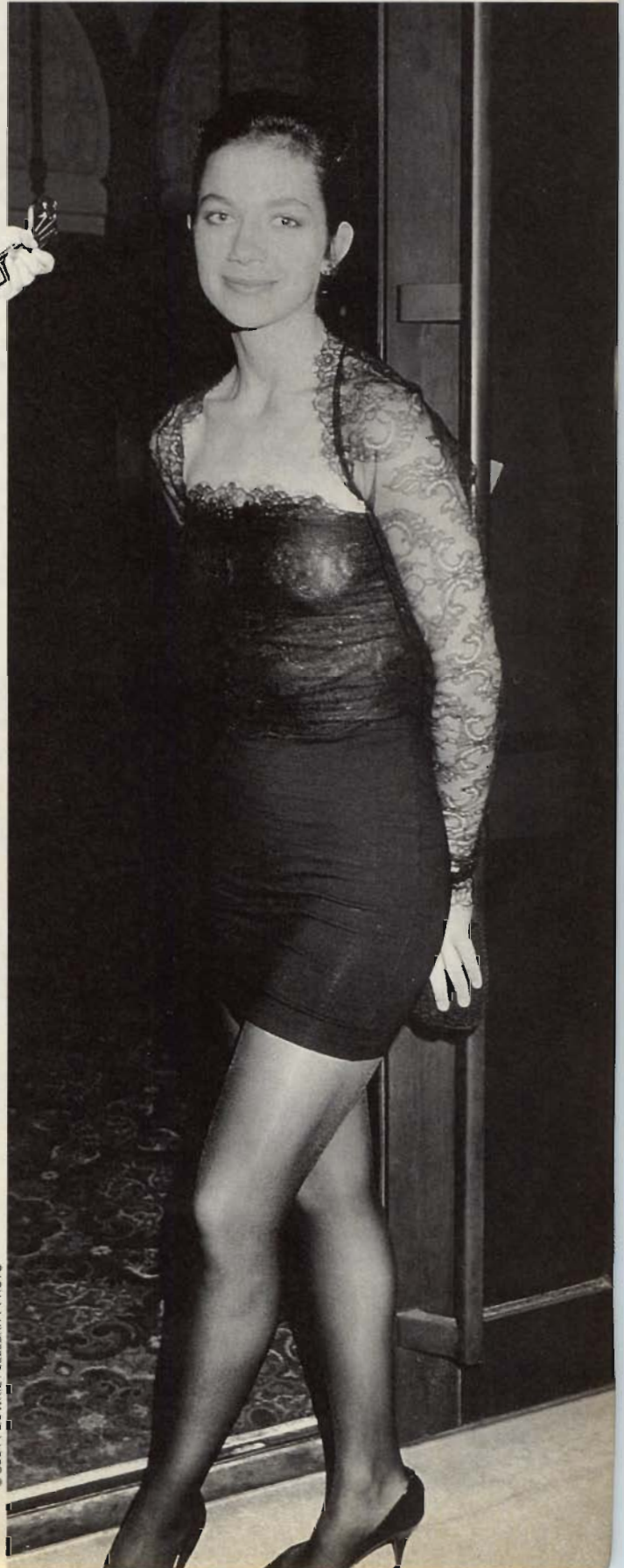
PAUL STANLEY plans to devote part of his summer to touring Europe, the other part to chasing bikinis. If you want to catch up with him, see *The Decline of Western Civilization Part II: The Metal Years*.

© NICK CHARLES



A Peek into the Bateman Archives

JUSTINE BATEMAN is a knockout, and the dress isn't too shabby, either. Get ready for one last season of *Family Ties*, then the Keatons retire to syndication heaven. Don't worry about Justine; more movie projects follow. Little Mallory's all grown up.

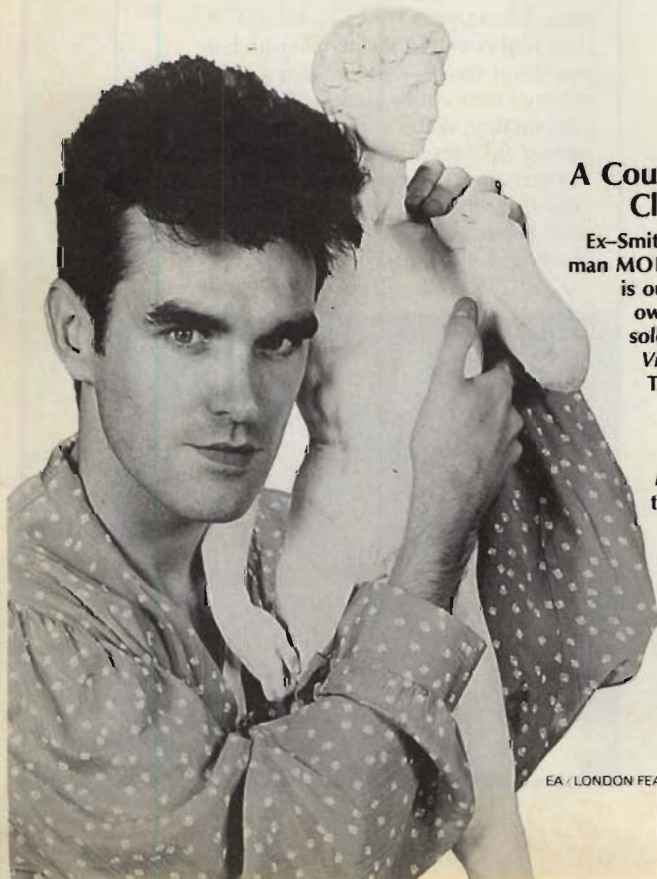


© SCOTT DOWNIE / CELEBRITY PHOTO

A Couple of Classics

Ex-Smiths' front man MORRISSEY is out on his own with a solo album, *Viva Hate*. The video for the single *Suedehead* is a tribute to James Dean. Morrissey's music is offbeat, but go for it, anyway.

EA / LONDON FEATURES INT'L





FOR SWINGERS ONLY

The Royal Viking Line has just raised the anchor on a series of golf cruises being offered through December on a number of its top vessels. Ports of call are all over the map and, depending on your ship's itinerary, will include Copenhagen, Dublin, Barbados, Rio and other destinations dear to the heart of the dedicated duffer. While ashore, you'll have a shot at such world-class links as St. Andrews, Gleneagles, St. Thomas' Mahogany Run and Rio's Gavea Golf and Country Club. On board, there'll be clinics, lessons and celebrity golfers to keep you in the swing of things, plus plenty of time for kibitzing at the 19th hole. Since the lengths and the prices of the cruises vary from \$3134 to \$12,272 per person, double occupancy, you'll want to contact Royal Viking Line, 750 Battery Street, San Francisco 94111, for all the details.



SEE SHELLS TO COLLECT

Remember the old joke about going to the beach and having your clam digger give out? If that happens to you, just borrow one of your girlfriend's Body Shells and keep digging. A Body Shell, as you may have guessed, is the lightweight acrylic top pictured here that comes in a variety of colors from black and white to periwinkle and teal. Hutchie de bôdie, Inc., 201 30th Street Drive Southeast, Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52403, sells the Shells in two sizes—medium (shown) and large, for \$20, postpaid. Shells with 24-kt.-gold trim are \$32 a pair. When she's not playing mermaid, they also look great with an open shirt or an evening wrap.

FIVE STARS OVER COLORADO

Not long ago, winners of Mobil's coveted Five Star Award assembled at The Broadmoor resort in Colorado Springs (itself a Five Star winner) for a gala black-tie weekend of nonstop entertainment. While no new winners were announced this year, representatives from 31 hotels, resorts and restaurants were present, including our favorite Shangri-la, Tall Timber, a luxurious hideaway outside Durango, Colorado, reachable only by railroad or helicopter. Mobil Guides are \$8.95 each. A good buy for when you're going bye-bye.



GOING SOLO

Solo Sports Video in Dana Point, California, makes videos for people who hate spectator sports—and we're not talking about a backwoods game of Gotcha. Serious surfing, skate- and snow-boarding, skiing and bicycling are just some of the subjects that the daredevils at Solo Sports shoot; for example, for \$52.95, its video titled *Impact Zone* is as fine a film on wind-surfing as you'll probably ever see. A call to 800-233-6625 will get you a catalog.



VINTAGE MM

It stands to reason that a wine named Marilyn Merlot would be called by some learned oenophiles "the best full-bodied red of 1987." But this limited bottling, from the Nova Wine Partners in Napa Valley, California, is no joke. The wine is 95 percent *merlot* grape, five percent *cabernet franc*. MM fans will wish to fork over \$12 just for the label. (Yes, the wine has the approval of Marilyn's estate.) At this time, Marilyn Merlot is available only at upscale vino emporiums in California and New York. A very good reason for a trip to the Coasts.



PARTY TIME!

In case you didn't recognize him, that's Christian Dior dressed as the king of beasts for the *Bal des Rois et Reines* held in Paris in 1949. Fun, eh? And he's just one of the many international thrill seekers to whom you'll be introduced in *Legendary Parties* (Vendome Press), a coffee-table hardcover by Prince Jean-Louis de Faucigny-Lucinge that's a bash menagerie of glitzy galas held between 1922 and 1972. Fifty dollars is your entry fee. Onward, into the night! Let the good times roll!



BRIEF STORY

Little wonders never cease. Just when you think that you've seen every possible type of furniture ever created for the executive suite, along comes something new—The Original Executive Briefcase Chair. It's a pint-sized hardwood model only 16 inches tall at the seat, adorned with a personalized brass medallion, that's the perfect height on which to rest a briefcase. Dawson Alliants Corporation, P.O. Box 250227, Atlanta, Georgia 30325, sells the Briefcase Chair for \$85, postpaid. And if you're a little Mr. Big and not *too* heavy, you can also sit on it.



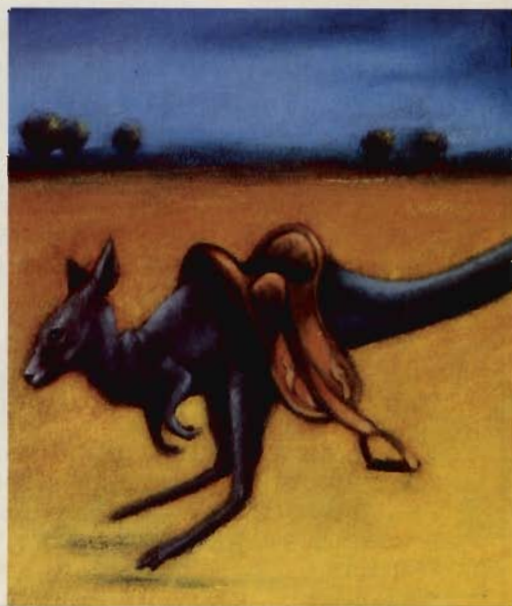
A BREAK FOR THE PRISONER

Remember *The Prisoner*, that allegorical TV series starring Patrick McGoochan as Number Six, a man who resigned his top-secret job only to be kidnaped and taken to a mysterious village? To celebrate the show's 20th anniversary, there's going to be a reunion in Wales. A stamped, self-addressed envelope sent to The Prisoner Appreciation Society, P.O. Box 172, Hatfield, Pennsylvania 19440, will get you information on the reunion and how you can join the society.



RIDIN' 'EM DOWN UNDER

Aussie fever continues, and if you're an able-bodied horseperson and you hurry, you may still be able to sign aboard The Never Never Outback Ride, a two-week adventure that includes a five-day camping trip on horseback, boating on the Great Barrier Reef and much more for only \$3900, including air fare from Los Angeles and all meals and drinks on the ride. The Never Never Outback Ride, P.O. Box 987, Malibu, California 90265, is where to write for more details. And ask for the catalog of neat Aussie products, too.



NEXT MONTH



BORN AGAIN



ARISTOTLE LIVES



SEXY MACHINES



COKE KING

"GOLDWATER"—EXCLUSIVELY IN *PLAYBOY*, ONE OF THE MOST RESPECTED SENATORS OF RECENT TIMES HAS HIS SAY ABOUT **MCCARTHY, IKE, J.F.K., NIXON** AND **REAGAN** BUT SAVES HIS BEST SHOTS FOR TODAY'S POLITICIANS AND MEDIA MOGULS—BY **BARRY GOLDWATER** WITH **JACK CASSERLY**

"NOUVELLE BIBLE BELLE"—SNEAK A PEEK AT THE **JESSICA HAHN** JIM BAKKER NEVER SAW. ONE GLIMPSE AT THE NEW JESSICA—IN RARE FORM—AND WE'RE SURE YOU'LL AGREE SHE'S HEAVEN ON EARTH

TRACEY ULLMAN OFFERS ADVICE TO **TAMMY BAKKER**, DISCLOSES THE BRITISH ROYAL FAMILY'S LOVE SECRETS AND REVEALS HER FOOLPROOF METHOD FOR FLUSTERING **DAVID LETTERMAN** IN AN OUTLANDISH **"20 QUESTIONS"**

"A MODEL YEAR"—DON'T MISS OUR PREVIEW OF ELITE'S 1989 CALENDAR *EXTRAORDINAIRE*, FEATURING THE HOTTEST SUPERMODELS IN THE WORLD

"CONDOMS AND COLLEGIANS"—FIND OUT WHAT STUDENTS THINK ABOUT PROPHYLACTICS (AND WHAT THEY DON'T DO WITH THEM) IN AN EXCLUSIVE CAMPUS SEX SURVEY—BY **JANET LEVER**

"PICTURE THIS"—WHAT IF ARISTOTLE CAME TO LIFE WHILE REMBRANDT WAS PAINTING HIS PORTRAIT? WITNESS THE MIRACLE OF TRANSFORMATION WROUGHT BY **JOSEPH HELLER**

"THE MAN WHO WOULD BE COCAINE KING"—**CARLOS LEHDER** ADMIRERED BOTH **JOHN LENNON** AND **ADOLF HITLER**, AND MADE THE *FORTUNE* LIST OF RICHEST PEOPLE AT THE AGE OF 38. HE ALSO BUILT THE VIOLENT GANG SAID TO BE RESPONSIBLE FOR MOST OF THE COCAINE SMUGGLED INTO THE U.S. A COMPELLING REPORT BY **HOWARD KOHN**

BRUCE WILLIS, *MOONLIGHTING*'S BAD BOY, TALKS ABOUT **CYBILLING** RIVALRY, HIS BARROOM-BRAWLING DAYS AND HOW FATHERHOOD IS ABOUT TO CHANGE HIS IMAGE IN A RACY **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

PLUS: OUR ANNUAL PRE-SEASON PRO-FOOTBALL FORECAST BY **GARY COLE**; **"GO TO THE HEAD OF THE CLASS,"** BACK-TO-CAMPUS CATALOG FASHIONS BY **HOLLIS WAYNE**; A LOOK AT SOME OF EUROPE'S MOST INTRIGUING CARS SOON TO HIT OUR STREETS; A VISIT FROM **LITTLE ANNIE FANNY**; AND MUCH MORE