

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

DECEMBER 1988 • \$4.50

G A L A

CHRISTMAS BONANZA!

**NORMAN MAILER:
MISTRESSES**

**PETE HAMILL:
HEROES**

**JIMMY BRESLIN:
CRACK**

**HARLAN ELLISON:
COMICS**

**LEROY NEIMAN:
STARS**

**OUR DEVASTATING
DOZEN—THE 1988
PLAYMATE REVIEW**

**CHER'S RACIEST
INTERVIEW YET**

**COLLEGE BASKETBALL
PREVIEW**

**MEET THE SCREEN'S
HOT NEW BRIT
LYSETTE ANTHONY**

**A HOLIDAY KISS
FROM GENE SIMMONS**



PLAYBILL

THE GLIMPSE of a nicely stuffed stocking, adorning a chimney or a lady, ignites the holiday fires in any man. In a similar way, we promise that this holiday issue of *Playboy*, gracefully filled with literary lights and fabulous *femmes* and hung by the newsstand with care, will put you in a highly celebratory mood.

Topping the list of giftgivers is literary lion **Norman Mailer**. In *The Changing of the Guard*, an excerpt from his forthcoming novel, he muses on the comparative importance of wives and mistresses in a man's amorous diet. Romance is also on the mind of **Herbert Gold**, author of *Room at the Inn*, who looks for, and finds, love at a holiday party. **Pat Andrea**, the internationally renowned painter, illustrated the tale.

Adding his own perspective on revelry is **Pete Hamill**. In *Man with a Past*, he ties his raucous encounter in a Mexico City whorehouse to the rollicking political season behind us, which saw the high and mighty brought low by past peccadilloes.

Harlan Ellison, who chronicled the triumphs of the Sixties generation in the January 1988 issue of *Playboy*, celebrates a different subculture in *It Ain't Toontown*. Ellison, a devotee of the superhero set, describes the renaissance in comics since their liberation into the adult world. For yet another genre of comic—the *Stand-up* variety—don't miss our special section on comedy: You'll learn who laughs best and last.

Jimmy Breslin, New York's *vox populi*, has seen a lot of dirt and skulduggery. It's significant, then, that in his article *Crack*, he sees the powerfully addictive cocaine derivative as a corruptive influence unmatched in the history of the city streets.

For a hair-raising adventure in sports, *Road Warrior*, climb into the driver's seat with off-road racer **Malcolm Smith** for 8000 miles of bad road: the Paris-to-Dakar rally. (**Lee Green** kept the prose on track.) Then match wits with Photography Director **Gary Cole**, who took a break from screening Playmates to peer into his crystal b'ball for *Playboy's College Basketball Preview*.

Taking a different peep into the future are **Richard and Joyce Wolkomir**, who inform us in *The Bod for '90* that the next decade will be the age of curves. Not a moment too soon. The article's main illustration, a reinterpretation by **Richard Duardo** and **Jim Evans** of our famous **Marilyn Monroe** nude, will be available as a poster. (To order one, call Mirage Editions at 213-450-1129.) And while you're in an acquisitive mood, stop by *The 12 Stores of Christmas*, where photographer **Don Azuma** has captured the season's bounty in its native habitat.

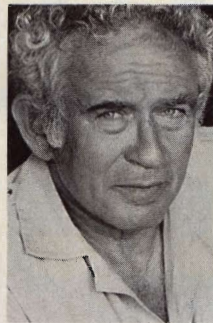
Leading the way into this brave and curvy new world will be *Sex Stars of 1988*, *Playboy's* annual favorite heartthrobs. This year, we even have an artthrob: **Jessica Rabbit**. **Jim Harwood** sheds light on this amatory elite.

After her heart-winning performance in *Moonstruck*, **Cher** earned a prominent place among those *Sex Stars*. For *amore* on her loving roles, dip into this month's *Playboy Interview*, conducted by **Eugenie Ross-Leming**. Then take a look at *20 Questions* with Kiss front man, and former Cher amour, **Gene Simmons**.

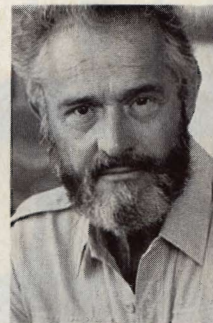
Another romantic treat is **Matthew Rolston's** pictorial on **Lysette Anthony**. The Brit beauty has a major film out: *Without a Clue*, co-starring **Michael Caine** and **Ben Kingsley**.

Helping you plan your holiday entertaining is drink expert **Michael Jackson**. Belly up to his *Connoisseur's Guide to Single-Malt Scotch* (with illustration by **John O'Leary**) before you buy your Christmas libations. And while we're introducing our experts, meet **Digby Diehl**, late of the *L.A. Times* and Harry N. Abrams Publishing, who takes over as *Playboy's* book columnist.

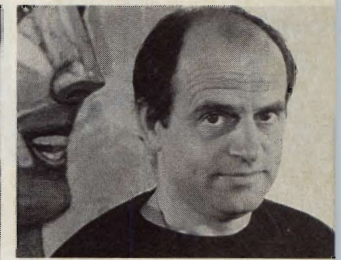
Rounding out the issue are Playmate **Kata Kärkkäinen**, our favorite example of Finlandization, and *Playboy's Playmate Review*, a year-end tradition second only to mistletoe—presented a month early to make room for a very special January issue. Meanwhile, many happy returns to the pages of *Playboy*.



MAILER



GOLD



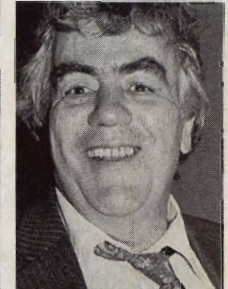
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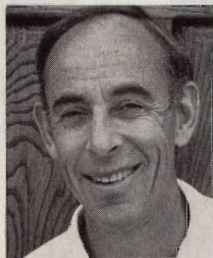
HAMILL



ELLISON



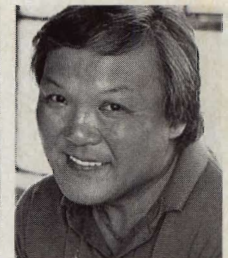
BRESLIN



SMITH



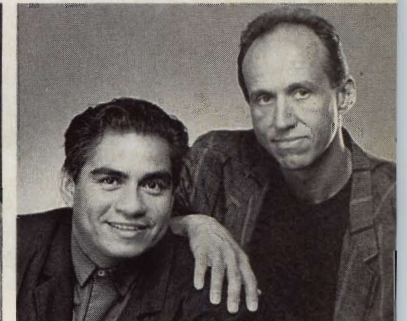
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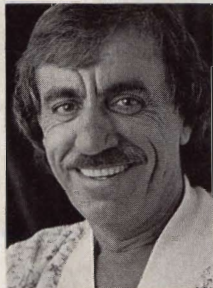
AZUMA



WOLKOMIR, WOLKOMIR



DUARDO, EVANS



HARWOOD



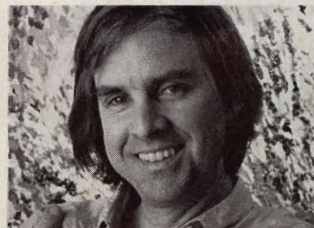
ROSS-LEMING



ROLSTON



JACKSON



O'LEARY



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PLAYBOY®

vol. 35, no. 12—december 1988

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True Brit

P. 166



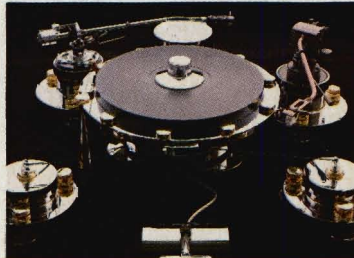
Comic Relief

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Finn Fare

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Ultra Sound

P. 112

COVER STORY This Finn is no mickey: She's Kata Kärkkäinen, and you'll see much more of her on the centerfold this month. Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda shot the cover, which was produced by West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski; Tracy Cianflone styled Miss December's hair and make-up. As for the Rabbit, he's off to do a little elbow bending. Cheers!



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DEAR PLAYBOY



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THE "NEW" JESSICA, PROS AND CONS

Since receiving the September *Playboy* in my mailbox, I haven't been able to get Jessica Hahn (*Jessica, a New Life*) out of my mind. The "new" Jessica is beyond beautiful, beyond average, beyond the ordinary . . . beyond comprehension.

I want to commend Richard Fegley for his excellent camerawork. Jessica's perfect breasts, of course, caught my attention, but the photo that first reached out to me is the one on page 120. Her face appears almost three-dimensional, literally leaping off the page and into the number-one spot on my beautiful-woman-appreciation list.

Tom Eyton-Jones
Benton, Louisiana

As a neighbor in the early Fifties of a young man in Woodlawn named Hugh Hefner, I want to send an honest criticism to him: The girls in his magazine used to be vibrant, sexy and real. But over the past few years, they have become as much alike as store mannequins, and just as sexy.

Take the original photos of Jessica Hahn (*Jessica, on Her Own Terms, Playboy*, November 1987). In them, she looks like a real woman—alive and exuding sex appeal. But the photos of her in the September issue of *Playboy* show her as a sexless, painted store-window dummy. And no doubt Miss September would be a very sexy lady shown the way she really is. But the way she is shown, she could be interchanged with Hahn.

Why?

You know the answer to that. The painted, touched-up photos of Hahn in the September issue are *not* the real Jessica Hahn. No one would recognize her. The original Jessica Hahn photos that you published are of an individual, down to earth and very sexy. Very sexy!

Emil K. Slaughter
Chicago, Illinois

Why doesn't Jessica Hahn make up her mind? In her first pictorial, she wanted to show off the body *God* gave her. In her sec-

ond pictorial, she's displaying her body enhanced by *doctors*, not by the *God* she knows so well. Her theology sounds a bit mixed up to me.

Anne Harbourn
West Caldwell, New Jersey

Thanks for giving Jessica Hahn somewhere to air her side of the story. I was a little disappointed to find out that she



didn't tell the entire story (i.e., Gene Profeta), but I admire her courage. It's hard to believe that she still has her faith in *God* after all she has been through. Her pictorial is the best I've ever seen in *Playboy* and, speaking as a woman, I think Jessica is beautiful both physically and spiritually. Here's to Jessica!

Brandy Wolf
Columbus, Georgia

You have destroyed the aura, the warmth, the spirit and the charm that were Jessica. The gentle flowing curls have been whipped into blow-dried layers. The cute pudgy nose has been surgically streamlined, mimicking Teutonic haughtiness. A slight separation between her front teeth, flirtatious and childlike, has been clamped, brightened and capped. Those soft pouting breasts, naturally shaped and

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fair-skinned, have been pumped, browned and molded into geometrically correct spheres of silicon. You have taken the jewel and sandblasted her into expressionless tone, taken the sensitive, caring girl and transfigured her into the typical centerfold clone. I suppose in your next issue, we'll hear that she dislikes Los Angeles traffic jams and enjoys yogurt, roller disco and scoping out the hunks at Muscle Beach.

David Kirisits
Derry, New Hampshire

I've just finished watching the lovely Jessica Hahn on a talk show and I am extremely impressed with both her beauty and her intelligence. She is also absolutely gorgeous in the September issue of your magazine.

A year ago, I felt, like many people, that she was a bimbo. However, her combination of poise, brains and irresistible charm has seduced me. I now think of her as a wonderfully courageous and impressive woman. If I ever have a daughter of my own, I will encourage her to use Jessica as a role model for strength and character.

Allen Todd
U.S.S. Inchon LPH-12
FPO New York, New York

GOLDWATER'S MEMOIRS

Thank you for publishing *Goldwater*, by Barry M. Goldwater with Jack Casserly, in

your September issue. It should be read by every American to get the truth concerning the 1964 Presidential campaign, the Cuban Missile Crisis, the Vietnam debacle, Watergate and the people involved in those events.

I was the Republican candidate for governor of Texas in 1964, running against then-Democrat John Connally, and, as such, introduced Presidential candidate Barry Goldwater at rallies in Amarillo, Houston and Fort Worth. He would have made a tremendous President. He had guts and complete honesty, as illustrated by his speech in Fort Worth to some 9000 people (of whom many were LTV employees) in which he told them that Boeing, instead of LTV, had won a lucrative contract with the Defense Department because it had made a better bid—and proceeded to list the provisions that were better.

A great guy and the most honest U.S. politician of this century.

Jack Crichton
Dallas, Texas

Conservative readers of *Playboy* must have busted a gut when they read Barry Goldwater's opinions of Richard Nixon and Ronald Reagan.

Goldwater calls Nixon "the most dishonest individual I have ever met in my life." He thinks that Reagan's biggest mistake was selling arms to Iran and that he knew

of the diversion of Iranian funds to the *Contras*. Yet who would dare call Goldwater a liberal?

Louis A. Carrubba
Brooklyn, New York

According to Senator Barry Goldwater, our recent Presidents have lacked guts, or have been deceiving, cheating, lying or, at best, incompetent. It seems they all have one thing in common: They have been foolish enough to ask for his political advice.

Andrew J. Serra
Natick, Massachusetts

ARAFAT INTERVIEW

What struck me most about your September interview with P.L.O. chairman Yasir Arafat was the spinelessness and obvious bias of interviewer Morgan Strong. I always thought that interviewers were supposed to ferret out the truth from their subjects with persistent and critical questioning. Not Strong! Rarely does he interrupt Arafat's monolog of lies, half-truths and distortions.

Where in the dialog was Arafat questioned regarding the P.L.O.'s terrorization of Lebanon, where the P.L.O. created a state within a state, or its repeated and unyielding refusal to recognize the right of the Israelis to a piece of their ancestral homeland, which Arafat demands for his



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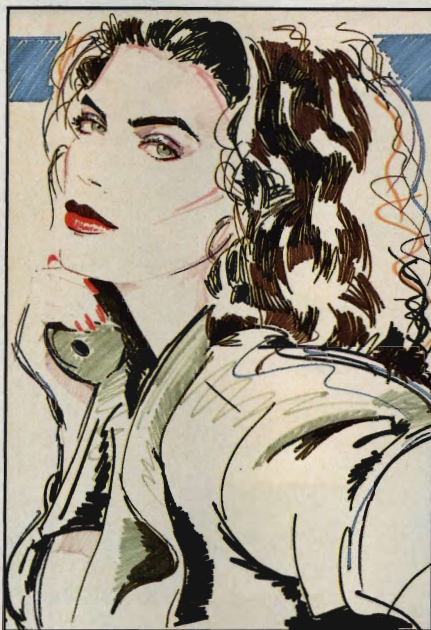
When I'm at a bar, I find it quite hard to meet and talk to girls. I am tall, dark and reasonably good-looking. It's not that girls never look at or talk to me, it's just that it seems that this is as far as it ever goes. I'll buy a girl a drink or dance with her, but that is it. My friend tells me I must be much more aggressive. This is probably the problem, but how do I know what is too aggressive—without getting slapped? Thanks.—K. S., Edmonton, Alberta.

Biologist Timothy Perper spent more than 900 hours watching single men and women interact at bars. He claims that there are five stages to courtship encounters: the approach, talking, the turn, the touch and the synchronization. Usually, the woman approaches the man. If there is interest, the two turn to face each other (thus shutting out the competition). Then the couple accidentally touch each other—i.e., one might pick a piece of fluff from the other's shoulder. Says Perper, "It's amazing how much fluff accumulates in singles bars." When the flirtation goes nuclear, the two start to mirror each other's moves. She sips when you sip, you cup her breast, she fondles your genitals. (Just kidding on that last bit. At least we think we're kidding.) Perper says that most men miss these cues. "About 90 percent can't tell the difference between politeness and flirting. It's a myth that men are the sexual aggressors in our society." So our advice: Keep a meat-tenderizer jar filled with fluff that you can sprinkle on your shoulder before going out. And keep your eyes open.

Recently, I spent a good deal of money on a pair of black wing tips that I wear practically every day. My girlfriend says that I shouldn't wear the same shoes two days in a row—something about their needing to breathe. If they are really good shoes, shouldn't they be able to take daily wear?—B. G., Tampa, Florida.

Sorry—leather shoes should not be worn day after day. You'll save yourself money in the long run by investing in a few pairs of good shoes and rotating them. Your girlfriend is right; leather does have to breathe. As a skin, it traps moisture and needs at least a day after being worn to dry out naturally. Otherwise, the leather will become moldy and will eventually crack. Other tips to make your shoes last: Keep them polished, as it will help them resist dirt and water. Store them on shoe trees to keep their shape. And always repair shoes as needed; worn heels will throw your body out of alignment, causing the shoes to stretch out of shape.

I have a unique trick to make guys go crazy. You can do this while driving, but they may find it distracting. I, on the other hand, find it awesome. Girls, while his pants are on, put your mouth on his pants where his cock is and slowly blow hot air from your mouth. It will reach him a few



seconds later, and he won't actually know what you're doing till it does. I guarantee that he'll love it. Miss R. E.—Huntington, New York.

One question: Who, exactly, is driving? As a rule, we don't do anything behind the wheel of a car that isn't allowed at the Indy speedway. Yes, it would prove distracting, but probably not for the reason you think. Your boyfriend wouldn't wonder what you were doing, he would just wonder why.

What the heck is this white zinfandel that everyone seems to be drinking? Is it a new development or an old-timer that suddenly became fashionable? The wine is obviously pink, so why is it called white? How does it differ from blush or rosé wines? What accounts for its sudden popularity?—R. P., Boston, Massachusetts.

You're right about white zinfandel's popularity. It has become far and away the favorite California varietal—that is, a wine made predominantly from a single grape. The zinfandel grape is not white, however, but a deep red. White zinfandel is what wine makers call a blanc de noir—white wine made from red grapes. Other examples are cabernet blanc and blanc de pinot noir. When such wines are made from a blend of red grapes, they're often called blush wines.

Wine's color is derived from the grapeskins. During the wine-making process for white zinfandel and other blush wines, the juice is separated from the skins as quickly as possible before fermentation. Inevitably, however, a bit of the skin color does leach into the juice, which accounts for the pale-pink hue.

White zinfandel and other blush wines were developed by California vintners in response to the rising preference for white wines that began in the Seventies. It was a case of

both giving the public what it wanted and making use of the abundance of red grapes that had been planted back in the Sixties, when red wine was king. White zinfandel has the spicy, berryish fruit taste characteristic of the zinfandel grape, but it's light and often a touch sweet and fizzy. It is usually lower in alcohol than standard table wines and it's meant to be drunk chilled—all qualities that endear it to the American palate.

As to how white zinfandel and other blush wines differ from rosés, it's a matter of degree. Rosés have a modicum of grapeskin contact during fermentation, which makes them a slightly deeper pink than most blushes and nudges the taste a bit closer to that of red wine. Having said that, many rosés are virtually indistinguishable from blush wines—but the latter designation seems to have more appeal at present.

My wife and I married seven years ago as virgins. We were two healthy young bodies with a positive attitude toward sex. We have been faithful and will remain so until we die. We are completely turned off by sex outside marriage, homosexuality, lesbianism, S/M, anal sex and such kinks. We would like to see our first X-rated video together but do not want to be exposed to the above things. Are there any videos that can be rented that show explicit, uncensored sex—but only in the setting of a sensitive love story between a husband and a wife, or several vignettes of different couples at different stages of life? Here is the kind of sex life we enjoy and the kind of acts we would like to see portrayed: frequent vaginal sex, clothed and unclothed, on the way to church, in the car, in elevators, on mountains, in the back yard, etc. We'd like to see not just people under covers but actual close-ups of loving newlyweds, the wife playfully giving her husband fantastic head and swallowing the semen, the husband playfully licking his young bride's clitoris and vulva in the back of a church. How about a man entering his six-month-pregnant wife from behind as they watch in the bedroom mirror, with us, the viewers, enjoying a clear view of the entire scene—passionate, panting man, large-bellied wife, the hard penis sliding in and out? How about a couple 69ing in the kitchen while their children play at a neighbor's house? How about a wife giving her husband a hand job while he talks on the phone with his co-worker and tries to keep from laughing? These things are terribly sexy and happen in everyday marriages like ours. I'd enjoy seeing them in explicit, up-close X-rated videos—clean, no perversity, no filthy language, just well-adjusted love, marriage and sex. Can you suggest some films for us?—H. P., Sacramento, California.

Why not buy a video camera and turn it on





C...A...N...O...E... CANOE?

The cologne for men.

The message is clear.



Danou
PARIS - NEW YORK - LONDON

yourselves? We're not sure you'll find what you're looking for in a video store. It's our experience that you have to supply the setting of a sensitive love story between husband and wife—that an erotic video is something you share with your partner because you are comfortable with each other. Don't look for "The Cosby Show" without clothes. Still, there are some films that are billed as couples films. Ask the clerk for his recommendation. Can any of our readers suggest their favorite films? We'll publish a list of pick hits.

Many auto makers brag about their factory corrosionproofing and even offer long-term warranties against rust. Does that mean there's no more need for after-market rust protection?—L. M., Atlanta, Georgia.

Yes—unless you feel that additional protection is worth the price, you live in a high-rust area and/or you plan to keep your car beyond the corrosion-warranty period. Today's factory rust protection is generally excellent, and the confidence each auto maker has in the corrosion resistance of his product is reflected in those multiyear warranties (a short one, or none at all, is a red flag that protection is probably minimal). If you live and drive far from the seashore, where salt spray can eat a car alive, and the so-called Northern snow belt, where heavy salt is used to melt winter ice, you should have little concern. Even in those areas, your car should resist rust at least through the corrosion warranty period with no extra treatment, especially if it is undamaged and regularly washed. Still worried? Go ahead and buy some brand-name protection. It doesn't cost much, it will give you peace of mind and it may enhance the car's resale (or collector) value if you hang on to it long enough.

I recently met a wonderful lady. I'm 23, she's 29. We were watching TV one night on her couch with her legs on my lap. She asked me to give her a foot massage to help her relax. That seemed to really turn her on quickly. She then asked me if I would start licking her feet and sucking her toes. Much to my surprise, I actually liked doing this. She started to get really hot and excited. We found ourselves on the floor, lying on our backs opposite each other, head to foot. She unzipped my pants and started to masturbate me with one foot while I was sucking and kissing her other foot. I loved it. It felt fantastic. She said no one else would do this to her. Now I'm confused. Is this normal? Do I have a foot fetish? Does she?—G. S., Akron, Ohio.

No. You just have—are you ready for this?—responsive feet. It sounds like a name for a dance band, doesn't it? You and your girlfriend show a healthy exploratory interest in new forms of pleasuring. A foot fetishist, on the other hand, gets pleasure from only one thing. As long as you don't limit yourself to this form of safe sex, you're OK.

I am a 28-year-old male. I work for a small-to-medium-sized family-owned

building-supply business. My father, who is also my boss, does not approve of my dress. He says that I do not conform to society and therefore cannot hope to be a success in our business. I am writing to *Playboy* to get the national view on the subject of the everyday-businessman's wardrobe. I wear my pants pegged to a 16- or 17-inch cuff, and my ties are two inches at the widest part. My father maintains that all businessmen wear cuffs on their pants at least 20 inches around and ties three inches or wider. Is society still so rigid that a man cannot wear the clothes in which he feels comfortable? Is my father correct? Am I out here on the trailing edge of fashion by myself?—E. B., Durham, North Carolina.

Sorry to disappoint you, but the answers to your questions appear to be a case of father knows best. According to our fashion experts, dress pants should have a natural taper from the waist to the ankle. A man with a waist size between 30 and 34 inches might wear a cuff between 18 and 19½ inches around. With a bigger waistline, the cuff size would vary proportionately. The width of the bottom of the trousers should cover almost three fourths of the shoe. As for ties, they should be proportionate to the width of the lapel. With wider lapels coming back in vogue, three- to three-and-one-half-inch-wide ties are in style again. Your father appears to know his business fashion. However, we respect your viewpoint—and feel that you should wear clothes in which you are comfortable, provided they look good on you. Your father's judgment of you seems to us a bit too harsh, and if it's important to you to dress the way you prefer, maybe you should consider making a break from the family business.

I had to reply to your erotic-tool-kit inquiry (*The Playboy Advisor*, August). My case of accessories is about as comprehensive as possible. I met my lover six years ago. Both of us are middle-aged and married to beautiful people who nevertheless are sexually indifferent. We clicked over coffee and, in the space of one wonderful eclectic morning, decided to sample every facet of our wide and varied fantasies. Unfortunately, our intimate time together is usually not more than one afternoon a week, but, oh, what an action-packed event. The tool kit started out as an overnight shoulder bag. It has now grown into a large attaché case that seems to weigh a ton. I won't regale your readers with the complete inventory of 154 items, but let me list some of the highlights. The tool kit contains every form of transparent panty and body stocking, corset, whispies and waspies, French cut-out bras, garter belts and crotchless undies. There are wigs, gloves and patent-leather boots, a feather duster and a cowhide whip. There are body paints, bath oils, plastic pegs with carefully stretched springs (nipples can stand only so much pain), a black mask, dildos in three sizes, a hard-rubber vibrat-

ing butterfly, which has since been discarded in favor of the single and double vibrating eggs (the latter often slip into specially prepared pockets in a black bra or can be inserted anally and vaginally simultaneously). Then there is menthol shaving cream and lip balm for the nipples. We even have a tiny brush and comb for pubic grooming. Oh, yes, and there is my cock ring, which she makes me wear along with my wet-look bikini with the cock hole when I'm face down on the rubber sheet. There is also petroleum jelly and massage cream, rubber panties, a dog collar and handcuffs, *ben-wa* balls and anal beads. I know that when we open the kit next Wednesday, there'll be something I forgot to report. I'm always a three-timer in that many hours, and for a guy pushing 60, you have to agree that that ain't half bad.—W. H., Los Angeles, California.

What, no condoms? We hope you tip the bellboy well.

My wife and I are pondering different birth-control strategies. I'm against doing anything irrevocable. Can a vasectomy be reversed?—T. O., San Diego, California.

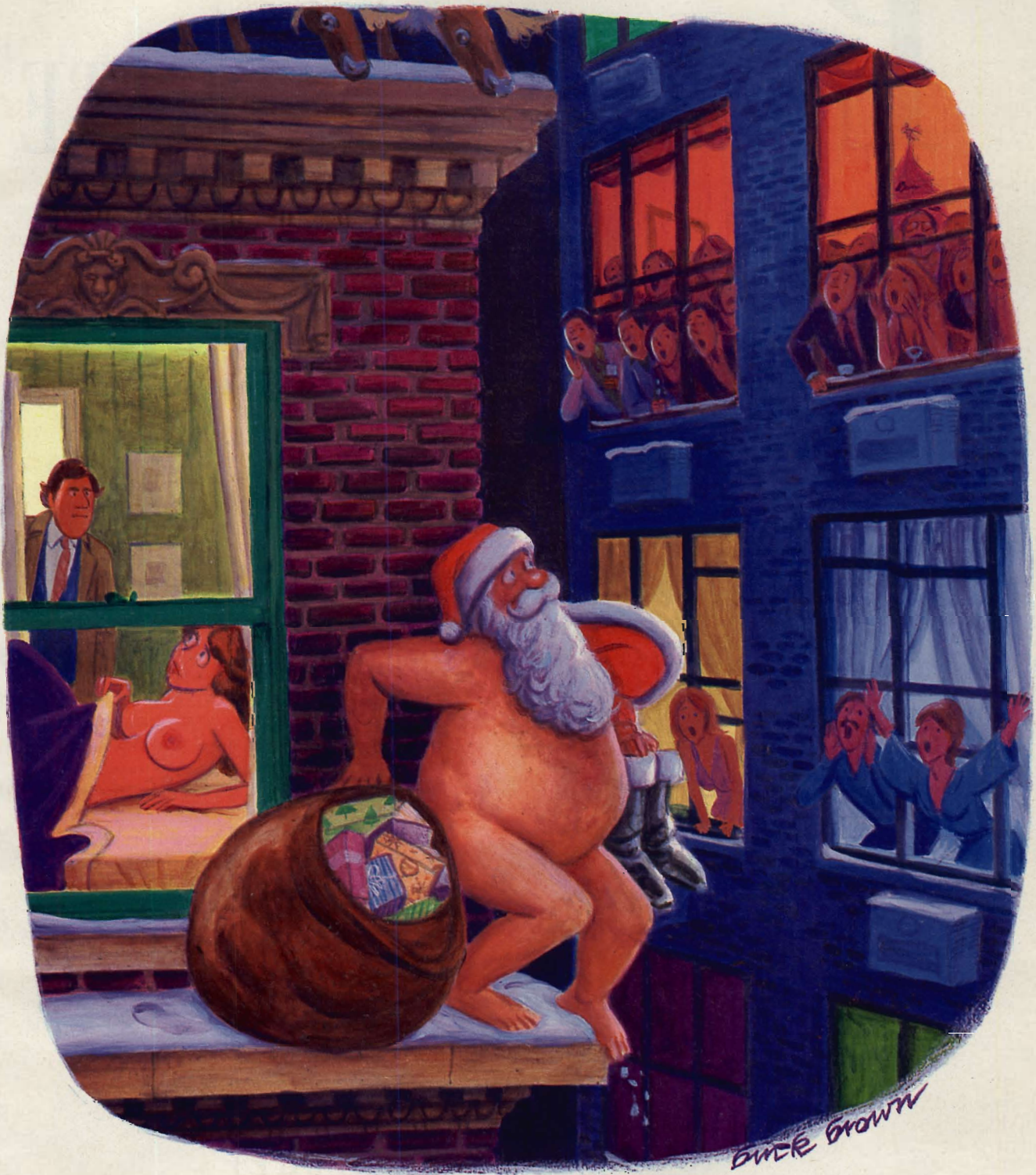
According to an article in "Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality," "Approximately ten percent of vasectomy patients request a reversal of the procedure at some later time. Typically, the patient has undergone vasectomy after having had several children with his first wife but then remarries a young woman with whom he wants to start a second family. The surgical success rate (sperm present in the ejaculate) is about 90 percent; the fertility rate for these couples, however, ranges from only 40 percent to 70 percent, which is significantly lower than the 85 percent reported for normal couples. This decrease in fertility may be due to the development of sperm antibodies, damage to the deferential nerve, epididymal extravasation or testicular changes. . . . Positive prognostic factors for vasectomy reversal include a relatively short interval between vasectomy and reversal (best results occur if done less than ten years following vasectomy), a finding of sperm granulomata at the vasectomy site and the presence of intravasal sperm at the time of the operation." Almost 300,000 vasectomies are performed each year, making this the most popular form of male contraception. Discuss the alternatives with your doctor.

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.





"Twenty-two East Ferndale. Stop in his driveway and lean on your horn!"



"Santa! Don't jump!"

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW

a roundup of the past delightful dozen

WHO DO YOU THINK SHOULD BE PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR?

IT'S TIME again to choose the year's number-one Playmate. In the four years since our readers started literally voicing their opinions, this annual phone frenzy has grown to be one of *Playboy's* most popular traditions. It's simple—just pick up your phone and dial the 11-digit number next to the photo of your favorite miss. Each call will be tallied by A.T.&T.'s hard-working computer, which will be taking calls 24 hours a day from 12:01 A.M. E.S.T. October 24 through midnight E.S.T. November 20. The cost is just 50 cents per call—a thrifty opportunity to peddle your influence. If you call from outside the 50 states, or from Canada, the U.S. Virgin Islands or Puerto Rico, you'll be charged regular long-dis-



India Allen, our reigning Playmate of the Year, adds a little light to the life of one of the thousands of readers who telephoned to rally round her successful candidacy last year.

tance rates. Calls from astronauts in flight are refundable if approved by NASA. We're kidding, but last year, readers called from as far away as Hong Kong, proving that man will go to great lengths to express his admiration for a woman he loves. And this year's Playmates, we think you'll agree, are deserving of all the admiration we can give them. If the number of calls we received last year is a fair projection, we expect to receive more than 100,000 votes, so get yours in early. Take time to conduct a leisurely evaluation of the photos on the following pages, choose your favorite Playmate and then give us a call. Your favorite centerfold lady will be glad you did.

TAKE A CHANCE ON TALKING WITH YOUR FAVORITE PLAYMATE

As a special bonus, you may have a chance to talk with the Playmate of your dreams. Each day during the phone-in period, at least one of 1988's 12 centerfold beauties will personally answer randomly selected calls.

So if Lady Luck is with you when you call, you may have a person-to-person conversation with one of the 12 loveliest women on earth. Reach out and touch someone gorgeous. We look forward to hearing from you.



Miss January
1-900-720-6061

"My life has changed dramatically since I moved from Vancouver to Los Angeles," says Kimberley Conrad (right). Indeed it has. She posed for a *Playboy* cover ("one of my fondest dreams"), had a part in a movie (*Beverly Hills Brats*, out this winter) and—best of all—got engaged to Hef. Small wonder she says, "It's a fairy-tale romance come true and I'm extremely happy."



Miss November
1-900-720-6321

When we checked in with Pia Reyes (above), she'd just returned from her first Playmate-promotional-tour appearance. "I've been trying to get myself ready to take advantage of being a Playmate," she said, "by getting in top shape." To be fit, she runs three rigorous miles a day five days a week and adds, "I've been taking acting classes and am on the lookout for a theatrical agent."





Miss March

1-900-720-6081

Susie Owens (right) says, "Since my pictorial, I've developed my business as a personal fitness trainer for women. My approach is still a down-to-earth, gutsy one. I'm also doing my series of lectures, 'Females & Fitness,' in the Dallas area." By the time you read this, Susie will have finished her first book on—you guessed it—"women and fitness."

Miss June

1-900-720-6161

"One of the nicest things that have happened to me since becoming a Playmate," says Emily Arth (left), "was that I was on the *Donahue* show. It was wonderful. The topic was female sexuality, and the folks ragged me a lot for being a Playmate, but in a nice way. When I saw the tape later, though, I was surprised at how young I sounded."

Miss May

1-900-720-6141

Diana Lee (right) went to Mexico in September to take a part in *License Revoked*, the forthcoming James Bond movie starring Timothy Dalton, and she's still dancing with Tandy Beal and Company in Santa Cruz. But the best thing that has happened to her lately is that she has become the wife of *Playboy* Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda.





Miss December
1-900-720-6331

Kata Kärkkäinen (left) enjoyed her latest visit to America so much that she's planning to move here. The former Finnish women's bowling champion (for girls 18 and under) observed this about American men: "They have hairier chests than European guys." She also appreciates all you hairy-chested guys calling in to voice your support.

Miss July
1-900-720-6211

Terri Lynn Doss (right), recently returned from taping several segments of *Star Search*. "I'm competing in the spokesmodel category, but I don't know if I'll win," she said, "because all the other girls are real tall model types and I'm barely five-six and a half." She has just finished her first movie, *Roadhouse*, starring Patrick Swayze.





Miss April

1-900-720-6101

Eloise Broady (left) has a face you'll be seeing a lot of during the next few months. "I've done five television commercials since my pictorial, as well as three films, including *Troop Beverly Hills*, starring Shelley Long," scheduled for release next summer. Her son Justin, ten, has been learning to fly a helicopter ("He's a natural").

Miss September

1-900-720-6241

Laura Richmond (right) plans to return to college next fall to get her degree in English. Meanwhile, she'll be performing with Torture Chorus at the Franklin Furnace in New York. "We'll be doing the Moors Murderers—Myra Hindley and Ian Bradey—the most famous murder team in recent British history," she says. (She'll be playing Myra.)

Miss February

1-900-720-6071

Since Kari Kennell (left) appeared on our centerfold, she has done several commercials, including ones for a soft drink, a beer and a fast-food franchise. For a noncareer event, she has become engaged to an actor-model, "but we haven't set a date yet." Meanwhile, she says, she's going to "stay in Los Angeles and keep working on my acting."



Miss October

1-900-720-6261

Aussie beauty Shannon Long (below) says she used her Playmate money to "get a better apartment, closer to the beach in Surfers Paradise," but otherwise, this carefree outdoors lover remains "the same laid-back person I've always been. I'm too shy to act and I'm not ambitious about a modeling career. Basically, I just like to relax and take things as they come."



Miss August

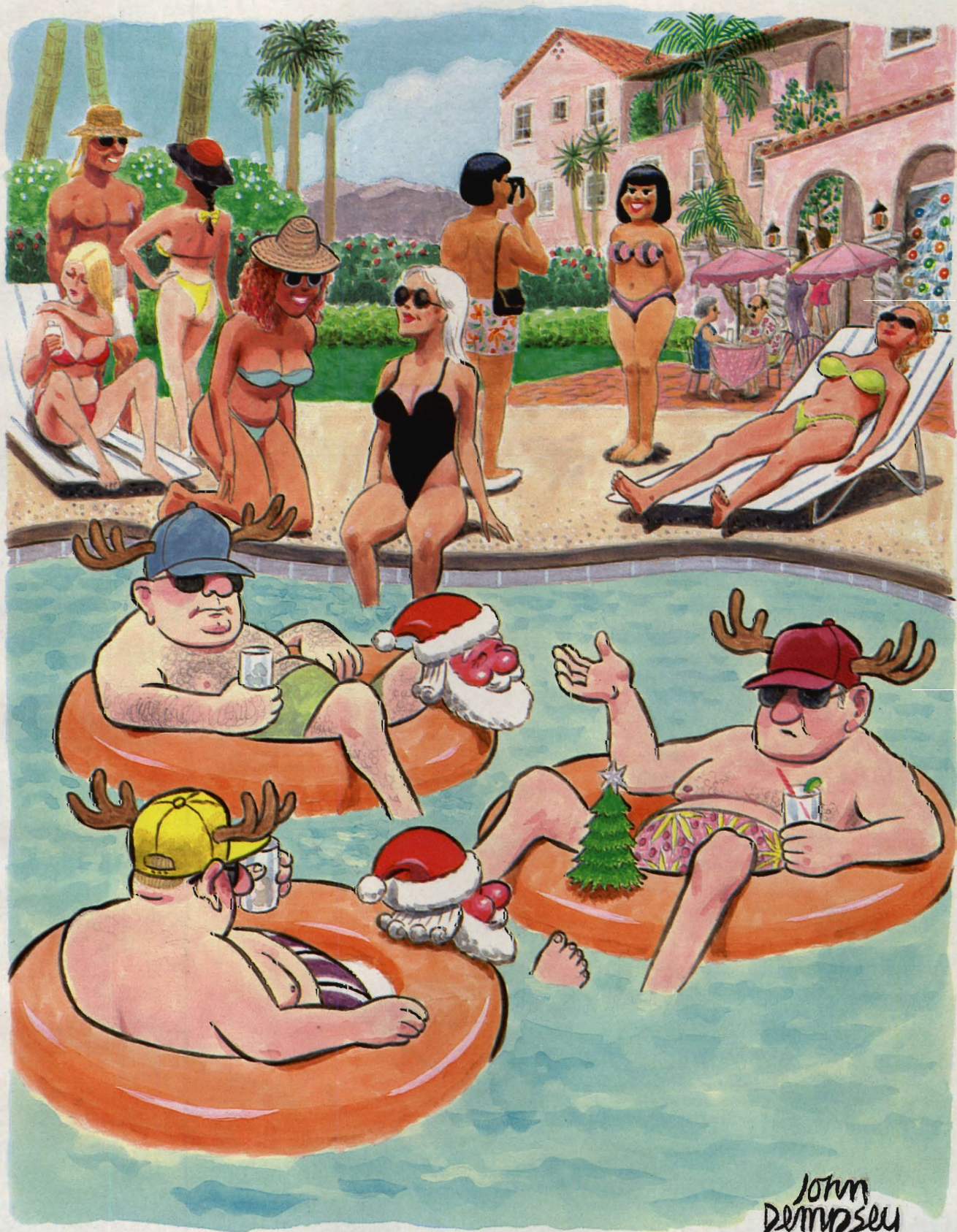
1-900-720-6221

Helle Michaelsen (right) was a *cause célèbre* at home in Denmark, she says. "Playboy is the top men's magazine here, and usually, we see only American girls in it, so it's really a big deal to have a Danish Playmate." Helle has had parts in two films since her centerfold appeared, "thanks to Playboy," and plans to return to Los Angeles next year to study acting.





"Come on—what better way to end an election year than by getting screwed?"



John
Dempsy

"Yeah. But somehow it's not the same as it is in Milwaukee."

ff



ZZZZZZ...



DHEA..

(SPF 30)





"I just pray to God that none of those poor, dear, innocent children ever see you when you get like this!"

P H O T O F I N N I S H

playboy proudly slips you a finn, kata kârkkâinen, for december



YEP, SHE'S really Finnish—a model of Scandinavian design who comes to you by way of Helsinki, Rome and Rapid City, South Dakota. Confusing? Her hair color changes as often as the weather in her homeland, her address changes almost as often and her accent is a concatenation of Finn lilt and South Dakota drawl. “Yep,” says Kata Kârkkâinen (say cotta *car*-kynen; that’s as close as you’ll get without yodeling), “it is a little confusing. I guess I’m a combination of things, Finnish and American. Is

that good or bad?” In this case, all to the good—the collision of hemispheres has brought forth a confusing, intriguing combination of the best of East and West. Kata, the lissome emerald-eyed only child of two attorneys, grew up “spoiled and happy” in Helsinki, where she became, at the age of 15, the finest-looking bowling champion in history. “My dad loved to bowl, and he used to take me along when I was little,” she explains. “I got pretty good and even won the national championship for girls under 18. Daddy was very proud of that.” Shortly thereafter, a bit weary of snow and solitude—“Finland was too quiet for me”—Kata joined an exchange program, jetted to remotest Rapid City and gave her high school classmates a crash course in

In any language, Kata Kârkkâinen—the most intoxicating product of her homeland since *Finlandia*—means beauty and excitement.



"Scandinavians are supposed to be so free about sex—but we don't have anything like Dr. Ruth on television. Maybe one of these days, when I'm older, I'll go on TV and be Finland's Dr. Ruth."



Eurostyle. Stevens High School is still reeling. "They found me pretty wild," Kata says of the teachers and schoolmates she bowled over at Stevens High. "I dressed punk. I dyed my hair blonde—or red and black—or wore it in a Mohawk. I wore wigs, and sometimes a tuxedo, to school." To top it off, this Finnish ambassador of punk went out for the bowling team and trounced all the guys. She was promptly bounced from the squad. "They said it was a boys' team." Kata has warm memories of her Dakota days. She treasures her Stevens diploma and now confuses Finn friends with her favorite American expression: "Yep!" "People in the U.S.





are extroverts. I like that. Finnish people are shy, not as wild. That is not always bad—American men, I think, can be a little too aggressive. All they want is to get into your pants! Finnish men have better manners. They can wait, you know, a couple of weeks,” Kata says, laughing. Not that she minds a little American lust directed her way—it’s just that Eurostyle is different. “I don’t go crazy over how many muscles a guy has or how hairy his chest is. I kind of like skinny, feminine guys. One of my boyfriends in Finland used to wear make-up. We’d go out and some people thought we were sisters. It was kind of embarrassing, but kind of interesting, too.” Don’t abandon hope, American guys: The more she sees of American chests, Kata says, the better she likes them. Vacationing in Italy last year, Kata caught the eye of a fashion photographer. Next

“I hate champagne and caviar. Soft music doesn’t get me sexy. I like wild dates. My dream date would be going out on a Harley-Davidson.”





thing she knew, she was in the Italian edition of *Playboy*. Now she's back in the States as Miss December. Next up: a fashion shoot in Paris. Will she sit still long enough for American males to prove that they want more from her—or at least other things as well—than entree into her pants? The answer, Kata says with a smile, is yep.

"I miss Helsinki—it's very pretty there—but I'll probably end up living in America. Finland is beautiful, but the action is here in the States."



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Kata Kärkkäinen

BUST: 35 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'6" WEIGHT: 115

BIRTH DATE: 10/27/68 BIRTHPLACE: Helsinki, Finland

AMBITIONS: To travel around the world and experience exciting new things

TURN-ONS: Amusement parks, animals, first snow, rock music, spicy food

TURN-OFFS: Stuck-up people, dishonesty, racism, long, cold winters

MUSICAL FAVES: Prince, The Cure, The Jesus and Mary Chain, Hanoi Rocks

FAVORITE MOVIE STARS: Jack Nicholson, Meryl Streep, Marilyn Monroe

THE THING I LIKE MOST ABOUT AMERICAN MEN: They have nice cars and they take you out to fancy restaurants.

FAVORITE WAY TO RELAX: Go to my parents' summer cottage with my cats.



After graduation in Rapid City, South Dakota



Enjoying Finnish summer at the age of 15



Going to a prom in American high school

A woman with dark hair and blue eyes is the central focus, wearing black lace lingerie and gloves. She is posed in a dark, moody environment with out-of-focus lights in the background. The text is located in the bottom right corner of the image.

MISS DECEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





Walter & Barbara

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Ted and Mike were set to tee off when a beautiful naked blonde ran across the fairway. In pursuit were two men in white coats, one carrying a bucket of sand.

"What's going on?" Mike asked Ted.

"Oh, every day about this time, she escapes from the mental hospital and runs across here," Ted explained.

"Why is one guy carrying a bucket of sand?"

"That's his handicap—he caught her yesterday."

One longtime client, burned badly on Black Monday, explained his investment indecision to his broker. "It's a Jimmy Swaggart market. I like what I see, but I'm afraid to take a position."



A widow went to a pet store to buy an animal to keep her company. The store owner suggested a parrot, which she bought and took home.

She asked the parrot, "Does Polly like his new home?"

To which the parrot replied, "Fuck off, you bitch."

The widow was appalled by his language but tried again with, "Would Polly like a cracker?"

"Eat shit, slut," the parrot answered.

The widow decided to punish the parrot and explained to him, "I'm putting you in the freezer for 15 minutes and you can decide whether you want to continue to use foul language." After 15 minutes, she took the parrot out, dusted the frost off his beak and asked, "Now does Polly want to swear any more?"

The parrot replied, "Listen, before I say anything, I want to know what the turkey in there did to piss you off."

We've heard that Smith & Wesson is introducing a new handgun. The Billy Martin model works only in New York and can be fired five times.

Two Russians had been standing in line for hours to buy vodka. Finally, in exasperation, one threw up his hands and exclaimed, "I've had it! I'm going to kill the minister of commerce."

But the next day he was back, and he found his friend still waiting in line. "What happened?" his friend asked expectantly. "Did you kill him?"

"No," he replied with a shrug, "the line was too long."

After witnessing a hit-and-run accident, a bystander ran into the street to comfort the elderly victim. He took off his coat, folded it and gently placed it under the prostrate man's head. "What's your name?" he asked.

"Murray Lefkowitz," came the reply.

"Are you comfortable, Murray?" the good Samaritan asked.

"Oh," Murray sighed, "I make a living."

What's the high point of a bulimic's party? It's when the cake jumps out of the girl.

After hearing that one patient in a mental hospital had saved another from a suicide attempt by pulling him out of a bathtub, the director reviewed the rescuer's file and called him into his office.

"Mr. Douglas, both your records and your heroic behavior indicate that you are ready to go home," he said. "I'm only sorry that the man you saved later killed himself with a rope around the neck."

"Oh, he didn't kill himself," Douglas replied. "I hung him up to dry."



Farmer Jones bought 20 pigs at auction, only to discover that they were all female. He asked his neighbor, farmer Brown, if he could take them to Brown's farm so that they could mate with his male pigs. Brown was happy to oblige.

So Jones loaded his female pigs in his truck, drove to Brown's farm and let them frolic with the male pigs for the rest of the day. That evening, he picked them up and asked Brown, "How will I know if they're pregnant?"

Farmer Brown replied, "Tomorrow morning, if they're grazing—something pigs never do—they're pregnant."

The next morning, farmer Jones looked out his window. The pigs were not grazing, so he loaded them in the truck and took them to farmer Brown's for a second day.

The following morning, the pigs still weren't grazing, so he repeated the procedure a third time.

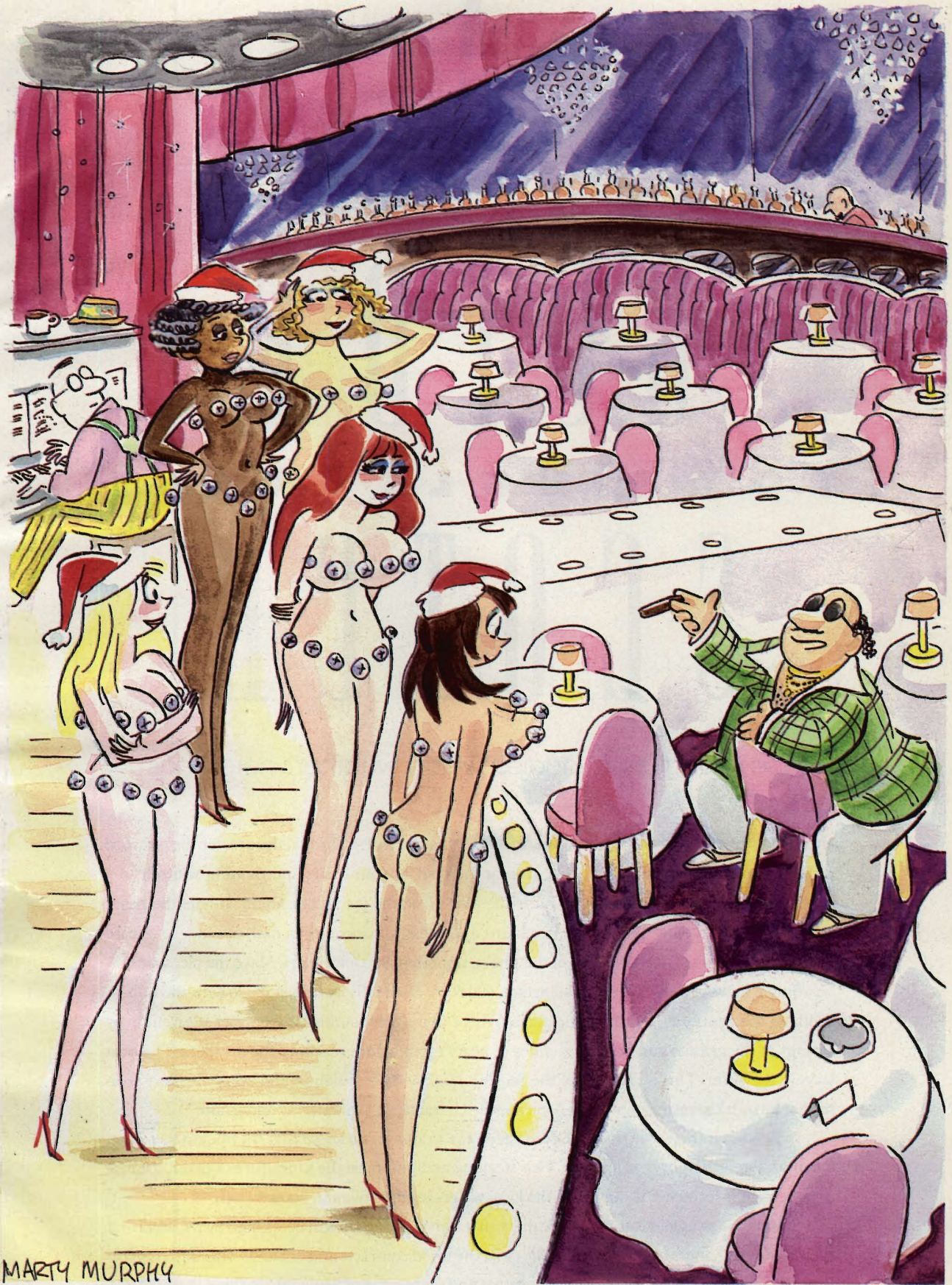
The morning after, feeling very discouraged, he asked his wife, "Honey, I don't have the heart to look. Please tell me what the pigs are doing."

"Well, they're not grazing, but most of them are in the truck and one of them is honking the horn."

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.



*"There's a lot of loose talk, Comrade, about the blow
job's being capitalistic decadence. . . ."*



MARTY MURPHY

"Once more, ladies, and this time I wanna really hear those bells jingle!"



miss anthony,
hot actress and
brash brit, loves
to shock the home-town
folks with her
body english

LYSETTE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTHEW ROLSTON

text by Joan Goodman When she was 17 and starring in her first important film, *Krull*, Lysette Anthony looked the perfect English hothouse rose. With her long burnished-gold hair, wide Orphan Annie eyes and schoolgirl dresses, she was the picture of a fairy princess—which is what she played in that doomed movie. “I hate that film as only one who passionately loved something can hate it,” says Lysette today. “It has haunted me for years. People still think of me that way. Casting directors still say, ‘Where is your long blonde hair, Lysette?’” These days, Lysette wears her dark hair cropped close to her head. Her blue eyes, still round, are now teasing and savvy and her figure is as trim and lithe as a



In *Without a Clue*, a comic spoof of the Sherlock Holmes stories, Lysette plays a damsel in distress aided by an astute Dr. Watson (Ben Kingsley, left) and a bumbling Holmes—Michael Caine.

dancer's. She talks in short bursts of speed, her words barely keeping up with her thoughts. “I didn't realize it, thank God, or I would have curled up and died,” says

Lysette, “but after *Krull*, people wouldn't cast me, because they said I was too pretty, too chocolate-boxy.” Her brow knits in disdain. “You know the English; they like to keep you in a niche. You have to shock them if you want to make a change.” Lysette, who thrives on shocking people, has made a lot of changes, and her seven-year battle to be taken seriously as an actress is beginning to pay off, with three films this year. The first to be released is the current *Without a Clue*, a Sherlock Holmes spoof starring Michael Caine and Ben Kingsley. (“I

HAIR BY SALLY HERSHBERGER, VISAGES

MAKE-UP BY LINDA MASON AND FRANCESCA TOLOT, CLOUTIER

STYLING BY RANDY PALMER, CLOUTIER

SET DESIGN BY RON OATES, CLOUTIER



play a baddie for the first time.”) CBS has just aired *Jack the Ripper*, again starring Michael Caine. It’s a feisty Lysette this time. “I play an Irish girl—raw, drunken, a little slut. Fighting, but with a kind of innocence that I can understand.” Then in December comes *Dangerous Love* for CBS, based on the book *Cupid Rides Pillion*, by Barbara Cartland, with a cast that includes Michael York, Oliver Reed and Claire Bloom. “It’s a formula thing, like all Cartland books. I play a virginal young girl, orphaned and very rich. I have such problems describing her, because this whole virginal thing is last on my list of priorities.” None of these projects would have happened had the outspoken Lysette not forced the issue. She had to fight to be auditioned for *Without a Clue*. “I heard at first that the producers wouldn’t see me for the film. I nearly killed the casting director. I thought, Fuck the lot of you, you’re going to see me. And

they did. I read for the part with a lot of other girls who all came on as sweet, sweet, sweet. I thought to myself, There’s only one girl in this film and she’s got to be sexy. English actresses are afraid of that. That’s why they don’t do well. I used to be that way myself. I’d go to auditions in proper dresses like a nice clean English girl. Now I say ‘Fuck it’ and go looking like me.” It was not only her looks but a combination of assets that won her the challenging lead in a small Dutch film, *Looking for Eileen*, which required her to play a dual role—as a scruffy Belfast girl and a (text concluded on page 221)











IT AIN'T TOONTOWN (continued from page 165)

"I love Superman, and yet, in my mind, he's been twisted around into some kind of alien thing."

books of the Eighties mirror and interpret our contemporary fears and obsessions. In *Concrete*, we deal with individual identity, the cult of celebrity, the venality of the common man and woman; in *Batman: The Dark Knight Returns*, we suffer the terrors of urban blight, random street violence and the alleged impotence of the average citizen; in *The Watchmen* and *V for Vendetta*, we are permitted to extrapolate the menace of multinationals running amuck, government by secrecy, the instability of society in the nuclear age. . . .

But that's getting ahead of the story. It has been only since November of 1981, and the appearance of the premiere issue of *Captain Victory*, the first creator-owned superhero comic in the history of the industry—written and drawn by the legendary Jack Kirby—that the exploitative "plantation mentality" of the traditional comics publishers was challenged. A mere seven years since the emergence of the independents, the kick-in of a royalty concept, the advent of the direct-sales market (brain child of an unsung hero, the late Phil Seuling) and the greening of a creative arena that permitted the newest crop of talents to flourish.

But if you would understand the nature of the chains that are being broken, come back in time to the days in which those chains were first fastened on. Come back to the origins of the Gulag.

•
Nineteen thirty-three. Since the turn of the century, the closest thing to modern comics has been compilations of previously published newspaper strips. Now a New York printing company, Eastern Color, one of perhaps a dozen firms engaged in producing newspaper comic sections as Sunday color supplements, begins issuing books in the modern format—slick covers, newsprint-paper guts in crude color, roughly 7" x 10"—as premiums: giveaways for retailers and manufacturers.

A salesman at Eastern named M. C. Gaines notices how popular the loss leaders seem to be. Gaines is a colorful character: ex-haberdasher, ex-bootlegger, ex-munitions-factory worker; a man who marketed WE WANT BEER! neckties during Prohibition; and the father of *Mad* magazine's Bill Gaines. But beyond his flamboyance, he's canny: He sees how kids seem to clamor for those eight-page tabloids folded down to 32 pages. He

tests the market by putting ten-cent price stickers on a few copies and leaves them at two newsstands just to see what happens. They're snapped up instantly. So Eastern publishes the first modern comic book, *Funnies on Parade*, follows it with *Famous Funnies* later that year and, sensing that it is on to something hot, still later that year goes to 100 pages in *Century of Comics*.

But those are still reprint books. It isn't until February of 1935 that the first comic book comprised entirely of original material and continuing characters is published. It is titled *New Fun Comics* and its parent company is an offshoot of a healthy printing company owned by Major Malcolm Wheeler-Nicholson; he names it DC, short for Detective Comics. You can soon forget the major, because late in 1937, he folds and sells some of the DC properties to Harry Donenfeld, who goes into the business with the attitudes of the garment industry—piecemeal, sweatshop, assembly line—and he takes on as an operating partner a savvy accountant, Jacob Liebowitz, who functions as publisher.

I say *soon* forget, but not *immediately* forget, the major, because he plays one additional role in the creation of this eventually multimillion-dollar industry. By 1936, he is using comic strips with titles such as *Dr. Occult* and *Slam Bradley* in *New Fun*, *New Adventure* and *Detective Comics*, features written and drawn by Siegel and Shuster. Now he passes into the mists of minutiae and we follow Jerry and Joe, those two ex-Cleveland high school boys who, three years earlier, came up with the concept of Superman.

Now it's December 4, 1937, and Jerry Siegel meets in New York with the new DC publisher, Liebowitz. Heed this meeting. It sets the tone for all labor-management relations in the comic-book medium for 50 years.

According to historian Steve Gerber (who, incidentally, is the creator of Howard the Duck): "That meeting resulted in a contract agreement that stipulated that Siegel and Shuster would continue to produce *Slam Bradley* and *The Spy* exclusively for DC for two years, that DC would be sole owner of the material, that the creators would be paid ten dollars a page of story and finished art for their efforts, and that DC would have first option on acceptance of any new comics features that Siegel and Shuster

might originate."

Now it's 1938, Gaines has gone over to help Donenfeld get the DC line moving; *Superman* has grown tattered, being shunted around for possible daily-strip syndication, but has been universally rejected; Siegel takes it in to DC, where Gaines, Donenfeld and Liebowitz look it over and decide to buy the feature and use it as the lead in their new book, *Action Comics*.

Liebowitz then sends a release form to the boys that reads, in part, as follows:

I, the undersigned, am an artist or author and have performed work for strip titled *Superman*.

In consideration of \$130 agreed to be paid to me by you, I hereby sell and transfer such work and strip, all good will attached thereto and exclusive right to use the characters and story, continuity and title of strip contained therein to you and your assigns to have and hold forever and to be your exclusive property. . . .

The garment-center-sweatshop work-for-hire mentality comes early and ferociously to the new land, a.k.a. the Gulag.

On March 3, 1938, Jerry and Joe sign the release and lose, for all time, any and all claim to whole or partial ownership of *Superman*, the creation on which they've pinned most of their hopes and dreams for five years.

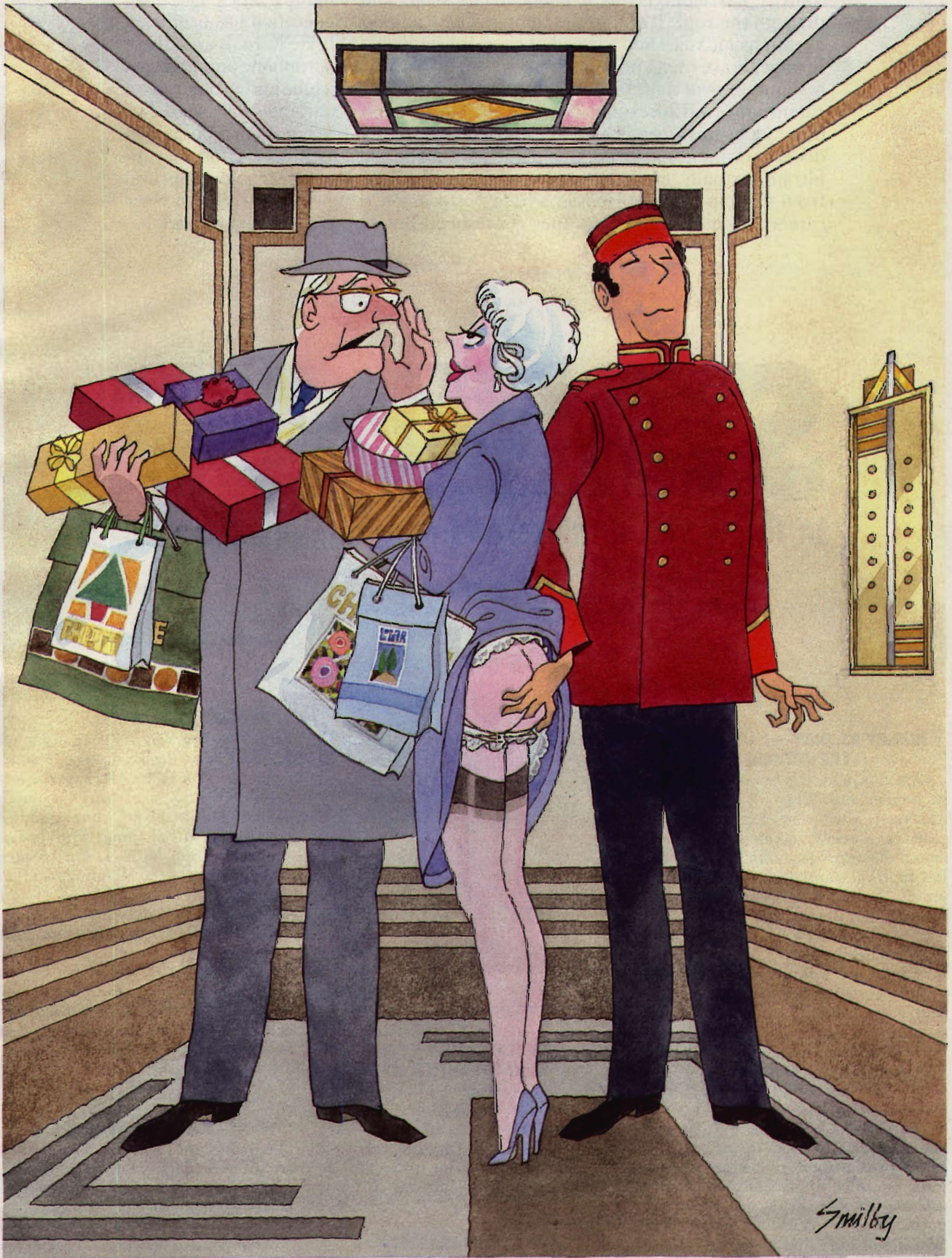
(It is impossible to arrive at even a ball-park figure, even for DC, but a knowledgeable source who continues to work in the field suggests that in the 20 years from 1960 to 1980, more than \$250,000,000 was logged by DC for royalties accruing from Superman gewgaws, collectables and *tsatskes*).

The Depression was in full swing. Gasoline cost 15 cents a gallon. A loaf of bread was seven cents. In today's currency, Siegel and Shuster's \$130 would be equivalent to \$2000. And don't forget: These were two naïve, hungry Ohio kids, trying to make a living in a fledgling industry.

In a 1975 press release on the occasion of the purchase of rights to *Superman* by Ilya Salkind and Pierre Spengler for the first Man of Steel motion picture, a film originally budgeted at \$15,000,000 (eventually \$55,000,000), a deal from which Siegel and Shuster never realized a cent, Siegel wrote, "I can't stand to look at a *Superman* comic book. It makes me physically ill. I love Superman, and yet, in my mind, he's been twisted around into some kind of alien thing."

At the time, he and Shuster were 61 years old. Siegel was working in a mail room in Los Angeles, making \$7000 a year. Shuster was legally blind, unemployed and being supported by his

(continued on page 222)



"Don't forget a Christmas box for young Peterson there."

SEX STARS OF 1988



"I'M NOT BAD...
I'M JUST DRAWN
THAT WAY."

JESSICA RABBIT
Curve Doll

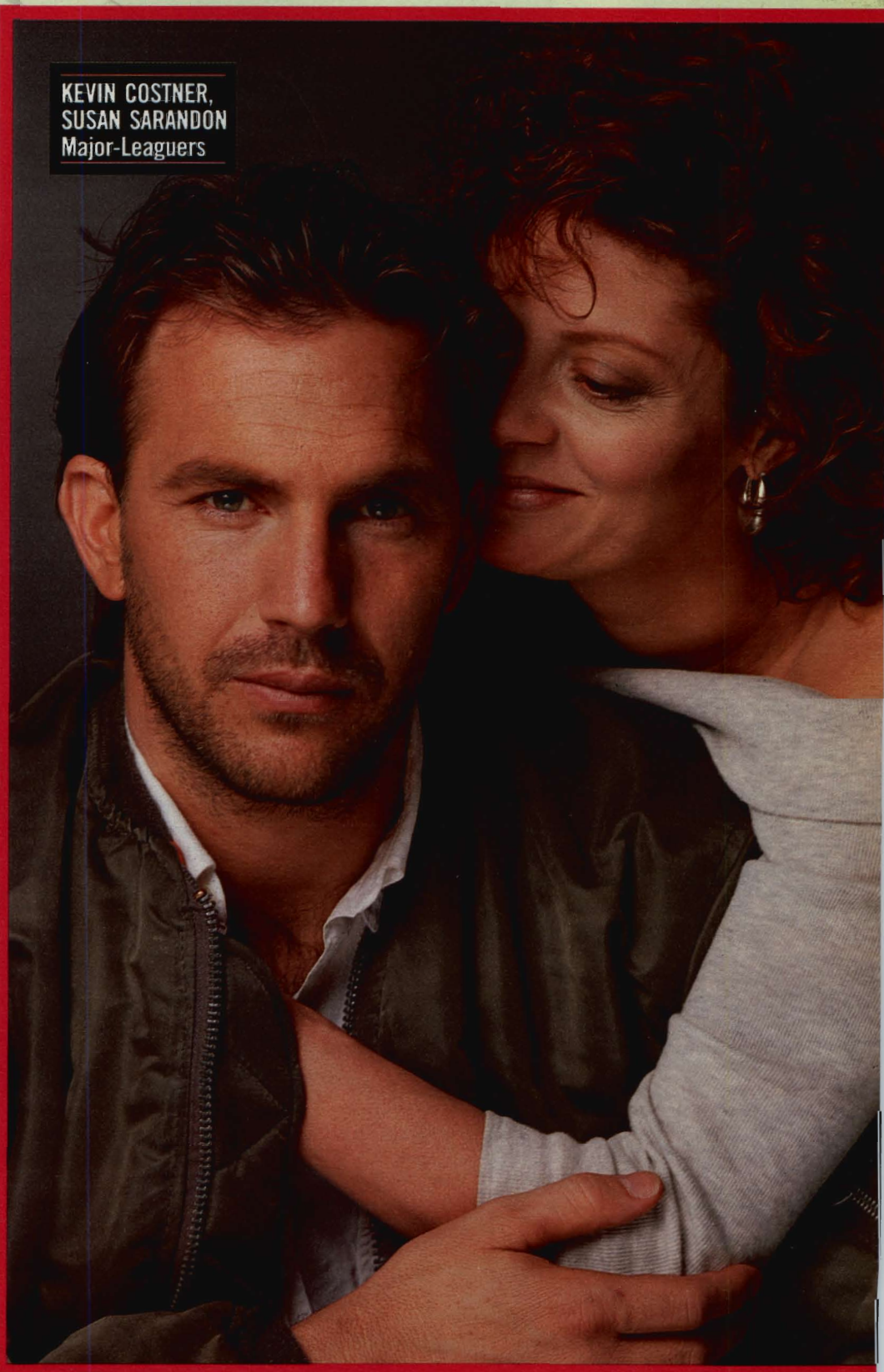
read all about it:
the hits, splits and
mergers that
didn't take place
on wall street

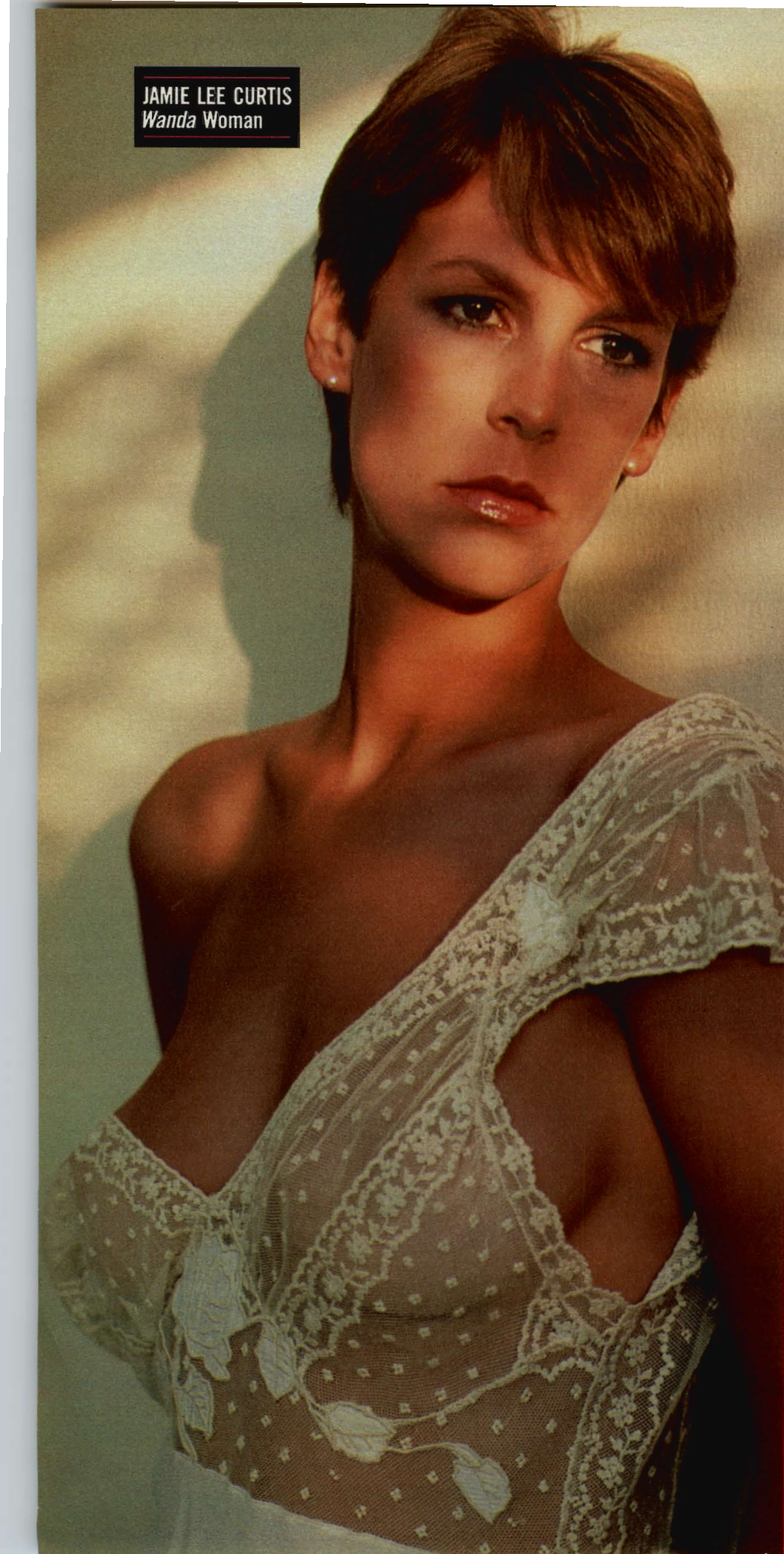
NEW AGERS have a theory: There's no such thing as time, at least not the way the rest of us see it. Therefore, all the Sex Stars of 1988 are actually living decades ago—and today, too. Well, why not? Once you're accustomed to getting the best tables, it's probably no big trick to pick and choose among time warps, and heaven knows, the Eighties have had their drawbacks. There is something suspiciously like the Forties and Fifties in the way so many celebrities are finding themselves caught between marriage and divorce. One day, they may attempt a wholesome romance, slipping into something more comfortable but less fun; the next, they're sleeping
(text continued on page 198)

TRIPLE-HEADER

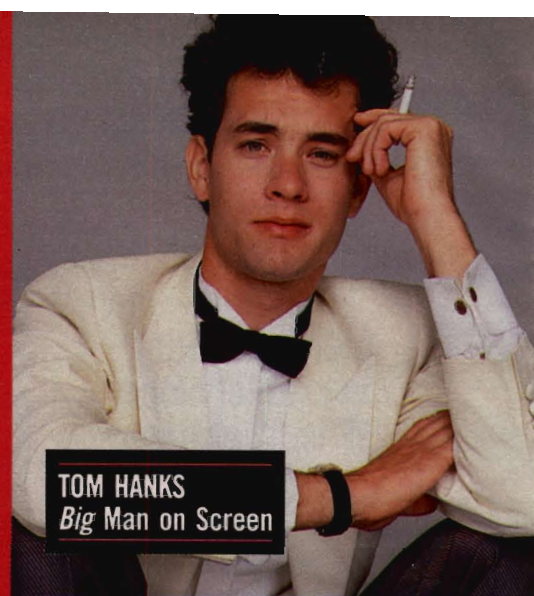
The fact that the sexiest female on screen this year is a curvaceous cartoon character may tell us something about the state of cinematic erotica. Nevertheless, Jessica Rabbit is definitely *it*. Tops in the non-Toon category, as we see it, are Kevin Costner and Susan Sarandon, whose bathtub scene in *Bull Durham* should have doubled the price of any candle-company stock.

KEVIN COSTNER,
SUSAN SARANDON
Major-Leaguers





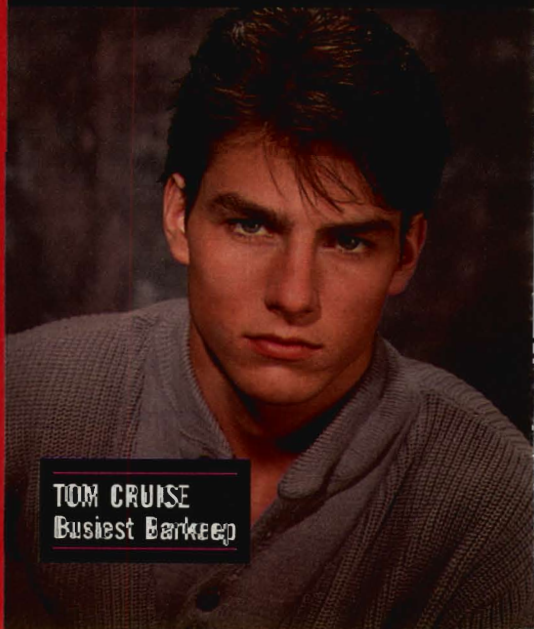
JAMIE LEE CURTIS
Wanda Woman



TOM HANKS
Big Man on Screen

HOLLYWOOD'S HOTTEST

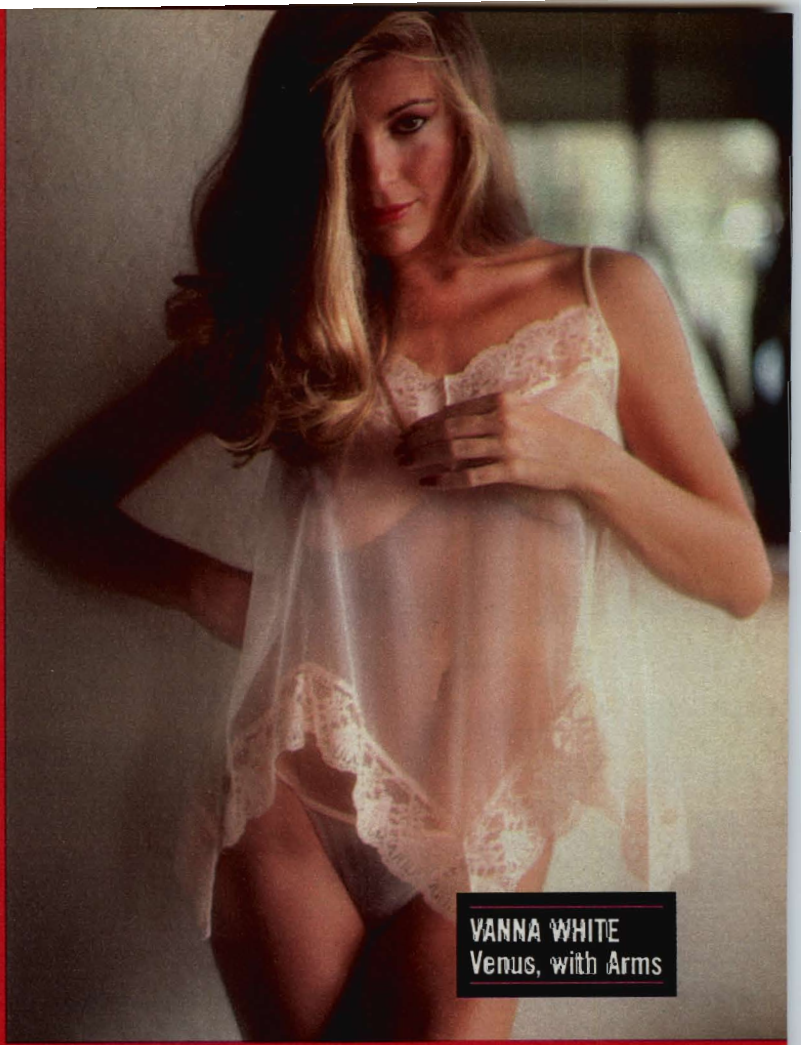
Steaming up screens big and small in 1988 (clockwise, from left): Jamie Lee Curtis, who's an irresistible con woman in *A Fish Called Wanda*; Tom Hanks, hero of the blockbuster *Big* (and the somewhat less successful *Punchline*); Cher, an Academy Award winner this year for 1987's durable *Moonstruck*; Vanna White, still *Wheel of Fortune's* cookie, who won the title role in NBC-TV's movie *Goddess of Love* (a romantic comedy in which the legendary Venus springs to life after spending 3000 years as a statue); Eddie Murphy, the African prince who fakes poverty to search for a bride in *Coming to America*; Sonia Braga, an activist in *The Milagro Beanfield War* and a dictator's mistress in *Moon over Parador*; and Tom Cruise, whose sheer hunksiness appears to have been the *raison d'être* for making *Cocktail*, in which he plays a bartender on the make. What he made most of was money, for Disney's Touchstone Pictures.



TOM CRUISE
Busiest Barkeep



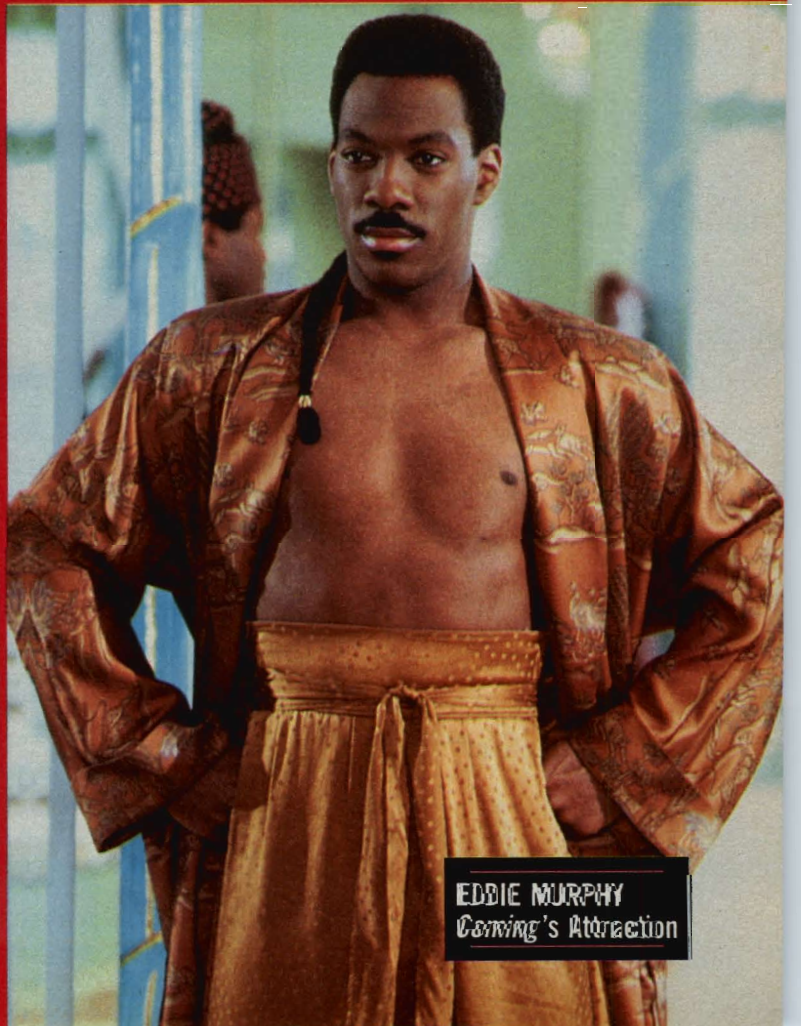
CHER
Oscar's Darling



VANNA WHITE
Venus, with Arms



SONIA BRAGA
Brazilian (Bombshell)



EDDIE MURPHY
Coming's Attraction



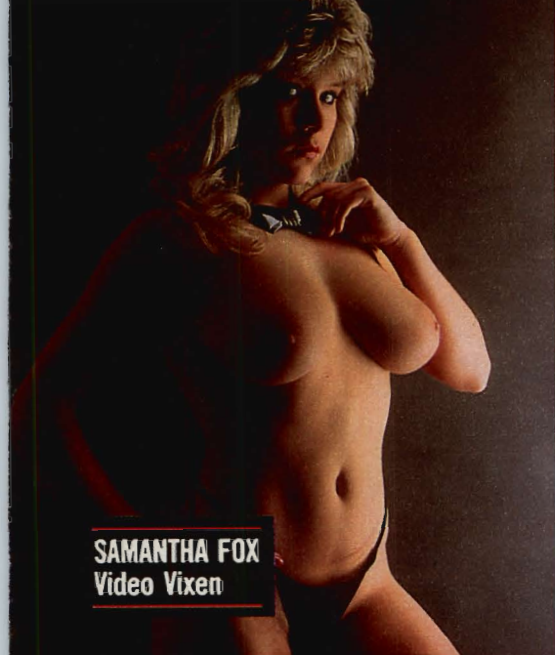
PHOEBE LÉGER
Plymouth Rocker



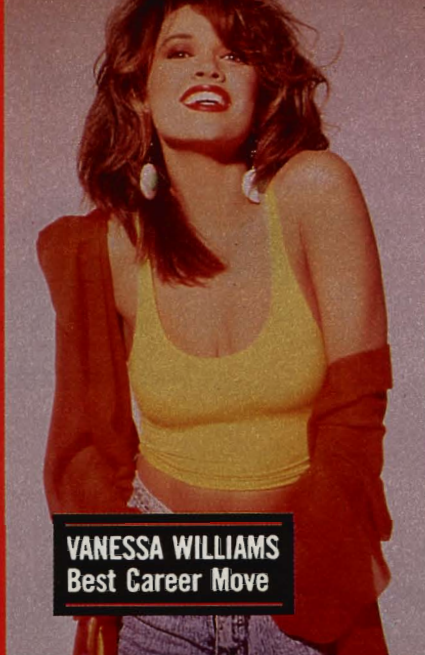
MICHAEL JACKSON
Holding On




PAMELA DES BARRES
Kiss-and-Teller



SAMANTHA FOX
Video Vixen




VANESSA WILLIAMS
Best Career Move



PRINCE
Royal Flesh

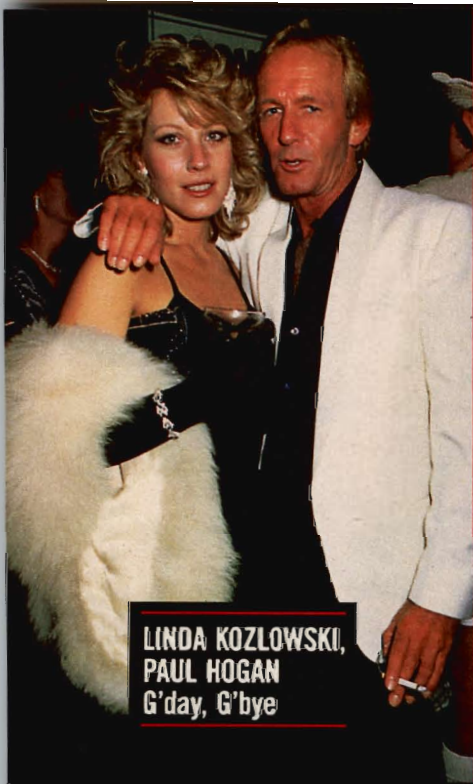
MUSIC, MUSIC, MUSIC They got rhythm (clockwise, from top far left): Phoebe Légère, the Mayflower descendant who's heating up the Manhattan club scene (and June's *Playboy* pages); Pamela Des Barres, whose book *I'm with the Band* (soon to be a movie, possibly starring Ally Sheedy) details her liaisons with a legion of rockers; Samantha Fox, whose latest single and video hit is *Naughty Girls (Need Love Too)*; Vanessa Williams, the dethroned Miss America turned singer, whose *Right Stuff* rocketed to the top of the charts; Prince, who adapted this pose for the cover of his album *Lovesexy*; Vanity, who beefed up her résumé with major-movie experience by playing a chanteuse in *Action Jackson*; Michael Crawford, who has been drawing S.R.O. audiences to Broadway with his portrayal of the titular *Phantom of the Opera* in the boffo Andrew Lloyd Webber musical; and the unquenchable Michael Jackson, who seems to be utilizing his mike as an incarnation of his hit single *Another Part of Me*. As we've always liked to observe, you can't keep a good man down.



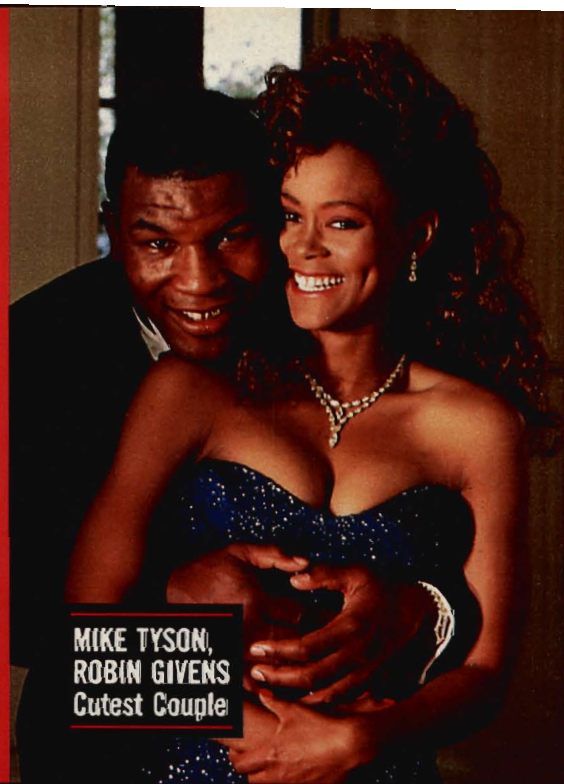
MICHAEL CRAWFORD
Best on Broadway



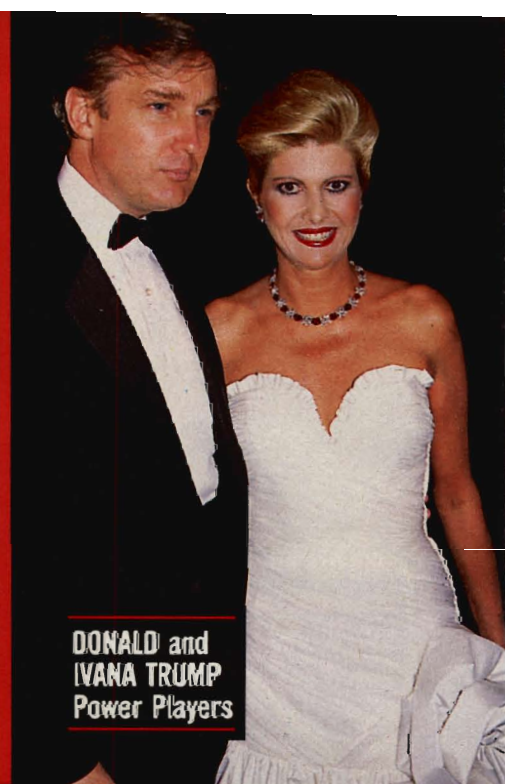
VANITY
Smoothest Action



**LINDA KOZLOWSKI,
PAUL HOGAN**
G'day, G'bye



**MIKE TYSON,
ROBIN GIVENS**
Cutest Couple

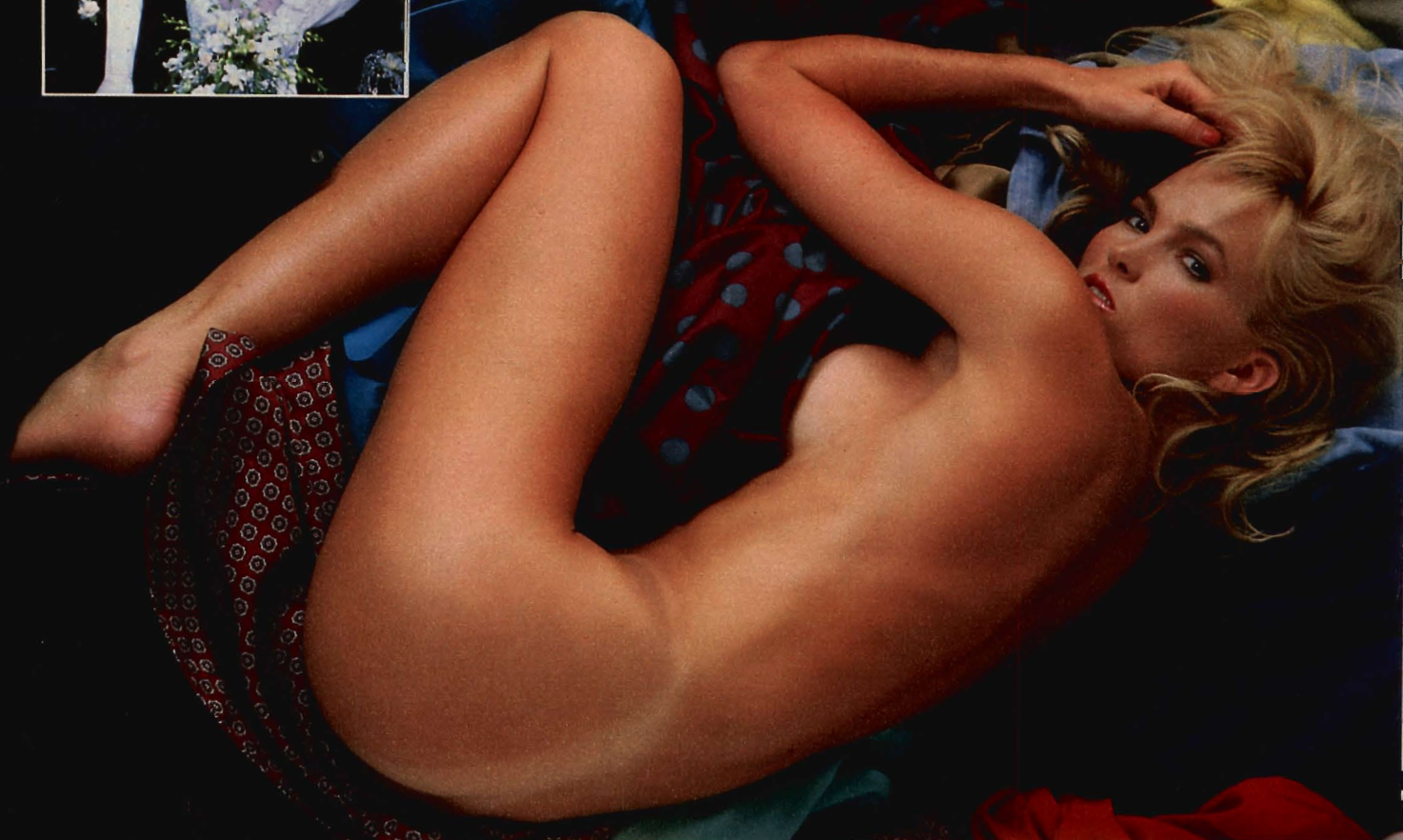


**DONALD and
IVANA TRUMP**
Power Players

NEWSY TWOSOMES When it comes to headline making, two are better than one. Has Linda Kozlowski, his co-star in "Crocodile" Dundees I and II, replaced a wife of 30 years in Paul Hogan's affections? Looks like it (above left), but did Linda actually call Paul boring? Boxing champ Mike Tyson and TV's Robin Givens (above center) tied the knot, as did actress and *Playboy* favorite Janet Jones (below) and hockey great Wayne Gretzky, who then broke Edmonton's municipal heart by moving to L.A. Megabucks mogul Donald Trump spent some \$30,000,000 to buy and \$8,500,000 more to redecorate arms middleman Adnan Khashoggi's yacht, aboard which Ivana may not run into anybody who patronizes her dressmaker.



**JANET JONES,
WAYNE GRETZKY**
Niftiest Newlyweds





GRETA SCACCHI
Mischief-Maker

BLONDES WE HAVE MORE FUN WITH

Maybe we should just give this gown the Dress of the Year award. Greta Scacchi's clinging version suits her steamy role in *White Mischief*. Brigitte Nielsen needn't wear *anything* to make an impression (notably on grid pro Mark Gastineau). As for gorgeous Virginia Madsen, her films *Mr. North*, *Hot to Trot* and *Heart of Dixie*, plus Showtime's thriller *Gotham*, may provide breaks she has long deserved.



VIRGINIA MADSEN
Girl Most Likely



BRIGITTE NIELSEN
Danish Modern



JESSICA HAHN
Born Again



CARRIE LEIGH
Carried Away

BELLES OF HOLMBY HILLS

We don't usually find our Sex Stars so close to home, but Playboy Mansion West was unquestionably where it was happening in '88. Jessica Hahn found it a sanctuary after her rugged ordeal with the religious right; while there, she consulted a plastic surgeon, with the results seen here (and in the September issue of *Playboy*, wherein she tells still more of her startling story). Meanwhile, Carrie Leigh, *Playboy* Editor and Publisher Hugh M. Hefner's companion for more than four years, split—and filed a \$35,000,000 palimony suit, hinting that Jessica'd had something to do with the breakup (she hadn't). Hef countersued. Further developments followed rapidly. First, the ante was upped to \$67,000,000. Then, to the surprise of the press (and palimony lawyer Marvin Mitchelson), Carrie suddenly married antiques dealer Cory Margolis and dropped the suit. For Hef, the entire affair had an astonishing up side: Shortly after Carrie's departure, into his life walked Kimberley Conrad, the January 1988 Playmate from Vancouver, who had returned to L.A. to model. Hef was smitten—this time for good. In July, he proposed and she accepted.



KIMBERLEY CONRAD
Fiancée of the Year



"In the spirit of the season, my heart goes out to the guys who aren't getting anything."

seems like an odd pairing. Explain the attraction.

SIMMONS: There's nothing odd about my wanting to work with one of the two or three living divas in the world. Liza asked me to produce her, and I told her it would take years if we were really going to do it, but if she wanted me to, I was going to arrange for her to have a modern musical career. It's very difficult to get people to accept Liza, even though here's a person who's won Academy Awards, Emmys, Tonys, you name it. So I aim to change all that, and to that extent, I've signed her to Walter Yetnikoff's Epic Records, globally. And she's got about the best deal in the business. My job is to show people she's not just Ethel Merman, that she can rock along with the best of them but in her way. All of that "just go play Las Vegas" stuff was proved wrong when Cher did it all by herself. And not only can Liza do it but she can do it great. This is not a foray into the rock world of, say, Led Zeppelin. But Liza will have competitive, modern, hip records.

16.

PLAYBOY: Besides playing in Kiss, acting and managing Liza, you've just started your own record label, Simmons Records. What are three occupational hazards you'd warn young rockers to avoid before they sign with you?

SIMMONS: First, trust your gut, no matter what anybody says, no matter what Gene Simmons says. If you believe in

your project, you just have to go with it, because that's all you've got, your belief. A former manager once said to me, "This group you found, Van Halen, nah, no good, they'll never make it." And these boys were signed to me exclusively in 1977. I took them into the studio, produced their demo. But I listened. I figured he knew something. I gave Van Halen back their contract. Second, lawyers and legal stuff. Get hip, get wise. When in France, learn French. When in the music business, learn legalese. Read your contracts. It will be profitable. Third, be healthy, be happy, but fuck every girl you can get your hands on.

17.

PLAYBOY: Make-up and men. What's for show, what's for maintenance? How do you keep a good complexion? Hair tips? Complexion tips? Is it more fun doing it with or without the make-up?

SIMMONS: Unfortunately, the truth about hair is if it's going to go, it's going to go, and that's life. And the only thing you can say about your face is soap and warm water, that's it. And all the rest of it—creams and everything else—is really silly. [Pauses] However, I do believe in placebos. If you believe that putting cream on your butt is what's going to make you more appealing to somebody, then that's fine. Which is why I think religion—here's a



To send a gift of Amaretto di Saronno anywhere in the U.S. call 1-800-243-3787.
28% alcohol by volume © 1987, Imported by The Paddington Corp., Fort Lee, NJ. Photo: Ken Nahoum.

nice *segue*—is also a harmless placebo, as long as there aren't devils like [Jimmy] Swaggart and everybody else stealing your money.

Doing it with or without the make-up depends on your partner. Because, like the tango, it takes two. For me, it was like being in that TV show *Beauty and the Beast*. Lots of women—and I'm talking hundreds and hundreds—would call on the hotel house phone and say, "I want to come up; I'm downstairs." I'd say, "All right, we'll see." And they'd say, "Please keep the make-up on, please fuck me with the boots on." They wanted the fantasy of being raped by a beast or something. They wanted the

blood smeared; they wanted it on the face. [Laughs] I obliged.

18.

PLAYBOY: If you could, what one thing would you change about women?

SIMMONS: I would give all women big fat asses. I want these derrières to block out the sun and the stereo. Because *vive la difference*, you know? I worship large butts and thick thighs. Just love them. There's nothing wrong with thin girls, but most women are really missing the boat. They're beautifully different from us. Their hips are much wider than ours, and the idea that women are trying to slim down and lose all that is totally unappealing to me. That doesn't mean that I wouldn't take advantage of a situation with a thin woman. That's different. Because, yes, girls, you're right, we are all dogs. Yet the classical concept of beauty in paintings is much more appealing—big, hefty, large, beautiful women. No ribs sticking out. Thighs touching instead of being in different Zip Codes. I want a woman to be able to stand on a mountaintop and have the wind whistle *Dixie* through her thighs. [Whistles] Incidentally, breasts are nice, too, but they don't have to be huge.

19.

PLAYBOY: You briefly taught sixth grade at P.S. 75 before starting Kiss. Have you since run into any of the kids from your class?

SIMMONS: It's interesting that you ask

that. Once, somewhere in Indiana during a tour, a girl in her 20s walks up. Beautiful. We wound up swapping spit, or peeling the raisin, because the grape had already been peeled. And afterward, I explain, "Look, I've got to get to sleep. Thank you, you have to leave." And she says, "Don't you remember me? I sat in the back row." She was one of the students. I guess she did her homework. [Pauses and laughs] I gave her a B-plus for the evening.

20.

PLAYBOY: What will be your epitaph?

SIMMONS: WHAT ARE YOU DOING TONIGHT?



much my physical equal as Chloe.

Whereas Kittredge was the former consort of a knight, now a crippled knight. I felt like a squire in a medieval romance. My knight was away on crusades and so I entertained his lady. We had found a way to pick the lock of her chastity belt, but I was still her equerry and she remained my noblewoman. I could not make love without having to mount the steps. We might see lightning and stars, but our bedroom was her chamber. The walls were stone. Our ecstasy was as austere as the glow of phosphorescent lights in Maine waters. I did not see creation (and, sad truth, we were childless); rather, I had glimpses of the divine. To know happiness with Kittredge was to be a stripling on the palimpsests of the heavens. With Chloe, I felt like one more driver with a heavy rig. And, in truth, if Chloe had known my real line of work, it would have blasted her panties clear off her pubes. Forgive me. She was vulgarity itself, God bless her. And vulgarity is infectious. Maybe it is the culture dish for all our other germs.

Thoughts unrolled before me like 30-second, have-to-get-your-attention commercials. On a night of driving as terrible as this—with sleet on the cusp of freezing—there was no way to meditate for long, only in bursts. I saw suddenly that Chloe had the true shape of a wife (if we are to invoke archetypes) and Kittredge was still my far-off love. In each affair, I decided, there were elements unique to the two people and parts that were exchangeable with other relationships. A kiss could belong to one soul or bring back every

mouth you had ever known. It lubricated a marriage, I now decided, if you had a wife who could allow you to live not only with herself but with ten other women she could remind you of. What was a sweet fucky marriage but the sublimation of orgies never undertaken? This was absent with Kittredge. I had been missing the promiscuity of making love to one woman who could serve for many.

Needless to say, this was not Kittredge's view. Once, about a month after we were married, she said to me, "There's nothing I hate worse than the breaking of vows. I always feel as if the universe is held together by the few vows that are kept. Hugh was awful. You could never trust a word of his. I shouldn't tell you, darling, but when you and I first began, it was such an achievement for me. I suppose it was the bravest thing I'd ever done."

"Don't ever be that brave with me," I said, and it was no threat. At the uneasy center of my voice, I was begging her.

"I won't. I won't ever." She would have had the clear blue eyes of an angel but for a touch of haze in the iris that gave her the expression of a philosopher who is forever trying to perceive objects at a great distance. Thoughtful and a little misty was her look. "No," she said, "let's make a pledge. Absolute honesty between us. No transgressions of our word. If either of us ever has anything to do with someone else, we must tell."

"I pledge," I said.



SEX STARS

(continued from page 181)

around into something more fun but rather less comfortable. Is that Dick and Liz over there, or Sly and Gitte? Did you say that singer who's on the balcony with Another Woman was the Fifties' Frank Sinatra or the Eighties' Bruce Springsteen, out for a romp with backup singer Patti Scialfa—to the dismay of his 1985 bride, Julianne Phillips, who filed for divorce? Has Clark Gable come back as Kevin Costner? If gossip died with Hedda, Louella and Walter, who are Oprah, Phil and Geraldo?

There's definitely something otherworldly about the engagement, off and on, of Brigitte Nielsen and N.Y. Jets defensive end Mark Gastineau. The pair met at the Super Bowl, fell madly in lust and broke up—but not before they'd had each other's names tattooed on their rear ends. Possibly realizing that this could limit their future love lives, they renewed the engagement pending Gastineau's divorce from his model wife, Lisa, who graciously commented, "They're cut from the same mold, both publicity conscious. I can't see him with any person who has a past—and, God, she has a past!"

Gitte's past, of course, includes several *Playboy* appearances, an ex-husband and a child in her native Denmark and a reported \$6,000,000 settlement in her divorce last year from hubby number two, Sylvester Stallone. Not to be outdone in graciousness by Mrs. Gastineau, Stallone's mother, Jackie, observed, "Gitte is the poorest example of a female I've ever known."

Sly consoled himself for a while with Alana Hamilton Stewart, ex of George Hamilton and Rod Stewart, then took up with socialite Cornelia Guest. Lying under a tank during the shooting of *Rambo III*, Stallone told how he psychs himself up for one more action shot: "I'm saying, 'Come on, Sly, one more time. . . . That'll be the one. Hang on.'" Presumably, he says much the same thing about his love life.

Nielsen—who ended up with a tasteful engagement ring with diamonds in the shape of a nine to remind her of Mark's jersey number, 99—wasn't the only beauty to fall for a jock. Not since Joe DiMaggio wed Marilyn Monroe have so many celebrity athletes been romancing actresses, with similarly mixed success. Spirited Robin Givens, star of ABC's *Head of the Class* and frequent companion to such stars as Eddie Murphy, wed heavyweight champ Mike Tyson and the two of them almost went down for the count in the tabloids. Their courtship and marriage were marred by tales of alleged fights with each other, and with family and business associates, culminating in the crash of his luxury car. Givens denied that they'd been fighting at the time of the wreck but concedes that Tyson was so disgusted that he gave the \$180,000 auto to the police. Her wifely explanation: "It was just a man going, 'Ugh! Forget it!' He didn't want to drive the car, you know, his



"The first bag is a gift. When they want more, they call our 800 number."

patriarchal bullshit that the female body is disgusting. When one gazes appreciatively upon the female form, it's a religious act." But Légère backslid a bit in a later interview with *Village Voice* columnist Michael Musto, who said she had claimed, contrary to the obvious evidence, that the pix weren't even seminude and had commented, "I refused them about 200 times. I said, 'Over my dead body. I'm a Mayflower descendant and a Vassar graduate.'"

Towering over those who are still proud of their bodies is Greta Scacchi, whose triumph in *White Mischief* continued her tradition of taking off her clothes in nearly every film she has been in. And, fortunately, even after winning an Oscar for *Moonstruck*, Cher refused to become sensitive about her revealing fashions. "I think that Ronald Reagan looks very smart in his suit, you know? And Jim Bakker looks really nice and clean in his suit, and I'm sure that Nixon looked real tight in his suit, and I'm much more trustworthy than any two of

them with my belly button showing."

However, Cher was dressed quite somberly in black pants, tunic and jacket when she appeared at a press conference with boyfriend Robert Camilletti after he was arrested and booked for investigation of felony assault with a deadly weapon (her Ferrari) of a photographer who was camped outside their Benedict Canyon home. Denying that her fella had deliberately tried to run down the *paparazzo*, Cher unloaded on the media. "I know that I have to give up lots of my rights, that people can write in a magazine that I, you know, don't have my rib cage or that this is not my chin or these are not my cheeks. I've been doing this for 25 years and so I'm pretty much used to having my private life destroyed and lies told about me." (For more Cher—lots more—see this month's *Playboy Interview*.)

Overcoming the troubles her explicit layouts once cost her, deposed former Miss America Vanessa Williams staged a comeback as a singer, cracking the top five on

the charts with her single *The Right Stuff*. Recounting her struggle to be taken seriously after her slide from grace, Williams noted, "I knew it was going to be hard, but I knew I'd get there eventually. I don't like to be written off before being able to have a chance. I'm a fighter—I always try to prove that I've got what it takes."

Vanessa's old-fashioned spunk was inspiring, providing a frequently encountered clue to a new attitude. So many of our Sex Stars seem so—well—*sensible*. Not sensible, maybe, in the sense of good oxford shoes and a black canvas bumber-shoot. But a lot of the things they are saying—about the values of life, of home and family and hard work, of giving up the wild life in favor of cottages and Keogh plans—just make so much *sense*.

Enjoying his multimillionaire status after a string of superhits—*Top Gun*, *The Color of Money* and *Cocktail*—plus his marriage to actress Mimi Rogers, Tom Cruise hopes his career will follow the steady path of his mentor, Paul Newman. "To be my age and to be this successful—I can't say I felt totally great about it in the beginning," Cruise reflected.

"Then I thought, Listen, this is where I want to be. You see some people who destroy themselves because they become successful and feel guilty about acknowledging it—and then it goes away. However terrible it is, I'm enjoying myself."

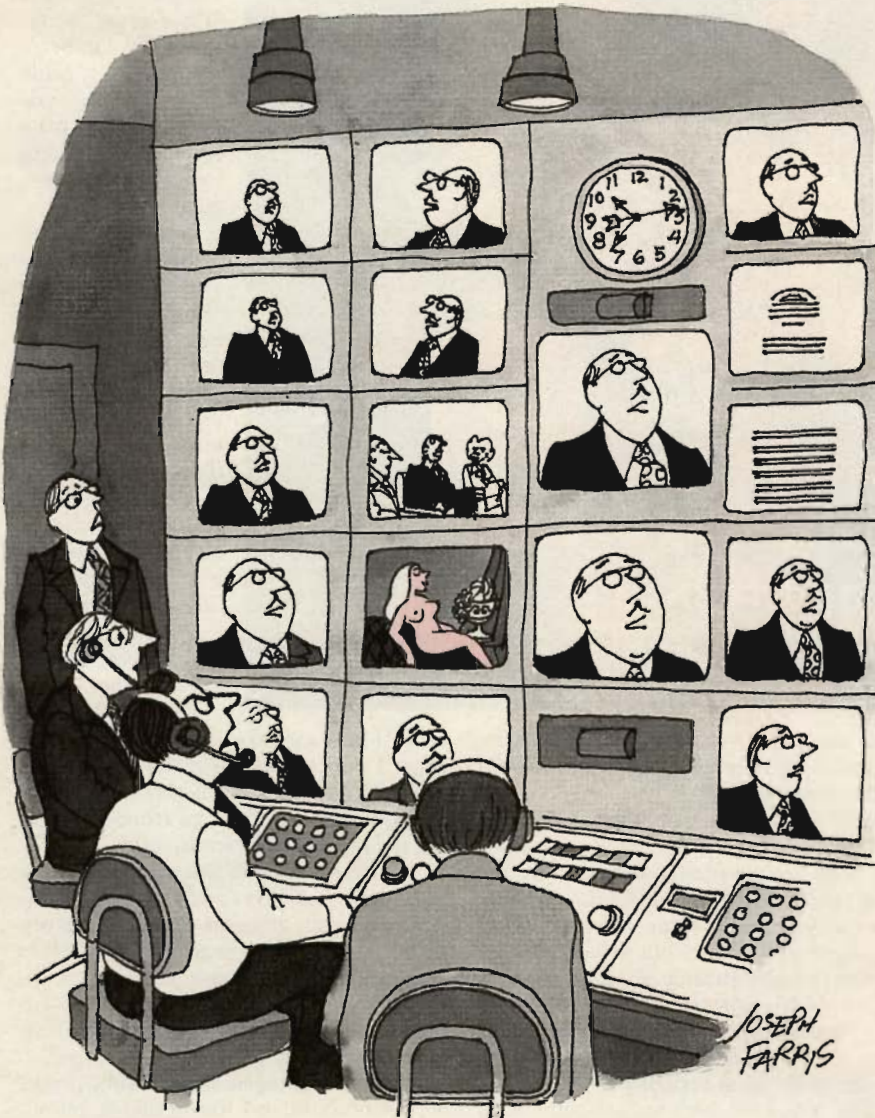
Supersensible Vanna White continued to turn her *Wheel of Fortune* letters into a career, appearing in an NBC miniseries, *Goddess of Love*. But she showed no interest in helping the producers revive *Gypsy Angels*, a film she'd shot as an unknown six years earlier. That one isn't quite in keeping with her image today as a goody-goody, though her shower scene is shown only in silhouette and reveals much less than her pre-*Wheel of Fortune* photos published by *Playboy*.

Still sensibly stringing together a respectable list of film and TV credits, voluptuous Virginia Madsen garnered good reviews in *Mr. North*, but the film wasn't a blockbuster and she's still awaiting her big break. One fringe benefit she picked up in the process, however, was a romance with the picture's director, Danny Huston, son of the late, legendary John.

When it comes to being sensible, a sense of humor helps. Still laughing after the breakup of his long marriage and a fling with "Crocodile" Dundee co-star Linda Kozlowski, Paul Hogan reported in the July *Playboy Interview* that he still doesn't think of himself as a sex symbol.

"The idea of sex symbol has become so distorted. In Australia, it means the latest young star on *The Young Doctors* or some soap, and it's almost a kiss of death. If some kid has got his TV work as a sex symbol, you know that within six months, he'll be unemployed. And that he has no sex appeal at all. . . . I'm just a short Clint Eastwood with a sense of humor."

Equally bemused, Sonia Braga pondered,



"Camera four . . . where the hell are you?"

"I catch myself sometimes in big shirts, socks, walking around the house with a coat over it, big T-shirts and the nose with the cold, also, the nose running, and I'm getting some coffee to drink, very sad, watching TV, reading a book—you know, thinking about someone who doesn't love me back—and then comes the newspaper, and it says, 'SONIA BRAGA, SEXY STAR.'

"You look at the paper and look at the mirror and think, 'What are they talking about? Am I the sex symbol of Brazil?'"

Robert Redford, Braga's producer-director for *The Milagro Beanfield War*, certainly thought so, and photos caught the two of them leaving his Manhattan apartment, fueling rumors of trouble at home with Lola, his wife of 30 years. Asked about the rumors a month later at the Cannes Film Festival, Redford laughed, "So it's out," setting off a furor among those European papers that took him seriously.

Media mogul Ted Turner was less reticent about the split from his wife. "There was no way I could keep my wife and girlfriend happy at the same time. I know it's unfair, but you've got to roll with the punches."

Singer Lionel Richie was definitely rolling with the punches when his unhappy wife, Brenda, caught him at the Beverly Hills apartment of his 22-year-old girlfriend, Diane Alexander. After what neighbors described as a noisy brawl—during which she kicked him in a particularly uncomfortable spot—it took several policemen to pull the Mrs. off the mistress.

Brenda was arrested on a long list of charges, including "corporal injury to a spouse," who allegedly received a swift kick in "the groin area." But Lionel doesn't seem to be singing any higher.

In the Old Hollywood, there was always a new wedding to balance each divorce. It's the same in the New Hollywood. Loni Anderson and Burt Reynolds, who have been dating since 1982 and living together for four years, finally tied the knot, as did Michael J. Fox and his former *Family Ties* co-star Tracy Pollan after 14 months of courtship. It's hard to say which couple had the bigger ceremony. More quietly, Tom Hanks was married for the second time, to actress Rita Wilson.

Managing to keep their divorce plans and marriage neatly wrapped in the same package, Sean Penn and Madonna were relatively quiet this year, echoing complaints that the media make more of their spats than they do. In fact, Madonna said she has been misunderstood from the beginning. "I was surprised how people reacted to *Like a Virgin*, because when I did the song, to me, I was singing about how something made me feel a certain way—brand-new and fresh—and everyone else interpreted it as, 'I don't want to be a virgin anymore. Fuck my brains out.'"

But the unlikeliest bachelor of all to fall in 1988 was *Playboy* Editor and Publisher Hugh Hefner. After years of an inspirational single life, Hef announced his engagement to January Playmate Kimberley Conrad. His

conversion came after a messy episode that would warn any bachelor about the potential dangers of cohabitation. Hefner was sued for \$35,000,000 by Carrie Leigh, his live-in lady of more than four years. Her wild accusations and his countermoves—which resulted in a dismissal of her claims—were fully recounted in the August *Playboy*. All in all, it made marriage look good.

Although she was unfairly drawn into the mess, Mansion house guest Jessica Hahn didn't let the dirt deter her from a good time. Still in demand to talk about her experiences with televangelist Jim Bakker, Hahn was a frequent TV guest and constant partygoer; she also discovered that she was being treated by the same plastic surgeon as Michael Jackson.

Still single but with a new leading singing lady, Cat, proud Prince posed naked for his album cover on *Lovesexy*, which he promoted with a wild concert tour that was half orgy, half spiritual camp meeting. The nonspiritual part had Prince singing *Head* as Cat simulated said act on a microphone wedged between his legs.

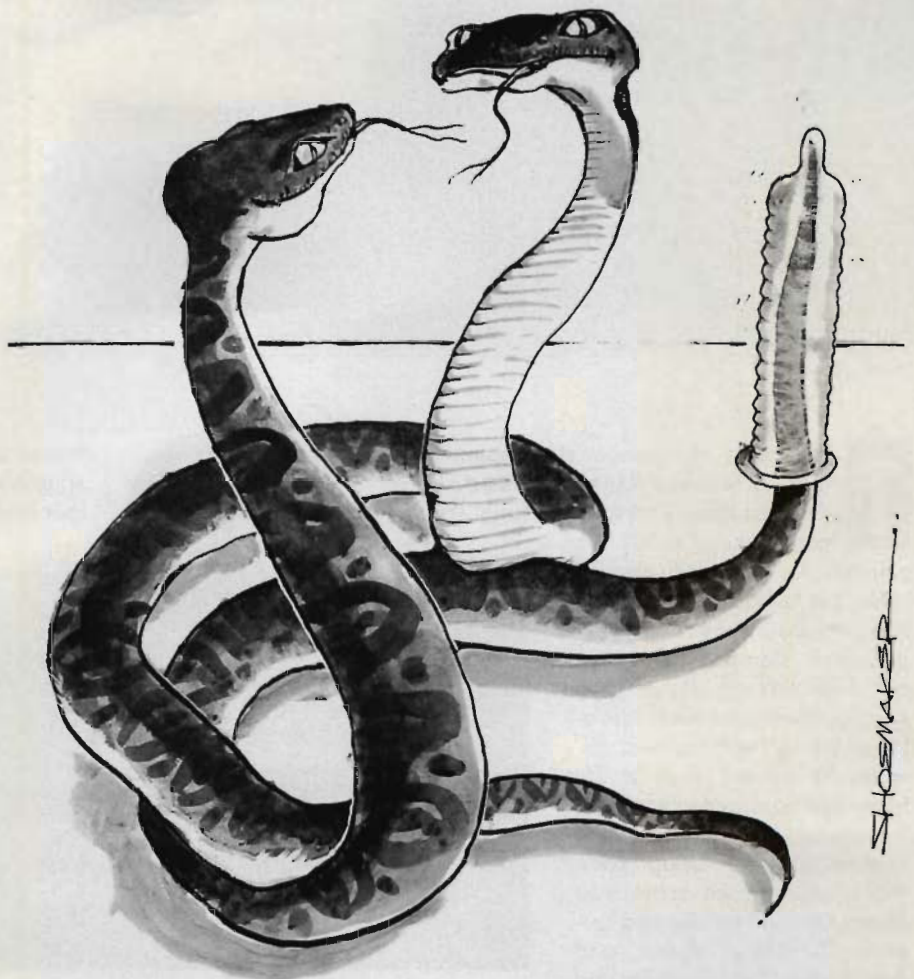
Judging by her autobiography, *I'm with the Band*, former groupie Pamela Des Barres

would once have been happy to do the real thing. Now she's too busy preparing a film of the book, which may star Ally Sheedy.

On balance, though, no Sex Star this year measures up to the copiously cantilevered Jessica Rabbit. What better love could a man have than a beautiful creature who will never change in any way? As she was drawn to our hearts in *Who Framed Roger Rabbit*, Jessica will always be with us, as loving and as lastingly perfect as Snow White. Besides, as one wag noted, she's the perfect mate: "She's loyal, she's got big tits and she has a steady job."

On a metaphysical level, perhaps Jessica does have a rival. Although he claims he has been dating regularly, comedian Richard Lewis says he has finally figured out who the woman of his dreams really is: himself. "I feel that the ideal woman is me in drag. I'm the only one I can get along with. If I could figure out how to marry myself, I would."

If the idea catches on, it could easily cut a Sex Stars chronicler's work in half. How simple it would be to track their romances—Gitte with Gitte, Sly with Sly, Cher and Cher alike.



"I don't care if you are wearing a condom. The answer is still no!"

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on the corner, a man told me that the woman with the kids had moved away.

"She didn't leave an address with me," he said.

I was in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, when they brought the aircraft carrier John F. Kennedy in from the high seas, the suspicion here is, to scare the local drug dealers. People stood on the pier and looked up at the ten-story-high gray vessel. Jutting out from the flight deck were the aircraft that carry nuclear weapons many hundreds of miles.

Only one person on the pier knew enough to look down. His name was Reed and he had just driven me down from Lauderdale, which is where a lot of drug peddlers live.

Reed pointed to a canal that was filled with small boats. "All we be needin' is an oar."

He began to snicker at the aircraft carrier and his snicker became a laugh and the laugh covered all of it—this huge, mad nation with a skinny woman with her large-looking head smiling on television, saying, "Just say no," and the blacks smoking crack and waving at her on TV; this nation that tries to blame all drugs on a general in Panama, when you can look at the sea and the sky and the dusty land along the border in the South and know that the drugs come from everywhere and cannot be stopped, because the people in the cities want them.

The first word in any economics textbook is consumer, and all of his demands are always supplied. By Bolivia, where skinny men called *cepas*, after the leaf-cutting ants, are in an endless file, carrying 100 pounds of coca-shrub leaves on their backs up and down mountains to a town where the leaves are turned into coca paste. Botanists find towns in the Amazon valley, towns hundreds of miles apart, where a low-altitude coca shrub we have never heard of grows. Forget the Andes;

watch the valleys this year.

To stop cocaine, you might start by eliminating one of the continents of the world.

On the weekend after watching the drug dealers in their cars in Atlantic City, I sat over coffee in Washington, D.C., and read in the paper that the police in East Palo Alto, California, were stunned by the first killing of a cop in the town's history. A crack dealer did it. In Washington, a man who owned four astonishing cars and his 19-year-old girlfriend were executed in an apartment. The police said that the deaths might have been drug-related, which is like saying that a death at Gettysburg might have been battle-related.

Of course, crack *can* be stopped by the words that make everybody so unhappy: day care, education and jobs with hope. But good, thoughtful white people wonder if it is worth fighting any more. As long as it is all black, then legalize it. But even the smallest fire department knows that if you let a building—even the most despised, ramshackle building—on a crowded street burn away, so many flames will be sent into the sky that something may start skipping through the air and ignite everything it touches.

Each day, for so many young blacks, the choice is a job at McDonald's, at minimum wage and with no chance of ever getting higher, or a job in the crack trade that gives you new clothes and maybe a Jaguar.

"I got the perfect job. Me and my girl are workin' together," a guy named Curtis was saying one day.

"What at?" I asked him.

"Love factory," he said. "We make the love drug. Crack. The more you take it, the more you want it."

He made a fist and shoved it between the waistband of his jeans and his flat stomach.

"Got my waist down to 26 inches. I used to have a 32-inch waist. Half my clothes I can't wear."

"What kind of a diet?" I asked him.

"Smokin'. You don't have to ask anybody to know. You just have to look at the jaws."

He rubbed his jaw, which had skin stretched over it. "Losin' weight is the only thing I ever heard of happenin' to you from crack. You walk down the streets, they say to you, 'Oh, you're going to Jack La Lanne's.' Losin' weight, that's all that happens."

"What about this guy Lenny Bias, dropped dead of it?"

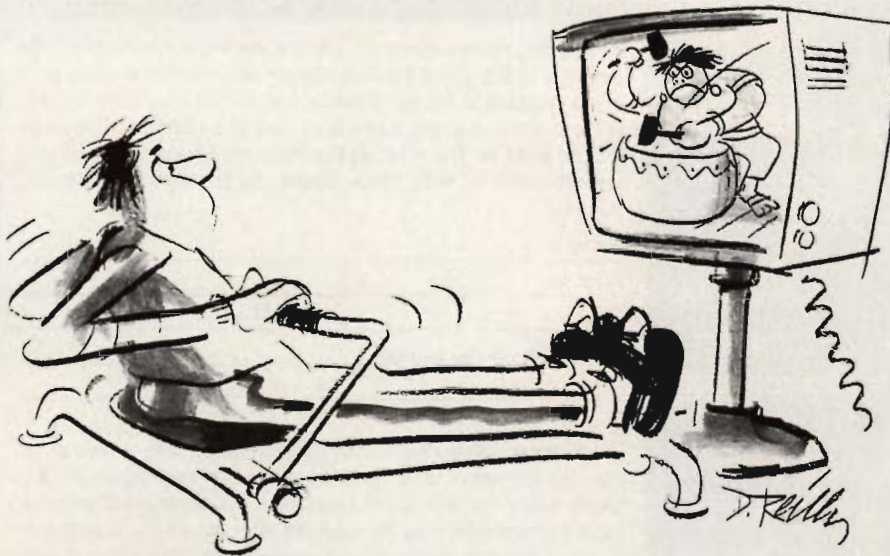
"He must of got some bad crack, that's all. We make good crack in my factory. My ride is going to be a BMW."

Now, I know that Curtis finished three years of Hillcrest High School and might have taken a science course. But I also know that his girlfriend, Iris, turns the faucet the wrong way. Their crack factory consisted of a room in the Lincoln Motor Inn, a converted girdle plant that is now a welfare hotel on Van Wyck Expressway, a couple of miles short of Kennedy airport. In the room, Curtis and Iris sat with a blowtorch, glass bottles and water. When one of the bosses appeared with a bag of cocaine, Curtis and his girlfriend dropped the cocaine and baking soda into the water, then hit the bottle with the blowtorch. The cocaine powder boiled down to its oily base. The baking soda soaked up the impurities in the cocaine. When cold water was added to the bottle, the cocaine base hardened into white balls. Curtis and Iris spooned them out, placed them on a table covered with paper and began to measure the hard white cocaine with sleepy eyes—they worked round the clock and smoked crack to keep their energy high—and chipped it into chunks about as big as a thumbnail, which were put into small glass vials, of the sort in which sequins are stored, and rubber caps were stuffed into them. Every now and then, one of the bosses pounded on the door and Curtis handed him the vials. Each time, before the guy left, Curtis asked him, "When I be gettin' the chance to get out and make some money sellin'?"

A crack-factory worker was paid \$600 a week and Curtis heard he could make himself almost \$1000 out peddling. For months, each time he asked, the boss only grunted and left to distribute the vials to street peddlers, who, at the time, sold them for ten dollars each. Then, one day, the cops made a couple of quick arrests out on the streets, for the trade was too brazen even for them, and the boss appeared at the motel door with two geniuses from a gas station.

"Show them what you do and then get down to the street in a hurry," the boss said.

Some hours later, Curtis and Iris were out selling. They wore space helmets with walkie-talkie wires attached—"NASA sets." Curtis stood inside an old garage with 40 crack vials and Iris stayed outside on the street, hustling customers and telling Curtis over the headset when a guy was going in. They started early in the



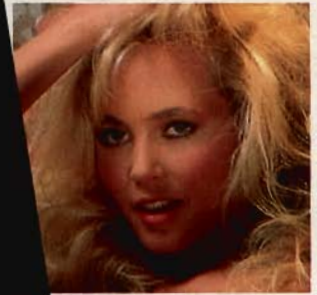


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SINGLE-MALT SCOTCH (continued from page 148)

“Even the Scots are inclined to save the single malts for the evening and have a blended whisky at lunch.”

in oak, but each distillery has its own supply of wood. Some make a point of buying casks that originally contained sherry. Other Scottish distillers use American oak barrels that have weathered four or five summers in a bourbon warehouse.

Single-malt whisky is a secret drink. Where has it been all these years? The truth is that for generations, the Scots thought their single malts were too individualistic for the tastes of even the English, let alone the denizens of the New World. For years, Scotland kept a cache of single malts to itself and used the rest to produce blends such as Johnnie Walker Red and Black and J&B.

Even the Scots are inclined to save the

single malts for the evening and have a blended whisky at lunch. The first single malt, an easy Lowland, perhaps, might be drunk after an afternoon stroll, a day's fly-fishing or a game of golf. Before dinner, a more intense, dry single malt from the craggy coast line of the west. After dinner, a Highland single malt that has spent 15 years or more in sherry wood.

Like fine wines, single malts are known by their classic regions. To stock your personal library, you will need five or six shelves. Here are some reviews, starting with the lower shelf.

THE LOWLANDS

The softest single malts come from the Lowlands. The easiest to find is the light,

fresh Auchentoshan (ooken-toshen). Also look for the delicate Rosebank, the lemony Bladnoch and the sweeter Littlemill. On the edge of this region, just across the Highland line, is the distillery of Glen-goyne, which makes a beautifully rounded single malt.

CAMPBELTOWN

Just one small town, but a recognized region in itself, on the peninsula called the Mull of Kintyre on the craggy west coast of Scotland. It has only three single malts. Springbank, a lonely malt but an acknowledged classic, notable for the salty tang of its location, is the most readily available. Also look for Longrow and Glen Scotia.

ISLAY

Pronounced *eye-la*. The classic island for single malts, with eight distilleries. Start with the flowery Bunnahabhain (boonahöven), then work your way up through Bruichladdich (brook-laddie), Bowmore and the rare Caol Ila (kaleela) to Laphroaig (*la-froig*) for the full, peaty, seaweedlike intensity that makes the island's single malts the delight of the connoisseur. Among the other islands, Skye is notable for its Talisker, and Orkney for Highland Park. Both are very full-flavored and peaty.

SPEYSIDE

By far the biggest producing region, in the valley of the river Spey, with tributaries such as the Livet and the Fiddich, all in the stretch of the Highlands between Inverness and Aberdeen. Only one single malt is allowed to call itself *The Glenlivet*, but several others mention the location on their label. The Glenlivet, the original, is the most elegant and complex of single malts, with an almost herbal aperitif quality. It's a must edition to your single-malt library. Glenfiddich is smooth and well balanced, with an aromatic fruitiness. Knockando has a light almondy note. Cardhu presents a light-to-medium body and a sweetish palate. Strathisla introduces a little more oakiness. The Macallan has the most sherry-wood character among the readily available single malts. Try it at 18 years old; it is an acknowledged classic.

NORTHERN HIGHLANDS

The most remote stretch of the Scottish mainland still manages to support about ten distilleries, among which by far the best known is Glenmorangie. This very clean, lightly fruity single malt is notable for its dash of bourbon-wood sweetness. It's the perfect single malt for the cocktail hour.

In the Highlands, it will be cold now, and maybe snowy. Christmas is just around the corner and so is New Year's, which the Scots call hogmanay. Then there's Burns Night on January 25. We'll drink to all those with single malts—and winter has just begun.



“Let’s not decide if we’re going to spend the night together till later,” Beatrice said.”

the buttons on her blouse, leaving the top two as they were.

He noted the gesture, he let her know about the notation, he let her wonder whether he would let it pass. He let it pass. He liked the hang of her vest, some kind of find from the Barbary Coast Antique Clothier. “What is it now,” he asked, “nineteen eighty-eight or so?”

That was his way of letting it pass. He didn’t expect any answer. He had grown rusty at party banter. But he kind of liked this Beatrice, liked her as much now, when she might have worn a bra to a Christmas Eve get-together for those who didn’t go home for the holidays. The kind-of-like system worked with plump and also sometimes worked with lean and rangy. “I’m Watkins,” he said. “That’s my funny name I’ve been learning to live with.”

“Watkins. You’re right. Well, probably, a handicap like that is terrific for your character.”

The system slipped into gear when certain life problems laid a person open: Can’t go home for the holidays, or no money; or don’t want to go home or no home to go to. Or nobody to tease about the funny names a fellow gets.

“You two have plates,” Sheila said, peering into each of their faces, making her own estimate of the preholiday situation. “You have food on your plates, silverware, at least one of you is showing a napkin. But you’re not eating.”

“Hey, we’re getting organized.”

Beatrice dropped to a step leading to the door and Watkins sat alongside. First he tried to put the plate on his knees; that didn’t work so well. Then he tried the floor, but it was too great a bend and reach. Beatrice was laughing at him. People were jostling around them. He didn’t like shoes so close to his turkey and fixings. Beatrice was still studying him and laughing about what she had learned. “Not used to partying much, are you?” she asked. “Normally a loner, are you?”

“Normally an eater at tables,” he admitted grimly. She was delighted. The smile wouldn’t quit.

The light in the room was yellow and warm. The people were not talking very much, pending the start of wine-fueled jollity, but there was a busy clash of teeth and silver. That helped. It was the noise of ice being broken. Sheila’s house was filled with things—souvenirs, posters, season’s greetings propped up on mantels—not a menacing rich woman’s house. In a corner, on a pedestal where a person might expect a sculpture or an Egyptoid lamp, stood a complex bit of machinery with jagged teeth on its snout and the message on a

plaque: OLDEST ORANGE-JUICE MAKER KNOWN TO CALIFORNIA.

And alongside Watkins was an attractive, not-too-beautiful woman, the warmth of her flanks communicated to his. He should surely be feeling better about life. And having successfully argued the case for felicity against himself, he suddenly did. Feel better.

“You don’t have any olives,” he said. “Let that lack be remedied.”

Beatrice plucked a black olive from his plate and neatly removed the pit from her mouth with the same fingers. She was easy with him and easy with herself. She didn’t demand that life bring her only pitless black olives. Surely, all of that suggested a promising situation for a lonely divorced male. She had reached into his plate as if she belonged there. If anything can be slightly aphrodisiac to the parties concerned, it’s the ameliorating of the normal holiday depression by good luck and a bold reach. “That’s the case,” he said.

“Pardon?”

“I think aloud sometimes, even when I’m talking with people.”

“Nice, Wat. A little controlled schizophrenia is a very attractive quality in a man.”

“Maybe you better run that by me one more time.”

They were good buddies already. They joked. She called him Wat. They sat very close on the carpeted step. They were the

envy of everyone, though Sheila looked only half-envious. Her pride in the art and craft of hostessing compensated her, or perhaps it was only that she didn’t really find Watkins her sort.

“The law of averages,” Kenny Jones was saying, too near to them, meaning to be overheard, “is that someone in this room has AIDS or syndrome.”

“The law of averages also states,” Sheila remarked, her patience as a hostess beginning to be tried, “that we’ll all be dead in due course. So let’s be careful. What’re you trying to suggest?”

He shrugged. “Just small talk, like anybody else. It’s on my mind.”

Reassuringly, Sheila leaned over and patted Watkins and Beatrice, in turn, on the shoulders. “Don’t you worry; I’ll vouch for both of you, especially if you obey safe practices. Let me get you some carrot and celery sticks—picks up the immune system, just in case.”

When she turned toward the other guests, Watkins asked, “Are we doing the right thing?”

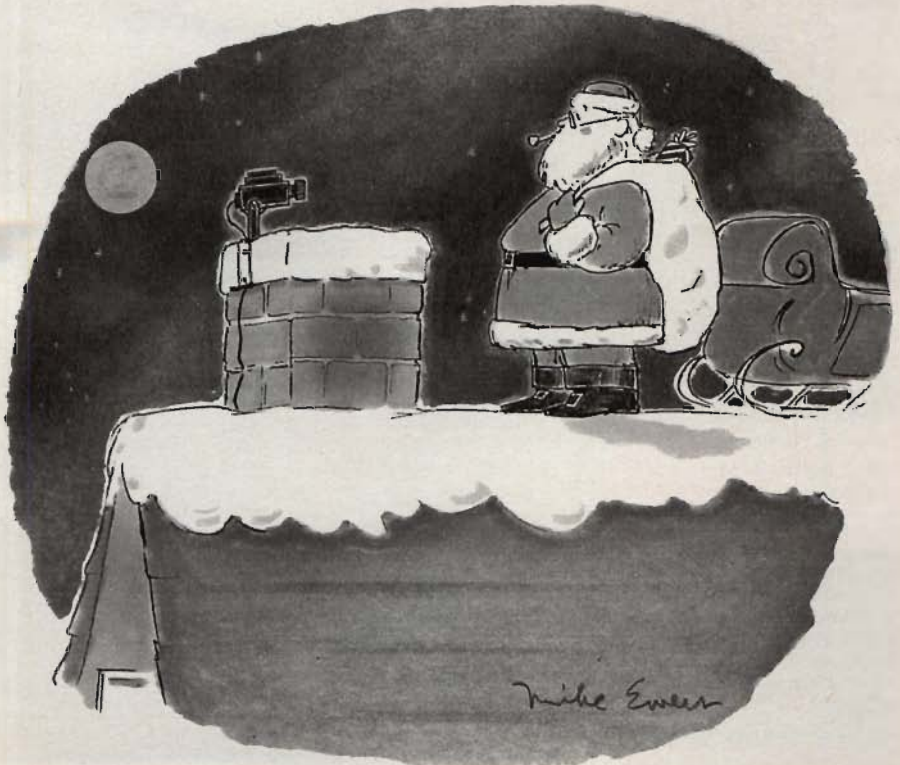
The cool gray eyes of Beatrice—long eyes, lean eyes, like the rest of her—widened. “What are we doing?” she asked. He had assumed too much. He was unskilled in the matter of Christmas Eve flirtation.

“Talking only to each other,” he said. “Perhaps we’re rude.”

“Good recovery,” said Beatrice. “Way to go.” She took another olive from his plate, another black one, and again removed the pit from her mouth with the same two fingers. “Let’s not decide if we’re going to spend the night together till later. Then we’ll poll the jury.”

“Have you had legal experience?”

“Neither a plaintiff nor a defendant,”



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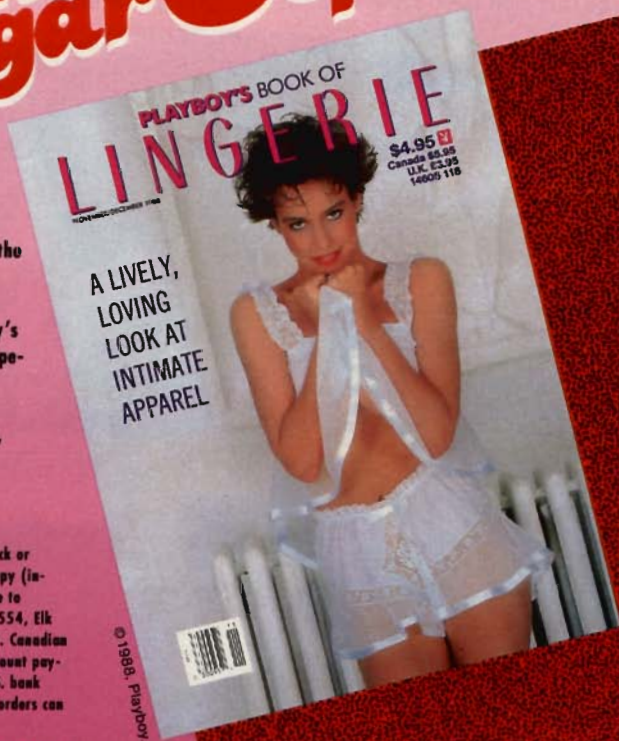


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she said, "but I keep up with my reading."

They had got past that tender point in the discussion, the moment when a person might go to get a drink and forget to return. He didn't know for sure if they were just joking. He wasn't even sure of the legal status of the term just joking. On Christmas Eve, far from home, or maybe no real home, perhaps certain rules were suspended, like alternate-side parking. He saw the point of food, drink, music and other people in such situations. They gave a legitimate reason for distraction. A person could fall silent and still seem to be paying attention. Apparently, Beatrice had been going through her own process of rumination. There was a dreamy and abstracted vagueness on her face, as of someone running various precise scenarios through her head. Apparently, the decision came suddenly in a collision of scenarios. She asked, "Your place or mine?" so loudly that, two bodies away, Kenny Jones jumped.

Watkins was ready to admit when he was wrong in both small matters and large. He had predicted that Beatrice wouldn't finish her plate. She had eaten methodically through the little mounds—creamy slaw, vinegary slaw, turkey, cranberry sauce, dressing, other festive stuff—and had finished with the parsley. Now that she had decided, she looked up at him, grinning, a bit of parsley on one tooth, and said, "Aren't you going to finish? Too nervous to eat in company?"

"Do you mean it?" he asked.

She frowned. She picked the parsley out. She tried to give him an answer. "People needed to do this sort of thing back in the Sixties, didn't they? Make all these statements to prove it did or didn't mean something?" She put an olive pit back into her mouth, giggled and removed it. "Nervouser than you can imagine. Me, too."

"I like that about you, Beatrice."

"Do you shoot people? Are you a pervert? Are you an emotional mess?"

These days, all that had to be covered, also. "Not for me to say. But I'm not in a risk group."

"Well, then," she said, "it's Christmas Eve and there's got to be room at the inn. Let's be on our way."

Falling silent, the other guests stared, chewing turkey, sipping wine, as Beatrice and Watkins went for their coats. It wasn't a true silence. It was a kind of reverent hum. Sheila stared over the edge of a bowl. It was how she liked her coffee. She had the rights of a hostess and householder to her own large coffee bowl. Beatrice and Watkins hurried down the stairway. This wasn't France, where a person had to shake hands goodbye with everybody. This was America, where things can happen abruptly.

Friendly, neoconservative Rodney stood swaying at the top of the stairs, holding a plate piled with slaw. "Bless you, anyway, Tiny Tim. Just remember you owe me now. Is that agreed?"





"And we interrupt WTKZ's 'Gospel Party' to tell you that as of now, it is Kerrrr ristmas Day."

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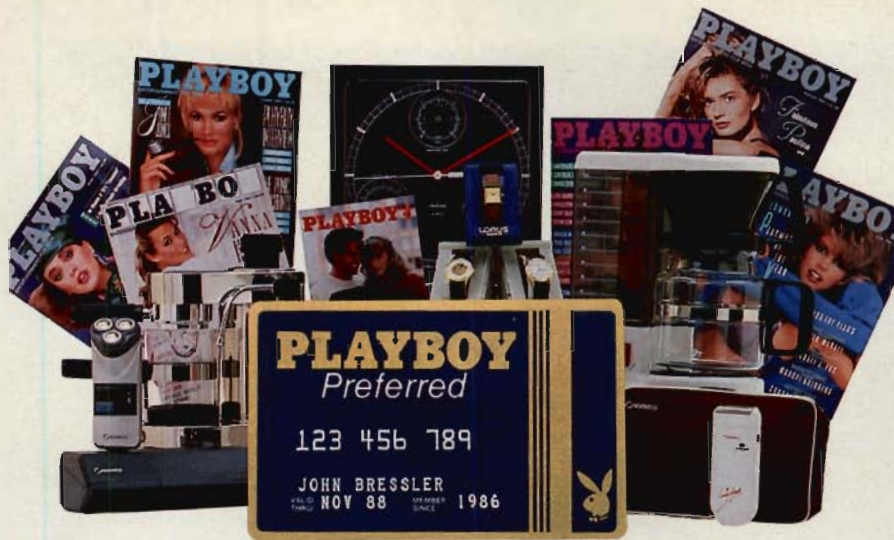
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WHO CARES?



Malcolm Forbes, publisher and motorcyclist. *"As one who loves motorcycling, I feel personal responsibility for helping to keep motorcycling unfettered by unneeded rules and regulations. By keeping our riding habits reasonable, it'll help enormously to keep unwanted*

laws off the books. By muffling the unnecessary noise that annoys so many, we make friends rather than enemies. By obeying traffic safety laws, we protect ourselves and need have no truck with those who would outlaw us. That's not much to ask if it saves cycling freedom for us and future generations of cycle enthusiasts."



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life got fucked up because he lost his Flexible Flyer . . . one has put one's little paw on the problem.

Comics are a different medium. They combine film, animation, the novel form, the succinct joy of the short story, the mystery of the haiku and the visual punch of great paintings. They are their own yardstick. Parallels fail. They must be seen to be enjoyed.

And trying to sum up the hundred different wonders of a genre this various would fill (and *has* filled) copious volumes. There are the exquisite reprint books of *Steve Canyon*, *Li'l Abner*, *Terry and the Pirates*, *Popeye* and Shel Dorf's meticulous reissuing of *Dick Tracy*; the English reprint comics of *Judge Dredd*, *Miracleman*, *Halo Jones*; the frequently dangerous stories of a war over which we still anguish, *The 'Nam*; Gerard Jones and Will Jacobs' *The Trouble with Girls*, which stands James Bond on his ear; the satire on Fifties bomb-shelter Cold War paranoia, *The Silent Invasion*; Eric Shanower's gorgeous *Oz* graphic novels; and *Nexus* and *Zot!* and the Hernandez Brothers constantly enriching *Love and Rockets* and . . . and . . .

It goes on, without drawing a breath or relaxing its grip on imagination. Volumes can be filled with praise for the treasures these past seven years have given us.

In the pages of a new newsletter called *WAP!* (for Words and Pictures), for the first time in the history of the Gulag, comics professionals are speaking out. Endless recountings of the screwings and hamstringings of their work in a field that was purposely held at an adolescent level. In the pages of *WAP!* and in the pages of *Comics Buyer's Guide*, the new, strong voice of an art form coming to maturity can be heard. The censors tremble, the moguls fret, the occasional jumped-up fan turned editor of a critical journal (in the same way that *The National Enquirer* is a critical journal) spits bile, but after a half century, the talent is finally speaking out.

(*WAP!*—12 issues a year for \$25—can be obtained from RFH Publications, 1879 East Orange Grove, Pasadena, California 91104. *Comics Buyer's Guide*—free copy on request—is available from Krause Publications, 700 East State Street, Iola, Wisconsin 54990. The former gives the inside, the latter the outside.)

Television wearies. Films pander to the sophomoric, to the knife-kill crazies. Novelists write smaller and smaller about less and less. Fast food gives you zits. But from the rubble of the Gulag the song of the imagination is heard. And there is an insistent rapping on the sanctified portals of the Frick and MOMA. Those who have survived come with *Zot!* and *Swamp Thing* to demand that, at last, attention, attention must be paid.

That's truth, justice and the American way.





"Well, who the hell asked you to fix the elevator?"

"Georgetown's Alonzo Mourning may become the most dominant collegiate center since Patrick Ewing."

Wade brought the Maryland program back to respectability in one short year and was looking at the prospect of a very strong team this season until 6'10" center Brian Williams transferred to Arizona.

ATLANTIC TEN

Playboy Coach of the Year John Chaney has taken Temple from obscurity to national prominence in only a few years. Last season, the Owls made it all the way to the N.C.A.A. quarter finals before bowing to Duke, 63-53. Temple has lost good players to graduation and three promising freshman recruits failed to meet Proposition 48 requirements. Still, Chaney has Playboy All-America guard Mark Macon and enough coaching savvy to get Temple back to the top of the Atlantic Ten.

The big play man for coach Gale Catlett and West Virginia will be 6'8" Darryl Prue. If Catlett can find a big man to play in the paint so that Prue can stay at his natural position of power forward, the Mountaineers can improve on last year's 18-14 record.

Rhode Island surprised almost everyone

in the N.C.A.A. tournament last year by knocking off Missouri (87-80) and heavily favored Syracuse (97-94) before falling to Duke. Unfortunately for the Rams, coach Tom Penders has moved to Texas.

St. Joseph's, Penn State, Duquesne, St. Bonaventure and George Washington will battle for an advantage in the middle conference slots and hope for upsets of the conference leaders.

BIG EAST

The Big East is going to be big fun this year: great teams that are evenly matched, colorful coaches and exciting freshmen who are—guess what?—eligible to play.

Georgetown coach John Thompson, just back from the Olympics, has the top freshman in the nation, 6'10" Alonzo Mourning, who may become the most dominant collegiate center since Patrick Ewing. Thompson has loads of other talent, including Playboy All-America Charles Smith, guard Mark Tillmon (13.8 p.p.g.) and sophomore John Turner, who scored 30 points and grabbed 30 rebounds in Maryland's junior college championship last season.

Syracuse came up a dollar short against Indiana in the national championship two years ago and expected to be in Kansas City last year. Unfortunately, the Orangemen couldn't find their tournament chemistry, falling to Rhode Island in the second round. If coach Jim Boeheim can replace Rony Seikaly, lost to graduation, Syracuse can contend again.

There are few things more entertaining than watching Rollie Massimino, hair disheveled, hands waving, propel Villanova's basketball team almost beyond its potential. In 1985, he coached the Wildcats to a national championship. Last season, he guided them to tournament wins over Arkansas, Illinois and Kentucky. Rollie has four out of five starters returning, including vastly improved Tom Greis, a 7'2" center, and guard Doug West (15.8 p.p.g.).

St. John's is going to miss the scoring (18.6 p.p.g.) and rebounding (8.8 r.p.g.) of Shelton Jones, but coach Lou Carnesecca has recruited well. Freshmen Malik Sealy, a 6'7" forward, and Robert Werdann, a 6'11" center, could both start. Greg "Boo" Harvey will anchor the Redmen backcourt.

Connecticut, 20-14 and last year's N.I.T. champ, returns its entire starting lineup, including 6'11" center Cliff Robinson. Seven-foot West German Marc Suhr, a Proposition 48 casualty last year, is also available to third-year coach Jim Calhoun. The Huskies should graduate to the N.C.A.A. tournament this year.

Pittsburgh has lost its entire starting front line: Charles Smith and Demetreus Gore graduated, and Jerome Lane, who would have been the top returning rebounder in the nation, turned pro. Coach Paul Evans is left with a quick and versatile group of players, including Big East Freshman of the Year Sean Miller and Brian Shorter, a 6'7" forward held out last year by Proposition 48.

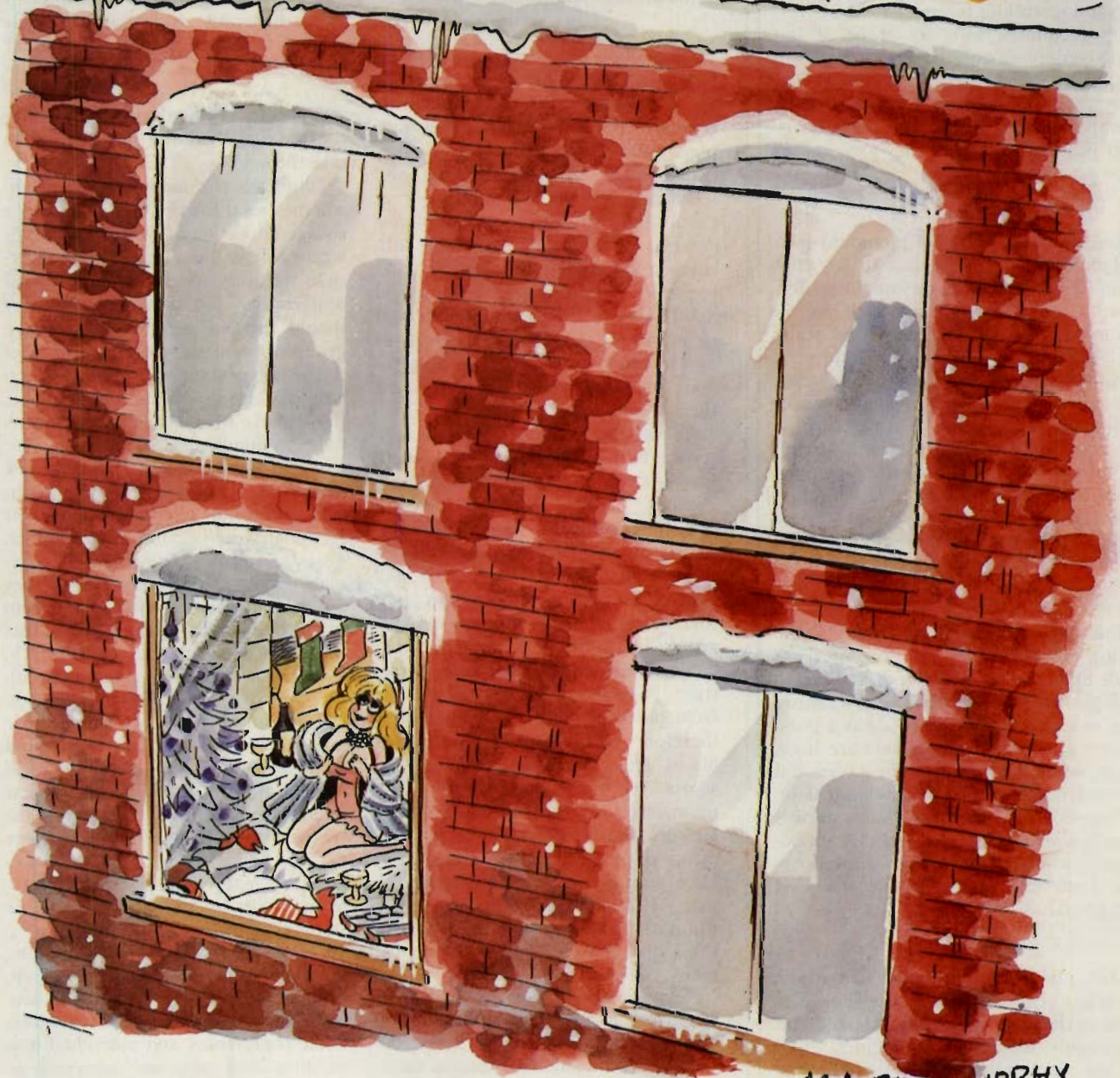
Even the bottom third of the conference is exciting. P. J. Carlesimo, last season's Big East Coach of the Year, will field a competitive Seton Hall team despite the loss of forward Mark Bryant. Boston College will have an explosive backcourt with Dana Barros (21.9 p.p.g.) and Bryan Edwards, Massachusetts' all-time high school scoring champ. Providence has a new coach, Rick Barnes, and lots of enthusiasm, though not enough talent to stay out of the cellar.

BIG EIGHT

It took Danny Manning, the College Player of the Year, and the kinetic tension of the championship game to finally halt Oklahoma's assault on the national title. The Sooners thundered their way to last season's final game in the same fashion in which they rolled up an average 103 p.p.g. and broke five N.C.A.A. and 54 conference records. In the final minutes against Kansas, Oklahoma failed to put the ball in the hands of Stacey King often enough and finally froze as Manning put them away. Coach Billy Tubbs may get the chance to



"So this is your idea of a room with a view?"



MARTY MURPHY

"Gimme a break! So I kept ya waiting a little longer than usual. . . ."

Robinson will replace Gary Grant at point, and 6'8" Sean Higgins, held out of the second half of last season by academic ineligibility, could be the other starting guard. If the chemistry is right, the Wolverines could dominate the conference.

Illinois, a perennial tournament disappointment, is again loaded with talent, with forwards Kenny Battle and Nick Anderson back from last season. Marcus Liberty, the nation's top prep player two years ago, who sat out last year because of Proposition 48, will contribute immediately.

Ohio State is on the upswing, finishing 20-13 last year and capturing second place in the N.I.T. tournament. This season, coach Gary Williams has his best team since he joined OSU three years ago. Guard Jay Burson (18.9 p.p.g.) is back, while Perry Carter and Grady Mateen provide the beef up front.

For the past few years, Iowa coach Tom Davis has successfully used a full-court constant-pressure game because the Hawkeyes were ten and 12 players deep

and Davis could substitute freely. This year, he may have to adjust his strategy, because Iowa has only three experienced players—Roy Marble, B. J. Armstrong and Ed Horton—and a bunch of unproven underclassmen.

Love him or hate him, Indiana's enigmatic Bob Knight does things his way. He flirted with a move to New Mexico and then stayed in Bloomington. He sat forward Rick Calloway, an important member of Indiana's 1987 national champion team, so much last season that Calloway transferred to Kansas. He jerked Jay Edwards' (15.6 p.p.g.) athletic scholarship when Edwards failed to live up to his standards, though Edwards vows to play his way back into the coach's favor. None of this is to say that Knight is wrong. One certainty is that the Hoosiers, whichever players they put on the floor, will be well coached.

A lot of people, including coach Gene Keady, thought last season was Purdue's year to take it all. They weren't far from wrong, as the Boilermakers went 29-4 and

won the Big Ten title, but the season came to an abrupt end when Purdue lost to Kansas State 73-70 in the regional semifinals. Keady, who lost his three best players from last season, will build this year's team around 6'9" center Melvin McCants.

Michigan State coach Jud Heathcote landed his best recruiting class ever, but the players will take a year or two to develop. Until then, the Spartans and the rest of the teams in the conference will have to play upset maker.

BIG WEST

The old Pacific Coast Athletic Association may have a new name, but the end-of-the-season conference standings are going to tell the same old story: Nevada-Las Vegas. Coach Jerry Tarkanian, the towel gourmand, has another cast of talented runners and gunners, including guards Stacey Augmon and Greg Anthony. The Runnin' Rebels will win the conference in a walk.

Utah State, California-Santa Barbara and New Mexico State all have players with size and experience returning and will battle for second place.

COLONIAL

The parity in college basketball was never more apparent than when Colonial champ Richmond knocked off Indiana and then Georgia Tech in the N.C.A.A. tourney last year before falling to Temple. With star forward Peter Woolfolk graduated, Richmond will likely be replaced as conference king by George Mason. The Patriots have their own outstanding player, Kenny Sanders (22 p.p.g., 11.7 r.p.g.).

The real star of the conference this year will be Charles "Lefty" Driesell, the new coach at James Madison. Driesell, who may have shown some misguided loyalty and a propensity toward the unfortunate quote during the sad Len Bias episode at Maryland, is still an outstanding basketball coach and will have James Madison contending for national recognition in a couple of years.

EAST COAST

The East Coast Conference boasts some talented teams but could use more inspired nicknames. Lehigh, last year's conference-tourney champ, is the Engineers. Lafayette, our choice this season as the conference's best team, is the Leopards. Bucknell is the Bisons; Drexel, the Dragons; Hofstra, the Flying Dutchmen; and Delaware, the Fightin' Blue Hens. Even with players as good as Lafayette's Otis Ellis (17 p.p.g.) and Drexel's John Rankin (19.6 p.p.g.), these teams aren't going very far at conference time until they get some nicknames that strike terror into their opponents' hearts . . . like Tarheels or Sooners. Aw, never mind.

E.C.A.C. NORTH ATLANTIC

Last season, tiny Siena College (enrollment 2600) won the E.C.A.C. North



BRIAN SAVAGE

"As I understand it, you've been supplying countries in the Soviet bloc, the Middle East and Asia with toys and gifts. My question: Who's funding your operation?"



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AMERICA'S BEST.

come from last year's conference champ, Xavier. Xavier has talent but will miss four-year scoring leader Byron Larkin.

Loyola-Chicago's chances for a successful season were diminished when Kenny Miller, one of the leading rebounders in the nation last year (13.6 r.p.g.), encountered academic difficulties.

An independent for 82 years, Dayton opens its first season with the Midwestern Conference. Coach Don Donoher, who last year had an uncharacteristic losing season (13-18), will try to build confidence into a team that starts only one senior.

MISSOURI VALLEY

Wichita State, which played second fiddle to Bradley last year, is a clear favorite to take the title. The Shockers have added 6'10" freshman Phil Mendelson to complement 6'10" Sasha Radunovich in the middle. Coach Eddie Fogler's team, which has won 30 out of 32 at home, is one of the nation's top ten (453) three-point teams.

NORTHEAST

If you don't think great players are turned out by the little conferences, just watch Rik Smits, the N.B.A.'s second pick overall, hit the big time. Smits, a 7'4" import from Holland by way of tiny Marist College, was the Northeast's (formerly the E.C.A.C. Metro) premiere player. Even with Smits, Marist could only tie Fairleigh

Dickinson's 13-3 conference record. FDU got the tournament spot because Marist is on an N.C.A.A. probation that bans it from post-season play for two years.

There is no dominant player in the conference this season, but there are some evenly matched teams. Monmouth gets the nod for the conference title because of four returning starters and last year's conference Coach of the Year, Wayne Szoke. Fairleigh Dickinson will continue its "press and mess" running style, despite the graduation of forward Damari Riddick.

OHIO VALLEY

Not an Ohio Valley Conference fan? Maybe you ought to adjust your satellite dish or tune in ESPN late at night, because the O.V.C. has three teams that could surprise some big-name schools in post-season play.

Murray State, which gave national champ Kansas all it could handle in the N.C.A.A. second round (61-58), returns four players, including forward Jeff Martin, one of the best-kept secrets in the country. Martin, who averaged 26 p.p.g. last year, is the leading returning career scorer in the nation. The Racers also have one of the best under-six-foot players in the country in Don Mann (177 p.p.g.).

Middle Tennessee couldn't get by Murray State in the conference even with a 23-11 over-all record but did beat Tennessee (85-80) and Georgia (69-59) in the

N.I.T. Four returning starters, including Chris Rainey (16.6 p.p.g.), plus junior college transfer Kevin Wallace, make the Blue Raiders a force to be reckoned with.

Last but not least of the O.V.C.'s big three is Tennessee Tech, which returns all five starters from last season. Forward Earl Wise (17.8 p.p.g.) is the second-best player (after Murray State's Martin) in the conference. Milos Babic, a seven-foot center from Yugoslavia, gives the Golden Eagles plenty of muscle in the middle.

PAC 10

Arizona sent a message loud and clear last season: "The West is back." The Wildcats beat Michigan and Syracuse early in the Great Alaska Shootout and then proved it was no fluke by finishing the season with a 35-3 record. Coach Lute Olson, who coaches as well as he dresses, called the shots, and Steve Kerr and Playboy All-America Sean Elliott made them all the way to the Final Four before the Oklahoma juggernaut derailed the Wildcats' dreams of a national title. The dream isn't dead, because Elliott is back. Says Olson, "We want to put the best four players on the floor with Elliott, regardless of position." Two wide-body freshmen, Sean Rooks and Mark Georgeson, each 6'11" and 245 pounds, give Arizona better size inside, and underpublicized Anthony Cook (13.9 p.p.g.) will continue to improve.

Arizona will not go unchallenged in the Pac 10. Stanford, which won 21 games last year, has four starters back, including Playboy All-America Todd Lichti. With Howard Wright (15.7 p.p.g.) at forward and Terry Taylor, a deadly three-point shooter, at guard, this could be Stanford's best team ever.

Oregon State will make coach Ralph Miller's final season an exciting one. Miller, who before his induction into the Basketball Hall of Fame last April announced that the coming season would be his last, has 652 wins in 37 seasons. The Beavers, who won 20 games without a player over 6'6" in the starting line-up, have found some size in 6'10" freshman center Scott Haskin. Gary Payton, with 459 assists in two seasons, is the team leader and one of the best junior guards in the country.

Jim Harrick is the new coach at UCLA. Previously at Pepperdine, Harrick inherits two outstanding players in guard Jerome "Pooh" Richardson and forward Trevor Wilson. The Bruins' lack of success in recent years will give Harrick a chance to succeed. The winning tradition of the Wooden years has finally become history.

Arizona State, Oregon, Washington and Washington State are all a notch or two below the top contenders, but all have a chance to win more games than they lose.

SOUTHEASTERN

It's the year of the departed stars in the S.E.C. Gone are Kentucky's Rex Chapman and Winston Bennett, LSU's Jose Vargas, Auburn's Chris Morris, Florida's Vernon



"This seems to be pretty comprehensive. The crystal ball shows you meeting a stranger of average height; the tarot cards say he's the media director of a small agency; and, according to the computer, his Social Security number begins with 093."

players Phil Stinnie and John Thompson but has added seven-foot Georgia Tech transfer Antoine Ford. Guard Chris Cheeks (17.3 p.p.g.) also returns.

Coach Ronnie Arrow of South Alabama has recruited some size to complement his two excellent guards, Jeff Hodge (22.3 p.p.g.) and Junie Lewis (21.7 p.p.g.). If his big men have any success, South Alabama will move higher in the standings.

Old Dominion and Western Kentucky, our fifth and sixth picks in the conference, both have good talent and could easily finish higher in this very evenly matched group of six teams.

TRANS AMERICA

Arkansas-Little Rock came perilously close to shutting down its entire athletic program last spring because of deficits totaling more than \$800,000. The sale of more than 5000 basketball season tickets and a restructuring of the athletic budget salvaged UALR athletics and gives the Trojans a chance at the conference title. With flashy guard James Scott, the chance is a real one.

Georgia Southern, perennially underrated, has won at least 20 games in three of the past four seasons, and with Jeff Sanders, conference Player of the Year, returning, it may be underrated again.

Texas-San Antonio, last year's conference tournament champ, will miss Frank Hampton's 18 points a game. Coach Ken Burmeister will count on guard Eric Cooper, a deadly three-point shooter, to take up the slack.

Centenary, Stetson and Georgia State all return the bulk of their starters and any of them could make a run at the conference leaders.

WEST COAST

Loyola Marymount arrived as a big-time basketball power last season. Its fast-paced offense led the nation in scoring (110.3

p.p.g.) and it posted the longest Division I winning streak (25) of the season. Former L.A. Laker coach Paul Westhead, who took over the Loyola Marymount program four years ago, has proved once again that, with good coaching, there is enough basketball talent available to turn a school without name recognition into a national power. With two of their best players back in Hank Gathers (22.5 p.p.g.) and Bo Kimble (22.2 p.p.g.), the Lions will continue to put up big offensive numbers.

Pepperdine, nestled next to the beach in Malibu, seems an unlikely spot for basketball, yet the Waves continue to put strong teams on the floor. Forward Tom Lewis (22.9 p.p.g.) is Pepperdine's best player. St. Mary's and Santa Clara will be competitive, but no one will catch Loyola Marymount in this league.

WESTERN ATHLETIC

When New Mexico couldn't pry Bob Knight away from Indiana, it did the next best thing. It hired Dave Bliss, a former Knight assistant at Army and Indiana and most recently head coach at Southern Methodist. Bliss's first order of business was persuading sophomore center Luc Longley, a 7'2" potential superstar from Perth, Australia, to return to the Lobos' team. With Longley back, New Mexico should be good, since all starters return from last season except UNM all-time leading scorer Hunter Greene.

There are five other teams in the W.A.C. with a shot at the conference crown. Utah returns four starters, including Mitch Smith (14.6 p.p.g.). Two outstanding junior college players, Mark Lenoir and Michael Bullock, will also help. Texas-El Paso will come on strong in late season when seven-foot Greg Foster, a transfer from UCLA, becomes eligible. Brigham Young will go as far as Playboy All-America Michael Smith can take it and, as Danny Manning proved last year at Kansas, one great play-

er can sometimes take a team a long way. Wyoming coach Benny Dees has to find replacements for Fennis Dembo and Eric Leckner. Junior college recruit Kenny Smith may be part of the answer. Colorado State will also be a contender, largely due to the scoring (19.3 p.p.g.) and rebounding (6.5 per game) of 6'8" senior Pat Durham. The Rams won 22 games and third place in last year's N.I.T. tournament.

INDEPENDENTS

The Independents weren't able to make much of a dent in either the N.C.A.A. tournament or the national standings last season. DePaul won 22 games but lacked a big man and couldn't get further than the tournament's second round. Notre Dame was 20-9 overall but only 4-8 against teams that qualified for the tournament. Miami struggled to break .500 and Marquette (10-18) would like to forget last season.

At Notre Dame this year, the color is green, not for Irish but for inexperience. Coach Digger Phelps has lost David Rivers and Gary Voce to graduation, Mark Stevenson to a transfer. But this Irish team, without one senior on the roster, may be one of Phelps's most interesting. Highly touted LaPhonso Ellis and Elmer Bennett, both freshmen, are the Notre Dame stars of the next few years.

DePaul coach Joey Meyer thought he'd have a shot at a top-ten ranking until point guard Rod Strickland, the best penetrator in college basketball last season, decided to take an early exit for the pros. Forwards Stanley Brundy and Terence Greene are left carrying the load.

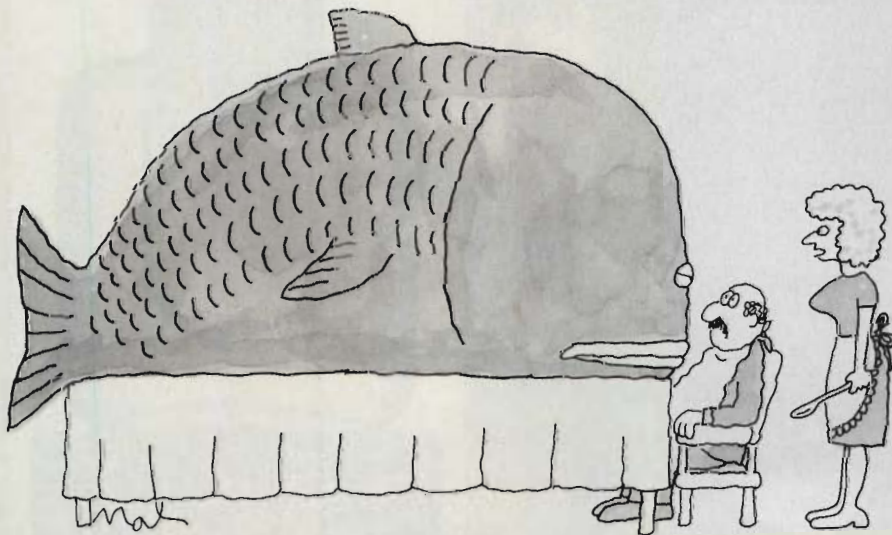
Coach Bill Foster at Miami knows how Joey Meyer feels. Foster's Hurricanes also lost their most important player to an early exit to the N.B.A. Tito Horford, the 7'1" giant from the Dominican Republic, would have been better served by another year of experience in the college ranks.

According to Marquette coach Bob Dukiet, "What happened last year will never happen again." Maybe he's right. Marquette was beset by academic ineligibilities, transfers and injuries. The plus side to the Warriors' plight is that their young players got a lot of experience.

Akron won 21 games last season but was snubbed by the post-season tournament committees because of a soft schedule. Coach Bob Huggins has scheduled all Division I competition this year.

Other independents on the upswing: U.S. International; Oral Roberts, which is trying to recapture the magic it had under coach Ken Trickey a few years ago; Wright State; Chicago State; and Davidson, formerly in the Southern Conference and currently looking for a conference affiliation elsewhere.

Here's hoping your team wins.



"I hope you like fish."

GRAPEVINE

Unwrapped for the Holidays

Actress TRACY DALOIA is giving us goose bumps and they're not from the winter weather. If you missed her in *Thunder Alley* at the movies, maybe you caught her on TV in the *Flamingo Kid* pilot. We'd rather catch her in all her *Grapevine* glory, waiting patiently for Santa and Rudolph.



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Not Colorized, Living Colour

A guy named Jagger produced the demo tapes that got LIVING COLOUR a record deal. *Vivid* is the result. If you want music that won't fade, check out the group's primary colors.



© PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Blues in the Night

First go back and listen to *Tell Mama*. Then get ETTA JAMES'S latest album, *Seven Year Itch*. Now ask yourself why you don't hear Etta more often. She's hot!

Wine and a Song

We caught PAUL CARRACK opening for Belinda Carlisle this past summer. He brought the house down. Get *The Carrack Collection*, a compilation of his solo and Squeeze material.



© KEN SETTLE

PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

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

NEWS FROM DOWN UNDER

A new sense of style is creeping up on the men's-underwear industry. Oh, there was the boxer rebellion of a few years ago, when guys forsook their brief attachment in favor of shorts that resembled something Dagwood Bumstead would have been wearing when Mr. Dithers caught him with his pants down. Now there

are a number of styles to choose from, including tight-fitting bicycle-racer looks that extend to mid-thigh and string bikinis that leave almost nothing to the imagination. (They also leave almost no underwear line on a tight-fitting pair of pants.) In between are a variety of other cuts and colors to choose from. Anyway, it's a whole new ball game. Hang in there, men.

JAMES IMBROGNO



Clockwise from 12: White cotton-jersey knit athletic tank top, \$8.50, and cotton knit high-cut brief, \$10, both by Calvin Klein Men's Underwear. Yellow cotton knit boxer shorts with wide elastic waistband, by Joe Boxer, about \$16. Red cotton knit bikini with striped side panels, by Playboy Briefs, \$5. Striped cotton knit high-cut brief with appliqué striping in front, \$8, plus cotton-jersey knit tank top, \$10, both by Claiborne Furnishings. Black silk-jersey knit brief, from Man Silk by Mary Green, \$15. Nice.



Ready, Aim, Fire!

Singer PHIL-IP LEWIS of the L.A. Guns is dressed for success. The Guns' album is going gold and the band has been the opening act for AC/DC with a big bang.

© KEN SETTLE



BOB SIEBREE

Flower Power

Ex-Missing Person DALE BOZZIO has started over, solo. After the group disbanded in 1985, singer Bozzio took some time off to smell the flowers, then went off to make *Riot in English* with a little help from her friend Prince. The songs are originals, except for *So Strong*, a cut Prince wrote for the album. Things are coming up roses for Dale.

© 1988 MARK LEIVDAL

Country Cousins

DONNA SPANGLER (left) and TRUDY ADAMS are actresses, models, wrestlers and cousins. Donna has appeared on TV in *The Young and the Restless* and Trudy had a featured part in the movie *Another Chance*.





**A ROSE IS A ROSE
IS A BED ROSE**

The phrase long-stemmed beauty takes on a whole new meaning when applied to Bed Roses, a romantic product that resembles a real rose but is actually several condoms with the foil reworked to resemble the petals of a flower. In fact, at first glance, you can't tell Bed Roses from the garden variety. A bouquet of one dozen costs \$69, including delivery, sent to Bed Roses, P.O. Box 264, Newhall, California 91322. (Or call 805-254-3354 for a fast credit-card order.) Three Bed Roses are \$28, one is \$12.50 and a boutonniere is only \$12. Trojans are the condom of choice at the heart of your bouquet. Watch the roses grow!

CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

Rich Uncle Pennybags has finally softened up, and after 50 years of silence, he has revealed the secrets of the world's most popular board game in *The Monopoly Companion*, a 200-page softcover that includes the history, trivia, anecdotes and strategies of the game. Why do the best players *avoid* buying hotels for their properties? Find out for \$5.95.

**MONOPOLY
COMPANION**

- The Game From A to Z
- Winning Tips
- Trivia

by
**RICH UNCLE
PENNYBAGS**
as told to
PHILIP
ORBANES



PUT THE HEAT ON

When it's winter in Chicago, we slip our hands into The Muff, a portable hand-warming system that's an officially licensed N.F.L. product developed by Oxy-Therm Products in Redondo Beach, California. All you do is open The Muff, insert a heat pack or two and in about ten minutes, the system will begin to generate its own warmth. The Muff costs \$29.95, and a call to 800-426-6250 will get you fast charge-card relief. Muff said.



ON DONNER! ON BLITZEN! ON HARLEY!

"Perhaps the reindeer were indisposed that night," suggests artist Tom Lovell when quizzed as to the rationale behind his limited-edition (2500), signed and numbered 18½" x 19" print *North Country Rider*, which depicts jolly old Saint Nick delivering presents atop a 100-hp motorcycle. Lovell's paintings are always rooted in fact, but with a twist. The Greenwich Workshop, a publisher of limited-edition posters, is selling the print through its nationwide network for \$95. A call to 800-243-3251 will get you the name of a dealer. What's next from Lovell? Maybe the Easter bunny in a Ferrari.

LIQUID FRENCH ASSETS

This holiday season, Courvoisier has introduced the first edition of Collection Erté, a limited series of art-deco cognac decanters designed by Erté, the famous French artist, and filled with a blend of its older vintages—including one cognac that dates back to the year of Erté's birth, 1892. Courvoisier claims that the production process for each bottle takes about a month, including hand-painting a gold vine leaf. Six other limited editions will follow, each with a different design. The price for a bottle: \$275. Drink up—slowly.



NORTH TO ALASKA

To celebrate Susan Butcher's win of the Iditarod sled-dog race across Alaska from Anchorage to Nome some months ago, Took Enterprises, P.O. Box 1585, Nome, Alaska 99762, is selling T-shirts and sweat shirts that say ALASKA—LAND OF FAST WOMEN AND BEAUTIFUL DOGS. Colors available include pink, yellow, light blue, white and lavender. T-shirts are \$13; sweat shirts are \$20 (sizes small through extra-extra-large). We bet nobody else on your block will have one.



MASCOTS ON PARADE

The queen of England drives a Land Rover with a silver Labrador retriever on the hood. And if you went back to the Thirties, you'd see there was a hood ornament on virtually every car produced. Mascots Unlimited imports a tremendous selection of English-made mascots—everything from a jumping horse and jockey to the enameled Gentleman Fox pictured here. He's \$303, postpaid, sent to Mascots Unlimited, P.O. Box 7515, Naples, Florida 33941. Customwork is also available, and Mascots' catalog goes for three dollars. Our favorite is a terrier lifting its leg.



LOOKS GOOD ENOUGH TO EAT

Reynaldo Alejandro's coffee-table book *Restaurant Design* (PBC International) is such a compelling collection of elegant establishments that once you've feasted your eyes on it, you may just skip dinner. The entries are divided into categories, including full service, bars and diners, among others. You can tour the country, visiting Key West in Boston and the Willow Tea Room in Carmel, pictured here. The price: \$50. One *Restaurant Design* to go! Eat it up!



A LITTLE CHRISTMAS MUSIK, PLEASE

Visual Musik has just released a yuletide CD and chrome tape *Christmas in Other Places*, and if there's anyone on your shopping list who's into "original secular Christmas music sparkled with Renaissance flavors," this is the ideal stocking stuffer. Drummer Ric Swanson is the composer and principal player; *Midnight Dance of the Elves* and *For Snow* are the cuts we like. The CD price is \$15.95; chrome tape is \$9.95. It's a nice holiday listen that plays well all year round.



COMING NEXT: PLAYBOY'S GALA 35TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE



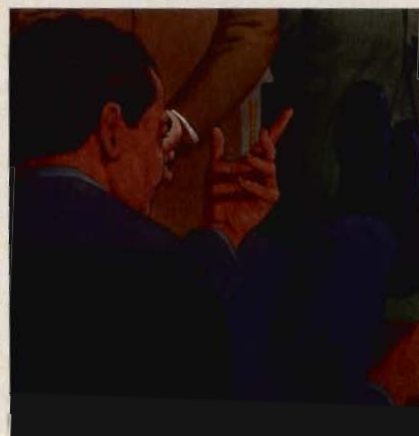
FIFTIES' FINEST



ANNIVERSARY HUNT



SIXTIES' STRIFE



SURPRISING SEVENTIES



AMAZING EIGHTIES

THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO NEXT MONTH, A YOUNG MAN NAMED **HUGH M. HEFNER** ROLLED OUT THE FIRST ISSUE OF HIS MAGAZINE FOR THE URBAN MALE. IT WAS UNDATED, BECAUSE THE FLEDGLING PUBLISHER WAS UNSURE WHETHER **MARILYN MONROE**, SHOWN WAVING ON THE COVER, WAS SAYING HELLO TO LEGIONS OF NEW READERS OR GOODBYE TO HIS DREAMS OF LAUNCHING A NEW KIND OF SOPHISTICATED MEN'S MAGAZINE. THE FIRST *PLAYBOY* WAS A SELLOUT, AND THE REST, AS THEY SAY, IS HISTORY

IN THE JANUARY 1989 ISSUE, WE COMMEMORATE *PLAYBOY*'S FOUNDING WITH A BLOCKBUSTER COLLECTION OF THE BEST OF THE MAGAZINE'S FICTION, NONFICTION, CARTOONS, INTERVIEWS, ARTWORK AND PHOTOGRAPHY FROM FOUR FABULOUS DECADES

FROM ITS VERY START, *PLAYBOY*'S WRITERS AND ARTISTS MADE, AND INFLUENCED, CULTURAL HISTORY. IN THE FIFTIES, **JACK KEROUAC** AND THE BEAT GENERATION, **LENNY BRUCE** AND THE CAUSTIC COMEDIANS AND **MARILYN MONROE** AND HER UNDRAPED PLAYMATE SORORITY MADE *PLAYBOY* THE HOTTEST THING ON NEWSSTANDS EVERYWHERE

AND THOSE ARE JUST THE HIGHLIGHTS. THIS TIME, WHEN WE SAY NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE WILL CONTAIN MUCH, MUCH MORE, IT'S THE UNDERSTATEMENT OF FOUR DECADES. THERE'S A NEW *PLAYBOY* INTERVIEW WITH THE ACTOR WHO DOESN'T GIVE INTERVIEWS, **ROBERT DE NIRO**, PLUS THE STUNNING WINNER OF THE HUNT TO END ALL PLAYMATE HUNTS. HELP US CELEBRATE *PLAYBOY*'S 35TH. THE PARTY CAN'T START WITHOUT YOU

IN THE SIXTIES, THERE WAS BOND—**JAMES BOND**—IN A SERIES OF **IAN FLEMING** STORIES THAT BECAME CINEMA LEGENDS. AND SUCH WRITERS AS **VLADIMIR NABOKOV**, **J. PAUL GETTY** AND **DR. MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.**, MADE SENSE OF THOSE TUMULTUOUS TIMES, WHILE A HOST OF HUMORISTS, INCLUDING **WOODY ALLEN**, MADE NONSENSE OF THEM

IN THE SEXY SEVENTIES, THE PLAYMATES HAD NOTHING TO LOSE BUT THOSE FINAL SCRAPS OF CLOTHING. AND AS THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION AND THE WATERGATE CONVOLUTION RUMBLED ACROSS THE COUNTRY, WE SORTED IT ALL OUT WITH SUCH DECADE-DEFINING WRITERS AS **JOHN UPDIKE**, **LARRY L. KING** AND **BOB WOODWARD** AND **CARL BERNSTEIN**

ON WITH THE EIGHTIES, THE ERA OF **REAGAN** STANDING TALL AND **MEESE** SINKING LOW. AS THE COUNTRY FELL INTO THE GRIP OF SEXUAL MCCARTHYISM, THE MAGAZINE MAINTAINED ITS CLEAR VOICE OF TOLERANCE AND INDIVIDUALISM, WITH THE HELP OF SUCH WRITERS AS **TRUMAN CAPOTE** AND **ROBERT SCHEER**, NOT TO MENTION OUR CLEAR-EYED VISIONS OF **BO**, **MADONNA**, **VANNA** AND **JESSICA**