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**GEORGE
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INTERVIEW**

**THE
YEAR IN
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Marlboro Country.

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Lights: 11 mg "tar," 0.9 mg nicotine - 100's: 16 mg "tar," 1.2 mg nicotine
Kings: 17 mg "tar," 1.2 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

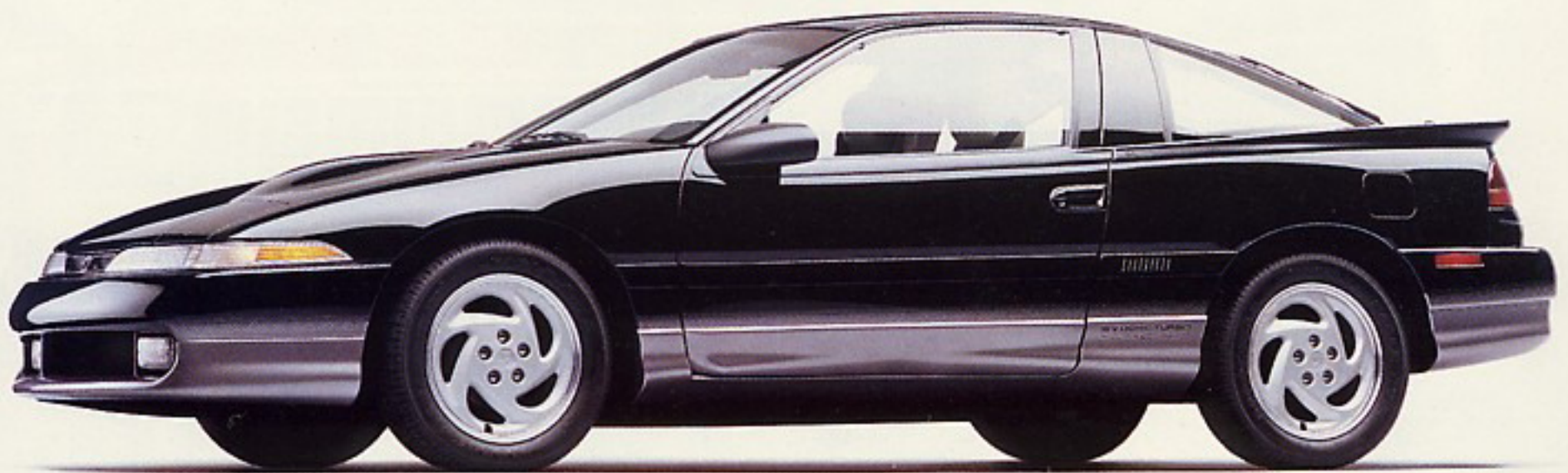
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
MAN: This Eagle Talon TSi
and Toyota Celica All-Trac both
have all-wheel drive. But
the Celica costs about
4,000 dollars more.

OFF-CAMERA VOICE: What do those guys at Toyota
take us for?

MAN: About 4,000 dollars.



Advantage: Eagle 
Chrysler's Newest Division

Eagle Talon TSi with all-wheel drive and 195 horsepower turbocharged, intercooled engine is backed by Chrysler's exclusive 7/70 Protection Plan. This plan protects the engine and powertrain for 7 years or 70,000 miles and against outerbody rust-through for 7 years or 100,000 miles. See limited warranty at dealer. Restrictions apply. Price claim based on comparison of sticker prices. For more information about Eagle Talon, or how to buy or lease one, call 1-800-JEEP-EAGLE.   **770** Buckle up for safety.

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The Biggest Obstacle You Face In A Jeep Cherokee Shouldn't Be The Price.



The four-door Jeep Cherokee Sport with shift-on-the-fly four-wheel drive and a new 190 horsepower 4.0 litre engine:

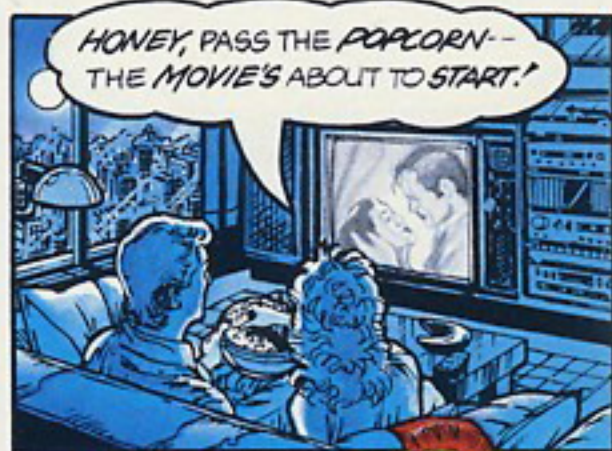
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THE MOVIE'S ABOUT TO START!



GREETINGS,
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Wow!
TROJAN MAN!
WHERE'S YOUR
HORSE?

OH, HE
ONLY LIKES
WESTERNS!



HEY, COMFORTABLE COUCH!
AND THAT'S JUST WHY I'M HERE--TO
TALK COMFORT! ACCORDING TO MY STUDIES,
SOME CONDOM USERS FIND REGULAR
CONDOMS UNCOMFORTABLE!



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COULD BE GETTING
GREATER COMFORT
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...ALONG
WITH THE
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YOU'VE COME
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... FROM AMERICA'S MOST
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THERE ANYTHING
ELSE I CAN
DO FOR YOU?

WELL, WE
WOULD LIKE TO
GET BACK TO
OUR MOVIE!



OF COURSE!
I'M OFF!



C'MON,
BOY, WE'VE
GOT A LONG
NIGHT AHEAD
OF US!

AS HE RODE OFF HIS FAMOUS
WORDS RANG THROUGH THE
MISTY NIGHT AIR...

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By ASA BABER

Extra! Extra! Read all about it! Your *Playboy Men* columnist has seen the future. It came to him in a dream. There they were, in bold letters—the newspaper headlines of the future! Guys, you probably won't believe me when I tell you what they are and summarize the stories behind them. But great happiness is ahead for us, incredible bliss, unbounded joy!

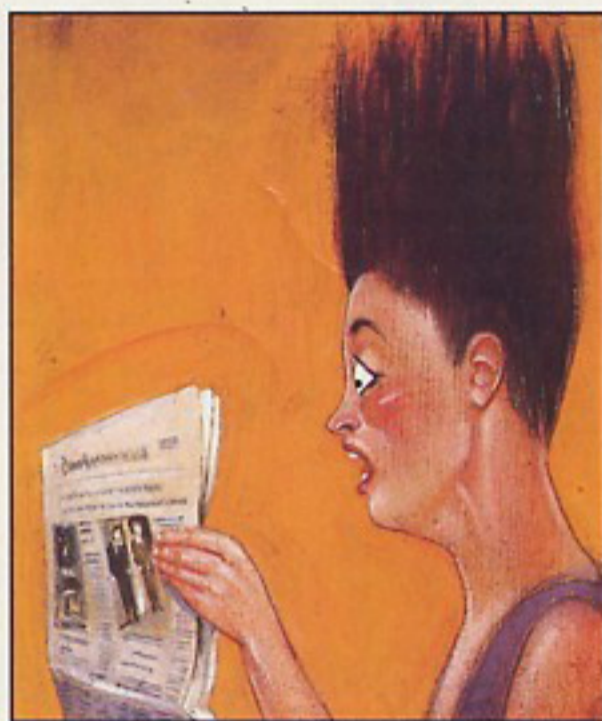
The following are the most significant headlines I saw in my clairvoyant dream. Read 'em and smile:

"OPRAH MARRIES THE DICEMAN!!!" (December 12, 1991). Wow, what a scoop! In a small wedding in a chapel in the moonlight in Nevada, Oprah Winfrey and Andrew Dice Clay were married by the Reverend Boone Arledge. "I was attracted to Dicey-poo's emotional honesty," Winfrey said after the wedding vows. "You know, in my own way, I am as much of a sexist as he is. I'm just more slick about it," she continued. According to the article, The Diceman was not available for comment. He was puking his guts out in the parking lot after too much cake and champagne.

"NOW DISBANDS, ADMITS THAT MEN ARE THE SUPERIOR SEX AND WOMEN ARE HOPELESS SLUTS" (March 6, 1992). "We renounce feminism and all its pomp," chanted 3000 women in unison at the latest National Organization for Women convention. "*Playgirl*, *Playgirl*, all we read is *Playgirl*," they sang while clapping their hands and whistling at the men in the visitors' gallery. "Hunks, hunks!" they yelled.

A NOW spokesperson said the organization is officially disbanding. "We were wrong and we know it," she said. "Men are goddamn jewels, aren't they? Makes my thighs tingle thinking about it. Our new slogan? *Penis power in perpetuity!*"

"STARTING TODAY, SELECTIVE SERVICE APPLIES ONLY TO WOMEN" (June 19, 1994). In a startling reversal of legal and historical precedent, the all-female Supreme Court reversed the methods and goals of the Selective Service System and military draft obligations. As of today, men are absolved from military duty (unless they choose to volunteer), whereas young women are required to register with the Federal Government at the age of 18. If women do not fulfill this requirement, they will be subject to a fine and imprisonment. Chief Justice Sofia Coppola commented after the decision, "For centuries, only men have been subjected to



TOMORROW'S HEADLINES TODAY!

such a deadly and controlling situation as the military draft. Now it's our turn in the barrel. I mean, if women want equal rights, how about our accepting equal responsibilities, too?"

"WOODY ALLEN RECANTS ALL HIS MOVIES AT HIS BAPTISM" (August 8, 1995). In a touching baptismal ceremony in a river in the hills of Kentucky, the Reverend Jimmy Swaggart held Woody Allen under water for ten minutes and then pronounced him spiritually reborn. When he revived, Allen was grateful. "I've lived my life assuming I should be punished, waiting to be punished, almost hoping for it, really," he said through his oxygen mask, "and now I've learned my lesson. I will never make another movie that stars me as a wimpy little whiner whom all women secretly yearn to cuddle. That's an obnoxious image of the American male that mocks masculinity, and I am through with that kind of pro-feminist propaganda."

"PHIL DONAHUE ADMITS HE WANTS MEN TO LIKE HIM, TOO" (September 8, 1997). "OK," Donahue said on his television show today, "I confess: I admit that I did drive male bashing into the ground, along with all the other talk-show hosts for the past twenty years. But I didn't know you guys would ever tune in and

find out what the girls and I have been saying about you schmucks. Now that I know some of you men watch my show, I'm going to be the best damned Uncle Phil you ever had. I promise that from now on, some of the guys I choose as my guests will be literate, rational and capable of logical thought. Not many, but some. Why, I wouldn't ever stack the deck against men on my show, would I? Hey, I'm one of you. Now that it pays, that is."

"MEN AWARDED CHILD CUSTODY AS FREQUENTLY AS WOMEN" (October 23, 1999). A new statistical study of contested child-custody cases shows that for the first time in history, fathers are being awarded custody of their children as frequently as mothers after a divorce. Dr. Willard Scott, executive director of The Bureau of Weather and Statistics, put it this way: "I think the antimale sexism that clearly existed in the divorce system is finally coming to an end. What a revolution! It used to be that the father was considered an unnecessary appendage to the family structure. Why, we even had an epidemic of unmarried women choosing to have children without fathers, as if the father were an obstruction to a child's development. But not anymore. Men are back as vigorous role models and strong father figures!" Dr. Scott spoke from the front porch of his home in Puerto Rico. He looked darling in a bright floral-print dress and a Carmen Miranda bonnet of fresh fruit and flowers.

"MALE CIRCUMCISION OUTLAWED IN ALL HOSPITALS" (January 1, 2001). This New Year's Day sees the start of the 21st Century—and the cessation of the painful practice of penis pinching that has been used on most male babies at birth. "We did computer studies that deciphered what the baby boys were *really* saying as their little weenies were cut," Dr. George Gallup V said, "and you never heard such foul language from infants in your life! 'Let go my joy toy, you dickhead' was the most common reaction from just-born males. 'If this is sex, then fuck it' was the second most common reaction. Those kids were doing more than crying, let me tell you. They were trying to tell us something!"

If I see any more headlines, I'll let you know. Good news travels fast, but this is ridiculous!



THE SEXUAL TIME BOMB

the nation's press has a new toy

The first time we became aware of the statistical time bomb, it was at the expense of teenage lust. Somewhere we read that "every 12.6 seconds, a teenager gets a sexually transmitted disease."

Same teenager? We wondered. Maybe the horny dude should give it a rest.

We did a few calculations. There are 31,536,000 seconds in a year, 525,600 minutes. So if every 12.6 seconds a teenager gets an S.T.D., that adds up to 2,500,000 cases of venereal disease a year—among teenagers.

We tried to calculate how often a teenager has a class in sex education. Only 23 states mandate sex education. Those schools that provide it average 11.7 hours of instruction in seventh grade (about three years before most teens start having sex) and 18 hours in 12th grade (about one year too late). All told, the nation spends \$1.23 per minute on sex education, about \$9.70 per minute on AIDS education.

Recently, we found the ticking bomb in a *New York Times* editorial by playwright Larry Kramer: "In America, 212 new cases of full-blown AIDS are diagnosed every day; there is one AIDS death every 12 minutes and a new case of infection every 54 seconds. At a minimum, 1,000,000 to 1,500,000 Americans are infected. . . . All of these figures, which are known to be imprecise, are also known to be low."

Kramer sets up these statistics with a heart-rending confession: "The armies of the infected, their families, loved ones and friends no longer know how to deliver their pleas for help. Every conceivable method has been attempted, from quietly working from within to noisily demonstrating without." He argues that the Government must do more.

We pull out the calculator. Kramer's numbers add up to 77,380 new cases of AIDS a year and 43,800 AIDS deaths a year. He has created

an urgency.

Turning to the National Center for Health Statistics, we calculated the intervals for the five major killers: Every 41 seconds, someone dies of heart disease (767,400 deaths per year). Every 64 seconds, someone dies of cancer (488,240 deaths per year). Every three and a half minutes, someone suffers a fatal stroke (150,300 deaths per year). Every five and a half or so

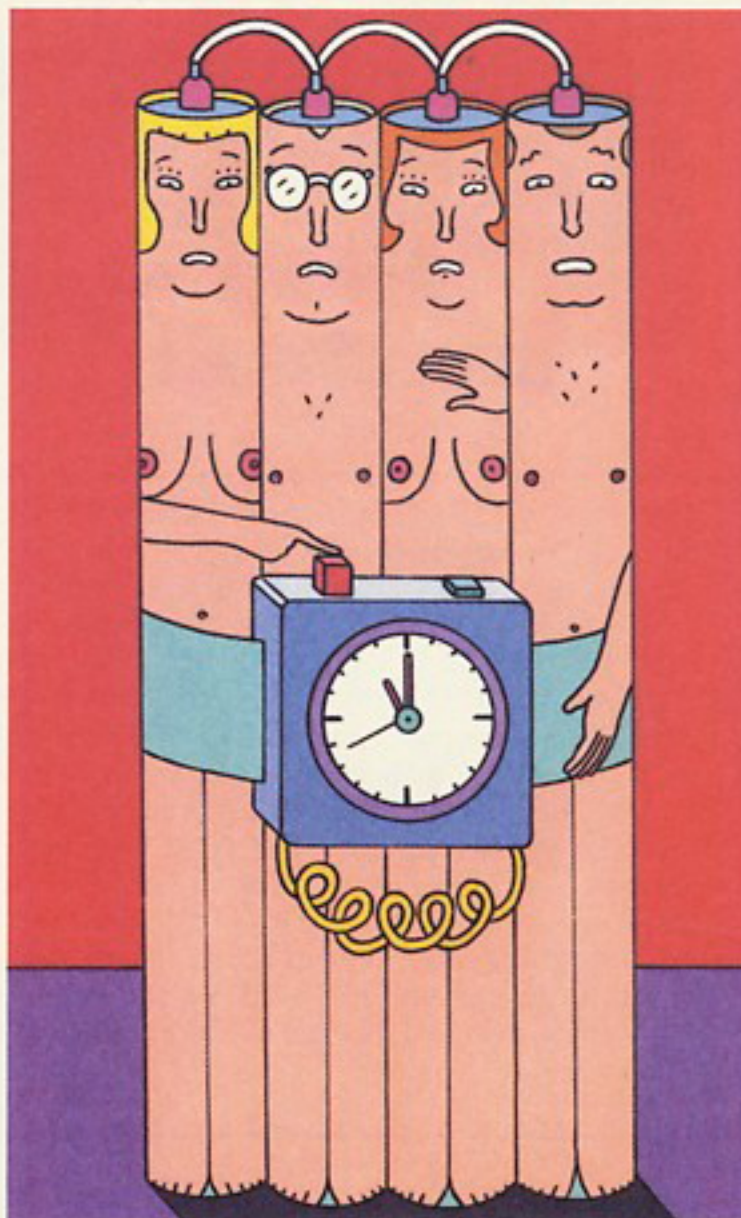
waited five months before announcing a promising AIDS therapy, because it wanted the paper to appear in the prestigious *New England Journal of Medicine*. The journal insists on peer review before it publishes any article and will not publish a scientific discovery that has been reported in the mainstream press.

In the time it took to assess the article, how many men died of AIDS-related pneumonia? Half of them might have been helped by the treatment.

A week or so after Kramer's moving piece, *Newsweek* published an article called "The Mind of the Rapist." The time bomb appeared in the first paragraph: "The recent Senate Judiciary Committee hearings on violent crime against women concluded that rape has increased four times as fast as the over-all crime rate over the past decade. A woman is raped every six minutes, the committee said, but only half the rapes are ever reported." Out came the calculator: That's 87,000 or so rapes, of which 43,500 are reported. Nowhere do the editors of *Newsweek* give a real number. We were almost too numb to calculate the odds: 87,000 out of 96,000,000 women equals one out of 1103, or .09062 percent. Lottery odds. The *Newsweek* statistic is more personal. Every woman embodies the time clock and every six minutes, she looks over her shoulder with suspicion and fear. That's the intention of the article—to stir up anxiety.

We wonder if the media will ever celebrate the positive side of sex with the same rhetorical device. Let's see; there are about 185,000,000 adults in the U.S. having sex on the average of twice a week. Someone has fun every .00003 minutes—the vast majority without disease, violence or death.

Tired of the numbers? Let's cut the wires on the timer, go home and do it as often as we can, for as long as we can. This is the time of our life.



minutes, someone dies in an accident (97,500 deaths per year). Every six and a half or so minutes, someone dies of chronic obstructive lung disease (81,960 deaths per year). Somehow, not one of these figures provokes the same urgency as Kramer's time bomb. Most of these killers take a lifetime to develop; the pleas for help are muted.

Kramer is talking about time. We read that a research team apparently

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

CUP OF POISON?

KENT, ENGLAND—The British funerary journal *Pharos International* reports yet another environmental peril posed by technology. Silicone breast implants are non-



biodegradable and will remain in the ground far longer than the bodies that housed them, threatening water supplies, say researchers. The implants are certain to fuel countless debates among archaeologists in the year 3000.

HOLY HARASSMENT!

DAYTON, OHIO—A survey by the United Methodist Church found that 77 percent of its clergywomen had experienced incidents of sexual harassment. Forty-one percent said these were perpetrated by male colleagues or other pastors. But the male clergy had its problems, too, with 52 percent reporting sexual harassment by parishioners. The study broadly defined sexual harassment as "any sexually related behavior that is unwelcome, offensive or which fails to respect the rights of others."

THE CUJO DEFENSE

SILVER SPRING, MARYLAND—The multiple-personality controversy in the courts may have reached its limits. A psychiatrist testifying for an accused murderer claims that the crime was committed by two of the defendant's alternative personalities, including "Tufu," a demonic Pekingese dog.

After two hours of deliberation, a circuit-court jury agreed that the defendant was seriously troubled but found that killing an ex-girlfriend and shooting her new boyfriend was the work of man rather than dog and that the man could be convicted of first-degree murder.

THE SODOMY WARS

Michigan, Kentucky and Texas state courts have struck down their sodomy laws. In each case, a judge found the law to violate state constitutional guarantees, which are sometimes more generous in civil rights matters than the U.S. Constitution, especially as interpreted by the present conservative Justices. Unless overturned on appeal, the decisions reduce to 22 the number of states that still prohibit some form of the so-called crime against nature.

ROAD TEST

WEST PALM BEACH, FLORIDA—After reviewing accident records and video tapes of lunch-hour traffic passing a local hot-dog stand, Palm Beach County commissioners have concluded that hot-dog vendor Gloria Gonzalez does not imperil motorists or pedestrians by wearing a thong bikini. "She is not a traffic hazard," pronounced Commissioner Carole Phillips, "so let's get on with more important things."

BUNKER CROPS

LANCASTER, CALIFORNIA—Federal and state authorities in California and Arizona have discovered five huge underground bunkers designed and built especially for growing marijuana without detection. The drug police said that despite the high start-up costs, sophisticated cultivation equipment makes indoor growing more lucrative than outdoor farming by permitting four harvests a year instead of one. Receipts recovered in the raids indicate that the high-potency pot was commanding more than \$3400 a pound.

CANBERRA, AUSTRALIA—An Australian minister of energy asked parliament to consider the possibility of burning confiscated marijuana crops to generate electricity. He pointed out that seized pot was cheaper than coal and would produce about the same amount of energy.

BLUE LAW

QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS—As though hoping to join the national censorship controversy, a Boston suburb has passed an ordinance against public swearing and profanity. It doesn't specify which words or expressions are unlawful and therefore doesn't stand much chance of surviving a legal challenge, according to the A.C.L.U. The ordinance is aimed at rowdy teenagers who hang around the main downtown subway station swearing at passers-by.

CONDOM LIABILITY

NEW YORK CITY—The chancellor of schools has suggested distributing free condoms to students. One critic calculated that the schools would need more than 7,000,000 condoms a year to get the job done. Acting on their usual charitable impulses, Right-to-Lifers are threatening the New York City school system with "lawsuits on behalf of any girl who becomes pregnant, any boy who fathers a child and any student who contracts a sexually transmitted disease despite using a school-supplied condom." Paul Marx, founder of Human Life International, who says he has "trav-



eled to eighty-two countries all over the world, battling abortion and promiscuity," contends that "this ridiculous proposal to provide youngsters with condoms is akin to making sure drunk drivers have seat belts."

9 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

CAMEL



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



"Would you believe I'm really her husband in a parallel universe?"



FREE AGENT

liz pasko, late of the irs, makes april fifteenth less taxing

FORMER Internal Revenue Service agent Liz Pasko figures that her old employers get a bum rap, so she's shedding her wraps to make sure you get the message: An income-tax audit needn't be torture, and all auditors aren't ogres.

Pasko contacted *Playboy* through its Tax Department, naturally enough. It was the only time in history that our corporate accountants were happy to hear from an IRS agent, which is what Liz was for five and a half years. After a big jurisdictional battle, our tax guys passed her on to the Photo Department, where editors carefully reviewed her four-page typed application. It included the following tidbits: Liz's proposed title for this feature (*Tits and Tips for Taxes*), her turn-on (being "kissed all over my body while blindfolded") and her photo suggestions ("agent with calculator tape over shoulders, around her neck, draped over breasts and meeting between her legs"). The photo editors immediately realized that this



"The audit is the most valuable source of information the Internal Revenue Service has. It shows exactly which items taxpayers cheat on."

was one civil servant our readers would like to get to know better.

Liz is a Skokie, Illinois, girl, raised and educated in the Chicago suburb. She moved on to Loyola University on the city's North Side, where she studied accounting. That's when the nation's tax-collection agency caught her attention. "A lot of people were scared of the IRS," she says. "I thought that if it had such impact on people, it would be a great place to work."

She first tackled corporate pension and profit-sharing plans, then moved on to audit individual and corporate taxpayers. Right from the start, Liz believed in bringing the personal touch to her work. "When I went out on audits," she says, "I knew that people were intimidated already, so I would try to make them feel as comfortable as I possibly could." Evidently, the approach was appreciated. Liz admits that one smitten auditee sent her two dozen roses and that attorneys with

whom she worked often tried to fix her up with their sons.

Working for the IRS might sound like the kiss of death for a woman's social life, but Liz reports that "most men found it interesting. Some, though, would think, Now she knows me. I'm a target for an audit." Liz treated that problem by reveling in her power. "I'd say to a guy, 'What did you say your Social Security number was?'"

Like any IRS agent, Liz feels as though she has seen it all: from the golfing periodontist who deducted his country-club membership as a business expense to the elderly women who claimed cats as dependents. Liz has some advice for you: The riskier your deductions, the better your documentation had better be, especially in that cheater's haven—the travel and entertainment line items. Take that periodontist. Because most of his patients were referrals, and his club was overrun with dentists, and because he had documentation, Liz let him take the



"Believe me, travel and entertainment expenses are almost always audited on your return, so if you are hiding anything, don't put it there."



"The more you violate the norms for your income, the higher the audit score. If you are too greedy, the computer may spit out your return."





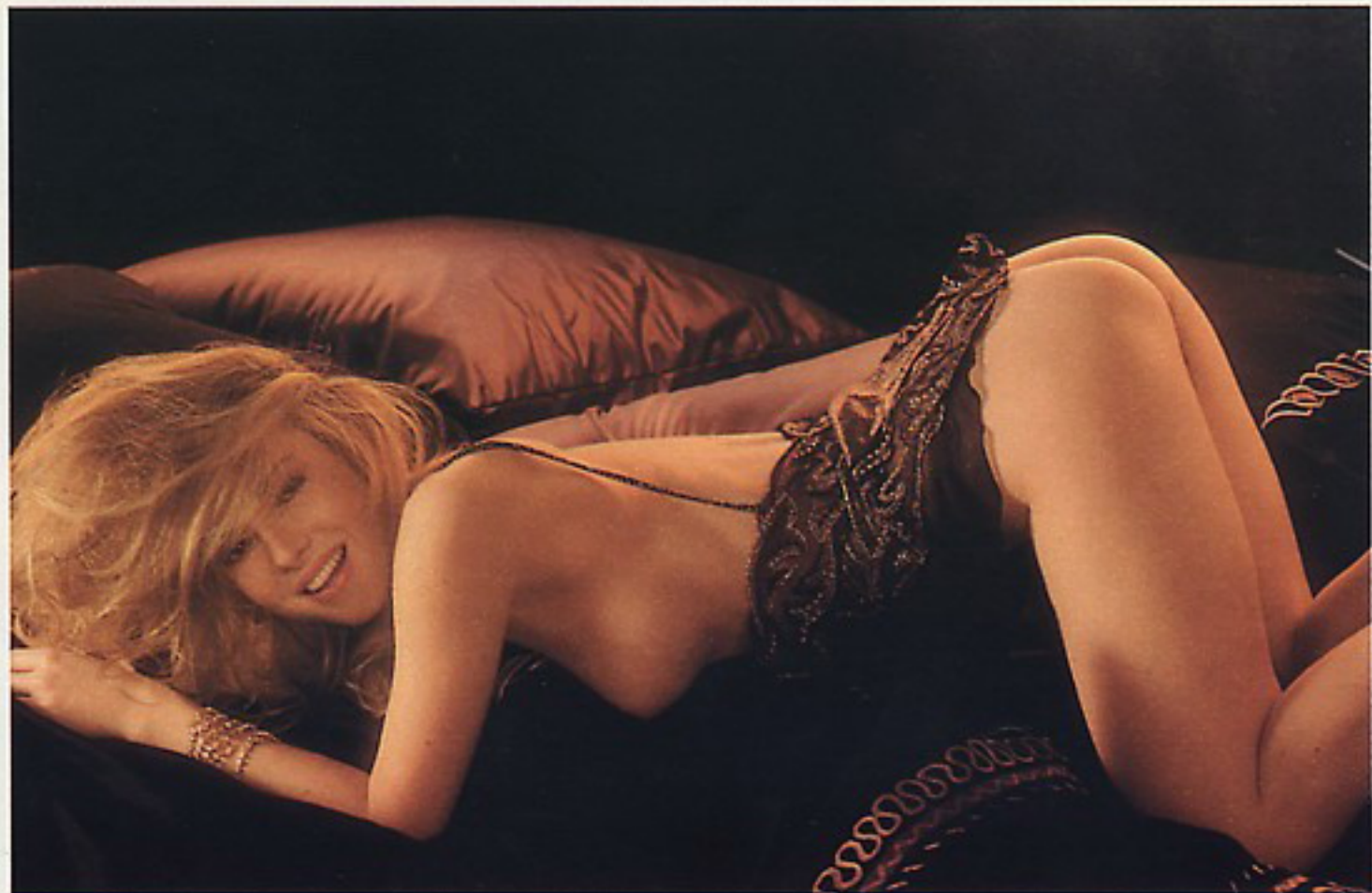


deduction. The lesson: If you can prove it and conform to regulations, you can take it.

If you want to avoid an audit in the first place, be careful to keep all your tax-form entries as unremarkable as possible. There is a computer in Kansas City that reads every form in the country, and whenever the numbers get out of whack for your region and income, it assigns points that can add up to "audit potential" for your return. Too many points and your personal voyage to tax hell has begun. Still, she says not to worry: "Everybody is a human being, even at the IRS."

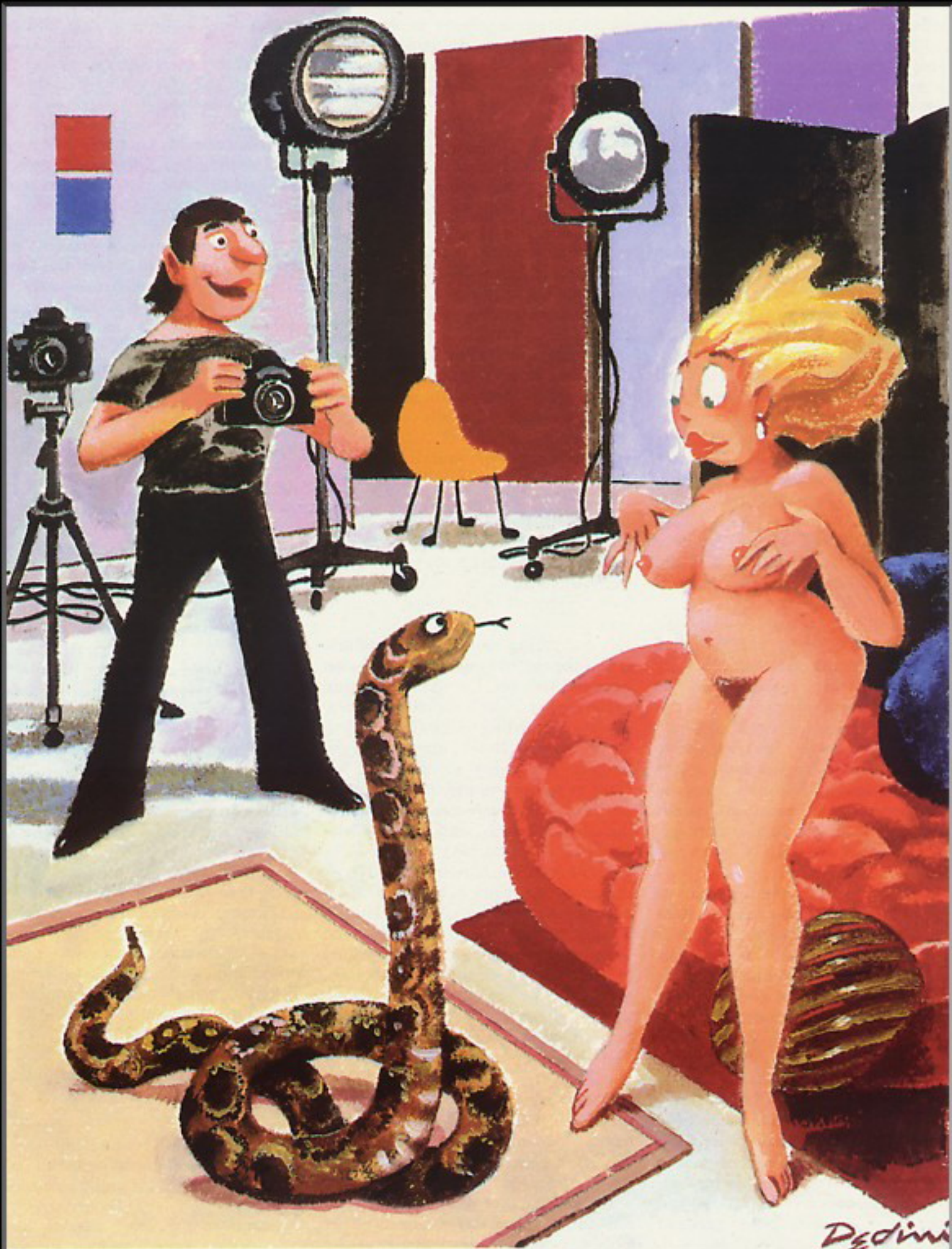
Sadly, you won't have a shot at getting Liz Pasko as your agent. She quit the IRS a year and a half ago and is now operating as a private accountant. She has also done modeling work, but—*ahem*—she's still filing *singly*. In other words, she's not closing herself off to anything, professionally or personally. Whatever happens, we're sure she'll keep really good records, just in case.

Liz's former workmates at the IRS had a uniform reaction to her plan to pose for *Playboy*: "Shock, with mouth hanging open," she says. "A lot of it was positive." Since leaving the IRS, she has been working the other side of the fence, preparing income-tax returns and keeping the Government's nose out of her clients' business.









Dedini

"Be patient with him. He's deciding if he's comfortable posing with you."



"I think the safe-sex program is working—judging by the number of condoms I find amongst my delphiniums."



DRINKS FOR THE DESIGNATED DRIVER

the party has
just begun—and you're
the one with the car

article By RICHARD LALICH

YOU BRAKE for cocktails. Your friends order drinks, and you sit there nursing your exclusion from the fun. But these days, there's no reason to feel glum. You're certainly not alone in watching what you drink—the bartender who serves you and the passengers in your car all appreciate your awareness of the hazards of driving under the influence. And fortunately, the alternatives to alcohol are no longer as dull as club soda. Restaurants and bars are offering a more appealing selection of nonalcoholic drinks to the driver who chooses to have none for the road. A few years ago, the only recourse for a guy with his car keys splayed on a cocktail napkin was to curse Shirley Temple or to fidget while his tablemates savored the serendipitous encounters of sour and sweet in a rocks glass. The new options deliver a kick, and they remove the hardship from responsible drinking.

Remember, there's no law that says liquorless drinks must be tame. Coffee, soft drinks and water will get you through in a pinch, but they won't slake your taste for adult drinks—drinks that look and taste like real cocktails. You do, after all, deserve to enjoy yourself: You're exercising self-discipline and *(continued on page 169)*

DESIGNATED DRIVER

(continued from page 109)

good judgment, not punishing yourself. Fortunately, the options are multiplying, and they're widely available.

Many alcohol-free beers provide the hoppy, bitter flavor of brew without the buzz. (For a complete overview of nonalcoholic beers, see Michael Jackson's guide on page 170.) California-brewed Firestone is so popular in Los Angeles that it outsells the 15 bottled beers available at Wolfgang Puck's restaurant/brewery, Eureka. Warteck, a Swiss import, is the favorite counterfeit of teetotalers at Manhattan's 21 Club.

Popular wines without alcohol include the white, red, cabernet and zinfandel under the Ariel label from San Jose's J. Lohr Winery; Paul Masson's St. Regis line; and Germany's Carl Jung varieties. These facsimiles, which are vinted as usual and then removed of alcohol, surpass ordinary grape juices and ciders in that they mimic the experience of drinking authentic wines: the extraction of the cork, the aroma, the grapy hues and that silky splash against the wineglass.

Until recently, one of the drawbacks to drinking responsibly was the absence of the trappings of drink—a ginger ale in a short glass offers none of the visceral and tactile pleasures of the old lick-of-salt, chug-of-tequila, bite-of-lime ritual. Most bartenders will serve proof-free drinks in more traditional surroundings: a virgin daiquiri in a bubble glass, a pseudo pilsner in a beer mug, a fizzy carbonated cider poured into a champagne flute.

Another shortcoming of zero-proof drinks has been the cloyingly sweet taste, a result of the substitution of fruit juices for liqueurs in most recipes. Bitter drinks are preferable because they are too tart to drink quickly, and the flavor stimulates the taste buds, setting the palate for food. Bartenders compensate by spiking juices and mixers with a dash of aromatic bitters. While such brands of bitters as the front-running Angostura contain 45 percent alcohol, a dollop in a large drink sharpens the taste without impairing the senses; in this context, the dash of alcohol is diluted to less than half of one percent, a ratio that is considered by law nonalcoholic.

Many restaurants and watering holes offer designated-driver (or DD) programs, which include free nonalcoholic beverages and a button or bracelet for the abstaining member of a car pool. At restaurant/saloons such as Sage's in Chicago, DDs are offered free drinks and certificates that can be redeemed for drinks when they're not driving. "When we started the program a few years ago," say the owners, "people ordered a water on the rocks because they didn't want to

admit they weren't drinking. But today, not only do people feel comfortable drinking a nonalcoholic drink in a bar, it's a badge of honor to be a nondrinker. At lunch, we may be the iced-tea kings of the world."

Even in establishments that do not sponsor an official DD program, more motorists are choosing not to drink. In Los Angeles, where taxis are scarce, drinking responsibly or not at all is a practical matter. "More and more people are telling me, 'No thanks, I'm the designated driver tonight,'" says Spago bartender Rob Thurman. "A popular drink is cranberry juice mixed with soda, Pellegrino or orange juice." Also in demand are virgin daiquiris, strawberry margaritas and piña colodas, and bloody marys without the vodka.

In Manhattan, says 21 Club bartender Will Higgins, "it's not fashionable anymore to be seen bellying up to the bar for four or five hours." He receives requests for mineral waters, freshly squeezed juices and virgin versions of blender drinks. Tangy-flavored spirits are another good choice for the designated driver: A single drink can be savored. "Campari is a very nice aperitif if you don't feel like drinking too much," Higgins says. "Or you can sip on a glass of dry sherry."

Bartenders, of course, know all about drinking in a bar while remaining sober. What do they pour for themselves while they pull ten-hour shifts in saloons?

At Sage's, the drink of choice behind the bar is orange juice with a shot of soda. Says proprietor Gene Sage, "It's what used to be called a B-girl cocktail."

At Spago, the staff nurses a nonalcoholic concoction called the Alligator. A satisfying mixture of lime juice, cassis, soda and Seven-Up, the Alligator has been a house secret for nine years. Now you can mix it yourself, as well as the other drinks that follow.

THE SPAGO ALLIGATOR

- ¼ shot cassis
- ½ shot lime juice
- 4 ozs. club soda
- 4 ozs. Seven-Up
- Pour ingredients over ice in tall glass.

THE 21 CLUB VIRGIN MARY

- 5 ozs. Sacramento tomato juice
- 2 dashes Worcestershire sauce
- 2 dashes celery salt
- Fresh pepper
- Fresh lime wedge
- Mix first two ingredients. Shake well. Pour over ice in stemmed glass and garnish with last three ingredients.

THE 21 CLUB VIRGIN STRAWBERRY

- 1 oz. lemon juice
- 1 oz. fresh-squeezed orange juice

PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO NO-ALCOHOL BEERS

It's all a matter of taste. When you savor a regular beer, you are tasting the sweetness of barley malt and the flowery dryness of hops. You may not have analyzed it so much, but those are the flavors that combine to tease your palate. When you taste a nonalcoholic brew, both flavors are present in precisely the same quantities.

The Europeans started to develop more sophisticated nonalcoholic beers in the Seventies. Recently, American brewers have been producing some top-quality nonalcoholic beers. In flavor, some of the European examples are fuller, the American ones generally lighter and crisper, but there are plenty of choices from both sides of the Atlantic.

The beers are made by a variety of methods. All start with malted barley, hops and water. It is after the brewing that the differences arise. Some of these beers are fermented normally and the alcohol removed. Some are not fermented. Others are fermented in such a way that the yeast does not produce alcohol. Whichever the method, the alcoholic content is kept below 0.5 percent by volume. (Almost all natural products contain some alcohol; even fruit juices, for example, often contain a small amount. Enzymes active in the metabolism of alcohol are also present in humans. Thus, our bodies produce about a shot of alcohol a day. Sorry about that, W.C.T.U.)

By law, these nonalcoholic products must be described as brews or beverages, but not beers. Here's how they taste.

AMERICAN

Firestone (Firestone and Fletcher): The only microbrewery dedicated exclusively to nonalcoholic brews. Clean, malty bouquet. Soft palate. On the sweet side but easily drinkable.

Goetz (Pearl): Spritzy, sweetish, drier in the finish. Light, refreshing.

Hamm's NA (Pabst): Lightly fruity in the bouquet and palate. Reminiscent of apple. Light, clean finish.

Kingsbury (Heileman): Dry, faintly herbal or even smoky in the bouquet and palate. Lightly spritzy. Similar-tasting products include Zing, Black Label NA and Schmidt Select.

O'Doul's (Anheuser-Busch): Smooth body, fairly full for a nonalcoholic beer. Remarkably clean, light taste.

Faint saltiness.

Pabst NA (Pabst): Applelike fruitiness in the bouquet. Lightly tart.

Sharp's (Miller): The bouquet of beer. Light, clean and crisp. Nice balance of satisfying malt taste and fruity, quenching tartness.

Texas Light (San Antonio Beverage Co.): The aroma of apple pie. Applelike palate. Very tart. Quenching.

Texas Light Dark (San Antonio): Attractive reddish-brown color. Lightly sweet, with a caramel-malt taste, drying slightly in the finish. Pleasant.

SWISS-AMERICAN

Birell (F. X. Matt): Light, soft and faintly syrupy. Malty, with a dry fruitiness in the finish. A Swiss brand made under license in the U.S.

IMPORTS

Buckler (Heineken): Clean, lightly fruity aroma. Sweetish palate. Dry finish. Very drinkable. A sophisticated entrant in this category.

Clausthaler (Binding): Notably well balanced. Lightly malty with some dry hoppiness in the finish. Zesty.

Gerstel (Heninger): Very malty, especially in the aroma. Sweet palate with some balancing dryness in the finish.

Haake Beck (Beck's): Very clean aroma. Sweetish and fruity with a very dry finish.

Kaliber (Guinness): Toasted-malt aroma and palate. Hints of honey or brown sugar but with a lot of balancing dryness in the finish. Big body.

Moussy (Cardinal): Malty, almost coffeeish, aroma and palate. Quite spicy.

Warteck (Warteck): Appetizingly bittersweet. The sweetness, from the malt, is combined with a fruity dryness, especially in the finish.

With such a good selection, why would anyone ever want any other kind of beer? Because one ingredient is missing from nonalcoholic brews. But this ingredient is not merely a relaxant. Contrary to widespread view, alcohol itself does have a taste. It is hard to pin down, but "peppery" comes close.

Try a shot of vodka, the most purified of all alcoholic drinks, and perhaps you can recognize the spicy taste of alcohol. After you are home, of course. Then, even a designated driver is allowed a nightcap.

—MICHAEL JACKSON

Small dish strawberries
Sugar, to taste
Dash grenadine
Blend all ingredients and serve in stemmed glass.

CLAM AND TOMATO JUICE

3 ozs. tomato juice
3 ozs. clam juice
Dash celery salt
Dash Tabasco
Lemon wedge
Pour first four ingredients into drink mixer. Add ice cubes and shake well. Strain into glass and add lemon wedge.

SAGE'S WATERMELON COOLER

½ cup watermelon chunks
½ oz. pineapple juice
1 oz. orange juice
Fruit garnish
Blend first three ingredients with ice. Pour into tall glass. Garnish with fruit.

ICED COFFEE ANGOSTURA

2 teaspoons superfine granulated sugar
3-4 dashes Angostura
2 ozs. light cream
4 ozs. espresso or double-strength hot black coffee
Pour sugar and bitters into tall glass. Fill glass to top with ice. Add cream and coffee and stir thoroughly.

THE CHARGER

6 ozs. cold club soda
2 dashes bitters
Lime, lemon or orange twist
Fill tumbler with club soda. Add bitters and mix until water turns very light pink. Add citrus twist as garnish.

THE CARIBBEAN CRANBERRY

6 ozs. cranberry-juice cocktail
2 ozs. pineapple juice
2 dashes bitters
Pour over ice in tall glass and stir.

Ray Foley, publisher of *Bartender* magazine, offers these alternative cocktails:

DUST CUTTER

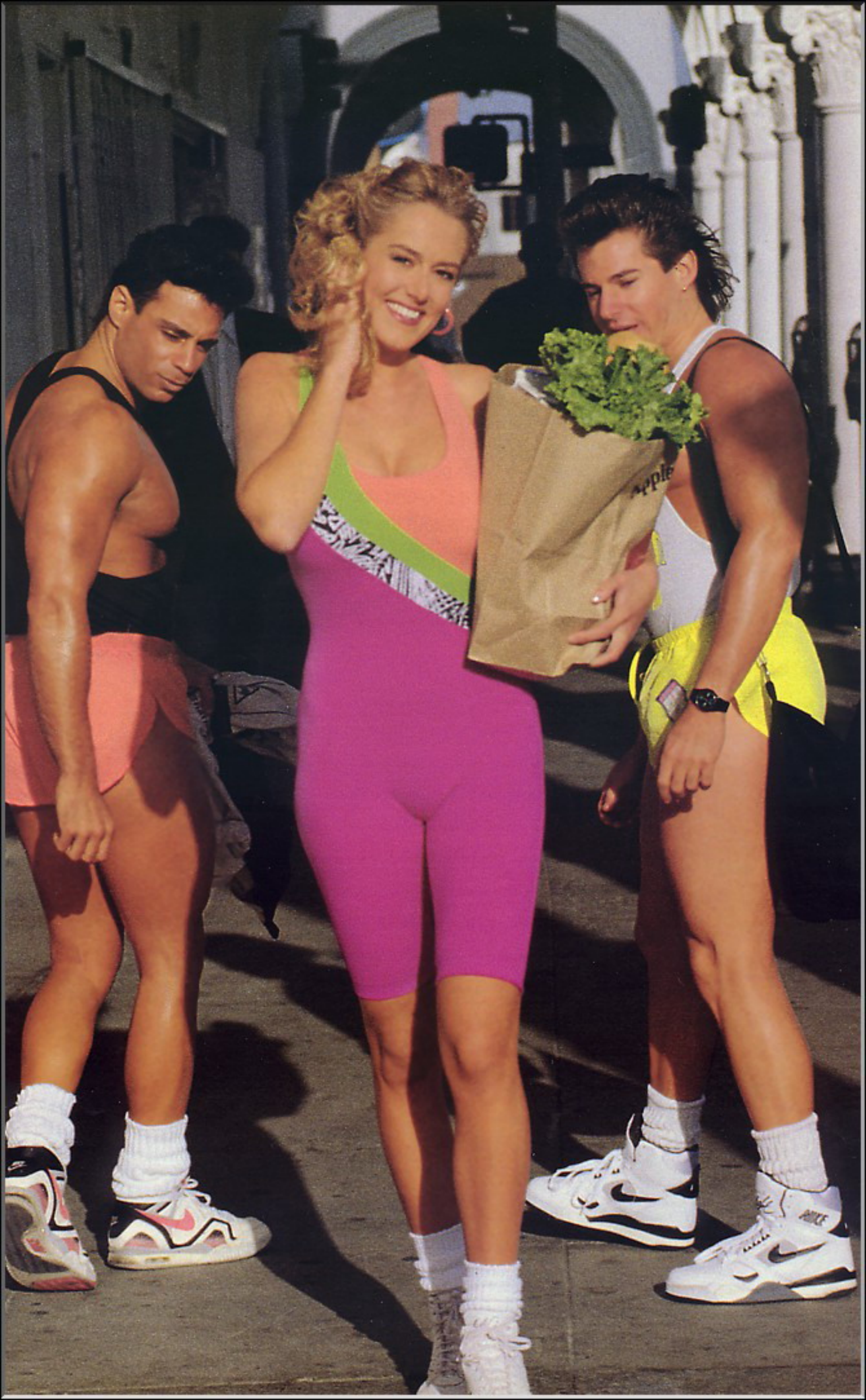
¾ oz. Rose's lime juice
6 ozs. tonic water
Serve over ice in tall glass.

TROPICAL BREEZE

1 oz. Rose's lime juice
3 ozs. cranberry juice
3 ozs. club soda or seltzer
Pour all ingredients into tall glass and stir.

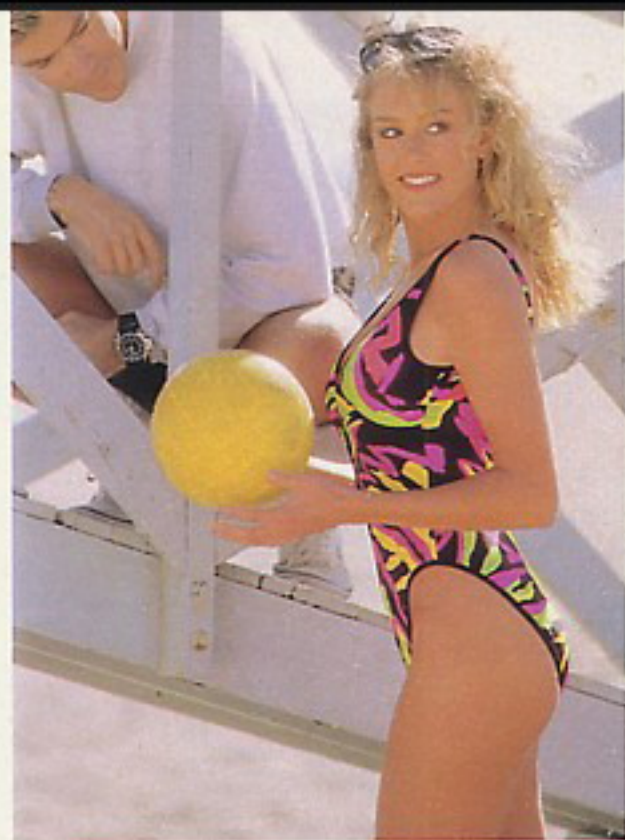
With these beverages, be prepared to overhear someone ask the cocktail waitress, "That drink he's having—can you make one *with* the alcohol?"





miss may's wish comes true—
right before our eyes

YAZEL DAZZLE



WHEN THE LOS GATOS HIGH SCHOOL newspaper asked students where they wanted to be in ten years, Carrie Jean Yazel, class of '88, answered, "In the pages of *Playboy*." Seven years ahead of schedule, Miss May comes to us as a wish fulfilled. Since prom night, she has moved from Northern California to San Diego, worked as a model, fallen in and out of love and dazzled the registrar at a local junior college. "I keep changing majors," she says with a giggle. "First it was hotel management, then catering. Then, well, there was my FBI thing." Carrie grins. "I always thought it would be so cool to go undercover and find out all this stuff about perfect strangers!" No stranger to quick changes, Carrie has recently been refurbishing her new apartment in a historic section of San Diego. She has another passion, too: "I loooove to

Strolling the promenade at Venice Beach, Miss May turns the heads of the beefcake brigade (left). "I love the beach," says the tawny Californian. "I know it's not really good for me, but I'll lie out until I've got a deep, deep tan. It makes me feel like I belong there."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
STEPHEN WAYDA



read." This semester, school assignments have drawn her into books on philosophy, sociology and ("Yuck!") algebra. Private moments find her curled up in a big black chair in her living room, deep into Dickens or Hardy while Beatles tunes play softly in the background. In fact, her Beatlemania ("I could listen to them twenty-four hours a day") doesn't always seem so fab to her beau, a 32-year-old film student and aspiring screenwriter. "He likes classical music, and I haven't quite acquired the taste," she admits. "We're always switching back and forth between radio stations." With the home fires smoldering nicely, Carrie has been pondering her future. Yes, she still models and, yes, she has thought about acting, "but that doesn't really excite me much. There was a joke when I was growing up—everyone in my family would

"My parents were always very free about nudity," says Carrie. "I love to sun-bathe nude. I love to walk around nude. I've never felt inhibited about my body and I've never understood why people do." Carrie's body beautiful is not the work of a health club or a fitness trainer; she manages to look like this without working out. "Guess I'm lucky," she says.





say, 'Oh, Carrie—you'll just get married, have kids and be a mommy!' And the thing is, they were probably right!" Sunny Southern California suits this homemaker-to-be just fine for now, but Carrie sees herself planting roots in a calmer clime—Seattle, maybe, or Spokane. "I'd like to have a bunch of kids and a big house somewhere we could spread out, somewhere the seasons change." Carrie's love of the Pacific Northwest harks back to a childhood spent there. Her drive to raise kids may reflect a desire to be just like her folks; this is a young girl who says her parents are "cool. They're down-to-earth, have-a-good-time people. They party more than I do." She gave Mom and Dad a customized version of her centerfold—with Miss May making a goofy face just for them. And while that was a kick, Carrie takes her new role seriously. "Being in *Playboy*—it's really the ultimate compliment." She remembers with perfect clarity the moment she learned that her schoolgirl dream was coming true. Soon after test-posing for us, she was visiting—who else?—her parents, who were entertaining some friends at a rented beach house in San Diego. "My dad was in the kitchen, making margaritas," she says. "The phone rang. I answered . . . and about a second later, I was jumping up and down, yelling, 'I got it, I got it!' We all had margaritas to celebrate."







"I like the feeling of being overpowered," says statuesque Miss May. Carrie describes the perfect man as tall and thin, "but strong. He's not a wimp. I don't like to feel like I can just get away. To me, there's something sexy about feeling that he's in control."



MISS MAY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Carrie Jean Yast





PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Carrie Jean Yazel
 BUST: 36 D WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34
 HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 120



BIRTH DATE: 11-30-69 BIRTHPLACE: Huntington Beach, Cal.

AMBITIONS: My top priority is getting married and having at least two children soon!

TURN-ONS: A man who is gorgeous and creative but not afraid to act like a geek!

TURN-OFFS: Flashy guys who wear gold chains and think they're real cool talking on their car phones.

I CAN'T WAIT UNTIL: The boys I had crushes on in high school - the ones who didn't know I existed - see me now. See what you guys missed out on??

BLONDES HAVE MORE: Fun! (The ad was right.)

MAY DAYDREAM: A tropical vacation on the beach with a good book, a strong drink, hot sunshine and a hotter man!



Me and my teeth



professional bench warmer



Kiss those high school days goodbye!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

While trying to persuade his new girlfriend to come over, the young man had finally led the phone conversation in a romantic direction.

"Yes, I do like a dry white wine," she said.

"Great. I have two bottles chilling now."

"And I just love Janet Jackson."

"Just got her new CD."

"My fantasy is making love on a fur rug in front of a fireplace."

"No problem," he said instantly. "I'll shoot the dog."



An Indian diplomat from Calcutta assigned to duty at the United Nations was having difficulty adapting to the New Yorkers' habitual rudeness, accustomed as he was to the traditional courtesy of the East.

One day, he approached a nicely dressed woman and said, "Pardon me, madam. Can you direct me to the Guggenheim Museum—or shall I just go fuck myself?"

Washington wags report that Dan Quayle went so far as to fill out enlistment papers. He thought our *golf* interests were at stake.

At the height of the French Revolution's Reign of Terror, two aristocrats and a blacksmith were waiting their turn to be executed. Their executioner told them they could either face up or face down, and if the guillotine malfunctioned, they would be pardoned for their crimes and set free.

The first aristocrat was led to the guillotine. "I don't want zis contraption to be zee last thing I see," he said, "I want to be face down."

His head was placed on the block, the blade was released, but, miraculously, it stopped inches away from his neck. True to his word, the executioner let him go.

The second blue blood was next. Sneering at the bloodthirsty crowd, he said, "I don't want my last sight to be of zees feelthy swine. I will face down." Again, the blade stopped short of its mark and the fellow was set free.

The blacksmith was led up the steps. The crowd roared its approval as he positioned himself face up. "Ooo la la! I've never really seen one of zees close up. Zis is a marvelous contraption!" he gushed, looking up at the machine. "But, *alors*, I think I see zee problem."

Sign spotted in a Planned Parenthood parking lot: BE CAREFUL PULLING OUT.

A salesman stopped for a beer at a remote hill-billy bar. Just as he lifted the brew to his lips, the bartender shouted, "Showtime!" and a wrinkled old man stepped into the spotlight, dropped his trousers, pulled out his huge dong, smashed three walnuts with it, bowed and disappeared.

Thirty years later, the salesman happened to stop at the same bar. The cry of "Showtime!" went up and out came the same old man. The salesman was astounded as the fellow dropped his trousers, dragged out his dong and shattered three coconuts with it.

"That's amazing," the salesman said to the bartender, "but why the switch from walnuts to coconuts?"

"Hey, the old guy's eyes are failing."

How many bureaucrats does it take to change a light bulb? Seven—one to supervise, one to arrange for the electricity to be shut off, one to make sure that safety and quality standards are maintained, one to monitor compliance with local, state and Federal regulations, one to manage personnel relations, one to fill out the paperwork and one to screw the light bulb into the water faucet.



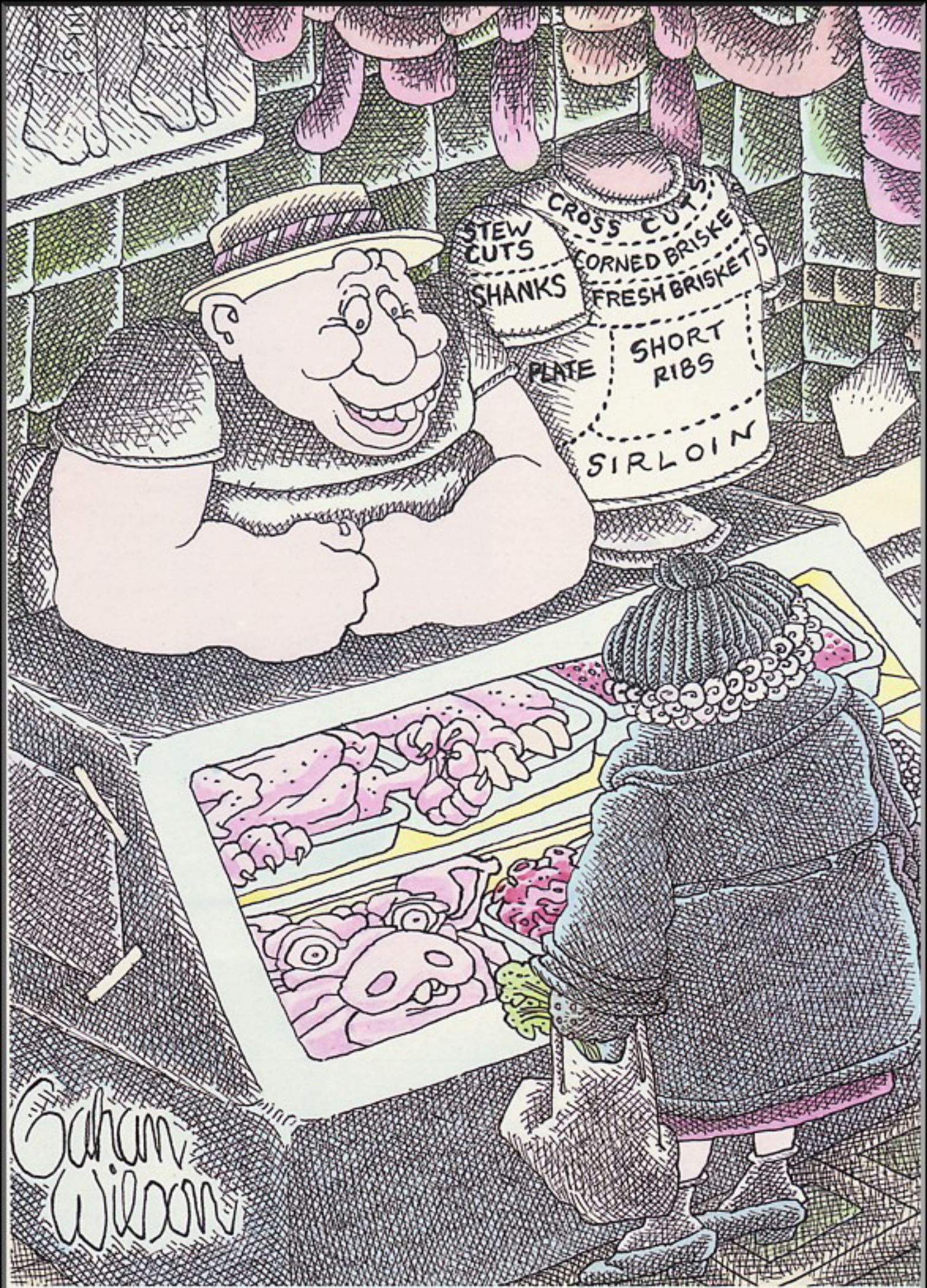
After spending a vigorous night with a hooker, the Senator took \$300 out of his wallet and set it on the motel night stand.

"Thanks, but I charge only twenty dollars," the woman said.

"Twenty dollars for the entire night?" the incredulous politician asked. "You can't make a living on that."

"Oh, don't worry," she purred. "I do a little blackmail on the side."

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



"It's a novelty T-shirt me and the boys designed, Mrs. Patterson!"



"Good night, Cyrano, and thanks for the nose job."

1991
PLAYBOY
MUSIC

IT WAS A GREAT
YEAR FOR
CENSORS,
CYNICS AND CASH

MADONNA wasn't the only musician to face the censors in 1990, but she turned the controversy into money faster than anyone else. Almost as soon as her video *Justify My Love* was banned from MTV, she slapped a \$9.98 price tag on it and sold the five-minute opus to her fans. Madonna's not called the Material Girl for nothing. She also has stature as an artist. The critics liked her *Blond Ambition* tour, her album *I'm Breathless* and her work in *Dick Tracy*. New Kids on the Block, who made all the top bucks in 1990, are still looking for critical acclaim, and quotes from their mentor Maurice Starr haven't helped. Said Starr, "Anybody, everybody can be a star. . . . The most important thing you need to make a hit band is promotion. . . . The second thing you need is a pretty good song. . . . Third—last and least—what you need to have is talent." Pretty cynical, especially when you look at the New



1991 MUSIC

Kids'
stats:
\$74,100,000

in concert-ticket sales, \$800,000,000 in retail paraphernalia, the top-grossing music video, *Hangin' Tough—Live*, and five albums on the *Billboard* charts in January. They busted their butts 154 days last year to make Starr's marketing dreams come true. It's no wonder they're looking for a little respect—from Starr, at the very least.

The New Kids do know how to sing. That can't be said of Milli Vanilli, who are now a running gag on *The Tonight Show*. This is a perfect example of a year's worth of greed and cynicism. Two guys with the right hair and dance steps made their producer a rich man, won a Grammy and bilked their fans out of concert-ticket money, all under false pretenses. If you attended one of their concerts, you paid money to see two impostors lip-sync. The antics of the marketing guys who created Milli Vanilli make Maurice Starr's methods seem low-key. Well, almost.

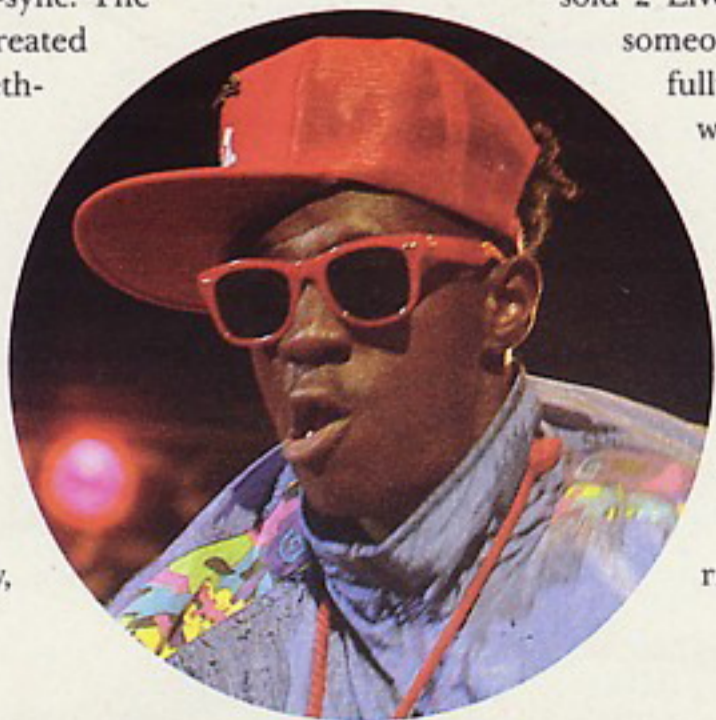
Marketing and promotion ended up fueling the censorship stories of the year, too. Ask yourself, Would Luther Campbell of 2 Live Crew be a rich man today if his troubles hadn't made a very public First Amendment issue out of his music? No doubt Public Enemy and KRS-One would have been successful even without all the controversy,



Ozzy Osborne (top) was one of the first metal men forced into court to defend his lyrics and is currently facing suits over his song *Suicide Solution*. Metal is under attack. The New Kids on the Block (center) were attacked, too, by the critics. Rap artists fought back against newspaper editorials and voluntary sticker by nervous record companies by supporting one another and rallying their fans. Flavor Flav (bottom) of Public Enemy was vocal and provocative—just like rap itself.



So far, the only person convicted of anything is a Fort Lauderdale record-store owner, Charles Freeman, who sold 2 Live Crew's *Nasty As They Wanna Be* to someone over 21. The prosecution successfully argued that the right to free speech was not absolute. To us, the two loudest messages of the year are that cynicism pays and you shouldn't assume your rights. Don't sneer at little girls who bought New Kids on the Block merchandise if you spent your money on an Aerosmith tour jacket. And never assume that your music belongs to you. You may have to fight for your right to listen to it.



but ponder the cases of the Geto Boys and Bitches with Problems. Without the negative publicity, would we know them? The bottom line is this: Who gets to decide what we hear? Tipper Gore? Self-styled anti-smut attorney Jack Thompson? State legislators? We'd be more likely to agree with Kate Pierson of the B-52's, who said, "As a woman, I find 2 Live Crew to be offensive, but as an American, I feel everyone has the right to be stupid." What motivated parents to take metal musicians Judas Priest and Ozzy Osborne to court? The distraught families tried to make a connection between heavy metal and the death of their sons. It's a big stretch to link metal lyrics with suicide, and the courts couldn't bring themselves to do it. Osborne said grief makes people blame "the artists when they should take a look in the bloody mirror."



**MOVIE SOUND
TRACK**

Pretty Woman

When Julia Roberts donned miniskirt and boots on the cover of the *Pretty Woman* sound-track album, she wasn't smiling for nothing. The disc has since gone triple platinum in the U.S. and has sold 6,000,000 copies world-wide.

MUSIC VIDEO

Opposites Attract
Paula Abdul



**ALBUMS
OF THE YEAR**



ROCK

Wilson Phillips

Wilson Phillips



R & B

Please Hammer

Don't Hurt 'Em

M. C. Hammer



JAZZ

Live

Kenny G

COUNTRY

Lone Wolf

Hank Williams, Jr.



**CONCERT
OF THE YEAR**

Aerosmith

Hard-pumping facts about Aerosmith's yearlong Pump tour: The group provided 326 hours of live music for nearly 3,000,000 people in 15 countries, 38 states and six Canadian provinces, traveling 46,422 miles in its private jet, Aeroforce One. Way to go, guys!



VEEJAY

MTV's Martha Quinn



HALL OF FAME

Sammy Davis Jr.

This legendary performer, whose name is synonymous with entertainment, began his career in vaudeville at the age of four. Hoofing his way from Harlem with the Will Mastin Trio to Hollywood and the Rat Pack, Sammy regularly dazzled audiences with his signature style and songs, including *I've Gotta Be Me*, *What Kind of Fool Am I?* and *Candy Man*. Thanks, Sammy, for having given us more than 60 toe-tapping, bojanglin' years.

1991 TOP PERFORMERS

PLAYBOY MUSIC POLL WINNERS

ERIC CLAPTON
Instrumentalist/Rock

AEROSMITH
Group/Rock

WAS (NOT WAS)
Group/R&B

PHIL COLLINS
Male Vocalist/Rock

PAULA ABDUL
Female Vocalist/R&B

BONNIE RAITT
Female Vocalist/Rock

M. C. HAMMER
Male Vocalist/R&B

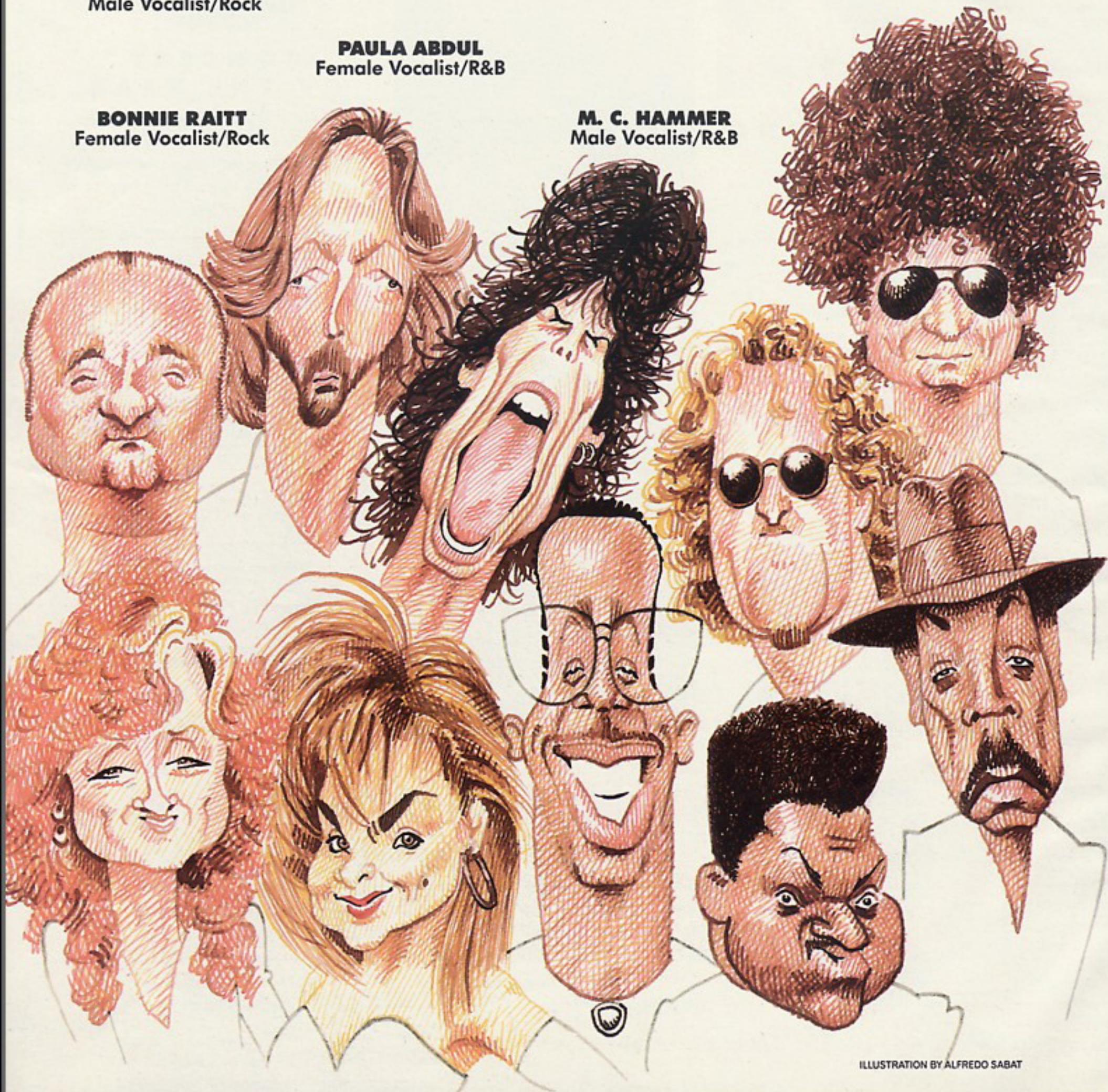


ILLUSTRATION BY ALFREDO SABAT

KENNY G
Instrumentalist/Jazz

K. D. LANG
Female Vocalist/Country

RAY CHARLES
Male Vocalist/Jazz

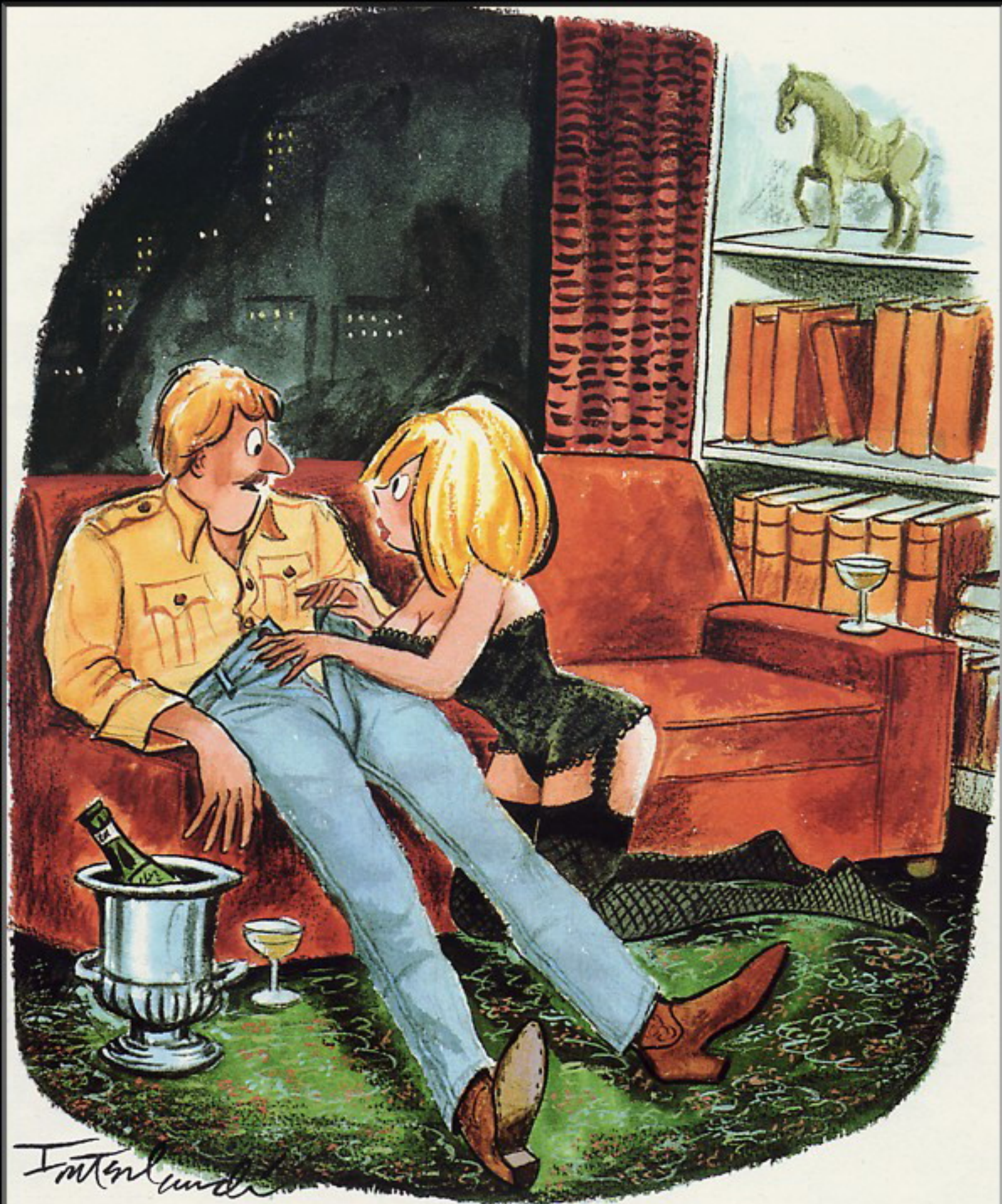
RANDY TRAVIS
Male Vocalist/Country

SPYRO GYRA
Group/Jazz

ALABAMA
Group/Country

DIONNE WARWICK
Female Vocalist/Jazz





“Er . . . I think you ought to know the name Big Mike was given to me by a short friend.”





BOSS

TWEEDS

shannon and tracy present an unbeatable sister act



DON'T TOUCH that dial. You could burn yourself. TV is hotter this year—there's something new between Johnny's golf swing and Arsenio's buzz cut: *Fly by Night*, planned for Tuesdays on CBS. Sally Monroe runs a charter airline, buzzes treetops, ducks creditors, nearly loses her shirt each week, contrives to survive and fly again. She's played by Shannon Tweed. You know Shannon (blonde, above). She has starred in 13 movies and five TV series since reigning as Playmate of the Year in 1982. Now meet sister Tracy, who co-stars in a *Fly by Night* episode. They're tall and talented.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY



Thank heaven for Canada. In 1957, a Newfoundland mink farmer and his wife brought forth Shannon Tweed (the hot blonde in the shades, above), who left home for California ten years ago. She capered with William Katt in a recent film, *Last Call* (below left), and now propels the world's least solvent airline, Slick Air, to ever-greater heights in TV's *Fly by Night*. Kid sis Tracy (peeking) made her mark as a model; her looks sold pricey products from Paris to Milan to London (below right) before she joined Shannon in Hollywood.















Smart, funny and immodestly sized—Tracy (left) is a six-footer; Shannon (above) is 5'10"—the Tweeds are Canada's twin towers of sex appeal. "We're weird, too," says Shannon, referring to the Tweed talk they share. "Right," says Tracy, who invented it when they were kids. Shannon was Big Bird. Tracy was Junior Bird. People hip to their humor were "Tweedle-ized." Others were left out in the cold.



Asked how she differs from big sis, Tracy grins slyly. "She's older." Big Bird is, indeed, no ingénue—not with starring roles in *Falcon Crest* and HBO's *1st & Ten* on her résumé—but she's just 34. "I started early," Shannon says with a wink. She now has a toddler of her own, Nicholas, whose dad is actor/musician Gene Simmons of heavy-metal Kiss fame ("Yes, Gene's tongue is as long as they say"). Of Tracy, who at 26 has already been a world-class (text concluded on page 162)



BOSS TWEEDS

(continued from page 152)

fashion model and who now co-hosts cable's magazine show *Playboy 360*, she says, "Tracy's beautiful, smart and she can act. *Fly by Night* was nerve-racking for her, but she did a great job." Junior Bird is a good bet to land more screen roles soon, but for now, Tracy's busy with *Playboy 360*. As she says, "It's spontaneous. It's fun"—like its co-host, a talk-show natural. As a tot transplanted to Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Tracy accosted salesmen in local shoe stores, pretending to be a TV reporter: "Is *this* what you want to do with your life?" That irreverence now keeps *360* spinning. Tracy, a health-food fan, has taken the show to the streets and challenged junk-food munchers to defend their cuisine. Now she wants viewers to fax photos of their anatomies to the show. "We're putting together a fax of the perfect couple. So send Tracy your body parts, America!"

"She's a free spirit," Shannon says with approval. Nodding, Junior Bird adds that she had a good role model. "She's a great sister." Tracy shares Shannon's Tweedle-ized L.A. home with Gene and Nicholas, who can't wrap his two-

year-old lips around the word Auntie and calls Tracy Eddie. "I may change my name to Eddie," she says.

Eleven feet, ten inches of smooth Canadian composure, the Tweeds are never inconspicuous. Shannon was first to learn that a tall beauty can intimidate men as well as attract them. Her regal bearing says simply, "I am what I am." It has helped her become a star—the kind who presents Emmy awards, as she did last year. Still, she and her even taller sister often deflect the size factor with humor. "I want to have children with a tall man," says Tracy. "Shannon and I will make our own tribe. Our kids' kids will be eight feet tall, and we'll shrink and be tiny grandmas."

This pictorial, a closer look at the Tweeds than you'll ever see on TV, was equal parts sexhibition and gabfest. Two of the world's best-looking women posed nude for *Playboy's* Richard Fegley. Sultry scenes. But as the hours passed, what Fegley saw through his lens was a couple of girls goofing off at a slumber party. "We felt like kids again," Shannon recalls.

"Right," says Tracy. "Shannon's gorgeous, and I love her a lot, but she's still Big Bird to me."



"This is going to have a chilling effect on the national dialog."



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 Catalog **\$2.50**



13 VENUS SWIMWEAR
 Venus swimwear has an exciting new 1990 line of swimwear just for you! Our dazzling collection of over 100 styles has everything from exciting prints to colorful solids in all styles from 1-pieces to bikinis and tongas. With Venus you can mix sizes for a perfect bikini fit from size 3 to 15! Catalog **\$2.00**



14 SECRET PASSIONS
 Exciting, new catalog will be your passport to the sensual adventure of a lifetime. Packed with luscious lingerie, fabulous oils and lotions and much more. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. Exclusive 50% discount on your first order. Catalog **\$3.00**



15 LINGERIE Distributors of America
 Exciting recession-proof business. \$1,000's weekly easy. Always prompt shipping, excellent quality control, no minimum order required! Vast opportunities in mail order, home parties, direct sales, etc. ★ Huge fabulous full-color catalog and complete start-up pack (15) **\$10.00**
16 Lingerie on VHS Video (16) **\$29.95**



17 SHEER SENSATIONS
 A unique collection of the world's most sensuous lingerie fashions. Featuring: Luscious Leathers, Naughty PVC from England, Satin Garter Belts & Corsets, Ultra Sheer Nylons and a collection of "Oriental" silks for men as well as women. \$5.00 gift certificate included. Catalog **\$3.00**



18 DREAM DRESSER
 Fashion fetish fantasy clothing. The most elite catalog available to the erotic shopper. Lingerie of leather, rubber, skin-tight stretch patent, 5" & 6" stiletto heel shoes and boots, open breast costumes, corsets, fabulous dresses, unique fashions unavailable anywhere. Catalog price refunded with 1st purchase. **\$10.00**



19 PLONGE
 Leather. Most complete collection made from the finest leather available today. A stunning array of fashions and colors, including corsets, garter belts, full and half-cup bras, thongs, teddies, bustiers, mini-skirts, G-strings, halters and more unusual related items. Exquisite soft quality at affordable prices. Catalog **\$8.00**



20 ROMANTIC LINGERIE
 Finest collection of quality intimate apparel available. Immediate shipping policy. New 80 page hard cover live model catalog. (20) Sensuous exciting lingerie, outrageous dresses. **\$10.00**
21 Large sizes catalog **\$10.00**
22 For the full figured woman! (22) Video catalog - watch our lovely models come to life! VHS. **\$29.95**



23 BEAU GESTE (for men) ★
24 BARE ESSENCE (for women)
 Pheromones - nature's very own sex attractant. Pheromones are the silent language of love, sending out signals to the opposite sex. Use intimately or in concert with your favorite fragrance. It's dangerous, but worth the risk! (23) BEAU GESTE **\$19.95** each



25 SASSY LASS LINGERIE
 Live your fantasies with lingerie designed to set you free to become everything you have ever dreamed! Catalog from SASSY LASS features sensuous lingerie plus fun-to-wear G-strings and undies for men and women. Catalog price refunded with first order. **\$5.00**



26 UJENA SWIMWEAR
 Sizzling-hot swimwear as seen on the most exclusive beaches around the world! We specialize in bringing you unique, high-quality swimwear and afterwear at very affordable prices. Sexy one-pieces, tonga bikinis, and much more! Catalog Subscription **\$3.00**



Order By Phone: 415-695-9785
 9-5 Mon-Fri Pacific Time Only

Send to INTIMATE TREASURES, P.O. Box 77488, Dept. 1PB050191, San Francisco, CA 94107. Check catalogs and/or products desired, include check, money order or credit card # for total, + \$2.50 service/handling charge.

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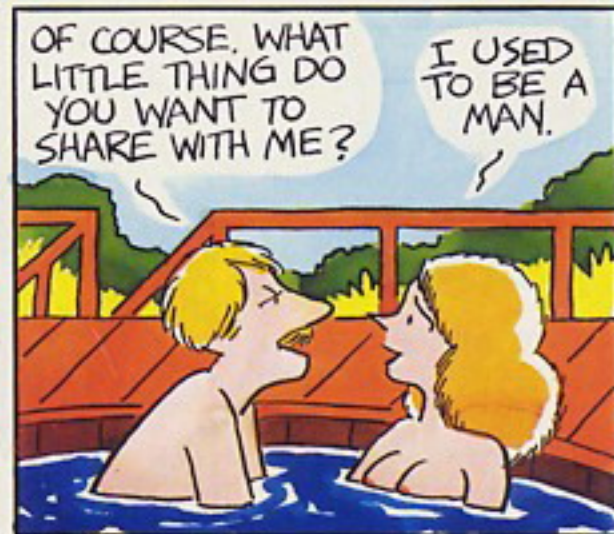
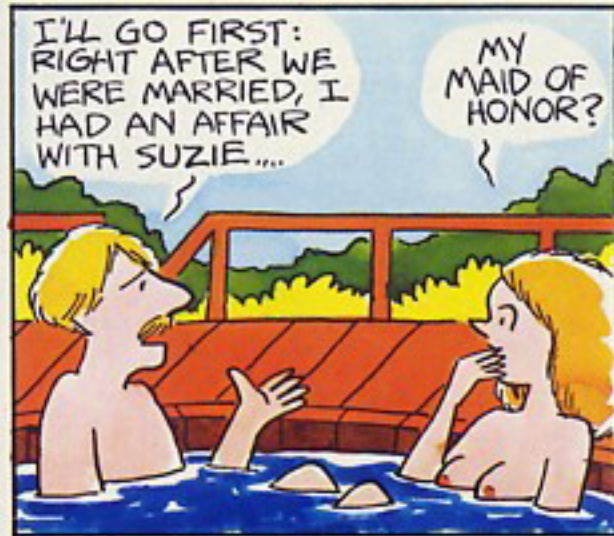
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Saturday Nite Jive

BY BILL JOHNSON





"Who's the new chick, third from the left?"

The Breast Is Yet to Come

The only thing falling down in actress SANDRA BERNHARD's life is her dress. Still doing her cabaret act, Sandra took a break for a role in *Hudson Hawk*, starring Bruce Willis, due out this summer.



© MICHAEL SPILOTRO/STAR FILE

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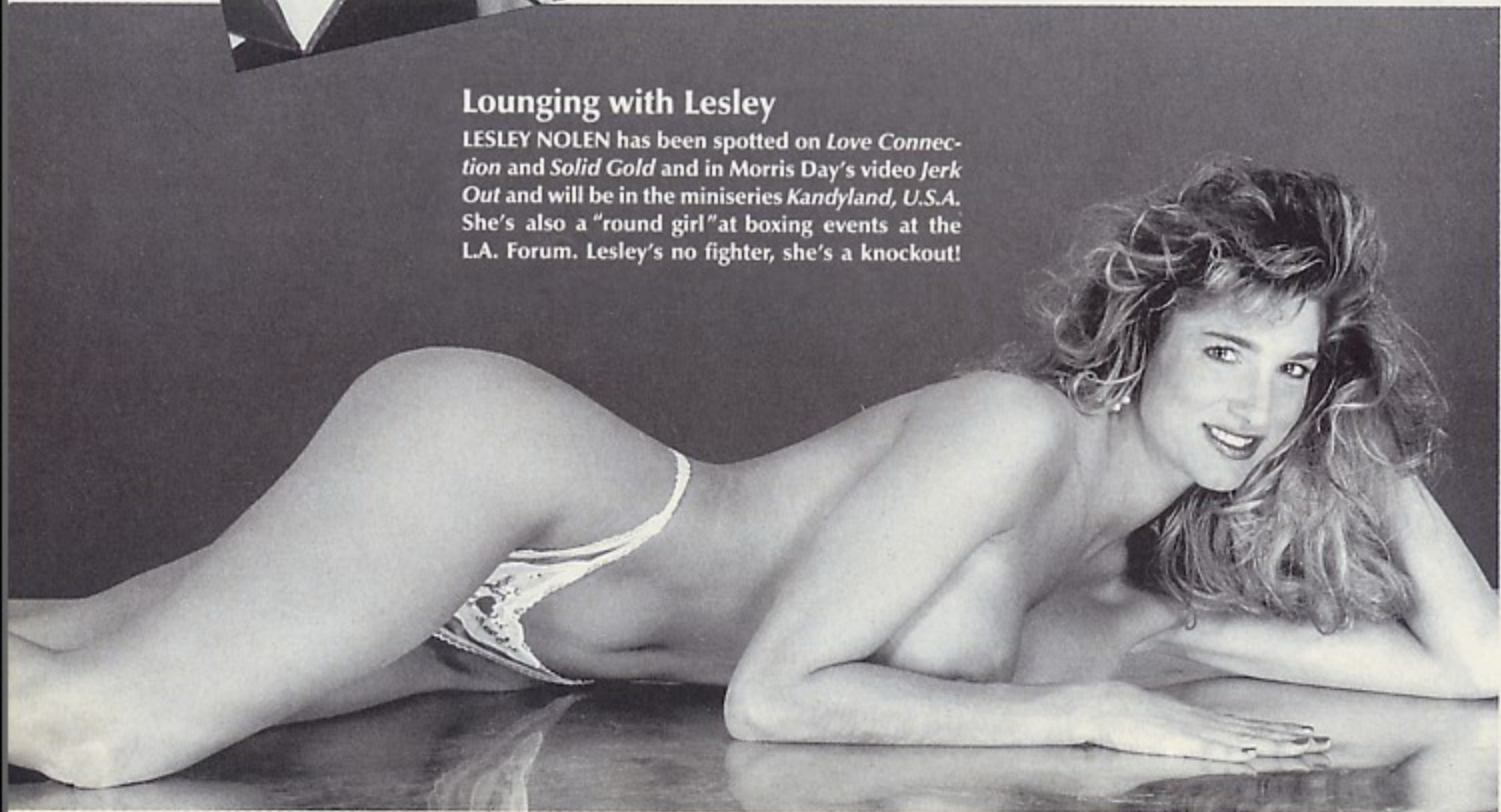


Keeping the Faith

To those who might say metal isn't mainstream, we give you FAITH NO MORE. Nominated for a Grammy for *Epic* off the platinum album *The Real Thing*, touring everywhere, playing at Rock in Rio II and working on the late-summer release of another album, these guys are lucky if they ever get home to mom.

Lounging with Lesley

LESLEY NOLEN has been spotted on *Love Connection* and *Solid Gold* and in Morris Day's video *Jerk Out* and will be in the miniseries *Kandyland, U.S.A.* She's also a "round girl" at boxing events at the L.A. Forum. Lesley's no fighter, she's a knockout!



© MARK LEIVDAL



© MARK LEIVDAL

Barbi's a Doll

Starlet **BARBI HEYLEK** is just starting out. She has a couple of posters and a calendar. She has been known to wrestle—professionally. Eat your heart out, Hulk Hogan.

A Taste of Lace

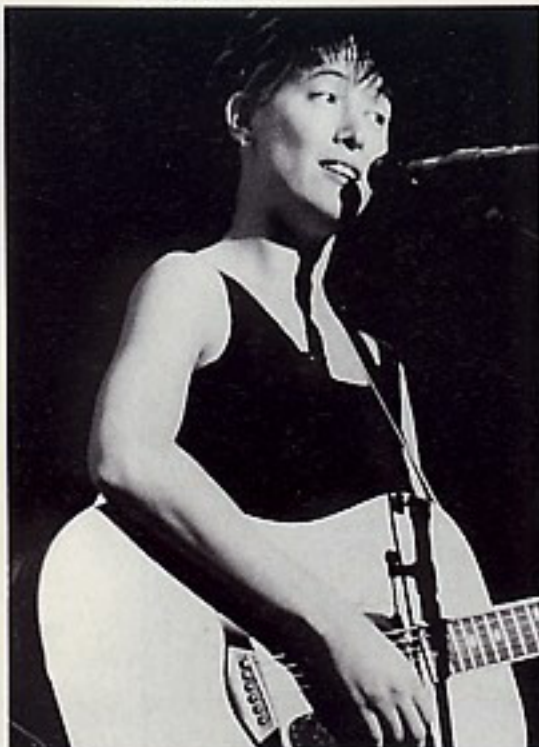
Actress **JULIE STRAIN** has been so busy that she hasn't had time to get dressed. Lucky for us. Catch Julie in the *Doors* movie, Steven Seagal's *The Price of Our Blood* and a recent *Jake and the Fat Man* episode.



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Shocked and Incredible

Here are a couple of pretty fair guitar players. **MICHELLE SHOCKED** (left) is working on a new album of east-Texas music (standards and originals) after returning from a Far East tour. **JOHN LEE HOOKER** was inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame, nominated for a Grammy and honored by an all-star tribute at the Benson & Hedges Blues fest. New blood and vintage roots.

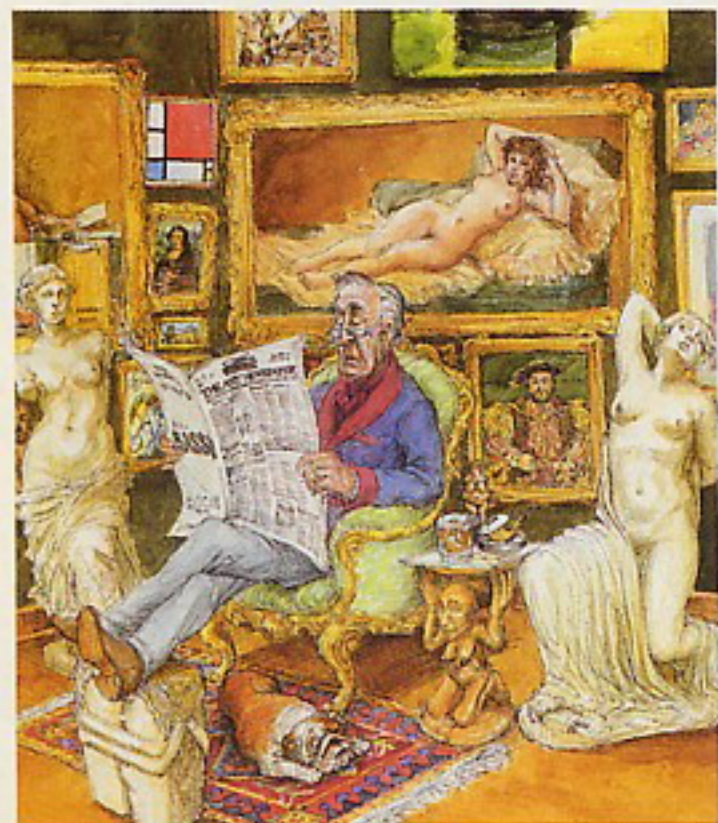
DEBBIE DOES COMICS

Debbie, the oversexed cheerleader who debuted on the big screen in *Debbie Does Dallas*, is back in her first comic adventure. This time, Debbie does Dallas in a Porsche, and the hot times she has give the cinematic version a racy run for its money. Malibu Graphics, 1355 Lawrence Drive, Number 212, Newbury Park, California 91320, sells *Debbie* for three dollars, post-paid.



ARTSY SMARTSY

"The first newspaper devoted to art" is how the London-based publishers of *The Art Newspaper* describe it. And if the politics, events and economics of the international art scene prove as fascinating to you as a leisurely afternoon at the Louvre, then you'll definitely want to subscribe. A year's subscription (ten issues) costs \$40 sent to the paper's Stateside address: P.O. Box 0007, Rouses Point, New York 12979. In our latest copy, we learned that the Smithsonian owns Indiana Jones's hat and jacket. How artsy!



RETURN WITH US NOW...

If some of your favorite boob-tube pals when growing up were Mr. Potato Head and Ken and Barbie, then *Television Toys Volumes One and Two*, two 60-minute video tapes featuring TV commercials from the Fifties and the Sixties, will definitely plunk your nostalgia twanger, Frögg. And when you're tired of watching a Lionel train go round and round, Video Resources New York Inc., 220 West 71st Street, New York 10023, also sells a tape of classic cigarette commercials (yes, the dancing Old Gold cigarette pack is on it), sports commercials, beer commercials and classic cars. The tapes are \$24.95 each, post-paid. Or call 212-724-7055 to put them on plastic.

IN THE NOE

'Twas four days before Christmas and some of *Playboy's* top editors were doing some yuletide male bonding with the guys from Shipping and Receiving. We're talking *serious* bonding, because our beverage of choice that wintry afternoon was Booker's Bourbon, a seven-year-old, 124-proof Kentucky whiskey by Jim Beam that would even warm the cockles of Scrooge's heart. Why Booker's Bourbon? Because it's made the way Jim Beam's master distiller, Booker Noe, likes it—bottled right from the barrel without being filtered or cut with water. Booker's Bourbon costs about \$35 a bottle. Start searching.



TIP OF THE CAP

Back in July 1989, *Potpourri* featured the Ultimate Hat, a cotton-duck chapeau with a broad brim. Now Ultimate Products, 8310 North Saulray Street, Tampa, Florida 33604, is offering the Ultimate Cap—a floatable model of the same material with a rear flap that can cover your neck and ears. It's \$31, postpaid, in sizes small through extra large. Hemingway would have loved it.



NUDEL OVER THIS ONE

Obviously, Botticelli's famous painting *Birth of Venus* was the inspiration for Botticelli's Famous Nudels, a low-cholesterol nibble that's made of fried pasta. Designer Snacks in Altoona, Pennsylvania, manufactures Nudels in two tasty versions: Pasta & Cheese and Pasta Italiano. (*Mama mia!* It's-a garlicky!) Call 814-941-3090 and order a case of 24 assorted bags for \$33, postpaid. Horny nibblers can lick the packaging, but don't eat it.

BOTTICELLI'S FAMOUS

Nudels



PASTA & CHEESE

25% less than Regular Tortin Chips

LIGHT FANTASTIC

James Bond didn't ride a Harley-Davidson motorcycle, but we bet that he would have traded his black, oxidized Ronson lighter for the one pictured here. It's the Casablanca, a brass-plated reproduction of a World War Two spy lighter (complete with a removable bottom for storing secret messages) that Harley-Davidson is selling through its motorcycle dealers for only \$17.95. And if the Casablanca doesn't light your fire, they also offer a Trench lighter identical to the ones doughboys used in World War One for \$14.95.



A LITTLE WATER MUSIC, PLEASE

What's better than being aboard an inflatable raft, listening to your personal stereo? Floating on a raft that has built-in speakers and not having to worry about getting your radio wet. That's why Ero Industries, P.O. Box 33101, Louisville, Kentucky 40232, came out with Radio Waves, an air mattress that comes with an FM radio housed in a waterproof compartment and two speakers built right into its pillow. The price: \$44.50, postpaid. For a credit-card purchase, call 800-766-1846.

FIRST CLASS ALL THE WAY

Before the airplane spawned the package tour, steamships, railroads, private yachts and Zeppelins were the conveyances of choice when the rich and famous wished to travel in style. It's all captured in Rizzoli International's new coffee-table book *The Golden Age of Travel 1850-1939* in the form of paintings, photographs, postcards, menus and luggage labels, plus the words of Alexis Gregory, who co-authored *Grand American Hotels*. The price: \$45. Even Robin Leach could afford that.



NEXT MONTH



PRIZE PLAYMATE



BLUE TRUTH



WAR WOUNDS



SUMMER BEERBECUE

"THE FACE OF WAR"—TWO SOLDIERS CONFRONT THE HORROR OF BATTLE IN WORLD WAR TWO—UNPUBLISHED FICTION BY THE AUTHOR OF *FROM HERE TO ETERNITY*, **JAMES JONES**

"AIR APPARENT"—HE'S THE NATURAL, ROY HOBBS WRIT TALL. HE'S **DAVID ROBINSON**, THE ASTONISHING SEVEN-FOOT CENTER OF THE SAN ANTONIO SPURS. A *PLAYBOY PROFILE* OF BASKETBALL'S NEW TOP GUN—BY VETERAN SPORTSWRITER **JEFF COPLON**

MAC NEIL AND **LEHRER**, THE NEWSMEN OF PUBLIC TV, SPEAK OUT ON THE WAR IN THE GULF, THE NETWORK CIRCUS AND THEIR MISSION TO DISTURB THE PEACE IN AN IMPORTANT **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"FUNNY GIRLS"—WHO SAYS COMICS CAN'T BE SEXY? THESE LAUGH-CLUB PROS PROVE THERE'S MORE TO STAND-UP THAN PUNCH LINES

"THE CORRUPTION OF NEIL BUSH"—THE FIRST SON'S DESCENT INTO DEBT, DECEPTION AND DISHONOR, BY THE *DENVER POST* REPORTER WHO EXPOSED THE BILLION-DOLLAR SILVERADO COLLAPSE—AN INVESTIGATIVE REPORT BY **STEVEN WILMSEN**

"NOTES FROM THE BOB BOOK"—WHAT IS BOBNESS?—A PREVIEW OF THE NEW BOOK THAT DEFINES THE MAN FOR OUR TIMES BY **DAVID RENSIN** AND **BILL ZEHME**

JOHN MILIUS, THE **GEORGE PATTON** OF FILM DIRECTORS, EXPLAINS THE BIKER MYSTIQUE, LIKENS HIMSELF TO **JESSE JAMES** AND REVEALS WHAT ENTICED HIM TO WRITE THE SCRIPT FOR *DIRTY HARRY* IN AN EYE-OPENING **"20 QUESTIONS"**

"OPERATION PLAYMATE"—OUR CENTERFOLD GIRLS ENLIST IN A LETTER-WRITING CAMPAIGN TO CHEER THE MEN OF OPERATION DESERT STORM

"BLUE TRUTH"—ONE COP'S GRIPPING TALE OF LIFE ON THE MEAN STREETS—BY **CHEROKEE PAUL MC DONALD**

PLUS: DON'T MISS THE PICTORIAL YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR: **"PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR"**; ACTION SWIMWEAR THAT LETS YOU DRESS TO THE NINES WHILE HANGING TEN—FASHION BY **HOLLIS WAYNE**; **"HEY, NORM, WHAT'S BREWING?"**—**GEORGE WENDT** OF *CHEERS*, AMERICA'S FAVORITE DRINKING BUDDY, CELEBRATES THE FINE ART OF COOKING WITH BEER—WITH TEXT BY **MICHAEL JACKSON** AND RECIPES BY **JILL COX**; AND MUCH, MUCH MORE