

# PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

NOVEMBER 1991 • \$3.95

**A GUTTY  
INTERVIEW  
WITH  
SEAN PENN**

**20 QUESTIONS  
JULIA  
ROBERTS**

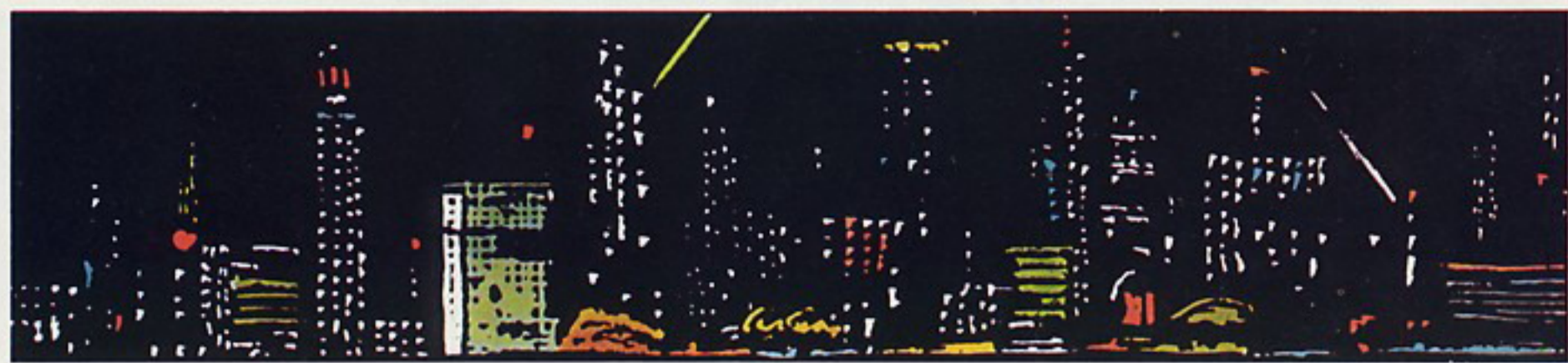
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# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



## STROKING THE BOSS

You're playing golf with your boss and you wanna hit him up for a raise. Do you let him win?

That's the sort of mental sand trap instructors address at Powergolf, a seminar designed to give a leg up to the 3,000,000 American corporate climbers who, in a recent survey, said they golf for business reasons. Powergolf—a classroom series that takes occasional field trips to the links—divides the golf course into “power zones”: Holes one through six are for “foundation building,” seven through 12 for “relationship building” and 13 through 18 for “alliance building.” Each zone is further divided into red, yellow and green areas. (Hint: If you know not to press a client about an order of widgets after he has blown a three-foot putt, you have a good idea of what a red zone is all about.) The seminar then dog-eggs through a woody thicket of behavioral-psych buzz words—often taking you farther from the game of golf than a hook shot into a strong wind. In “Who Are You?” for example, you're taught to associate basic shapes—boxes, rectangles, triangles, circles and squiggles—with the personalities of potential clients. Master this concept, claim the power pros, and you can “power flex” your way into the board room by knowing when to ask such strategic questions as “How long have you been playing golf, Bob?” and “How is this economy treating you, Bob?” At the very least, Bob will buy a round of brews for you at the 19th hole—maybe.

A one-day seminar lightens your wallet by \$199; a weekend, including meals, lessons and a round, costs \$449. On the other hand, the Ralph-takes-the-boss-golfing episode of *The Honeymooners* rents for about three bucks.

## LEMMING AID

From the person in our office who converted us to desktop publishing—and now has free time for computer games—we received the following message:

“It started out innocently enough. I

picked up a game called Lemmings (from Psygnosis Ltd., 29 Saint Mary's Court, Brookline, Massachusetts 02146). I read the warning on the package: ‘We are not responsible for: loss of sanity. . . .’

“I started at the ‘fun’ level. The object? Help all the lemmings wend their way through perilous terrain until they reach the sea, where they commit suicide en masse. If they die before their time, they never make it to lemming heaven.

“First, I gave some of the lemmings the ability to build bridges; I furnished others with umbrellas so they could float; then I provided pickaxes so they could dig. I soon became hypnotized as the ‘blocker’ lemmings tapped their tiny feet and tried to save their buddies from plunging to their death.

“At the next level, it became less obvious how to get the stupid lemmings to their destination. I had fewer tools and the little buggers were moving fast. Still, I persevered and zipped through the 30 ‘tricky’ levels to the next plateau, ‘taxing.’ Suddenly, lemmings were everywhere, falling into oblivion, being smashed by doomsday machines. But I carried on.



“These days, I'm at the ‘mayhem’ level. And I'm going to stop right after I pass through it. At least that's what I've been saying for the past few days. I hope I'm not rambling—see, I haven't slept in a while, I need to pick up my laundry and I've forgotten when the November issue is due. And I really should call my mother back. And. . . .”

## DON'T BELIEVE WHAT YOU READ (1)

A June 21, 1991, headline in the *Chicago Tribune*: “CAMPING ALLOWED FOR DEAD-HEADS.”

A June 21, 1991, headline in the *Chicago Sun-Times*: “DEADHEADS WARNED: ‘NO CAMPING IN SOLDIER FIELD.’”

## PUMP UP, FLARE OUT

Ever fantasize about removing fat from your middle and putting it where it counts? Stop dreaming: Dr. Ricardo Samitier, a plastic surgeon in Miami, is developing a procedure that uses body fat to thicken the circumference of a penis to almost *twice* its normal size. Working under the assumption that during intercourse women prefer thickness to length, Dr. Samitier performed his first “circumferential autologous penile engorgement” on a volunteer almost two years ago. Since then, he has operated on 15 other men and claims that his results keep getting better. On paper, the procedure is relatively simple: Using a local anesthetic, he liposucts fat from the patient's belly and injects it under the skin of the penis. Once there, the fat cells have a nearly 100 percent survival rate due to the penis' excellent blood supply (unlike the 50 to 75 percent rate for those breast implants that use human fat). Patients are then asked to abstain from sex for two weeks.

But that's the technical part; Samitier is equally concerned with aesthetics, carefully molding his re-created penises to keep them from looking like Ball Park franks. “I can make better contours [on the penis] than those on textured condoms,” he says proudly.

And what has the doctor heard from



# RAW DATA

## SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

### QUOTE

"I'm the only announcer who can look the pros in the eyeballs and feel they don't tip more than I make per game."—COLLEGE-BASKETBALL COMMENTATOR AL MCGUIRE, ON WORKING N.B.A. GAMES FOR NBC

### WATER PRESSURE

Number of gallons of water flushed through toilets every day in the U.S.: 4.8 billion.

Average number of gallons flushed in a standard toilet, six; in a new ultra-low-flush type, 1.6.

Average number of gallons used to brush teeth, three; to take a four-minute shower, 20; to take an extra-long shower, 85; to wash hands, 2.6.

Gallons of mouthwash gargled each day: 69,000.

### SOPHOMORIC FANTASIES

In a study of college undergraduates published in the *Archives of Sexual Behavior*, percentage of men who said they become aroused daily when thinking about a particular person or at the sight and touch of their own bodies, 71.4; of women, 34. Men who do so once or twice a week, 24.5; women, 44.7.

Percentage of men who do not necessarily become aroused but have sexual thoughts at least once a day, 100; of women, 71.7.

### BOX STUFFERS

According to Bruskin Associates, number of pieces of junk mail that the average American receives each week, 14. Percentage that is opened and read: 54.



### FACT OF THE MONTH

According to current studies of the frequency of intercourse at various ages, an American woman has sex an average of 2843 times during her reproductive years.

Number of A.C. induction motors in the Impact: two. Weight of each motor: 50 pounds. Horsepower for each motor: 57.

Number of ten-volt lead-acid batteries used to power the Impact's motors: 32. Weight of this battery pack: 870 pounds.

Impact's gross weight, 2550 pounds; length, 13.5 feet; width, 5.6 feet; height, 3.9 feet.

Amount of pollution from the exhaust of the Impact: zero.

### TALE OF THE TAPE

According to *Adult Video News* surveys, number of sexually explicit video tapes released in 1990 in the U.S.: 1275.

Number of rentals in 1989 from general video stores: 395,000,000. Amount spent for rentals and sales: \$992,000,000. —BETTY SCHAAL

### FUTURE CHARGE

Efficiency, in percentage, of a car engine in converting gas into propulsion, 15; efficiency of the electric motor in the GM Impact, a two-seat subcompact prototype, 90 to 95.

Impact's highest possible speed, 110 mph. Top speed as limited by electronic governor, 75 mph.

Number of seconds it takes for the Impact to accelerate from zero to 60 miles per hour: eight.

Number of miles the Impact can travel at 55 mph before recharging: 120.

his test subjects? Patient number two, a 32-year-old lease negotiator from Florida, says, "I have trouble fitting into a normal-sized condom." But overall, is he happy? Is his girlfriend happy? Did he have to change the way he walks? "Yes, yes and no."

If you think this is an amazing breakthrough, so do the experts. Dr. Richard T. Caleel, former president of the American Academy of Cosmetic Surgery, says, "It sounds hazardous. There's really no place in the penis to put fat. And fat implants are temporary. Some may remain," he notes, "but if he's claiming that a significant portion of the fat takes, he should publish right away."

Samitier plans to do just that. He'll monitor his patients and, if all goes well, present his findings at the academy's January 1992 world conference in L.A.

### DON'T BELIEVE WHAT YOU READ (2)

A June 21, 1991, headline in the *Chicago Tribune*: "C.T.A. TARGETS BUS CRIME ON TWO LINES."

A June 21, 1991, headline in the *Chicago Sun-Times*: "COPS CALL C.T.A. 'SAFE' DESPITE RISE IN CRIME."

### HOLLYWOOD HAIKU

The Writer's Guild of America computer bulletin board flowered into poetry recently—borrowing the three-line, five-seven-five-syllable distribution of the traditional Japanese verse style. Here are our favorites:

*Alas, poor chieftain  
"Left to pursue indie prod"  
Freeze frame, roll credits*

R. MANNING

*Five percent of Net  
Rewrite team gets full credit  
Don't quit your day job*

D. ARNOTT

*Ohhh baby baby  
mf mf mf mf mf O GOD!  
NC-17*

R. MANNING

*Your script is flawless  
Poignant. Funny. True. Perfect  
Here are our notes*

D. ARNOTT

### DON'T BELIEVE WHAT YOU READ (3)

A June 21, 1991, headline in the *Chicago Tribune*: "CHICAGO PUBLISHER LOSES BID FOR CHEEVER BOOK."

A June 21, 1991, headline in the *Chicago Sun-Times*: "COURT OKS PUBLICATION OF CHEEVER BOOK."

### MOOSE ON THE LOOSE

The majestic moose is making a comeback in the forests of Northern U.S. states after nearly a century of decline due to overhunting, logging, development and disease. However, a comparative shortage



of females has prompted some bull moose to wander in search of companionship during the fall rut.

In Maine, Vermont and New York, dairy farmers report increasing assaults on their herds by horny bulls. The odd couplings aren't as odd as they sound: Moose and cows are distantly related. But attempts at copulation between the species are doomed, mainly because of the bull's immense size. "When a moose tries to mount a cow," a New York educator explains, "the equipment just doesn't match."

But that doesn't stop Mr. Moose. In Shrewsbury, Vermont, a persistent

bull courted a comely Hereford named Jessica for more than two months, chasing off the farmer and attracting thousands of tourists. In Upstate New York, another bull moose, known as the Humongous Heifer Humper, claimed an entire herd of Holsteins as his harem. Although he has been tranquilized and relocated several times by wildlife officers, the big guy continues to play the field at other dairy farms, wreaking udder havoc.

#### BUSINESS BERLITZ

Don't know what your boss is talking about? Here's help:

*A survey is being made of this:* I need more time to think of an answer.

*Administrative oversight:* I screwed up.

Aren't you tired of buying an appliance or an electronic gadget and then having to fill out a warranty card? You know, the kind with all the data for market research? Just imagine if the military used those cards. We did.

## NEW WORLD ORDER FORM

Congratulations on your acquisition of (circle appropriate item[s]): AH-64 Apache helicopters, GBU smart bombs, E-3 AWACS aircraft, F-18 fighter jets, M2/M3 Bradley Fighting Vehicles, Patriot antimissile missiles, other \_\_\_\_\_. We're pleased you chose American War Materiel for your arsenal.

Please fill out and return this consumer-information card so we can continue to meet your peace-keeping needs.

1. Describe your country or organization.

- A. Democracy (Western, struggling, plucky little)
- B. Dictatorship (military, feudal, totalitarian)
- C. Freedom fighters
- D. Hobbyists

2. How did you first learn about American War Materiel?

- A. Free samples
- B. Saw it massed on our borders
- C. Heard other countries talking about it at UN
- D. It landed on us

3. What factors influenced your decision to buy AWM?

- A. Performance on CNN
- B. Compatible with current stock pile
- C. Easy to assemble
- D. Lost confidence in competitor's product

4. How did you acquire your American War Materiel?

- A. Captured it

B. Lobbied Congress for it

C. Joined arms-for-hostages plan

D. Handed over millions in shopping bags to some guy named Joe

5. How do you intend to use your American War Materiel?

- A. Defense only
- B. Suppress minorities and crush rebellions

C. Parade down boulevard on national holiday

D. Impress girls

6. What best describes your relationship with the United States?

- A. Friend (independent, reluctant, lap dog)
- B. Foe (implacable, on paper only, new Hitler)
- C. Former friend, now foe
- D. Former foe, was briefly a friend, then a foe, then a friend again, then was invaded by U.S., became a good friend but currently pouting

7. What improvements would you like to see in American War Materiel?

- A. Give larger discounts for Fifties-era hardware
- B. Accept Scuds as trade-ins
- C. Publish owner's manual in native language
- D. Offer matching luggage

(American War Materiel is manufactured for use inside purchaser's boundaries. Any exceptions must be approved in writing by the Secretary of State, Washington, D.C.)

*Research efforts are under way:* I'm trying to find the file.

*Use your own discretion:* Stick your neck out; see if I care.

*I have taken your proposal under consideration:* I'll agree to it just as soon as hell freezes over.

*There's a growing body of opinion:* Two managers agree.

*It's a widely held opinion:* Three managers agree.

*Present indications are . . . :* One wild guess is as good as another.

*Where are we now?:* What am I doing here, anyway?

*How did we get here?:* Who is responsible, and why does he have a better company car?

*The above translations come courtesy of Centennial Press, publisher of "Bluffer's Guides."*

#### MORE DISGUSTING NEWS FROM THE ANIMAL KINGDOM

We admit that we haven't kept up our subscription to *Audubon*, so it shouldn't have surprised us to come across an account of the booming business in slime eels that ran in a recent issue. But we were struck with the thought that this is *not* our father's *Audubon*.

Slime eels, the article tells us, are deepwater scavengers that like to enter dead bodies (fish, human, whatever) on the ocean floor through the mouth, gills or anus, then eat everything except the bones and skin. Needless to say, slime eels have, over time, tarnished the romantic prospect of a burial at sea.

These eels get their nickname from their defense mechanism, which pours out quantities of slime disproportionate to their size. One of these guys can fill a two-gallon bucket. It can also tie itself in knots (the simple overhand is a favorite). *Audubon* asked: "Was there any wonder that fishermen would have problems with a wriggling, snakelike animal that was phallic in color and shape and produced copious quantities of a substance distinctly resembling human semen? What if one also added that its eyeless, pink face—puckered, folded inward in a roughly star-shaped pattern—looked like a Pomeranian's anus?" This last phrase may be the starkest rhetorical question ever asked in a family-oriented nature magazine.

So how have big bucks entered the picture? In the late Seventies, South Korea perfected a process to tan the hide of slime eels into supple, rich pelts that have since been made into car-phone covers, \$250 briefcases and \$1000 golf bags. Retailers call this product Yuppie leather, which makes for especially appealing poetic justice: At last, a use for all the slime that arbitragers and other bottom-feeding scavengers have wrought.



By ASA BABER

**T**he sacrifices I make for you guys! I tell you, it brings tears to my eyes. Here I am, one isolated asshole on the highway of life, and yet I have just devoted all my time and effort to compiling *The Politically Correct Sex Manual for Men*.

You see, men, I know you are not getting laid on a regular basis. I know the women in your lives are picky, picky, picky. I know they make the rules and then change them without warning. They reject you and then act like they want to cut your weenies off. Come on, gentlemen, don't pretend it's a garden of sensuality out there. This is Ace the Base. You write to me and talk to me about your lives, and I know better.

So, as a service to you, I went out into that stinking, dangerous jungle of sexual combat and I interviewed *millions* of women, asking them one simple question: "How can we better please you in bed, and how can we do that in a politically correct fashion so that we do not offend any of you in any way?"

To start, you have to learn to be more sensitive to the desires and demands of the women in your lives. There is a right way to do things, guys, then there is the male way to do things. Let's shape up!

*Politically correct introductions:* If you see a woman who appeals to you, here are the five acceptable things you can say by way of introducing yourself:

1. "I was noticing how far superior you are to me, and I was wondering if I could just worship you for a while."

2. "I apologize for being male and for oppressing you throughout your life, but if it will help, I'll let you take me home and call me names and cover me with cookie batter."

3. "That Gloria Steinem is a hell of a penetrating social critic, isn't she?"

4. "I stand here before you in guilt and depression because I am an unworthy male, but if I lend you my gold credit card for a week, can we talk afterward?"

5. "Do you agree with me that masculinity is the root of all evil?"

*Politically correct foreplay:* There are only four permissible techniques:

1. Pin handwritten feminist slogans on the pillowcase ("So many men, so little intelligence," etc.), then lick them one at a time.

2. Without any physical contact, watch video-tape replays of the National Organization for Women's latest convention.

3. Read *Our Bodies, Ourselves* aloud



## THE P.C. SEX MANUAL FOR MEN

as you kneel before one red candle and a saucer of almond oil, while your partner stands over you in her red garter belt and red stockings with lipstick on her nipples.

4. Stroke her inner thighs with a peacock feather while you hum *I Am Woman* and prepare to pump fur (see below).

*Politically correct sexual positions:* Variations of these six satisfactory postures can be practiced by you only after years of obedience, and only with your partner's permission:

1. Woman astride, triumphant; man beneath, servile.

2. Woman beneath, rebellious; man above, contrite.

3. Woman in front, filled with integrity; man behind, deeply aware of his faults and vulnerability.

4. Woman upside down, victorious; man upside down, dizzy.

5. Woman on her left side, reserved and unbreakable; man on his right side, out of breath.

6. Woman on her right side, dominant; man on his left side, cringing.

*Politically correct songs to be sung while pumping fur:* The art of fur pumping was first described in my April 1988 *Men* column. Refer to it for general advice. However, understand that the true fur pumper always sings in appreciation

while he labors. The following six songs are considered P.C.:

1. *Whistle While You Work*
2. *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*
3. *Feelings*
4. *Younger than Springtime*
5. The *Leave It to Beaver* theme
6. *Climb Every Mountain*

*Politically correct expressions for the male during orgasm:* Yes, it takes some self-control to censor your language at this tender moment, but here we are in P.C. Land, where censorship is the order of the day, so you'd better behave. There are only five authorized expressions as you denigrate yourself by losing control of your seed:

1. "Long live the rights of women!"

2. "Oh, I have just used you as a vessel of pleasure for my throbbing spitfire, and that was thoughtless of me!"

3. "That Gloria Steinem is a hell of a penetrating social critic, isn't she?"

4. "I'm sorry it happened before you were done, and I fully understand your right as an independent woman to take your pleasure elsewhere tonight with anyone you choose."

5. "Hold on, I'm coming." (Note: to be used only in extreme emergencies, and never more than once a year.)

*Politically correct terms of endearment after intercourse:* Since you will be tired and she probably will not be, these four pet sayings for her must be carefully memorized. (Not only that but you must remember to employ at least two of them. Complete silence after sex, no matter how much it may please you, no matter how appropriate it may seem, is *verboten*.)

1. "Thank you, thank you, thank you."

2. "It was incredible for me, so I hope it wasn't just nauseating and disgusting for you."

3. "It is enough that I, a poor male, have now been given a hint of paradise, and should death overtake me at this moment, I will happily accept my fate."

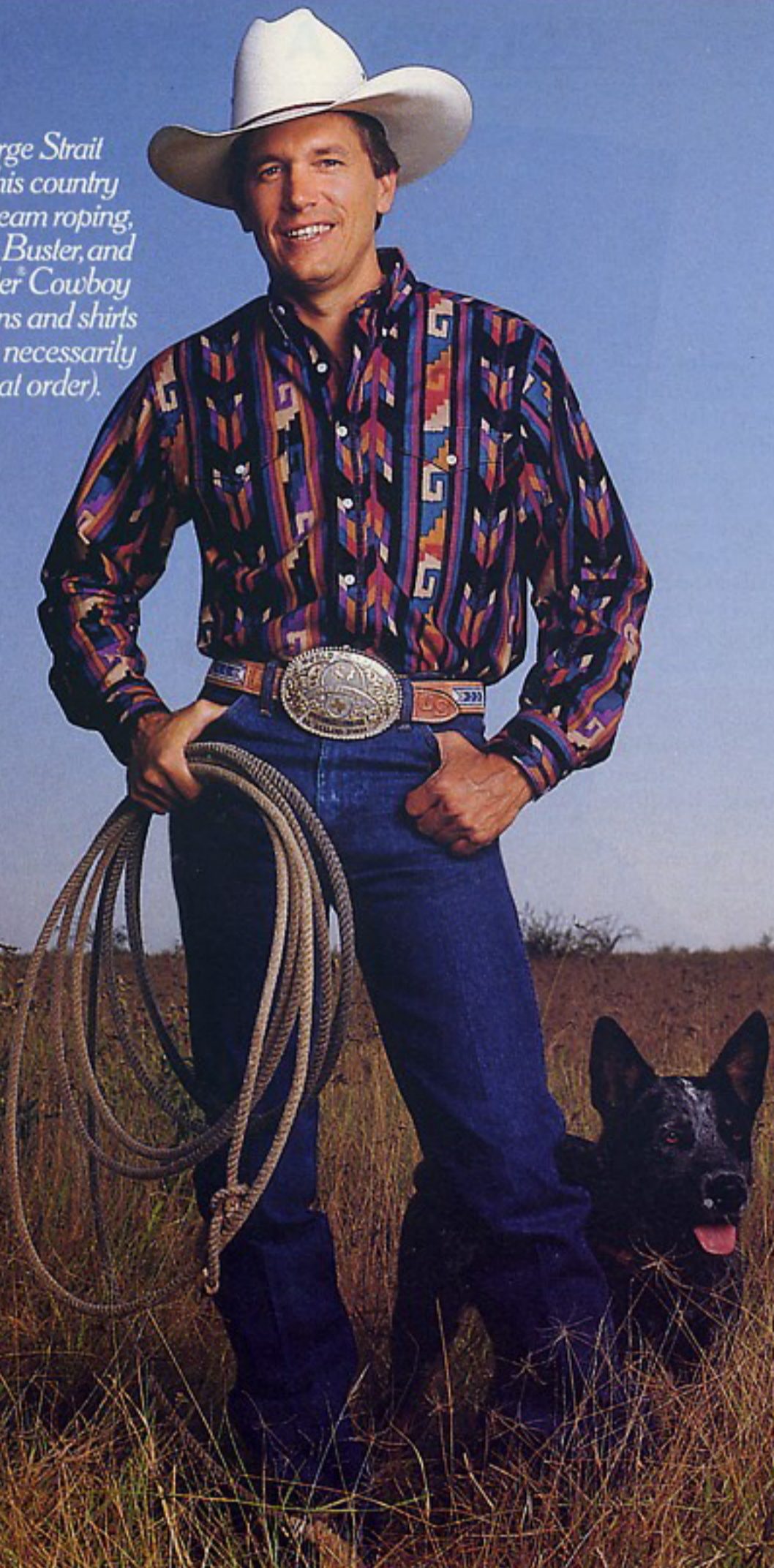
4. "As God is my witness, I recognize that you have in no way humbled yourself to me by your actions and that you are still a far superior human being."

Needless to say, there is a lot more to tell you. I mean, I haven't even begun to list those things that are considered politically *incorrect* during sex these days. But then again, that would take an encyclopedia. A big one with many volumes.





*George Strail  
loves his country  
music, team roping,  
his dog, Buster, and  
Wrangler® Cowboy  
Cut® jeans and shirts  
(but not necessarily  
in that order).*



A Western original wears a Western original.



Cowboy Cut® Jeans & Shirts



## POWER PLAY

the new supreme court's war on freedom

Let's start with a small story: Last summer, I received notice from a local court that I had ignored a traffic ticket and that, consequently, the fine was doubled. The only problem with this was that I had never received the first ticket. I went to court to find out what had happened.

I had apparently crossed paths with a police officer akin to the Los Angeles cop who signed off with the memorable ditty "They give me a stick, they give me a gun, they pay me fifty Gs to have some fun."

When I saw the officer in court, I remembered a day when a voice from a squad car had asked me to move on. (I was waiting for a parking spot to open up in front of a wind-surfing shop.) I went around the block and tried again. The cruiser pulled up and, rather than go through the territorial thing again, I moved off. The officer had written a ticket for double parking and then tossed it, knowing I would lose either \$25 or a day's wages. Street justice in the minor leagues.

When I told this anecdote to a friend, I described the officer as an Erik Estrada look-alike, a gym jockey wearing pants so tight you could see the testicular atrophy caused by steroid consumption. The friend, a politically savvy urban survivor from downtown Chicago, said, "Hey, these guys have to deal with the scum of the earth. Give them their little attempts at self-assertion."

I argued that in my suburb, the quality of the scum of the earth was a little bit higher than in downtown Chicago. Sure, in totalitarian states, maybe everyone is scum in the eyes

of the police. But I wanted a police department that treated scum like, well, American citizens.

God, will I miss Thurgood Marshall. As an NAACP lawyer, Marshall fought for the liberty of an entire class of citizens. As a Justice, he championed individual rights for all Americans. He was sensitive to lynch-mob mentality. His last act as a Justice was a perfectly targeted dissent from the direction taken by Chief Justice William H. Rehnquist's Court. "Power," wrote Marshall, "not reason, is the currency of this Court's decision making."

Rehnquist has argued that if the scum of the earth are as guilty as sin, there is no rational point in punishing the prosecution for overzealous and extralegal behavior.

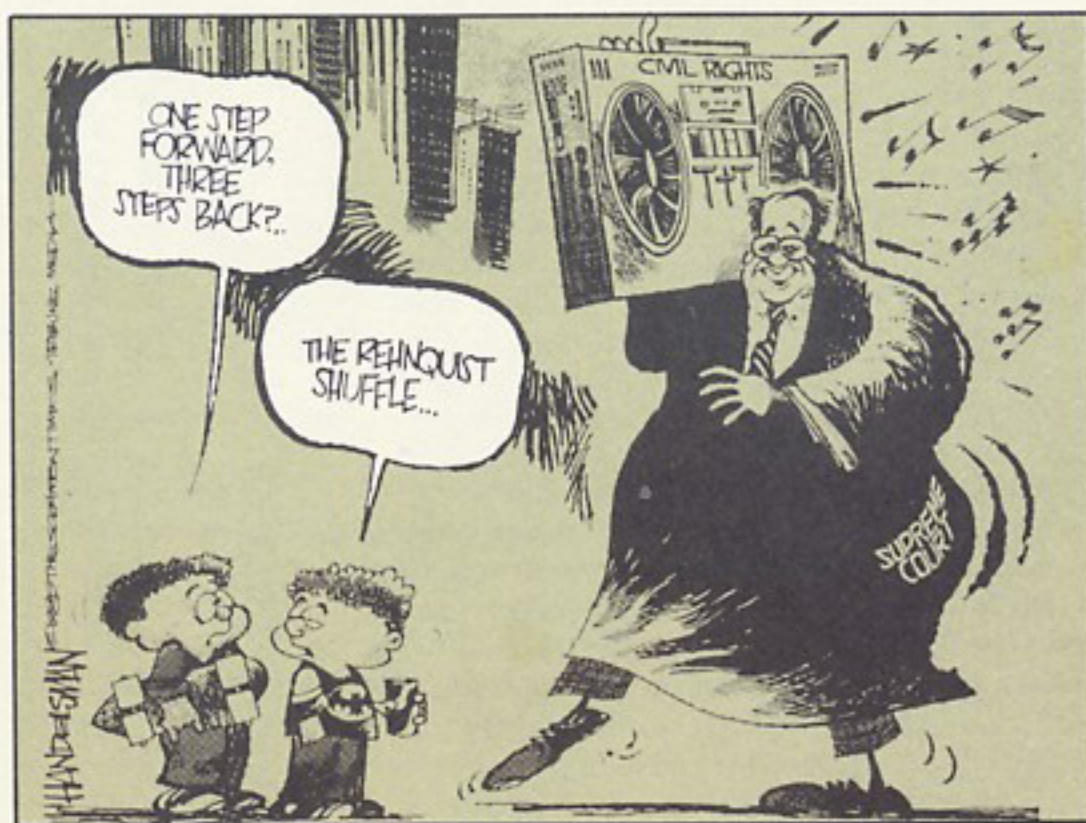
Rehnquist first voiced the idea that excess be excused as harmless error nearly 40 years ago, when he clerked for Justice Robert H. Jackson. It was rejected out of hand. He tried again in various dissents throughout the Nixon years. He finally got his way in a Court stocked by Reagan and Bush.

In his last session on the Court, Marshall lit many candles to mourn

diminished liberties. In *Florida vs. Bostick*, he dissented when the Court supported the right of police to board buses and conduct on-the-spot warrantless searches and interrogations without reason to believe the passengers have committed a crime. Of course, in that case, say conservatives, the defendant was as guilty as sin. He allowed police to look through his bags and they found one pound of cocaine. Stupidity is its own

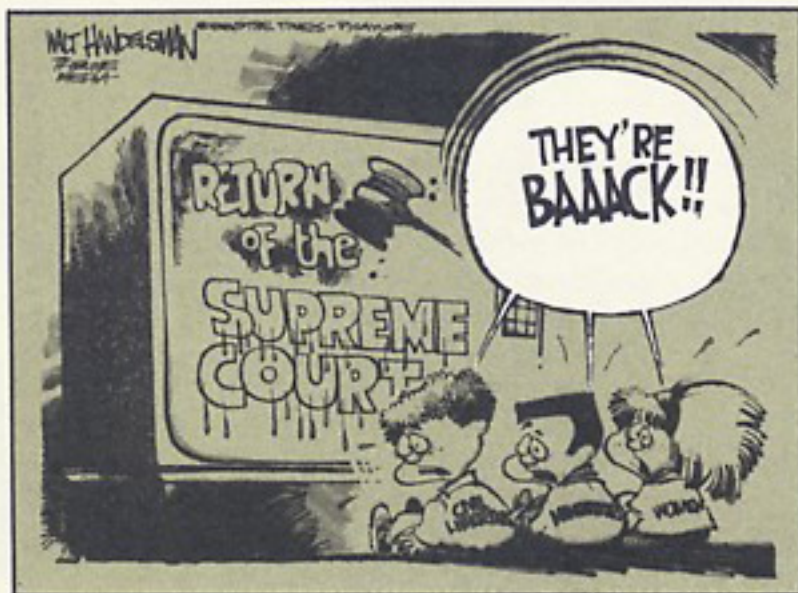
punishment. Don't burden the police with the exclusionary rule when they catch one of the bad guys.

In *Florida vs. Bostick*, Justice Sandra Day O'Connor, who hasn't been on a bus in decades, wrote the majority opinion. She may as well have been Rehnquist's secretary taking dictation. She/he sniffed, "So long as a reasonable person would feel free to disregard the police and go about his business . . . the encounter is consensual and no reasonable suspicion is required." If members of the Gestapo board your bus or train, you have the right to deliver them a lecture on your



Here's an example. In *Arizona vs. Fulminante*, Oreste Fulminante, whose stepdaughter had been murdered, was coerced by the FBI into incriminating himself in the murder. In ruling on the case, the Court voted 5-4 to excuse coerced confessions as "harmless error" if other evidence exists to convict the defendant. That means that if Dirty Harry accidentally steps on your genitals or gets some "monkey-slapping" time with his baton—and his buddies doing honest police work find real evidence—then his misconduct should be excused. Throughout his career on the bench,





rights. Try it sometime, asshole.

What people like retired Justices William J. Brennan and Marshall brought to the Supreme Court was a healthy respect for the rights of the other passengers on the bus.

What is now likely to happen when a citizen asserts his or her constitutional rights? To see how limited our rights have become, we have to look back only 35 years. Laurence H. Tribe, professor of constitutional law at Harvard, describes the following: "Dollree Mapp was a middle-class homeowner who rented out the first floor of her house to help make a living for herself. One May afternoon in 1957, the police arrived at her door and demanded to be let in. They said they were looking for a man who was wanted for questioning about a bombing. Miss Mapp called her attorney and then asked to see the search warrant. When the officers replied that they did not have one, she forbade them to enter her home and sent them away. Three hours later, the police, still without a warrant, broke down the door to Miss Mapp's house

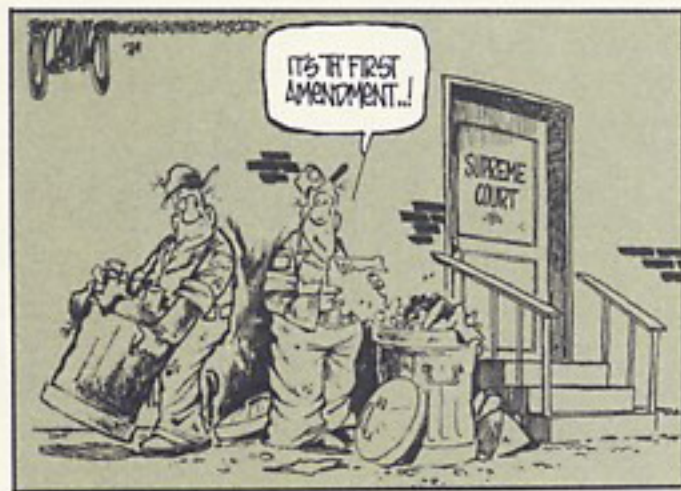
and charged upstairs to her apartment. When she demanded to see a search warrant, the police waved a worthless piece of paper at her. Dollree snatched the paper and stashed it in her turtleneck sweater. The three policemen tackled her, handcuffed her and rummaged under her clothing to retrieve what they falsely claimed to be

a warrant. The officers then proceeded to tear up the place looking for anything they could find. In Miss Mapp's bedroom, the police found some books and pictures they considered obscene. Mapp testified that she was merely storing the items and other personal articles for a former tenant who had moved without leaving a forwarding address. Despite that fact and the illegal and outrageous nature of the police invasion of her home, Miss Mapp was sentenced to one to seven years in prison on an obscenity charge." The 1961 Supreme Court overturned that conviction. The Supreme Court of 1991 is setting precedents that would excuse the officers' conduct, if not actively encourage it.

Our nation and legal system have always been devoted to the principle that you are innocent until proven guilty: Better for one guilty man to go free than for an innocent party to be subjected to police enthusiasm (or simply brutality).

The media response to the Rehnquist Court has been to almost gleefully embrace certain notions: that the swing to the right is inevitable (as though the Constitution were the prisoner in *The Pit and the Pendulum*), that liberals are complaining only because now it's their ox that is being gored, their sacred cow being slaughtered. The confirmation hearings for Clarence Thomas will discuss rights and issues, but what has really changed is the role of the Court.

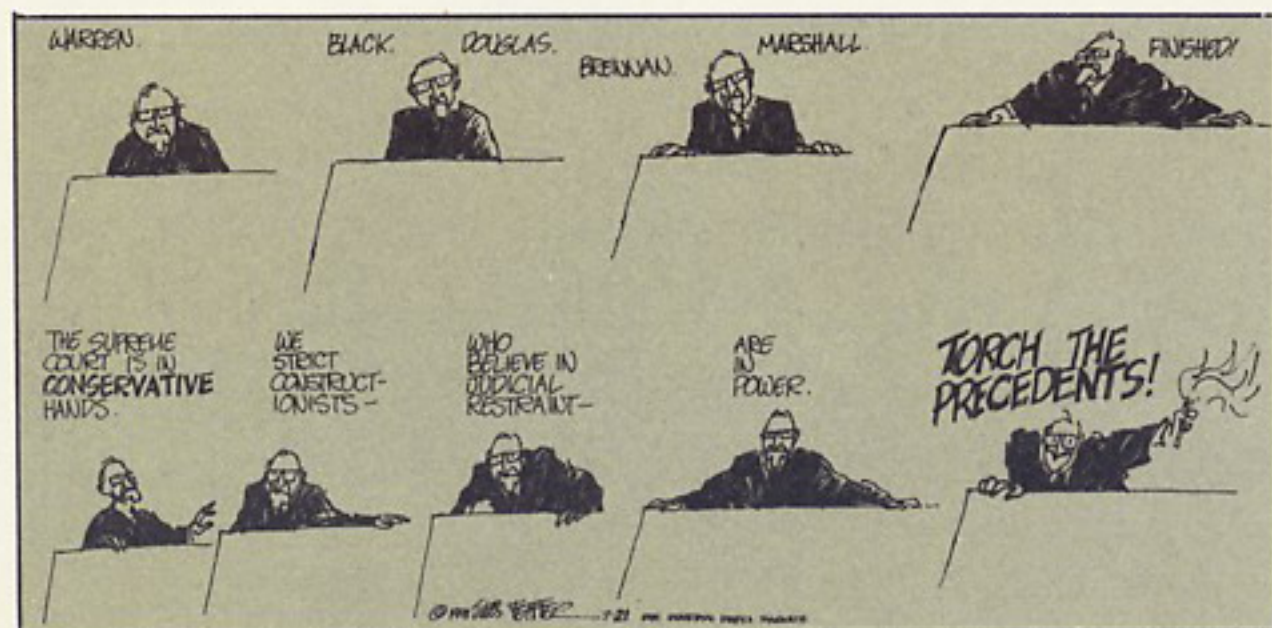
Traditionally, the Constitution set the limits and the Court blew the whistle when players ran afoul of the law. Now the Justices have walked off the playing field. The Court is less a referee (any evidence gained by violating the Constitution will be excluded) and more a cheerleader (or flack) for the boys in blue.



What does that mean? Here in Chicago, we have a police chief who, upon returning from a visit to Communist China, said there was a lot to appreciate in totalitarian regimes. Hitler, he opined, had a good record on law enforcement. The Constitution created too many individual rights, engendered too much concern for the rights of the criminal. The result, he said, is that "we're living in an armed camp."

This is a top cop who brags about his force's being "the toughest gang in town." When he proposed a robust stop-and-frisk program, he boasted that the tough new measure would anger the A.C.L.U. but that it would be "six months before they get me into court."

Now he doesn't even have to worry about that. Justice Rehnquist has his own little sign-off ditty: "They give me a clerk, they give me a robe, they stock the Court, I'm a libertyphobe."





*what's happening in the sexual and social arenas*

## CRUISE CONTROL

PORTLAND, OREGON—Beware the latest thing in cruise control: Vice squads seize the cars of men who patronize prostitutes. Once an undercover female police officer



gets an offer of money for sex, the John is charged and his car is towed. First-time offenders usually get their cars back after they pay towing and storage charges and the cost of the decoy operation. Repeat offenders lose their cars. In the first six months of 1991, the city nabbed 207 vehicles, including a tractor-trailer loaded with candy bars.

## TEST THYSELF

LOS ANGELES—A former L.A. County sheriff's-department sergeant was convicted of gross vehicular manslaughter after crashing into a disabled car while driving with a blood-alcohol level of .23 percent—almost three times the legal limit. The fatal crash occurred after the officer left a restaurant where he had been celebrating his transfer to the department's new drug-testing program.

## PROBLEM? WHAT PROBLEM?

TORRANCE, CALIFORNIA—A gynecologist will go before the state medical board because a patient complained that his massage treatment of an ovarian cyst was too stimulating sexually. The woman told state investigators that she became embarrassed

after she experienced an orgasm during the fifth treatment. After another orgasm during her next session, she filed a complaint.

## NO FATAL ATTRACTION

LOS ANGELES—Under a new California law, the victims of severe, ongoing harassment from former spouses, boyfriends, girlfriends or anyone else can have them charged with a crime called felony stalking. While it's difficult either to enforce a restraining order or to catch the culprit in the act, documented harassment now can put a convicted stalker in the slammer for up to three years.

## THE WAR ON COMPASSION

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Several public-interest groups have spent years in court attempting to protect the medicinal use of pot. To no avail, it seems: In a Machiavellian move, Public Health Service chief James O. Mason simply eliminated a program that permitted a small number of people to legally obtain marijuana for treatment of glaucoma and the side effects of chemotherapy. The 34 existing patients will continue to get their pot. But the Public Health Service, concerned that the Government's participation created "a perception that this stuff can't be so bad," felt that any more patients would be at odds with the Administration's war on drugs.

## I LOVE NEW YORK

ALBANY—New York State, which has on occasion debated raising money by selling assault rifles seized in drug raids, has gone into business as a porno purveyor. State revenueurs hope to offset some of their budget deficit with the proceeds from the auction of a video dealer's 1400 adult videos (they were confiscated in lieu of back taxes). J. Alan Davitt, executive director of the New York State Catholic Conference, didn't approve and compared the state's action to selling dope.

## PAYING TO PLAY

WASHINGTON, D.C.—How much would you pay for a condom? In a world-wide survey, the privately funded Population Crisis Committee found dozens of places where the price of birth-control pills or con-

doms represents a major expense—in some developing countries as much as 25 percent of the average annual income.

## GUERRILLA ABORTIONISTS

SAN FRANCISCO—Women's health centers report an increasing number of requests from individuals and feminist groups for training and equipment that would permit home abortions in the event that the procedure is outlawed. According to the Federation of Feminist Women's Health Centers, which has four clinics in California, most women in the pro-choice movement fully expect the Supreme Court to eventually overturn "Roe vs. Wade," the 1973 decision that legalized abortion.

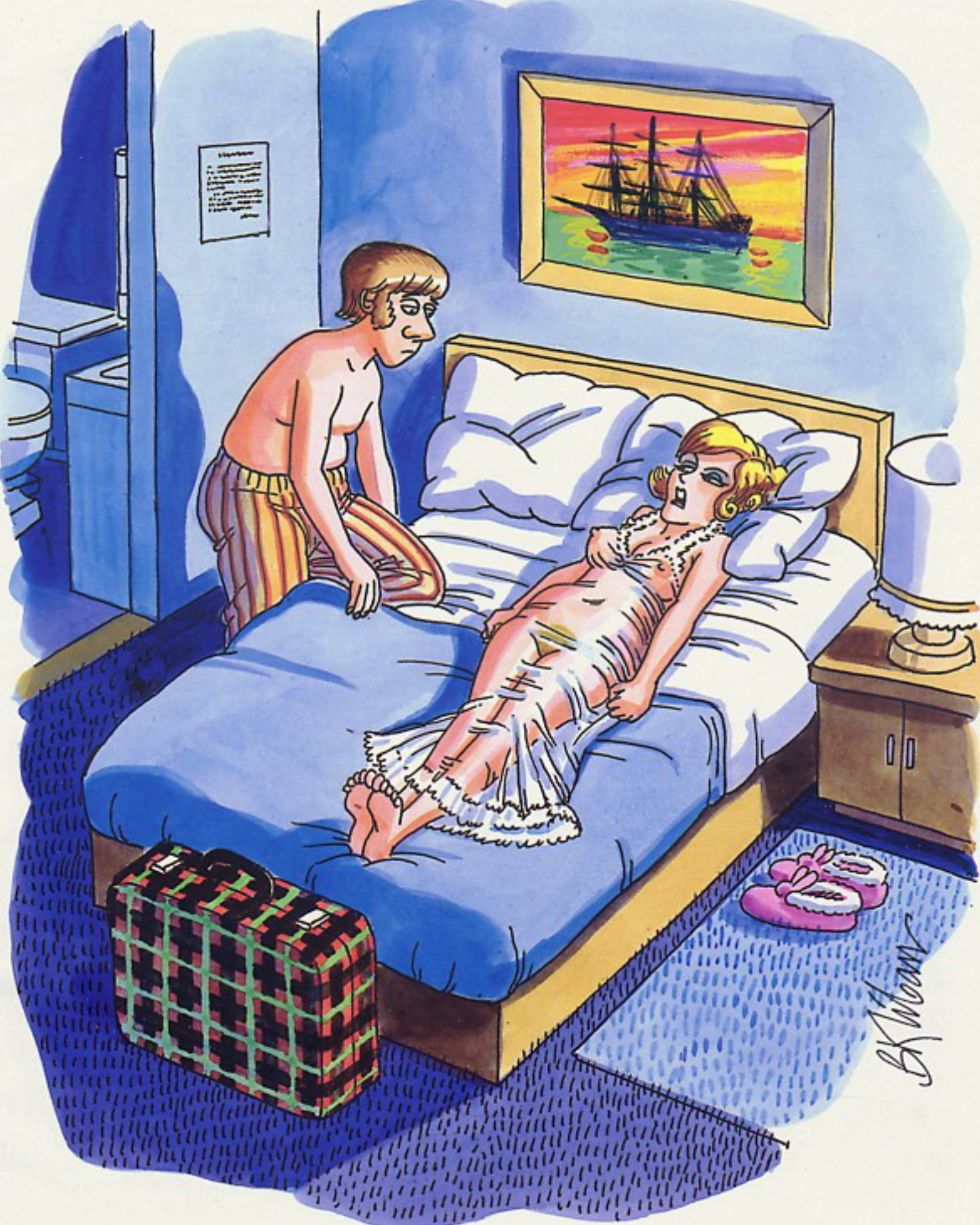
## SEX ED 101

SACRAMENTO—A three-judge appellate panel agreed two to one that licking a man's scrotum is a form of oral copulation prohibited under Section 288a of the California Penal Code. The panel then scolded the state legislature for being so squeamish and euphemistic in describing what constitutes sex organs and what should or should not be done with them. In concluding that



the scrotum was part of the total package, Justice Arthur J. Scotland wrote, "As a matter of common sense, a penis without the testes and scrotum is like a flintlock rifle without a flint and flash powder or a bow without a string and arrow."





By Wain

*"I know what you want, Howard! I can read you like a book!"*



# Free at Last

la toya jackson's  
independence  
movement takes  
another  
daring turn



For this, her second *Playboy* pictorial, La Toya Jackson has contributed pictures and words—an excerpt from her new book. She's also joining us in a hot 900-number promotion. (Details on page 175.)

I'VE BEEN ASKED a million times why I agreed to appear in *Playboy* in March 1989. Having grown up under the strict tenets of the Jehovah's Witnesses, I have to confess that I approached the whole thing very naïvely. Originally, I agreed to be photographed fully clothed; but even then, I wavered on my decision and reneged on the deal.

The funny thing is, I'd never really seen a copy of the magazine. One time, I looked at a piece it ran on the Jacksons, but I didn't dare look at any of the pictorials, since reading a magazine like *Playboy* constituted grounds for immediate disfellowship from the Jehovah's Witnesses.

Before posing, I looked through several issues of the magazine. I knew some of the women who'd posed nude over the years, and I admired them immensely. Then it struck me, *What is wrong with appearing in Playboy? Why shouldn't I?* I realized that my initial negative reaction hadn't been based on my true feelings but either on what the leaders of my church might think or on how my parents would react. What about what *I* thought?

That was one of the first times in my life when I made a decision based on what I felt was right for me. In fact, I was facing life on my own for the first time, having left home and the clutches of my overprotective parents in the spring of 1988, less than a year before I met with *Playboy*. Still, my parents' hold spanned thousands of miles, and they were wearing me down with their constant pleas and threats. I'd told them repeatedly that I was on my own at last, yet they persisted in asking when I was coming home to live. My mother and I had been extremely close. My father, Joseph, who was dictatorial and abusive, also served as my manager. The only way to escape his control was to leave home.

The battle against my sheltered upbringing was difficult, compounded by constant criticism concerning the choices I was making on the direction of my career. In 1988, for example, after the release of my album *You're Gonna Get Rocked*, my sister Janet called to alert me that I'd been the subject of several family meetings.

"About what?"

"About the way you're dressed on your new album cover." At one of these, I later found out, my brother Marlon defended me, saying, "I'm not attending any more of these meetings. It's ridiculous. Let her live her own life. Why are you guys always trying to control her? Besides, the album's out. It's over and done with."

The controversial article of clothing was a rhinestone-encrusted leather brassiere-style top—provocative but hardly revealing by today's standards. Still, Jermaine was outraged, as was Mother. You'd have thought they had just come off the farm, with no idea that pop music and a sexy image go hand in hand. "La Toya," Mother cautioned, "you have to be careful about the kind of pictures you take. Be really careful."

I listened, my heart pounding, as I thought, Wait until she sees what's coming next.

The *Playboy* connection was one of those crazy things. Had I not been confronting my new-found independence, I certainly would have turned down the magazine's offer. Discussions went on for months under utmost secrecy. You'd have thought the magazine was publishing Pentagon secrets. The project even had a code name: Toyota.













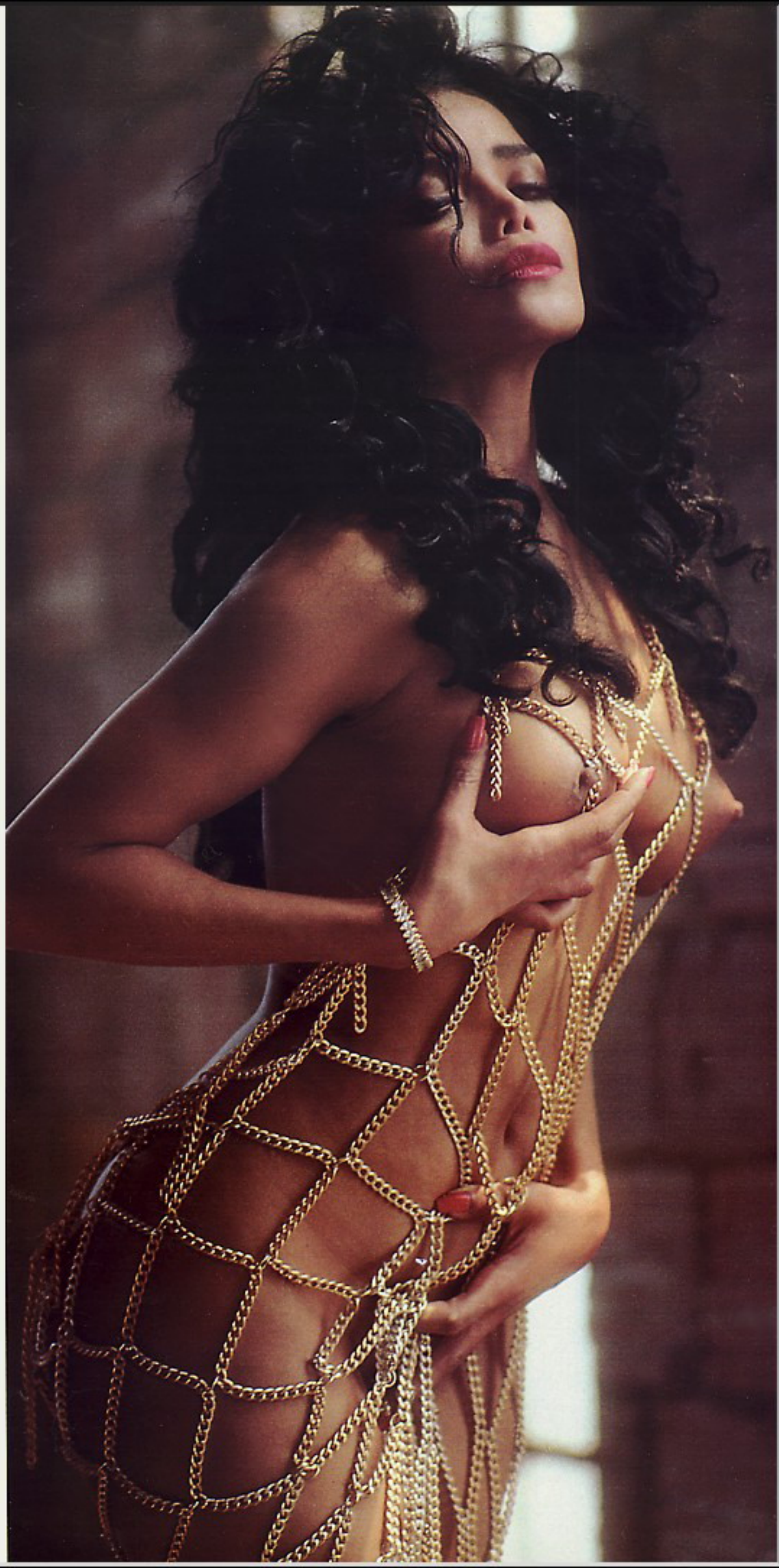


T

he photo sessions took place in New York in November 1988. To ensure complete privacy, *Playboy* rented the Neil Simon Theater on Broadway. From the beginning, I insisted that everything be done tastefully and artistically. In my mind, that still meant not showing *anything*.

Stephen Wayda, the photographer, had me pose for the picture that opened the layout, in which I have a finger raised to my pursed lips, as if I'm saying "Shhhh!" Well, my robe slipped down, exposing a breast. When I realized it, I thought I would faint on the spot. But when Stephen showed me the test Polaroid, I saw it wasn't so bad after all. The final day of shooting went very smoothly. I had the most fun when I posed with a 60-pound Burmese python. I love snakes and wanted to do a shot all covered with them. I was disappointed that there was only one; I'd envisioned six or seven.

Once the magazine hit the newsstand, Arsenio Hall joked on TV that my breasts weren't real. Sorry, Arsenio. When I first heard his comments, I considered sending him X rays to prove him wrong. But then I decided, Why give him any satisfaction? Besides, in the grand scheme of things, controversy over my breasts' authenticity seemed pretty silly. (One good thing to come out of the pictorial: Speculation that Michael and I were the same person was permanently laid to rest.)











P

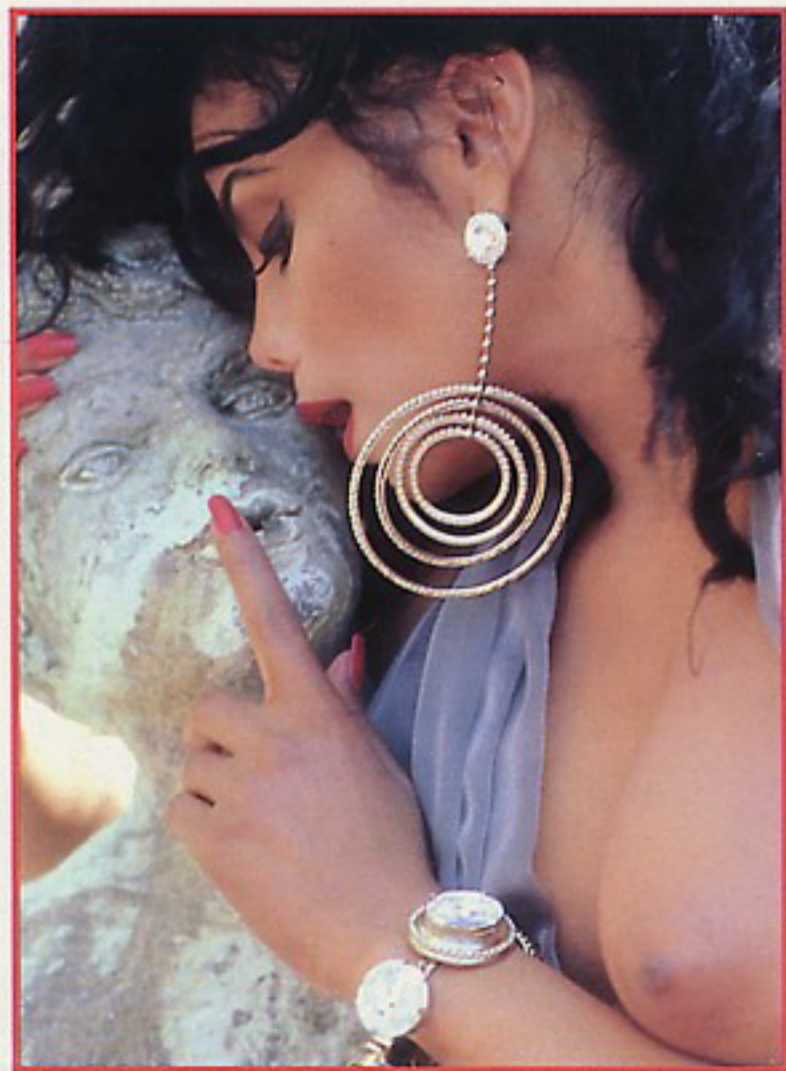
rior to the publication date, I was contractually forbidden to disclose anything about the pictures to anyone, including my own family. I *had* to tell somebody, though, and decided to confide in Janet when she visited me in New York around Christmastime.

"Jan, I'd really like to talk to you," I said. "It's important."

"Well, then, start talking," she snapped, without looking up from her coloring book. We had been so close, but Janet then lived at home with my parents, who remained unhappy and vocal about my declaration of independence and may have driven the wedge between us.

"It's personal," I responded. "Can't we go into another room and talk privately? I hardly ever see you."

"No, we can talk here." There were other people around, so I let it drop, somewhat hurt by her abruptness.









S

everal weeks before the issue hit the stands in January 1989, I phoned home. As usual, while I talked to Mother, Joseph listened in on the extension. We were having a pleasant conversation for a change, when suddenly he interjected, "Kate, tell her!"

"Tell her what?" Mother asked innocently.

"Tell her, tell her what you heard," he urged.

"I didn't hear anything."

"You know what you heard, Kate!" Joseph said in annoyance. "All right, I'll tell her. La Toya, I heard that you posed for the centerfold of *Playboy*. Did you?"

"Of course not," I answered nervously. "I would never do anything like that."

"OK. You'd better be telling the truth," he said, "because somebody said that they saw some pictures."

"No, I didn't pose for the *centerfold*," I said, which, if you wanted to get technical, was true.

Janet called later to ask the same question. Again, I denied it. Then Michael phoned a few days after that. This was the one I'd been bracing myself for, because Hugh Hefner had called to let me know that Michael had shown up unexpectedly at the Playboy Mansion,



ostensibly to visit the exotic animals. Somehow, he had obtained photocopies of the layout; I knew they weren't from Hef. When my brother called, I guessed he might know something, but I had no idea he'd actually seen the photos.

We spoke for a long time without mention of the pictures. I couldn't stand it any longer. "I heard you were at Hef's house the other day," I said.

After a moment's silence, Michael replied, "Yeah. How did you know?"

"They told me. What were you doing there?"

"Just visiting."

"Do you want to ask me something, Mike?"

"Uh, no."

"Are you sure?"

(text continued on page 158)







# Free at Last (continued from page 90)

*"When I heard you posed, I knew why," Michael said. "To show that you're in control from now on."*

"Uh-huh." We were quiet for what seemed like a very long time, then he said, "I saw your pictures."

"What pictures?"

"Your pictures, La Toya."

"You couldn't have!"

"Well, I have them right here. And I'll prove it to you: OK, here you are with the snake . . . and here's one where you have on a white terrycloth bathrobe, and you have your finger up to your mouth, like you're saying 'Shhhh!'"

"My God, you *do* have them!"

"Yes," he said, laughing, "and I think they're great! Diana Ross thinks they're fabulous. You know, you're going to sell more copies than any other issue in *Playboy* history." That Michael, always concerned with sales records. Then he got serious.

"La Toya, you have to tell me why you did it. When I used to walk into your bedroom at home, if you were in your bra and teddy, you'd scream for Mother and throw things at me. And now you've posed. I think it's great, but I just can't believe you did it. Why?"

"Well. . ."

"Wait! I'm going to tell *you* why you did it."

"Go ahead, Mike." I found this amusing. As perceptive as he was, how could he possibly know?

"OK," he said excitedly, like a detective solving a crime. "The first reason is, you did it to get back at Joseph, to let him know he can't tell you what to do; to tell him that you're grown now and can make your own decisions."

My jaw dropped.

"The second reason is that you want to get back at the religion."

"Oh, my God!" I gasped.

"Now, the third reason—I don't know if it's true or not—is that you wanted to get back at Mother, too. I hope that one isn't true, La Toya." But it is, I thought.

"I never told anyone any of this, Mike. How could you know what I was thinking?"

"I know," he said, "because that's why I wrote *Bad*. And that's why I wiggle the way I do and grab myself in that video and in *The Way You Make Me Feel*. It's to get back at Joseph, and tell them I can do what I want, and they can't control me. So when I heard you posed for *Playboy*, I knew why you did it. To show them, to tell them that you're in control from now on. And it will tell them, too. It will set them straight."

There was never any question in my mind that Michael had rebelled just as I had. From the first line of *Bad* or the video for *Leave Me Alone*, I'd seen a difference in the persona Michael chose to present to the world. He was more aggressive, no longer the victim.

While I believe my brother's videos are some of the best ever made, I'm at a loss to understand how someone who loves children as much as Michael does could produce entertainment that so graphically and relentlessly depicts violence. Take, for instance, the "Smooth Criminal" segment of his video *Moonwalker*. I can't watch without cringing the scene where the little girl is repeatedly kicked, slapped and stomped on. To me, that's not merely effective film making, that's a painful memory of life in my family.

In several of Michael's videos, intimacy is crushed by betrayal, anger, secrecy or persecution. Pain is always eluded by his becoming invincible, invisible, uncatchable or unbeatable; *it's every powerless child's fantasy*. What I find so telling, though, is that in so many of his works, Michael casts himself as a do-gooder. Yet no matter how admirable, his ends are inevitably accomplished through force or violence, as in "Smooth Criminal."

Months after our conversation, when I began thinking a lot about my family, I started interpreting my brother's work the same way he'd interpreted my appearing in *Playboy*. Equipped with words and images, he painted a far more explicit and—to me, at least—painful picture of growing up in the stifling and manipulative atmosphere of the Jackson family.

With the publication of my pictorial in the March 1989 issue of *Playboy*, I embarked on a promotional tour, appearing on virtually every major television program, including *Donahue* and *Late Night with David Letterman*. Of course, the first question was always, "What does your family think?" to which I honestly replied, "Some agree with it, some





don't." That proved to be the understatement of the year.

The issue hadn't been out more than a few days before my brother Jermaine went on TV's *Entertainment Tonight*, condemning what I'd done. I'd posed for *Playboy*, he charged, because I couldn't get a hit record and couldn't sing. It proved to me something I'd realized a long time ago: Without a hit record, you don't count in my family. My brother Tito, however, sitting silently beside Jermaine, looked into the camera and said simply, "We love you, La Toya." Tito has always been a quiet, steady voice of reason and logic.

I'd done the right thing for me, but few in my family shared that view. Janet called me, furious not that I'd posed but that I hadn't told her about it. My explanation that I'd tried to when she visited me in New York did not sway her. As I hung up, I remember thinking, "This is only the beginning."

Eventually, I received the call I anticipated from Jermaine, who gave me an earful.

"I want you to know that you're a piece of shit! And I'm saying this because I know you're mad at me for cursing. But I want you to know that's what you are! You've degraded our family and you've made us all look bad." I found that criticism interesting coming from the father of an out-of-wedlock child.

"Jermaine," I said quietly, "when you calm down and can control your temper, then call me back, OK?"

He just shouted over me. "Another thing: I don't like you going on television and saying that we agree with what you've done! *None* of us agrees, so stop saying it!"

Thank goodness not all my siblings agreed with Jermaine. Michael urged me not to reply to him publicly, as several publications and television programs were dying for me to do. "Don't take Jermaine's bait," he warned, adding, "I want you to know that what you did is really great. But if they ask you what I think about it, please don't tell them." As much as I love Michael, he always seems to play both sides.

Jackie's call was the most touching. "I want you to know that I agree with whatever you do," he said. "I haven't seen the pictures, and I don't want to see them, because you're my sister. But I support you one hundred percent, and I love you."

Of all the calls, the one that said what I really wanted to hear was Marlon's. Having broken away from the family to live on his own terms, perhaps he best understood how I felt. Somehow he, too, had gotten an advance copy of the layout. "I saw the pictures, and I want you to know that they are beautiful," he said, "though I think the business with the snake went a little too far, and I don't agree with what you've done."

I felt a twinge of hurt but said, "Marlon, you're entitled to your own opinion. Thank you for telling me what you thought."

Before hanging up, he added tenderly, "Don't let the other members of the family get to you. Just do what you have to do."

The biggest surprise of all was Joseph's response: none at all. Mother, on the other hand, was bitterly upset with me. "Don't you ever, ever pose for *Playboy* again!" she sputtered when we finally spoke. "You've embarrassed me, La Toya!"

"I understand how you feel," I answered, "but don't you think Jermaine's overreacting?"

"Don't you know that Jermaine got on television and said those things because he loves you so much, La Toya?" she replied, as if that made sense.

"You call that love, Mother? You know better than that!"

"Well, anyway, I know you didn't really want to do it."

"Mother, nobody forced me," I said firmly. "I had the final say-so. I could have said no, but I didn't. That's what I wanted to do. But I'm still the same person inside. Can't you see that I am still your daughter?"

"Don't you ever do that again!" was all she said before hanging up. (As you can see, I still refuse to take orders from home.)

I certainly didn't expect Mother to be thrilled by the pictures, but I didn't think our relationship would dissolve over them. I was wrong. From then on, if I called home and said, "Hello," she'd answer, "Hi, Jan!" Realizing her mistake, she'd then claim to be too busy to talk. It was as if I didn't exist.

Upset, I told Michael about it, but he didn't believe me, saying, "Doesn't sound like Mother to me" or "Maybe she really *is* busy." I realized I would never convince him that Mother was anything other than a saint. That hurt, too. Michael and I had shared everything. All I wanted from him was a little moral support, a shoulder to cry on.

I couldn't stand the coldness, so I confronted my mother over the phone. "What is it?" I asked her. "We used to be best friends. What happened?"

"You're the one who decided to leave," she sniffed.

"But Randy left. Janet left. Michael left. You don't treat them like this."

She had no answer. But I did. This wasn't about love, this was about control.

I later came to realize that the pictorial was a test to see if my parents could love and accept me for the woman I am rather than the little girl they tried to mold. Whether or not my parents agree with everything I do, I am still their daughter. But *I* am in control.

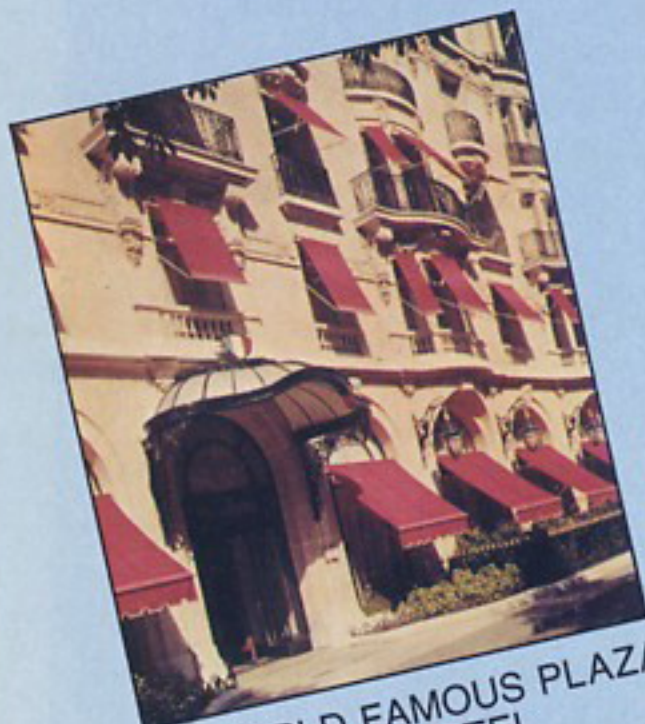




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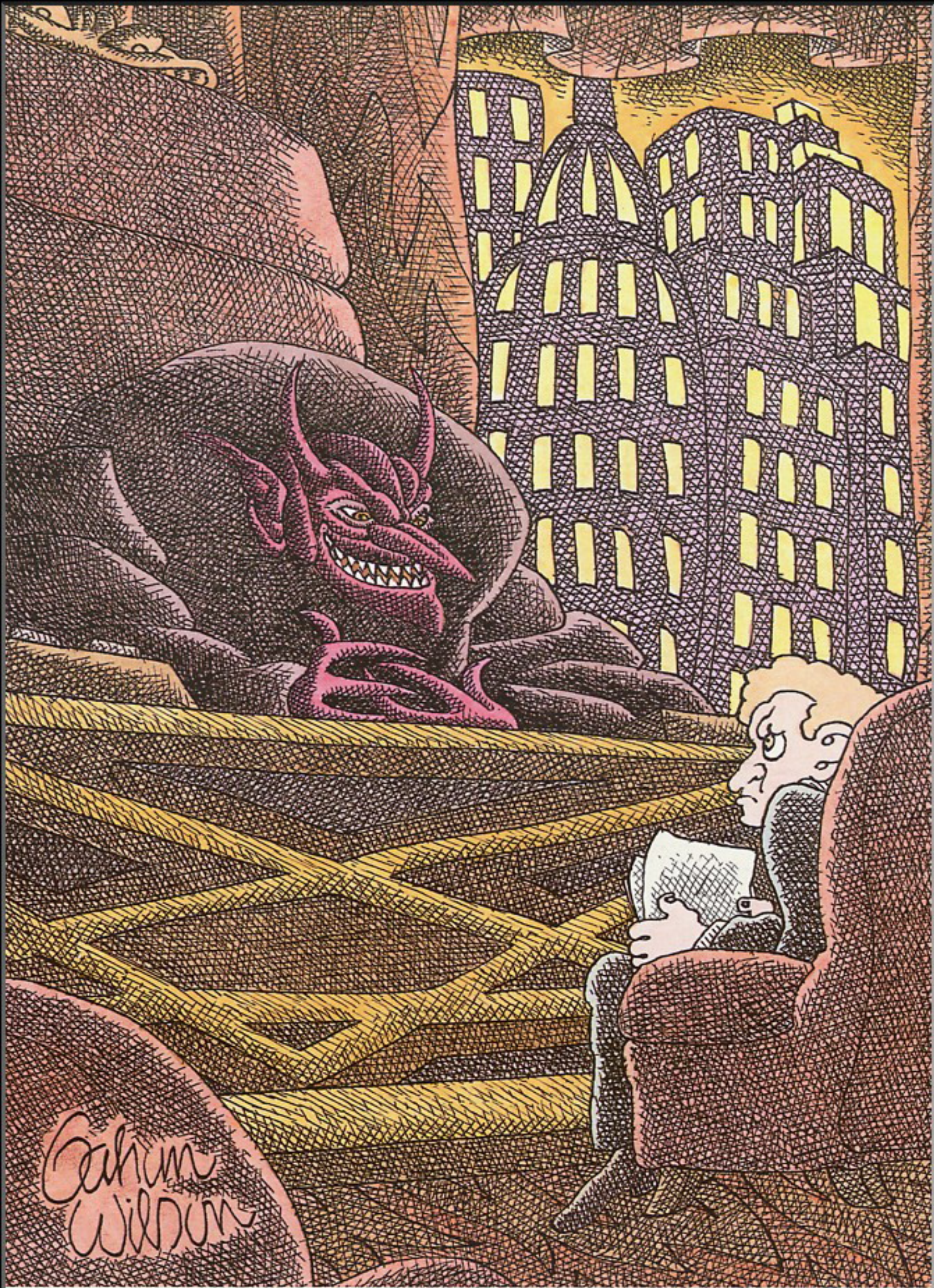
\*NO PURCHASE NECESSARY: To enter, you may either call 1-900-680-3000 (Cost of call: \$3.00 a minute. Residents of Iowa, Louisiana and Minnesota may not enter sweepstakes via 900 number method), or, ALTERNATELY, enter by hand printing on a 3" x 5" card your name, address and phone number (including area code) and mailing it in an envelope no larger than a #10 with first-class postage affixed (limit one entry per envelope) to: Playboy's Paris Getaway Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 4513, Blair, NE 68009. Mail-in entries must be received by midnight 11/30/91. Call-in entries must be completed by midnight 11/30/91. (Average call length to enter sweepstakes only: one and one-half minutes.) No responsibility is assumed for lost, late or misdirected entries.

Prizewinner will be selected in a random drawing from among all eligible entries submitted. Sweepstakes is open only to residents of the U.S. age 18 or older as of 11/30/91, except those residing in the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico and employees of Playboy Enterprises, Inc., Audio Communications, Inc., D.L. Blair, Inc., and members of their immediate families. Offer is subject to all applicable laws and regulations and is void wherever prohibited by law. For complete sweepstakes rules, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope (WA residents need not affix return postage) to: Playboy's Paris Getaway Sweepstakes Rules, 2756 North Green Valley Parkway, Room 282, Henderson, NV 89104.

18 years and older.

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*"Don't try to tell me you never so much as guessed that I might be running this corporation!"*





*"Oh, no! It's that stupid, mixed-up werewolf mooning at the bay again!"*



miss november, tonja christensen,  
nurtures a career in catalonia

# A BLONDE IN BARCELONA



**B**LONDE, BLUE-EYED and gutsy Tonja Marie Christensen, who just turned 20, has come a long way in the past two years—5800 miles, to be exact, the distance from West Valley City, Utah, a sleepy suburb of Salt Lake City, to cosmopolitan Barcelona, Spain's second largest city. There, while the Catalan capital gears up for the 1992 Olympics, she's diligently pursuing a dual career in modeling and acting. "I think I've grown up a lot in the past two years," she says. "For one thing, I've learned that there's a lot more to life than slinging burgers." That's what Tonja did for three and a half years at Scotts, a fast-food place back in West Valley. Our Miss November was one of nine children, an example she doesn't plan to follow. "I believe families should be three or four children at most," she says. For herself, being part of such a crowd gave her more freedom than most young girls enjoy: "Nobody was paying much attention to what I did." What she did, finally, was take off for Europe at the age of 18 with a casual friend named Eric and a photographer they'd met through a modeling agency in Salt Lake. "He told us that Spain was a good place for us



One thing about being a model in Spain—especially one with long blonde tresses—is that the more misguidedly macho members of the male population keep hitting on you. To some extent, that has been Tonja Christensen's experience. Perhaps we should warn those *hombres* about her karate technique. Still, she loves being in Barcelona, where her career highs have included a position on the cover of *Playboy's* Spanish edition (above) and work in television and print advertising.









to get into movies and modeling," she explains. "So we went with him, landed in Amsterdam and bought an old car. It took us a month to drive to Spain." Travel can be hazardous to a relationship, and the car trip tested their patience. They survived, though, and Eric's now her best friend, the man she expects to marry eventually. They share an apartment above a bar in the resort town of Sitges, near Barcelona, "with a view to kill for—the beach is right in front." It took Tonja a while to adjust to her new surroundings. "I had to learn Spanish from scratch. I'm fluent now. I've also had to learn quite a bit of Catalan." Language isn't the only cultural difference between Sitges and Salt Lake: "It's normal to go topless on any beach here. I don't, though. I guess I'm too American." Tonja is pleased with the career strides she has made overseas. Among her credits: the cover of *Playboy's* Spanish edition; publicity work for Pioneer electronic equipment; an episode of the TV series *Dark Justice*, which is filmed in Barcelona; a video for singer Miguel Ríos; and several commercials for Spanish television—notably, a popular one for Sanyo VCRs, for which she spent ten and a half hours being made up to look like a robot. But she's not staying in Spain forever; she plans to return to the U.S. when this issue hits the newsstands.















"To me, the most important thing in a relationship is honesty," Tonja says. "Most of the time, it hurts. But it's the only way to be with another person." Seriously, who could look into these eyes and lie?











MISS NOVEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

*Sonja Christensen*







PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Jonja Christensen

BUST: 34 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 108

BIRTH DATE: 9/3/71 BIRTHPLACE: Salt Lake City, Utah

AMBITIONS: explore the world, learn about people and cultures, be a good actress, study psychology, just enjoy life.

TURN-ONS: Massages... fondue... intelligent men... humble people... nice smiles... saxophones... sunsets in Spain.

TURN-OFFS: Dishonesty, people who just won't try, egotistical people & jealousy.

FAVORITE CITY: Having traveled through Europe, I appreciate all cultures, but Venice, Italy, remains my favorite because it's so tranquil.

FAVORITE AUTHOR: Mystery writer Agatha Christie.

FAVORITE MOVIES: Dead Poets Society & Awakenings. Robin Williams is so versatile; very humorous & serious. He makes me laugh and cry.

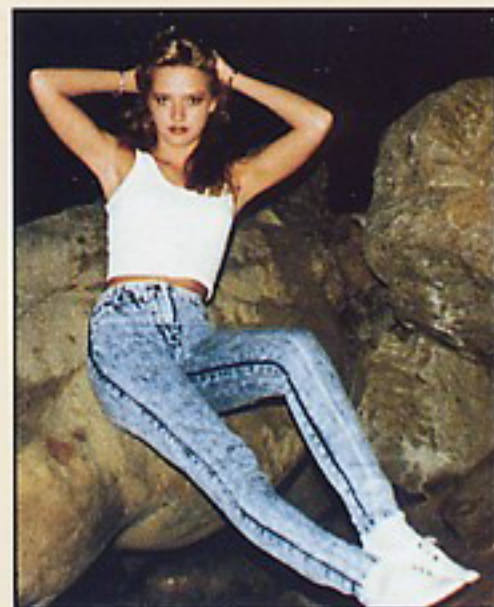
I'M PARTICULARLY WILD ABOUT: Mountains in the springtime. Sitting around a campfire while someone plays a guitar.



up all night. Wounded about those 6<sup>th</sup> - grade Final Exams.



16<sup>th</sup> Birthday. Farrah Fawcett hair. Still in style in Utah!



3 years ago. Amateur Model. Amateur photographer. The shot finally got published!!



# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

**B**oy, am I glad to see you guys," the forlorn businessman told his two friends, one a psychiatrist, the other a lawyer. "I need advice from one of you and may well need the services of the other."

"What's going on, buddy?" the lawyer asked.

"Well, I think I made one of those Freudian slips this morning," he replied.

"Oh?" the shrink said. "What do you mean?"

"I was sitting across the table from my wife at breakfast and what I *meant* to say was, 'Honey, would you pass the sugar,' but what came out instead was, 'You bitch, you've really fucked up my life.'"



**W**hy does a lawyer display a copy of his certification on the dashboard of his car? So he can park in handicapped zones.

**A**fter hours of tracking, a hunter finally spotted a huge bear, took careful aim and squeezed off a shot. At the spot where the carcass should have been, however, he found nothing. The hunter felt a tap on his shoulder, turned and was face to face with the bear.

"I'm sick of you guys shooting at me," the bear said. "Now drop to your knees and blow me or I'm gonna maul your face off."

The hunter reluctantly did as he was told. A week later, he bought a bigger gun, returned to the same spot, sighted the same bear and fired. Again, no carcass. Again, a tap. "You know the routine," said the bear. "On your knees."

Finally, the frustrated hunter bought an elephant gun and went out once more to stalk the bear. Getting the animal in his sights, he pulled the trigger. While searching for the body, the hunter felt a tap on his shoulder.

"Tell me the truth," the bear said with a sigh. "You're not in this for the hunting, are you?"

**H**ave you heard about the new Shirley MacLaine condom? It's for men who keep coming back to life.

**W**hy do brides smile when they walk down the aisle? Because they've just realized they've given their last blow jobs.

**G**eneral Norman Schwarzkopf was viewing the battlefield in the aftermath of Desert Storm when he kicked something in the sand. Upon closer inspection, he noticed it was a lamp and began to rub it. Out popped a genie who offered the general one wish. General Schwarzkopf pulled out a map of the Middle East and said, "I would like to have peace for this entire region."

"Sorry," the genie replied. "That is impossible."

Schwarzkopf folded the map and began to walk away. "Hey, wait a minute!" the genie called. "You can still have a wish."

The general thought for a moment, then said, "OK, I'd like to see the Denver Broncos win the Super Bowl."

"Hmmm," the genie pondered. "Let me see that map again."



**T**here's a cannibal who loves fast food. He orders pizza with everybody on it.

**A** barroom customer who had been guzzling beer all evening without once visiting the men's room finally slid off his stool and lurched toward the front door. At the curb, the drunk unzipped his pants and prepared to relieve himself.

"Hey, pal," a nearby cop hollered, "you can't do that in the street!"

"Of course not, Officer," the fellow replied, making an arching gesture toward a vacant lot across the street. "I'm gonna do it wayyyy over there."

*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.*





*"Pay no attention. It's just part of the neighborhood watch."*



David Letterman's

# TOP·TOP·TEN·LISTS

direct from the home office in walla walla,  
another helping of *late night* laughs



## TOP TEN NEW SOURCES OF ENERGY

10.

**BRIDLE STATIC CLING IN JOE GARAGIOLA'S PANTS.**

9.

**BUILD HYDROELECTRIC DAM TO UTILIZE FLOW OF SPIT  
ON NEW YORK CITY STREETS.**

8.

**IN COLD-AND-FLU SEASON, USE FOREHEADS  
OF FEVERISH YOUNGSTERS TO WARM DINNER ROLLS.**

7.

**JACKIE ONASSIS THOUGHT TO BE HOARDING VAST RESERVES  
OF SOFT COAL IN HER EAST SIDE APARTMENT.**

6.

**PUT CURLY ON A TREADMILL; STUFF BEEHIVE IN HIS PANTS.**

5.

**MAKE USE OF STEAM THAT COMES OUT OF QUAYLE'S EARS  
WHEN HE TRIES TO DO LONG DIVISION.**

4.

**BIG, FRIENDLY BIRDS.**

3.

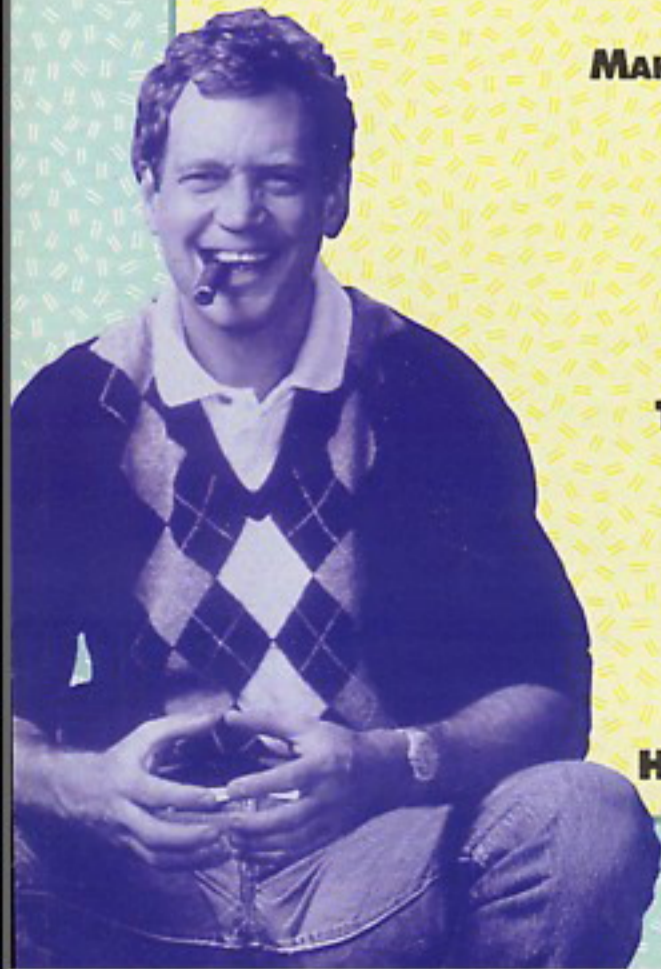
**TAP MEGADOSE OF RADIATION GIVEN OFF BY TV'S  
BROADCASTING LATE NIGHT PROGRAM.**

2.

**HOW ABOUT SUPERMAN GETTING OFF HIS ASS?**

1.

**HARNESS THE SEXUAL TENSION BETWEEN MACNEIL AND LEHRER.**



By  
David  
Letterman  
and the  
staff of  
*Late  
Night*







## JOHN SUNUNU'S TOP TEN ETHICS VIOLATIONS

10. **USED MISSILE CRUISER TICONDEROGA TO PICK UP CARTON OF LUCKIES FROM NANTUCKET 7-ELEVEN.**
9. **USED CIA TECHNOLOGY TO BE 104TH CALLER AND WIN PARTY WEEKEND WITH TESLA.**
8. **ALTERED DRIVER'S LICENSE TO JOHN "SUNOCO" AND TRIED TO GET FREE GAS.**
7. **BORROWED FONZIE'S JACKET FROM SMITHSONIAN FOR HALLOWEEN PARTY.**
6. **HOCKED ORIGINAL DRAFT OF CONSTITUTION AT BETHESDA PAWNSHOP TO BUY A PAIR OF GOLF SLACKS.**
5. **HAD PRESIDENTIAL HELICOPTER FLY LOW OVER YARD TO TRIM HIS HEDGES.**
4. **HAD QUAYLE WASH HIS CAR.**
3. **SNEAKING DOWN TO WAREHOUSE TO EAT GOVERNMENT CHEESE.**
2. **MIDNIGHT LAP PARTIES AT THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL.**
1. **ACTING WEASELLY IN GENERAL.**

## TED KENNEDY'S TOP TEN PARTY TIPS

10. **HAVING A SON OR A NEPHEW AROUND IS A GREAT ICEBREAKER WITH THE YOUNGER BABES.**
9. **FLAMING TUMBLERS OF SAMBUCA KEEP AWAY THE MOSQUITOES.**
8. **PRETENDING TO LOSE A CONTACT LENS IS A TERRIFIC WAY TO LOOK UP SKIRTS.**
7. **MAKE SURE COCKTAIL NAPKINS HAVE LIABILITY WAIVER ON THEM.**
6. **WAKE UP THE KIDS AFTER MIDNIGHT FOR JELL-O SHOTS.**
5. **MIX CHIVAS AND ULTRA SLIM-FAST: GET DRUNK AND LOSE WEIGHT.**
4. **TWO WORDS: WANG CHUNG.**
3. **INVITE SUPREME COURT JUSTICE DAVID SOUTER—THAT GUY IS A PARTY NUT JOB.**
2. **BILLY DEE WILLIAMS WAS RIGHT: COLT 45.**
1. **TAKE OFF PANTS. MINGLE.**



## TOP TEN AMISH SPRING- BREAK ACTIVITIES

10. **DRINK MOLASSES TILL YOU HEAVE.**
9. **WET-BONNET CONTEST.**
8. **STUFF AS MANY GUYS AS YOU CAN INTO A BUGGY.**
7. **BUTTERMILK KEGGER.**
6. **BLOW PAST THE DAIRY QUEEN ON A REALLY BITCHIN' CLYDESDALE.**
5. **GET TATTOO BORN TO RAISE BARN.**
4. **CRUISE STREETS OF FORT LAUDERDALE SHOUTING INSULTS AT PEOPLE WITH ZIPPER.**
3. **SLEEP IN UNTIL SIX A.M.**
2. **DRIVE OVER TO MENNONITE COUNTRY AND KICK SOME ASS.**
1. **CHURNING BUTTER NAKED.**





## TOP TEN THINGS THAT WILL GET YOU AUDITED BY THE IRS

10. USING ONE OF THOSE LOVE STAMPS FOR POSTAGE.
9. FILLING IN OCCUPATION AS GAMBINO FAMILY DON.
8. FILLING OUT THE FORM USING THE NAME DICK HERTZ.
7. CALLING IRS HOTLINE AND OFFERING OPERATOR \$1.50 A MINUTE TO TALK DIRTY.
6. WRITING OFF HITCHHIKER BURIED IN BASEMENT AS A DEPENDENT.
5. IN LIEU OF PAYMENT CHECK, INCLUDING HANDWRITTEN COUPON GOOD FOR ONE "SUPER-DUPER" BACK RUB.
4. SENDING IN PIZZA CRUSTS INSTEAD OF RESTAURANT RECEIPTS.
3. WRITING OFF PURCHASE OF TITO JACKSON ALBUM AS CHARITABLE DONATION.
2. CLAIMING HOOKERS AS MEDICAL EXPENSES.
1. REQUEST FILING EXTENSION FOR "UNTIL HELL FREEZES OVER."

## TOP TEN REASONS NEW YORK CITY WOULD BE A GOOD PLACE FOR THE OLYMPICS

10. NO SHORTAGE OF STARTER PISTOLS.
9. ALREADY HAS CUTE MASCOT—LOU THE GIANT RAT.
8. NEW YORK YANKEES SET THE TONE FOR AMATEUR ATHLETICS.
7. ETERNAL FLAME CEREMONY ENHANCED BY MILELONG PARADE OF ARSONISTS.
6. WOULD GIVE CITY'S CABDRIVERS CHANCE TO CHEER FOR THEIR HOME COUNTRIES IN PERSON.
5. EXCITING NEW EXHIBITION SPORT: TURNSTILE JUMPING.
4. EXTRA TRAFFIC EASILY HANDLED BY CITY'S CLEAN AND EFFICIENT MONORAIL SYSTEM.
3. PLENTY OF ROOM FOR OUT-OF-TOWN VISITORS AT LETTERMAN'S PLACE.
2. FUN FOR OLYMPIANS TO COMPARE NECK BURNS WHERE GOLD MEDALS USED TO BE.
1. HUDSON RIVER PRACTICALLY MADE FOR SYNCHRONIZED SWIMMING.



## TOP TEN CHANGES IN THE MUSTANG RANCH WHEN IT WAS OWNED BY THE GOVERNMENT

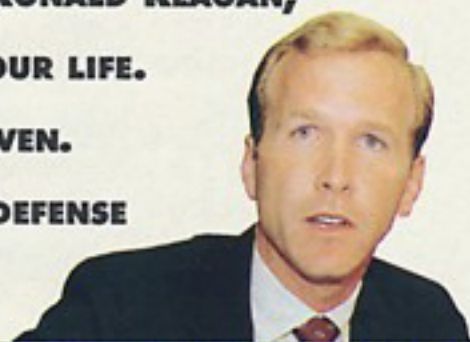
10. AIR BAGS INSTALLED IN HEADBOARDS OF ALL BEDS.
9. POPULAR "WHIPPED CREAM" TREATMENT USED GOVERNMENT-SURPLUS CHEESE.
8. A SIMPLE HALF-AND-HALF SUDDENLY INVOLVED HOURS OF PAPERWORK.
7. CHIPPED BEEF ON TOAST.
6. MARION BARRY ONCE AGAIN INTERESTED IN GOVERNMENT WORK.
5. EASYGOING, LOW-PRESSURE ATMOSPHERE MAINTAINED BY EXPERTS FROM POSTAL SERVICE.
4. ETCHINGS OF NAKED WOMEN REPLACED BY CLOWN PAINTINGS BY GERALD FORD.
3. NAME CHANGED TO FORT DIX.
2. MAIN GATE MARKED BY GIANT BILLBOARD OF PANTSLESS UNCLE SAM.
1. T-SHIRTS IN GIFT SHOP SAID I GOT SCREWED BY THE GOVERNMENT.





## TOP TEN BUSINESS AND BANKING TIPS FROM NEIL BUSH

10. DEMAND TWO PIECES OF I.D. BEFORE LENDING A GUY \$100,000,000.
9. BUSINESS CARDS SHOULD INCLUDE NAME, ADDRESS AND PHRASE MY DAD'S THE PRESIDENT.
8. READ MY LIPS: CHEAT ON TAXES.
7. HAVE OLD MAN CALL TACTICAL NUCLEAR STRIKE ON NEW BANK ACROSS THE STREET.
6. ASK DAN QUAYLE IF HE HAS TWO TENS FOR A FIVE. REPEAT UNTIL RICH.
5. WHEN SOMEBODY PAYS YOU TO REPAVE HIS DRIVEWAY, JUST USE BLACK PAINT.
4. SLUGS USUALLY WORK IN WHITE HOUSE CONDOM MACHINE.
3. REMIND REPORTERS THAT, UNLIKE RONALD REAGAN, JR., YOU NEVER WORE LEOTARDS IN YOUR LIFE.
2. BIG GULP IS BEST VALUE AT 7-ELEVEN.
1. IF ACCUSED OF BANK FRAUD, BEST DEFENSE IS A SIMPLE AND ELEGANT "OOPS!"



## TOP TEN LEAST EXCITING SUPERPOWERS FOR COMIC BOOK SUPERHEROES

10. SUPER SPELLING.
9. LIGHTNING-FAST MOOD SWINGS.
8. REALLY BENDY THUMB.
7. UNUSUALLY NATURAL SMILE WHEN POSING FOR PHOTOGRAPHS.
6. ABILITY TO CALM JITTERY SQUIRRELS.
5. POWER TO SHAKE EXACTLY TWO ASPIRINS OUT OF A BOTTLE.
4. ABILITY TO GET TICKETS TO GOODWILL GAMES.
3. POWER TO SCORE WITH OTHER SUPERHEROES' WIVES.
2. ABILITY TO COMMUNICATE WITH CORN.
1. MAGNETIC COLON.



## TOP TEN MOST FREQUENTLY RETURNED CHRISTMAS GIFTS

10. THE SUNBEAM SIX-SLICE SHOWER TOASTER.
9. RAYMOND BURR'S SWEATIN' TO THE OLDIES VIDEO CASSETTE.
8. NEW YORK JETS PLAY-OFF TICKETS.
7. THE DEVOUT MOSLEM NATION JOKE BOOK.
6. THE BLACK & DECKER FOREHEAD SANDER.
5. BAG OF LIVE MICE.
4. SUPER-ITCHY SLIPPER-SOCKS FROM SUPER-ITCHY TECHNOLOGIES, HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.
3. DR. KEVORKIAN'S SUICIDE MACHINE.
2. HICKORY FARMS COLOGNE.
1. "LICK ME"—THE BOARD GAME.







*"And then, at night, when they're all asleep, you  
sneak down, unlock the door and. . . ."*



# BERNARD and HUEY

HEY, BABY.



LOOKN' GOOD, BABY!



YOU'RE IN LUCK TONIGHT, BABY.



HUEY'S HERE.

YEAH! HUEY'S HERE, BABY.



I'M YOUR MAN,  
YOUR MAIN MAN.



I'M BAD,  
I'M SOOO  
BAAAAD.



WHAT'S HIS PROBLEM?

TODAY'S  
HIS FORTY-  
FIFTH  
BIRTH-  
DAY.



LET'S GO CELEBRATE ON A WHITE BLOCK, HUEY.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY,  
ASSHOLE.



JIM FOSTER



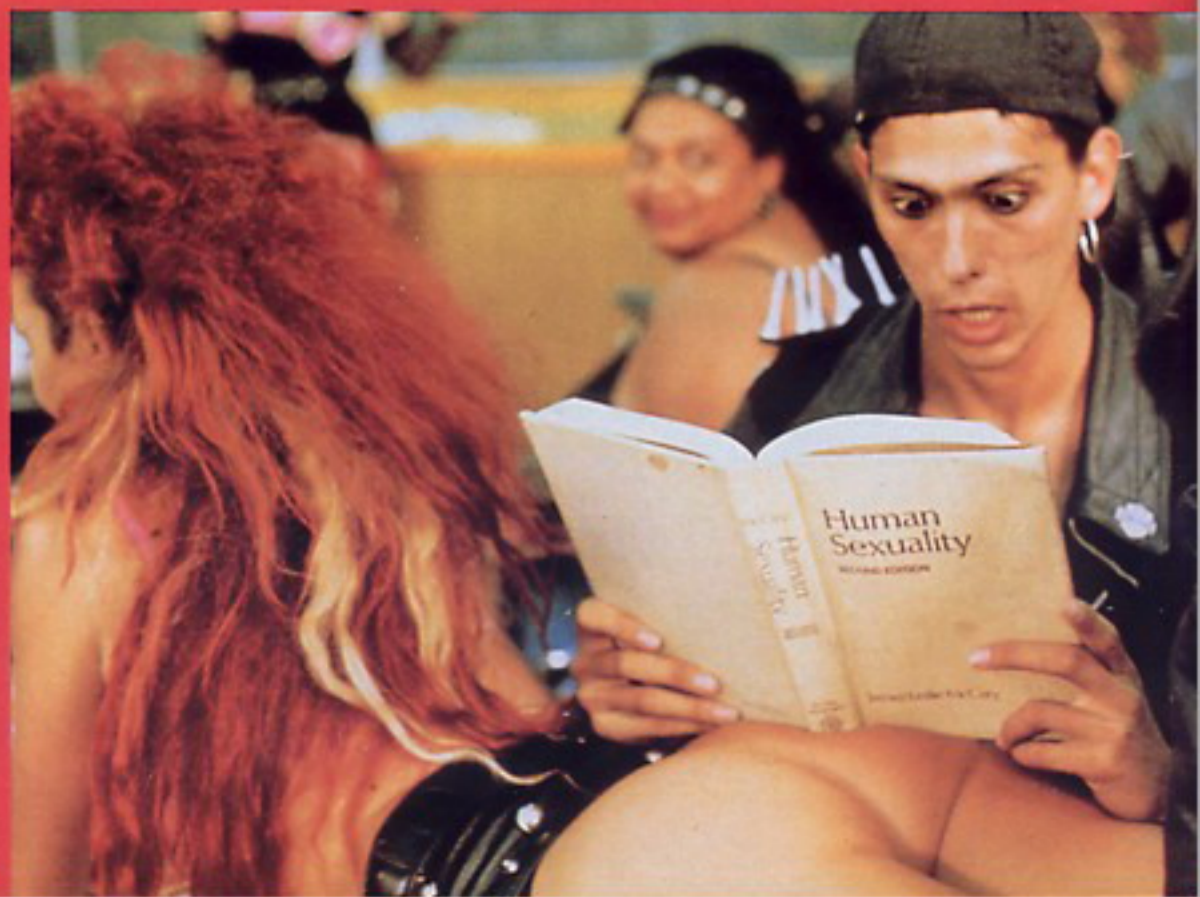


### **D**DOUBLE DARE

"I'm an artist, and this is how I choose to express myself," proclaims Madonna in the startlingly candid documentary *Truth or Dare*. Music-video director Alek Keshishian shadowed the star during her *Blond Ambition* tour, filming such graphic moments as this steamy version of *Like a Virgin*.

**TEXT BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON** AS LAST YEAR drew to a close, it seemed that things were looking up, *Sex in Cinema*-speaking. Making a major shift in the rating system it had often, and loudly, defended, the Motion Picture Association of America deep-sixed the abhorred X and introduced the NC-17 rating (no children under 17 admitted). At last, critics rejoiced, a distinction could be made between outright sleaze and tasteful erotica. Movies could now be made for and marketed to an adult audience; no (text continued on page 148)







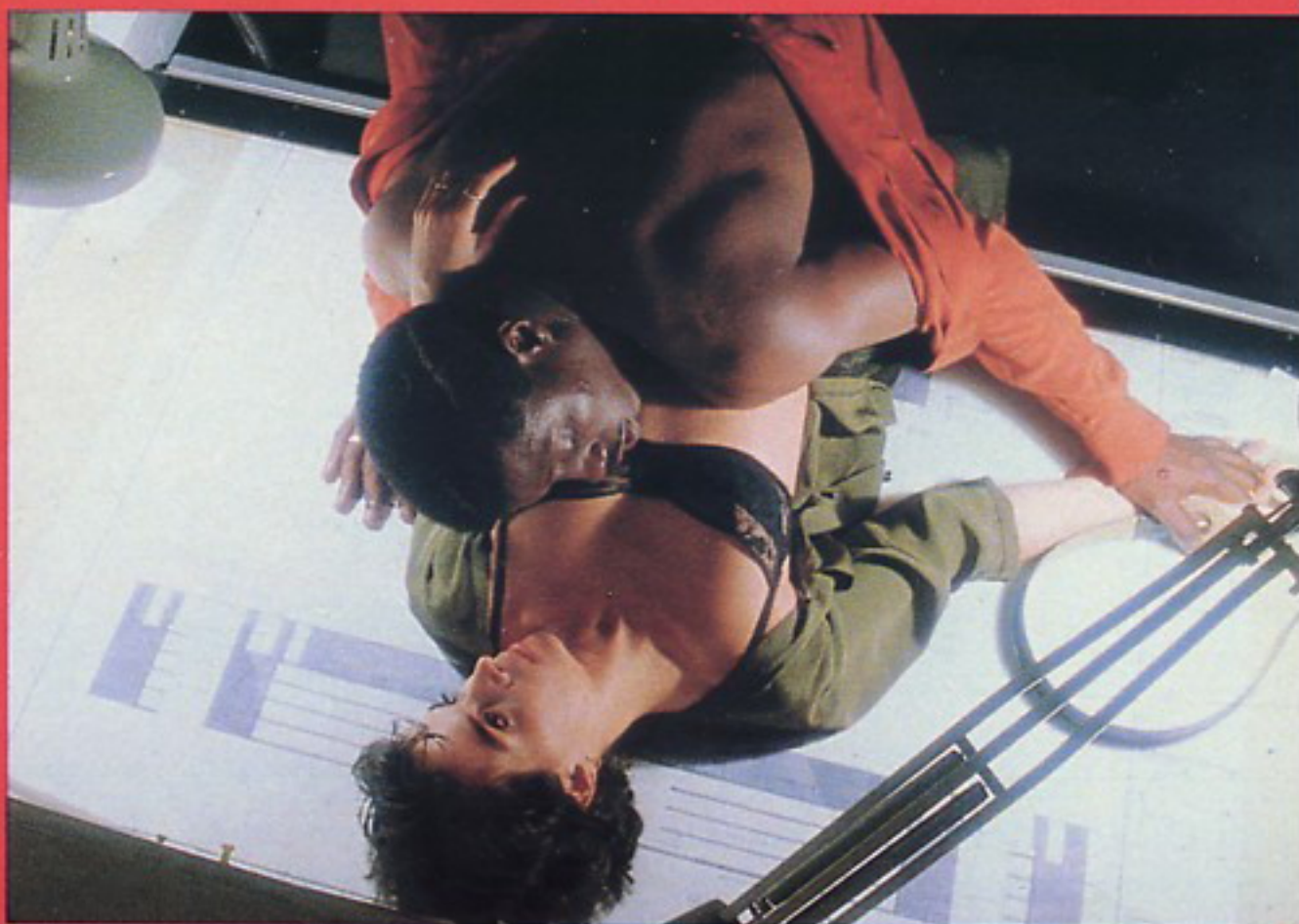
## FUNNY BUSINESS

Sex is a laughing matter in this, er, sextet of current cinematic outings (clockwise from top left, opposite). In *The Naked Gun 2½: The Smell of Fear*, inept gumshoe Frank Drebin (Leslie Nielsen), in hot pursuit of a suspect, blunders his way through a sex shop's marital-aids display. A fantasy sequence from *He Said, She Said* features Sharon Stone and her ex-lover (Kevin Bacon) consulting a marriage manual—which appears to contain a bit of clever product placement by a blender manufacturer. Before a disaster that befalls the British royal family turns him into the monarch of all he surveys in *King Ralph*, John Goodman is a simple night-club entertainer who enjoys a ringside view as much as the next guy. *Class of Nuke 'Em High Part II: Subhumanoid Meltdown* brings us Louis Ortiz propping his sex-ed text up on a compliant Wendy Burnell in a scene that in no way resembles the study hall at our alma mater. In a switch on the *Green Card* plot, the French film *Does This Mean We're Married?* has an American woman (Patsy Kensit) contract a marriage to a Frenchman (Stephane Freiss) as a way to gain needed residency documents. *Do or Die*, Andy and Arlene Sidaris' campy homage to *The Most Dangerous Game*, features, among a multiplicity of action scenes, a torrid tryst between Michael Shane and bosomy dancer Stephanie Schick.



## BLACK POWER

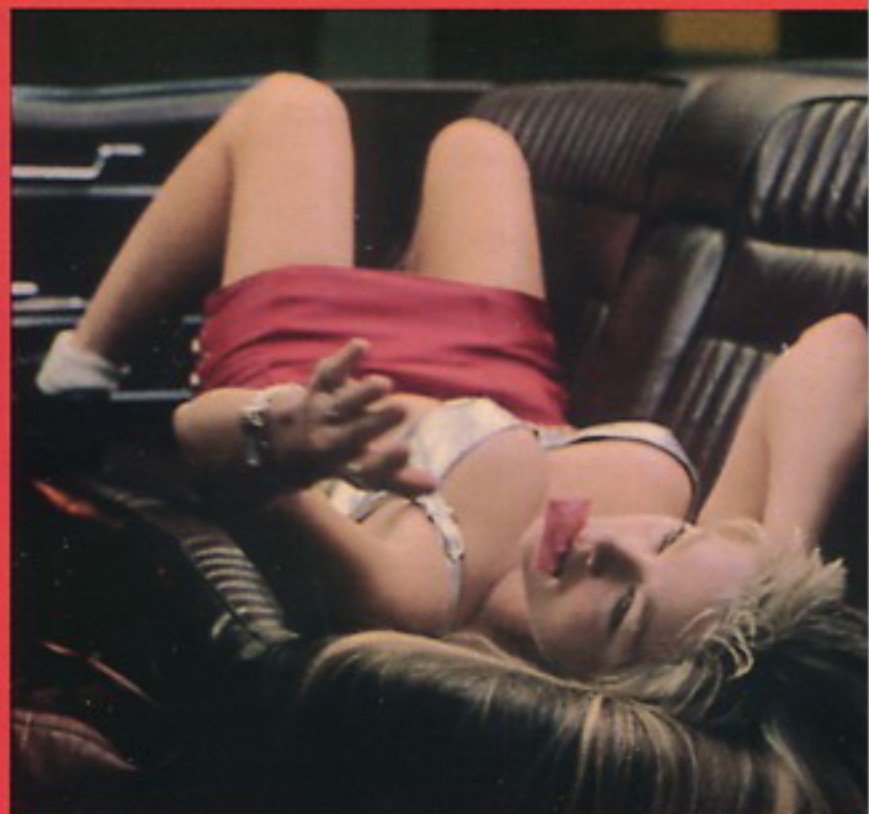
This may go down as the year in which Hollywood finally discovered the potential of black film makers—who, of course, had already discovered sex. In Mario Van Peebles' *New Jack City* (left), Allen Payne and crack merchant Wesley Snipes ignore the gyrations of Tracy Camilla Johns. Snipes, this time as an architect, and Annabella Sciorra, overcome by interracial passion, do it on the drafting table in Spike Lee's *Jungle Fever* (below); and in Bill Duke's *A Rage in Harlem* (bottom), Robin Givens skillfully manipulates a toe in the seduction of momma's boy Forest Whitaker.











## IN IS IN

There's a whole lotta misbehavin' goin' on in these 1991 pictures populated by bad guys and gals of all persuasions. Jason Patric allows Rachel Ward to involve him in a kidnap plot in *After Dark, My Sweet* (opposite, far left), while Val Kilmer as rocker Jim Morrison flashes a rowdy audience in *The Doors* (opposite, below). *The Rapture* (opposite, near left) takes Mimi Rogers—she's the one who's clothed—from group gropes (here with David Duchovny and Stephanie Nunez) to religious fundamentalism to human sacrifice. In *The Grifters*—like *After Dark, My Sweet*, taken from a book by the late pulp novelist Jim Thompson—everybody's on the con. In the scene at left above, Annette Bening offers her landlord (Michael Laskia) a rent-money option: "The lady or the loot?" she inquires with a leer. Theresa Russell practices the oldest profession in director Ken (no kin) Russell's latest picture, *Whore* (above right). Soon after the L.A. politician played by William Katt in *Naked Obsession* gets involved in kinky extramarital sex with stripper Maria Ford (below), he's set up as a suspect in her murder.







## BACK FROM THE BODY SHOP

Author H. P. Lovecraft's mad scientist Herbert West returns in *Bride of Re-Animator* to create a female monster (Kathleen Kinmont, in a special-effects mix of spare anatomical parts, left). *Paris Is Burning* is a poignant film about Harlem's gay balls and the men—some of them transvestites and transsexuals—who frequent them. To create her movie, director Jennie Livingston spent many months documenting parties like the one below.



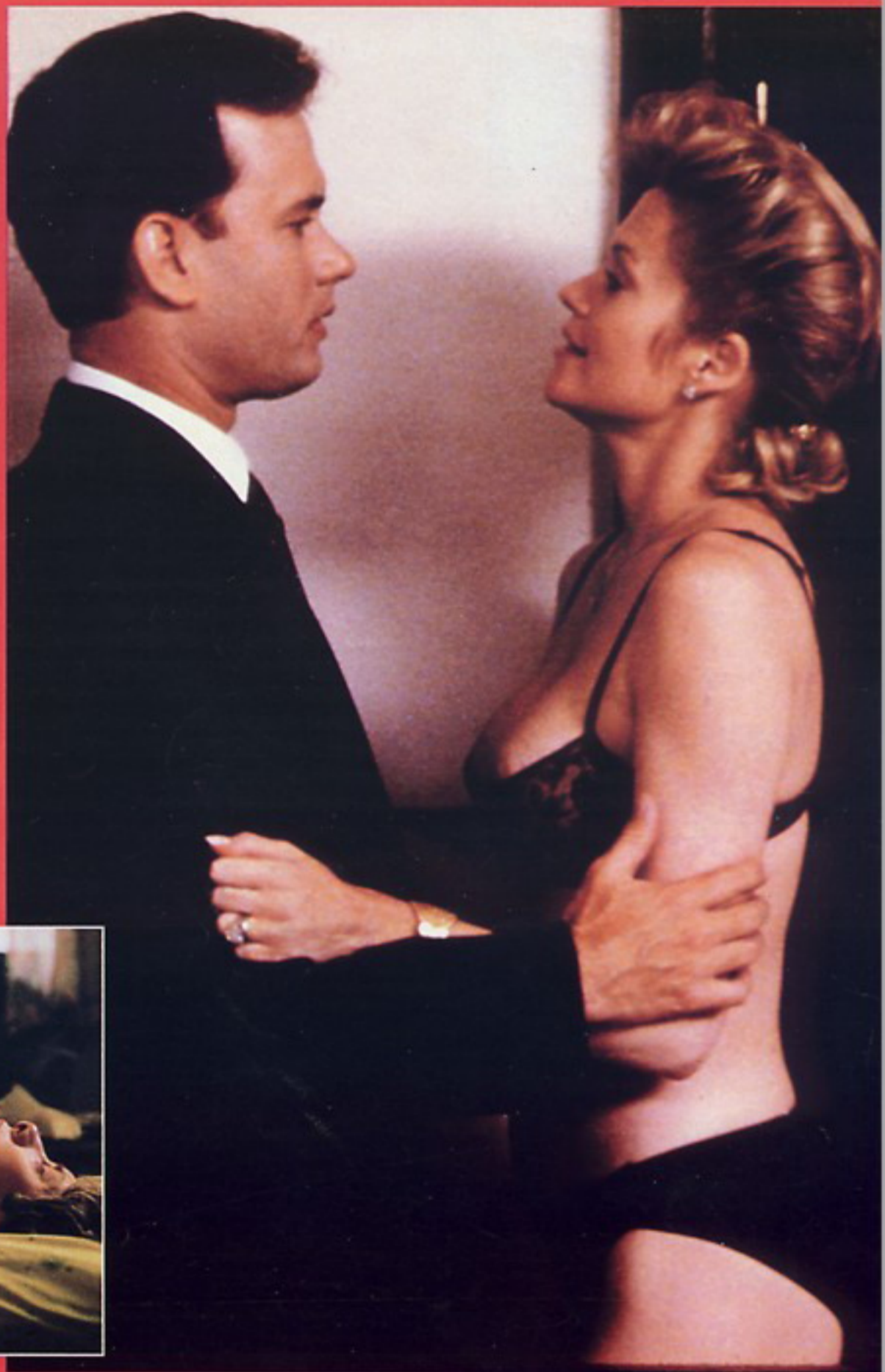


## TRAIGHT TO THE TAPE

On the page opposite, a trio of sexpot-boilers headed directly for video stores. *Playboy* pictorial fave Sharon Stone and Chris Rydell play the seductress and the bullfighter in yet another remake of the classic *Blood and Sand* (top left); previous matadors, film buffs will recall, were Rudolph Valentino and Tyrone Power. *Night Eyes* (center left) teams Andrew Stevens and Tanya Roberts in a *Body Heat* clone. The bayou-based *Zandalee* (near left) stars Judge Reinhold as the luckless mate of hot-to-trot Erika Anderson, who fools around with Nicolas Cage.

## BIG ON VID

Sometimes, a major motion picture does better with America's home-video audience than it does in theaters. Three cases in point: *The Bonfire of the Vanities* (right), arguably 1990's most miscast movie, which this year brings Tom Hanks and Melanie Griffith into your living room; *White Palace* (below), in which Susan Sarandon teaches James Spader everything he ought to know about oral sex; and the first NC-17 film, *Henry & June* (bottom), with Maria de Medeiros and Richard E. Grant as Henry Miller's lover, diarist Anais Nin, and spouse Hugo Guiler.







## THE GREENAWAY EFFECT

**T** Moviegoers can always count on British director Peter Greenaway to be creative—and outrageous. His *Drowning by Numbers* (above) was made in 1987 but released in the U.S. only this year. Its plot calls for three generations of women named Cissie Colpitts to drown their husbands. Dowager Joan Plowright dispatches hers (Bryan Pringle) after catching him bathing with a local slut (top right); Juliet Stevenson helps hers, Trevor Cooper (they're together, top left), expire in the ocean; and Joely Richardson offs hers (David Morrissey) in a swimming pool. That's Morrissey, Cooper and Richardson above. Due this fall is Greenaway's *Prospero's Books*, based on Shakespeare's *The Tempest* and starring Sir John Gielgud (near right). As evidenced by the shots on the page opposite, the film delights in nudity and gamesmanship (Isabelle Pasco, as Prospero's daughter, Miranda, plays a game of chess with Mark Rylance as Ferdinando, far right).





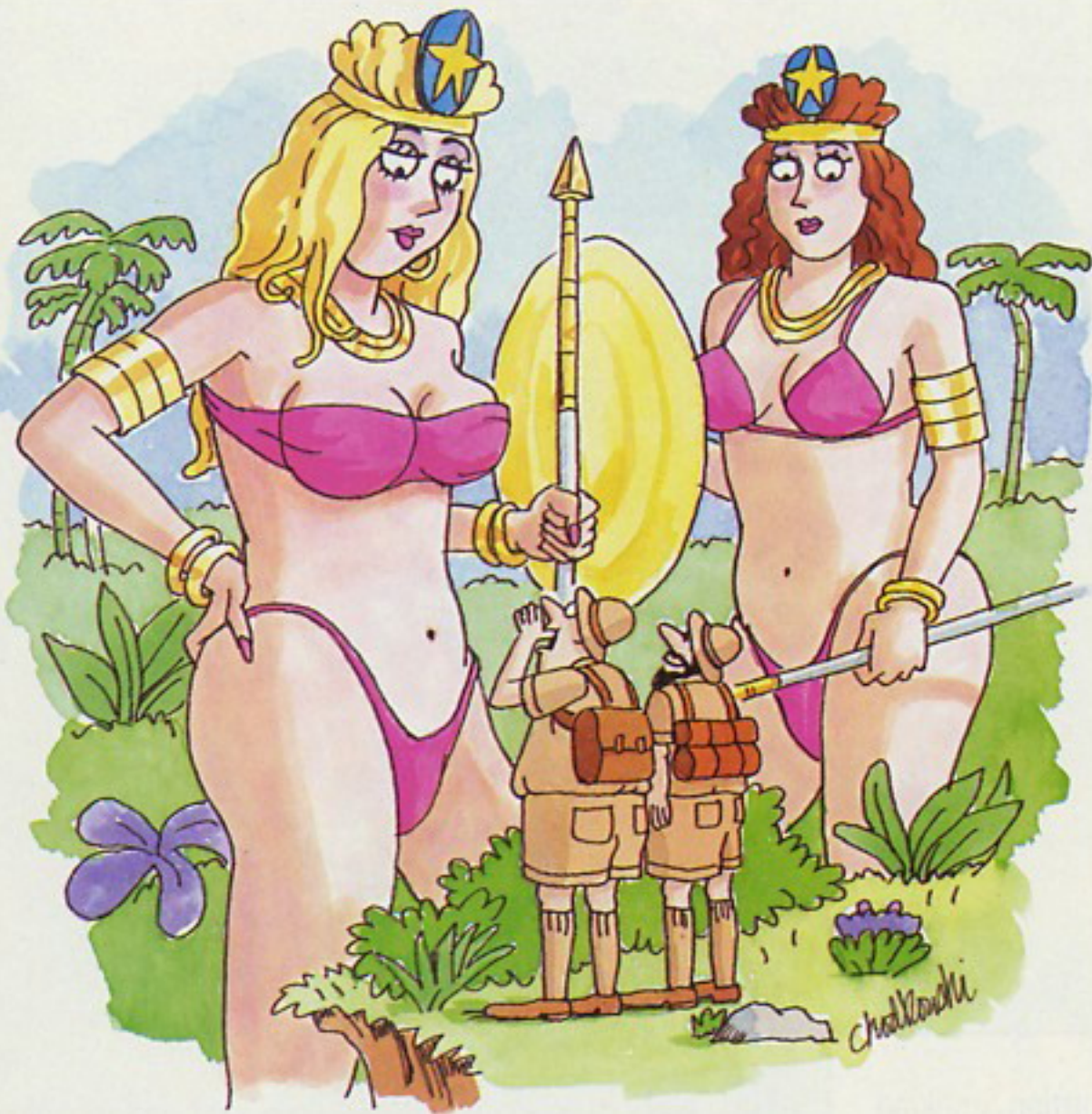






*"This looks like it might be a fun place. . . ."*





*"I said I hope you don't believe that old myth about a man's size being important!"*





*"I'd like to have a nurse present—it's kinkier that way."*



THEN



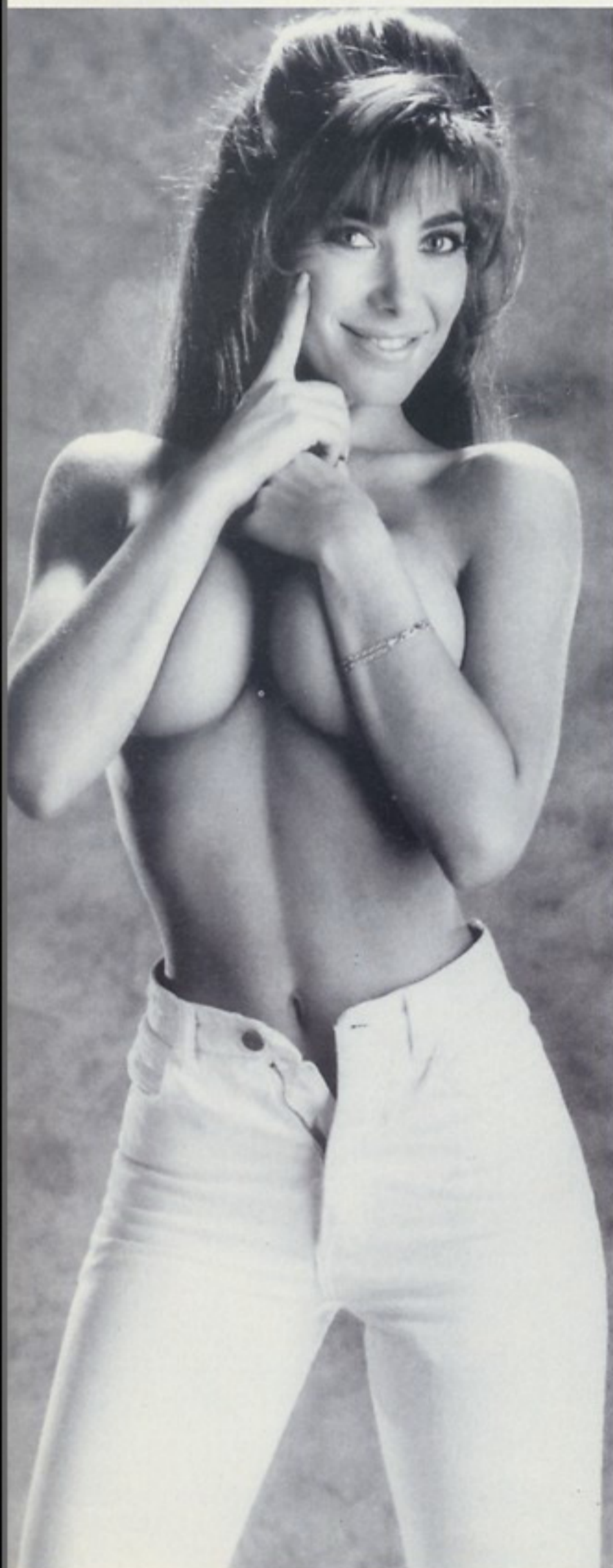
NOW





**Up in Arms**

Starlet JOANNA ILENE REM has modeled bathing suits on TV, appeared on the cover of a Glamour California Girls calendar, made a fashion and music video (with Andy Taylor), and that's just for starters. While wishing her luck, we're waiting for Joanna to get too big for her britches.



MICHAEL LYNNE



**Blues Spoken Here**

The great B. B. KING is on tour, performing songs from his recent album *There Is Always One More Time*. The thrill is never gone watching B. B. wail.

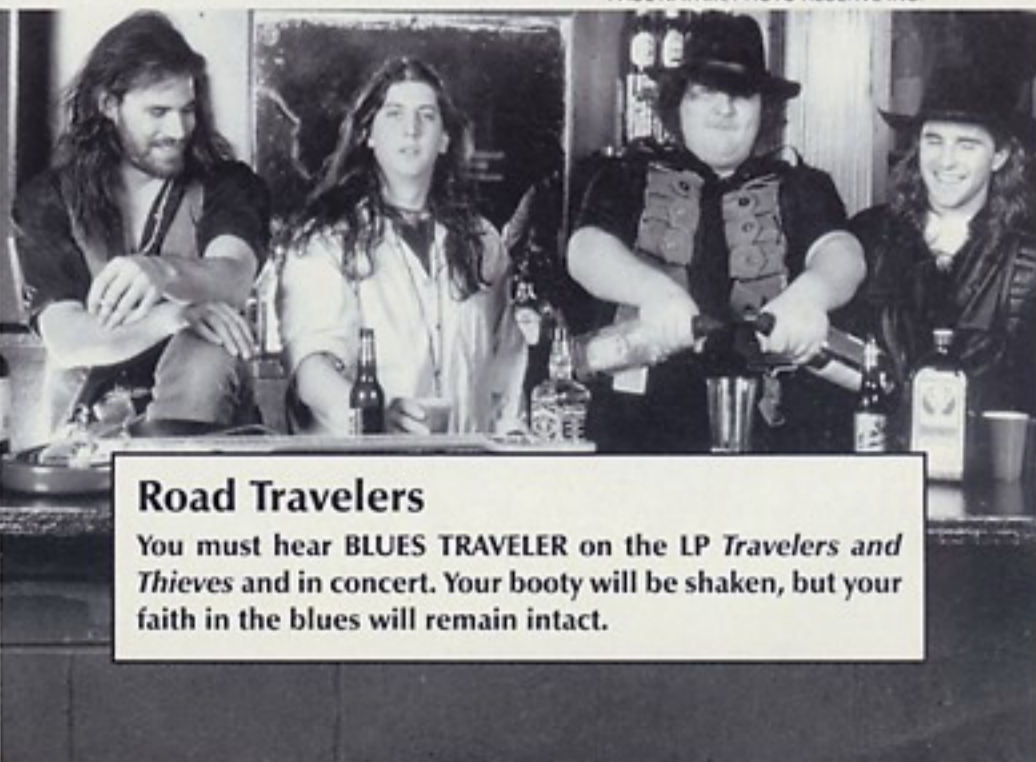
© KEN SETTLE



ORTEGA-GALELLA LTD.

**Sally's Working on Her Laugh Tracks**

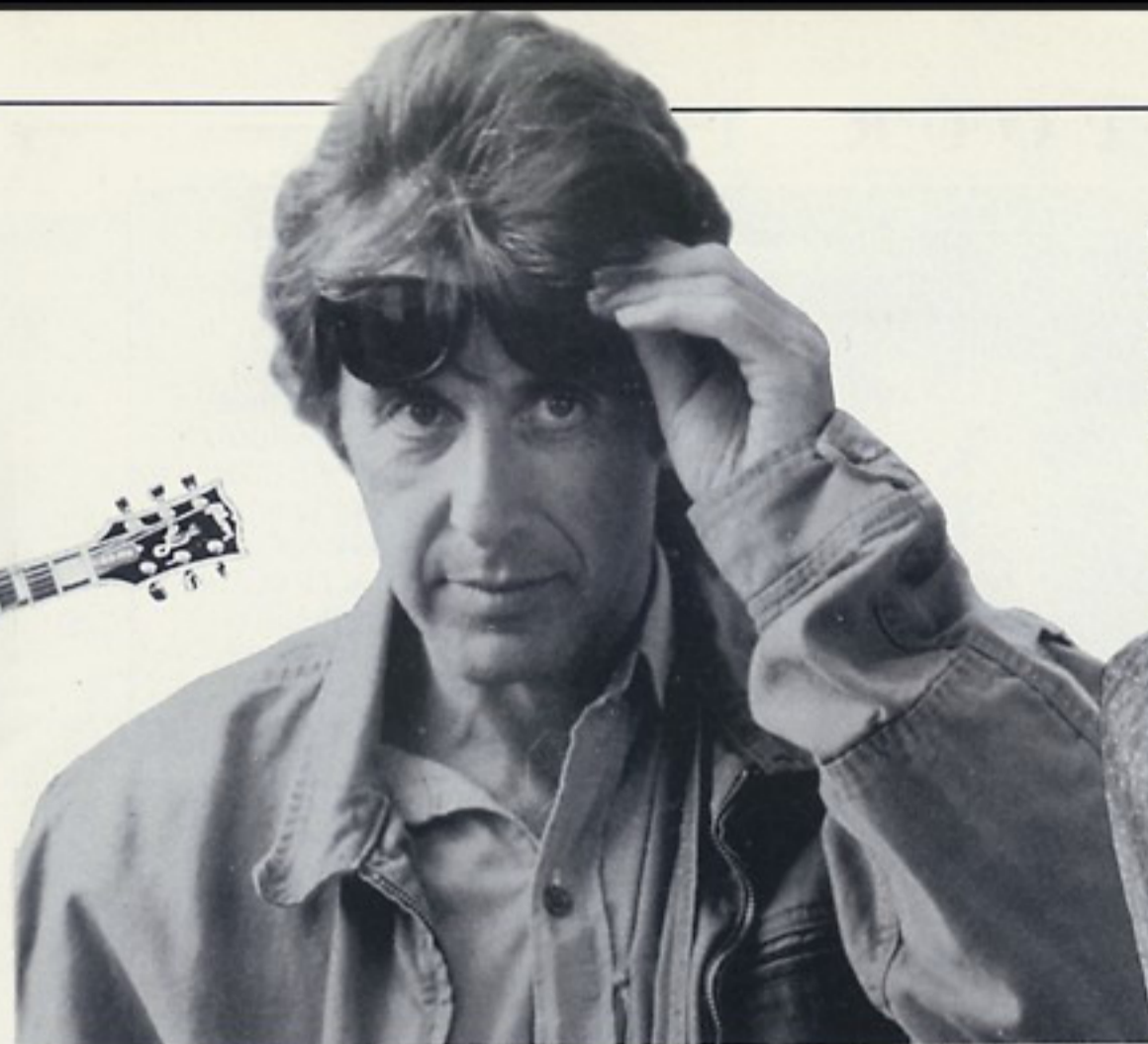
Although actress SALLY STRUTHERS has played a million parts since *All in the Family*, seeing her bounce comedy off Rob Reiner once again last summer was a lot of fun. We caught up with her at a charity do, calling her muse.



PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

**Road Travelers**

You must hear BLUES TRAVELER on the LP *Travelers and Thieves* and in concert. Your booty will be shaken, but your faith in the blues will remain intact.



© ALBERT FERREIRA/DWI

**The Eyes Have It**

We can do huge chunks of dialog from all three *Godfather* movies and from *Scarface*. So we're always on the AL PACINO watch. His latest film, *Frankie and Johnny*, reunites him with *Scarface* co-star Michelle Pfeiffer. They play a couple of blue-collar co-workers who have a fling. It's a long way from whacking out bad guys, but we're willing to risk it.



© ROBERT MATHEU

**Do You Know Susie?**

Singer SUSIE HATTON is lucky; she sounds great and looks fine. Want proof? Check out her debut LP, *Body & Soul*. Catch her in concert. Hatton calls her songs "tales of love, lust and what comes in between." Gotcha, Susie.

**Queen of the B's**

When you think of MICHELLE BAUER, what comes to mind? *Sorority Babes in the Slime Ball Bowl-o-Rama*, *Hollywood Chainsaw Hookers* or her role as a nun in *Spirits*? Michelle thinks this stuff is amusing. "My philosophy is to have fun . . . enjoy what I'm doing." To tell you the truth, so do we.



DAN GOLDEN



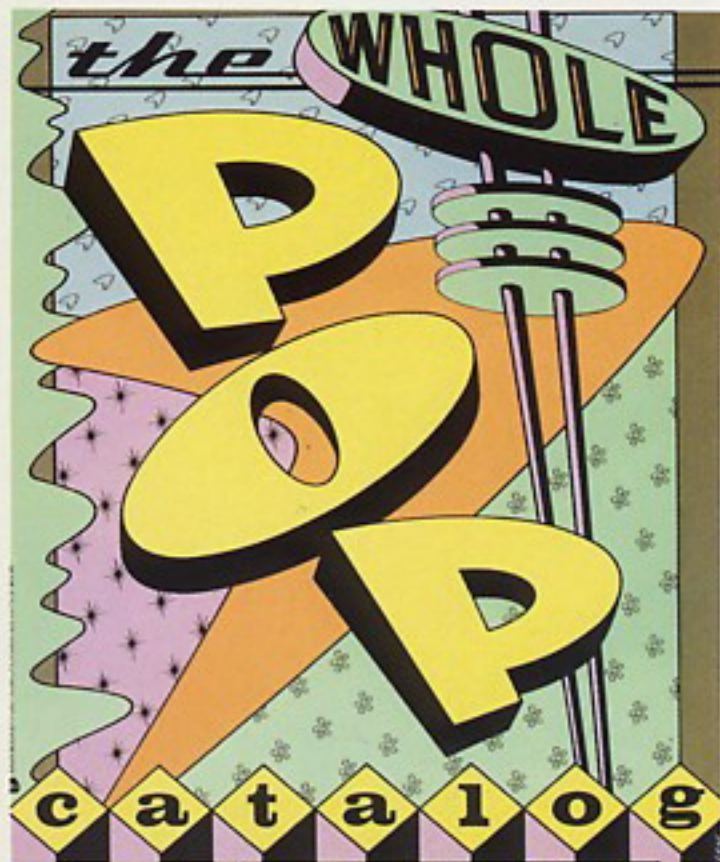
**MARCH WITH THE LEGION**

Hardened criminals, shiftless chivalric knights, mercenary soldiers seeking fortune and adventure—and all willing to die for France. That's the French Foreign Legion. And if you think life in the legion is like the movie *Beau Geste*, pick up a copy of *The French Foreign Legion*, by Douglas Porch, subtitled "A Complete History of the Legendary Fighting Force," from Harper-Collins. It's 728 pages of danger, desertion and death, all for \$35. Our kind of crowd.



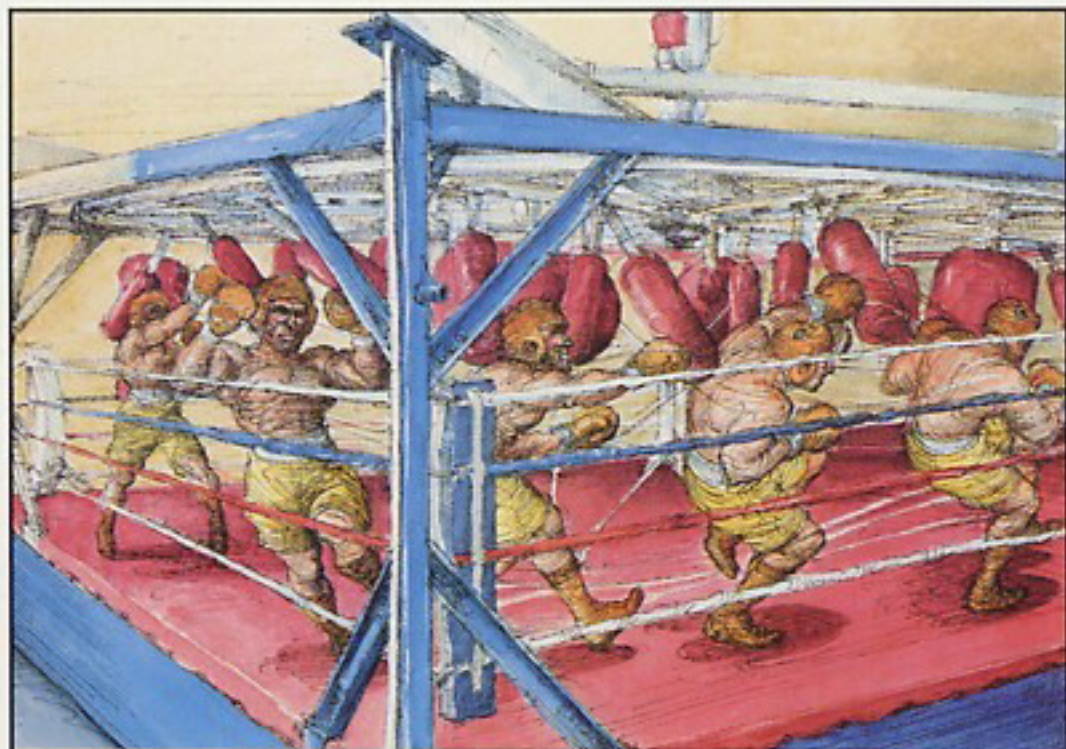
**CULTURE SCHLOCK**

"The ultimate source . . . for all those things you loved . . . even the things your mother threw away when you were away at school" is how Avon Books describes *The Whole Pop Catalog*. Ad characters, rubber stamps, surf sounds, diners, Betty Boop, classic detectives and much more are examined within its 608 pages. Look for the catalog in bookstores or call Avon at 800-223-0690 to order a copy. A great way to blow 20 bucks.



**HOT ROD**

Looking for a piece of exercise equipment that will tone, sculpt and strengthen your muscles without having to take up half the floor space in your apartment? Check out the Stealth Gym Flexerciser, a 60-inch-long, two-pound rod made of the same high-tech fiber that's found in the Stealth bomber. To exercise with it, you slip your hands into the wrist straps and bend the Flexerciser (which is three times stronger than steel) into any of 100 positions, about 12 times. The rod can't break and it snaps back perfectly straight. Exercise Products in Dallas sells the Flexerciser for \$56.50, postpaid, including an exercise chart. Call 800-621-1203 to order.



**LORD OF THE RING**

No, *The Ultimate Warrior* isn't the name of Arnold Schwarzenegger's next film. It's a fully programmable, computer-controlled training system with 46 targets to keep anyone who has the nerve to challenge it moving, ducking and punching. Thomas Stephens, the C.E.O. of EverFast Equipment in Spokane, Washington, created the Warrior because he wanted an opponent that forced him "to throw up to 300 punches per round." The Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs has ordered the \$250,000 Warrior and it will also be featured in upcoming Hollywood films. Call 800-473-0010 to order a demonstration video tape for \$11.95. Watching it makes you tired.



## LIGHT UP THE BARREL

If you want the coziness of a roaring hearth but don't have the proper ventilation, check out Mastercraft Metal's barrel fireplace that burns gel-alcohol fuels for three hours. There's no smoke and just enough heat to toast your tootsies. A 30-gallon oak barrel sells for \$400, plus shipping, while the 50-gallon model sells for \$500. (Both house ceramic logs that hold the cans of gel.) Call 800-654-1704 for more information on how to order. Fire when ready!



## STICK IT TO JESSE

If you don't care for the stand that "Senator No" of North Carolina takes on civil rights and other issues, then stick it to him with a Revenge dartboard game. In the board's center is a computer-generated caricature of Jesse Helms. The price: \$27.95, plus shipping, sent to Art Dart at P.O. Box 49508, Greensboro, North Carolina 27419, or call 800-338-5755. Ready! Aim! Bull's-eye!



## SKELETON CREW

For all you Halloween freaks who just can't get enough of a creepy good thing, the Anatomical Chart Company, 8221 Kimball Avenue, Skokie, Illinois 60076, is selling a 36-inch-tall plastic skeleton named Mr. Thrifty at a price that won't cost you an arm and a leg. Only \$54.95, postpaid, including a metal stand and a clear-plastic dust cover. (Yes, his jaw moves and all dem bones are connected to one another.) Of corpse, if you have to own a life-sized model, Anatomical also sells one in plastic for \$440, postpaid, that's a scream at parties. To order either one, call 800-621-7500.



## LIQUID TREASURE

Fifty years ago, the British cargo ship S.S. Politician ran aground in the Outer Hebrides, taking with it a load of Scotch whisky. Last year, a salvage company recovered several dozen bottles, and now New World Wine Company Ltd. in Wynnewood, Pennsylvania, is marketing a blend of the old Scotch mixed with a contemporary stock of fine whiskies in a commemorative decanter emblazoned with the name S.S. POLITICIAN "WHISKY GALORE." The price per bottle will be about \$300, including a history of the wreck and the salvage. Call 800-347-6559 for the nearest retailer.



## FOR GOOD FELLAS ONLY

Miscellaneous Man, a vintage graphics company, has just issued Gentlemen's Pleasures, a color catalog containing dozens of posters created between 1900 and the Forties that celebrate the fine art of drinking, smoking, driving, riding, shooting and other manly pastimes. The framed 1915 London Life cigarettes poster pictured here, for example, costs \$475. A catalog costs five dollars sent to Miscellaneous Man, P.O. Box 1776, New Freedom, Pennsylvania 17349, or call 717-235-4766. (M.M. also publishes catalogs on other subjects.) It's nice stuff, and the owner, George Theofiles, is one hell of a guy.





# COMING NEXT: OUR GALA CHRISTMAS ISSUE



MYSTERY TOUR



GENIUS WAITRESS



CHRISTMAS GOODIES



SEX STARS

**"KWOON"**—A MERCHANT MARINER, WITH FOREARMS LIKE POPEYE'S, LEARNS A LESSON ABOUT RESPECT AFTER SPARRING WITH HIS MARTIAL-ARTS TEACHER—FICTION BY **CHARLES JOHNSON**

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