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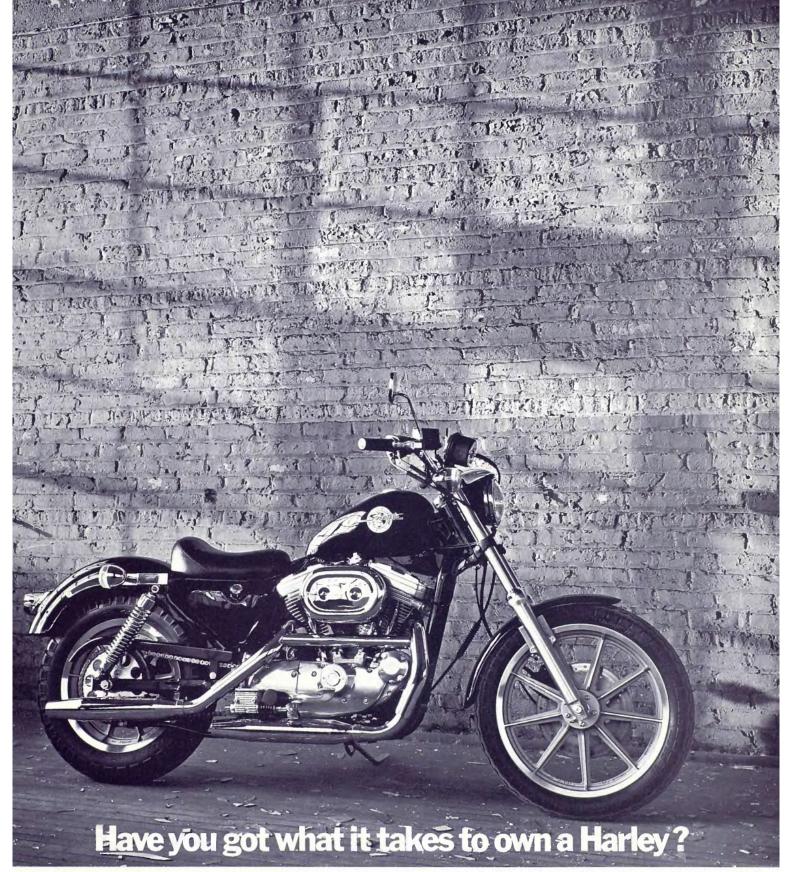
**PLUS AN INTERVIEW WITH** TOM HANKS, **SUPERGROUPIE PAMELA** DES BARRES, **SCUBA-DIVING** THRILLS AND A **DRUG BUST THAT** WENT BONKERS

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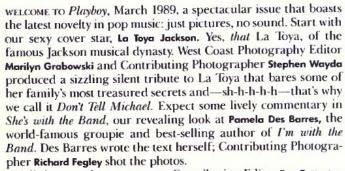




# PLAYBILL

WAYDA, GRABOWSKI





A little more than a year ago, Contributing Editor Reg Potterton got a phone call from John Bevon, who was in jail in Texas on drug-conspiracy charges. He set Potterton on the trail of Michael Palmer, a drug-dealing commercial-airline pilot who was at the heart of a bizarre plot—in which the DEA sneaked drugs into the United States and big-time dope traffickers went free. Potterton spent the better part of a year verifying Bevan's story of a preposterously twisted sting. The remarkable details appear in Let's Make a Drug Deal.

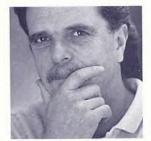
For his latest novel, Exes, Dan Greenburg hung out with homicide cops in Harlem. For Good Morning, Barry Levinson, we sent him to more dangerous territory-Hollywood-where he profiled L.A.'s hottest nice guy, the man who directed Diner, Good Morning, Vietnam and Rain Man. Croig Vetter's My Brother's First Climb (illustrated by Robert Giusti) takes a harrowing look at initiation up on the rock. With this piece, Vetter, who wrote 1978's memorable Pushed to the Edge series, returns to the outdoor-adventure beat. The Fiction Department has its own take on man's communion with nature: Bob Shacochis' big-fish story, Fancy's Grouper, and King Bee, by T. Coroghesson Boyle (with killerbee artwork by Tim O'Brien). There's good talk this month: the interview with Tom Hanks and 20 Questions with Hunter tough guy Fred Dryer. And Laurie Wood bows as Miss March. One last rumble: Don't miss Deep Thrills: The Sexy World of Scuba Diving, Geoffrey Norman's look at life below. It could tax anyone's breathing apparatus, above or under the water. Be careful out there.



POTTERTON



**GREENBURG** 



VETTER



GIUSTI



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O'BRIEN



# PLAYBOY

vol. 36, no. 3-march 1989

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Thrilling Jackson

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All Abuzz

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Luscious Laurie

0.00



Martini Celebration

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## **COVER STORY**

La Toya Jackson: a bigger Thriller than brother Michael. Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda shot the cover produced by West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski. La Toya's hair and make-up are by Clint Wheat, A La Mode/L.A.; the stylists were Lee Ann Perry and Jennifer Smith-Ashley. Earring is by Andre Van Pier, New York; cuff is by Michael Schmidt, New York. As far our Rabbit, he's quite a stud!



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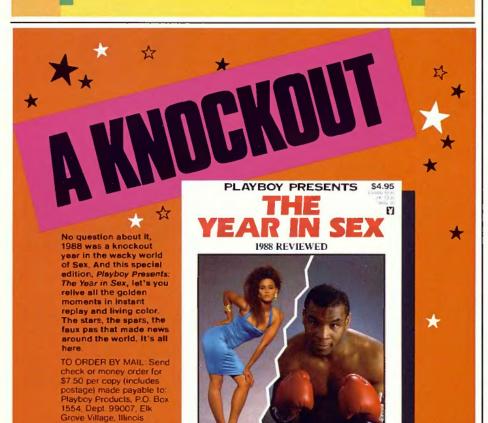
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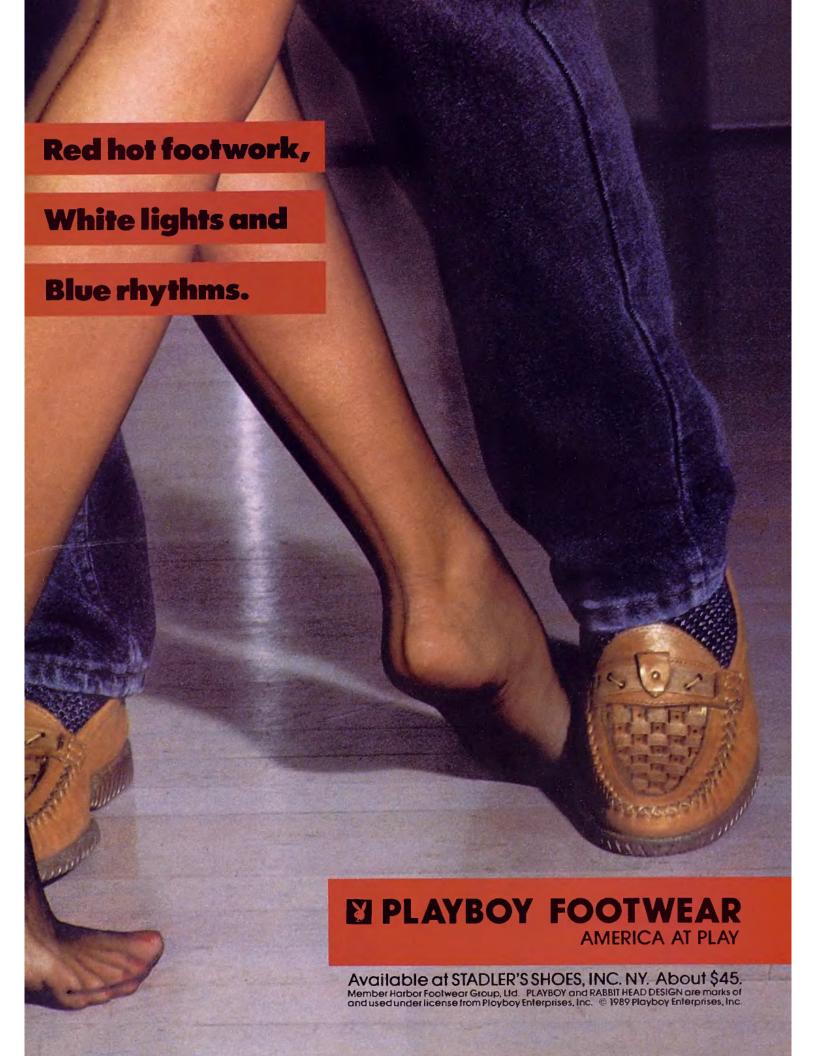
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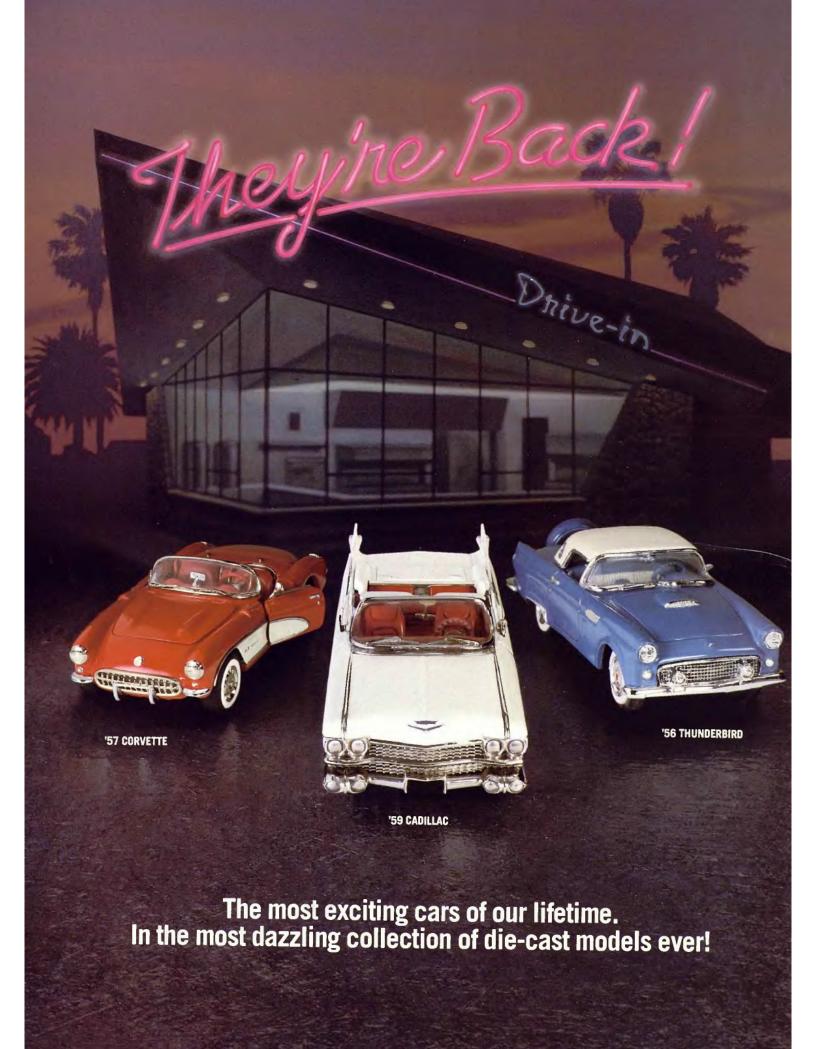
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FEATURED IN THIS MONTH'S PLAYBOY ADVISOR, WORLD-RENOWNED PAINTER DENNIS MUKAI, A CONTRIBUTING ARTIST TO PLAYBOY MAGAZINE, HAS CREATED CAREN, NOW AVAILABLE IN A BEAUTIFUL LIMITED-EDITION SIGNED AND NUMBERED 20-COLOR HANDMADE SERIGRAPH.



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# DEAR PLAYBOY

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#### CHER

Thank you for the *Playboy Interview* with Cher in your December issue. Too many people regard her as an underdressed Hollywood bimbo; it's about time she's recognized not just for her acting talent but also for her intelligence and sophistication.

Cher's opinions and attitudes on many topics—from sex to marriage; fitness and plastic surgery; and fame, past and present—are expressed clearly and honestly, and they underline her defined sense of self. She has already established herself as a serious actress; now we are seeing her as a serious person. Cher is a true Renaissance woman and an inspirational role model.

Beth McManigill Northridge, California

I loved Cher in the Sixties, because we were about the same age and I truly lusted for her body! Now I see that *all* of my Sixties feelings for her remain and the lust is much more mature (but *still* lust), because I love her mind, also. If anyone ever asks me what you'd get if you added balls to a woman, my answer would be simple—Cher.

Dave Marsh Williamsburg, Virginia

# CRACK

In his article *Crack* (*Playboy*, December), Jimmy Breslin again reveals himself as one of the most predictable writers around. He can't possibly restrain himself from interminable gushings of white self-guilt, whether to ease his conscience or to endear himself to the liberal phonies like the Reverend Al Sharpton or the hypocritical lesse Jackson.

Breslin easily indicts Italians, Jews and WASPs alike, portraying them as setting up a Jim Crow system of criminality, particularly in narcotics, as if it were part of a program of genocide. Bullshit. When one deals in and/or uses addictive or lifethreatening substances, the main burden of responsibility falls on the individual (re-

gardless of skin pigmentation), not on society or its institutions.

If genocide against blacks is being implemented, it is by black dealers and suppliers (who are not so lily-white anymore), but Breslin's contempt is reserved for whites who have passed on crack after brief experimentation. If whites were smart enough to drop crack, avoiding the tragedies of black neighborhoods, I think that merits some respect for their intelligence and common sense, not Breslin's sarcastic commentary.

George Warren Alameda, California

## MAN WITH A PAST

Pete Hamill, in his article Man with a Past (Playboy, December), worries that "our present obsession with the purity of our leaders" is leading to the election of only those who will pretend (or, worse, demonstrate) a prudish background. Contrary to Hamill's belief, this isn't new to our country. In Democracy in America, published in 1835, Alexis de Tocqueville wrote: "The characteristics of the American Journalist consist in an open and coarse appeal to the passions of his readers; and he abandons principles to assail the characters of individuals, to track them into private life, and disclose all their weaknesses and vices."

Hamill claims that Gary Hart was ruined by "cowardice in the face of conventional pieties." But given our 150-year history of journalistic sheet-sniffing, isn't a politician practically begging for destruction if he has affairs known to many—and, when challenged about them, dares the press to find him out?

> Lawrence S. Dietz Santa Monica, California

Pete Hamill certainly has a valid concern with our apparent obsession for purity in our public leaders, but getting drunk, kicking ass and seducing a plethora of women do not intrinsically endow us



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with wisdom. You don't automatically become a real man through your bottle, your fist or your dick.

This is not meant to be a dig at Hamill but to point out that neither end of the "ideal man" polarity—hollow perfectionism or hell-raising shallowness—is the answer. It has been said that we gain wisdom only after losing our innocence. Well, the metamorphosis to manhood occurs only after we go beyond societal expectations and become true to ourselves.

Thomas McNamara Seattle, Washington

Pete Hamill's Man with a Past really hits the spot! As a young man, I have already seen and done things that would in all likelihood ruin any political aspirations I might have!

I do not in the least regret any of those wild times and could really identify with Hamill. Yet I found his article confusing and somewhat hypocritical. "Character does matter" and "moral toughness is important," he says, yet "to equate Vietnam or Watergate to the smoking of marijuana, as was done in the case of Judge Ginsburg, is absurd." Last I knew, marijuana was a drug and illegal. When Hamill purchased his joint, did he have any idea where that money would go? More dope, harder drugs? But don't worry, Pete, you are just a freewheeling, bar-brawling kind of guy!

Politicians who steal other people's ideas and lie about their credentials are OK? Of course they are. If they shouldn't be held accountable to their wives and families, why should they be held accountable to their constituencies?

Tim Thomas Jacksonville, Vermont

# **RIGHT ON, GARY COLE!**

Gary Cole deserves congratulations for being the only college-football forecaster to pick Heisman Trophy winner Barry Sanders from Oklahoma State as a pre-season All-America (*Playboy's Pigskin Preview*, October). I saw Sanders on TV playing against Oklahoma and there is no doubt in my mind that he is the best player in America.

Daniel L. Ginsberg North Miami Beach, Florida

Upon arriving at the Playboy All-America Football Weekend in Miami last May, Sanders asked, "Hey, Mr. Cole, why'd you pick me?" It's refreshing to see honest modesty combined with so much athletic talent.

# **ROAD WARRIOR**

Thanks for *Road Warrior*, by Malcolm Smith with Lee Green (*Playboy*, December). Not only is Smith a legendary racer of anything that moves—two- or four-wheeled—he's a very modest guy. He didn't tell you of his eight golds in the six-day trials held for motorcyclists every year, in which you can't be late to any check point and you have to be in the top ten percent of all special tests.

Here's another little piece of information about Malcolm. His father explored Alaska, crossed the Bering Strait and, I think, got arrested by Russians with dog sleds. God love Malcolm Smith, my hero.

David Y. Rochlen Honolulu, Hawaii

## **TOXIC VENGEANCE**

I noticed with interest the photo from the movie *The Toxic Avenger: Part II* in your *Sex in Cinema* feature (*Playboy*, November). Although the picture accurately depicts John Altamura as the Avenger, I thought you and your readers would like to know that I also portray the Toxic Avenger in the film, having taken over for John midway through the shooting. Here's a picture of me as "the first



superhero from New Jersey" and my leading lady, Phoebe Légère (*Playboy*, June 1988). Ron Fazio

Rosedale, New York

Thanks, Ron. We'd recognize you anywhere,

# PROPOSITION 48: YEA OR NAY?

One would be hard put to find an argument more wrongheaded, or more damaging to the very people John Chaney claims to want to help, than that found in his denunciation of Proposition 48 (*Playboy*, December).

Chaney fails to mention that the cost of our permitting the coach to exploit the talents of the freshman who is ill-prepared for college is a greatly increased likelihood that the freshman will fail to become a sophomore. But then, it is not Chaney who will be charged with the task of helping this student overcome the sense of failure that has been grafted onto the disadvantages he brought with him to college.

Of course it is true that many of these illprepared students are black. This represents (A) the disadvantages faced by blacks in this society, disadvantages that attach to college careers as they do to everything else, and (B) the fact that blacks are athletically talented to a degree disproportionate with their numbers. There are many whites with no better preparation than these blacks, but the whites are not sufficiently talented athletically to be considered for college.

There may be, as Chaney claims, some question about the ability of the S.A.T. to predict college performance, but that is true only at a fine-tuned level. There is no question whatever that a student with a combined S.A.T. score of less than 700 will need all the help he can get, and as few distractions as possible, if he is to catch up and succeed. The fact that a poor high school did not properly prepare this student for both the S.A.T. and college merely tells us the cause of the student's being illprepared. It is the S.A.T. that shows us that he is ill-prepared and that gives us the warning necessary if we are to help the student overcome the disadvantages he brings to college. The student's chances of doing so are far greater if he spends his first year learning to study-and studying-than they are if his time is consumed practicing basketball. And, of course, if he fails to learn the habits or to use them, he won't be at the college to study or to play basketball a year later.

Steven Goldberg, Chairman Department of Sociology City College City University of New York New York, New York

John Chaney is interested in only one facet of the lives of the young black men for whom he so eloquently cries crocodile tears. His job as a coach depends almost totally upon dragging these boys of superior athletic talent out of high school and into his programs at the earliest possible time, whether or not they can read, write or do anything other than athletics.

Virgil C. Reed Houston, Texas

# ART IMITATES ART

As a professional illustrator who started out as a kid addicted to the two types of publications my mother assured me would send me straight to hell—comics and Playboy—I was delighted by the Harlan Ellison article It Ain't Toontown in the December issue. I am a devoted fan of Harlan's, I love comics, I love Playboy and I love Frank Miller's artwork on the opening spread—but wait! Holy tracing paper, Batman . . . the credit line says Ron Villani came up with that caped crusader. A close examination of book three of Miller's classic Dark Knight series, specifically page 38, will bear evidence to the contrary.

Joseph G. Sutliff Centreville, Virginia

Unholy plagiarism? Nope. Playboy had originally assigned Frank Miller himself to illustrate Ellison's piece, but scheduling complications prevented his completing it. We asked Villani to provide something in the style of Miller, as a tribute to the "Dark Knight" artist. Apparently, he succeeded all too well.



# THE REFRESHEST

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# CAN YOU FIND THE BOTTLE OF MILLER LITE IN THIS PICTURE?



# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



# HE AIN'T HEAVY, FATHER, HE'S MY AGENT

Last fall, we landed in Las Vegas to watch Sugar Ray Leonard knock the Canadian bacon out of Winnipeg's Donny "Golden Boy" Lalonde. Predictably, the traditional hoopla machinery had kicked in long before the match at Caesars Palace. Jack Nicholson supposedly had been sighted and, just prior to the obligatory bootlicking press conference, countless ring savants were feverishly assessing the impact of Sugar Ray's comeback-he's now tied with Elm Street's Freddy Krueger for resurrections.

Amid the clatter, we bumped into what may prove to be boxing's future. We spotted a beat-up-looking old guy—sometimes trends come in odd packages—loading up his plate at the complimentary buffet table set up for the sportswriters. One of his hands held a plate overflowing with cream cheese, bagels, biscuits with sausage and potatoes, all under a flood of catsup. The other hand balanced an overfilled coffee cup and two greasy pictures of a kid in a Joe Louis pose. "The kid is fourteen years old," the old man was saying into the back of a guy from Ring magazine. "I'm taking him right out of the orphanage. Gonna make him the next Sugar Ray. The next Tyson if we can put enough meat on him."

An orphan-just like Mike Tyson. Cus D'Amato vanked Tyson from the catacombs of institutional care and helped propel him into stardom. Has D'Amato now launched a feeding frenzy by wouldbe trainers in search of the next champ in a foundling home?

Yes, said the aficionados clustered around the casino bars later in the afterglow of Leonard's victory. The vision of a sort of pugilistic farm system spawned from the bleak institutions of foster care ran through nearly every conversation we heard. Should make a great Hollywood movie; and isn't showbiz what boxing is all about?

#### **RUFF SEX**

"SAM ENJOYS WALKS IN THE PARK, PLAYING BALL WITH THE BOYS AND CASUAL SEX. And he's only three." That's what the ad in The Sacramento Bee said. It turned out to be a public-service advisory imploring owners to have their pets neutered. Aw, why not teach Lassie to just say no?

# YOU ARE WHAT YOU ORDER

Everytime we open our mailbox, another four or five catalogs pop out. It got us to wondering: Would a careful reading of all this shop-by-mail literature yield mountains of information about society today? Sharper Image or L. L. Bean may well be the Diaries of Samuel Pepys for the Eighties. So we sat down and read every catalog we own and here's what we learned:

America hates lint. Why else do nine out of ten catalogs offer the Electronic Fuzz Ball Fighter or possibly the Lieutenant of Lint?

America lusts to ferret out hidden grime. The copy in the houseware pages is geared pointedly toward Felix Unger. One catalog gushes, "Don't you just hate the grungy mess of spills and spatters between your counters and your stove or fridge?'

America hates nose hair. Nine out of ten catalogs—hawking the special Nose Hair Annihilator clipper—can't be entirely wrong.



America is paranoid. Why else are five pages of every housewares catalog devoted to ads for antitheft devices and phone-tap detectors?

Digital is good. So is anything with a phone or with an AM/FM cassette player. Mail-order merchants are convinced that a useless or obsolete product can become an instant hit with the addition of a digital phone-radio.

Countertop, laptop and portable are good. "Portable," in catalogese, simply means the item has a handle on it.

America wants to go nowhere fast. It is likely we could construct our own Pompidou Center out of all the exercise bikes dispatched by catalog retailers to American pumpers. The really nice thing about exercise bikes, of course, is that they leave your hands free for reading catalogs.

# G MAN, PART TIME

Since the crime rate is soaring and guys like Willie Horton are committing furlough abuse, we've concluded that now is the time to get into the bounty-hunting business. "So, how much money can we make?" we asked the United States Marshals Service, which is part of the Justice Department. A spokesperson explained that for fiscal 1988, the Department budgeted \$225,000 for buying information leading to the arrest of 14,000 or so wanted criminals. It'll pay anywhere from \$50 to \$5000 for a tip-depending on how much it wants the criminal.

For really big money, your best bet is the Justice Department's MOST WANTED list. A crafty hunter can tap into hefty rewards by catching sight of one of "the worst of the worst," as the Feds affectionately refer to the list. A tip doesn't have to lead to a conviction-most of the "worsts" have already jumped bond on charges ranging from murder to drug dealing. It has only to lead to another arrest.

As we go to press, there are 12 men on the list waiting to be turned in: William Cooper, Jean Marie Gagnon, José Rafael Esmeral, Robert Thomas Nauss, William A. Sanders, Jr., Norman Ray Freelove, Douglas Alan Costa, Salvatore Caruana, William Hewlett, James Russell

# OBSESSION FOR MEN

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Calvin Klein

# OBSESSION FOR MEN

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# OBSESSION FOR MEN

Calvin Klein

# RAW DATA

# SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

#### QUOTE

"Our fundamental civil rights often depend on defending some scuzzball you don't like."—Ira Glasser, national executive director of the American Civil Liberties Union.

# OPIATE UPDATE

Percentage of Americans in a Gallup Poll study who said they are "committed to Jesus Christ": 66.

Percentage who said they believe Jesus Christ is God, or the son of God: 84.

Percentage who have not attended a religious service in the past six months: 44.

Of those Americans who do not attend church, percentage who believe in God, 77; who have had a religious experience, 25.

Percentage of all Americans who believe in heaven and hell, 74; who believe in E.S.P., 50; who believe in the existence of UFOs, 25.

# EATING IT UP

Average amount a downtown officeworker spends during lunch hour in one year: \$1825. Average amount a suburban officeworker spends: \$1945.

Percentage of lunchtime expenses actually spent on a meal by a downtown officeworker, 49; by a suburban officeworker, 41.

Average amount annually spent during lunch hour by men who work downtown, \$2270; by men who work in the suburbs, \$2525.

Average amount spent by women who work downtown, \$1685; by women who work in the suburbs, \$1695.



# FACT OF THE MONTH

Japan consumes 12 billion pairs of throwaway chopsticks annually. That's enough wood to build 12,000 homes in Japan. Average cost of the downtown lunch, five dollars; of the suburban lunch, \$4.80.

Percentage of downtown officeworkers who take their lunches to work, 28; of suburban officeworkers, 33.

Percentage of officeworkers who pay for their own lunch, 77; who lunch on an expense account, 23.

Percentage of downtown officeworkers who eat lunch alone, 47; of suburban officeworkers, 46.

Average lunch period for a downtown worker, 54 minutes; for a suburban worker, 48 minutes.

# TRASH

Average weight of trash now generated by each American per day, 3.5 pounds; in 1960, 2.9 pounds.

Projected average weight of trash generated daily per American in the year 2000: 6.5 pounds.

Amount spent per year on trash collection and disposal in the United States: 20 billion dollars.

Amount of that total spent on collection and transportation, 12 billion dollars; on recycling, two billion dollars.

# CHOP-SHOP SEXISM

Average cost of a man's haircut in Chicago, \$11.05; in Paris, \$21.23; in London, \$17.60; in Milan, \$14.45; in Athens, \$6.69; in Cairo, \$2.73.

Average cost of a woman's haircut in Chicago, \$23.76; in Paris, \$36.29; in London, \$28.87; in Milan, \$32.84; in Athens, \$15.32; in Cairo, \$10.78.

Weddell, Peter Paul Zink III and Sam Langford, Jr. Can't wait to get started? Write to the United States Marshals Service in Washington, D.C., for your personal MOST WANTED list. Then watch the fun start.

# SPOTLIGHT



The amazing Dr. D.

Dr. Estyne Del Rio-Dioz is a psychologist, but to nearly 1,000,000 Manhattan viewers of her cable-TV show *Encounters*, she's "the amazing Dr. D." Why is she amazing? She's an exorcist who specializes in cases of sexual possession and obsession. Just how many sexually possessed and obsessed people are out there, you ask?

"Apparently thousands," Dr. D. told us.
"I just appeared on New York's *People Are Talking Show* and subsequently received sixty-five hundred phone calls."

Dr. D. described for us some of the problems her patients run into. "Two of the women I exorcised were sleeping with male spirits," she said. "They'd go to bed at night and male spirits would be in their beds. One woman was bruised on her shoulders and thighs, but she hadn't slept with anyone for four years. The other one would have orgasms at night and sometimes saw the spirit in her doorway. She said the spirit ruined her marriage. I had a man on my show who would sleep with his girlfriend and feel the form of another woman in bed with them," she reported. Apparently, kinky spirits do not discriminate sexually.

The materials Dr. D. uses to perform an exorcism—or "cleaning," as she says—make an odd sort of grocery list: nine water glasses, fresh-cut flowers of white, yellow and red, candles, cigars ("You can clean someone's aura with cigar smoke"), 22 herbs, three fragrances, two coconuts, four pieces of cloth, two white china plates and a doll of the same sex as the bad spirit.

During the process, Dr. D. passes the doll and most of the other materials over the body of the sexually possessed person—both sides, no cheating. She holds the plates over burning candles to absorb the bad spirit. As a final step, she stashes the plates in separate garbage bags and smashes them with the coconuts. Need the treatment? Write to Dr. D. at 30 East End Avenue, Suite B, New York 10028.

# Pure brilliance. A fantasy in crystal and silver.



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# **MOVIES**

# By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

ABED WITH a maiden he has recently deflowered, the infamous rake carries on her oral-sex education by suggesting, "I think we might begin with one or two Latin terms." John Malkovich as Valmont, the accomplished seducer in Dangerous Ligisons (Warner), preys on women who can't resist his cold, reptilian charm. His principal target in British director Stephen Frears's elegant re-creation of Les Liaisons Dangereuses, the stage hit about unbuttoned decadence in 18th Century France, is a devout, beautiful married woman (Michelle Pfeiffer) of impeccable virtue. Such a challenge stirs Valmont's blood and excites the worldly marquise (Glenn Close) who is his confidante and occasional ally in amoral mischief. "I was born to dominate your sex, and avenge my own," sneers the marquise, whose wicked ways give Close an opportunity to act up a storm of silken innuendo. She, Malkovich, Pfeiffer and their fellow players, mostly American, sashay from grand salons to boudoirs, strewing double-entendres and broken vows of chastity behind them. The performers, the production and the language are flamboyant, as befits this witty and sinister drama of courtly intrigue, adapted by Christopher Hampton from the classic erotic novel by Choderlos de Laclos. Now scan the horizon for Valmont, another version of the book already filming under the direction of Milos Forman. Seems doubtful that either movie will play to packed houses in Dubuque, but Liaisons sets a dazzling pace for predatory sex in cinema. YYYY

You can bet your rent that Dustin Hoffman will be in the Oscar running for Rain Man (MGM/UA). Hoffman's reticent genius habitually transforms underdog roles into showstoppers, and he has done it again as an autistic savant named Raymond Babbitt who is too backward to manage his own life but has a computer-sharp head for figures, reads Shakespeare, memorizes phone books and TV game shows at first sight. Opposite Hoffman, Tom Cruise surpasses his own personal best as Raymond's long-lost sibling, Charlie-a custom-car dealer from L.A., where his business is in worse shape than his love life with a gorgeous Italian girl (Valeria Golino). Disinherited by his father, Charlie snatches his brother out of institutional care to hold him hostage for half of a \$3,000,000 trust. They reach an uneasy truce of kinship during a cross-country odyssey in a gleaming 1949 Buick, with significant layovers in diners, desert motels and Las Vegas. Director Barry Levinson, whose gift for bringing a man's world to life in movies has been obvious since Diner (see Good Morning, Barry Levinson on page 112),



Dangerous Close, Malkovich.

Star turns by Close, Malkovich, Hoffrnan, Cruise, Hurt and Turner.

Those sizzling co-stars from Body Heat, William Hurt and Kathleen Turner, are reunited by director Lawrence Kasdan in The Accidental Tourist (Warner). There's less heat but a lovely light generated by Kasdan's sensitive adaptation (with collaborator Frank Galati) of the best seller by Anne Tyler. Hurt, like a mere handful of stars in the Hollywood firmament, seems to ring up an acting triumph every year or so. He underplays brilliantly as a quirky writer of travel guides for businessmen who hate to leave home. Bringing real substance to what might have been a secondary role as the wife who leaves him after the death of their young son, Turner deplores his detachment, his ability to "travel through new and exotic places in the world and never be touched by them." He finds Paris terrible ("Everybody's impolite") and dislikes movies because "They make everything seem so close up." Into the dreary life of this confirmed loner comes an unlikely. vulnerable woman named Muriel (Geena Davis, exuding the sort of vibrancy that boosts a career into upper orbit), whom he hires to train his irascible dog, Edward. While she's at it, despite the fact that she wears the wrong clothes and seldom knows

when to shut up, Muriel gives Edward's master a new slant on life. Even so, life becomes more complicated when his wife decides to come back to him. Accidental Tourist has a whole roster of offbeat characters (Amy Wright as the hero's erratic spinster sister, Bill Pullman as his publisher who'd like to marry her), all of them oddly engaging. Kasdan and company can take a bow. For once, a subtle and original novel is brought to the screen with most of its magic intact.

The times they are a-changing, and that does make it difficult to accept Mel Gibson as a former drug dealer who's really a swell romantic hero in Tequila Sunrise (Warner). The sympathetic portrait of an ex-pusher just won't wash. Writer-director Robert Towne's glamorous old-time melodrama, a Forties film noir glitzed up for contemporary audiences, co-stars Kurt Russell as a cop on the narcotics squad who's also the good bad guy's best friend and Michelle Pfeiffer as a chic restaurant owner who can't decide between them (not for a while, anyway). Raul Julia's the key player in a plot that brings all hands to a waterfront shoot-out, where logic is socked in by star dust. The performers have pizzazz, but don't ask who's doing what to whom, or why. I couldn't explain it if I tried. \*\*

The agreeably mismatched stars of *Twins* (Universal) are Arnold Schwarzenegger and Danny DeVito as siblings separated at birth. Dressing them alike is the movie's best joke. The worst is sending them off to find their long-lost mother. Here's a comedy, intrinsically hilarious, fouled up by a misguided urge to be heart-warming.

A child's drawings begin to take fearful shape in her dreams in Paperhouse (Vestron), starring 13-year-old movie newcomer Charlotte Burke as the girl who seems clairvoyant, possessed or both. Glenne Headly and Ben Cross play the troubled parents in director Bernard Rose's dark psychological fantasy, which offers some unsettling images of Daddy (often away on trips but apparently well behaved) as a nightmarish marauder. Paperhouse doesn't explore that angle in depth, but its arresting visual spookery maroons us on the moors in a bleak house seemingly programed to play back adolescent fears. Leave the kids at home-and confiscate their crayons. \*\*

Scandinavian austerity infuses every frame of *Pelle the Conqueror* (Miramax), winner of the Palme d'Or as best movie at the 1988 Cannes Film Festival. Commanding as ever, Swedish superstar Max von Sydow dominates this bleak but beautiful version of a Danish classic directed by Bille August, Pelle (Pelle Hvenegaard) is a



peasant boy whose dream of emigrating to America gets little help from his widowed, drunken parent (Von Sydow). Father and



# OFF CAMERA

Moviegoers enthralled by the perfect match of performer and part seldom suspect there's a method to that magic—thanks to a small band of pros who make it happen.

Decades ago, when major-studio minions did the job, the screen credit CASTING BY was unheard of. Now there's a society of casting directors (C.S.A.). "And they'll cut off your legs if you call them agents," says one Hollywood insider. Their names—Lynn Stalmaster, Marion Dougherty, Wally Nicita, Juliet Taylor—flash by in an instant, but they wield untold influence.

Taylor, a plucky blonde Manhattan power broker credited with casting 16 Woody Allen films and such current movies as Mississippi Burning, Working Girl and Dangerous Liaisons, came up through secretarial ranks and now helps chart many major stars' career moves. She recalls that she got William Hurt his first role in a TV movie and cast Meryl Streep in her first film, Julia. "But I don't say I discovered Meryl. Her talent was already obvious. She did one play in New York, and everyone fainted." Juliet cites Julia as one occasion when she managed to push a reluctant director to think her way. "Fred Zinnemann didn't want Vanessa Redgrave in the title role. She was so politically controversial, and he was already nervous about Jane Fonda, so he got a little cranky about it. But Vanessa was great in the part; she won an Oscar." Both Dianne Wiest and Jeff Daniels were Taylor-made when she engineered their breakthrough roles in Woody Allen's Purple Rose of Cairo. Philosophically, Taylor sees a big risk for performers who get too much too soon. "On the other hand, if you're thirty-five years old and people in the business aren't aware of you, there's usually a reason."

son live in poverty as lackeys on a desolate farm. Lord of the manor is a boorish womanizer whose alcoholic wife ends his philandering with a gunshot wound in the groin. That's by far the most compelling episode in a wintry two-and-a-half-hour folk saga about 19th Century mores amid the downtrodden. Humane and highminded, indeed, but fun seekers beware: Pelle throws the book at you with nary a scrap of comic relief. YYV2

As two sexually repressed sisters in Liverpool circa 1944, Joan Plowright and Billie Whitelaw give The Dressmaker (Euro-American) a charge of bravura British acting. They're the guardians who spell the downfall of their niece (Jane Horrocks), a shy thing who's crazy in love with a horny, illiterate GI from Mississippi (Tim Ransom) but unable to satisfy his fairly elemental physical needs. Jim O'Brien (best known for his work as codirector of Britain's TV classic The Jewel in the Crown) brings plenty of period color and emotional intensity to this bizarre minor tragedy of young lust vs. starchy tradition. Wildly passionate in spite of themselves, the old biddies ultimately get away with murder and make quite a show of it. \*\*

At the age of 14, the blatantly seductive heroine of 36 Fillette (Circle) is a tease edging toward an adult sex life on her own terms. Performed with knowing voluptuousness by teenaged Delphine Zentout, Lili (the title refers to her busty clothing size) spends her summer holiday coming of age with a vengeance at a French beach resort. While hitchhiking, she's picked up by a 40ish rake named Maurice (Etienne Chicot) and gives him every reason to expect she will be an easy score. No way. In Lili, French writer-director Catherine Breillat has created an unsentimental Eighties nymphet whose role model might be Lolita. She may offer hand jobs, or a bit more, but threatens to cry rape if a man wants too much too soon. Judged by Breillat's cynical but enticing view, which Zentout embodies to perfection, flaming youth in France is a burnout. YYY

The bright, bookish young people enjoying drugs, sex and poetic license circa 1816 in director Ivan Passer's Hounted Summer (Cannon) are the same fabled foursome played by other actors in Ken Russell's Gothic: Lord Byron, his mistress Claire, the poet Percy Bysshe Shelley and his wife-to-be, Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, whose mind-blowing Swiss holiday inspired her to write Frankenstein. Philip Anglim's depraved Byron and Eric Stoltz's boyish Shelley are upstaged by Laura Dern, interestingly insecure as poor pregnant Claire, and Alice Krige, whose Mary seems to be acting out inner mysteries. Summer boasts sumptuous cinematography by Italy's Giuseppe Rotunno but won't get you nearly as high as Gothic. ¥¥1/2

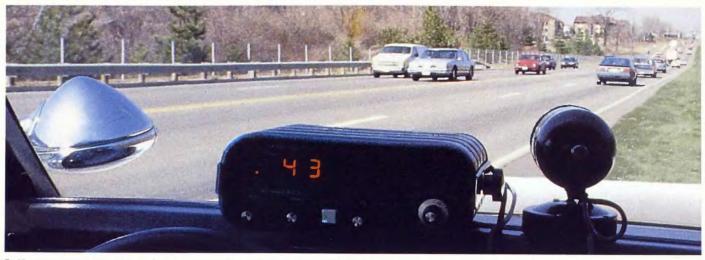
# MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films by bruce williamson

The Accidental Tourist (See review) On a head trip with William Hurt. Buster (Listed 2/89) Great Train Robbers on the lam in British comedy. A Cry in the Dark (Reviewed 2/89) Meryl Streep's annual Oscar bid. AAAA Dangerous Liaisons (See review) French sex games, centuries ago. AAAA Dirty Rotten Scoundrels (2/89) Delicious scams on the Riviera. AAAA The Dressmaker (See review) Strait-laced women in wartime England. Everybody's All-American (2/89) Lange, Quaid and Hutton almost save a softheaded soap opera. ¥¥1/2 Haunted Summer (See review) Lord Byron hosts another wild party. ¥¥1/2 The Iron Triangle (2/89) Back to Vietnam, with Beau Bridges as another POW learning that war is hell. Mississippi Burning (2/89) Powerful stuff about Sixties race murders in Dixie, with Hackman and Dafoe. XXXX My Stepmother Is an Alien (2/89) Some extraterrestrial sex jokes launched by Kim Basinger and Dan Aykroyd. The Naked Gun (2/89) From the guys who made Airplane!, a cops-and-killers spoof that never quite takes off. Paperhouse (See review) Daddy's little girl conjures up some pen pals. Pelle the Conqueror (See review) Cannes loved this cool Danish classic. ¥¥1/2 Rain Man (See review) Brotherly buddy tale with Cruise and Hoffman. YYYY1/2 Scrooged (2/89) Undoing Dickens in Bill Murray's outrageous Christmas story with a mean streak. ¥¥¥1/2 Spike of Bensonhurst (1/89) Broad fun with a punk prize fighter from the Mafia-ruled outback of Brooklyn. Talk Radio (1/89) On-the-air enmity deep in the heart of Dallas-with Eric Bogosian directed by Oliver Stone. \*\*\* Tequila Sunrise (See review) Star power stymied by turgid plot. 36 Fillette (See review) Ready, willing, teenaged and French. XXX Torch Song Trilogy (2/89) Harvey Fierstein's ode to the days and knights of a drag queen. Twins (See review) Too little mirth, too much heart for the twosome. We Think the World of You (2/89) Gary Oldman with Alan Bates in a kinky Brit triangle: two men and a dog. Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown (1/89) Manhandling in Madrid. ¥¥¥ Working Girl (2/89) She's Melanie Griffith as a sexy, upwardly mobile Wall Street schemer.

# YYYYY Outstanding

YYYY Don't miss YYY Good show ¥¥ Worth a look ¥ Forget it



Traffic radar doesn't say which car is being clocked, it merely flashes a number. The radar operator must then try to determine which vehicle produced the reading.

# Why radar makes mistakes. How to protect yourself.

Although nine different errors have been documented for traffic radar, the most common source of wrongful tickets is mistaken identity.

It's hard to believe, but traffic radar does not identify which vehicle is responsible for the speed being displayed. It shows only a speed number and nothing else. The radar operator must decide who is to blame.

## How radar works

The radar gun is aimed at traffic and it transmits a beam of invisible radar waves. Each moving object within range reflects these invisible waves back to the radar gun. Using the <a href="Doppler principle">Doppler principle</a>, the radar calculates speed from the reflected waves.

## Traffic radar is blind

Traffic radar works differently from military, air-traffic-control, and weather radars. The others use rotating dish antennas in order to track many objects simultaneously.

Traffic radar uses a far smaller, far cheaper, gun-shaped antenna. This simplification requires traffic radar to ignore all reflections but the strongest. The number displayed is speed calculated from the strongest reflection.

## The best guess

Remember, these reflections are invisible. Truck reflections can be ten times stronger than car reflections. How can the operator know for sure which vehicle is responsible for the number?

The truth is, he can't be sure in many cases. The result is mistaken identity. You can be ticketed for somebody else's reflection.

# Self defense

The only way to defend yourself against these wrongful tickets is to know when radar is operating near you. Others agree with this method. In his verdict upholding a citizen's right to use a radar detector, Judge Joseph Ryan, Superior Court, District of Columbia, wrote:

"If government seeks to use clandestine and furtive methods to monitor citizen actions, it can ill afford to complain should the citizen insist on a method to effect his right to know he is under such surveillance."

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Jerry Lee Lewis: Driginal Sun Greatest Hits • Whole Lotta Shakin Goin On, Great Balls Of Fire, more. Rhino 154118

Kitaro: The Light Of The Spirit • Sundance, Mysterious Encounter, The Field, In The Beginning, etc. Geffen DIGITAL 164228

Richard Marx • Endless Summer Nights, Should've Known Better, Don't Mean Nothing, etc. EMI-Manhattan 134073

Jimmy Page: Outrider • Wasting My Time, The Only One, Prison Blues, more. Getten. 123721

Robert Plant: Now And Zen • Dance On My Own, Heaven Knows, Tall Cool One, Ship Of Fools, etc. Es Paranza 134392

Led Zeppelin: Houses Of The Holy D'yer Maker, Over The Hills And Far Away, etc. Atlantic 134321

George Harrison: Cloud Nine • Title song, I Got My Mind Set On You, When Wa Was Fab, more. Warner/Dark Horse 174328



Phil Collins: Buster 100517

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Previn: Gershwin • Rhapsody In Blue, Concerto in F. more. Philips DIGITAL 115437 Eagles Greatest Hits, Vol. 1 Asylum 123481

Keith Richards: Talk Is Cheap • Big Enough. How I Wish. Take It So Hard. Struggle. I Could Have Stood You Up, more. Virgin 100518



Steve Winwood: Roll With It

154633

Liz Story: Speechless • Forgiveness, Speechless, Welcome Home, Back Porch, Vigil, Frog Park, more, RCA/Novus, 100494

Decade/Best Of Steely Dan MCA 154135

Beethoven, Symphony No. 7; Coriolan & Prometheus Overtures • Royal Philharmonic/Previn. RCA DIGITAL 153621

Jethro Tull: Aqualung Chrysalis 124705
Whitney Houston: Whitney • I Wanna
Dance With Somebody (Who Loves Me).
Didn't We Almost Have It All, more.
Arista 152854

Metallica: ...And Justice For All • One. Blackened, title song, To Live Is To Die, Shortest Straw, more. Elektra 200478

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David Sanborn: Close-Up • Lush jazz sax effort! Slam, You Are Everything, J.T., Goodbye, Same Girl, etc. Warner Bros. 134408

Dwight Yoakam: Buenas Noches From A Lonely Room • Title Song. Streets Of Bakersfield (with Buck Owens), more. Reprise 100009

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Tangerine Dream: Phaedra 100510

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Pictures At An Exhibition, Night Dn The Bare Mountain, more • Montreal Symphony/Dutoit. London DIGITAL 125314

Whitesnake • Here I Go Again, Still Of The Night, Give Me All Your Love, Crying In The Rain, Bad Boys, more. Geffen 163629

ZZ Top: Afterburner Warner Bros. 164042
Carly Simon: Greatest Hits Live

Carly Simon: Greatest Hits Live Anticipation, You're So Vain, Coming Around Again, Nobody Does It Better, etc Arista 154537

Huey Lewis: Small World • Perfect World, Walking With The Kid, World To Me, Better Be True, Old Antone's, etc. Chrysalis 134347



Horowitz Plays Mozart

115436

Najee: Day By Day • Personality, title song, That's The Way Of The World, Tonight I'm Yours, Gina, Najee's Nasty Groove, etc. EMI-Manhatian

Genesis: Invisible Touch • Land Of Confusion, title song, etc. Atlantic 153740

More Dirty Dancing • Do You Love Me, Love Man, Big Girls Don't Cry, Wipeout, Some Kind Of Wonderful, Cry To Me, more, RCA 130766

The Who's Greatest Hits MCA 164160

Tchaikovsky, 1812 Overture; Romeo & Juliet; Nutcracker Suite • Chicago Symphony/Solti. London DIGITAL 125179
James Galway: Greatest Hits RCA 173233

The Moody Blues: Sur La Mer • I Know You're Out There Somewhere, No More Lies, Here Comes The Weekend, Vintage Wine, etc. Polydor 124546

The Beach Boys: Endless Summer California Girls, Help Me Rhonda, Surfer Girl, more. Capitol 223559

Cinderella: Long Cold Winter • Gypsy Road. Don't Know What You Got (Till It's Gone), The Last Mile, etc. Mercury 114780



Bon Jovi: New Jersey 100516

Strauss, Also sprach Zarathustra Chicago Symphony Orchestra/Reiner. RCA 163627

Charlie Parker & Dizzy Gillespie: Bird & Oiz • Leap Frog, My Melancholy Baby, Mohawk, etc. Verve 173413

Robert Palmer: Heavy Nova • Simply Irresistible. Disturbing Behavior. She Makes My Day. More Than Ever, Change His Ways, etc. EMI-Manhattan 100035

The Very Best Of The Everly Brothers Bye Bye Love, Crying In The Rain, Bird Dog, others, Warner Bros.

Kenny G: Silhouette • We've Saved The Best For Last, title song, Tradewinds, Pastel, Against Doctor's Orders, Let Go, more. Arista 1006603

D.J. Jazzy Jeff & The Fresh Prince: He's The D.J., I'm The Rapper • Parents Just Don't Understand, Nightmare On My Street, etc. Jive 264134

Raffi: Singable Songs For The Very Young Shoreline 144494

Elton John: Reg Strikes Back • A Word In Spanish, I Don't Wanna Go On With You Like That, Goodbye Marlon Brando, Town Of Plenty, etc. MCA DIGITAL 100602 Elton John: Greatest Hits, Vol. 1

Vivaldi, The Four Seasons • English Concert/Pinnock. Archiv DIGITAL 115356

Joe Cocker: Classics Contains 13 Hits!

Bruce Hornsby And The Range: Scenes From The Southside • The Valley Road and Jacob's Ladder, plus others. RCA 180187

Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young: Greatest Hits (So Far) • Suite: Judy Blue Eyes, etc. Atlantic 130230

New Age Bach: The Goldberg Variations Joel Spiegelman plays the Kurzweil 250 Digital Keyboard. East-West 100488

John Cougar Mellencamp: The Lonesome Jubilee • Paper In Fire, Check It Out, Cherry Bornb, Rooty Toot Toot, etc. Mercury 134420

Elvis: 18 Number Dne Hits RCA 172190

Robert Cray: Don't Be Afraid Df The Dark Title song, Don't You Even Care, more. Mercury/Hightone 100471

Jimi Hendrix: Kiss The Sky • Purple Haze, All Along The Watchtower, Voodoo Child, Are You Experienced, etc. Reprise 161349

Parton/Ronstadt/Harris: Trio • To Know Him Is To Love Him. etc.

Warner Bros. 114804

Chicago 19 • I Don't Wanna Live Without Your Love, Heart In Pieces, etc.

Reprise 154404 Peter Cetera: One More Story • One

Good Woman, more. Warner Bros. 100463

Buckwheat Zydeco: Taking It Home
Why Does Love Got To Be So Sad? (with
Eric Clapton), Creole Country, more.
Island 100597

The Sound Df Music/Orig. Soundtrack



Randy Travis: Old 8x10

400000

The Police: Every Breath You Take-The Singles • Don't Stand So Close To Me (186). Roxanne, etc. A&M 173924

Sting: Nothing Like The Sun • We'll Be Together, They Dance Alone, Be Still My Beating Heart, more. A&M 273965

Mozart, Overtures • Academy of St. Martin/Marriner. Marriage Of Figaro, 8 more. Angel DIGITAL 134267

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Johnny Cash: Classic Cash • Folsom Prison Blues, Ring Of Fire, I Walk The Line, Get Rhythm. Cry, Cry, Cry, more. 100595

Procol Harum: Classics • 12 great hits! A&M 134445

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173406 The Judds: Greatest Hits BCA 144578

Allman Brothers Band: Eat A Peach Melissa, Blue Sky, Ain't Wastin' Time No More, etc. Polydor



Dirty Dancing/Soundtrack 182522

Scott Joptin, Piano Rags • Joshua Rilkin plays The Entertainer, Maple Leaf Rag, Gladiolus Rag, 14 more. Nonesuch 164055

Eric Clapton: Time Pieces (The Best Of) Layla, I Shot The Sherilf, After Midnight, Cocaine, etc. Polydor 123385

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# **MUSIC**

### **ROBERT CHRISTGAU**

THE TITLE THAT sums up Sonic Youth's early Eighties is Confusion Is Sex, which for you it probably isn't and for them maybe it was. But they got bored with chaos and, unlike so many bohemians who see through that cliché, they proved to have more socially redeeming talents. Daydream Nation (Enigma/Blast First) won't storm the chartsthe high-energy monotones of Thurston Moore and Kim Gordon aren't radio-ready and the functional audio is grungy by 64track standards. And so what? If you crave stick-to-the-ribs tunes that won't turn your stomach, Moore and Gordon go 14 for 14 on this double LP, sustaining the extended lengths with an avant version of what Iggy Pop I.D.'d as raw power. With forced rhythms powering a tuning system that delivers their guitar sound from the bentnote bullshit of a hundred beer commercials, they uplift and abrade at the same time. When singer Lee Ranaldo yells "Forget the past and just say yes" and Gordon progresses from "I wanted to know the exact dimensions of hell" to "He was candy all over," they flip the bird to an impoverished time that's designed to lull body and spirit into passivity. "Does 'Fuck you' sound simple enough?" Gordon inquires. Not always. For the duration of this album, though, you can just say yes.

Lucinda Williams won't be showing up on any commercials, either, but not for want of bent notes—she just takes no flak. A rock-and-roll traditionalist whose generous voice comes by its drawl naturally, Williams has been trying to put her exuberantly well-turned songs onto an album for most of this decade. *Lucinda Williams* (Rough Trade), her third try, came out her way, and why any record man would want to order her around, I can only guess. Maybe because she seems just an inch's compromise away from a hit. But that inch is probably why this rock-and-roll traditionalist still sounds fresh.

# **NELSON GEORGE**

Anita Baker's Giving You the Best That I Got (Elektra) is good-better than the bulk of vocal-diva releases-but overall, it isn't equal to the high standard she established with Rapture. Where Rapture reintroduced a sophisticated jazz/Gospel blend to the mass audience, Giving is an attempt by executive producer Baker and producer Michael J. Powell to consolidate their audience while trying not to clone Rapture. It is a daunting task—one the pair more than meets on several songs. The unconventionally structured title cut works brilliantly as a vehicle for a flamboyant, emotional vocal. Good Love sounds dark, passionate and downright obsessive, as Baker's lead voice works in rich contrast to her own husky



The high-energy monotones of Youth.

Sonic Youth and Anita Baker among the elders.

background vocals. She glides through the samba *Good Enough* with a soft, sexy sweetness enhanced by some tasty scatting. But mostly, the material on *Rapture* generated a lot more drama than is here.

Keep an eye on Mica Paris, the latest pop-soul import from Great Britain. Paris has a bright, vibrant delivery on her debut album, So Good (Island), that may make her as popular here as she is in the U.K. You gotta love any young singer who records a song titled Nothing Hits Your Heart like Soul Music and then really sings it with soul.

#### VIC GARBARINI

R.E.M.'s recent "best of" collection, Eponymous (I.R.S.), traces its evolution from a slightly wimpy (but promising) group of Byrd manqués to a more focused, muscular band with deep, if sometimes obscure, lyrics. All of which raises the question: Can David Byrne's head on Neil Young's body really fill stadiums?

Singer/lyricist Michael Stipe is a true poet. On R.E.M.'s new Warner Bros. debut, Green, he sharpens the fractured prism of his own consciousness to depict various forms of spiritual transcendence. Check out the majestically tender You Are the Everything and the hilarious wisdom of Stand, a kind of Zen version of Twist and Shout. To the average Bon Jovi fan, R.E.M. probably remains a band with its feet firmly planted in the clouds and its head on the ground. A sense of Appalachian melancholy still clings to the edge of its sound like a north Georgia mist. But so what? These guys are making excellent music, whether or not the stadium crowd ever catches on. Check it out.

# DAVE MARSH

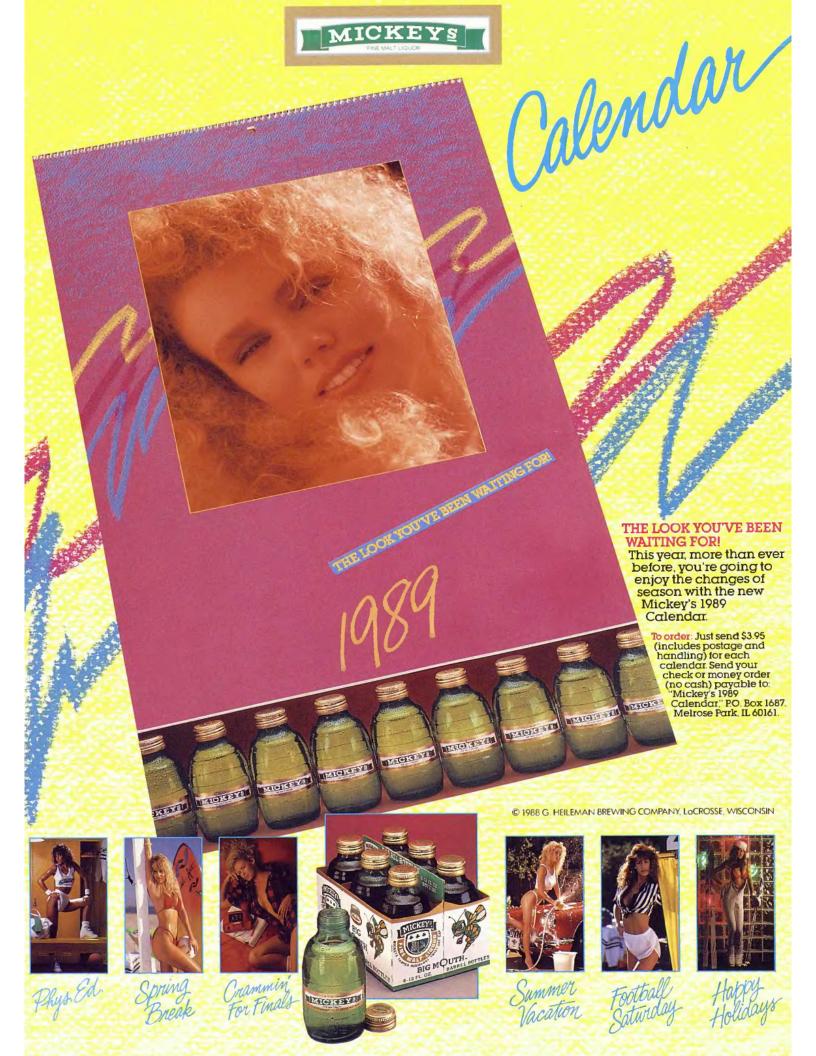
When the late Roy Orbison first told me about the Traveling Wilburys last summer, I didn't know whether to cringe or hope he was kidding. Like any self-respecting rock critic, when I hear the term supergroup, I reach for my revolver. Over the years, that's what most supergroups should have done, pointing the barrel at themselves. So at first glance, the Wilburys project—an ad hoc assemblage of Bob Dylan, Orbison, George Harrison, Tom Petty and E.L.O.'s Jeff Lynne—seemed guaranteed to be one more embarrassment in the careers of several artists who couldn't afford any more. But Traveling Wilburys Volume One (Wilbury/Warner Bros.) isn't like that. It's the most tightly focused set of songs and

**GUEST SHOT** 



CHRISTOPHER CROSS'S multiplatinum 1980 debut LP garnered five Grammys and hinted at New Age music before that genre had a name. No surprise, then, that Cross wanted to review New Age/jazz guitarist William Ackerman's latest, "Imaginary Roads."

"I've followed William Ackerman since the beginning-I've sat in front of the stereo, my jaw dropping in amazement. He's a virtuoso guitarist, a master technician and a very emotional player. He pioneered New Age, finding a way to incorporate the virtuosity of jazz into more accessible song structures. Ackerman usually plays solo, or with just a few other musicians. But this time, he worked with flutists, pianists and an oboist-apparently to add more colors and to make the music more interactive. He shows artistic generosity, but I wish he hadn't taken such a back seat. Imaginary Roads lacks a certain compositional cohesiveness for me. Still. I remain a devoted fan."





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# **FAST TRACKS**

R	0 C	K M	E 1	T E	R
	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young American Dream	C+	C+	В	c-	В
R.E.M. Green	B+	A	C+	c	В
Traveling Wilburys Volume One	B+	B+	c	A	B+
Anita Baker Giving You the Best That I Got	C+	B+	В	c	В-
Sonic Youth Daydream Nation	A	c-	C+	D	В

HEARTBREAK HOTEL REVISITED DEPARTMENT: We read that the government of Indonesia has banned all music that deals with "heartache." It demoralizes the population, say government sources.

REELING AND ROCKING: Bob Geldof will direct Cowboys in Ireland. . . . When Dennis Quaid plays the Killer in Great Balls of Fire, real musicians, not actors, will be in the band. Who? Jimmie Vaughan, Mojo Nixon and John Doe. . . . Bo Diddley, Thomas Dolby and Toni Basil are filming Rockula. . . . Meat Loaf has landed a role in Medium Rare, starring Burt Young and Lainie Kazan. . . . Joan Jett says she's looking for a comedy script to film. . . . The Ramones perform the title cut of Stephen King's new movie, Pet Sematary. . . . When Sandra Bernhard films her one-woman off-Broadway show, Madonna will be in it.

NEWSBREAKS: Look for Alvin Lee's and Robbie Krieger's solo albums this spring on I.R.S.' No Speak all-instrumental label. . . . Other albums to watch for are by Jody Watley, George Strait, the Dead, Jackson Browne, Simply Red, Charlie Sexton, Black Sabbath, Tom Tom Club, Simple Minds, Janet Jackson, Sting, Billy Idol and David Bowie. . . . Now that Grace Slick and Poul Kontner are talking and even lunching again, it's safe to say that an album and a tour with two other Airplane members, Jorma Kaukonen and Jack Cosody, are in the works. . . . Negotiations are under way for Bon Jovi to play Russia this summer. . . . And we hope this rumor is true: The Who plans a U.S. stadium tour during the summer. . . . Tracy Chapman is returning to the studio with the same producer and many of the same musicians from her first album. . . . Mick Jagger's video Primitive Cool combines old Stones footage with

more recent solo stuff. . . . While Mick

is recycling the past, we should point

out that one of Keith's solo shows late last fall sold out in 17 minutes. Will these guys be able to come together? . . . Duran Duran will be touring near you any day now. . . . Top Fifties and Sixties stars, including the Contours, Gary "U.S." Bonds, Mitch Ryder, Mary Wells, Del Shannon and the Dixie Cups, were taped for a 90minute PBS special, Rockin' the Night Away, to air in March. . . . Winterland Productions, the largest seller of rock T-shirts, had to say a reluctant no to Goldman-buster T-shirts. The idea was to show the book jacket of Albert Goldman's The Lives of John Lennon in a Ghostbusters-style logo, with a red line through it. Using the cover without the publisher's permission is the problem. We'd buy one. . . . The Pet Shop Boys have written a second track for Dusty Springfield's album and next will write and produce half of Lizo Minnelli's new pop album. . . . Whitney Houston is the first female solo artist to sell 9,000,000 copies of one album. . . . Whitesnake is writing a new album, on which recording recently started, for a summer release. . . . Putsy Kensit, the lead singer in Eighth Wonder, is also an actress. After she finishes a world tour with her band. Kensit has two nonsinging film roles on tap. (You saw her already in Absolute Beginners with David Bowie.) . . . Bobby Mc-Ferrin plans to "be happy" at home in 1989 and not tour again until 1990. He does plan to create a vocal group, which he'll call Voicestro. . . . Finally, we read an item in Dave Marsh's Rock & Roll Confidential that we like a lot: Joy Borrs. who won the gold in men's archery in Seoul, used heavy-metal music to steady his aim. After each round of arrows, Barrs would play a little air guitar while listening to Sammy Hagar and Motley Crue. Take that, Tipper Gore!

-BARBARA NELLIS

performances any of the participants has given us in years. The tough, precise but funky guitarwork, the fine harmonies and. needless to add, the distinctive lead singing, remind me of an all-male Fleetwood Mac.

The songs can be as spunky as Harrison's opening Handle with Care or as salty as Dylan's Dirty World, the raciest recording he has made since V.D. Blues. The most ponderous, Dylan's Tweeter and the Monkey Man, brilliantly parodies Bruce Springsteen's Dylan sound-alikes. The real grace note, though, is Orbison's Not Alone Any More, which suggests the quality and intensity of his Sixties records.

So I've come full circle. In the ideal rockand-roll world, Orbison would not have died in December, the Wilburys would stay together, go on tour, make more albumsmaybe even a video. The fact that Harrison, Petty and Lynne used to have other bands would be fondly remembered by aging rock critics. And their new music would be so good (as good as this) that it wouldn't much matter to anybody else.

## CHARLES M. YOUNG

Nineteen years after the quartet's last studio album together, Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young are singing about pretty much the same subjects: personal relationships, ecology, anti-authoritarian politics. Aside from technological developments that put another coat of gloss on their alreadyshimmering harmonies, they sound pretty much the same, too. So the big question on American Dream (Atlantic) is whether they have come up with some decent material. Yes and no. Compared with their faltering solo projects, this album confirms that these guys do sound better together. Neil Young's quavering tenor needs the contrast of singers who can actually hit notes in the harmonies. Graham Nash needs the guitar slashes of Young and Stills to keep his domestic and environmental concerns, however laudable, from wallowing in banality. David Crosby's predictable mea culpa about his wrestle with drugs ("I have wasted ten years in a blindfold") seems heartfelt. This LP may not change the world, but it suggests that we've all grown up some, that the Sixties are back and that the baby boom shall kick ass again.

If John Lennon and Paul McCartney had been officers in the Gestapo, they would have sounded a lot like Laibach, a popular band in Yugoslavia, where it is associated with the revolutionary nationalism boiling under the Communist bureaucracy. Laibach's version of Let It Be (Enigma) includes all the songs from the classic Beatles album except, for unknown reasons, Let It Be. The record is a fall-onthe-floor hilarious cross between Wagner and the Butthole Surfers that is perfectly suited to play at the very end of your party to drive everyone out of your house-unless your friends are Nazis. I just hope that this is the joke I think it is.

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# VIDEO

# GUEST SHOT



Although sharpshooting radio/TV host Larry King still doesn't know how to operate his video machine ("I don't even know how to set the clock!""), he admits it has turned him into a home-vid junkie.

"When I first got my VCR," he confesses, "movies took over my life. They replaced food. They replaced sex. I rented seven of them a day—documentaries, sports events, Tyrone Power films, stuff by Martin Scorsese and Stanley Kubrick. Rage, with George C. Scott, is my best rental tip. I also love The Manchurian Candidate—boy, does that hold up over time." Come on, Lar—doesn't one tape reign supreme on the King video list? "The Best Years of Our Lives," he says, adding that he owns it. "It's my favorite movie of all time. I keep it with my books—not my tapes."

—LAURA FISSINGER

# VIDEOSYNCRASIES

National Geographic Video: The Sharks: A crack team of marine biologists and photographers takes you into the jaws of a great white during a feeding frenzy. Awesome camera angles and menacing music; makes Freddy Krueger's antics look like guppy love (Vestron).

An Evening with Kitten: A 30-minute striptease by Kitten Natividad, one of Russ Meyer's favorite bosomy vixens. Also, eyepopping incarnations, including Kitten as Bruce Lee, as the Incredible Bulk and as Dracula's next victim (Rhino).

## **BRUCE ON VIDEO**

our movie critic goes to the tape

True film buffs love to remember moviedom's magic moments, when a new face or a supporting actor is suddenly catapulted from relative obscurity into the big time. Like that memorable scene in *To Have and Have Not* when Lauren Bacall achieved instant stardom by telling Bogart how to whistle: "Just put your lips together and blow." Here are a few films that not only capture those famous first appearances but also are worth the price of a rental on their own merits.

The Asphalt Jungle: John Huston's 1950 crime classic has a telling bit by young Marilyn Monroe as a gang lord's moll who stops the show.

Billy Liar: Tom Courtenay stars in this John Schlesinger comedy/drama about a working-class lad's fantasies, though Julie Christie all but steals it, sauntering along a mean street in a minor role.

Body Heat: Mostly, thermometers pop from the sexual chemistry between William Hurt and Kathleen Turner. But no one overlooked Mickey Rourke, who became hot overnight with his stint as the supercool arsonist.

A Fistful of Dollars: Clint who? Eastwood played second fiddle to insects (Tarantula)

and Francis the Talking Mule before Sergio Leone's first spaghetti Western started him riding high.

Two for the Road: This brittle, brilliant Stanley Donen comedy, vintage 1967, stars Audrey Hepburn and Albert Finney as a married couple coming unglued on the Riviera. But Jacqueline Bisset appears briefly amid a gaggle of English tourists, distracting Finney and an entire generation of girl watchers.

# VIDEO OF THE MONTH



Move over, Jane Fonda, Richard Simmons, Kathy Smith—the lot of you—and make room for MCA's Couch Potato Workout, the hippest, funniest and, possibly, lowest-impact exercise tape to hit

the vid market. Starring a gleefully prone Larry "Bud" Melman (David Letterman's pudgy, owlish buddy), the 45-minute work-out includes the kind of no-sweat calisthenics only a *real* couch tater could love. Among them: The Milk Dud Toss, The Remote Thumb-Press, The Chip Extension and, of course, the classic Fanny-Clinch-and-Dash-to-the-Can. So much fun, you'll never leave your La-Z-Boy.

# SHORT TAKES

Best Thrill-a-Minute Video: Sew a Wardrobe in a Weekend; Second-Best Thrill-a-Minute Video: Draw & Color with Uncle Fred; Worst Video Bar Mitzvah Present: How America Became Christian; Best It's-a-Living Video: Bowl Turning; Favorite Honest-to-God Press-Release Headline: "VIDAMERICA AND RALSTON PURINA SET TIE-IN PROMO ON BRAN CHEX CEREAL AND DEBBIE REYNOLDS VIDEO:"

# THE HARDWARE CORNER

Picture, Picture: Watching a movie on tape but still want to know the score of the ball game on cable? Kenwood solves the problem with its remote on-screen programable KV-956 VCR (\$950), which offers picture-in-picture capability. A treat for each eye.

Small Wonders: Citizen is back in the tiny-TV market with a two-and-one-half-inch color LCD model (TC-53-OA) that features built-in backlight. With case and batteries, it weighs less than a pound. . . . Sony's EV-SI 8mm VCR—packing a 152-channel cable-ready TV tuner and other special effects—is three inches high, 11 inches wide and a puny six pounds.

a guide to how we really choose what to watch			
MOOD	MOVIE		
FEELING IRISH	Finian's Rainbow (leprechauns, pots o' gold and jigs courtesy of Astaire); John Ford festivol: The Informer (Victor McLoglen rots on best friend and poys the price from the I.R.A.) and The Quiet Man (Duke Wayne in the boxercomes-home classic; Erin goes browny).		
FEELING SEXY	The Unbearable Lightness of Being (Czechs and sex in the Progue spring; stunningly erotic); A Night in the Life of Jimmy Reardon (River Phoenix as rondy teen who scores with—omong others—Dad's girl); Ghostess with the Mostess (lusty ghosts inhobit house; spirited X fore).		
FEELING SILLY	Big Top Pee-Wee (os goofy os his Big Adventure, but at leost he gets laid); ¡Three Amigos! (makes the Three Stooges seem avant-garde; best cameo: Randy Newmon os singing bush); Hot to Trot (Bob Goldthwait os horse's ass who inherits tolking horse; hormless).		
FEELING MACHO	Colors (Penn and Duvoll brave L.A. gang wars; bitter stuff); Full Metal Jacket (Kubrick's Vietnam: more art and heart than Platoon); Red Heat (Schwarzenegger as Moscow cop; big finale: Two buses play "chicken"); Mike Tyson's Greatest Hits (the pre-Robin knockouts).		

#### **BOOKS**

#### By DIGBY DIEHL

"STICK IT in your ear!" is getting to be a familiar refrain in bookstores across the country. But before you haul off and flatten your local bookseller, consider that he is only trying to alert you to the diverse and innovative ways to "read" by using your Walkman.

Books on tape are no longer laughed off as Kentucky Fried Literature, fast food for the mind. They are now a respectable and increasingly popular option in this world without enough time. According to the standard reference of the industry, R. R. Bowker's Words on Cassette, today there are 30,000 titles from 600 producers.

In this age of aural input, the freeway traffic jam can become a pleasant hour spent with Dickens, a morning jog can catch you up on the latest John Updike or that flight to Tokyo can take you through all 659 pages of Tom Wolfe's Bonfire of the Vanities. Of course, instead of listening to the full 27 hours of Bonfire cassettes from Books on Tape—featuring every hilarious word Wolfe wrote-you could hear John Lithgow read the 180-minute abridgment, by Random House AudioBooks, and still sound smart at your next cocktail party. Is listening to a ninth of a new novel on tape more ridiculous than cramming with the Cliff's Notes version of Hamlet? I leave that question for devotees of Situational Ethics 101, but I can assure you that by going the condensed route, you will be missing eight ninths of the fun.

No self-respecting best seller can appear without an accompanying cassette version: Tom Clancy's *The Cardinal of the Kremlin* (Simon & Schuster AudioWorks) is read by David Ogden Stiers, who struggles through this spy tale, with all its Russian accents, masterfully; Kate Nelligan (who starred, appropriately enough, in *Dracula*) scales the operatic heights of Anne Rice's new vampire novel, *The Queen of the Damned* (AudioBooks).

One enhancement of the reading experience that tapes can offer is hearing the author's voice. An autobiography such as *The Rogman's Son* (AudioWorks) takes on a special poignancy when it is heard in the inimitable tones of Kirk Douglas' own voice, punctuated by riffs from a tenor saxophone. Erica Jong brings a poet's sensibilities and a sexy lady's enthusiasm to the reading of her latest novel, *Serenissima* (Brilliance). Her zest for the erotic passages is definitely contagious.

When Toni Morrison reads movingly from her novel about black life, Song of Solomon (AudioBooks), or Terry Southern relates the outrageous porno-comical adventures of Candy (Dove Books on Tape), or the late David Niven tosses off an anecdote from his autobiography, The Moon's a Balloon (Listen for Pleasure), they add ele-



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Ear appeal: books for the intellectual on the run.

ments of interpretation and character that simply are not on the printed page.

Most authors do not read their own books, but a few are fortunate enough to have well-matched readers. For example, radio talk-show host Michael Jackson brings a crisp intelligence to his reading of Stephen W. Hawking's A Brief History of Time (Dove). This nonfiction best seller is presented in an unabridged six-hour version, and every minute vibrates with the excitement of discoveries about the nature of the universe. Roddy McDowall has just the right spooky intonation for his interpretation of Whitley Strieber's UFO encounters, Transformation: The Breakthrough (Dove). And Dick Cavett's boyish charm is perfect for his reading of Mark Twain's The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn (Listen for Pleasure).

Actors associated with distinctive continuing roles make good readers for audio cassettes, too. Is there anyone other than Leo McKern who could possibly be the crusty voice of that Old Bailey hack, Horace Rumpole? Reading John Mortimer's Rumpole's Last Case (Listen for Pleasure), McKern throws the book at the judge. In a similar vein, Joan Hickson, who plays Miss Marple in the BBC series of Agatha Christie mysteries, is an ideal choice to read Christie's The Herb of Death and Other Stories (Listen for Pleasure). Elliot Gould's portrayal of Raymond Chandler's detective Philip Marlowe in The Long Goodbye (Dove) reprises his movie role in the same story. If you like it, stay tuned: Gould is

making hard-boiled recordings of the entire Chandler shelf for Dove, including Lady in the Lake, The Little Sister, Red Wind and The High Window.

Mysteries and thrillers, gritty or just plain bloody, tend to be prime tape territory. In some stores, Robert Ludlum has his own shelf, now prominently displaying his latest, *The Icarus Agenda* (AudioBooks), read by Bruce Dern. John le Carré's own voice is chillingly evocative reading his own works, such as *Smiley's People*, *The Spy Who Came In from the Cold* or *The Little Drummer Girl* (Listen for Pleasure). Personally, I like the quickly modulated British tones of John Wood (who starred in *Sherlock Holmes* on Broadway) reading from Arthur Conan Doyle's *Sherlock Holmes' Adventures* (Caedmon).

Ghost stories and other scary tales are always best when told out loud, which is why a novel such as *The Silence of the Lambs* (AudioWorks), by Thomas Harris, works so well on tape. So does *Watchers* (Brilliance), by Dean R. Koontz. But for some real spine tingling, put your earphones on, turn off the lights and see how long you last with *Prime Evil: A Taste for Blood* (AudioWorks), with stories by Stephen King, Paul Hazel and Thomas Tessier, read by Ed Begley, Jr.

The most extensive catalog of audio cassettes available, featuring recordings of more than 2500 books, comes from Books on Tape, Inc., in Newport Beach, California. Thirteen years ago, this organization figured out what booksellers are beginning to discover: that people play the tapes only once. Thus, it deals primarily in mailorder rental, and business is booming.

Recognizing that such insurmountable opportunities might paralyze a prospective customer, Books on Tape has also created a list of "One Hundred Indispensables." You can get it free if you call 1-800-626-3333.

Taped books have become—like computers and electric toothbrushes—facts of contemporary life. Until some mad scientist perfects the down loading of data directly into the brain, audio cassettes are state of the art for the lazy intellectual: maximum input for minimum effort.

#### **BOOK BAG**

Murder on Tour: A Rock 'n' Roll Mystery (Mysterious Press), by Dick Clark with Paul Francis: Yes, that Dick Clark. Philly's own rock savant/Dorian Gray has crafted a first-rate tale of mystery and murder cast in and around the genre he knows so well.

The Musician's Guide to Home Recording (Fireside), by Peter McIan and Larry Wichman: Basement tapes will never be the same again because of this instructional opus/problem-solving guide created for the serious home recordist. The only things missing are the roadies.

#### **SPORTS**

#### By DAN JENKINS

ever since the Seoul Olympics went off television, my life has been empty, and I can't tell you how depressing it is to think I still have to wait three and a half more years for Barcelona before I can hate the inscrutable East again, or an athlete's drinking steroids on the rocks, or all those astute sports judges from the Third, Fourth and Fifth Worlds.

I watched and taped almost every moment from Seoul, and I often look back at the events on my VCR, but it's not the same, not nearly as much fun as those gala nights in the neighborhood bar when I stood around and rooted for the good old U.S.A. with my friends Booger Red, Gator Bill and Cooter Joe.

I'd like to relive some of those moments with you, because they tell you a lot more of what the Olympics are all about than your Zeus or your Herakles or any of that other foreign shit. They may also tell you something about America itself.

It was during the opening ceremonies that Gator Bill glanced up at the TV screen and said, "Look at them silly Chinks. You know why they hop around like that, don't you? The fuckers eat dog; it's a fact."

I didn't bother to remind Gator Bill that he had been known to eat gator tail, because I knew how Gator Bill liked to whip somebody's ass if he even honked at him too loud on Route Ten.

Booger Red was disappointed that our swimmers didn't win every gold medal. He blamed it on the clean water in the pool.

"Them fuckin' East Germans swim in sewers," he said. "Think that won't make you fast? We're missin' a bet. Our swimmers ought to train in the Everglades. We got some water moccasins that'll speed their asses up."

Everybody got mad when a little Chinaman, Ling Ying Ning, or whatever his name was, kept making it hard for Greg Louganis to win another gold medal in diving.

Cooter Joe yelled at the judges through the TV screen.

"Why, hell, no, he don't make a splash! How's he gonna make a splash when he ain't no bigger than a goddamn chopstick?"

He turned to me and said, "Them judges is ignernt, is what it comes down to."

America's losing to Russia in basketball did not, of course, sit well with Booger Red, Gator Bill and Cooter Joe.



# A FEW FINAL OLYMPIC MOMENTS

I tried to point out that we lost because we sent a coach over there who wanted to win with defense instead of letting our best college players shoot the basketball.

"Don't make a fuck," Gator Bill said.
"Them fuckin' officials is gonna let Bobby
Joe Stalin take five steps ever' time he gets
his hands on the damn ball—how we supposed to go up against that shit?"

"Tell you what I want to do," Cooter Joe said. "I want to send Magic and Michael and Isiah and the Bird over there and say, 'Awright, you Commie cocksuckers, you want to play some basketball? Here's how you play basketball, motherfucker!"

"Tie their Moscow dicks in a knot," Booger Red added. "Wouldn't be nothin' else to it."

When our 4 x 100 relay team got disqualified because of a Commie complaint about a baton pass in a qualifying heat, which cost Carl Lewis a third gold medal, Booger Red couldn't do anything but shake his head sadly.

"It's the only way they could beat us," he said. "Pick out some little old pissant, obscure, shit-heel rule and call it on us. Fuckin' Russians pass microfilm inside the baton, why ain't that against the goddamn rules?"

"If the Olympics was run by qualified judges," Booger Red said, "the only events the Commies would win are the fifty-kilometer and the twenty-kilometer walk. Why wouldn't they be good at it?" he said. "Fuckers don't have no cars—they have to walk ever'where they go."

Booger Red, Gator Bill and Cooter Joe said steroids are a minor issue compared with all the Commie guys who pass themselves off as girls so they can win more medals.

"There ought to be a tit test," Gator Bill said. "If the Commie don't have no tits, she gets disqualified."

There was nothing, however, that infuriated Booger Red, Gator Bill and Cooter Joe as much as the boxing decision that screwed America's Roy Jones out of a gold medal.

They enjoyed themselves immensely as they watched Jones, the best fighter in the Olympics, beat up on a defenseless Korean for all three rounds in the finals of the 156pound division.

Even if you didn't know anything about boxing, it was clear that Jones had kicked the Korean's ass all the way to the DMZ and back.

Booger Red said two motherfuckers and one sonbitch when the referee held up the hand of the Korean, who was barely on his feet and whose face looked like chop suey.

Gator Bill said this was the cheapest shit he'd seen since the last time he was in Mexico.

And Cooter Joe all but climbed inside the TV set and punched out the tubes and wires.

But what made the decision even worse was the news that the three incompetent judges who voted against America were from Uganda, Uruguay and Morocco.

Booger Red, Gator Bill and Cooter Joe said they'd never even heard of two of them chickenshit countries, and as for Morocco, it was Gator Bill who said he hoped ever' goddamn A-rab over there got his dick bit off by a cobra.

Cooter Joe made the bartender turn off the TV that night. He just couldn't watch any more of this bullshit. Made him want to puke.

"Where's the next Olympics at?" Booger Red asked.

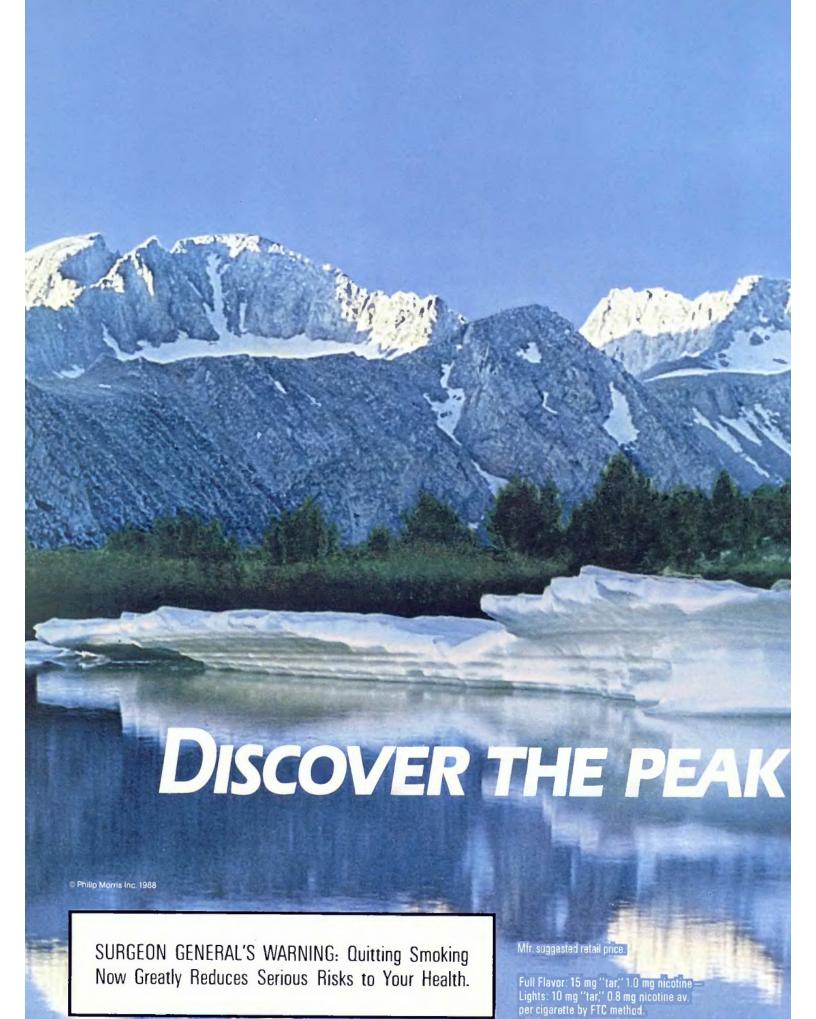
"Barcelona," I said.

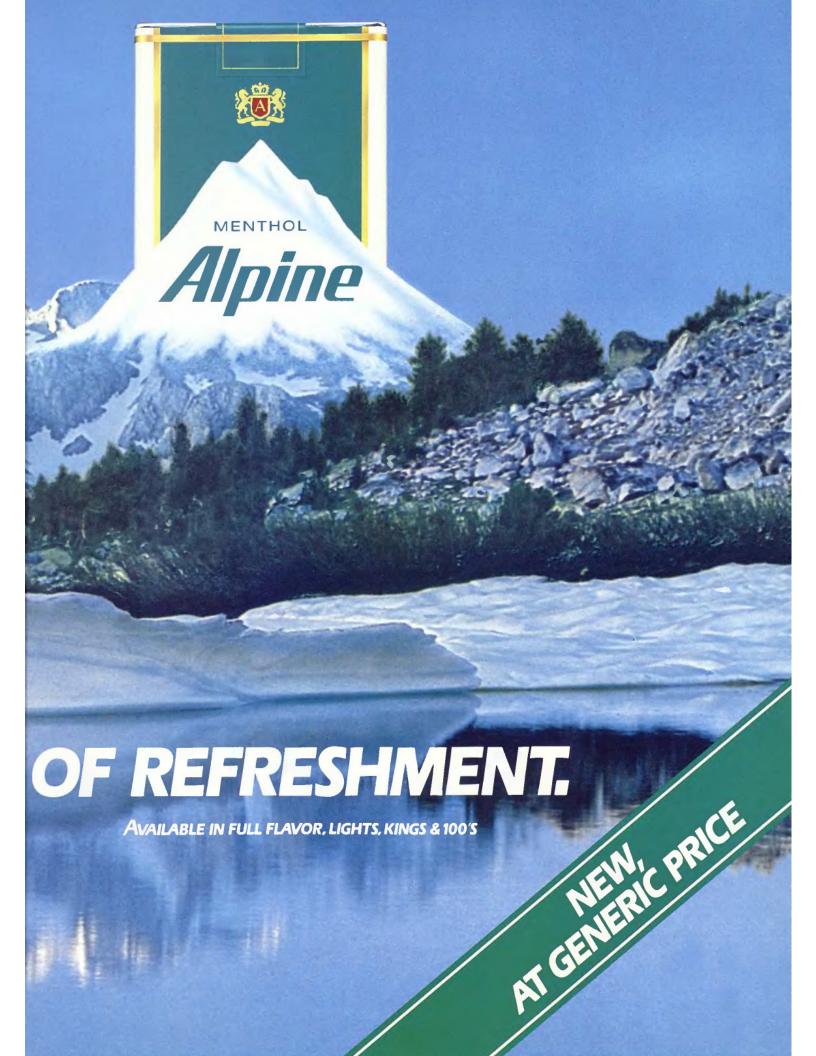
"Near Spain, ain't it?" said Cooter Joe.

"Pretty close."

"That's great," Gator Bill said. "We'll get a big fucking break over there, too."







#### MEN

#### By ASA BABER

Sam Donaldson refers only once to the impact of feminism on his life in his autobiography, *Hold On, Mr. President!* It's just after he brags about his tenacious questioning of any and all guests who appear on ABC-TV's Sunday-morning *This Week with David Brinkley*. "Because of me," he writes, "no one gets a free ride."

Sam soon eats those words:

All right, one time I gave a free ride: I failed to ask a single challenging, provocative question of leaders of feminist organizations on a program about the New Bedford rape case. . . . I'd gotten burned when it comes to women's issues once in Idaho, when, covering Jimmy Carter's raft trip down the Salmon River, I interviewed a young park ranger named Judy Fink. On the air, I labeled her a "rangerette." Switchboards at ABC affiliates all over America were swamped with protests. The next day, I did another interview with Ms. Fink and she saved me by indignantly insisting that rangerette was her proper title and she resented the complaints. But ever since, I've been very careful about offending women. . . . I'll challenge Presidents any day, but taking on half the world is asking too much.

I am here to invite you, whenever you get the balls, to join me in challenging the excesses of feminism, Sam. The next time you're confronted on *This Week with David Brinkley* by feminists whose presence seems to stop you from asking a "single challenging, provocative question," I hope you'll go ahead and ask it anyway. We men need all the help we can get, and we could use your pugnaciousness.

And Sam, since you're in Washington and have great political contacts, would you let the Democratic leadership know that it has been as chickenshit in this area as you admit to having been? It, too, has crumbled before the feminist onslaught.

What a miserable record! Who among the Democratic Presidential candidates of the past two decades has spoken boldly about men's rights? Who has even used that phrase? Who has represented us on the Presidential stump in the areas of divorce, child custody, abortion, military-draft registration, false accusations of rape, high unemployment for both young and old men, male longevity and health, discrimination against men in the work-place and in the culture?



#### DON'T PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM

Not a word have any of the Democratic candidates spoken about any of this, Sam. The leaders of the party that claims to represent the common man have gone out of their way to ignore the common man.

Since 1968, the Democrats have had a habit of choosing men for national leadership who seem more like choirboys than like regular guys, and they've done it deliberately to woo women, not men. It is no accident that for the past 20 years, the Democratic Party—once the home of such rough-and-tumble politicians as Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Harry S. Truman and John Fitzgerald Kennedy-has handed its Presidential nomination to the likes of Messrs. Humphrey, McGovern, Carter, Mondale and Dukakis. Five sweet and gentle souls, I am sure, but role models for me, men I'd choose as friends, guys I'd trust with my life, men who care about men's rights, effective Presidents of the United States? Doubtful, Sam, doubtful.

I have yet to vote for a Republican for President, Sam, but I'm getting awfully close to doing so. I can't take this much longer. So here's what I want you to tell the Democrats to consider—assuming they'd like to appeal to men again—the next time they choose a candidate for President.

I call it the High School Yearbook Test. It is very simple: When choosing the next Democratic nominee, picture the potential candidate as he would fit into your high school graduating class. That will give you a line on how we are thinking. For us, choosing a President is a tribal, intuitive thing. We check out the whole man, not just his words. Privately, we categorize every Presidential candidate according to who they remind us of from our high school graduating class.

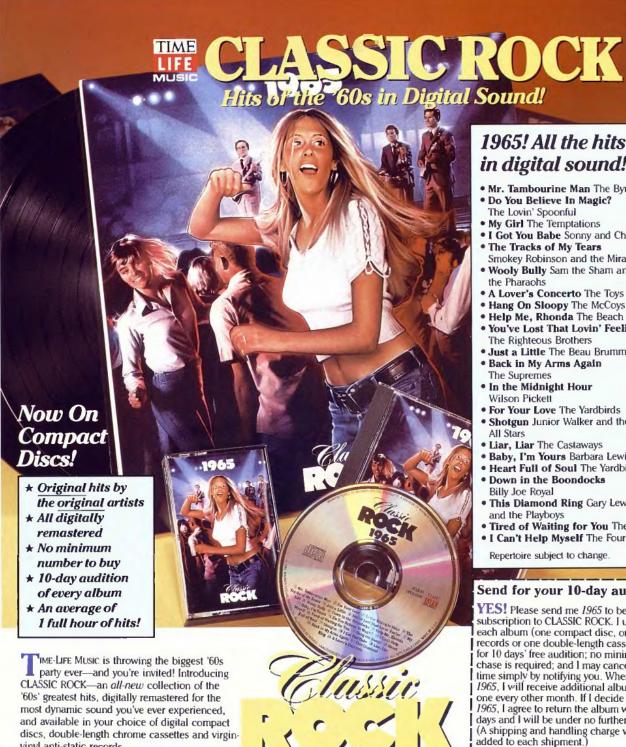
Examples? Jimmy Carter was the teacher's pet you wanted to beat up; Mike Dukakis was the grind who played the trumpet in the band; Walter Mondale never left the library and wore three-piece suits every Friday; Hubert Humphrey always cut his fingers in shop and then cried about it; George McGovern never invited anybody home and was rumored to live in his basement.

As for the current crop of possible Democratic candidates for 1992, here's how they run: Lloyd Bentsen is the high school principal who speaks softly but carries a big belt; Bill Bradley is the basketball captain who does everything right but is still a little dull to talk to; Mario Cuomo is the all-state linebacker who makes his own wine at home and drives a 1956 Chevy he repaired himself; Paul Simon heads the debating team and has no friends; Richard Gephardt is president of the 4-H club and dreams of opening a McDonald's franchise one day; Al Gore plays squash at his father's country club and dates all the girls you're in love with; Gary Hart speaks to everybody but doesn't remember anyone's name; Jesse Jackson never answers a question in class with less than a ten-minute sermon: Bruce Babbitt serves ice cream in the cafeteria every lunch hour and placed third in the regional cross-country meet; Sam Nunn studies very hard and is liked by everyone but seems remote.

That's a partial early line on what we think of the men who might run for the next Democratic nomination, Sam. Whoever wins, may he have the courage to talk about men's rights in the next election campaign.

Then again, it just might be in our interests to have a woman nominated for President. Think about it. By definition, she would have to talk honestly to us, to ease our fears and address our needs. She would not be able to take our vote for granted the way the choirboys have.

Gentlemen, get out your yearbooks! And Sam—don't chicken out next time.



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- You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin' The Righteous Brothers
- Just a Little The Beau Brummels
- · Back in My Arms Again The Supremes
- In the Midnight Hour Wilson Pickett
- For Your Love The Yardbirds
- · Shotgun Junior Walker and the All Stars
- Liar, Liar The Castaways
- · Baby, I'm Yours Barbara Lewis
- Heart Full of Soul The Yardbirds
- Down in the Boondocks Billy Joe Royal
- This Diamond Ring Gary Lewis and the Playboys
- Tired of Waiting for You The Kinks
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#### WOMEN

#### By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

He thought maybe we should have lunch instead," I said.

"You're right, you're fucked, it's over," Brendan said.

"I know," I said. "I can't believe it. I feel awful."

"Come on! Even Darryl Strawberry only hits one out of three! Listen, you got a lot of wood on the ball, you hit a long line drive, it was caught at the wall."

"I got to first base. I got to fucking second base."

"Then you were thrown out on a fielder's choice. Do me a favor: Run this lunch thing by other people. Let me know if any asshole is fool enough to tell you it's not over. But don't kid yourself. It's fucking over."

OK, here's how it started: Somebody told me that Mr. Date thought I had a cute ass. Then somebody told him I had a crush on him. I did not have a crush on him and have since discovered he never told anyone I had a cute ass; he said I had a Joycean ass. As in James Joyce, as in some specific ass found in *Ulysses*. Which doesn't mean cute, which isn't necessarily a compliment. Thus, when we met again at a black-tie affair, he in a tux and me in a gown, and we danced and almost kissed, we were already thick with misinformation.

Afterward, I went in my gown to a coffee shop with our mutual friend James.

"He has a great apartment," said James. "You could live there. I think he wants children."

"Stop! I don't know the guy. He may never even call."

He called the next morning and we made a date.

Then he called my friend Nora and asked her what I wanted in a relationship, and was I a good or an evil person?

"What? No, come on, you're kidding. Good or evil? What does that mean?"

"That's what he asked," said Nora. "Don't ask me, I don't get anything. Men are opaque little creatures."

"Well, that's great," said James. "It means he's taking this all very seriously. I guess that's why he made the date for ten days from now. Wait a minute, my downstairs neighbor is here. Hey, Laura, didn't you have an affair with ———?"

The downstairs neighbor picked up the phone. "Yes, I did. He's a nice guy. A little intense."

"Don't tell me any more," I said.

So we went out on this date. So then I called everybody and told them this: He



#### ANATOMY OF A DATE

brings two bunches of half-dead daisies. Before the remains have been whisked away at the restaurant, he's asking me what I want in a relationship. I blush prettily.

"You have a lot of self-confidence to be asking this on a first date."

"I just want to know."

So I tell him I'm a serial monogamist and want a regular boyfriend and all that, and then he says-I'm not sure about this, because the shock waves are rippling through my stomach-that that's what he wants, too, but between the time of the fabulous party and our date he's met another girl at a wedding and now he's all confused. I threaten to walk out. He says he thought I would want to know and, anyway, this girl lives far away and has a boyfriend and he's confused. He pays the bill and we go out into the most cinematic street in Manhattan and have a brawl-I'm yelling, he's yelling, it's a movie. I'm proud of myself for not just sitting there meekly and saying, "Oh, no problem, fine, whatever." But, Jesus, here I am, being put into competition with another woman before I even know this guy, and why couldn't he keep his own counsel? He's screaming that he thought women wanted honesty.

"Well, there's honesty and then there's honesty," said my shrink. "This is hurtful honesty, for no reason. Don't sleep with this guy yet." So then we go to my apartment and by this time we're kissing and it's great, and then we spend three hours on my couch, making out and giggling and having the best time.

"Oh, now you tell me that," said my shrink, chuckling.

"But no sex?" asked James. "Jesus, I can't believe it. He must have had a monster case of blue balls."

"Oh, God, no sex?" asked Nora. "Whatever happened to old-fashioned passion?"

"This is exactly what the fuck I want to know," I said. "At this point, I am ready to throw caution to the winds I'm so turned on. But he decides he should go. What do men want? The guy walked out of here with a hard-on as big as the Ritz. It's a reversal of everything I've been taught! Now they're the fragile flowers who need true love before they take their clothes off!"

"Well, I'm glad he told you about the other girl, anyway," said James.

"You knew?"

"Sure, he told me. I told him he better not play games with you."

"I knew, too," said Nora. "Sally told me."

"I kind of like knowing, since it's the sort of thing girls do hours of detectivework to find out. At least I know what's going on. But, then again, I don't. Because why would a guy tell you this on a first date?"

"The guy must be one crazy fuck," said Brendan.

And so it kept going. The phone lines radiated with news every day: Nora saw him at a bus stop and gave him some kind of lecture about me, and James saw him at a party where he waved his hands a lot and wondered what to do about me, and I heard all about all of it, and my friends and I talked and talked. I even called him.

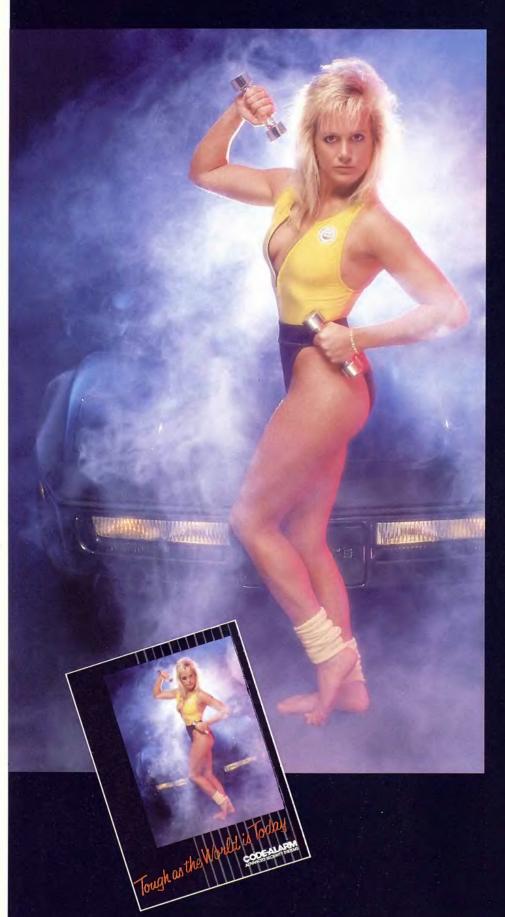
"Listen, I understand Nora gave you a lecture about me."

"Oh, don't worry about that," he said.
"But I wonder if instead of the movies on
Thursday, we could have lunch on Friday?"

And then my friends and I talked and talked some more, trying to find the reality in the clues, trying to make sense out of the senselessness that is dating in the Eighties, where the specters of death and eternal commitment hang heavy over us, where everything is fraught with too much meaning, and fragility and frivolity are lost. And the more we all talked, the more we distorted reality.

So what do you think? Should I have just walked out of the restaurant?





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## THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

am an 18-year-old college student who lifts weights at a health club. There is a 24year-old woman who works there who is quite sexy. A lot of guys don't ask her out simply because they don't think that she will accept. I thought the same thing, but I asked her out anyway, expecting her to take it as a joke. She accepted. I asked if she was serious and she said she was very serious. She thought of me as a man, After the date was over, I took her home and kissed her good night. She remarked on the lateness of the hour and asked me if I would spend the night. We made love and it was the most beautiful experience I have ever had. She even commented that I was the best she had ever had! We have made love twice since then and it was just as beautiful each time. Now, here's the problem: I have definitely fallen in love with this beautiful woman, but since I am much younger than she is, I don't know if I should ask whether she feels the same way about me or if this is routine for her at her age. What on earth should I do?—B. G., Fargo, North Dakota,

Three great sex acts may be the start of something wonderful or they may just be three great sex acts. They don't sound routine to us. We'd let this move at its own pace—you don't have to say anything. See how the other parts of the relationship develop before declaring your undying love.

Some time ago, a gentleman from Boston wrote a letter to *The Playboy Advisor* concerning the meaning of a gentleman. You responded with the definition given in the handbook of the Virginia Military Institute. With no disrespect intended, I have a definition that I feel is as good.

#### THE TRUE GENTLEMAN

The True Gentleman is the man whose conduct proceeds from good will and an acute sense of propriety and whose self-control is equal to all emergencies; who does not make the poor man conscious of his poverty, the obscure man of his obscurity or any man of his inferiority or deformity; who is himself humbled if necessity compels him to humble another; who does not flatter wealth, cringe before power or boast of his own possessions or achievements; who speaks with frankness but always with sincerity and sympathy; whose deed follows his word; who thinks of the rights and feelings of others rather than his own; and who appears well in any company, a man with whom honor is sacred and virtue safe. -- JOHN WALTER WAYLAND

The above piece was obtained from the manual of Sigma Alpha Epsilon. Although it is many years old, it has great relevance



to the actions of any gentleman in any day and age.—R. C., Wichita, Kansas.

We are always on the lookout for ways to define ourselves. Thanks,

About seven months into our relationship, my girlfriend revealed to me that she likes to be physically restrained during sex, and she began asking me to tie her to the bed in my dormitory room. I was shocked at the very idea that she would enjoy such a thing and I refused. She persisted in her request for nearly a month, though, making it every time we were together. She assured me that such practices are very common and essentially harmless, and that I would enjoy "dominating" her in this way. Eventually, despite my uneasiness, I complied with her wishes and tied her up, nude, as she had asked. Almost immediately, she began asking me to-of all things-tickle her! I was shocked beyond words to hear her make such a request; she had not tolerated even the slightest touch in a ticklish area of her body prior to this time. Her demands became pleas and, finally, tears, until I did as she asked. Is this kind of behavior cause for alarm when exhibited by an otherwise conservative 19year-old woman? Since that first incident, there have been several repeat performances. They evidently cause her no discomfort, as she squeals and writhes delightedly each time; but I'm still concerned. How can I deal with this situation?—T. H., Blacksburg, Virginia.

Lighten up. We consider it a plus that a lover is willing to share a fantasy, another plus that you were willing to put aside your shock to participate. We think the purpose of making love is to give each other pleasure—your girlfriend has shown you one of the things that work for her. Put aside judgment

and enjoy her responsiveness. Then go to work on your own fantasy—maybe she'll return the favor.

My company is sending me overseas next month and I've purchased a laptop computer to take with me. Should I have it hand-checked separately from my other carry-on luggage when I go through airport security? What about the electric current overseas? Will I have any problems charging it?—E. K., Chicago, Illinois.

Don't send your computer through X ray. There are differences of opinion as to whether or not the low-level X ray or the magnetic field around the conveyor-belt motor has any effect on your precious microchips and disks, but why take a chance? If poltergeists come to live in your laptop or if it simply dies, the bytehead who doctors the disk drives and checks the RAM will probably be unable to tell you how it got that way. Maybe it was the dreaded power surge-or maybe you should have had a hand check. Airport security may ask you to turn on the computer to verify that it is a computer and not a bomb, so be sure it's fully charged. Also, one of the advantages of having a charged laptop on a plane is being able to boot up Leather Goddesses of Phobos instead of talking with the shower-curtainring salesman seated next to you. The only electrical outlet available to you on a plane is in the lavatory. European current is 220 volts and uses a different type of plug, so you'll need at least a 500-watt converter. Available at most electronic stores, the converter comes in 500-, 1000- and 1500-watt capacities. You don't say what make or model your laptop is, so it would be best to consult the owner's manual or call the manufacturer's service representative to find out if your charger has a built-in automatic voltage adapter. The Zenith SupersPort and the Z-183 do; the Z-181 doesn't and needs the separate ZA-181-4 220-volt adapter and charger. Whether or not you have a built-in adapter, you'll need the plug converter. Buy one at the airport when you arrive.

ting around, trying to come up with some slogans for a campus condom drive. Have you seen any that would raise our condom consciousness?—R. W., Dallas, Texas.

A reader from Waukegan, Illinois, sent us a list of 20 catchy condom slogans:

- 1. Cover your stump before you hump.
- Before you attack her, wrap your whacker.
  - 3. Don't be silly, protect your willy.
  - 4. When in doubt, shroud your spout.
  - 5. Don't be a loner, cover your boner.
- You can't go wrong if you shield your dong.
- 7. If you're not going to sack it, go home and whack it.

8. If you think she is spunky, cover your nonkey.

 It will be sweeter if you wrap your peter.
 If you slip between the thighs, be sure to condomize.

11. She won't get sick if you wrap your dick.

12. If you go into heat, package your meat.
13. While you're undressing Venus, dress

14. When you take off her pants and blouse, suit up your trouser mouse.

 Especially in December, gift-wrap your member,

Never deck her with an unwrapped pecker.

17. Don't be a fool: Vulcanize your tool.

The right selection: Check your erection.

19. Wrap in foil before checking her oil.

20. A crank in armor will never harm her.

Please help me settle an argument. I was recently in a wedding and there was much dispute over whether the wings on a wing-tip-collared tuxedo shirt are worn under or over the bow tie. Which is right?—T. J., Seattle, Washington.

And the argument goes on. Historically, wing tips were worn over the bow tie, but the choice has now become a matter of personal preference. Several formalwear experts advise us that the consensus today is to wear them underneath. It's a cleaner look, enhancing rather than detracting from the all-important bow tie. If, however, the tips are very short,

over will probably look better. When worn over, make sure that the tips are creased so that they point down.

At a restaurant, I often wind up eating another's rolls or bread and sipping someone else's wine. I just can't seem to get the drill straight.—R. W., Detroit, Michigan.

Such goofs are not mortal sins but can be embarrassing. The thing to remember is that everything moves from the outside in. Forks line up on the left, in order of use. Call them your left end, tackle and guard. Lined up on the right, again starting from the outside, you have the soup spoon, teaspoon, fish knife (if needed), meat knife and salad knife. Call them your right end, tackle and guard. The bread plate plays roving center. It may be above the forks or the large service platebut always to the left. Glassware goes above the knives and spoons. Starting from the extreme right, you have the white-wine glass, the red-wine glass and the water gobletlinebackers. Dessert spoon and fork-defensive backs-may sit above the service plate or be brought to the table when needed.

would like to make a suggestion to your male readers. One of the best moments in intercourse is penetration (I think Shere Hite found that 12 percent of the women she interviewed said it was their favorite part of sex). So why do it only once? Too many guys move from penetration to thrusting—they should try teasing us

more often. I read a love manual some time ago that had some neat ideas for penetration. The author suggested taking a book of sexual positions and trying each one in front of a mirror-moving on to the next within moments of penetration. The trick is to see how many you can make it through before giving in. Another game the author suggested was a form of amateur oil wrestling. You apply baby oil to your lover's body and your own, then he tries to force himself on you. A hold occurs whenever he succeeds in penetration; all activity must stop, then he tries to pin you in a different position. Give it a try.-Miss M. R., New York, New York.

We can't wait for oil wrestling to be an Olympic event. Thanks for the tip (or is that your line?).

while I enjoyed it, I wasn't sure I followed all the comments flying by me. For instance, what do the terms maderized, tannic and crisp mean? Also, isn't all that swirling the wine and sniffing the glass mostly for show?—J. B., Portland, Oregon.

To answer your last question first, you swirl the wine so that more of it coats the surface of the glass, vaporizing more of the aromatic substances and intensifying the bouquet. Then you sniff the glass to get a bead on the character of the wine prior to tasting it. Actually, wine professionals rely more on the nose than the mouth when



# Stoli. For the purist.

Not just smooth, impeccably smooth. Not just vodka, Stolichnaya.

judging a wine. Like any group devoted to a particular interest, wine buffs have developed a special vocabulary that helps communicate their perceptions and reactions to other tasters. Maderized is applied to a white or rosé wine that has developed a brownish cast and an aroma and taste reminiscent of Madeira. That is usually the result of exposure to air (oxidation) and heat, and it's not a compliment. Tannic means the wine-often a young red-is high in tannin content, which gives an astringent, puckery quality in the mouth. Tannin comes from the grape skins, seeds and stems, and it loses its harshness as the wine ages. Crisp indicates that the wine is dry, clean, a bit tart and fresh-tasting. Other words you may hear at a tasting include buttery-meaning that the wine is rich, smooth and mouth-filling; oaky-hints of a toasty quality and vanilla scents, which come from the oak barrel in which the wine is aged; flinty-even more austere than crisp, describes a wine that's dry, firm in the mouth and not noticeably fruity; corky-possesses an off flavor that comes from a bad cork; finish—the lingering taste that remains after the wine is swallowed. Oenophiles also talk about long and short finishes. Long is better.

My boyfriend's ultimate fantasy is to have a threesome. A couple of months ago, I agreed to this. I figured that I might as well try it, that I might actually enjoy it. But over time, I began rethinking the idea.

I told him I didn't know if I could handle watching him and another woman. Recently. I went on vacation for the weekend. When I returned home, there was a female house guest. I had known that she was going to be there-but I hadn't known my boyfriend was going to have a threesome planned with her. When I walked through the door, he gave me a very small kiss, walked over to the couch where this girl was sitting and, with a big grin on his face, told me what he had planned. I was very angry with him for not consulting with me on this decision. I was also very hurt, because he tells me I satisfy him totally, yet he still wants to have another sex partner. Now when I tell him I don't want a threesome, he says that if I really love him and want to make him happy in every way, I will do this. Do you think he is jerking me around? Should I have the threesome and just keep my emotions to myself?-Miss T. D., Hartford, Connecticut.

This is a rather clear-cut case of mixed signals. You expressed both a willingness and a reservation about indulging this fantasy. Your boyfriend heard only the willingness and went about arranging the fantasy. He was, at the very least, a tad overeager. He should have let you unpack your bags and brought up the idea for a review before going full tilt. Members of threesomes have to get to know one another, the same as dating couples. As for future activities, if you can't put aside

jealousy or anger, don't experiment. Does this answer sound a touch different from the one on restraint? If it does, it is because your boyfriend has introduced an ultimatum—the old do-this-if-you-love-me plea. In any relationship, you have the right to say no, and he has the right to find satisfaction elsewhere.

My lover and I have been arguing about something and we agreed to find out for sure. Can a girl get pregnant when she has her period? He says she can't, but I think she can. I've also been wondering if it's possible to get pregnant a few days before and a few days after your period.—Miss D. E. Lebanon, Ohio.

Yes—it is, indeed, possible (though rare) for a woman to be impregnated during her period, as well as the days just prior to and just after its onset. You should never assume that any particular time is "safe," as so many variables and fluctuations are possible in the menstrual cycle. You should always use a reliable method of birth control.

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







# LISTENING TO THIS ON ANOTHER CD PLAYER COULD BE THE REALTRAGEDY.

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would need a front row ticket to get any closer to the music.

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to play an aria from Madame Butterfly.

If you really enjoy a great tragedy, come fully prepared. Bring plenty of tissues.





#### PLAYMATE DEAR

he question for the month:

When you are in a relationship, under what conditions is it all right to sleep with someone else?

think it would have to depend on the circumstances. I think it is very hard to expect one person to satisfy all of your needs,

especially if you are changing and growing all the time, as I hope I am. Sleeping with else someone isn't good for your relationship and is a sign that you should take a closer look at why you're with



him and why you let this other sexual thing happen. When I have looked outside my relationship, I know it's time to take a sabbatical and find out what's going on inside me.

LAURA RICHMOND SEPTEMBER 1988

**IULIE PETERSON** FEBRUARY 1987

've done it. It was temporary lust and also a message from my subconscious saying, "I want out of this relationship." If I hadn't done it, I don't think I would understand

how much you can hurt someone by that behavior and how covering up and lying only make it worse. I wouldn't be so quick these days to use lust as an excuse, with all the disease around. It's much hard-



er'to just jump into bed with someone. Also. I haven't had any lustful situations arise lately.

Brand Bran

BRANDI BRANDT OCTOBER 1987

Our relationship was fading and we both knew it. My boyfriend married someone else to get his citizenship. He liked her and she helped him out. I went away for a weekend and he slept with her. He had been unhappy with me and I had told him

I wanted out of our relationship. He told me sleeping with her had made him feel good and I was glad for him. It kind of tied up all of our loose ends. When I have been the one to cheat, it has always been



with an old lover. Why? Usually, there are no hostilities and it's a nice feeling. It says, "Even though I'm with someone else, I know what I loved about you." It's like going back to your roots and acknowledging

n my current relationship, the answer would be never. It seems to me if you're open to sex with someone else, you're not really involved with your mate. I wouldn't want to get into that state of mind and

have it take away from my relationship. On the rare occasion that it has happened, lust was the cause. It occurred near the end of an affair, when I guess I was looking for something exciting to push



me out of the old relationship and on with my life. If you're not married, you can choose to live one day at a time, and you can do what feels good and pay the consequences, if there are any. I don't choose that now.

Elouis Broad

ELOISE BROADY **APRIL 1988** 

t's not all right. In the relationships I've been in, even when we were at the breaking point, I still remained faithful until the last minute. That's just the way I am.

I would never cheat on my boyfriend. And if he cheated on me, I think I'd kill him! It's cool to be friends with an old boyfriend and still have a good relationship with my current love. My ex and I are



great friends now. But even a moment of temporary lust with a good friend, or an old beau, would be inappropriate.

> Pia Reyes NOVEMBER 1988

Unless you're willing to give up the relationship you are in, you will be jeopardizing a lot, including the other person's feelings and the time and friendship that you both have put into your relationship.

You'd have to be willing to take the risk of losing him. I think a certain amount of integrity is called for in a relationship, and a sense of your own worth. Even if you think he'd never find out, it's



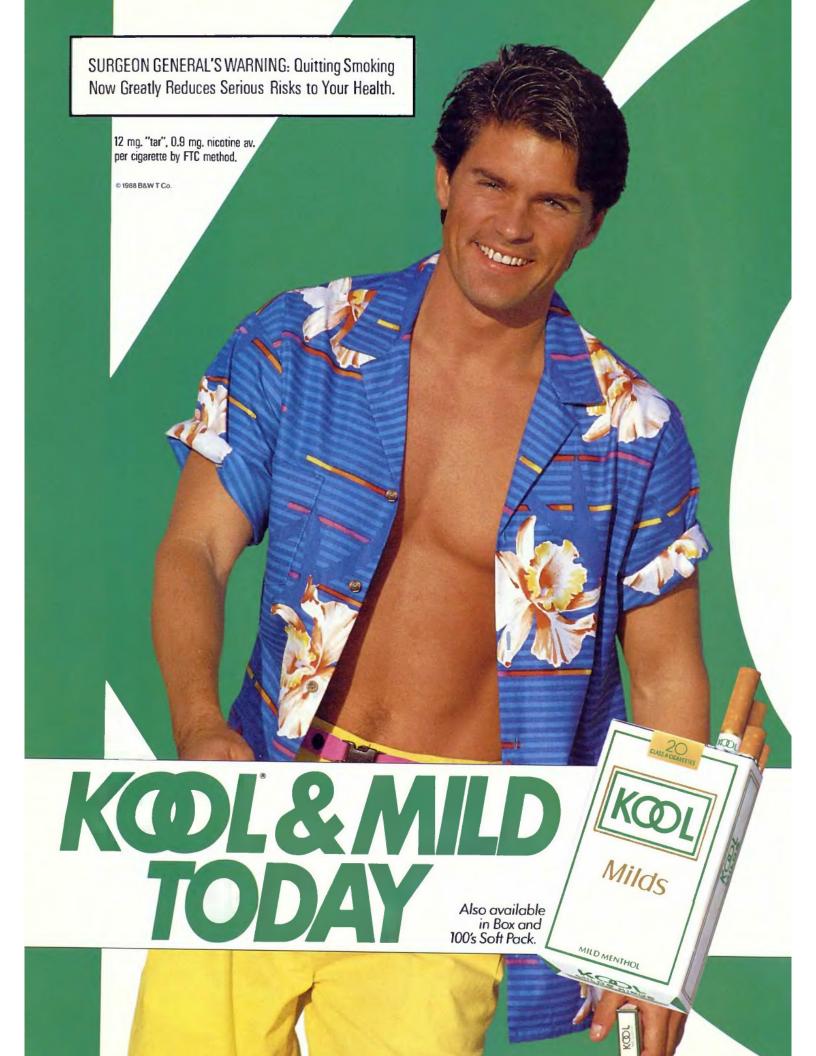
karma, you know. What goes around comes around. What if he did it to me? How would I feel? Is it worth risking what I have?

Gerridyn Doss TERRI LYNN DOSS

Send your questions to Dear Playmates, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Ave-

nue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. We won't be able to answer every question, but we'll try.

**IULY 1988** 



# ABORTION: VIVA LA FRANCE

# what happens when political science meets medical science

It was a beautifully orchestrated media event. In Atlanta, anti-abortion groups had a field day, screaming at women on their way to clinics, blockading hospitals, offering themselves for arrest. The images bore a curious resemblance to images from the civil rights movement of the Sixties, but

there's a major difference between the two movements: While the civil rights supporters fought to obtain rights, the right-to-lifers seek to deny rights.

The anti-abortion movement was also flexing its muscle on the other side of the Atlantic. Anti-abortion groups demonstrated at the Paris headquarters of Groupe Roussel Uclaf, a pharmaceutical company that manufactures RU 486-a drug that may be used to replace some abortion. (It impedes implantation and gestation of a fertilized egg in the first five weeks of pregnancy.) The pro-lifers threatened to boycott Roussel products worldwide. Zealots wrote nasty letters to company leaders. Yielding to the pressure, Roussel executives announced that the company would cease distributing RU 486.

Within 24 hours, doctors at a world convention of gynecologists and obstetricians expressed anger that the decision

had more to do with politics than with medicine. A Parisian doctor argued that women would be denied the benefit of scientific knowledge.

Within 48 hours, the French government stepped in and told Roussel to continue producing the drug. Abortion is legal in France. RU 486 offers a more humane treatment, a safer alternative to surgical intervention. End of story. The French Family Planning Association praised the government, saying it hoped "this decision by the government will be a real obstacle to the demonstrations of intolerance by some fanatics who aspire to impose their morality on 5,000,000 people."

We applaud the French government.



If only Washington were as enlightened. Abortion is legal in the United States, but here, the fanatics are able to impose their morality on 200,000,000 people; the tragedy is that they have Government support. Under the Reagan Administration, the Government withdrew funds for clinics that use the A word and gave funds to church-sponsored "chastity" programs. It recommended that abortion clinics be taxed. It insisted that abortion remain expensive and emotionally costly. And now we have a Vice-President who told an 11-year-old that the state should be able to force her to bear a child, even if she has been sexually molested by her father. The intolerance at times defies logic.

Last fall, as the French story was unfolding, the American Right-to-Lifers went looking for a domestic target they could boycott, badger and blackmail. They focused on an innocent bystander. In September, the Food and Drug Administration held hearings on Cytotec, an anti-ulcer drug developed by G. D. Searle and Company. (The drug is a form of synthetic prostaglandin; another prostaglandin is used in conjunction with RU 486 to induce the contractions that expel the fertilized egg.) An estimated 6000-7000 people a year die from ulcers. Cytotec could save those lives. In addition, the drug prevents ulcers in people who take nonsteroidal anti-inflammatory agents such as aspirin and other arthritis drugs as an arthritis medication. Aspirin is a miracle drug, but millions of arthritis sufferers are denied the miracle-because it can cause ulcers. Cytotec would allow those people

to relieve pain without risking death.

The Government seemed to be more interested in public appearances than in public health. Dr. John Willke, the head of the National Right-to-Life Committee, arranged to testify at a meeting of the FDA's Advisory Council. This brought politics to a scientific meeting. Borrowing the rhetoric of the French anti-abortion movement,

#### FORUM

Dr. Willke called Cytotec a "death drug," because it might be used (or abused) by some women to produce a safer form of abortion.

Searle has presented the drug only for anti-ulcer use: Most recipients are beyond child-bearing age, but the company suggested putting a label on the bottle warning that pregnant women should not take the drug. The Right-to-Lifers objected with a bit of *Catch-22* logic, claiming that that would only advertise the side effect.

Searle argued successfully that there are many drugs that can induce abortion but that there is only one that pre-

vents ulcers. There is a demanding medical need for Cytotec.

The confrontation over the drug raises some interesting ethical questions. Are the Right-to-Lifers willing to let 7000 ulcer patients die and several million arthritics suffer to ensure that women do not use the drug to induce miscarriage?

Abortion is legal in the United States. It is questionable whether RU 486 will ever be available here. (It costs \$125,000,000 and takes an average of ten years to bring a drug to market in the United States.) Making abortion safer and less costly is the only ethical

choice. Instead, our Government wants to make the procedure more expensive and less available.

The anti-abortion movement has a rhetoric that hits targets as diverse as anti-ulcer medication and birth-control pills. The pro-lifers are now trying to have oral contraceptives declared abortifacients. If they succeed, it will no longer be a question of whether or not you have sex before marriage; it will be a question of whether or not you have sex after marriage. Right-to-Lifers are taking away our right to control our own family size, in the name of their morality.

#### THE HISTORY OF

## **ABORTION IN AMERICA**

Abortion was accepted in America under common law just before the turn of this century. According to John D'Emilio and Estelle B. Freedman, authors of Intimate Matters: A History of Sexuality in America, "In the early 19th Century . . . herbal and home remedies for terminating unwanted pregnancies continued to be passed on through oral tradition. By the 1860s, more than 25 different chemical abortifacientsaloes, iron and other cathartic powders-could be located through newspaper ads, postal circulars and pharmacies. Ranging in price from one to ten dollars, the abortifacients promised, more or less explicitly, to end pregnancy. The New York Herald advertised 'infallible French Female Pills . . . to aid married ladies whose health forbids too-rapid increase of family."

How common was abortion? "A report issued by the Michigan Board of Health in 1878 estimated that one third of all pregnancies ended in abortion, and that 70 to 80 percent were secured by 'prosperous and otherwise respectable married women."

Between 1860 and 1890, spurred by the Social Purity movement—which insisted that abstinence was the only proper form of family planning—states began to criminalize abortion. In 1873, Congress passed the Comstock Act, which outlawed abortion and declared contraceptive information to be obscene.

The laws to limit abortion did nothing to change the abortion rate. In 1958, Dr. Alfred Kinsey found that 28 percent of all conceptions in his study ended in abortion. In 1964, there were more than 1,000,000 illegal abortions. (The laws permitted 8000 medically

sanctioned abortions.) Anti-abortion laws succeeded only in making abortion more dangerous. Instead of midwives' grinding up roots, or doctors' performing surgery, there were amateurs with rusty tools and bathtub pharmaceuticals causing 5000 to 10,000 deaths a year.

In 1965, the Supreme Court, in deciding *Griswold vs. Connecticut*, wrote: "If the right of privacy means anything,

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it is the right of the *individual*, married or single, to be free from unwarranted governmental intrusion into matters so fundamentally affecting a person as the decision whether to bear or beget a child." In 1973, in *Roe vs. Wade*, it made abortion legal. Abortion rates did not increase. In 1988, 25 percent of preg-

nancies ended in abortion.

The Supreme Court had given dramatic victories to proponents of personal choice, but the rest of Washington had a different agenda.

Roe vs. Wade mobilized political conservatives. In 1976, Congress passed a law prohibiting the use of Federal dollars to fund abortions. By 1978, the number of Federally funded abortions had fallen from 295,000 to 3000 annually. The Reagan Administration made further inroads against freedom of choice (see Abortion: Viva La France). Instead of the French Female Pills of the 1860s, we should have the new French pill of the Eighties: RU 486. We don't—nor will we in the near future. The Feds have created a regulatory climate that effectively obstructs the law.

D'Emilio and Freedman argue that conservatives saw "the discontent spawned by sexual issues as a force that could propel their politics into power."

The editor of *Conservative Digest* noted: "If abortion remains an issue, and we keep picking liberals off, this movement could completely change the face of Congress."

The new Social Purists have a high regard for fetal life—but vote for the death penalty, arming the Contras and killing dope dealers. They have used the Right-to-Life rhetoric to sweep into power, where they exercise the right to kill

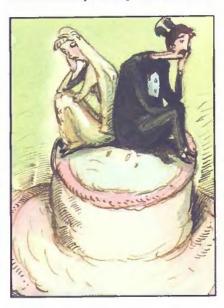
We now have a conservative President who, if any Supreme Court Justices resign, will be able to further alter the political complexion of the Supreme Court. That might well undo *Roe vs. Wade* and return us to the dark ages—not of 100 years ago but of 16 years ago.

### NEWSFRONT

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

#### ON THE ROCKS

Something is wrong with the institution of marriage. Various surveys conducted by the National Opinion Research Center show that in 1972, 43 percent of married women and 32 percent of married men said they were "very happy" with their lives. In 1986, only 34 percent of married women and 25 percent of married men re-



sponded positively. And being single—at least for men—isn't as unhappy a state as it used to be. In 1972, 11 percent of unmarried men said they were "very happy." In 1986, the figure rose to 31 percent.

#### AIDS ROUNDUP

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA—In one of the most radical efforts to stop the spread of AIDS in the drug-using community, Australia has approved a pilot plan to give addicts free heroin in disposable syringes.

LOS ANGELES—Ozone can stop the HIV virus in donated blood from multiplying while leaving 90 percent of other blood cells undamaged. If administered rectally, it can also stop severe diarrhea in patients with AIDS or ARC. There is some speculation that ozone may eventually be used to slow the progress of AIDS in patients.

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Despite the fact that doctors do not recommend treating pregnant women with strong medications, researchers intend to test the drug azidothymidine (AZT) on expectant women infected with AIDS. The hope is that the

treatment will reduce the chance that the virus will be transmitted to the fetus.

CHICAGO—In one of the most extensive studies yet conducted, health professionals have found that 20 percent of intravenous-drug users and their sexual partners in three Chicago neighborhoods are infected with AIDS.

#### HONEST JOB

SAN ANTONIO—A vice-squad officer arrested an ex-con working in an adult bookstore and charged him with selling obscene materials. The ex-con pleaded "not my fault." He explained that a parole officer had sent him to the Texas Employment Commission, which sent him to apply for the job. Charges were dismissed.

#### STICKS AND STONES

LOS ANGELES—Playground name calling is now a punishable offense in L.A. schools. The school board voted unanimously to require that schools discipline anyone who makes slurs—whether or not they are deliberate—about someone's race, religion, sex, sexual orientation, disabilities, immigration status or political beliefs.

#### **GOD'S DOUBLE-CROSSER**

TULSA-After telling his faithful in 1987 that he had to raise \$8,000,000 for full medical scholarships or God would call him home, televangelist Oral Roberts has decided that the money should not be used for scholarships after all. And, as of the fall of 1988, the scholarships already granted to students at Oral Roberts University are to be considered loans, either to be worked off by students' serving as unpaid medical missionaries for four years or to be repaid-with 18 percent interest. Furthermore, he bars students from borrowing money, without written permission, from any source other than the university. A member of the school's board of regents conceded that "a small group of med students feels that there's been some breach of trust." When students grumbled, Roberts told them to "keep your cotton-picking mouths shut."

#### VIRAL BISK

CHICAGO—A rapidly spreading sexually transmitted virus has been linked to cervical cancer. Researchers in the United States and Europe report that as many as ten percent of women in their late teens and 20s have been infected with papillomavirus, found in virtually every case of cervical cancer.

#### THOU SHALT NOT LIE

SAN FRANCISCO—The California Supreme Court recently ruled that the First Amendment does not allow religions to fraudulently recruit members. The court's decision permits two former Moonies to sue the Reverend Sun Myung Moon's Unification Church for deceiving and brainwashing them so that they could not exercise independent judgment in deciding whether or not to join the flock.

#### AND THE WINNER IS. . . .

PORTLAND, MAINE—Cow-plop roulette has been declared illegal in the state of Maine—and the Jaycees are upset. The game involves checkering a field with chalk lines and turning a cow loose until it answers nature's call on one of the squares. The court said that the game violated a state law against using animals in games of chance. The Jaycees think the court—and the animal-rights citizen who



turned them in—overreacted: They've been using the cow-chip lottery for years in order to raise money for charity. A state police officer commented, "It probably doesn't hurt the cows, but it is exploitative. They are using the animals in a manner other than for what they were designed."

#### CHILD PORNOGRAPHY AND GOVERNMENT ENTRAPMENT

Ljust finished reading the September Playboy Forum articles "The Child-Pornography Myth," by Lawrence A. Stanley, and "Operation Borderline," by Frank Kuznik, and Lam concerned. Let me explain.

I am a doctoral candidate in the English-literature program at a state university and I'm currently preparing my dissertation. My topic is "The Paranoid Style in American Literature," a critical analysis of the works of William S. Burroughs, Thomas Pynchon and Don DeLillo. I will analyze the social and ideological context of the authors and the way they satirize the fringe elements of American culturesuch as extremist political parties, fringe religions and socially problematic modes of sexuality. I requested information from a number of "disreputable" groups: Neo-Nazis, Holocaust "myth busters," UFO worshipers, ESP adherents, a Christian sex cult and some overseas pornographers (within California). I set up a post-office box under a pseudonym for the receipt of the material.

Now I wonder if I may have inadvertently ordered pornography from organizations targeted by Federal authorities or even created by them. Even though I did not request child pornography, I am worried that postal or Customs agents will try to entrap me. Do I have a legitimate concern? What kind of action can I take to protect myself?

Stanley's and Kuznik's articles show reason for every American to be worried; the erosion of lib-

erties is frightening and will affect everyone, no matter what his sexual proclivities or intellectual pursuits are.

> (Name and address withheld by request)

Your name may, indeed, be on a Government list—you're lucky you used a pseudonym. Our advice is simply not to order any more X-rated videos from questionable ads or unsolicited mailings.

I was caught in a Government sting operation—and my life has been ruined.



FOR THE RECORD

# ROCK LYRICS AND PREGNANCY, CIRCA 1790

tipper gore, where were you when they needed you?

American society in the late 18th Century wasn't as staid as some modern Americans would have us believe. In fact, as described in *The Reshaping of Everyday Life*, 1790–1840, by Jack Larkin, premarital sex was quite common; nearly one third of rural–New England brides were pregnant when they went to the altar.

Premarital sex was actually encouraged by the practice of bundling; that is, allowing unwed couples to sleep in the same bed without undressing.

Bundling was celebrated in 18th Century songs. The lyrics of *A New Bundling Song* are, in part: "Bundling very much abounds in many parts in country towns" . . . the bundling maid would "sometimes say when she lies down, she can't be cumbered with a gown." Another song, titled *In Favor of Courting*, says: "Let coats and gowns be laid aside, let breeches take their flight."

Tipper Gore and her antirock organization would no doubt pin the pregnancy rate in early America on the songs. Some things never change.

Out of curiosity, I ordered some pornography from a brochure sent through the mail. The Government "caught" me with it and charged me with aiding and abetting the mailing of obscene material. The Federal defender told me that it would do no good to fight the charges, because they were politically motivated. Furthermore, if I were found guilty, I could receive five years in prison and be slapped with a \$250,000 fine—or I could plead guilty, receive no jail time and pay a \$50 fine. I pleaded guilty.

At the time of my arrest, I was a geography major in college; now I'm a convicted felon. I served time in Korea and Vietnam; now I can't vote.

Was this a victory for the antiporn people? Yes. Was I entrapped? Yes. Did the U.S. Government screw up my life? Yes. Was I stupid? Yes.

(Name and address withheld by request)

Thanks for the articles on the repugnant entrapment techniques of undercover U.S. Postal Service and Customs agents. I'm sure that *Playboy* recognizes the threat to itself and to the freedoms of all Americans from the hysteria that surrounds the issue of child pornography. I urge *Playboy* readers to contact their U.S. Congressmen and demand a stop to the expensive and intrusive Government entrapment squads.

J. Rick DeMasi, M.D. Somers, Connecticut

I've been aware of Government entrapment schemes for nearly a year and I've written several letters to the local newspapers to generate interest. Therefore, I was particularly pleased to see the entrapment articles in the September Forum. Someone had to do it—and the other media have kept their hands off. For your information, one of Postal Inspector Calvin Comfort's latest victims is a Cedar Falls resident.

Gerald Baker Cedar Falls, Iowa

For a look at Comfort's technique, see "The Tootsie Sting," "The Playboy Forum," February.

While reading your September issue about the latest wrinkle in the Republican—fundamentalist—radical-feminist alliance to gradually criminalize all forms of sex via the creation of a mythical commercial child-abuse network, with reputed annual profits greater than *Beverly Hills Cop I* and *H*, I flashed upon an idea reminiscent of one of Abbie Hoffman's in his prime.

Why not publish the names and addresses of the shell companies, so that we

#### FORUM

### R E S P O N S E

can all order a couple of magazines in the names of our favorite self-styled moralists? With apparently no required proof or evidence of having ordered something other than receiving it in the mail (and, in John Cocco's case, not even that!), I'll bet that we could put away craven careerist bureaucratic slime like Robert Showers in no time. I'm sure Henry Hudson, Ed Meese and the entire sleaze crew would also appreciate gift subscriptions. Say, maybe the Reagan Administration finally did come upon a method of cleaning up the nation.

J. Stanford Wilson Los Angeles, California

No interpretation of the Constitution can possibly allow Government agents to cajole, set up, entrap or otherwise hornswoggle American citizens by ramming not-always-specified enticements at them.

The Soviets haul their citizens in for interrogation when the mood strikes them. Our Government makes a big production out of how crafty and deceptive it can be, using taxpayers' money.

I hate child pornography and its producers. What disgusts me is that the Government has gone out of its way to make it available.

> J. Morrison Florence, Arizona

Stanley's report on child pornography is chilling. My compliments on an interesting exposé.

Dick Kirkpatrick Fort Lauderdale, Florida

I just finished reading the Forum article detailing the arrests of Danny Lee Stokes, John Cocco, Vincent S. Herbort, William Lerch and William Kelly, among others. What states were these men from? I live in Washington State and would like to believe that my husband and I will not get arrested for receiving X-rated-video advertisements in the mail. Eve never ordered an adult video, but I would hate to have my eight-year-old daughter taken away because my husband and I watch rented adult videos and read Playboy.

What can we do to ensure that we won't be one of the next victims?

(Name and address withheld by request)

None of the men was from Washington. But given that the entrapment schemes are by Federal agents, where you live is immaterial. If you continue to rent X-rated videos, you should have no problem.

Commercial child pornography, largely a product of Denmark during the Seventies, was virtually eradicated by a law passed there in 1980. The U.S. Government's recent attacks on collectors of this material through Operation Borderline, Project Looking Glass and similar witchhunts are beating a long-dead horse.

How is justice served when a government can advertise, produce, sell and deliver child pornography? Is the individual who is duped, harassed and arrested the villain, or is the government?

It is ironic that the coffin lid on the First and Fourth Amendments was nailed shut by the enactment of the so-called "Child Protection Act" (a cleverly contrived way to undermine our constitutional rights), an act that was instigated in 1984.

Larry Richardson Burlington, North Carolina

Your feature about child pornography fails to mention a serious side effect of the Government's entrapment schemes.

Somebody responding to a Government agent's solicitations for child porn may actually produce the stuff. That

#### COFFEE-TABLE SEX

literary and artistic erotica

Libido, the Journal of Sex and Sensibility, a recently inaugurated quarterly of erotico, has fiction, photography, illustration, poetry, interviews and essays. It is available at \$20 per year from Libido, Inc., P.O. Box 146721, Chicago 60614.







The seven-year-old quarterly Yellow Silk: Journal of Erotic Arts contains a mix of poetry, fiction, reviews, essays, fine art and photographs and is available at \$20 per year from Verygrophics, P.O. Box 6374, Albany, California 94706. obviously defeats the purpose of the law, which is designed to protect children from such a harmful practice.

Tom Alciere Boston, Massachusetts

I enjoy watching X-rated videos—but don't publish my name. I'd hate for Government agents to end up at my door.

(Name and address withheld by request)

#### **ANTIPORN INVADES CONGRESS**

Congress made an election-year issue out of The Pornography Victims Protection Act of 1987 (*The Playboy Forum*, November) without considering our First Amendment rights. Representative William J. Hughes called the bill "a way around the constitutional problem." Since when is the Constitution a problem? The job of Congress is to uphold the Constitution—not usurp it. House Bill 1213 is a step toward turning our country into an Orwellian society in which Big Brother tells us what to watch and read. This bill must be defeated and people like Hughes voted out of office.

Eric R. Ewell Runnemede, New Jersey

House Bill 1213 has apparently frightened Kansas City's largest and most reputable video dealer into dumping its inventory of 8000 adult tapes. That, coupled with the Kansas City STOP campaign (*The Playboy Forum*, November and December), illustrates that threats and intimidation work in this city. I hope you will publish more on these issues.

> Robert MacLean, Editor Johnson County Gazette Olathe, Kansas

#### **CAVEAT EMPTOR**

I have seen advertisements in magazines for marijuana-seed catalogs. All of the distributors are located in the Netherlands. How legitimate are these businesses? Doesn't U.S. law prohibit ordering Cannabis? What are my chances of getting a surprise visit from the police if I order from the catalogs?

(Name and address withheld by request)

Law-enforcement agents have been known to place phony classified ads for marijuana seeds and other drug-related items in order to entrap drug users. Ordering from one of these catalogs is a risky proposition.

#### STOP STOP—AND CAP

We read your November Forum article about the STOP campaign ("Kansas City Con," by the Reverend John M. Swomley, Jr.) and we have some additional information to contribute. Tom Leathers, a journalist and publisher, went to a meeting of the Kansas City chapter of the

National Coalition Against Pornography (N-CAP) and, presumably because of his prominence in the community, was—without his prior knowledge—chosen by N-CAP to serve on its board of directors.

Leathers decided to do a story about child pornography for his weekly newspapers. In doing research for it, he found that "the city was virtually clean of what N-CAP said was out there." Then he resigned from the board and withdrew his support from the group, but N-CAP refused to acknowledge his resignation—nor did it take his name off the stationery.

Although Leathers found no readily available hard-core pornography in Kansas City, N-CAP set up the STOP (Stand Together Opposing Pornography) campaign, intending to use Kansas City as a test market for a "public-awareness program." (One of the leaders of STOP, the Reverend Jerry Kirk, attacked *Playboy* and the swimsuit issue of *Sports Illustrated* in his 1985 book, *The Mind Polluters.*)



The campaign was devised by the Russ Reid Company of Pasadena, the public-relations firm that successfully publicized Mothers Against Drunk Driving (MADD). STOP bought billboards and bus placards emblazoned with the words PORNOGRAPHY DESTROYS. The children displayed in those ads as victims of child abuse were, in fact, models. The monthlong campaign included newspaper ads, TV and radio spots and a two-hour telethon that garnered \$78,000 in pledges.

According to Dick Kurtenbach, head of the Kansas and Western Missouri chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union, STOP is using child pornography to emotionally sway the public—but the campaign is really out to get the corner video store.

The orchestrated campaign has been successful in, if nothing else, convincing people that there is a problem when there isn't—which only goes to show what a good public-relations campaign can do.

Kenneth LaFave Helena Elling Kansas City, Missouri The Reverend John M. Swomley, Jr., articulates the moderate Christian's views on pornography ("STOP Campaign Is Unethical," *The Playboy Forum*, December).

J. Kenneth Harrer Detroit, Michigan

I disagree with Swomley's viewpoint. Although I don't think that all sexually related crimes are caused by pornography, I do feel that there is a connection in some, if not most, cases. Hard-core and child pornography should be banned. I have no facts or statistics to back up what I believe, but that is what I feel and I'm sure that many Americans feel so, also.

Horace Scott Lacy Midway, Texas

The operative sentence in your letter is the last one. Get the facts—and see if your feelings change. Also, for your information, child pornography is banned.

Contrary to what the Coalition Against Pornography says, I know that adult stores do not necessarily breed crime. I live one mile from three stores, all of which are open 24 hours per day: an adult bookstore, an adult video store and a sexual-aid shop. There is no crime problem nor prostitution in my neighborhood.

Douglas G. Smith Kansas City, Missouri

I live in a small, northwest Georgia town about 25 miles south of Chattanooga, Tennessee, where antipornography forces called C-CAP (Chattanooga Coalition Against Pornography) are leading a crusade. Thus far, they have succeeded in eliminating virtually all adult entertainment.

I am certain that there are many people in the Chattanooga area who oppose the crusade. We, too, have a voice and we are sick and tired of others' legislating their morality on us.

Richard W. Chadburn LaFayette, Georgia

In Chattanooga, the moralists are telling us what we can read and view. Next thing you know, the police will arrest the mailman who delivers my *Playboy*.

A. W. Lawson, Jr. Chattanooga, Tennessee

I recently received a mailing from Citizens for Decency Through Law. It states: "There are at least 260 'kiddie-porn' magazines being sold in adult bookstores around the country and hundreds of motion pictures showing children involved in actual sexual performances." The C.D.L. publicizes and receives contributions on the basis of those erroneous

figures. It's the greatest scam since the televangelists.

T. Jones Scottsdale, Arizona

The De Kalb County state's attorney's office sent a letter to four video stores and two stores that sell books and magazines threatening them with criminal prosecution if they failed to remove "illegal" pornographic material from their stock.

State's attorney Philip DiMarzio said that he was merely responding to citizen complaints, but it came as no surprise to me that the complaints originated with the De Kalb chapter of Coalition Against Pornography. CAP secretary Virginia Shaw said, "We don't want to be a vigilante group. We want to get people help." Right! In the meantime, one of the local drugstores, Perry Drugs, has stopped selling *Playboy* because of these people's complaints.

J. Miller De Kalb, Illinois

A moral minority are also alive and well in St. Clair County, Illinois. They presented a petition to the County Board's Judiciary Committee with 200 signatures asking for a county obscenity ordinance to be adopted. They got their way.

Largely due to the influence of those moralists, my store, which sells marital aids and novelties (and allows only those over 18 to enter), was raided by police who started boxing my merchandise. When I asked them how they were deciding which items to confiscate, one of them answered, "I will take everything

that I find morally offensive." So much for the law!

Charles W. Jewell, Jr. Collinsville, Illinois

I love my state, but I know why we are considered to be backward. Because we are backward. We let ourselves be controlled by fundamentalist Christians who are endowed with such great wisdom and sense of morality that it suffices for all of us. I have seen the conservative and evangelical movements use misinformation and the manipulation of scientific data to support their positions and to alter public perception. I see little public resistance to these forces except by Playboy and the American Civil Liberties Union. The head of the

Birmingham chapter of the American Family Association, the Reverend Donald E. Wildmon's group, claims that "the very heritage of our country is at stake" over the issue of pornography. That's the only thing that I can agree with him about.

Jerry W. Hamilton Birmingham, Alabama

#### **USE COMMON SENSE**

The conclusion some people make that anyone who views pornography will lose his faith or commit a crime is ridiculous. Most people have the common sense to discriminate between the world they read about and the world they live in.

P. Sean Murphy Snow Hill, Maryland

#### **AIDS THEORIES**

Dr. Robert Ryder of the Boston University School of Public Health speculates that the AIDS virus has been around for "20, 30, 40, 50, perhaps 100 years." Ryder arrived at his conclusion by examining data from blood samples collected after an outbreak of Ebola fever that occurred in central Africa in 1976. Scientists took blood from nearly 700 people living in the region. Those samples were preserved and later tested for AIDS. Almost one percent of the samples tested positive. Ryder's theory is that AIDS broke out into the community because traditional African society was disrupted by the advent of modern urban life. That social upheaval contributed to a breakdown of traditional sexual mores and, thus, AIDS was spread. Certainly, if AIDS was spread by a change in behavior, the opposite would be true, too; that is, we can contain AIDS by a change in behavior.

> Paul Schaefer Kansas City, Missouri

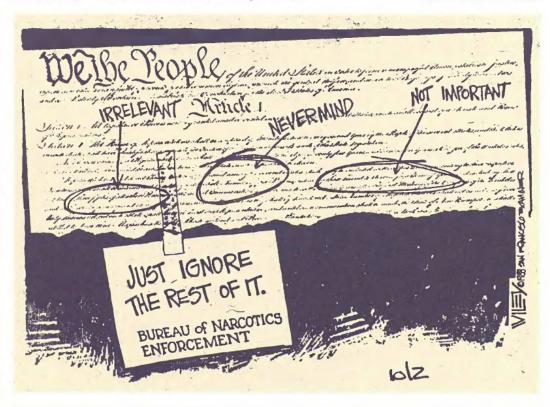
#### COSBY'S CONSCIOUSNESS

Few television sitcoms are as socially conscious as *The Cosby Show*. Bill Cosby is concerned about a wide range of social issues, yet, surprisingly, he doesn't seem to be concerned about the way men are treated. He apparently thinks that dehumanizing people is cute—as long as the people are males. To wit:

- Men—never women—are the butt of jokes.
  - 2. Women always outsmart men.
  - 3. Real men don't seek out health care.
- Men should pay for their dates' meals and entertainment.
  - 5. Men should chauffeur women.
- Women have control of a couple's sex life.
- Domestic violence is funny—as long as the male is the victim.
- Women can humiliate men but not vice versa.
- Boys should receive less emotional support and affection than girls.
- Women decide what is best for children.

Isn't it about time that Cosby's concern about civil rights spills over to men's rights?

Fredric Hayward Men's Rights, Inc. Sacramento, California



#### FORUM

#### JUDITH REISMAN:

#### SOCIAL CHARLATAN

#### By Doug Mould, Ph.D.

Science is not immune from charlatans-and scientific quacks often have many followers. In 1486, two Dominicans published a document, Malleus Maleficarum, that was essentially a manual for persecuting witches; it was taken very seriously by 15th Century zealots. In the late 1700s, Franz Mesmer purported to cure mental disorders through therapeutic sessions akin to séances; he had a lucrative practice. From 1929 to 1965, Trofim Lysenko practiced unorthodox genetic biology (he claimed that wheat plants could produce rye seeds); he was named director of the Institute of Genetics of the Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R. In 1984, Judith Reisman published a report claiming that Playboy, Penthouse and Hustler depict children as sex objects and incite men to commit violence against women; because of the report, some magazine sellers pulled the periodicals from their shelves. (See "The Big Lie: Reisman Revisited." The Playboy Forum, October.)

The Dominicans, Mesmer and Lysenko used fraudulent research to fool the public. Reisman does the same. She puts a great deal of emphasis on the supposed increase of depictions of violence in *Playboy*, *Penthouse* and *Hustler*, an increase that has not been documented in any reputable study.

Another fraud is Reisman's use of correlational data. She concludes that an increase in rape positively correlates with an increase in violent images in men's magazines. However, it also positively correlates with the increase in membership in the Southern Baptist Church and the increase in the cost of housing and the increase of the number of Ms. magazine readers. The truth is that the incidence of rape has more to do with an increase in the number of males in the prime age range for rapists than with any other factor.

How seriously can we take Reisman? At the Fifth World Congress of Sexology in 1981, she charged that the Kinsey Institute, one of the most respected sex-research organizations, not only condoned sexual abuse of children but actually actively engaged in sexually abusing them. An explosive charge—and one that received no media attention because it was immediately debunked

Reisman is not interested in the

truth. The only thing that she is interested in is propagating her belief that all women and children are victimized by men. She is so obsessed with this belief that she is willing to ignore standard research methods and make statements unsupported by scientific study—and then claim that she has the facts.

Reisman learned something from her experience at the World Congress. When she found that she wasn't taken seriously there, she faded into the woodwork. When she found that her report on violence and men's magazines wasn't taken seriously and wouldn't be published by the Government agency that had commissioned it, she published and distributed it herself—in a form that looks official.

Throughout the ages, people have been willing to believe in quacks and frauds who offer quick fixes to complex problems. Reisman is just the latest in a long line.

Doug Mould is a psychologist in private practice. He recently published a critical analysis of the research on violent pornography in The Journal of Sex Research.

# It was inevitable, after years of counting breasts in magazines, Julith A. Reisman, Ph.D. finally gracks



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# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: TOM HANKS

a candid conversation with the "biggest" of the new young stars about comedy, making a "splash" in hollywood and how to be 13 years old

Hollywood is stuffed like a tin of Beluga caviar with people "famous for being well known," to use a phrase coined by historian Daniel Boorstin. Off the screen, there are actors known for the photographers they punch and for the causes they support; there are actors known for their dollars and actors known for their scents; there are those who are famous for being arrested at nuclear-test sites and for not being able to get themselves arrested; there are those known for their hair and those known for their stubble.

And then there is Tom Hanks.

Let's put it delicately: If Tom Hanks had to depend on his off-camera image to become celebrated, he wouldn't be. Hanks is the first to admit that he is neither particularly goodlooking nor a scintillating conversationalist. He doesn't fight, do drugs, carouse, gossip or speak out on politics.

Yet Hanks's face is everywhere these days, from the big screen to the season premiere of "Saturday Night Live" to the cover of Newsweek. They're even talking about an

Oscar for the guy. What gives?

This: Tom Hanks does one thing incredibly well—he can act like a dream. The respect in which he is held by both critics and his fellow actors has been remarkable, given his relatively brief career. He has been likened to such greats as Cary Grant and Jimmy Stewart. He has held his own—and more—with such

pros as Sally Field and Jackie Gleason. Normally reserved reviewers have described him in words they reserve for the De Niros, Pacinos and Nicholsons. Most of all, what they say is that Hanks makes acting look easy.

Nineteen eighty-eight was the year of Tom Hanks. "Big" was released during the invasion of the body switchers-that spate of boy/ adult movies with nearly identical plotsand his competition included the likes of Dudley Moore and Judge Reinhold. But Hanks, in "Big," would deliver a touching honesty not visible in the other movies. The story of a 13-year-old boy who wishes that he were (and then really becomes) "big," the film became an immediate smash. "Big," like all hit comedies, had its classic moments: Hanks at his first grown-up party, gagging on the caviar; Hanks and Robert Loggia tapping out "Chopsticks" on an oversized keyboard; Hanks cooling off Elizabeth Perkins by telling her that if she really wants to "sleep over" at his place, he wants to be on top (he means the top bunk); Hanks peering into his shorts to see if he's big there, too; Hanks shooting silly string from his mouth and, of course, politely nibbling row after row of his tiny appetizer

Producer James Brooks, who had directed "Broadcast News" and "Terms of Endearment," had originally wanted Harrison Ford or Robert De Niro for the part. Hanks was a fortuitous third choice. The film lived up to its name, becoming one of the biggest movies of 1988, grossing more than \$110,000,000 and instantly catapulting Hanks, who had earned rave after rave, to the ranks of stardom.

There was also "Punchline." Made before but released after "Big," the film had Hanks tackling the risky role of a brilliant but tortured stand-up comedian. It was the type of assignment in which being a good actor—like his co-star Sally Field—simply wasn't enough; he'd also have to learn how to sidle up to a microphone and, without dialog or partner, be genuinely funny. When "Punchline" was released, critics generally agreed that Hanks's performance was better than the film itself. Talk of an Oscar began then.

All of which was wildly unlikely, given Hanks's less-than-lucky past. Born in 1956, he had a difficult childhood, caused in part by the divorce of his parents when he was five. He and his brother and sister lived with their father; his younger brother went to live with their mother. Hanks's father worked in the restaurant business but moved the family often from town to town, mostly in Northern California. When his father married for the second time, he got a stepmother, along with five more kids. Divorce came again two years later and that family was split up. Then a third wife moved in. Meanwhile, life with Tom's natural mother was even less stable:



"I didn't become an actor to develop a personality cult or to get power over people. I went into this because it's fun. But you get <u>all</u> this attention. Your head can play all sorts of bizarre tricks."



"If there's any age 1 analyzed, even before preparing for 'Big,' it was those junior high years, when you can't figure anything out. You're cranky all the time; the chemicals in your body are out of whack."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY WAYNE WILLIAM

"I've always been aware that this is a very gossamer thing that we have here—life itself. Life is a precious thing that can disappear in a moment. We're all very capable of fucking up our own lives." She remarried three times and he rarely saw her during the years he was growing up. "The Brady Bunch" it wasn't.

Nor was school Hanks's strong suit. He had few compelling interests until, at a community college in Sacramento, he enrolled in a drama course. His first job was that of a stagehand, and he never looked back.

Hanks met actress Samantha Lewes in Sacramento, where they had been working in a college theater group. Moving to New York City, where they married, the two struggling actors combed the city for work, only to move back to California—this time to L.A.—where Hanks had been offered his first important role, in "Bosom Buddies," a sitcom in which he and co-star Peter Scolari appeared mostly in drag. Despite an enthusiastic cult following, the show was canceled after two years, just in time for Hanks's first major film role—as the guy who falls for a mermaid in Ron Howard's "Splash." The film became one of the biggest hits of 1984.

Since that film's success, Hanks has been on a roll, making 12 movies in six years. A kind of droll comic genius is the common denominator in almost all these films, though the roles have varied: one of the guys after suds 'n' girls in "Bachelor Party"; the beleaguered new owner of a ramshackle mansion in "The Money Pit" (with Shelley Long); the whiz-kid ad man with a hard-boiled dad in "Nothing in Common" (with Jackie Gleason); Dan Aykroyd's carefree partner in crime prevention (but careful enough to practice safe sex) in "Dragnet."

Tom and Samantha were divorced in 1987, with two children, now six and ten. He was remarried last year to Rita Wilson, an actress whom he met on the set of his forgettable Peace Corps comedy, "Volunteers." His next film, due for a spring release, is "The 'burbs," a comedy with Bruce Dern and Carrie Fisher.

When Playboy decided to track down Tom Hanks, a surprising number of women offered assistance to interviewer and Contributing Editor David Sheff—"Maybe I can carry your tape recorder, huh?" Ever the professional, Sheff braved the assignment solo. Here's his report:

"Hanks was wearing sweats and sneakers and had forgotten to shave the day I met him in his office at Disney Studios—just past the Mickey Mouse mailboxes and Chip and Dale ashtrays. The fact that his office is in the studio's animation building seems somehow appropriate. Inside, there are only a few personal items to distinguish it as Hanks's: For one, hanging on the wall above his Macintosh SE is a framed 'Dear Tom' letter, congratulating him on his marriage and raving about his performance in 'Top Gun,' which, of course, he wasn't in.

"Almost immediately, I learned that Hanks is a soft-spoken, modest man who is stubborn about only one thing, as far as I could tell: letting anyone from the press into his house. The location, in Los Angeles, seems to be one of his most fiercely guarded secrets.

"When I drove up to it during one of the later sessions, he came out to meet me, saying,

'This is the closest anyone has ever been.' I was only at the garage.

"Although I promised Hanks that I wouldn't reveal the location of his house, let me note that it isn't particularly lavish, and neither are the cars in front of it—among them, a VW convertible and a Honda Accord.

"That particular morning, Hanks was dressed in a rubber wet suit. We were going surfing, one of his newer passions.

"He took some surfing gear from the garage and jammed it into the trunk of his car, next to a set of golf clubs. We secured the surfboard onto the roof of the car and, as we strapped ourselves in for the ride, he offered me coffee from a large Thermos. He had made the coffee himself—there was just the right amount of cream already in it—and balanced his own cup as we drove down Sunset Boulevard toward the Pacific Coast Highway.

"At Malibu beach, he stopped the car and handed me a towel. I thought you might want a towel so you'd be more comfortable on the beach, he said. I remember thinking, How considerate. And he makes such great coffee. But after the many hours spent with him over the course of the interview, I began to wonder about this comic actor, When is the fun supposed to start? How about a joke?

"Not working is what drives actors stark-raving mad and why they develop ulcers and drug problems."

"Finally, a wave came. It was not a large wave, but it was a wave and Hanks paddled frantically to try to catch it. It came to shore without him. Soon, another tiny wave broke and he missed that one, too. But still he waited, his hands on his hips, out there on his board.

"Then, another wave came, and he started paddling again. The wave began breaking and it looked as if he were going to catch this one. He was up, he was down. For someone who had been surfing for only a few months, he was certainly determined; and he rode the wave until it petered out about four seconds later.

"He shrugged and headed out again. There he was, paddling about and missing waves—his legs flailing behind him, his hair sticking up on top of his head—and it was becoming funny. I found myself laughing out loud."

"Finally, it dawned on me. If a camera had been on him, this would have been a quintessential Hanks scene: He was doing something with the utmost sincerity and was by turn endearing, charming, silly and goofy just being himself."

**PLAYBOY:** You're on a streak. The critics heap praise on you and the public seems to

love you, too. No offense, but what's the big deal, anyway?

HANKS: I would hope it's because I'm fascinating, interesting, charming, witty, funny and yet . . . can be taken seriously. [Laughs] Actually, I have no idea. I couldn't figure it out in a million years. Nor would I want to. I do what I do.

**PLAYBOY:** The word *vulnerable* appears often in articles about you.

HANKS: Fine, great. Vulnerable. Also: "He appears so *crushable*." Yeah, fine. I don't know anybody who *isn't*. This popularity thing, it can happen to anyone who's in a couple of hits in a row. I have no idea why, but for some reason, I'm able to make movies for a living. That's *it*.

PLAYBOY: What about the comparisons to Cary Grant?

**HANKS:** I think those comparisons came after *Volunteers*, in which I play a very cool guy with a Bostonian accent and Γm dressed real nice.

PLAYBOY: Isn't it also because, like Grant, you appeal to a cross section of people?

HANKS: Yeah, the babes—I mean the women—loved Cary Grant and the guys wanted to be just like him. But I don't like those comparisons. I just think the guy I play in Volunteers is that kind of guy. He always has the right thing to say, has all the women. Pure fantasy, like a James Bond movie.

**PLAYBOY:** Your movie *Bachelor Party* also contributed something to your image—as a carouser.

HANKS: Yeah, though I'm the only one at the bachelor party *not* to get laid. The movie is just a sloppy rock-and-roll comedy that has tits in it. It was made when the studios were making lots of *Porky's* and *Animal House* kinds of things.

PLAYBOY: Were you concerned about getting stuck in teenage beer-and-sex movies? HANKS: I had already done Splash, so it was something very different for me. Splash had been a romantic-leading-man role—you know, the innocent, lovesick guy who falls in love with a fish. A very well-rounded, wholesome movie.

PLAYBOY: And a fair entry into the business. HANKS: Most definitely. And the reason I got to do it was that a lot of big actors turned it down. If you were a big-name guy and got an offer for a movie directed by Mayberry's Opie Taylor for Walt Disney, you weren't going to leap at it.

PLAYBOY: But you did.

HANKS: It sounded great to me. I hadn't done any movies yet. But I can't take credit for the success of *Splash* and *Bachelor Party*'s being hits, other than having been in the right place at the right time and having got the job.

PLAYBOY: You must have been humbled when your next two movies, *The Man with One Red Shoe* and *Volunteers*, came out.

HANKS: Sure. When you have a hit, you get so much attention paid to you. Splash made eighty million dollars and Bachelor Party made forty million. You think, Oh, I know how to do this. But you can't even begin to know anything after two movies,

though you can get arrogant and lazy. **PLAYBOY:** Is that what happened to you?

HANKS: I didn't become an actor to develop a personality cult or to get power over people. I went into this because it's fun, because it's a great way to make a living. That really governs my reaction to it all. But you

get all this attention. Your head can play all sorts of bizarre tricks. By now, I think I have a pretty good grasp of how this stuff works. I fought my battles a long time ago.

PLAYBOY: What kinds of battles?

HANKS: Oh, I guess you have a period when you think you deserve all the attention you're getting. You have people surrounding you, telling you that you're the greatest thing in the world. I honestly don't think I have an inflated view of myself now. But it happens.

**PLAYBOY:** Play critic for us and review your movies.

HANKS: OK.
PLAYBOY: Splash.

HANKS: A really good movie that made a lot of money. PLAYBOY: Bachelor

Party.

HANKS: Has enough stuff in it that's genuinely funny, lots of surprises. It also made a ton of money.

PLAYBOY: The Man with One Red Shoe.

HANKS: Not a very good movie. It doesn't have any real, clear focus to it. It isn't about anything particularly that you can honestly understand. It made no money at all.

PLAYBOY: Volunteers. HANKS: A really good idea and maybe sixty percent of it

is pretty funny. The last forty percent. . . . What can you say? The audience passed judgment on it and it didn't do that well.

PLAYBOY: The Money Pit.

HANKS: Some parts of that are absolutely hilarious, but, for the most part, it just doesn't cut it. All right? For a while, it made a ton of money, and then it stopped. PLAYBOY: Nothing in Common.

HANKS: Has a bit of a split personality, because we're trying to be very funny in the same movie in which we're trying to be very touching. It's the best work that I had done up to then. It didn't go through the roof, but it did very well.

PLAYBOY: Every Time We Say Goodbye.

**HANKS:** It's a genuinely good movie that I think is really honest and touches the consciousness.

PLAYBOY: And Punchline?

**HANKS:** That's the hardest one to make any sort of judgment on. The movie didn't do that well, which was really disappointing.

PLAYBOY: Any idea why?

HANKS: If I were going to figure out why, I would end up taking a bunch of cheap shots at an awful lot of people who tried real hard, and that's not fair. What can you say? But it's the best work I've ever done. We were talking some real naked truths about the characters and, in a lot of ways, about myself. I was too close.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

HANKS: The guy in Punchline probably has the worst aspects of my worst aspects. PLAYBOY: List them.

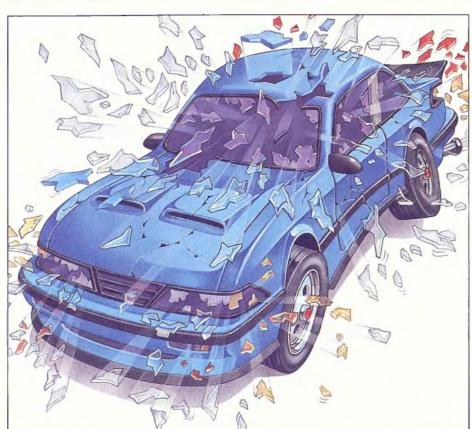
HANKS: He is extremely competitive, for one thing. Competitive to a fault. He is unable to balance his daily existence so that real life and what he does for a living have an equal weight. I've certainly had those problems; I think any actor has: The only time you really feel alive is when you're working. I've gotten a little more mature since I was like that, but....

**PLAYBOY:** How do you feel these days when you're *not* working?

HANKS: I think that's what really drives actors absolutely stark-raving mad and why they develop ulcers and drug problems.

PLAYBOY: And that's why you've made twelve movies in six years?

HANKS: Part of it is the insecurity factor every time, you feel like you're never going to get another chance again. They're going to catch on, and that'll be it. Even when you're working a lot, you think, How many of these do I get? It's like they give you only so many dollars in your wallet and once



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**HANKS:** Disappeared without a trace, even though it's probably the most visually beautiful movie I've made.

PLAYBOY: Dragnet.

HANKS: Made a lot of money but probably not nearly as much as anticipated. It's convoluted. There are problems with it. It should be funnier.

PLAYBOY: Big.

those dollars are spent, you're broke.

**PLAYBOY:** You made the cover of *Newsweek*. Did that feel like some kind of validation? HANKS: I guess. Supposedly. That's what everybody says. I just thought, Couldn't they have used a picture where I wasn't smirking? They took really nice, handsome photographs of me and they used the one where I've got this goofy look on my face. But, yeah, they want you on the cover of Newsweek and they say nice things and you're publicizing a movie, so you say, 'Yeah, sure, go ahead." It's all praise now, but that means there'll be a period when it's all bad. You prepare for that. None of it is true, it's only for that particular moment. The backlash hits in a few months. Who is on the cover of Newsweek now? Geraldo. How's that for company?

PLAYBOY: The Newsweek piece makes a lot of your being a nice guy. You even did a monolog on that theme on Saturday Night Live. Was Newsweek right?

HANKS: I think they confused my not caring about a lot of things with being nice. I just show up for these things—photo shoots and stuff—and say, "Hi, what do you want me to do?" They get to do whatever they want and I don't care about what clothes they put me in or anything like that. But it's not that I'm being a nice guy—I simply don't care. Life's too short to worry about all that.

PLAYBOY: Since you've brought up fashion, what does the Tom Hanks collection look like?

HANKS: I'm wearing it. Neutral colors, beat-up things. No labels, no labels anywhere. You know how hard it is to find clothes without labels on them?

**PLAYBOY:** Will you be bringing out a perfume, as Cher and Liz have done?

**HANKS:** Yes. Vanilla Extract Hanks. A little behind the ear. I *do* think that smells real good, matter of fact.

**PLAYBOY:** Before we leave *Punchline* to the video stores, why wasn't a real comedian cast in that role?

**HANKS:** If you're going to make a movie about the postimpressionists, are you actually going to hire painters to play painters? We weren't making a documentary. This was acting, *squared*.

PLAYBOY: Why?

HANKS: For example, Lenny was an accurate movie about a great stand-up comedian, but it wasn't funny to the audience who was in the movie theater. We, as an audience, weren't laughing at what Lenny Bruce was saying. We were watching him make other people laugh. In order to raise the stakes of what we were doing, we wanted stand-up material that was funny to audiences within the movie as well as to people watching the movie in theaters. In some ways it was harder.

PLAYBOY: And was the manic edge in your character written into the script, or did you bring that to the role?

HANKS: Well, his humor was supposed to be aggressive, mind-controlling. My character makes people laugh, then shakes them up. There are comedians who do that in real life. Richard Pryor certainly does.

I think that Pryor's the most influential of the stand-up comedians since World War Two. There are four guys who have been the most influential: Pryor, Bruce and Steve Martin. Martin is the one who changed stand-up the most. I think he's behind the rage in comedy clubs today. And the fourth is—ahh—I can't remember. He was so influential and—God, I can't remember his name.

PLAYBOY: Milton Berle? Robin Williams? Jerry Lewis?

**HANKS:** No, he hosts a show—on cable. I'm blanking out on this guy's name.

PLAYBOY: Garry Shandling?

HANKS: It'll come back to me. I'll scream it out when I remember.

**PLAYBOY:** We were talking about what you brought to the role in *Punchline*. Were the stand-up routines in the script?

HANKS: No, a stand-up routine can't be written down on paper and then just delivered. You have to try it, build it. We built the routines in the movie step by step, piece by piece, performing in the clubs. My stuff was written by me and Randy Fechter and Barry Sobel, two comedians who are also friends.

The first few times, I tried it alone, before getting together with those guys, simply for the baptism by fire. It was terrible. I had what I thought was maybe five minutes of material; it turned out to be forty seconds of material and four minutes and twenty seconds of embarrassing myself and flopping and sweating.

PLAYBOY: That bad, eh?

HANKS: Yeah. I felt like a jerk. I had a safety net because I'm a well-known guy, but that lasts for about a minute and a half. After that, they expect you to make them laugh, no matter who you are.

On the other side of that was when it finally clicked, when it worked. It felt incredible. Addictive. There's a tremendous boost of adrenaline that would keep me up until three o'clock in the morning. That power to whip people into a frenzy—ROBERT KLEIN!

PLAYBOY: Huh?

HANKS: Robert Klein! He's number four! Whenever I saw him or heard him as a boy, I always felt he was the one comedian doing something genuine and brand-new.

PLAYBOY: You said that you found stand-up addictive. How?

HANKS: You control everything. You are your own producer and director and writer and star. You get up there all by yourself—you, alone, at a microphone. I know comedians who do it for two hours at a time—hold absolute dominance over an audience. You call all the shots and you feel all the glory. But that's the same thing that scares me about it: You're up there all by yourself. It's not a matter of taking somebody else's words and making them your own. It's you.

PLAYBOY: So how is your comedy habit?

Will you be sneaking out to comedy clubs in the middle of the night?

HANKS: Oh, no, no, no. When the movie was over, I was finished with stand-up. In order to do it seriously, in order to do it and honestly be good at it, it has to be a mission in life; it's not mine.

**PLAYBOY:** Your characters in both *Punchline* and *Nothing in Common* have confrontations with their fathers. Was that coincidental or did the theme intrigue you?

HANKS: It probably happens on a conscious level early on, when you read the script. You get the ephemeral sense of what the writer is saying and you relate it to something you've been through. You draw on that. Later, as you build the character, while the movie is being shot, bolts out of the blue come at you, things you can't even begin to imagine.

My dad has been really ill a number of times. And in *Nothing in Common*, when the father was in the hospital, it took me back to the time I went to the hospital and my dad was lying there and he was unconscious, comatose, you know, hardly even there. The only thing I could do was wash his face with a washrag. That does something to you.

PLAYBOY: In that case, your father was Jackie Gleason. Was it intimidating working with such an old pro?

HANKS: I was intimidated up to a point, but we worked as peers. I was certainly deferential and respectful. He wasn't feeling a hundred percent as far as his health, so he was kind of slow. But it was amazing: He came in exactly at nine, worked straight through to five. He had it down, knew what he wanted to do, got up and did it. He was just very, very professional.

**PLAYBOY:** We couldn't help noticing that when that movie opens, you're engaged in sex at thirty thousand feet with a stewardess.

HANKS: Yeah, well, that's a movie from the previous sexual era. He's a guy who gets laid a lot because he can talk women into bed. That was pre-safe sex.

**PLAYBOY:** As opposed to *Dragnet*, in which your character makes a big point of using condoms?

HANKS: Yeah; we couldn't make a movie that was supposed to be set in 1987 without addressing that issue. Dragnet, I think, was the first movie that featured something about safe sex. It happened ex post facto. We had to go back and reshoot some scenes as bridging material, and that's when I suggested we do something with condoms. They wrote that scene, the first safe-sex scene of the modern era. No lines. He takes the condom box, it's empty and he shrugs, like, Sorry, babe, we can't do it.

PLAYBOY: Just to finish this topic, what's your next movie?

HANKS: A movie called *Turner & Hooch*. Henry Winkler is directing. It's essentially about a policeman and a dog. But that doesn't really explain. High-jinks ensue. It will probably be shooting right around the

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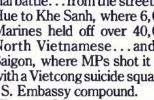
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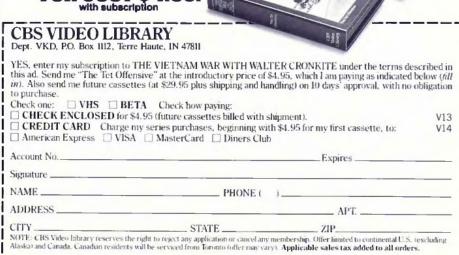
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time people are holding this issue of *Playboy* in their one hand.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you acquire such a smart mouth at an early age?

HANKS: As a child, I had an incredible amount of freedom to do whatever I wanted to do. By the time I was in junior high school, I was wandering around, freely, as much as I wanted to. A free spirit.

PLAYBOY: Did you have too much freedom? HANKS: No, because I had good sense. It wasn't like I was driving over to San Francisco, going to the Avalon Ballroom and dropping acid.

PLAYBOY: What did your parents do?

HANKS: My dad was in the restaurant business. Sometimes it was a small coffee shop, sometimes dinner houses, sometimes a restaurant inside a hotel, you know, with union waiters and the whole bit. I was the third kid to come along. I was about five when my parents' marriage began to break up. My brother and sister were older and I had a younger brother.

PLAYBOY: Was the divorce hard on you?

HANKS: I never saw them together very much—my dad was always working—so I wasn't really aware of any big change. When they broke up, my dad took the three oldest kids and my younger brother stayed with my mom.

PLAYBOY: Why did they split you up?

HANKS: Mostly because of money. They weren't well off, and neither one of them could deal with four kids at one time. Also, my dad wanted us. Since then, I've had a divorce myself and I went back and talked to my parents. I asked them how they could do that, split us up. The answer was that you do what you have to do at the time.

After that, my dad met another woman and married her and we moved to Reno. She had five kids of her own. Suddenly, it was, like—bang, zoom!—there were eight kids around. We were total strangers, all thrust together. I remember in school we had to draw a picture of our house and family and I ran out of places to put people. I put them on the roof. I drew Dad in bed, sleeping, since he worked so hard in the restaurant. When he and she split up, I never saw those people again.

PLAYBOY: Your second family?

HANKS: I've heard news of a few of them, but for the most part, I have no idea where they are. It was like the first time the three of us had left with Dad: We packed up the car and drove off at nighttime. We seemed to do that an awful lot.

PLAYBOY: Did you see your mother much? HANKS: I had scattered contact with her at that point. She remarried. She didn't have a lot of money. It was a tough time for her, trying to make ends meet with a kid on a waitress' salary. I saw her a couple of times, but I don't remember seeing her a lot.

Next, we went to my aunt's house in San Mateo. We lived there for a while; my dad slept in the back yard in a trailer. Then we moved into an apartment. We liked it, because it was the first time we'd lived alone with our dad. You remember those TV shows like Bachelor Father that showed kids living with their father in this neat home? We used to think they were crazy: We lived in these ripped-up, stained apartments that we completely destroyed in the course of living there. And we had no Philippine houseboy.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you a movie fan back then? **HANKS:** I saw movies *all* the time.

PLAYBOY: Did you have screen heroes?

HANKS: Robert Duvall. All he has to do is walk across the street. And certainly Jack Nicholson. And Robert De Niro. I would see whatever Jason Robards did. Steve Mc-Queen; he was really cool.

Also, film directors. Stanley Kubrick was a huge thing for me; 2001: A Space Odyssey was probably the most influential film, movie, story, artistic package, whatever, that I ever saw. It was just bigger. It affected me much, much more than anything I had ever seen. There was just awe. I've seen that movie twenty-two times. In theaters, not on video tape. Every time I saw it, I saw something new, something else that Kubrick had put in. He was able to suspend my disbelief. I just felt, We are in space.

The only other things that affected me as profoundly were reading *Catcher in the Rye* and finding out, in the fifth or sixth grade, about the Holocaust.

PLAYBOY: Did you identify with Holden Caulfield?

HANKS: I think everybody does when he goes through that period—when we form our opinions about ourselves. I remember feeling as alone as Holden Caulfield did, thinking. This isn't talking about me, or my life, yet I know how he feels.

Another thing about that book: I remember being very impressed at seeing the word crap in print. "All that David Copperfield kind of crap. . . ."

**PLAYBOY**: And you remember learning about the Holocaust...

HANKS: We were the children of the World War Two generation. I remember seeing the very famous picture of the little boy being escorted out of his home in Poland. He's got this look on his face. I remember thinking, Geez, I'm older than that kid is. That led me to find out everything I could about the horror of the Holocaust, trying to figure out how that could happen in my parents' lifetime.

PLAYBOY: You were a pretty serious kid.

**HANKS:** No, no more serious than anybody else. And I'm not saying that I was able to understand those things after seeing one photograph, I just remember *feeling* them.

Then we moved again. To Oakland. That was really where I grew up, because Dad would work every night till ten o'clock, so we were on our own. We made our own dinners, which was more comical than anything else. I remember throwing

away frozen peas and carrots and spinach so Dad would think we'd eaten them. We'd burn a steak and have some bread with it and make some instant mashed potatoes and that would be our dinner. I still can't eat tomato soup because of the constant smell of burned tomato soup that hovered over the electric stove.

PLAYBOY: Sounds pretty nutritious.

HANKS: We gained something for the lack of nutrition: We learned a lot, we became really independent. We did our own laundry. We supposedly had to keep the house clean, though it never was. That house was a shambles, too, by the time we left. We were completely unsupervised, but we got into surprisingly little trouble.

We finally left there because my dad met the woman he's married to now. She had three daughters. We moved again.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you remember being angry about all the moves?

HANKS: No. But the friction began then, in 1966. Everything started going crazy at that time. We had lived alone for two and a half years. We had called our own shots. Now there was this woman telling us what to do. We weren't about to suddenly be told to make our beds when we hadn't made our beds for two and a half years. Or to be told we couldn't go somewhere. My sister was getting into trouble staying out late.

This split the family right down the middle. My sister left and went to live with my mom. My brother and I lived by ourselves in the downstairs of the house. We talked to the rest of the family only at mealtimes, and barely even then.

PLAYBOY: What was the effect of all that?

HANKS: Like everything else, it was a blessing and a curse. A blessing because it made me very self-sufficient, I think. I don't need an awful lot to make me feel comfortable or happy. I travel very, very light.

PLAYBOY: And the curse?

**HANKS:** I guess I travel light with emotional possessions, too. I can easily walk away from something that is difficult. It's a case of the rolling stone that gathers no moss. I find it very, very difficult to put down permanent roots.

**PLAYBOY:** Is that why your first marriage failed?

HANKS: Partly. We married young. We had a child. That was the last thing either of us needed, and yet there was the fact of the matter. . . . I don't want to talk about it, because it would lead to talk about my divorce, and I don't want to do that.

PLAYBOY: Just sum up what happened.

HANKS: It was a college relationship. I was going off to work in the theater, but when my son was born, we decided to give it a shot and marry. Look, I was doing just a version of what my parents had done and what all of our parents had done. We tried. I was married for five years.

**PLAYBOY:** You met your present wife, Rita Wilson, on the set of *Volunteers*. How soon did you get married?

HANKS: We got to know each other on the set, but we were both involved at home. I went back home and went through a bunch of stuff for the better part of a year, and so did she.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you spend time being single and dating between your marriages?

HANKS: I've never really been good at that. I didn't want to, to tell you the truth. She and I dated for two years before we got married, so we had a long, protracted period of getting to know each other. But I've never been one to date.

PLAYBOY: We assume you have no ambitions to get onto the Supreme Court, so we can ask: Did you experiment with sex and drugs?

HANKS: As to drugs, there isn't anyhody who didn't smoke pot. And I also had done some blow [cocaine]. But I never did LSD. I never even did Quaaludes or anything like that, though all of this stuff, especially for someone who worked in the theater, was abundant. Smoking pot just made me the stupidest human being in the world.

**PLAYBOY:** And sex? You grew up in the middle of the sexual revolution.

HANKS: I had no concept of that whatsoever. I think my world image would have been very different if I had lost my virginity in high school, but I didn't. No *Bachelor Party* antics, I'm afraid. I just had a girlfriend for a long time.

But something important did happen in high school. I took a drama class that determined my career. In the course of ten weeks, I saw five completely different types of theater. I felt that the theater was as magical a place as existed, and I wanted to be involved in it. So I majored in theater arts. After I saw a Berkeley Repertory Theater production of *The Iceman Cometh*, I knew I'd do anything to be a part of it.

I went to Chabot College, where they had a great theater department. I started out operating the lights and building the sets. Later on, I began to perform and went off to the Great Lakes Shakespeare Festival in Cleveland as slave labor. That was my big break. I went back to Sacramento as a professional actor and then went to New York with my wife and child.

PLAYBOY: Did you find work right away? HANKS: It was a war of survival, really. I was a kid who had never been in such a big city before. I was on unemployment and trying to act. My wife was an actress as well, and she was pursuing that as best she could. This went on for two years. Finally, I-got a job in a low-budget movie, and after that, I got a development deal with ABC

**PLAYBOY:** And were hired for the TV series Bosom Buddies.

and we moved to California.

HANKS: Yeah. You've got to remember, this is old TV, before cable and the VCR. Back then, the three networks were battling it out like crazy to be number one. It was millions and millions of dollars, because they had more or less a lock on the TV audi-

ence. It's still very competitive, but it's not as big bucks as it used to be, because the networks have a dwindling percentage of the market.

So, since this was old TV, when money was really no object, the networks would do things such as send people just to go out and find the stars of tomorrow. And that's what happened with me at ABC. The odds were a billion zillion to one against anything happening, but it did.

PLAYBOY: How?

HANKS: I had lived in New York for a couple of years and had developed, I guess, a defense mechanism when it came to auditions. And that was not to care about them too much. So I was able to go in and be so casual, so nonchalant about impressing those people that I'd screw it up—as opposed to trying to show them how great and unique a talent you are. People hate you when you do that. Eventually, a development deal was struck, which meant I would probably work in some ABC-TV series. It worked out to be Bosom Buddies.

PLAYBOY: Did you enjoy episodic TV?

HANKS: We all had a great time. I thought we did some really excellent television shows. We, as actors, got to be a very, very finely honed team. It was a great marriage, as far as that goes.

**PLAYBOY:** The marriage, of course, was the two of you in drag.

HANKS: Yeah, but less and less with time. After the first half of the first season, we felt we'd done the drag thing to death. How many jokes can you make about Mydol, for God's sake?

**PLAYBOY:** The show was canceled after two seasons. Why?

HANKS: Burnout. By the end of two seasons, we were pretty well flagged. We were just exhausted. Everybody probably would have said the show was canceled at the right time, because we would have begun to chew each other's heads off.

**PLAYBOY:** And not too long afterward, you managed to get a role in Ron Howard's movie *Splash*. But it was *Big* that captured the critics and caused talk about a possible Oscar nomination. We read that both De Niro and Harrison Ford were supposed to have your role in *Big*.

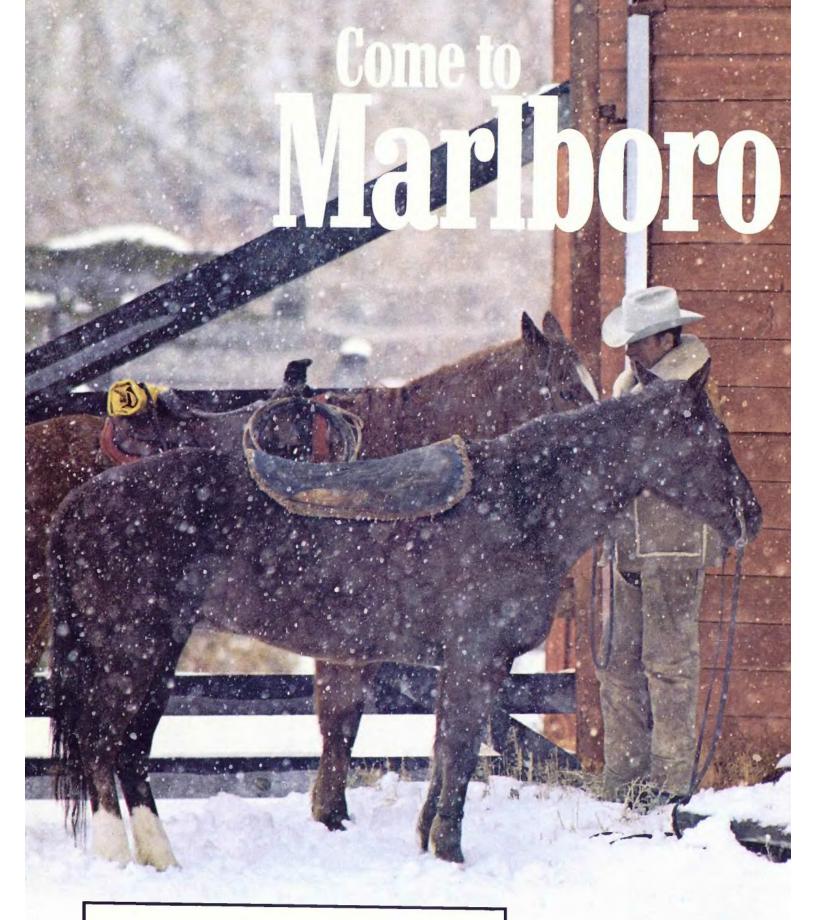
**HANKS:** Yeah, though it's really a waste of time to consider it. I'm sure that it had been in a lot of other people's hands.

**PLAYBOY:** There were also stories about Penny Marshall's eccentricity as a director. Was she difficult to work with?

HANKS: Well, one thing she did that drove me crazy was to test over and over and over again with all sorts of actors. There were scenes that I must have done two hundred times on video tape and then two hundred more in the rehearsal process. Penny just wanted to see all *sorts* of things. I would say, "I can't do this scene one more time. I don't care who it is. I cannot read these same goddamn words one more time or by the time we get to making the movie,

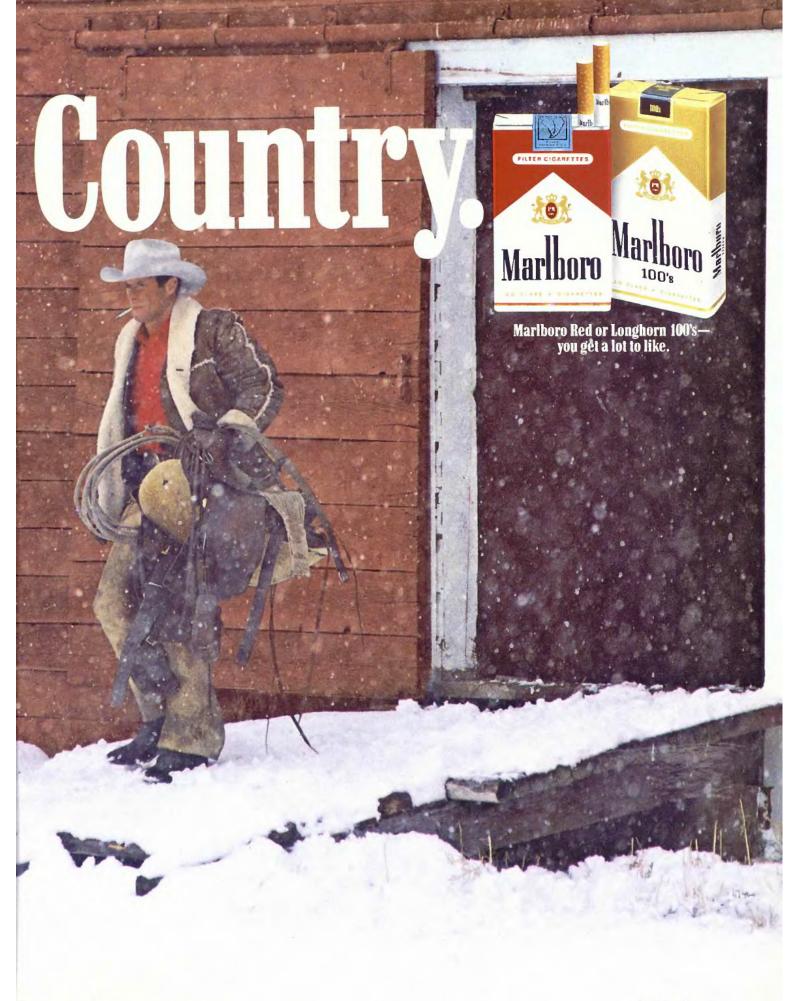


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I'm going to hate it so much that I'm not going to do it at all."

Well, what happened instead was, I knew the material so well that by the time we shot it, it turned out to be the best rehearsed of all the movies that I've done. There are only certain people I would accept that from. Penny is one. To most others, I would say, "Look, you either tell me exactly what is wrong or what is right about this or I'm going to strangle you."

**PLAYBOY:** How does one prepare to be thirteen years old, as you did for *Big?* 

HANKS: First, there were memories of my own feelings of thirteen. If there's any age that I had gone back and analyzed, even before preparing for the movie, it was those junior high years, when you can't figure anything out. You're cranky all the time; the chemicals in your body are out of whack.

I also watched the kid who played me before I got big, David Moscow. For the physical stuff.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you remember about that awkward time?

HANKS: Two things. I say that so authoritatively, don't I? When I was thirteen, I was younger than my years. I could still play really well. I can remember things that I loved to do, the way you could have, you know, toy soldiers or a plane, and you could sit on the couch for hours and have incredible adventures. [Uses his hands to dive-bomb imaginary planes while making the sound of machine-gun fire] What was the other? I said there were two things. I forgot. Robert Klein! No? Hmmm.

Oh, here it is. Yeah, this is it. His cluelessness. Without a clue. There were times when he just didn't know what was going on. The kid was preverbal, in a way. And I remember being that way at the same age. I remember adults' talking to me and just going, "Yeah, right," but not knowing what they were talking about.

In the movie, Elizabeth Perkins is trying to figure out our relationship—if it's serious or what. I have *no* idea what she's talking about. So I start hitting her with a rolled-up magazine and jump on top of her. It works because he's a very honest kid. He's not trying to duck anything. He doesn't know what she's asking.

**PLAYBOY:** Why, when your character gets laid, does he suddenly become serious and boring and begin wearing grown-up business suits?

HANKS: Maybe from a thirteen-year-old's point of view, sex means maturity. Hey, I get laid, so everything's different now.

PLAYBOY: When you eat the centers out of Oreos and dribble cherries and whipped cream from your mouth and gag on the caviar, are we seeing you as a thirteen-year-old?

**HANKS:** No, not really, though I'm sure we've all sucked the jelly out of the middle of doughnuts in our time.

PLAYBOY: The scene in which you and Robert Loggia play Chopsticks with your feet on the giant keyboard has been compared to a Gene Kelly-Fred Astaire dance. Was it as graceful to do as it looked?

HANKS: It was exhausting. We rehearsed until we dropped. Robert plays three sets of tennis every day, so he was in shape for it. It was like jumping rope for three and a half hours every time we did the scene. It was really hard work.

**PLAYBOY:** With all the comparisons to other actors that resulted from your performance in *Big*, whom do you consider your male peers in the profession?

HANKS: Sean Penn brings an integrity to his work that I think we all wish we had. Mickey Rourke is a guy I'll pay five dollars to walk across the street and see. There's something he does that he loads up his movies with, whether they're good or bad. Also Kevin Costner, Tom Berenger and Michael Keaton. I rarely go to the movies when I don't think, Man, I wish I had that part, you know?

PLAYBOY: Many actors spoke out during the Presidential campaign. You didn't. Do you feel any responsibility to get involved in social or political causes?

HANKS: No. I think we have no responsibility whatsoever and that we hold no clout whatsoever. And I think that we do no service by throwing ourselves into causes. I will vote at my polling place and be very vociferous about my opinion around my kitchen table. But elsewhere, it's nobody's business. And I don't expect anybody to be swayed because Tom Hanks says vote no on Proposition B or something like that.

**PLAYBOY:** How about doing benefits for charity?

HANKS: I choose to do things in my own way, which is anonymously. I don't think it is good for the cause, nor good for me, nor good for the people who are suffering it to have a celebrity do something. I think we're in the age of media overkill on this kind of stuff. Eventually, people are just going to say, Who cares? I mean, We Are the World was a great thing. But then it became, "Let's all jump on the band wagon." Whatever impact it had is gone.

PLAYBOY: Have you gotten used to being rich?

HANKS: It's a kick in the head, but it doesn't add to my ability. It doesn't add to my self-worth. I've always felt I could buy whatever I wanted, to tell you the truth, even when I didn't have any money. I honestly don't need an awful lot to keep me happy. What the money can do is guarantee the security of an awful lot of other people. I've been able to help my family. It's great to be able to do nice things for the people I care about.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you gotten used to the attention you get as a movie star?

HANKS: Yeah, but you have some rules that you adhere to. I remember that I'm not a rocket scientist. The only thing I have to protect from too much attention is my

family, which I can do, for the most part. I talk to the press all the time. I'm accessible. It makes things easier. People leave you alone more. It is still a bit disconcerting to see a picture of myself and my wife in a tabloid or something like that, but big deal.

I don't really go out into real public situations. I don't know what's going to happen if I try to go to hockey games next year and I can't get out of the place. But I still pursue the things that are important to me.

**PLAYBOY:** Such as surfing, which you've recently taken up. Just what are you up to, taking up surfing at your age?

HANKS: There's really a placidness to it. It's otherworldly. Then you come out of the surf and you're tired and you're cold. Recently, I was out there and there were these squadrons of pelicans flying all over the place. They looked like prehistoric beasts. They were flying low, just a few feet over your head, vreeeem, all around you, and these little, tiny fish-I have no idea what kind of fish they were-but hundreds. thousands, millions of them all around you, shimmering, and other fish feeding on them, so there's a rippling on the water, and all of a sudden, they just jump out all at once and chase each other in and out. . . . A rush, one of the greatest feelings I know.

**PLAYBOY:** If you weren't an actor, what would you be doing?

HANKS: I don't know. I'd probably be in the hotel business, which stems from my being a bellboy once. Or I might have gone into sales. I truly do thank heaven that very early, I was able to land in this job and lifestyle.

I think I've always been aware that this is a very gossamer thing that we have here—not my thing, life itself. Life is a very precious, flimsy thing that can disappear in a moment. And not just by way of nuclear holocaust, by way of our giving in to our own lack of responsibility. We're all very capable of fucking up our own lives. We have to protect what's worth while—our environment, our democracy, our sense of decency and fair play. But we also need to protect our ability to adapt to hardship.

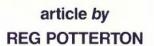
**PLAYBOY:** What do you mean by the ability to adapt to hardship?

HANKS: When you make it impossible for people to, if they want to, throw all their belongings into the back of the car and drive somewhere else and start all over again. When you make that impossible, you are robbing them of their ability to adapt and change and grow. I think that freedom and ability to close a chapter in our lives that isn't working—like getting a divorce—is really important. To pack up and move away. And do something else. I've done it, my parents did it before me.

**PLAYBOY:** That may preclude commitment, though—just picking up and leaving.

HANKS: I'm not saying that because we have the option it's good for everybody. It's something I struggle with. The way to check commitment is to understand it. I think I just may be able to do it now.





### LET'S MAKE A Drug Deal

IN WHICH A

DOPE-DEALING

AIRLINE PILOT

**PULLS OFF** 

**HIS BIGGEST** 

SCAM EVER-

WITH THE HELP

OF THE DEA

N THE WEEK before Christmas of 1987, I got an unexpected phone call from a young Englishman named John Bevan, whom Γd first met 11 years ear-

lier, when I was running a charter yacht in the West Indies. John, who was then 16, was living in the Caribbean with his parents aboard an old wooden schooner that the family had recently sailed across the Atlantic.

The boy eventually became a professional yacht captain, and I'd seen little of him since 1976, except for an occasional meeting at one port or another in the U.S. and the West Indies. The last I'd heard of John before his telephone call, he was skippering a 90-foot steel yacht, the schooner Christina, which was owned by a man named Justin Adams.

Now he was calling from a jail in Brownsville, Texas, to say he was in deep trouble. If Federal prosecutors had their way, there would be no open water for this sailor for many years, if ever. Bevan's story, as he related

it that day against the background clamor of the Texas jail, went as follows:

Early in 1987, he'd sailed Christina to a Korean shipyard

for a major refit.

The boat was hauled out of the water and cut in half, so that a 20-foot section could be added midships to lengthen the hull. Such a complicated and expensive procedure usually would mean frequent consulta-

tions between skipper and owner, but Justin Adams was not the typical owner. In Bevan's six years aboard Christina, Adams had spent less than two weeks on the vessel, leaving his captain to run it as he saw fit.

By the late spring of 1987, however, the refit was running out of money and Bevan's salary was six months in arrears. That in itself was nothing unusual: A couple of years earlier, he'd gone without pay for more than a year and had lived off the boat's American Express card. He'd threatened to quit, but Adams gave him a

raise—from \$1500 to \$2000 a month, still a miserly wage—and Bevan stayed. He felt much obliged to Adams: In Venezuela three years earlier, when he had almost died from serum hepatitis, his boss had flown him to the U.S. for treatment and kept his job open while he recovered.

The unpaid bills at the Korean shipvard could not be ignored, however, and in June of 1987, Bevan used the boat's credit card to book a flight to Florida for an urgent meeting with his elusive boss. He'd hoped that Adams would pay up promptly, so that he could fly on to Europe to pick up new rigging. But Adams brushed aside any talk about the boat or the money, promising that everything would be taken care of in a few days. He had urgent business on the Caribbean island of Aruba and he wanted Bevan to go with him; they could discuss the refit on the plane. "Think of it as a vacation." he told his captain; "I'll do my business and you can lie around on the beach."

Just before the plane landed, Adams told him that Victor Mason, one of the men he was meeting on Aruba, was a member of the Carlos Marcello Mafia family of New Orleans and that Bevan should be respectful and careful not to antagonize Mason, as he was notoriously short-tempered. An older and wiser man might have caught the first plane out, but Bevan, eager to get back to Korea to put the boat back together, made the fateful decision to stay on.

Two months after their trip to the Caribbean, Adams was still making excuses about the promised refit money and Bevan's back pay. Then he called with the news that the cash was finally ready. But on the day after he counted out the money, which totaled \$200,000, he announced a change of plans: The boat money would have to wait. Counting out an additional \$55,000, he instructed Bevan to take the full amount to Mason, the purported mafioso, who was waiting for it in Harlingen, Texas. "Just do this," he told his frustrated skipper, "and I swear you'll get the boat money as soon as you come back."

"Dumbest move of my life," Bevan said when he phoned from Brownsville. "All I could think of was getting back to work. I told Adams to let someone else take the money, but he said I was the only person he could trust with it, so I took it."

Mason, it turned out, was an undercover agent from the McAllen, Texas, office of the Drug Enforcement Administration. When Bevan arrived with the money, the hand-over was recorded on video tape. The cash was part payment for a shipload of marijuana purchased by Adams, who was in the midst of his biggest deal ever as a drug trafficker.

I told Bevan I was sorry for what had

happened to him, but other than send him books or magazines, or call his family in England, there was little I could do to help. But he wasn't looking for sympathy: He didn't deny taking the cash to Mason. (He couldn't deny it; the twohour video tape of that transactionwhich I later saw-is plain evidence, even if it fails to prove conclusively that he knew what the money was for. When Mason tried to steer their conversation into more incriminating channels, Bevan put up his hands and said, "You don't have to tell me anything-it's your business, whatever's between you two.") But there was something very strange about this case, he told me when he phoned that day, "I don't know what's happened here, but something isn't right. I just can't put my finger on it. Can you do me a favor? See if you can find out anything about a man named Mike Harris-or Mike Palmer. It's the same guy-he uses different names. I can tell you this: He's not what he seems to be."

With some reluctance, I said I'd make a few inquiries and find out what I could about Harris/Palmer. I didn't know then that it would take the best part of a year to piece together the story nor that Bevan himself would fade into relative insignificance as the facts emerged. Least of all did I suspect that the pursuit of Michael Bernard Palmer, which is his legal name, would expose a scandal that touched on Government policy in Nicaragua and implicated the Central Intelligence Agency, the State and Justice departments and the Drug Enforcement Administration in one of the most cynical and surreal deceptions in recent U.S. history.

Mike Palmer was no ordinary drug dealer. Between 1977 and 1985, he made millions of dollars by flying planeloads of marijuana into the U.S. from Colombia. He was a partner in a Michigan-based organization that rewarded its most successful members with gold medals encrusted with diamond chips. In his first four years with the organization, he made enough money to buy an apartment building and a half-dozen houses in Miami and condos in Colorado and the Cayman Islands. Throughout his smuggling career, he held down a fulltime job flying passenger jets for Delta Air Lines.

In May of 1985, Palmer and a copilot flew down to Colombia to deliver a \$1,000,000 payment for a previous load and collect a new cargo of marijuana that was waiting near the airstrip. It was supposed to be a routine run, but shortly after they landed, a police helicopter appeared and shot up the Americans' plane. Nobody was wounded, but the

plane was disabled, the money and drugs vanished and Palmer and his copilot were taken into custody. They spent the next three months in jail.

This was awkward for Palmer. He was still working for Delta when he was busted in Colombia, and the airline sent a senior pilot to interview him while he was in jail. Palmer told him he'd been delivering the plane to Aruba and had lost his way in bad weather.

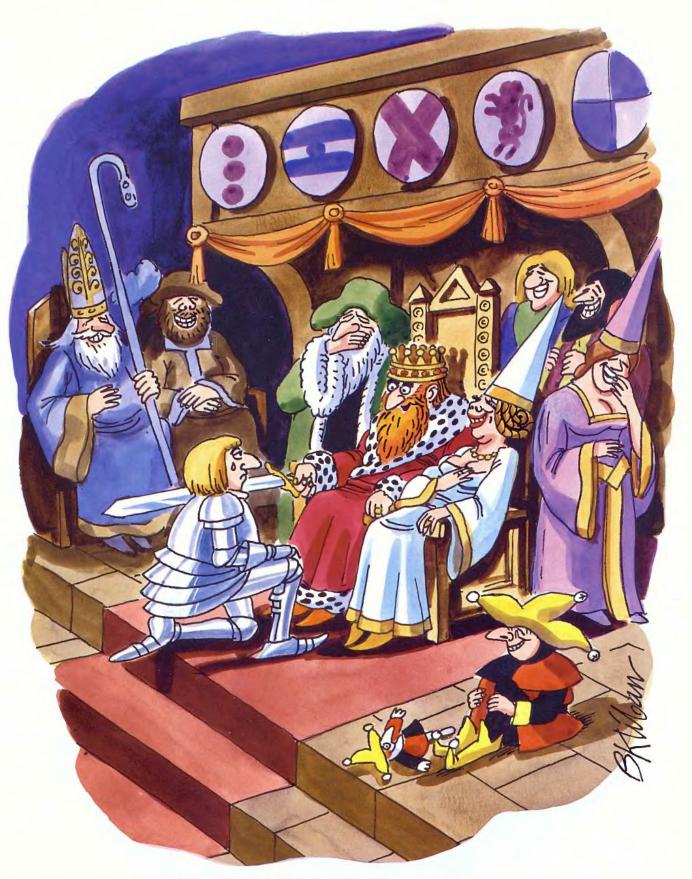
Delta suspended Palmer, pending a full investigation, and he began working for Vortex, a Miami aircraft-leasing company. Vortex was then prospering from its connections with the Washington intelligence community and the Nicaraguan Contra movement. Through the closing months of 1985 and the spring of 1986, the company received upwards of \$300,000 in contracts to deliver supposedly humanitarian, nonlethal goods to the Contras. Palmer, who had sold Vortex a DC-6 from his drug-running days, was made vice-president of the company. In Miami flying circles, he was known as "the CIA pilot."

His past began catching up with him in March of 1986, when Delta convened its executive board to hear his plea for reinstatement. Palmer, under oath, stuck to his original story: that he'd lost his way in bad weather and was innocent of any involvement in the drug business. The board didn't believe him, though it would be two years before he was dropped from the active list of Delta pilots.

Three months later, he faced a far more serious threat when he learned that the Federal Bureau of Investigation was about to expose his smuggling organization in Michigan. Palmer was named in five drug counts in the same indictment that would lead to a 25-year sentence for his partner. As the FBI dragnet tightened, he threw himself on the market as an informer. A Customs Service memo that later surfaced describes this chapter in Palmer's career.

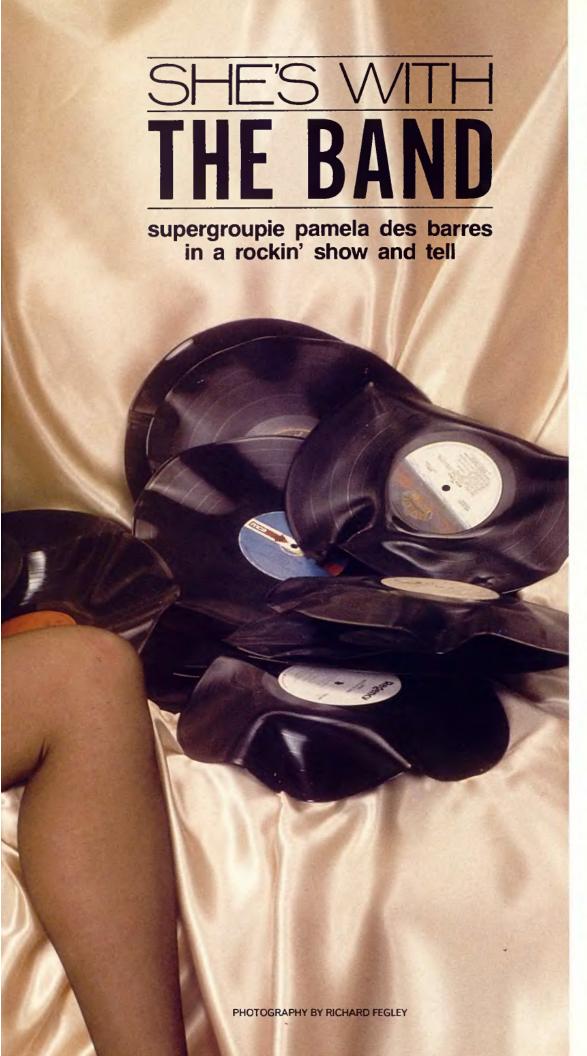
He first started working for the FBI office in Miami, [but] Palmer began lying and this caused the Miami FBI case to be closed. Next, Palmer began working for the FBI office in New Orleans. This operation once again ended when the FBI caught Palmer lying to them. Palmer then went to work for the San Francisco FBI office. He was supposed to work an undercover operation in which he was to fly a load of hashish to the U.S. Once again, this operation ended when the FBI caught Palmer lying to them.

Customs itself rejected Palmer's services and, in another memo, dismissed the (continued on page 148)



"What's wrong? Don't you like the name Sir Schmuck?"





Pamela Des Barres, groupie extraordinaire, is the author of "I'm with the Band," a memoir of her years in the world of rock and roll. First published in 1987, it was recently reissued in paperback and is soon to become a movie starring Ally Sheedy, who has purchased film rights.

### By Pamela Des Barres

t suppose most people would say that I've led a wild, wild, wild life. But being a flower child of the Sixties, not only was I allowed to pander to my own frenzied, albeit selfish, priorities, I was expected to be a bad girl. All the rest looked to the West with bated breath. waiting for the revolution. Boys grew their hair long, girls took off their bras and threw them at wild-eved musicians intent on rocking and shocking the world. Rock and roll pounded out the roll call and we all stood together, our hearts beating to the same different drum. And I wanted to get my hands (text concluded on page 80)















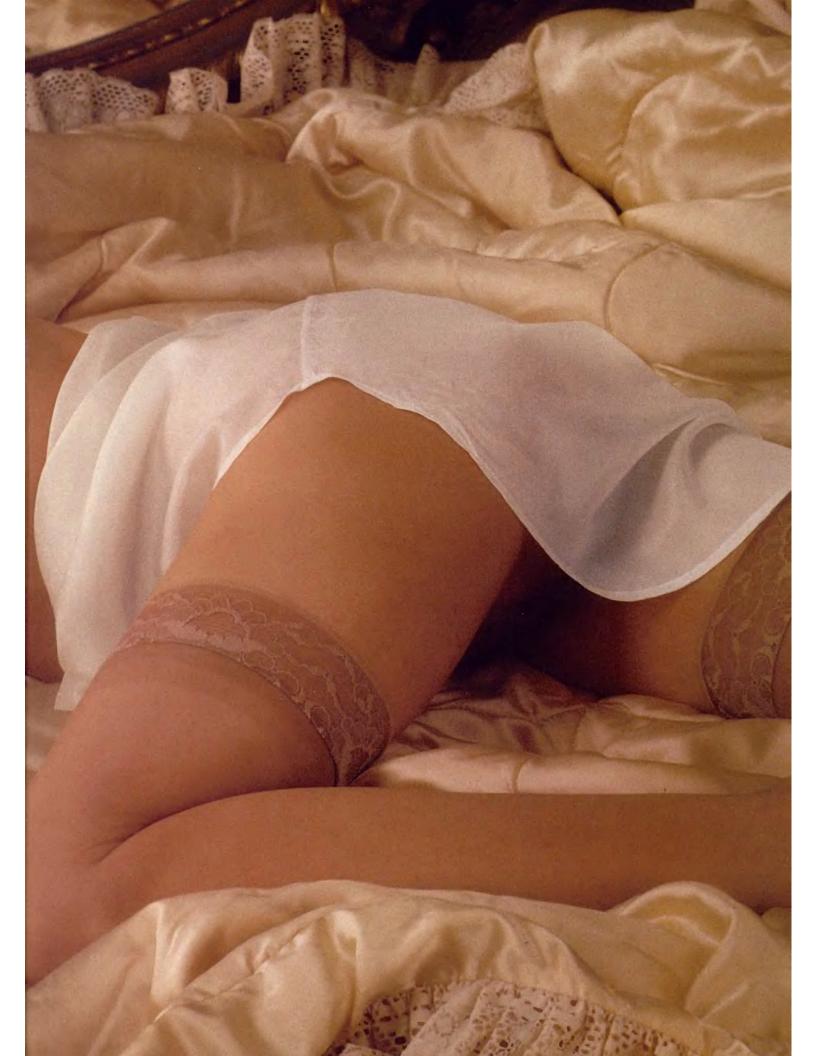




In her popular autobiography, I'm with the Band: "Confessions of a Groupie," Pamela Des Barres talks candidly about her relationships, sexual and otherwise, with luminaries of the music and showbiz worlds. At top far left, Led Zeppelin's Jimmy Page (writes Pamela: "Dur bodies were meant to be together"). Actor Don Johnson (top center, in his pre-Melanie Griffith days) was pleased with what Pamela had to say about him in her book but reports that he'd volunteered to play himself in the movie version were unfounded. Frank Zappa (top near left) was behind the creation of Pamela's group, the GTO's (Girls Together Dutrageously). At far left, Pamela with Michael Des Barres, whom she married in 1977; near left, with the Who's Keith Moon and Peter Townshend. At bottom far left, Pamela snuggles with Robert Plant, and at bottom center, the GTO's get together with the Flying Burrito Brothers and Pamela's erstwhile love interest, actor Brandon de Wilde. At bottom near right, Pamela and Michael, from whom she's now estranged. In the center, a previously unpublished 1972 photo of the then Miss Pamela Miller, taken for Playboy. As Pamela told Rolling Stone last year, "I wanted to be in Playboy when I was younger, but my breasts did not precede me. But now I have semicelebrity tits, so they don't have to be as big."







on the drummer. Or the bass player. Or maybe the guitarist. The singer was always a possibility. Music was my life.

Springing from the frigid loins of the Fifties (1948, actually) and finding myself in the middle of the free-love Sixties whirlwind, I was both old fashioned and openly in heat. I wanted the big L word to join hands with the big F word. This made for a tantalizing combination and helped open up those backstage doors.

Oooooh! I loved that music! I lived for the music; I wanted to surround myself with it, get intimate with it and with the glorious men who made it. I was so moved by it; moved to tears, to orgasm. I wanted to make beautiful music with the musicians, and the fact that I never learned how to play an instrument didn't

stop me.

I feel so fortunate to have lived out my fantasies. I was a teenager at just the right time. I had the comfort of my nurturing family life and I still got to submerge myself in Beatlemania and thrill to Mick Jagger's big lips. Bob Dylan's lyrics spoke directly to me.

Love, remember, was the order of the day. Love-ins flourished, and people really did hand flowers to policemen. Some bright spark came up with the term free love. Right. Love was free, so we made it-instead of war-and I wanted to share my love with musicians. So did most of my friends.

The girls and I spent a lot of time making lists of all the gorgeous boys in bands that we wouldn't kick out of bed. I kept my list in a little gold loose-leaf notebook in my purse: Mick Jagger was number one, written in flaming red.

It took me a while, but eventually, I put myself in the right place at the right time, and Mr. Jagger and I had a fabulous fling. Even though I was always looking for my Prince Charming, I believed it was acceptable behavior in 1969 to have a "friendship" fling, with no heavy commitment or frightening consequences. It's hard to put into words the amazing high I got standing on stage with the Rolling Stones, watching Mick Jagger down on his knees, whipping the floor with his studded belt. Just as I knew the words to Satisfaction, I knew I would be back at the hotel with Mick after the show, peeling back those white sheets and climbing in. As I wrote in my diary almost 20 years ago:

"I entered rock-and-roll heaven and was hanging around on Cloud Nine; my heart was beating below my waist. Delicious kisses from that amazing mouth. Oh, how I was melting. Those lips!"

Of course, I was always on the lookout for a new British band, and I was one of the fortunate few to see the mighty Led Zeppelin at The Whiskey à Go Go. At the end of a spectacular guitar solo, Jimmy Page passed out, and as his roadic carried him off stage, one of Jimmy's cherryred patent-leather slippers fell off and I ached to retrieve it for him. Uh-oh. Another major crush was forming. Jimmy Page had a dangerous reputation, but he pursued me, and I found him irresistible.

I saw Jimmy's whips curled up in his suitcase as if they were taking a nap, and pretended I didn't. He came up behind me and put his hands around my throat and said, "Don't worry, Miss P., I'll never use those on you."

Being on the road with Led Zeppelin was a classic case of rock-and-roll heaven. I was exactly what I had aspired to be: the girlfriend of the lead guitar player in the world's biggest and best rock-and-roll band. Again, from my diary:

"I was on the left side of the stage where Jimmy entranced 80,000 Led Zeppelin maniacs with his magic guitar fingers. . . . The audience was in a frenzy, and from my vantage point, sitting on Jimmy's amp, I felt almost like one of the group. The girls looked up at me and wondered which one I was sleeping with,

and I was proud."

One of my major rock-and-roll moments came when Frank Zappa, who produced my all-girl rock band, the GTO's (Girls Together Outrageously), asked me to be in his movie 200 Motels. I was doubly thrilled because I got to meet my first Beatle. Ringo Starr was playing the part of Frank Zappa, and Frank was directing. I played the part of a horny reporter; Keith Moon, the notorious drummer for the Who, was playing the part of The Nun. (I thought that was interesting casting.) Despite Keith's lunacy, I developed a penchant for him, and we became an item. I reveled in it, becoming several different people with Mr. Moon: a rich older lady in pursuit of a gorgeous young steward, a hooker accosting a young virginal kid from Connecticut. Whew! These racy little improvs went on long past many dawns.

I took a little excursion away from the delights of rock when I met an exquisite young actor named Don Johnson. I was between boyfriends and he was between girlfriends. Sometimes God is, indeed, in heaven and all is right with the world.

I remember the first time I went to Donnie's place. The door was thrown back and standing in front of me was Donnie Wayne Johnson. His Hollywood bachelor pad reeked of male conquest and female acquiescence. The furniture was big and beige, the ceilings were high, the lights were dim and I was reduced to a lump of burning flesh. The guy was a hunk of burning love. A sex god. A good time. A very good time. At least that's what I was hoping.

I got my wish; Donnie was all those things and more. I fell in true-true-true love for the first time in my life, and we got a little love nest together in the

pulsing heart of Hollywood.

Unfortunately, it wasn't always bliss on the old home front with Mr. Johnson, I desperately wanted to hang on to my love object for eternity, but a very young Melanie Griffith happened by and he eventually walked her down the aisle. Woe was me. Thank heaven I was still in the consciousness of peace and love, and we remain big pals to this day.

As you can see, along with the outrageous highs came the devastating lows, but it was always worth it. Every woman eventually gets her heart broken by some guy who stomps on it. It just so happened that my heart got creamed by gorgeous musicians—and one incredibly gorgeous actor. They say it all comes out in the wash, but what happens if you have everything dry-cleaned?

And I was so lucky to have blossomed into a woman in an era that trampled on all the rules. All those seemingly wicked things I did in my naughty youth were the things that dreams are made of, and they made me what I am today: one

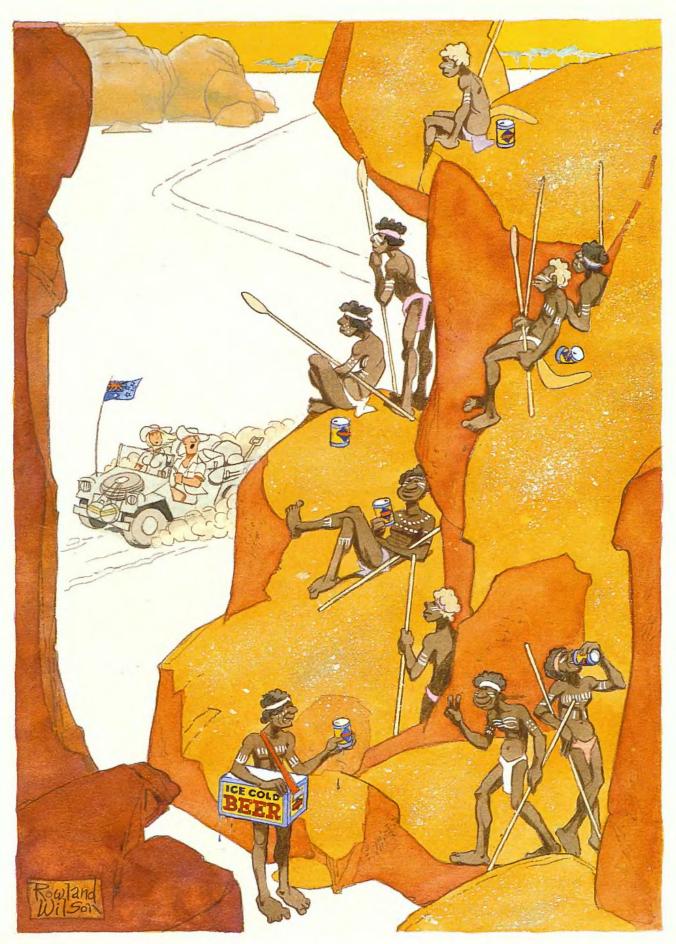
happy chick!

I just turned 40, and I've been getting such questions as, "How does it feel to be forty?" "Do you feel any different?" Although I got to be a teenager when it was really cool, I wouldn't trade one flaming minute of my wild life to be 21 again. I would have missed Dion on American Bandstand, the Beatles at the Hollywood Bowl, the riots on Sunset Strip, the psychedelic experience, sleeping on a communal mattress in Haight-Ashbury—all of that exquisite free love!!!

Besides, I've made taking splendid care of myself a hobby, instead of tending an aquarium or a rose garden, and turning 40 ain't what it used to be. We now know which supplements to take when, how many glasses of Evian to drink daily and how many times our heart should beat per minute so that our arteries can be a lot younger than the calendar tells us. You can even get free-radical collagen cream to alter your skin cells. Right down the street at the cosmic-crystal store, you can buy a cassette tape that teaches you how to clear your mind of negativity.

I've been dyeing my hair for so many years, I wouldn't know a gray hair if it snapped at me. I doubt if Red Number Five is good for me, but there are still some things that just can't be avoided.

So now I'm in Playboy, and am I thrilled or what? I've always been highly immodest, and in my rock-and-roll heyday, I chose to expose myself at any time to tweak authority, wearing the flimsiest piece of lace I could find, flaunting my God-given gifts at love-ins and rock concerts. I consider posing for Playboy another defiant, thrilling act I'll be able to look back on with tons of pride. It's a gas!



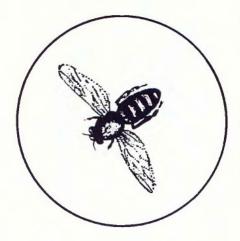
"They have ways of surviving in these wastelands that we can never understand!"



fiction

By T. CORAGHESSAN BOYLE





N THE MAIL that morning, there were two solicitations for life insurance, a coupon from the local car wash promising a "100 Percent Brushless Wash," four bills, three advertising fliers and a death threat from his ex-son, Anthony. Anthony had used green ink, the cyclonic scrawl of his longhand lifting off into the loops, lassos and curlicues of heavy weather aloft, and his message was the same as usual: I eat the royal jelly. I sting and you die. Bzzzzzzzzz. Pat, too, the bitch. He hadn't bothered to sign it.

"Ken? What is it?"

Pat was right beside him now, peering over his elbow at the sheaf of ads and bills clutched in his hand. She'd been pruning the roses and she was still wearing her work gloves. They stood there out front, the mailbox rising up like a tombstone between them. "It's Anthony," she said, "isn't it?"

He handed her the letter.

"My God," she said, sucking in a whistle of breath like a wounded animal. "How'd he get the address?"

It was a good question. They'd known he was to be released from juvenile hall on his 18th birthday, and they'd taken precautions—like changing their phone number, their address, their places of employment and the city and state in which they lived. For a while, they'd even toyed with the idea of changing their name, but then Ken's father came for a visit from Wisconsin and sobbed over the family coat of arms till they gave it up. Over the years, they'd received dozens of Anthony's death threats—all of them bee-oriented; bees were his obsession—but nothing since they'd moved. This

was bad. Worse than bad.

"You'd better call the police," he said, "and take Skippy to the kennel."

Nine years earlier, the Mallows had been childless. There was something wrong with Pat's Fallopian tubes-some congenital defect that reduced her odds of conception to 222,000 to one-and to compound the problem, Ken's sperm count was inordinately low, though he ate plenty of red meat and worked out every other day on the racquetball court. Adoption had seemed the way to go, though Pat was distressed by the fact that so many of the babies were-well, she didn't like to say it, but they weren't white. There were Thai babies, Guianese babies, babies from Haiti, Kuala Lumpur and Kashmir, but Caucasian babies were at a premium. You could have a nonwhite baby in six days-for a price, of coursebut there was an 11-year waiting list for white babies-12 for blonds, 14 for blueeyed blonds-and neither Ken nor Pat was used to being denied. "How about an older child?" the man from the adoption agency had suggested.

They were in one of the plush, paneled conference rooms of Adopt-a-Child, and Mr. Denteen, a handsome, bold-faced man in a suit woven of some exotic material, leaned forward with a fatherly smile. He bore an uncanny resemblance to Robert Young of *Father Knows Best*, and on the wall behind him was a photomontage of plump and cooing babies. Pat was mesmerized. "What?" she said, as if she hadn't heard him.

"An older child," Denteen repeated, his voice rich with insinuation. It was the voice of a seducer, a shrink, a black marketeer.

"No," Ken said, "I don't think so."

"How old?" Pat said.

Denteen leaned forward on his leather elbow patches. "I just happen to have a child—a boy—whose file just came to us this morning. Little Anthony Cademartori. Tony. He's nine years old. Just. Actually, his birthday was only last week."

The photo Denteen handed them showed a sunny, smiling towheaded boy, a generic boy, archetypal, the sort of boy you envision when you close your eyes and think boy. If they'd looked closer, they would have seen that his eyes were like two poked holes and that there was something unstable about his smile and the set of his jaw, but they were in the grip of a conceit and they didn't look that closely. Ken asked if there was anything wrong with (continued on page 164)

THE THING
ABOUT BEES IS,
THEY HAVE
NO MERCY



## DEEP THRILLS

T H E S E X Y W O R L D O F S C U B A D I V I N G

modern living By GEOFFREY NORMAN

of the Indian Ocean, 400 miles from Sri Lanka, is dazzlingly clear. So clear that the diver is almost unaware of it. There is no distortion. No murkiness at all. Only the color—a kind of blue that does not occur anywhere except in the sea. Going down into this clear, azure water is like swimming through liquid air. The corals appear below the diver in perfect relief. Solemn domes of brain coral. Tangles of elkhorn and staghorn. Vast purple fans. The colors in the blue world below the ocean's surface are implausibly vivid. The corals and sponges range from brilliant orange to smoldering reds and the fish are even more spectacular. Blue tangs are not really blue. More indigo—a deep, mysterious color. Parrot fish are a shade of green that recalls the jungle. Squirrelfish are scarlet. The spots along the flank of some grouper are a psychedelic purple. It is a world, down there, of lush growth and exotic creatures, a world that you cannot be prepared for or imagine on dry land. A world that you must go halfway

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HERWARTH VOIGTMANN









around the globe and then, most importantly, 40 feet down, to see.

Not so long ago, the trip would have been impossible. You might have been able to get to the Maldives 50 years ago, but getting down to the reef was another matter. Then Captain Jacques Cousteau invented scuba, the self-contained underwater breathing apparatus. The military and scientific implications of this radical yet simple method of allowing a diver to breathe compressed air were immediately apparent. The sporting possibilities of scuba were realized more gradually.

For years, sport diving was a fringe pursuit, something for thrill seekers and island vagabonds. If you didn't run out of air and drown, then certainly something would eat you. In the popular imagination, the underwater world was full of sharks, morays, barracuda and other predators. It was like the uncharted areas of old, where the maps went white and the words HERE BE

DRAGONS were printed.

Early divers did their share to enhance the sport's reputation for danger. In those days, divers seemed to be almost at war with the underwater environment. They plundered it for souvenirs and they

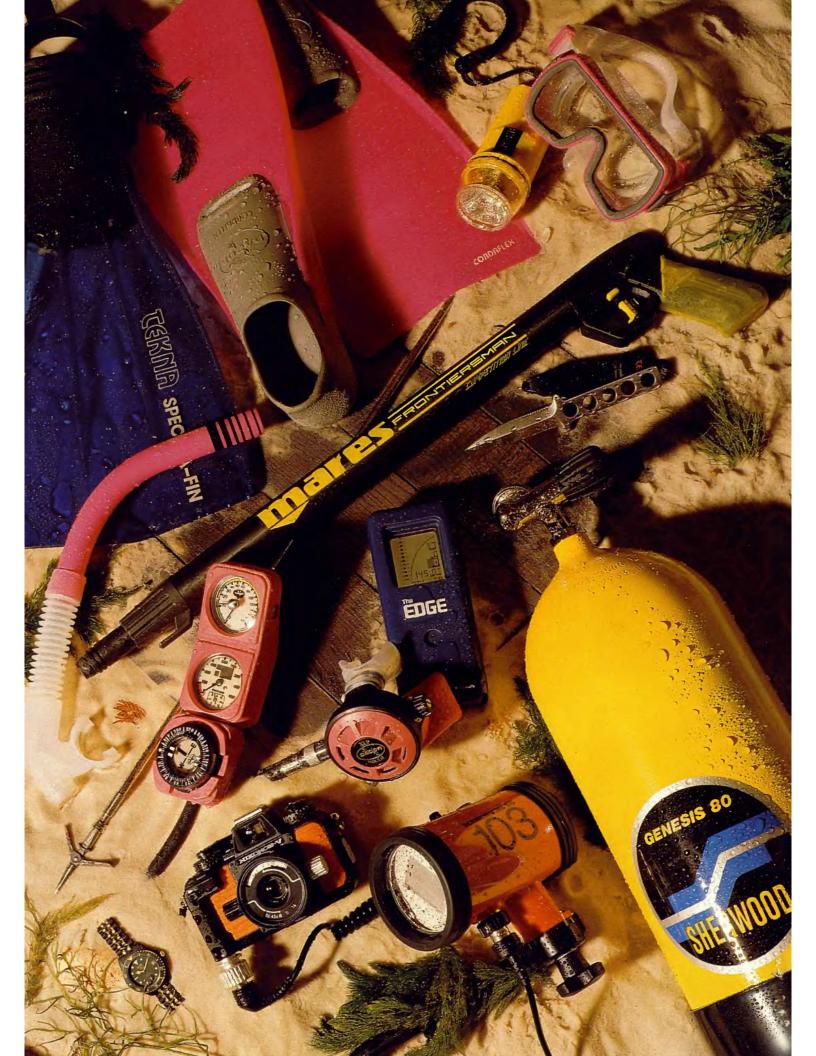
speared fish indiscriminately.

"It is a world down there that you can't imagine on dry land."

But gradually, a new generation of divers appeared. They went into the water as observers: They meant to be unobtrusive. They also stressed safe-diving techniques,

training and certification, and created a market for new equipment that made diving less hazardous. However, the sport is not without risk. And that calls for the proper instruction and correct equipment.





To buy air, rent equipment or go diving, you must be certified and have received

"Now it is possible to learn to dive where you want to dive."

a C card from one of the recognized umbrella organizations to which virtually all dive instructors belong.

To get your C card, you must go through a course of in-

struction that includes the basics of physics and physiology-such elementary subjects as how gases behave under pressure and how the body reacts to depth. You learn how to avoid decompression sickness (the bends) and nitrogen narcosis (rapture of the deep), which are far more dangerous than sharks. The equipment is explained. Techniques such as hand signaling and buddy breathing are taught in shallowwater environments. Many divers first breathe compressed air in Y.M.C.A. pools in landlocked cities. Then, once the beginner has mastered the fundamentals, he makes an "open-water dive" or two and, if his instructor is satisfied, he is certified. He has much to learn if he is to become an expert, but he knows enough to dive safely while he gains that experience.

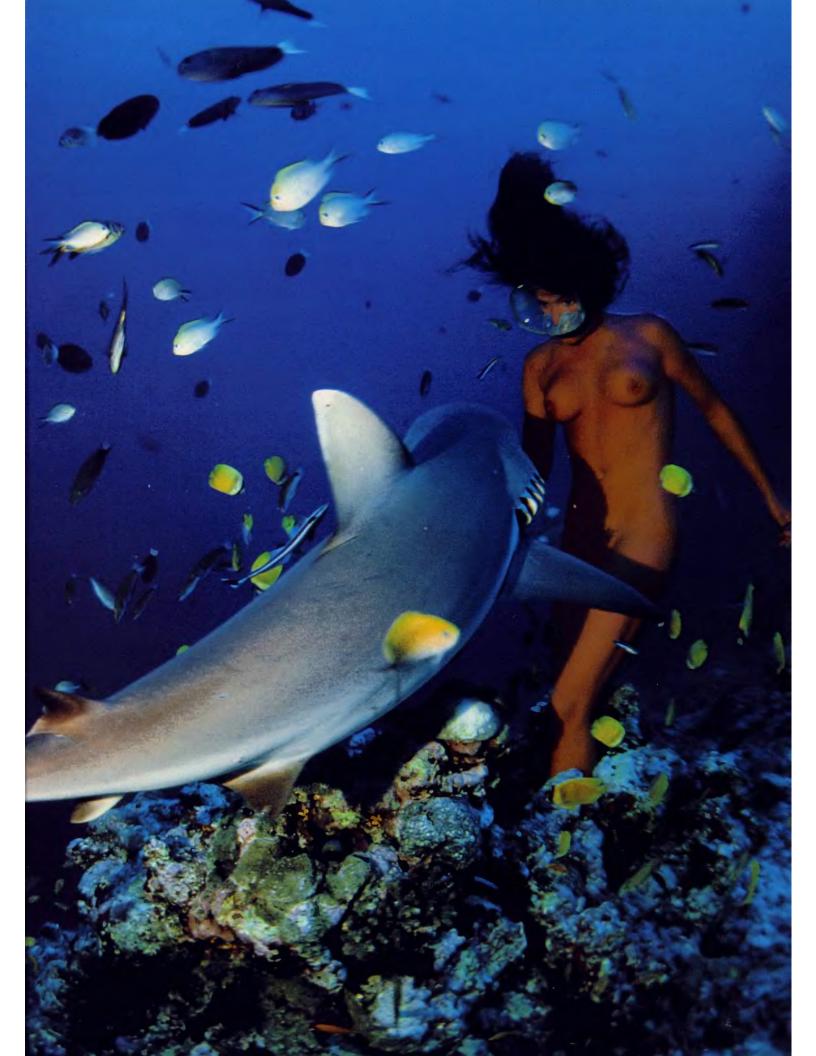
Learning to dive in an indoor pool and then making your first open-water dive in a deep gravel pit somewhere outside town—as many divers have done—is not what most people have in mind when they decide to give the sport a try. They want the tropics. White sea birds soaring over a sparkling blue sea. Stunning coral reefs and exotic tropical fishes. The experience, in short, and not just the mechanics.

Fortunately, it is now possible to learn to dive where you want to dive, instead of at home, in less than ideal surroundings. You can combine your certification course and your vacation in some of the most spectacular diving environments in the world. This is the right way to learn.

Club Med, for example, launched divercertification programs at its Turkoise and Sonora Bay resorts last spring. Other resorts from the Caribbean to the Red Sea also offer instruction and certification. Some of them, such as the venerable Small Hope Bay Lodge on Andros Island in the Bahamas, exist for the diving. Experienced divers from all over the world go back again and again to Small Hope for the lush reefs, the imposing walls that fall off in a sheer vertical drop to more than 1000 deep-blue feet and the eerie limestone formations known as blue holes. The beginner will make his first open-water dive in world-class conditions. It compares, in a way, to learning golf at Augusta or St. Andrews rather than at the local driving range. (continued on page 154)







### the king of cocktails is back stirred and shaken

S

INCE WE baby boomers ran out of fads to foist on an unsuspecting American public, we've been doing a lot of cultural reduxing. This year's renaissance is the American martini, and I personally can't think of anything more civilized that has happened to us since the hasty return of Coke Classic.

Blame the martini's demise on several factors. Like the V8 engine, it just didn't fit the sensibilities of the baby boomers' new world: It was too potent for the health-and-fitness lobby and not kookie enough to sate the eclectic tastes of the Yuppies. The martini was also the victim of vicious slander, propagated in large part by Jimmy Carter, that placed it at the center of all that was wrong with the American system of free enterprise. Remember Carter's assault on the three-martini lunch? I, for one, wish he had picked something we truly could do without—such as the three-banana-daiguiri lunch.

Happily, we have finally discovered that a few things are just so good and right that they can't be substituted, modified or, ultimately, denied. Hence, the martini's triumphant return, in which I sense a yearning for a simpler, more elegant America. To consume a martini is not merely to have a drink. It is to immerse oneself in tradition and lore, to make a statement to the world of urbanity and class, to join a special fraternity. Sipping a martini is a kind of secular communion, a deceptively simple ritual steeped in subtleties and hidden meaning.

While some mixologists claim that the martini was created in London, most histories of the drink credit its inception to San Francisco bartender Jerry Thomas, who, legend has it, first mixed the libation in 1862 as a variation of the popular gin cocktail. Thomas supposedly mixed the following elixir for a weary traveler who was about to take a chilly boat ride across San Francisco Bay to the tiny town of Martinez: three or four dashes of gum syrup, one wineglass of gin, one or two dashes of curaçao, a dollop of bitters and one small piece of lemon peel, all shaken well over ice and strained into a glass.

This gin elixir was dubbed a martinez, later modified to martine and, finally, martini. (Folks in the town of Martinez, incidentally, claim that the traveler in question was going the other way across the bay, from Martinez to San Francisco, and that the potion was first mixed by one of their own, bartender Julio Richelieu.)

The martini as we know it today didn't surface until the 1880s or so, after the introduction of vermouth to the States. Since then, it has become a complex, often contradictory liquid icon. As Lowell Edmunds, author of the definitive *The Silver Bullet*, points out, the martini can easily evoke images either of cozy middle-class America, as in the gin ads of the Thirties and Forties, or of abject alcoholism, as in the movie *The Lost Weekend*. It's a tough, potent, (concluded on page 142)

drink By JIM ATKINSON

# RETURN OF THE



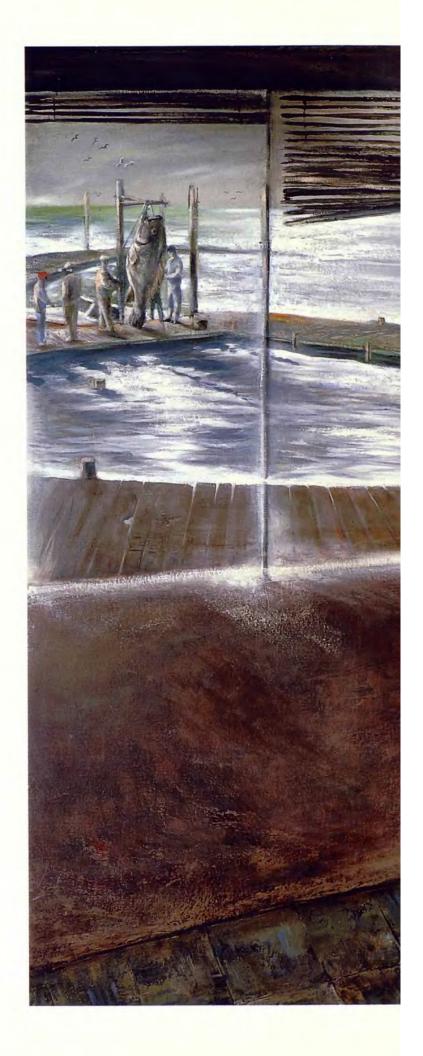
## ANCY'S GROUPER

fiction By BOB SHACOCHIS

willie caught himself a fat bejesus—but the fuss wasn't just about the fish

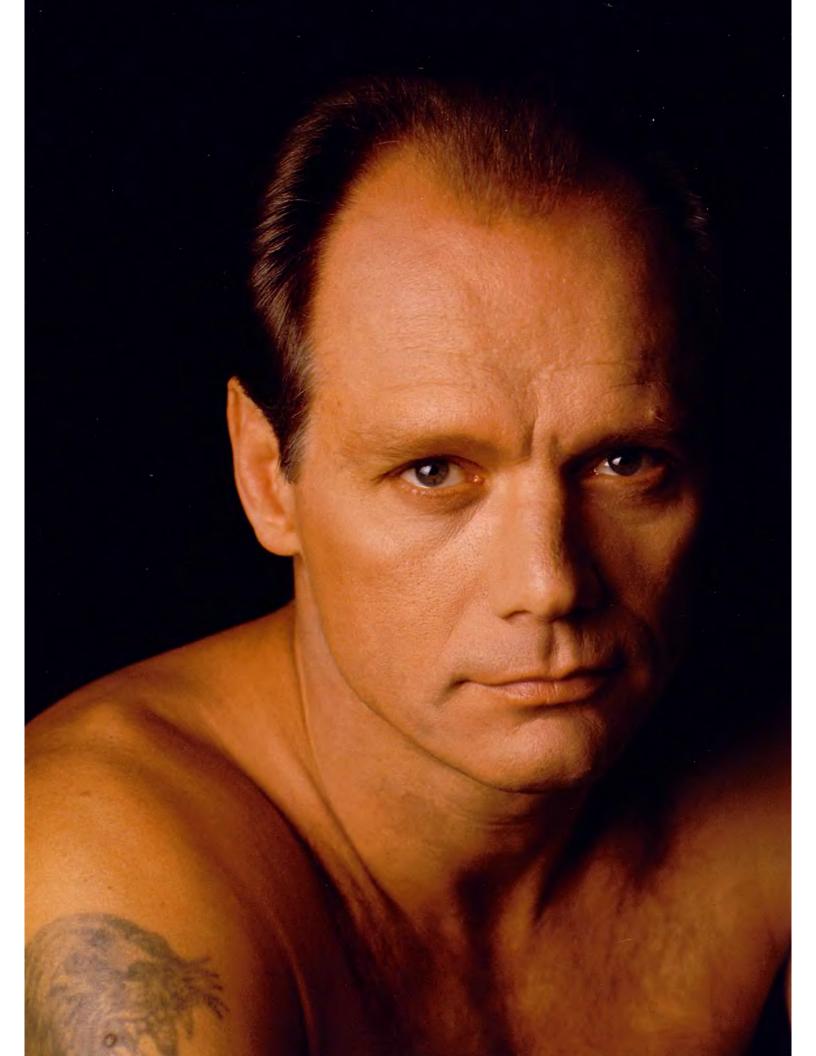
'LL SAY straight out: Here on Cape Hatteras, on the Outer Banks of North Carolina, we are far off the flow of civilized currents, distant from man-made horizons and modern complications of life. It's no mystery to us that down through the wind-blown years, we have been haven to all manner of scoundrel, every stripe of ruffian, desperado and holy terror you'd care to name. Edward Teach, whom most called Blackbeard, was one you'd know, but there were plenty others drifted over from the world to shelter from the law, murderers and smugglers, embezzlers and robbers, some who walked the beach in shiny shoes. Willie Striker had a past, too, but none would ever have known it if he hadn't gone to sea for a living and hooked his grouper, because commercial fishermen think they are God's own image of male perfections, a swollen-head gang afflicted with the desire to lord, bully and triumph when they think they can get away with it. I'll say also that a fish story is like any other, never about a fish but always about a man and a place. I wouldn't even mention it if I thought everybody knew.

We saw the boats off that morning, like we always do, and near an hour later, Mrs. Mitty Terbill (continued on page 156)





PAINTING BY CHARLES WALKER



n all-pro defensive end with the New York Giants and the Los Angeles Rams, Fred Dryer has successfully transcended the jock jinx and carved a career for himself as a legitimate actor. His TV character, Sergeant Rick Hunter, is thought of as the Clint Eastwood of the tube. At least that's what the show's creators had in mind. However, in five seasons, Dryer has become increasingly involved in all aspects of the show and has succeeded in transforming Hunter from a Magnum-toting cartoon cop into a sardonic yet compassionate guy. Contributing Editor David Rensin spoke with Dryer in his West Los Angeles apartment and on the "Hunter" set. Says Rensin, "Dryer redefines imposing. If he patrolled my neighborhood, I could sell the guard dog.'

PLAYBOY: Has playing Hunter worked to your advantage with the law?

DRYER: Some police officers appreciate our show, and when they realize that they have an opportunity to give me a ticket, most of them don't. It's the human side of law and order, I guess. [Smiles] But that's the way it is. A perk, something that just occurs. I certainly don't take that for granted and speed around town. One guy, who pulled me over on the Pacific Coast Highway, said, "I don't believe it. I'm faced with a terrible situation here. Nobody gets off with me. Nobody. I give [tickets to] Paul Newman, Dustin Hoffman; I give 'em all tickets on this highway. But my girlfriend loves you and . . . I'm gonna let you off." So I sent his girlfriend a photograph—and apologized for putting so much pressure on him so early in the morning.

2.

the n.f.l.'s gift to ty copdom tells us what it's like to be at the top of the ratings and the bottom of the pile

PLAYBOY: How big is your gun? DRYER: My favorite is a .357 Python. At the beginning of the series, it was a Heckler & Koch automatic. And then I changed guns. I went for the revolver. I bersonally liked it better. I have guns. I enjoy them; I appreciate the craftsmanship and the history. I understand what they are and what they mean. This year I'm packing a nine-millimeter Beretta.

3.

PLAYBOY: Often, Hunter's TV ads focus on something terrible happening to your partner, DeeDee McCall. Last season, a three-part episode called for her to be raped. She fought the rape and won. Where did you stand on the issue?

DRYER: She had been raped in the second season, in a two-parter, in which I went to South America and killed the guy who did it. Then, in the middle of the fourth year, we had a three-parter centered on her being raped-again. Stepfanie [Kramer, who plays DeeDee McCall] felt that women should not be punching bags, that her character should not be brutalized every time they wanted to write a story line around her. Certainly, that story would have been a lot better had she been raped. And when she asked, I gave my opinion. But no one had ever conferred with her. That bothers me, particularly since that behavior also applies to me.

4.

PLAYBOY: Since Hunter's hook phrase is "It works for me," tell us when Hunter hasn't worked for you.

DRYER: Hunter was supposed to be like The Enforcer, with Clint Eastwood and Tyne Daly. They wanted that toughstreet-cop, Dirty Harry guy, who pulled punks out of cars through the wind wings. Walk tall, speak slow and carry a big gun. At the same time, they wanted him to have a relationship of equality with his female partner-whatever that means. I suppose, as Hunter, I wouldn't say to DeeDee, "OK, he's six feet, six and he's got a machete; you take him this time!" She'd be destroyed unless she had a machine gun. But the first year, they couldn't write that. Instead, they had Hunter battling everything on all fronts: criminals, his own police department and certainly the automobile that he drove. He had radios coming apart, he had door handles coming off. And this happened almost every week. It was overkill. When they wrote it seven times in one script, I stopped saying it. They asked, "Why don't you say it anymore?" I said, "Well, look at the show. It doesn't work for me."

PLAYBOY: Have things gotten better? DRYER: [Laughs] The show's evolved. Once, Hunter was an asshole. Now he has to conform to police procedure. Now Hunter can not only shoot the eyes out of a duck at a thousand yards but also be compassionate, warm and sensitive. And instead of being all over with the plotsa murder mystery? Me chasing guys across the rooftops in downtown L.A.? Stepfanie, the brass cupcake, doing whatever she does?-now there are more stories out of the street: fewer car chases, fewer gun fights, fewer fights, period. There's more white-collar crime in Beverly Hills, Santa Monica, Also, this season, you will not see a single drug story. There's no redeeming value. Who cares about drug addicts, pushers, traffickers, people caught in the middle, anyway? I don't want a list of the people in the Betty Ford Center who can't cope with their lives, so why should we make television shows about it? I want to tell good stories that involve life's everyday struggles.

PLAYBOY: What did making a feature film teach you about the movie industry that you wish you had known at the outset? DRYER: I wish I'd fully understood the impact of marketing and selling. It's critical. My movie, Death Before Dishonor, tested very well. It would have done an awful lot better had New World Pictures stepped out and sold the goddamn movie. They didn't. Why do they spend so much time and money on demographics? They ran our show in six states. It sold out all the theaters. Nobody walked out. It got high ratings. Then it was released small and at the wrong time. They ignored their own evidence.

7.

PLAYBOY: The model-to-actress transition is commonly fraught with prejudices. Is the road from football player to actor much the same?

DRYER: Model to actress is a grander reach. Football players have usually had a more intense life. Their whole experience is concentration, discipline, preparation, work load; physical, mental, spiritual anguish. You're more accountable, your job is more immediate. There's more of a failure factor and more pressure from the sports world. And what you bring to acting is a life's experience. I've seen a dynamic cross section of bizarre fucking people, in the office as well as in the players, in the press as well as in the fans. I still get the big-and-dumb treatment, but I (continued on page 144)

## MY BROTHER'S FIRST CLIMB

IT WAS

ONLY A SHORT

SCRAMBLE

UP THE

ROCK—BUT IT

TAUGHT US

MORE THAN

WE CARED

TO KNOW

EVEN AS WE STARTED into the woods toward the cliff, I was still using my most offhand manner to assure my brother Marty that rock-climbing was just another way to be outdoors on a good September day. I promised him there wasn't going to be any flirting with death up there; just a little scramble and pull on the easiest vertical we could find that would give him a feeling for how the rope and the hardware worked. It was going to be his first time on the rock and I didn't want anything to scare him off the way my first climb—on a frozen waterfall in the White Mountains, in a terrible ambush blizzard—had almost scared me off the sport. My guide on that climb had promised me an easy time of it, too. "You never know out there" is what he should have said, what I should have said to my trusting younger brother.

I was conning myself, too, of course. I'd been climbing off and on for three years or so, but all my ascents had been in the company of very experienced, lizardlike characters who'd done all the route finding, placed all the protection. This was going to be my first lead, my first time on the sharp end of the rope, as they call it: up there where fear generates a weather system all its own.

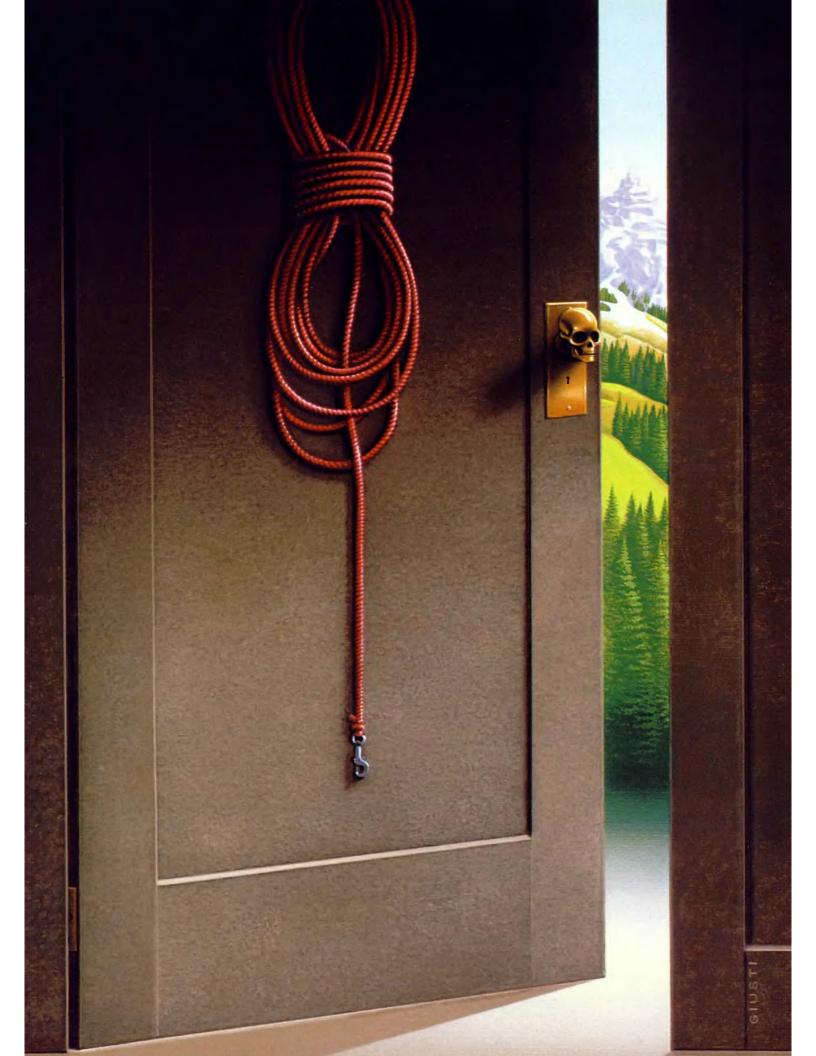
"Actually, a little fear is good," I told Marty as we hiked the trail through the tamarack and fir. "Keeps your mind focused on your hands and feet."

The cliff we'd chosen, called Lover's Leap, was about 400 feet high in the Sierras above Lake Tahoe. It's a bold sweep of granite about half a mile wide that jumps straight up out of the forest not far from the south fork of the American River. It's a well-used, familiar old face among Sierra climbers. According to our climber's guide, there are 57 established routes up the wall, most of them way beyond anything we could handle. We'd studied the book before we set out: a photo of the cliff with crooked white lines superimposed to indicate the vertical trails and with it a description of each route, along with its difficulty rating.

We piled our gear at the edge of the scree slope at the base of the wall and joked about the fact that there were no white lines on the cliff itself. Then we spotted a couple of tiny figures working a section about 200 feet up near the blank middle of the massif, which may as well have been El Capitan from where we were. Marty and I looked at the photo, then squinted at the rock, then looked at the photo again until we thought we'd found what we were looking for, far left, where the cliff eased off dead vertical, where the rocks began to break into small shelves, where the cracks connected with one another.

"Pop Bottle," I said. "That's us, five point six. Nothing to it. Let's take a look." We'd gone only a few steps when we heard a short, sharp scream—from above. We looked up, froze and, of all god-awful things, saw a body in the beginnings of a fall from the high crest near the sheer center of the monster wall. Almost exactly as we caught sight of the body, the surprised scream gave way to a deeper, longer wail that lasted until the falling figure hit a bulge in the rock, went silent, then cartwheeled the final 200 feet into the scree field with a hollow booming that sounded like the smashing of a heavy wooden crate.

A perfect forest quiet followed. Marty and I stood (concluded on page 153)





miss march is an old-fashioned girl with a novel way of showing it

## LOVE, AURIE

SA HIGH SCHOOLER in Sparks, Nevada, Laurie Wood played Miss Lonelyhearts to a circle of girlfriends. Her friends had constant "boy trouble." The trouble was that boys wanted two things from them—sex and more sex. Laurie, calm as a breeze off the west Nevada desert, counseled resistance. The advice she gave her lustlorn girlfriends seemed, to them, a bit quaint for the mid-Eighties. Save yourself for marriage, Laurie said. True love—and true lust—are worth waiting for. "That's what I believed, and it still is," says Miss March 1989. "Some of my high school friends stopped talking to

me because I wouldn't go to bed with anyone," she says, shaking her head. "On dates, the most I ever did was kiss. Boys would say, 'Nobody wants a virgin anymore.' Of course, I wondered what making love was like, but I was willing to wait. I didn't want sex to be an entertainment." Soon after her high school graduation, her virginity intact, Laurie married the man of her dreams-a man who wanted one virgin in particular. Soon after that, she gave her new husband what she had protected so diligently. "I was scared. I didn't know what sex would be," she whispers. "But it came naturally. It didn't hurt. It was as perfect, as sexy as I'd always hoped it would be." Laurie's libido, built to critical mass by long years of discipline, surprised her. She became the kind of wife men fantasize about. The erstwhile just-say-no girl of Sparks High now dresses up for her husband in outfits that might shock her schoolmates-lingerie of black lace or gold satin. "My favorite," she says, "is a garter belt, undies and a pink corset with laces that go all the way up. Strings are fun." Last year, casting about for the perfect birthday present for husband Jeff, then a Coast Guard yeoman stationed in Seattle, she had a brain storm. Why not do the sexiest thing a woman can do-strut her stuff in Playboy? We couldn't just say no. This month, Playboy presents a woman with the sex drive, and sex appeal, to make a birthday present of her birthday suit.

"I think a girl should wait until she's married before she makes love to a man. Making love is too important to use as a form of entertainment."



"I love my hair. My man loves it, too. It took three years to grow it this long, and when modeling agents told me, 'Come back when you chop off your hair,' I went home and cried. I almost chopped it off, but I decided I didn't want to be a replica of everyone else."



Remember The Gift of the Magi, O. Henry's classic tale of poverty-stricken lovers in old New York? A poor man sells his only prized possession, a gold watch, to buy his love a set of combs for her long, beautiful hair; meanwhile, she is selling her hair to a wigmaker, in order to buy him a fob for his watch. Laurie lived O. Henry's story. After high school, she tried her hand at modeling in Seattle. "You look great," modeling agents told her, "but you're going to have to cut that hair. It's too long." Laurie loved her luxurious hair, and her husband reveled in it. Still, they were struggling to pay the rent. Laurie cannot count the times she swore to cut her hair; each time, Jeff talked her out of it. And this story has a happy ending. She never gave in to Seattle chic. She kept her golden locks and will soon make her modeling debut in Los Angeles. Moral: Stick to your guns. And if you look like Laurie, don't change anything.









How does a virgin bride turn sex symbol? "It wasn't easy," Laurie says. At first, the shyness that kept her fully clothed on every premarital date made her blush at the thought of posing nude for millions of men. When friends said, "You could be a *Playboy* Playmate," she would turn beet-red and say, "No, no, not me." But as Arny Freytag's camera clicked, Laurie realized she was a natural. "I thought of my husband, as if he were standing there watching me, with nothing hidden, and I relaxed. Nudity is so natural, and I'm a natural woman." There is no artifice in Laurie Wood, no sexy Method acting. "I could never stand in front of a mirror and make sexy faces. I can't act as if I'm blowing through a straw and make that look sexy," she says. "I can't fake sexy. I have to *feel* it." For years, she resisted temptation, saving herself for marriage. Now married, Laurie is



"In school, I was 'everybody's best friend.' Some of my friends are not going to believe it when they see these pictures. But this is my moment not every girl has a chance to give her husband a present like this."

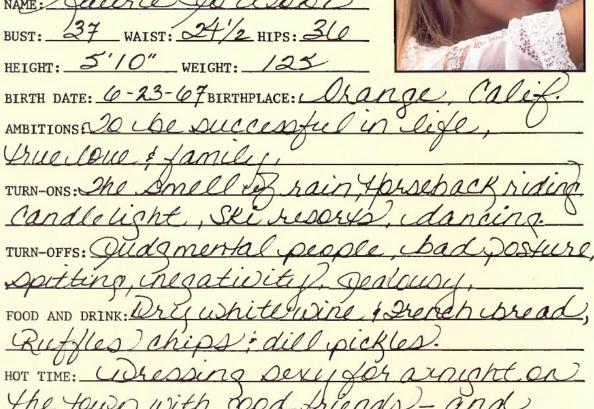
holding nothing back. "My girlfriends must have known something," she says, laughing. "At my bridal shower, I got nothing but slinky lingerie. Jeff and I honeymooned for three weeks, and I wore something different every night." The honeymoon ended; the romance did not. When her man, now a civilian, comes home from work, Laurie greets him with honeymoon passion. The sexiest thing in the world, she thinks, is being a good wife. And this month, "as a birthday present to my man and a tribute to the institution of marriage," she reveals what the boys of Sparks High, class of 1985, missed. A corny tribute? Maybe. A novel birthday gift, certainly. She was never conventional. Laurie Wood, the girl her high school classmates would have voted *least* likely to succeed as sex symbol, did.





## PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

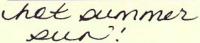
NAME: Jaure Do Wood BUST: 37 WAIST: 24/2 HIPS: 36 HEIGHT: 5'10" WEIGHT: 125



with good friends dancing in a moving coneder DREAM GUY: 4/2 Shomanyic impulsure and modely in close with me use chas and locks great in 501 jeans

THE BEST PART OF MAKING LOVE: a lower's finger-tip cares loving the me and my sping snow









that summer Clife brother skiing-18 yrs. Joshua



## PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

After an attack of insomnia had left him lethargic and unproductive, Henry Kissinger sought the advice of the nation's foremost psychiatrist.

"Why do you think you are unable to sleep at night, Dr. Kissinger?" the doctor asked.

Because I am always trying to solve the world's problems," he replied.

"Do you ever get them solved?"

"Yes, almost always."

"Well, then, why can't you sleep?" "It's all those ticker-tape parades."



Y'all have any American razor blades in here?" the Texan asked the London pharmacist. "All I see are these damn Wilkinsons."

"Sir," the Englishman patiently replied, "Wilkinson has been producing the finest steel surgical instruments, weapons and razors since before Waterloo.'

"I don't give a hoot if they passed 'em out on Noah's ark if they ain't any good."

"I can assure you they are very good, sir," the peeved druggist said. "Why, just last year, my wife happened to swallow a Wilkinson. It gave her a tonsillectomy, an appendectomy, a hysterectomy, circumcised the gardener, emasculated the chauffeur, cut two of the butler's fingers off at the knuckle-and I still got ten shaves out of it."

Soldiers about to go on guard duty at an ammunition depot were instructed by their commanding officer to shoot to kill any intruders. That night, the officer decided to test discipline. As he crept up on one guard, the sentry called out, "Halt and be recognized!" The officer crept closer. "Halt and be recognized!" the guard called

The third time the warning was issued, the officer got up and identified himself. "What would you have done if I hadn't stopped?" he asked.

"Called the corporal of the guard, sir."

"I gave orders to shoot to kill, soldier!" the officer bellowed. "Why would you call the corporal of the guard?"

"To cart your dead ass off my post, sir."

An infamous stud with a long list of conquests walked into his neighborhood bar and ordered a drink. The bartender thought he looked worried

and asked him if anything was wrong.
"I'm scared out of my mind," the stud replied. "Some pissed-off husband wrote to me and said he'd kill me if I didn't stop fucking his wife."

"So stop," the barkeep said.
"I can't," the womanizer replied, taking a long swill. "The prick didn't sign his name!"

Two duck hunters sat in a blind, one drinking coffee and the other, whiskey. A lone duck came over and the coffee drinker stood up, fired and missed. The whiskey drinker then stood, fired and brought the bird down.

"Good shot!" his amazed companion said.
"No big deal," the whiskey drinker replied. "I usually get five or six from a flock like that."

Seeing the golf pro's wife having a drink alone in the clubhouse bar, the handsome caddie sat down beside her and struck up a conversation. Several drinks later, the young man suggested they continue the discussion at his place.

After heated lovemaking, the caddie left the

"My husband always does it more than once." The caddie shrugged and returned to bed.

When they were finished, he got up again. "My husband," she purred, "always does it more than twice.

With that, the young man returned to bed once more. Afterward, he got up again.

"Where are you going?" she asked once more. "I'm going to call your husband," said the caddie, "and find out what's par for this hole."

After her checkup, the young woman told her gynecologist that she was quite concerned, because every man she slept with wanted anal sex. "This may sound silly," she said, "but can I get pregnant that way?"

"It's not silly at all," the doctor replied. "Where do you think all the lawyers come from?"



It seems that 1988 was a big year for Michael Jackson. He turned 30, his voice turned 13 and his nose turned one.

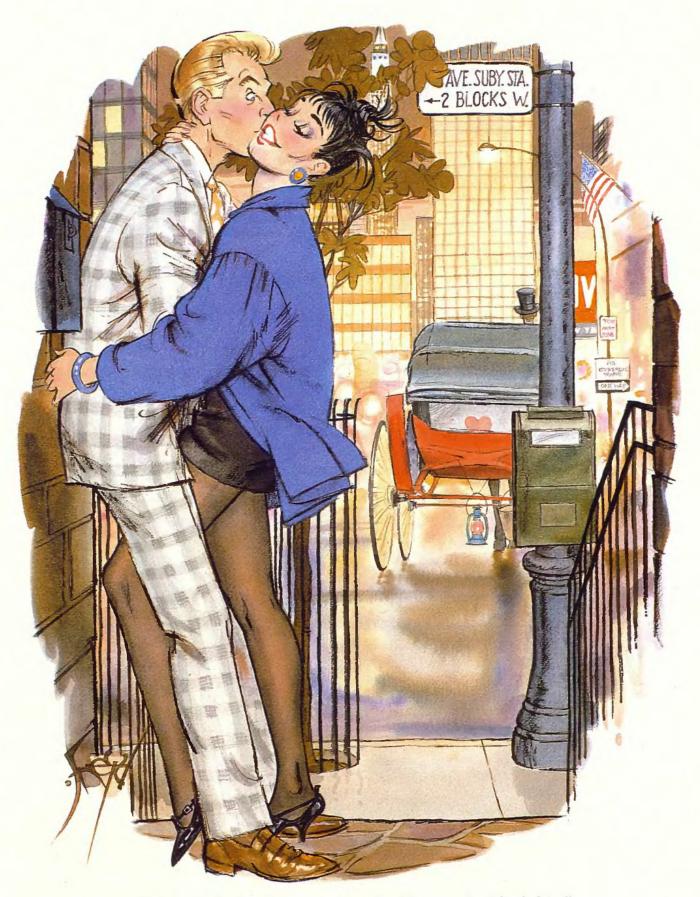
A father took his children to the zoo especially to see the elephants. To the family's surprise, the pens in the elephant exhibit were empty.

"I'm sorry, but it's mating season," the attendant explained, "and the animals have gone inside their sanctuary for privacy.'

Over the moans of his disappointed kids, the father asked, "Do you think they'd come out for peanuts?

"Would you?"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, Playboy, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"My bra is farther down—you're unbuckling my shoulder holster."

## GOOD MORNING,

## BARRY LEVINSON

## personality By DAN GREENBURG

## WITH RAIN MAN. HOLLY-WOOD IS WAKING UP TO THE FACT THAT ITS HOTTEST DIRECTOR IS ALSO ONE OF ITS NICEST GUYS

DANNY DEVITO is naked in the bathtub. Barbara Hershey comes in and sits on the side of the tub. She says they never do things together that are fun anymore. Maybe if they went on a picnic together, it might be fun.

"I don't understand a picnic," says DeVito. "We go someplace, we put a thing on the ground and eat. Why? I don't get it. It's better sitting in front of the TV."

"I happen to think there's something nice about a pic-

nic," says Hershev. "It's fun."

"What's fun about it?" says DeVito. "Ants get into the food, there's bees. I don't get it. You have to drive, it takes maybe an hour to get there, and then what do you do? You sit in grass and eat. Why is that fun?"

"I just thought it might be nice to do something together, that's all," says Hershey. "I thought it might be fun."

"It doesn't sound like fun to me," says DeVito. "A picnic—it's dirty. You take the food you've got here in the icebox, you take it out in a field and eat it. It's more fun eating in front of the TV, and we do that together, don't we? No ants and no bees—much more comfortable."

"It's not the same thing," says Hershey.

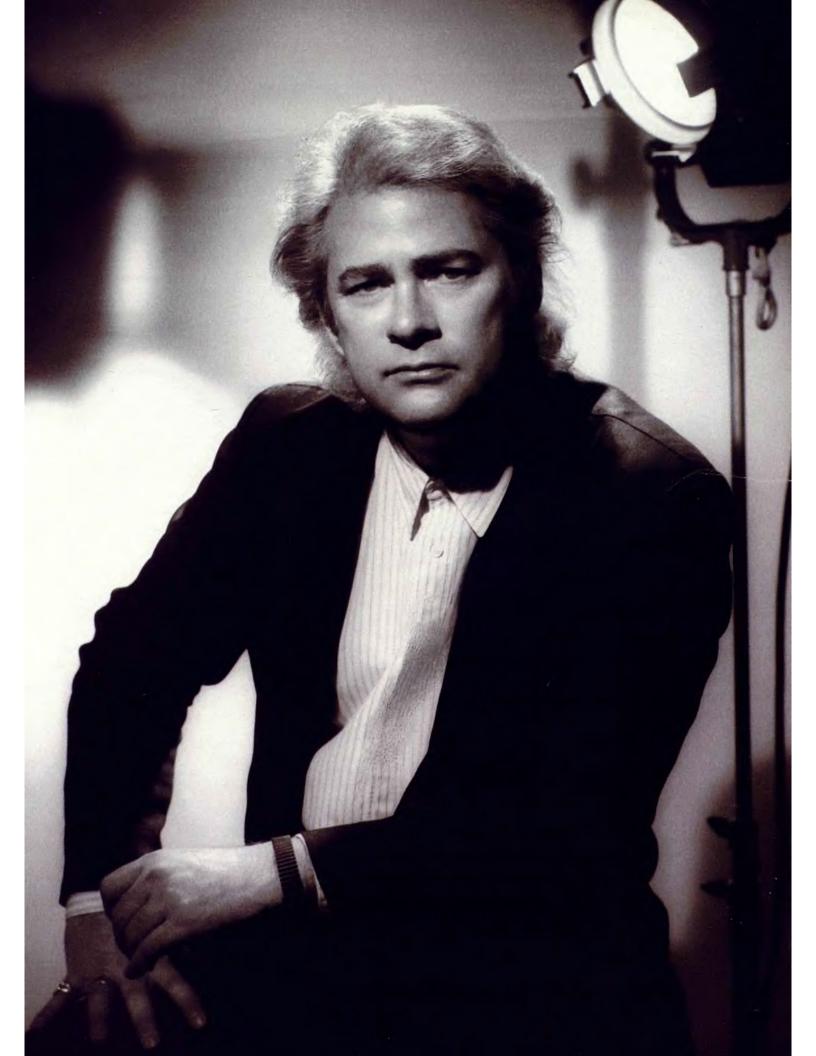
"Don't get me wrong," says DeVito. "I'll do anything with you. I'm just a little stymied by a picnic. If you want to go on a picnic, send me a postcard."

Hershey stalks from the room in a huff.

The above is a scene from *Tin Men*, a film about aluminum-siding salesmen in Baltimore that was written and directed by Barry Levinson in 1987. With Mel Brooks, Levinson has co-written *Silent Movie* and *High Anxiety*. With Valerie Curtin, he has co-written . . . *And Justice for All, Inside Moves, Best Friends* and *Unfaithfully Yours*. Alone, he has directed *Diner* and *Tin Men* (both of which he also wrote), *The Natural, Young Sherlock Holmes, Good Morning, Vietnam* and *Rain Man*, and, at the age of 47, the cherubic-faced guy with the longish gray hair has suddenly become one of the hottest directors in Hollywood.

Levinson is sitting opposite me in my funky Hollywood hotel room on the Sunset Strip, wearing a green-silk shirt with the top button buttoned, a cardigan, chinos and sneakers.

I'd been told that Levinson and I had a lot in common. We were both droll, prematurely gray-haired Jewish writers. We had both done stand-up comedy early in our careers, had both been more successful as writers than as stand-up



comedians, had both married writers and gotten divorced, had both remarried, had both become first-time fathers in our 40s and both had four-year-old sons. I wanted to know what insights he had about women, marriage, fatherhood, directing, humor and writing.

Levinson is a wonderful writer. He was not a wonderful student. "In high school, I was five hundred and sixtieth in a graduating class of five hundred and sixty," he says. "I had a hard time concentrating on things, because my mind wandered too much. I was just incapable of following what you were supposed to do."

He went into college, dropped out, sold cars, went back to college, dropped out, went back to college, then got interested in radio and TV. In 1963, while at American University in Washington, D.C., he got a trainee job at WTOP-TV. He worked as a floor director, built the sets for the public-service shows and, on the Ranger Hal Show, worked hand puppets such as Dr. Fox, Oswald Rabbit and Marvin Monkey. At that point, Levinson was about 21. He was doing OK at American University, but he had never taken the school's language requirement seriously, so he couldn't graduate. In 1967, he moved to the Coast.

In L.A., a guy he knew suggested that they both sign up for acting school. Levinson despised acting. "It all seemed kind of fake-people walking around with English accents, talking like they came from somewhere else. They went to the cinema. It always seemed so pretentious." The guy talked Levinson into accompanying him to class. He didn't want to be an actor, but there was something interesting there. He met another student, Craig T. Nelson (who would later star in Poltergeist), and they did humorous improvs together. After a while, they realized that they could write their improvs down and sell them, and that was Levinson's transition to becoming a writer.

Nelson and Levinson teamed up with funnyman Rudy DeLuca at KNBC-TV on the Lohman & Barkley Show and created a soap opera called The Lawyers and the Pigs. "The lawyers and the pigs were just lawyers with suits carrying little piglets, talking all this kind of legalese,' says Levinson. "We would never mention these pigs, we'd just have 'Objection. . . . Overruled. . . . Sustained'-all that kind

of stuff, only with piglets."

On the night they were set to do the first live-on-tape episode of The Lawyers and the Pigs, they scrambled into costume and, with two minutes before air time, rushed to the prop guy to get their little piglets. The prop guy had gotten . . . pigs. Big pigs. Sixty-pound pigs. "The show begins and we are out there with giant pigs. We're all trying to hold on to these pigs. The pigs start to squeal, Craig makes his opening statement, his pig takes a pee on his leg and the audience goes crazy." The sketch, which was supposed to run two and a half minutes, ran 14 minutes, because they couldn't hear each other between laughs and because of the pigs. "They would pee, they would take a dump, then they would try to break free and there was no talk about this at all. It was quite a memorable

After the Lohman & Barkley Show, they moved to Tim Conway's show, where they stayed through 1970. Levinson and DeLuca began hanging around The Comedy Store, doing sketches about things such as automated priests who do confessions and go out of whack and start forgiving you before you finish confessing. In 1971, Levinson and DeLuca flew to England and worked for Marty Feldman on his show for about a year, came back and got jobs with Carol Burnett.

Ron Clark, a producer on The Tim Conway Show, got the idea for Silent Movie and thought Levinson and DeLuca would be a nifty choice to help write it, so he introduced them to Mel Brooks. "I met them and I liked them," Brooks tells me in his spacious office at Twentieth Century Fox. "Barry, who was shy, warmed up, and once he warmed up, he was crazy-you couldn't shut him up. And he had a wonderful laugh-a high, screaming, almost-out-of-control, hysterical, cackling laugh when he would let go, and then he'd hold himself as though he were afraid the laughing would hurt

"We'd meet for lunch and take a tape recorder, so that we could talk through lunch. We'd go to Factors most of the time, a Jewish delicatessen. Many cups, many saucers, many plates, much silverware, water, ice in the water, and that's all you heard. You heard a waiter saying, 'Who gets the matzoh-ball soup?' 'Check, please!' Very few ideas for the movie. I heard the word herring maybe a hundred and thirty-five times, but it never ended up in the movie."

Levinson told Brooks about hanging out with his buddies at the local diner in Baltimore. It reminded Brooks of Fellini's film I Vitelloni, "about a bunch of adolescents on their way to adulthood and the rites of passage that had to do with giving up fantasy and childhood behavior and assuming the mantle of adulthood, and the nervous breakdown that came with it." Brooks thought Levinson's experiences with the guys in the diner were a movie he should write.

Levinson worked for Brooks from 1975 to 1977 in a kind of apprenticeship. When High Anxiety wrapped, he realized that he wanted to do his own kind of comedy, so he left Brooks's atelier and went off to write scripts with Valerie Curtin, a comedian-writer-actress he'd met in 1972 while both were performing at The Comedy Store. At some point, they got married, which lasted a couple of years.

"What went wrong with the marriage?" I ask.

"Enough that we split up," says Levinson succinctly. I try to draw him out about it, thinking he may know something useful about why marriages go bad. He won't talk about his private life at all, other than to say he's now married to a Baltimore woman named Diana, with whom he has two sons-a four-year-old named Sam and a baby of almost one named Jack.

Throughout the Curtin years, Levinson kept in touch with Mark Johnson, a producer he'd met on High Anxiety. Levinson had written some successful scripts with Curtin, and now he wanted to direct his first film, Toys. Toys was set up at Fox, with Levinson to direct and Johnson to produce. But just before they were ready to go, Fox decided not to make the movie.

Levinson and Johnson were figuring out what to do next. Curtin was away on an acting job and Levinson had time to kill. He recalled Brooks's urging him to write about the guys he'd hung out with at the diner. Levinson sat down to write Diner. In three weeks, he had a script.

Johnson, who'd taken a job as head of production for Jerry Weintraub, gave Diner to him. Weintraub liked it and set it up in a matter of days at MGM. He sent Johnson and Levinson off to Baltimore to make the movie.

At first, Johnson was afraid the laidback Levinson wasn't going to be tough enough on the set. "There's such a private life going on there," says Johnson. "I don't know if there's any panic behind the facade. He seemed at ease directing Diner. Clearly, he didn't know the technical side, didn't know the advantages of using one lens over another, but he knew what he wanted. When he saw it, he knew immediately."

Diner is a small masterpiece on the order of Paddy Chayefsky's Marty, but it doesn't have much shape. When Levinson showed the rough cut to the studio, they said, "Listen, the scene where he's asking for the roast beef? Just give him the sandwich and get on with the movie."

Levinson said, "There is no moviethat's the movie."

A major recurring theme in Diner is the lack of communication between the sexes. In one memorable scene, Steve Guttenberg, who has agreed to marry his fiancée provided she can pass a lengthy football quiz, asks married buddy Daniel Stern if he's happy being married. Stern says he doesn't know.

"I'll tell you a big part of the problem, though, when you get married. When (continued on page 134)

## FASHION FORWARD THE '9 0 s

## clothes for the close of the century fashion By HOLLIS WAYNE

WHAT DIRECTION will men's clothes take in the Nineties? To get the inside story, we interviewed four renowned designers (pictured at left, clock-



wise from 12)—Alexander Julian, Ronaldus Shamask, Joseph Abboud and Bill Robinson—and asked them to sketch their ideas, as well as include a few fabrics and patterns they expect to be hot in the decade ahead. Their predictions were as original as the clothing lines each of them currently creates. Shamask, for example, feels that the Nineties "can only accelerate our movement toward a less constricting concept of dress," while Robinson foresees "modern baroque" clothes that will "have a sense of luxury and romance." Julian thinks "fabrics will become softer and more fun, neither contrived nor overdesigned," and Abboud predicts "fashion redefined" in the Nine-

ties and that fabrics in general "will become lighter." More ideas and the sketches are on the following pages. Clean out your closets, guys.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB FRAME





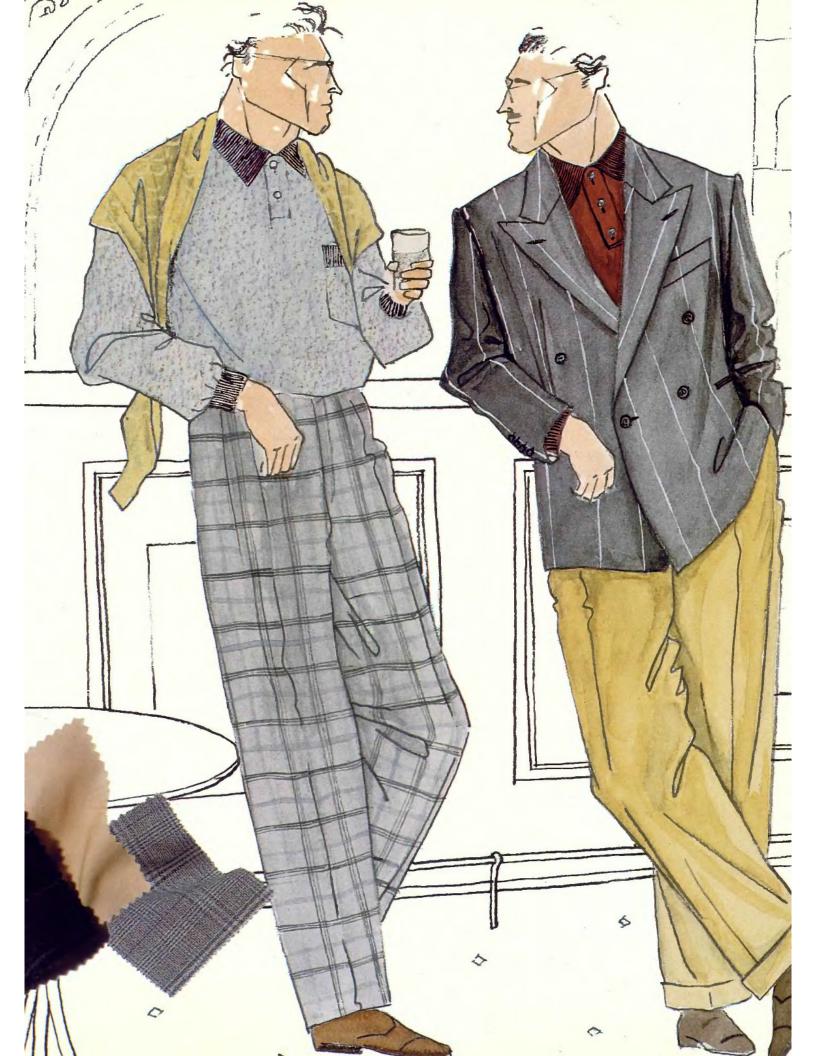


## **ALEXANDER JULIAN**

ight: Increased personal style and attention to detail will be keys to fashion in the Nineties. Fabrics will become transseasonable and more versatile, while dress codes will adapt to accept a new, more practical versatility of dress. The man at work in the Nineties will be wearing a dressy sport shirt—without a tie—to the office. Café society will also dress in fashionable comfort.

## **RONALDUS SHAMASK**

eft: In the Nineties, men's fashion will be dominated by a mood of retrospection, but without the restraints of the past. The suit I've chosen to illustrate would be made of tropical-weight flonnel, as it is an adaptable, transitional fabric that can be worn from season to season. The jacket has broad shoulders and easy armholes for freedom of movement and a narrow waist for style.



# GRANNY'S HISTORY OF PLAYBOY



"You still look like a weird flowerpot."

humor by GWTK GYOWN



"Have you ever tried to get little Hugh interested in girls?"



"That's it, Hef. If you're gonna get to the top, y' gotta struggle!"



"Boy, that Hugh Hefner fella is a real go-getter!"



"Of course there's someone else!"



"After thirty-five years of promising you a shot at being a Playmate, you may think I'm jiving, but wait'll next year..."



"So I look him dead in the eye an' sez, 'Hef, y' gotta choose between me and that fuckin' pipe!"

## DON'T TELL...



## MICHAEL



When La Toya decided to run away from home, she did it in classic Jackson style. She visited New York City, stayed in an \$1100-o-night suite of the Waldorf-Astorio, then plunked down \$3,200,000 for on opartment overlooking the East River. We coll that toking a bite out of the Big Apple.

LA TOYA JACKSON GIVES THE CLAN PLENTY TO TALK ABOUT HEN Michael Jackson left home, he took off one glove, and the whole world paid attention.

When La Toya Jackson left home, she took off the rest. And the world . . . well, judge for yourself.

La Toya is a lady for the Nineties: She can just say no to drugs in one breath and whisper a defiant yes to nudity in the next.

Her idea of a rock video is to team up with Nancy Reagan, Herb Alpert, Arnold Schwarzenegger, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, Michele Lee and David Hasselhoff for an antidrug hymn, *Stop the Madness*. She once demonstrated her idea of a good time by riding a motorcycle onto the stage of the restored Ford's Theatre to serenade President Ronald Reagan.

La Toya is a member of America's reigning songand-dance dynasty. Our British cousins have the royal family; we have the Jackson bunch and the Kennedy clan. Of the two, we'd rather dance to the former. Imagine, if you can, growing up in a heavily guarded compound in Encino, California, listening to Michael,





"I just love snakes. I had haped to do a shot all cavered with snakes; I was kind of disappointed there was only one."

Jermaine, Rebbie, Marlon, Randy, Jackie, Janet and Tito sing in the shower. Imagine growing up in a family in which five of your siblings had their own Saturday-morning cartoon show. It took 31 years for La Toya to beat it, but when she did, she did it with style.

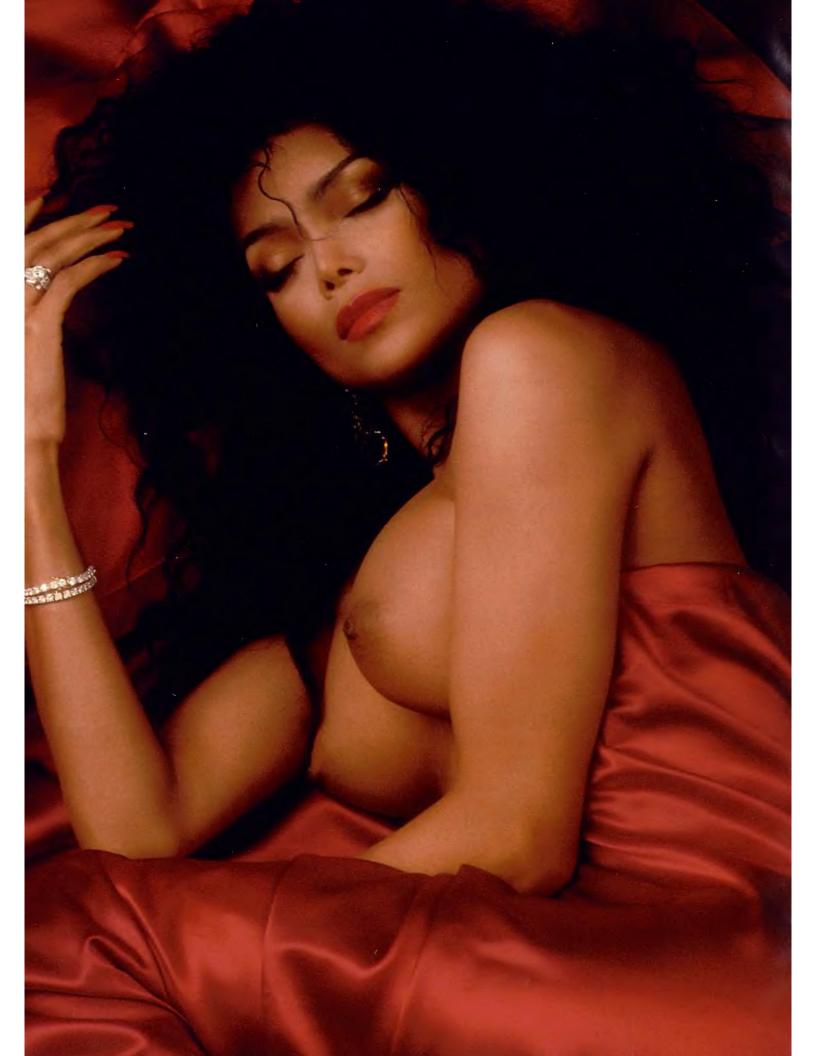
She was born with a gift of great value-her family name. There is no shallow end to the Jackson gene pool. A singer in her own right, she has released three successful (at least by any other family's standards) albums. By the age of 27, she had launched her own line of leatherwear, David Laurenz for La Toya (she wore the clothes in all of her public appearances), and her own line of body oil, La Toya Jackson bath oil (which we assume she wore in all of her private appearances). We'll take a tubful.

But for La Toya, the Jackson name has carried its own burden. What do you do when the whole world thinks you look like your younger brother?

Change your image, that's what. The process started with the cover of her third album, simply titled *La Toya*, on which she appears in a heavily rhinestoned bra. The bra is held in place by a pair of heavy black







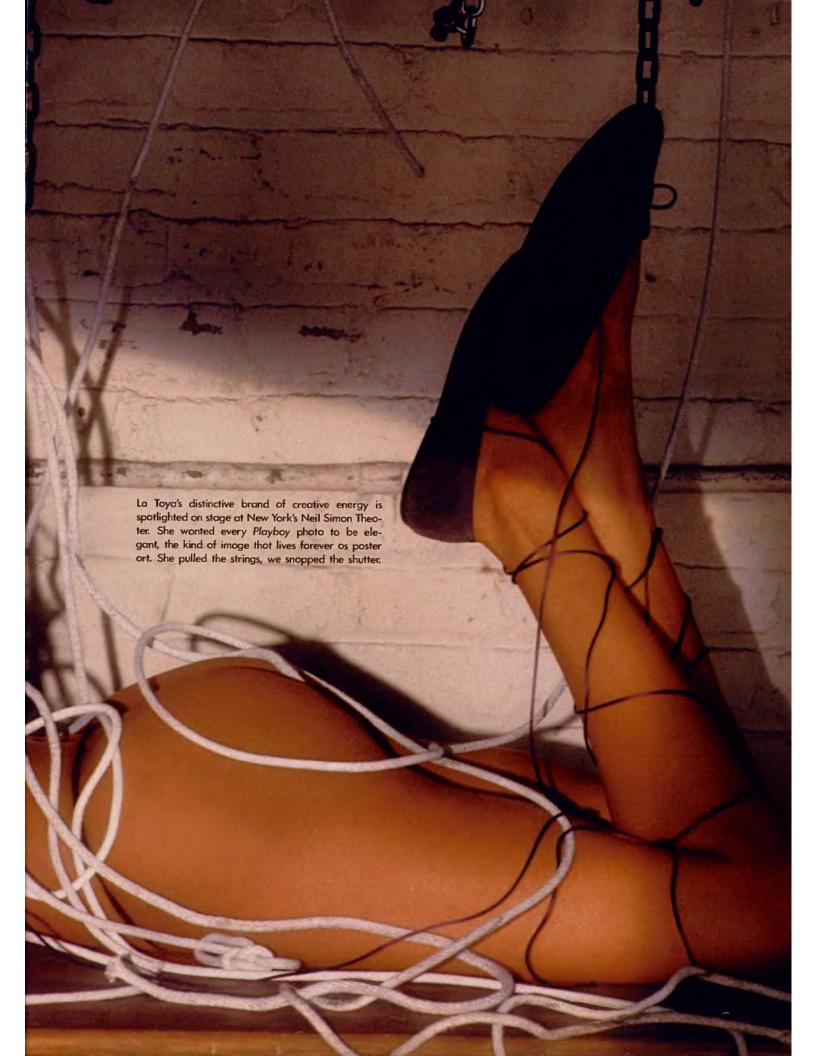
suspenders, which are attached to satin pants with a deeply plunging front. Rumor has it that when the church fathers of the Jehovah's Witnesses congregation to which brother Michael belonged heard of it, they asked him to denounce his sister. These are the elders of a church for which Michael, dressed in disguise, collected money. He refused.

La Toya's next step toward self-revelation was accepting an offer to pose for *Playboy*. "I used to always cover my body from head to toe," she says, "but that was just me. I guess my shyness came from growing up the way I did, being so sheltered and having a strict father."

To help her relax in a certain amount of seclusion, Playboy rented an entire stage-the Neil Simon Theater in New York-for the shooting. "I was still nervous," she says. "I insisted that there be no one on the set except Stephen [Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda]. He had to do everything by himselfmoving lights, lifting props, adjusting screens and all the other things he would usually have assistants to help him with. He looked haggard, with sweat pouring off him. I felt so sorry for him. I thought to myself, This









poor man is going through all of this for just half a nipple!"

It's a dirty job, and there are only about 100,000,000 guys in America who would have died to change places with him. But La Toya soon relaxed and came through with the other half of the nipple, and more. It helped that one of the props on the set was a live 60-pound boa constrictor. That made her feel right at home. "We grew up with lots of pets, and there were always snakes around. I wasn't the slightest bit nervous working with it. All I wanted to know was when it had last been fed. They said it was just two days earlier, so I wasn't worried. Boas aren't dangerous unless they're hungry." Got that, guys? If you want to impress someone like La Toya, take along a carload of recently fed boa constrictors. Or, better yet, ride a motorcycle. "I've always loved motorcycles. I've always felt that women on motorcycles look powerful, strong. No matter what qualities you associate with a woman, you always change your idea when you see her on a motorcycle." Whatever ideas we had about La Toya before we saw these photos, they have changed. We realize now: She doesn't look a bit like what's-his-name.



## BARRY LEVINSON

(continued from page 114)

"Tve had conversations with Barry about low-fat milk that were so funny you couldn't finish a meal."

you're dating," says Stern, "everything is talking about sex, right? Where can we do it? Why can't we do it? Are your parents going to be out, so we can do it? Trying to get a weekend, just so that we can do it. Everything is always, just always, talking about getting sex. And then planning the wedding. All the details. But then, when you get married, it's crazy. I mean, you can get it whenever you want it. You wake up in the morning and she's there, and you come home from work and she's there. And so all that sex-planning talk is over with. And so is the wedding-planning talk, because you're already married. So, you know, I can come down here and we bullshit the whole night away, but I cannot hold a five-minute conversation with Beth. I mean, it's not her fault-I'm not blaming her. She's great. It's just that we got nothing to talk about. But it's good, it's good.'

"Well..." says Guttenberg, lighting up a Pall Mall. "We've always got the diner."

At another point in *Diner*, Mickey Rourke, who plays the good-looking make-out artist of the gang, tells Stern's wife, Ellen Barkin, "I'm not too good about, you know, talking. I mean, you know me, if I have a problem with a girl, I just split."

In the next scene, Guttenberg is in a strip club with his buddy, Tim Daly, who tells him, "The whole thing with girls is painful," he says. "And it keeps getting more painful—instead of easier." Oh, yes.

Both *Diner* and *Tin Men* have taken some flak for being sexist. In the first sequence of *Diner*, Kevin Bacon has just sold his date to another guy at a dance for five dollars. In *Tin Men*, DeVito smashes up Richard Dreyfuss' new Cadillac and Dreyfuss gets back at him by seducing DeVito's wife; when Dreyfuss falls in love with her, DeVito refuses to grant her a divorce, so they play pool to see who wins her. Women in both films are possessions with whom communication isn't possible.

"Is the view of man-woman relationships in *Diner* and *Tin Men* your own?" I ask Levinson.

"That's my view of it in terms of those times," he says. "Both pieces were using that noncommunicative relationship to show something. That doesn't apply nowadays in the same sense, because even people who can't communicate have these conversations about communicating. Because everybody knows the words, y' know: 'We're not communicating.' I never heard anybody in 1960 talk about

how we were not communicating. They just didn't talk."

I acknowledge my own frustrations with man-woman relationships and ask Levinson why he thinks communication between the sexes is so difficult.

"We're talking about tribes," he says. "We are talking about distant tribes that are finally having to come together. And it's probably harder today, because we have a world with more alienation, and we put more pressures on the relationship than ever before. Because we have nothing to fall back on—the family, the community; we don't have a community anymore. We've let the social fabric of this country totally deteriorate and we don't know what to do about it. And we have a Government that obviously has no social conscience whatsoever anymore, so you can understand the alienation."

Levinson talks with passion about sociological issues but is dismissive of psychological ones. After a couple of decades in therapy, I have a few notions about why men and women can't communicate, about fear of intimacy and all the rest, but Levinson isn't intrigued about psychology. He's never been in therapy himself and is patronizing about all self-help programs. "We've had them for all these years," he says more than once. "How come we're not better?"

For Diner, Levinson assembled a talented cast of unknowns who have since become quite successful, such as Mickey Rourke (Angel Heart, 9½ Weeks, Barfty), Kevin Bacon (Planes, Trains, and Automobiles, Footloose, She's Having a Baby), Daniel Stern (The Milagro Beanfield War, Breaking Away), Steve Guttenberg (Police Academy, Cocoon, Three Men and a Baby), Ellen Barkin (The Big Easy, Siesta, Down by Law), Michael Tucker (Tin Men, L.A. Law) and Paul Reiser (Aliens, My Two Dads, Beverly Hills Cop II).

"He picks all these great strange faces and they somehow work together," says Robin Williams. "Someone once called him the master of the male ensemble, which makes me think he's like a choreographer [gay voice]: 'All right, everyone, work with me, people...'"

Levinson does seem to know how men talk to one another and behave with one another—the loving and competitive and distrustful and tender and cocky way that men act toward other men because they've been brought up to be successful and macho and not show their vulnerability—and he manages to make that behav-

ior seem extremely natural when it gets translated to the screen.

All six films he has directed are extremely well crafted. The two he wrote himself, *Diner* and *Tin Men*, are probably the best—certainly the most intimate and naturalistic. And they're both as far as you can possibly get from *The Natural*, a heroic and unrealistic baseball fable that stars Robert Redford and that is no less impressive for its lack of realism. And it's hard for me to see what the six films have in common stylistically.

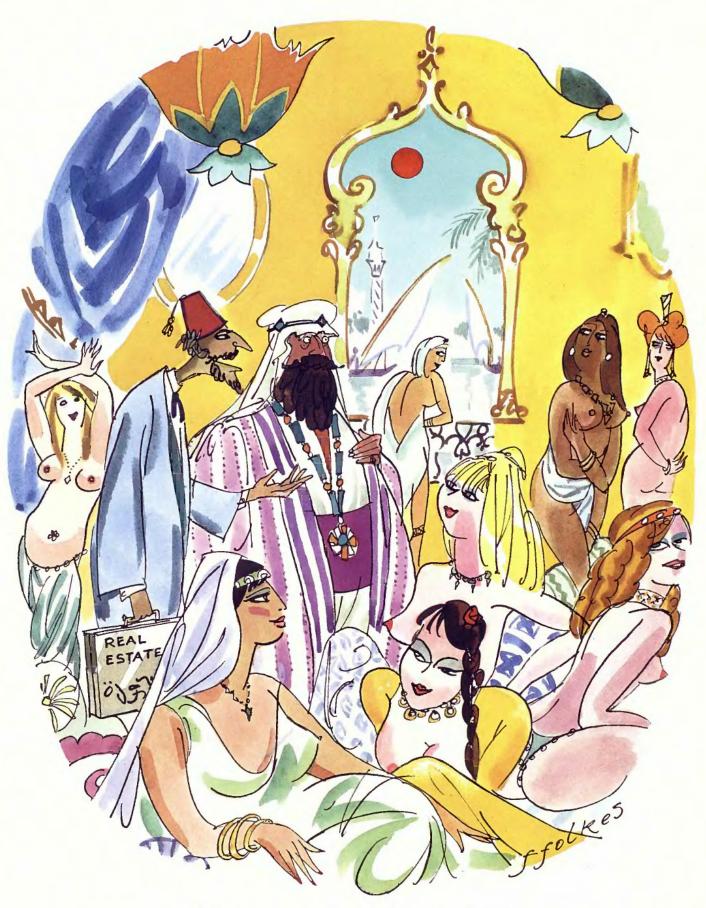
"Probably at the end of his career, you'll look back and the five or six Baltimore movies will be the body that he's remembered by," says Reiser. "They're small in scope, small in action, rich in people, and they're all about people figuring out their lives."

I've heard Levinson referred to as the West Coast Woody Allen and wondered how he differs from Allen as a director. "Woody is more structured," says Hershey, who has worked for both. "Woody blocks scenes more strictly, he's more precise in the structure of the scene. Like, he will often shoot something in one shot. He rarely comes in for close-ups. There's a high concept on the structure of the scene, whereas Barry is much more free-wheeling and lets the music of the words lead you where it's natural to go. With Woody, you have to bend more to his idea."

I ask Levinson how much direction he gives actors. "I try to give them very little. I try to give them little nudges, y' know, so it almost feels like total freedom out there. They can only go so far, because you have something in mind of what you want, but I like to give actors the sense they can try anything they like."

"He knows very much what he wants, yet the way he gets it out of you is very casual and unspecific," says Reiser. "He'll sometimes give you directions and have entire sentences with no words in them. where he'll go, 'You know what I want? Ya do a thing, y' know, ya kinda, y' know, like, the two of ya sittin' there with the thing, and the thing, and ya just kinda, ya don't know what it is, but it's a thing." And, amazingly, you walk out and you go, 'Got it, Barry.' How do you tell somebody what he said? 'I don't know what he said, but it's something with a thing.' He has a shorthand that can be frustrating. There are not words, it's body language and that sort of gently approving manner that he has.

"On the set, when all your confidence is falling away and you're reaching for straws for reassurance, we'll do a take five, six, seven times and he'll go, 'Uh, let's do it again.' You do it again and, obviously, you're doing it because it wasn't what he was looking for, and he goes, 'Uh... let's move on.' And you go, 'Barry,



"This place comes with a lot of extras, but I think the sultan's taking most of them with him."

is that "Let's move on," as in "Thank you, I got it; beautiful" or "Let's move on," as in "We could spend all fucking day and we'll never get it"?' And he goes, 'Uh, *let's* just move on.'"

"He has that Baltimore cool," says Williams. "He's so fucking easygoing that it puts a lot of people off, I guess. They're looking for someone to tell them everything and he's just, like, 'Hey, let's see what happens.' For me, he sets up, like, those road cones they have in driving school, and you know when you go over them, because you hear a little 'Foof.' He's not going, 'Get back there!' It's just that you knew when something wasn't funny."

"Barry plays his cards close to his vest," says Dreyfuss, "so you do all the work. You assume that he's OK, that he's safe, that he's in control. Inside, he may be having the screaming meemies, but you don't know that. So you assume the strength. It's one of the ways that you learn about not being an emotional spendthrift. It's smart."

I ask Levinson which he likes better, writing or directing. "Directing," he says. "I don't care if I ever write anything again." I ask him how he writes. "Fast. I'll just talk it to a secretary and she takes it down in shorthand. On *Diner*, I wrote it longhand. I dictated *Tin Men*. It doesn't make any difference to me. I'm always amazed at what's coming out, because I don't know what the hell it is. I don't write outlines, I just suddenly get this thing. I try to go as fast as I can go until I get tired. I can't think about it a lot. I never think of myself as a writer."

"The scripts come out of him almost like children," says Williams. "He gives them about a year's gestation and then they come out of him in, like, a two-day period."

"He's the great writer," says Dreyfuss. "They are unique pieces, *Diner* and *Tin*  Men. There is literally rhythm and music in the prose. You can, as Laughton did, approach your prose as poetry, and that's what you can do with Barry's. You can literally get it going like jazz."

But, I say to Dreyfuss, Levinson downplays his writing—says he's a director and doesn't think of himself as a writer. "If Barry could say that, it's crazy," says Dreyfuss, and he goes on to question the progression from writer to director. "Writing is so solitary and directing is so social. It's not a logical progression to go from being a writer to being a director. It's logical to become a colonel in the Army, and then a general, and *then* a director, because that's what you gotta do, you gotta run a war."

"Barry has an amazing ear for dialog," says Hershey. "The way that people misunderstand each other, their bumbling way of speaking. Like the scene with me and Danny DeVito in the bathtub: I say 'I want to go on a picnic' about eight different ways, he says no about eight different ways. The whole scene is 'I want to go on a picnic,' 'No,' and it goes on for three minutes. That kind of ability was staggering to me. He also writes each character differently. Lots of times, I'll read scripts and every character is a reflection of the writer in terms of dialog, but Barry really creates different characters."

Levinson tells me he leans toward characters who are cockeyed and off center, people who can't express themselves, people who don't know they're funny. He eavesdrops on conversations, on arguments: "An argument very seldom focuses on the dilemma," he says. "It's, like, seven steps removed from the problem. That to me is sort of funny, because it's the cockeyed conversation that I'm interested in. The argument has drifted away from its essence down to something that is frivolous to the conversation, and all of a sudden, people are arguing about that."

He describes a recent incident on the L.A. freeway in which a motorist shot another driver for cutting him off, and imagines the shooter recounting the story to a buddy. "Normally, the person you're with is agreeing, anyway," says Levinson. "'The guy cut me off, so I shot him.' 'Well, you had to.' 'Yeah, I know; what could I do? I had to.' 'Of course you had to—he cut you off; that's what I'm saying.' I wouldn't have shot him if he wasn't cutting me off.' You can have a reason for anything now."

"I've had conversations with Barry about low-fat milk that were so funny you couldn't finish a meal," says Jeff Katzenberg, head of Disney Studios. "One time, we were looking at a can of Coca-Cola and he said to me, 'I've got a fantastic idea; it'll make a lot of money. You see this Coca-Cola can? It says, "Less than one calorie." 'He said, 'Now, I figure that to say "less than" must cost about nine million dollars a year in paint.' He said, 'Who cares that it's less than one calorie—why can't they just say "one calorie"?' He said, 'We should call Coca-Cola and make a deal with them.'"

"Barry did a bit about a priest coming in to exorcise a guy who thought he was a chipmunk," says Reiser. "It was hysterical. [Priest's resonant voice]: 'Do you know what Satan is?' [Chipmunk's high voice]: 'It's a fabric, right?' [Priest's voice]: 'No, that's satin.' [Chipmunk's voice]: 'Oh.'

"He has these kind of old-mannish Jewish qualities," says Reiser. "Someone asked him, 'You don't like snakes?' and he said, 'I don't trust anything that doesn't have ears.' I said, 'That's the funniest thing I've ever heard in my life.' It's so specific and it's so unimportant—the danger to you is not that they don't have ears. Why is that so funny to me? But he's right—it's like if the snake had ears that you could hang glasses on, you'd go, 'All right, I could deal with it.' But it's the ears, that's what it is. It's not the fangs or the venom, it's the lack of ears."

Good Morning, Vietnam is Levinson's most successful film to date. It has grossed more than \$125,000,000, which makes it one of the five biggest films of 1988.

"I had trouble getting in to see Good Morning, Vietnam," says Brooks. "I went to the assistant manager and said, 'I'm a friend of Barry Levinson's; I'm Mel Brooks.' He said, 'You're not Mel Brooks; Mel Brooks is bigger.' I said, 'T'm forty feet on the screen, but in real life, I'm just a little pisher like you.' The picture was starting and the guy said, 'Do something.' I said, 'Did you see High Anxiety?' I said, 'Listen to this' [sings "High ang-zi-et-eeee!"]. He says, 'Oh, yeah, you're Mel Brooks; go in.' It was a lot of work to get in, but it was worth it. It was worth doing impressions of Mel Brooks."

Brooks saw Levinson recently. He wants Levinson to direct a film about Lenny Bruce's mother. "We went right back to making each other laugh and holding our bellies and falling over," says Brooks, "He



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said, 'You know, my life is getting a little too serious-I miss a lot of the stupid, silly stuff we used to do together.' I'm sorry that he, like the kids in Diner, had to grow up and become this big, important commercial commodity. Before Vietnam, he was swinging with all of us. Now, suddenly, the capitalism has got that big klieg light on him, and so all the studio heads will want him for anything just because he has turned such a profit.'

Levinson's latest film is Rain Man, the Dustin Hoffman-Tom Cruise picture that is likely to be nominated for several Academy Awards. Cruise plays a fast-talking foreign-car salesman whose autistic-savant brother, Hoffman, inherits \$3,000,000 when their father dies. Determined to trick Hoffman out of his inheritance, Cruise kidnaps him from a sanitarium. They begin a touchingly humorous odyssey across America in their dead father's 1949 Buick Roadmaster, in the course of which each learns surprising lessons about the other and about life.

Levinson was Rain Man's fourth director. Martin Brest, Steven Spielberg and Sidney Pollack all bowed out of the project because of problems with the script and, one has heard, with Hoffman. Mark Johnson told me he and Levinson always want to make movies that are a little bit dangerous. A comedy about a con man and his autistic brother, starring Hoffman and Cruise, that three other directors dropped out of seems to satisfy that requirement.

Predictably, Levinson claims he had no problems on Rain Man. "It was the easiest movie I'd ever done," he says, chiefly because it's the first he has directed that isn't set in period. What's it like not to have to worry about weeding anachronisms out of every shot? "Like a fifty-pound weight has

been lifted from you."

Levinson's pregnant wife was on location in Cincinnati, but even her giving birth to their second son during the filming didn't ruffle his composure, nor did it delay his schedule: "We finished shooting Saturday night about midnight. I got back to the hotel about one-thirty, we went to bed and about four minutes later, Diana went into labor. Jack was born early Sunday morning and I was back on the set on Monday. The crew was upset. They thought they'd at least get one day off."

eventually, it kinda shapes up." Is his unfazable demeanor genuine, or is he a mass of repressed and boiling emotions beneath an impassive façade? It's probably the former, but it hardly matters, because the bottom line is that he gets the job done. However he manages it, and whatever he may have to go through to do it, Levinson's goofy maturity enables him to keep his cool under the enormous pressures of working on difficult locations with temperamental stars and to turn out beautifully crafted films with remarkably accurate language and detail in an industry that is more than willing to settle for less. As I said earlier, I'd been told that Levinson and I had a lot in common as droll, prematurely gray-haired Jewish writers and remarried dads. I'd had this fantasy that we'd hang out in a diner and swap shy, droll, prematurely gray-haired lewish insights about writing and wives and small sons and that we'd become fast friends.

I ask if there were any problems with

Hoffman, but I needn't have. There

weren't. Both Hoffman and Cruise were

great, he says. True, both like to rehearse,

and Levinson doesn't much like to, but it

cized run-ins with directors in the past.

Why does Levinson think he got along so

easily with him? "Maybe because of my

writing background, I'm more willing to

play with the material," he says. "You play

with the script just like the gorilla in that

Samsonite luggage commercial—you bang

it around and you throw it around and

Hoffman has had several well-publi-

was never a problem.

It didn't quite work out that way. First of all, you don't become fast friends with somebody by interviewing him for a magazine. Second, men in middle age don't form friendships as easily as they did in their diner days. And, third, Levinson strikes me as a rather private and inaccessible fellow. I had asked people who knew him if they thought they knew him. Most said no.

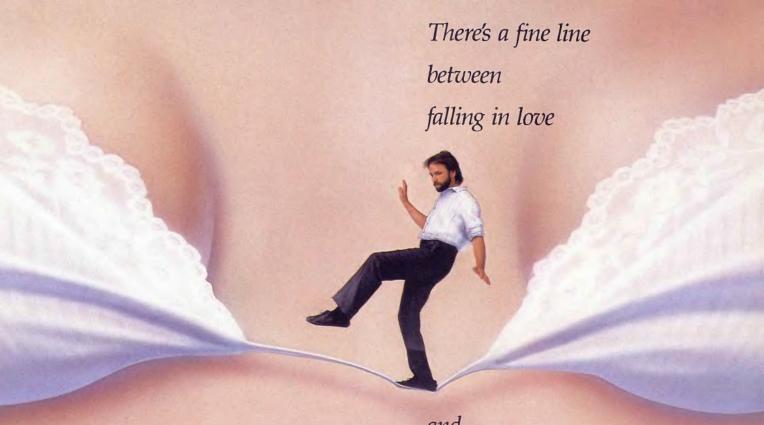
"I like him," said Dreyfuss. "I like what he lets me see of him. I enjoy Barry. But he's not forthcoming. He doesn't, you know, take out his little Barry book and read it to me. I doubt that he would do that for anyone except his wife. Or maybe Mark Johnson."

I'm having a final meeting with Levinson at dinner, not in a diner but in a noisy restaurant in Westwood. I ask how he sees himself now that he's such a huge success.

"It basically feels the same as when I was working in a local TV station," he says, "when I was hanging out in Baltimore and doing nothing. I really enjoy what I do. I get a kick out of making films and putting them together. I'm fascinated by the process. I like to just play around with that stuff. I don't want to take it too seriously. Then it gets to be pretentious."



"The next thing you know, we'll be inviting Gorbachev over to throw out the first ball in the world series!"



and falling on your face.

JOHN RITTER in BLAKE EDWARDS'

The comedy that glows in the dark.

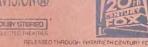
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## **FASTFORWARD**

## THE ATTACK OF HE KILLER SKI

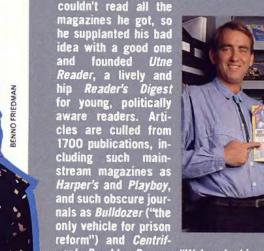
FILMS

t first glance, you might mistake Greg Stump for a conventional film maker. After all, he has a company logo and an impressive career making ski films. But upon closer inspection, you'll notice that the logo features the motto "Cogito ergo fun," and the movies he has made include The Maltese Flamingo, The Good, the Rad and the Gnarly and, more recently, The Blizzard of Aahhh's. In fact, Stump, 27, does not make G-rated, safeand-sane ski travelogs with elevator music. What he does make are wildly original, nonstop ski action tilms with comic and dramatic subplots and original scores. "I'm spreading joy and confusion to skiers everywhere," he says proudly. Much of what Stump shoots is called "extreme skiing," which means, basically, "If you fall, you die." But he also captures a world of fun and travel, which he knows well. He started skiing when he was eight and was the U.S. National Junior Freestyle Champion at 17. His films are seen in nine countries and are distributed nationwide to a vast video market. Although that makes Stump probably the most successful movie tycoon to live in Portland, Maine, he has cultivated a Hollywood attitude: "Let's just say I try to be responsible with other people's money in an irresponsible way."

In 1984, Eric Utne had a bad idea: He wanted to start a general-interest magazine. But he quickly realized that the last thing the world needed was another periodical. For one thing, even he—a confirmed media junkie—couldn't read all the

reform") and *Centrif- ugal Bumble Puppy*. "We're looking
for interesting, alternative opinions,"
editor-publisher Utne, 42, explains. Circulation has already passed 100,000. pushing the Minnesota-based staff into its fourth office space in as many years. Utne—whose name means "far out" in Norwegian—delights in provoking controversy. "We're going to raise people's hackles," he says. "But we're not doing it just to tweak them. We're doing it to make them think."

—-ROBERT KEARNEY



## CAPTAIN COMPLAINER

-NEIL STEBBINS

Even for a comedienne, Carol Leifer has a lat of complaints. Hey, Carol, how da you like living in New Yark? "If a day goes by and I haven't been slain, I'm happy." Heard any good music lately? "I went to see Diana Ross in concert and she wanted us to sing alang. I say, 'For thirty-five bucks a pop, you sing, Diana." Well, how's the love life? "My problem is, I'm always attracted to the wrong kind of guy-like the Pape." "I guess I do have a lat of peeves," says Leifer, 32. But ane thing that couldn't possibly be bothering this former private eye's secretary ("It sounds glamorous, but it was just some guy who gave palygraph tests to people who wanted to work at Burger King") is how her career has been gaing. Ta date, she has appeared an Late Night with David Letterman 16 times and has her first Cinemax special under her belt. While she dreams of having her own sitcam, Leifer continues to play clubs, colleges and an accasional cruise ship. A cruise ship? "Yeah," she gripes. "If you thought you didn't like people on land. . . . '

The New York Times called them "unconventional," which is true understatement. Time said they look like a new-wave band and play "like an iconoclast's image-busting dream come to fiddling life," which comes closer. Simply put, no other classical string

quartet does quite what **Kronos Quartet** does. In its concerts, which resemble rock shows, and on record, its skill and passion equal any of the finest classical ensembles, even as it crosses boundaries where no other such groups dare go. Kronos is made up of violinists David Harrington and John Sherba, violist Hank Dutt and cellist Joan Jeanrenaud, and a typical performance might include compositions by Béla Bartók and Alban Berg, but also

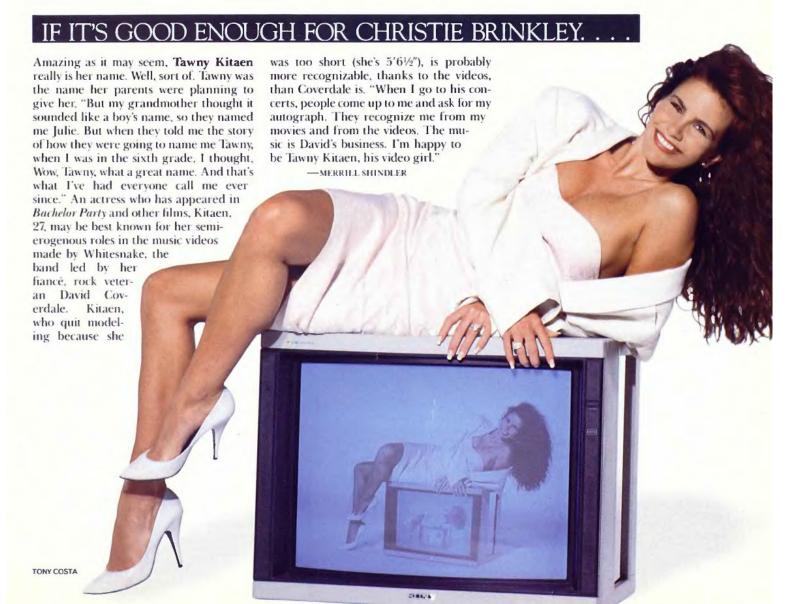
## THOSE DARING STRINGS



CHIP SIMONS

John Cage and Jimi Hendrix. Says Harrington, who formed the San Francisco—based quartet in 1973, "To me, chamber music is the most intimate form of music. It's totally handmade by four people." Kronos performs more than 100 concerts a year and

has released six albums. Its newest album, says Harrington, "uses music from all over the world to create a seventy-five-minute experience." And although global, the music is from the 20th Century. Kronos may be the only quartet that won't play Beethoven or the other masters. When Harrington is asked why, he is almost incredulous. "Are you kidding? I'm thinking about the Twenty-first Century at this point."





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## HE MARTIN

(continued from page 90) uncivilized drink from one point of view; a civilized social aphrodisiac from another. Few drinks make a more powerful public statement, yet few cocktails may be consumed in private with as much social acceptance.

One thing all martini drinkers can agree on: The drink's taste should be cold and dry, its appearance clear and pure. Beyond that, the first thing one learns when he joins the martini fraternity is that he had better be able to argue about the drink as well as he can hold it.

Since World War Two, the chief argument has been waged over its relative dryness: The accepted gin-to-vermouth ratio during prewar years was three to one; since then, the martini has grown steadily drier. The standard is supposed to be six to one, but most present-day *aficionados* prefer a ratio of at least twice that. A debate continues to rage over the proper garnish: The olive still holds sway, though I prefer the more classic twist of lemon. And some drinkers have become real garnish freaks, stuffing their olives with everything from anchovies to nuts to cocktail onions.

Disputes also continue over proper chilling procedure: Some mixologists insist that the gin or vodka must be prechilled in the freezer; others swear by chilling over ice. And last but not least, there are still plenty of purists who maintain that a martini is not a martini unless it is served stirred with ice and strained into the traditional stemmed glass.

Part of the magic of the martini is that it resists change—if it ain't broke, don't fix it. But in its new life, the martini is also enjoying some experimentation. In the new, more flexible rules of martini mixology, vodka has taken a slight lead as the base liquor of choice. On the rocks seems to be more popular than straight up. Very dry is the rule, and substitutions for vermouth are increasingly accepted. Martinis are often requested with a drop of Scotch or with freshly ground pepper; there's also a hybrid martini employing equal parts of gin and vodka (pretty good, too). And most recently, we have witnessed the emergence of a melon martini that calls for a drop or so of melon liqueur in place of vermouth. Nouveaux martinis? Well, there are limits, but the point is to cut enough of the bite off the gin or vodka to get past the first sip. One of the nice things about the martini is that it is resilient and tough, even immune to purist snobbery. Tampering a little isn't going to sabotage the essence.

## MY MARTINI

My personal favorite is a kind of martini royale, mixed exquisitely by Tom Wittinger, the night bartender at the Mansion Hotel in Dallas.

2 or 3 ozs. gin or vodka Brandy Lemon twist

Shake or stir gin or vodka over ice. Rim chilled martini glass with brandy. Pour gin or vodka, strained, into glass and garnish with lemon twist.

## CLASSIC MARTINI

Gotta go straight to the source here: that palace of power martini drinking, The Four Seasons Restaurant in New York.

Vermouth

23/4 ozs. gin or vodka

Cocktail olives or lemon twist

Put dash of vermouth in mixing glass and swirl; dump excess. Add gin or vodka and ice. Stir and pour, strained, over rocks. Add cocktail olive or lemon twist.

## THE JAMES BOND MARTINI

I used to think James Bond was a closet wimp. But that was before I read *Casino Royale* and realized that the guy is truly superhuman—at least in terms of what he drinks. Double-Oh Seven's version of the martini is a real killer. Let's hope he doesn't drive his Aston Martin DB 5 or four-and-a-half-liter Bentley after consuming one of these.

3 parts Gordon's gin

I part vodka

1/2 part Kina Lillet vermouth

Lemon peel

Shake—don't stir—gin, vodka and vermouth with crushed ice until ice begins to form on surface of liquid. Serve in deep champagne goblet garnished with large slice of lemon peel.

## FOR A CHANGE OF PACE

My favorite experimental martini is the Cajun martini. The classic recipe, which calls for the drink to be made in bulk, comes from—where else?—K-Paul's in New Orleans.

I fifth gin or vodka

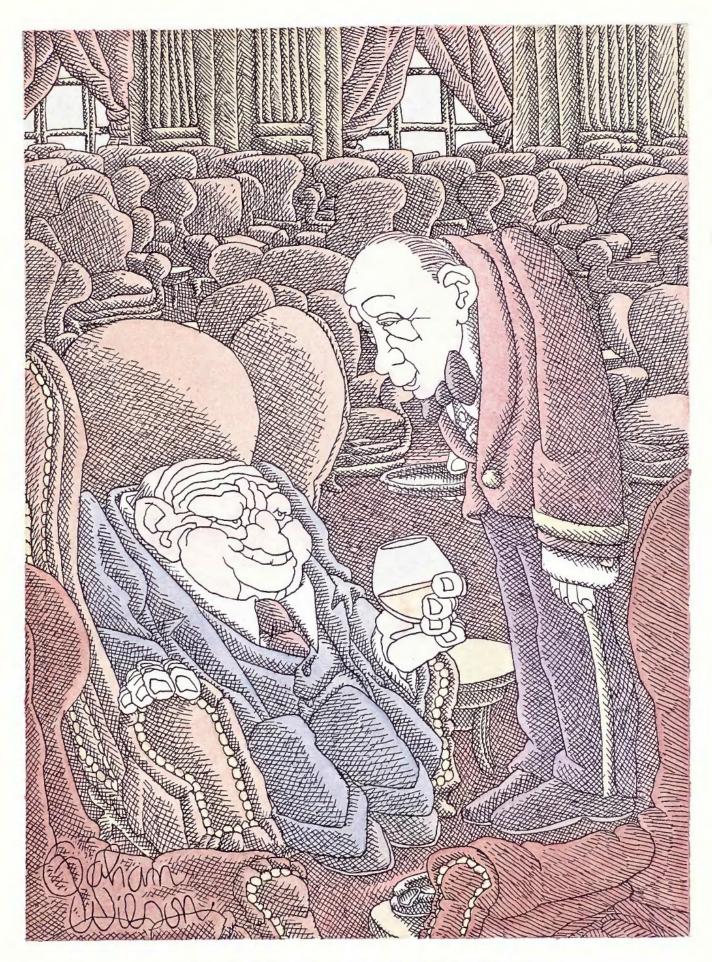
Vermouth

2 whole jalapeño peppers

Shake gin or vodka and splash of vermouth over rocks and pour, strained, into separate container. Quarter fresh *jalapeño* peppers, seed and add to martini mixture. Marinate in refrigerator for 2 to 4 days, then remove peppers.

Note: If you don't want to wait 2 to 4 days or, for some reason, don't want a fifth of martinis around the house, a similar effect may be accomplished by chilling 2 ozs. vodka or gin over rocks, adding vermouth and 1 or 2 dollops of jalapeña juice and pouring, strained, into martini glass.

Is the martini back for good? There are skeptics who rightfully wonder if this isn't just one more cultural flirtation on the part of us baby boomers. But this revival has the resonance of the real thing. It says, more than anything else, that we perpetual kids have finally grown up. Now, if we could just get Detroit to start making V8 engines again. . . .



"Congratulations, sir, you've outlived the lot of them!"

### "Women are fabulous. But it's like juggling chain saws sometimes. Figuring it out is a life's work."

was always aware that there was something else going on in life than just being a football guy.

PLAYBOY: What do you still not understand about women?

DRYER: I keep forgetting that women are emotional creatures foremost. And my problems have come from not presenting myself or my problems to them with that in mind. Women are fabulous. But it's like juggling chain saws sometimes. I really have to observe and get the momentum before I reach in and try to grab. Figuring it out is a life's work.

PLAYBOY: What's the most difficult thing about playing pro ball?

DRYER: Teams that bore you and put you to sleep. It was easy to play against good teams, because you'd know that they were going to be ready, you were gonna be ready, the fans were there. They'd be in the business that day, have their heads in it. But sometimes, when we'd play St. Louis or a lower team, I'd see the goddamn Astroturf and not many people in the stands and wonder what it was all for. It was drudgery. The good teams, man, went in there and took those poor teams apart. That's where you'd get your momentum. When the poorer teams come to town, you

gotta beat up on them. You can't just squeak by them. You gotta knock them out. That's where your self-esteem comes from.

PLAYBOY: After being fired by the Rams in 1981, you did sportscasting on CBS, then quit after ten games. Why?

DRYER: I hadn't gotten out of the player mind-set. But instead of being on the field, I was talking about doing it, analyzing through other athletes my personal experiences and insights for the sake of the viewing audience. Also, the job paralleled the football lifestyle. The travel schedule was the same and I was tired of traveling. Finally, up in the booth, I was working for somebody-again-who was saying, "You'll make this much money and you'll leave when we tell you to leave." There was a ceiling on my job. I wasn't Pat Summerall or John Madden, which meant I was on a short fuse and it was just a matter of time until the fuse ran out. I knew I wouldn't be the number-one color commentator for CBS, perhaps not the number two. I'd be third or fourth, maybe fifth, which would limit me to regional football games. Subsequently, my value wouldn't have much of an impact on the money I made or on my freedom. Bottom line: I don't like working for someone else. I have a high, strong opinion of myself, certainly where my own interests are concerned.



"C'mon, Noreen; what's the matter with trying to have everything perfect?"

PLAYBOY: Defend the video chalkboard. DRYER: It's great if it's aptly used. But it's turned out to be a promotional gimmick. What's interesting is how sloppily it's been done by everybody-Madden and Dierdorf, all those guys. [Makes wild gesticulations as if drawing] It's like you're at a seminar. But my biggest gripe is that what comes over the screen, aesthetically, is just this bunch of writing over a shot of an offensive/defensive set on the field. Television sports commentating, especially football, is so overdone. You get beat on the head constantly by too much yapping. There are three guys in a booth and there are two guys on the field. Then you've got somebody who wants to comment after every single moment on a football field, no matter what the camera is showing. Summerall and Madden are pleasing to listen to. Everybody else just wants to hear himself talk. It's not necessary. Just shut up and let the viewers watch the game. I don't necessarily need to know exactly why Billy Bob knocked Ray Bob on his ass.

PLAYBOY: What qualities make the best football coaches?

DRYER: Good question. The best coaches are the ones who handle every player differently. A guy comes in and treats you like dogs and says, "You're all the same. We treat everybody here equally," that's death. You have to be able to understand the mentality of each guy and what the game is. I played for Don Coryell, John Madden, Joe Gibbs, Ernie Zampese—all at San Diego State. Every year, Corvell lost half his team, and since he didn't recruit many high school players, he had to do a hell of a job getting junior college transfers away from USC and UCLA and Stanford. He did it by playing a unique type of football, a wideopen pro-set offense where everybody got the football and threw it. It attracted a lot of pro scouts and a lot of players who were smart at football, who knew they wanted to go pro. And if you're going to field a pro offense, then you've also got to mount a swarming, exciting defense. Madden was my defensive coach. We gambled. We were crazy. He said, "Get the football. Jump on the football. I want eleven guys on the football." The philosophy was: We're going to have a lot of laughs. And we won a shitload of games.

13.

PLAYBOY: An end runs downfield with the ball, a linebacker tackles him perfectlythen everyone piles on. Why? What's it like on the bottom of the pile?

DRYER: It's fun! It's fun. It's literally a game-of strategy and competition and confrontation. My attitude was always to go out and throw my body around and see what I could do with it. I'd follow the ball and then I'd jump onto the pile. Or I'd try

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to do my job right and allow my teammates to jump onto the pile. If I knew that I was responsible for allowing my teammates to pile on and jump on the ball, I'd get a big kick out of that. And they'd thank me for it and there'd be lots of laughs.

However, being on the bottom is a lot more uncomfortable than being on the top. I remember playing in Pittsburgh during my rookie year. It was one of the last games at the old stadium. At kickoff, I swear the field was a foot thick in mud. I wound up on the bottom of the pile and almost drowned. I was afraid for about five seconds, because somebody was sitting on my head and pushing it in a way that my face mask got caught in that flap on my right shoulder. I couldn't get my helmet up. I couldn't get my arm around to push my head up. I recall thinking, Jesus, how embarrassing to drown during the game! After that, I never wound up at the bottom.

### 14.

PLAYBOY: You've been granted five minutes with Rams owner Georgia Frontiere. What's on the agenda?

DRYER: Bread and water. Five minutes with her is a death sentence. [Pauses] I can tell you what happened with me in 1981. I had a contract. It had guarantees that they didn't live up to. The Rams said, "We're gonna pay your salary, but you can take your guarantees and shove them up your ass. You don't like it? Sue us." Now, I'm a guy who played ten years for them, and allpro for them, and I deserved, if only contractually, to be dealt with differently. And I deserved different treatment because of my pedigree, as well. What they apparently didn't realize was that their actions poisoned the air. It poisoned the team. It told people, "No matter what you do, we're gonna fuck you just like we fucked him." Like, for example, what they did to Eric Dickerson. Frontiere is not in the business of football. So how do you communicate? You can only steer clear. It's a rudderless operation. But enough said.

### 15.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe anyone is telling the truth about the way in which Frontiere's late husband, Rams owner Carroll Rosenbloom, died?

DRYER: That was a bleak, bleak day. How he died is a matter of constant speculation. It was bizarre that a man like Carroll Rosenbloom would go into the ocean, under those conditions, on that day, and drown, when, in fact, he would call me every once in a while and say, "I'm not coming to practice today because it's a little breezy; I don't feel very good." And it'd he seventy-five degrees outside. Beautiful day, with only a

Interde

"He turned out to be awfully pretentious. He comes in three languages."

little wind kicking up. He was a stickler about his health. He wouldn't go anywhere without a sweater. What happened didn't fit. I've talked to several people, names withheld, who think it stinks. And when it happened, the Rams were through—even though we went to the Super Bowl. We lost.

### 16

PLAYBOY: Since there are gays in the N.E.L., as in all walks of life, what was the locker-room etiquette when everyone knew someone on the team was gay?

DRYER: Well, you're assuming that you know there's a guy who's bent on your team. I never played with anybody who was suspected of being or who I knew for a fact was homosexual. Some, like Dave Kopay, admitted it, but my attitude is, Hey, great, man. That's not my problem. I'm here to play football and let's push on. Whatever a guy wants to do, that's his own business. I may want to make sure that I turn the right way when I bend over to get my shoes, though. [Laughs]

### 17.

PLAYBOY: You're divorced. Describe a single guy's grocery-shopping routine.

DRYER: I like to go on Thursdays. Also, Saturday morning, early. I go to the Ranch Market, where I see interesting people and can also get what I need. My favorite aisle is frozen foods. Then I go over to the other side, to cookies and cakes and ice creams, and look at the litany of shit that's available and how many people are picking over it. I look at their baskets and say, "Uh-oh. That person's in for a heart attack, for sure."

### 18.

PLAYBOY: How did you get the tattoo? Describe the decision-making process.

DRYER: The decision-making process?

[Laughs] Shit, I was seventeen. It didn't

[Laugns] Shit, I was seventeen. It didn't come out of a confab, that's for sure. It came out of about three six-packs of beer in Long Beach, after which I thought it would be a good idea. There was this guy, Zeke, who had tattoos everywhere but on his face. When I went in, there were two Marines with him. They were plastered. Their shirt sleeves were rolled up and they were getting eagles on their forearms. Getting it didn't hurt. In fact, the only thing that was painful was the look on my mother's face the next morning when she saw it.

### 19

PLAYBOY: Hunter and Dirty Harry have been assigned a case together. Who's in charge and how would the other take it? DRYER: Well, I'd send Clint around the back for a hot dog.

### 20.

PLAYBOY: Imagine a *Hunter* convention twenty years from now. What memorabilia would generate the most interest and command the highest prices?

DRYER: My blue jeans.

### GROW ANY PLANT WITH STATE OF THE ART HORTICULTURAL TECHNOLOGY

Hello, my name is Jeffery DeMarco, president and founder of Pyraponic Industries. My master's thesis concerned the cannabinoid profile of marijuana. The knowledge gained through this research and experimentation can now be applied to the growing of any herbaceous plant from mint and basil, to roses and tobacco.

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production of marijuana. The system was designed to grow any plant. The private cultivation of mari-juana has been illegal under numerous state and federal laws since 1936. Marijuana can only be grown

legally with a federal license. I worked under such a license at the time I was engaged in my research. Pyraponic Industries will never knowingly sell products to anyone expressing the intent to produce illicit substances.

If you were to research indoor plant growing techniques, as I did, a similarity soon becomes apparent. Every system before the Phototron has attempted to duplicate a tropical climate, such as Hawaii's, in a confined area. I suggest that when you finally achieve the re-creation of Hawaii, you can do no better than Hawaii's results.

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Number one, the only thing I am waiting nine (9) months for is a baby. Number two, I don't want a tree growing in my home. Number three, I am not going to pay the electric bill to artificially reproduce the sun. That is why I made my system so revolutionary. The Phototron measures only 36 inches tall by 18 inches wide. Its potential is deceptively masked by the simplicity of functional design and compact size.

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Please, do not allow the technical sounding nature of the Phototron scare you away. I personally service back and guarantee each unit sold. The instructions are clear and simple; the system comes to you complete. All you must do is select your seeds, plug in the system and water it routinely. Then, if you have any questions, you may call me directly. Ask your question. Get your answer.

You can not fail with my Phototron. I do not allow any of my Phototrons to fall below showcase. I personally have guaranteed every Phototron ever sold and I have never had one returned, ever, and I'm not starting now.

Call me at 1-312-544-BUDS. If you do not learn more about plant production than you have ever learned before, I will pay you for the call. Can you afford not to call? Jeffery Julian DeMarco

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AS SEEN ON THE BBC'S TOMORROW'S WORLD



### "Money was a problem—so much to hide. The best method was to pack the cash in bags and bury them."

would-be informer as "a real snake."

Palmer's last chance was Joe Haas, a longtime friend and professional informer for the DEA, who introduced his old flying buddy (they'd worked together for an airline that flew Central and South American routes) to friends at the McAllen, Texas, office of the DEA. Palmer made the grade, as a documented confidential informant who would work with Haas under the supervision of special agents Luis Saldana and Vic Mason.

What Palmer proposed was this: He'd go to Colombia, alone and unsupervised, reactivate his old suppliers in the dope business, make a deal with them to supply a large quantity of drugs and then find buyers in the United States. Once the drugs were delivered, everyone would be arrested. Palmer's reward would be freedom from the charges in Michigan.

Palmer wasted no time in cranking up his one-man mission to Colombia, which by then was code-named Operation Intruder. By early August of 1986, he had contacted a group that told the pilot he could count on them for 250 tons of marijuana. A second trafficker said he could provide five tons of premium-quality cocaine. The combined shipment would travel by sea from Colombia to Texas. A smaller load of ten tons of marijuana could be made ready for shipment immediately, if Palmer could arrange transportation. That was no problem. Palmer and Haas would fly the load themselves, using the DC-6 that Palmer had sold to Vortex.

On September 19, 1986, Palmer and Haas did just that, flying ten tons of marijuana from Colombia to a Mexican airstrip 30 miles south of the U.S. border, then delivering the load to the buyers: Justin Adams and his associate Alejandro Cerna.

Some of the load was stolen in Mexico, some was flown to California and about one and a half tons was seized by a sharpeyed park ranger who stopped an overloaded Winnebago when it crossed the border into Big Bend National Park. But more than half was safely smuggled across by boat and truck.

Palmer and Haas told the DEA of the DC-6 shipment the same day they delivered it; it was information that the drug agents kept to themselves. Thus, the Mexican authorities, with whom the U.S. Government had recently signed yet another mutual agreement for the suppression of drug traffic, never knew about the plane or the drugs. Neither did any other branch of U.S. law enforcement.

In short, the DEA allowed two of its in-

formants to fly drugs into a friendly nation, then failed to do anything about it, with the result that some six tons of marijuana got lost in the America of "Just say no."

Adams was so pleased with the results of the DC-6 load (he told Palmer he'd cleared a profit of \$1,500,000 on his share) that he made a down payment of more than \$500,000—duly paid to DEA agentsagainst the bigger shipment in the works.

Adams, who liked people to call him Doc, found it hard to maintain his professional cool in his dealings with an undercover team that visited him at his base near Atlanta. Convinced that he was among buddies, he told the agents he'd been in the dope business for 12 years and took them on a tour of his Atlanta operation, showing them his safe full of \$100 bills and his climate-controlled underground vault-with space for ten tons of marijuana-buried beneath a horse barn. The money was a problem, he confessed—so much to hide. Years of experience had taught him that the best method was to pack the cash in Ziploc bags, squeeze out the air with a vise and bury them. Personally, he used a backhoe for both burial and retrieval.

Palmer, meanwhile, reported to the DEA that his big deal with the Colombians-the one for 250 tons of marijuana and five tons of cocaine—had fallen apart. But through the closing months of 1986 and into 1987, the DEA's star informer continued to dangle ever more spectacular deals, none of which materialized. Which is not to say that Palmer was inactive.

Indeed, in March of 1987, The Miami Herald ran a story about his involvement in State Department assistance to Nicaraguan Contras and mentioned his indictment on Federal drug charges in Michigan. The Herald story was not the kind of publicity an undercover man wanted, and it threatened to expose Operation Intruder.

Haas was the man who inadvertently blew the whistle. On March 21, he had landed a Vortex DC-6 at Miami International Airport after a flight to Central America. Suspecting that he was carrying drugs, Customs agents threatened to search the plane, but Haas resisted. His aircraft was on U.S. Government business, he told them, and if Customs didn't believe him, it could call Mike Palmer of Vortex.

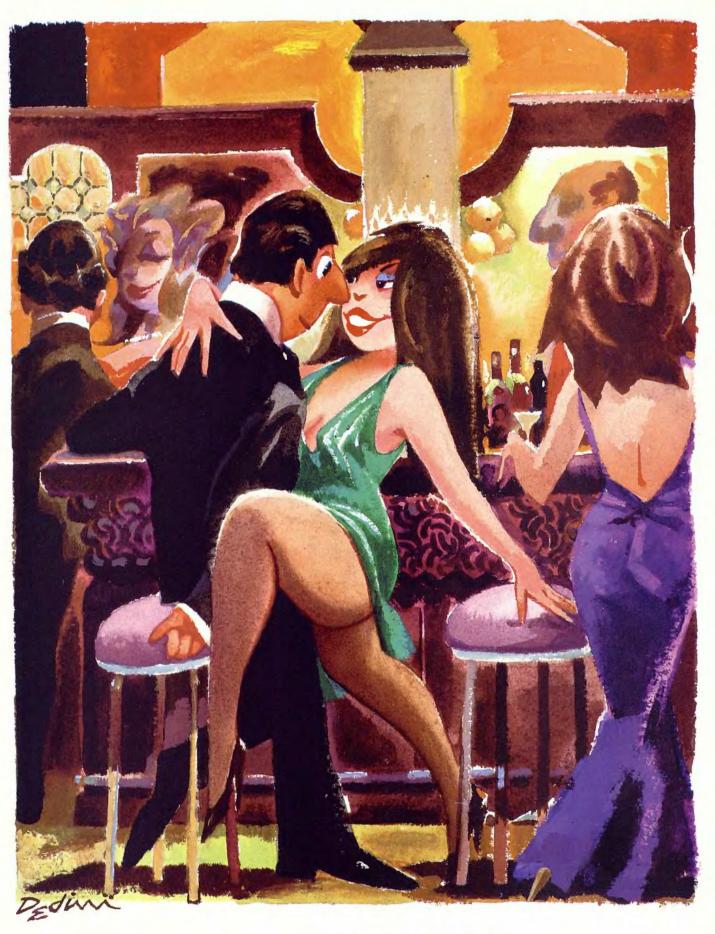
Palmer arrived while the search was in progress. (The search uncovered a list of weapons and supplies written in Spanish and a note specifying a geographic coordinate in the highlands of Nicaragua.) According to one of the reports that later passed between Miami and Washington. Palmer "regrettably confronted the Customs inspectors in an arrogant manner" and ordered them to let the plane pass without inspection. Tempers cooled after an unidentified "agency" in Washington sent an apologetic message (classified secret) promising that nothing of the kind would occur in the future and that Customs would be informed well in advance of the arrival of similar flights. The message ended with a burst of bureaucratic good fellowship: "Thank you for your continued support."

It was testament to Palmer's cunning and charm that he persuaded his Colombia connections to disregard the airport incident and the Miami Herald story. At the same time, he managed to conceal just about everything he was doing from the DEA. Nobody really knew whom he was seeing or what deals he was making, because much of the time, especially in Colombia, he'd be alone or traveling with Adams or Cerna. Blind to everything except the potential rewards of Operation Intruder, the DEA never questioned its informer's optimistic reports.

In June of 1987, the Colombian suppliers passed word that the big load was finally ready for shipment. Palmer went to Panama and bought the ship that would be used to carry the drugs from Colombia to Port Isabel, Texas. She was the Madrid, a 2000ton freighter equipped with three cranes for loading cargo. With everything now seemingly in place, the payments made, the marijuana gathering at the loading beaches and the Madrid crewed and fueled, Palmer flew to Aruba in late June to meet Adams and nail down last-minute details with skipper Gus de la Vega. This time, he traveled with DEA agent Mason, a natural actor, who, in his pose as a member of the Marcello crime family, also played the part of principal fixer at the dockside warehouse in Port Isabel.

The Madrid had been anchored off Aruba for three weeks and some of the crew members were getting jumpy. The ship was running out of water, the diet was reduced to fishheads and banana soup. The men wanted to call their families. They wanted showers. Mostly, they wanted to go ashore and stretch their legs. De la Vega was going home; he let it be known that he distrusted Palmer and, to Mason's horror, accused Mason of being a cop.

A witness to the events in Aruba was sitting at a waterfront bar when Palmer and Mason returned from their meeting with De la Vega. "Mason was furious when they came ashore," he said, "raging mad, cursing at Gus. 'I'm gonna snuff that motherfucker,' he said. 'He's history.' Palmer was trying to calm him down. He said, 'Vic. there's more than one way to skin this cat. We can take care of him later. He can always fall over the side.' I was scared shitless. You have to picture this Mason character. He was all neck and shoulders. Heavy tan, smothered in gold. Barely in control of himself. He's going, 'Fuck this,



"I'm sorry, but I've never been able to handle arousal in a ladylike manner."

fuck that, snuff him, he's dead,' and he's punching his fists in the air and raving on about how his people take care of punks like Gus. 'If they don't do it the way I want it done, they're gonna fuckin' pay,' and I thought, Jesus, this is creepy."

The Madrid's crew was taken ashore and given spending money for a night on the town. Palmer and Adams hosted a dinner at which Palmer made light of the captain's defection by joking with Mason. "Imagine old Gus, accusing you of being a cop," he said. Adams led the laughter.

For the crew, the rest of the time in Aruba passed in a blur of booze, drugs, gambling and hookers. "I stayed drunk for a week," one of them recalled. "We had showers of hot and cold running women. The perfect vacation." Palmer played craps and won \$30,000. One of Adams' people helped him carry his chips to the cash window in the casino. The same man said Palmer would often light up a joint and share it with Adams while they drove around the island.

Three weeks after the Aruba party, the ship arrived at the Colombian rendezvous to collect the waiting load, which was supposed to be around 500,000 pounds, or 250 tons. This is what a crewman later said:

"We stopped about a mile offshore on the evening of July twenty-seventh. Everyone on board was drunk-I mean completely smashed-including the guy who'd been made skipper. I don't think he knew we'd stopped. There were guys running around on deck, waving guns and swigging aguardiente; they didn't know what was going on. The first boat came out about eight RM. One of those bongos, big tree-trunk dugouts with one-hundredforty-horsepower Yamaha outboards. Gus de la Vega was in it! Told me some bullshit story about being forced back into the deal. But we had no time to talk about that, He was with some Indian guy, a midget as black as the ace of spades. He and Gus were the traffic directors; they both had two-way radios to communicate with the ship and the beach. So they started loading. About five in the morning, they said,

'That's it.' And I thought, That doesn't look like no five hundred thousand pounds to me, so I called down to one of the guys and asked him what happened to the rest. He tells me it went out the night before on the other ship we sent. And I'm thinking, What other ship? This is the only ship. But the guy swore it had gone and there was no more. So we left."

(Witnesses to the events in Aruba and aboard the Madrid asked for anonymity, saying they feared recriminations in their continuing challenges to the Government's role in Operation Intruder.)

From Colombia, the Madrid sailed northwest to Belize, where the original crew disembarked and was replaced by a crew comprised entirely of U.S. Government personnel, mostly DEA agents. The rest of the voyage was completed under escort by a U.S. Coast Guard cutter all the way to Port Isabel, where the cargo was unloaded under the supervision of Mason and other agents and delivered to a warehouse not far from the DEA's McAllen office. The shipment amounted to about 64 tons of marijuana—a quarter of what Palmer had originally promised. There was no cocaine.

Palmer then notified Adams and the two of them flew to Texas in mid-August to inspect the merchandise. Adams stopped at a taco stand near the airport, unaware that he was being trailed on the ground and in the air by a surveillance force of 26 men and women from the DEA (Texas, Colorado and Georgia offices), the U.S. Border Patrol, U.S. Customs Service and the Texas Department of Public Safety. At the warehouse, one of them obligingly took snapshots of the stash. Adams and Palmer stood near the bales, toasting their success.

Although the Government now had enough to convict Adams, it wasn't ready to spring the final trap in Operation Intruder. The DEAs next target was Adams' pal Alejandro Gerna, who in many ways was regarded as a far greater menace than Adams because of his career in the cocaine trade. The DEA control for the operation moved from Texas to Detroit, where the

Government set up the last sting in Operation Intruder.

The agents in charge were Ken Magee of the DEA and Ned Timmons of the FBI. Palmer, who has a droll sense of humor, had recommended Timmons for the Detroit stage of the operation; he had led the investigation that produced the indictment against Palmer in 1986. Now they would be working on the same side, gunning for Cerna.

In late July, Palmer and Cerna had flown to the Grosse Ile airport 25 miles south of Detroit, which would serve as the off-loading site for a second drug run using the same Vortex DC-6 that Palmer and Haas had flown to Mexico. The cargo would be marijuana and cocaine, and Cerna was in for the majority share.

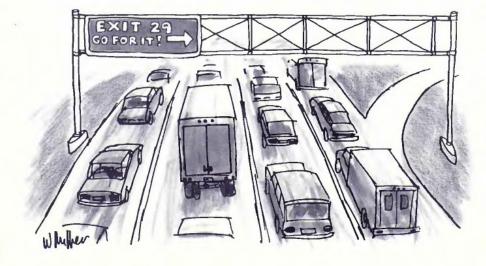
Much of the most incriminating evidence against Cerna was supplied to the agents by Cerna himself, who was unaware that the van in which they drove him around Detroit carried a broadcast-quality tape recorder. And he had much to say about his success in smuggling drugs into the U.S. from Mexico, Haiti, Jamaica and the Bahamas. To him, the upcoming DC-6 flight was just another job.

But the Detroit agents were taking no chances with the operation. Unlike the abortive flight to Mexico by Haas and Palmer, this one would be shadowed every foot of the way by law-enforcement aircraft, including two ocean-ranging P-3s, a Customs jet and three other stand-by planes. Palmer was at the controls when the DC-6 took off, shortly after noon on September 2, 1987.

The Colombian airstrip was on the tip of the Guajira peninsula, near a place called Puerto Estrella. As Palmer began his final approach over the Caribbean, with a radioman guiding him from the ground, he was astounded by his instructions: Stay clear and go into a holding pattern. There was too much traffic on the ground, the radioman said; other planes were still loading their drugs; the DC-6 would have to take its turn. It was almost an hour before Palmer got his clearance to land on the runway, which had about a half-dozen aircraft with teams of workers busily heaving drugs aboard at the far end. He was met by a well-dressed Colombian wearing a hat, a polo shirt and expensive boots. Introducing himself as el jefe of the airstrip, the man greeted Palmer with a big smile and said in English, "Welcome to Cocaine International Airport!"

A crew of Colombians carrying shotguns and machine guns drove up and demanded that Palmer fly a 600-kilo load back to the U.S. with them and their weapons. Palmer told them they could forget it, he was already committed, and they roared off along the runway to see if they could make a deal with another pilot.

While a gang of about 50 laborers manhandled the marijuana bales through the cargo doors of the DC-6, a regulation-size airport tanker refueled the plane for



the return flight. The cocaine was stowed in the rear of the fuselage. There was no time for an accurate count, but Palmer knew from experience that he was close to maximum load and gave the signal to leave.

It took almost 11 hours to make the return journey to Detroit. An engine blew a cylinder half an hour after take-off, cutting down severely on flying speed and altitude. Palmer later reported that to avoid mountains at the southern end of Haiti, he had had to fly deep into Cuban airspace. There he had some anxious moments wondering what would happen if, as an indicted American drug smuggler flying a known *Contra* resupply plane loaded with narcotics, he were forced to make a landing.

His fears came to nothing, however, and at dawn on September third, the big silver DC-6 was on the ground at the Grosse Ile airport, with a cargo that weighed in at 17,381 pounds of marijuana and 1262 pounds of cocaine.

Agent Magee and his fake security gang, watched by an FBI SWAT team and a group of Customs agents in a boat on the Detroit River, and filmed by another agent in the airport control tower, quickly unloaded the DC-6.

Cerna was in his hotel, where he'd checked in that morning. He'd told the agents he preferred not to be on the scene when the plane landed, because he thought the area might be too "hot." He also said he was eager to get home for his daughter's ninth birthday that weekend. He complained that he was always missing his children's birthdays "because I'm working, working, working."

Palmer commiserated. "You need to retire for a while," he said.

Cerna's assistant, a young man with the promising name of Peter Piper, arrived in Detroit to weigh Cerna's share. Piper came from the Doc Adams school of unrestrained confession. He had much to tell the agents as they drove him around in their mobile tape recorder. He showed them his custom-made moneybag in which he'd once carried \$800,000 and told them this was an especially busy time because of the demands of the drug business, which, he said, was his only occupation. He invited them to his \$4,000,000 ranch in Colorado and his new house in Aspen, boasted of his nine trips to Colombia and the 20,000pound marijuana deal he'd recently pulled off. He owned a gold Rolex, a BMW and an Audi, belonged to the Miami Polo Club and raised Labradors. "What a life," sighed agent Magee.

Magee and his men kept up their front for the next three days, to allow the Texas DEA office time to ship the incriminating load from the Madrid to Adams in Georgia, and to enable other Federal agencies to line up their suspects for arrest. In all, the final arrangements called for a synchronized operation in five states.

On September sixth, a convoy of agents

and drug suspects drove to a warehouse in Dearborn, Michigan, to divide the cocaine load, most of which was to be driven to New York. Cerna had flown back to Florida with Palmer, leaving Piper and five other suspects to take care of business. Piper wasn't impressed by them. "These guys have a lot of work to do to become professionals," he told one of the agents. Minutes later, just as he had finished counting out 25 kilos of cocaine, he was busted, along with the rest of the group.

Cerna was at a Fort Lauderdale restaurant that evening, talking with Palmer and another doper connection about the mystery of the incomplete Madrid load, when the doper excused himself to make a phone call. When he came back, he was a DEA agent. He arrested Cerna and, for effect, Mike Palmer.

Adams was picked up in Georgia supervising the off-load of a trailer truck carrying 50,000 pounds of marijuana, which had finally arrived from Texas. Videos taken at the arrest scene showed him and four of his employees. Doc had a slight, knowing smirk on his face. He was heard to comfort one of his people with the words "This is no worse than getting busted for shoplifting."

In Washington, Attorney General Edwin Meese hailed Operation Intruder as "one of the most significant" drug cases ever. Indeed it was: Every last ounce of the drugs seized in the 15-month operation—80 tons of marijuana and the two thirds of a ton of cocaine—was carried into the country by U.S. Government personnel and by paid informants.

Altogether, 29 people were arrested, among them John Bevan, who was at home in Fort Lauderdale, still waiting for word to go back to the shipyard in Korea.

More arrests followed in the new year as

suspects made their deals for reduced sentences and gave new names to the Government. Without exception, the Colombian suppliers escaped prosecution. There were no trials, because all the defendants pleaded guilty. Bevan's public defender recommended that his client accept a sentence of five years, because he would surely get at least 15 years if he went to trial. Bevan took the five, knowing that he still had to face a second indictment in Atlanta.

For Cerna, it was 20 years. Doc Adams got 12, of which he will probably serve no more than eight. In jail, he became a prolific source of information to the DEA, resulting in a torrent of new charges against old pals in the dope business. The Justice Department rewarded him by restoring half of his foreign assets, though these amounted to zero after the IRS and Doc's lawyer took their shares. His attorney, Steven H. Sadow of Atlanta, said that Adams made the "difficult choice to cooperate" when it became clear that he had an indefensible case and could go to prison for life without parole if convicted at trial.

Mike Palmer, of course, was not charged with anything. He did appear before a Federal grand jury in Michigan in late September to explain his role in Operation Intruder. A tall, boyish figure of considerable charm and undoubted intelligence, he made the right impression on the jury and said his old career in the dope business was behind him. A month later, U.S. Attorney Roy Hayes signed a motion to dismiss Palmer's 1986 indictment. He was free, after a fashion. "The decision was made in the interest of justice," Hayes wrote.

A few months later, Palmer submitted his Operation Intruder expense account for the period from July 1986 to September 1987. It covered costs in Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Texas, Panama, Aruba and



Colombia and amounted to \$24,079.86. In April of 1988, he was called to Washington to testify before Senator John F. Kerry and the subcommittee of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee that was investigating links among Contras, drugs, weapons and the CIA. Palmer had disguised himself with hair dye and cheek pouches. He told the Senators that he'd decided to quit the smuggling trade in 1985 because he realized he'd "trashed" his life. Nobody asked him why it had been almost a decade before remorse seized his conscience.

"I've done some terrible things for a number of years," he said. His decision to quit the drug business had been reinforced, he added, when one of his partners in the Michigan group had talked about hiring a Teamster goon to kill someone who had become a nuisance. "What it signified to me," Palmer said earnestly, "was that we were no longer a bunch of fun-loving Jimmy Buffett types."

Last summer, I met Palmer at the office of Axel Kleiboemer, his attorney in Washington. He was courteous, thoughtful, deliberate, a man who gave every appearance of telling the truth, a good guy to be with. He has a pleasant speaking voice, laughs easily but not too easily and appears mildly puzzled by the charges made against him by the people he sent to jail. (Allegations against the informer said he had stolen millions of dollars in cash and drugs,

worked free-lance dope deals with Government agents and with Haas, ferried weapons to Colombian Communists, delivered a case of guns with the Mexican DC-6 shipment and acted as personal pilot for war-crazed U.S. politicians on Contra missions over Nicaragua.)

Palmer could not explain why the FBI in Miami, San Francisco and New Orleans thought of him as a liar, nor why the Customs Service had described him as a snake. Nor did he seem particularly worried.

He said he was thinking of going into real estate. He thought he might do well in it.

Echoes from the operation continued throughout the summer of 1988. Palmer's old buddy Joe Haas died of an aneurism in early July and the Vortex DC-6 that had served so well in Mexico and Detroit dived into a Louisiana swamp, killing all three crew members. Palmer later insisted that it was sabotage, but Federal investigators found no evidence of that. Palmer flew to the scene to lend a hand; he traveled under an assumed name.

And there was a final echo in September, when the House Judiciary Committee called Palmer and key DEA officials, including the McAllen chief, to yet another Washington hearing. The chairman of the Judiciary Committee, New Jersey Democrat William J. Hughes, began with a statement that singled out John Bevan. He noted that Bevan's mother had traveled from England to do what she could for her

"Mrs. Bevan told us she knew her son had done wrong and deserved to be punished," Hughes said, "but that she was baffled by the American system of justice. She could not understand why her son had been threatened with a fifteen-year sentence and forced to agree to a five-year sentence . . . while a large-scale, longtime trafficker had his case dismissed entirely because he cooperated after being caught. We had no satisfactory answer for her.'

There were many inconclusive exchanges about money received from the traffickers by Haas and Palmer and about the abortive flight to Mexico, but in the clutch, the answers from Palmer and the DEA invariably adopted what might be called the William Casey defense: They skewered Joe Haas, who was dead. "We told them not to go, but they went anyway," said special agent John Wagner, formerly of the McAllen DEA office and now based in Washington. Wagner said he'd been "extremely upset" when he learned of the DC-6 flight to Mexico.

Palmer, wearing a luxuriant gray wig for this appearance, stunned the room when he said that the committee's own investigator was "on the payroll of the Colombian cocaine cartel." Hughes said he found Palmer "absolutely reprehensible" and ordered him to produce his financial records for the years from 1976 to 1986. The Congressman said he didn't believe much of anything that Mike Palmer said and gave the impression he wasn't crazy about the DEA's explanations either, and there the hearing wound down. Palmer left with his wig, his attorney and bodyguards, the DEA went home with their maps and charts proclaiming the success of Operation Intruder, and Chairman Hughes called an early adjournment to rush off for another crucial House vote.

I remembered a remark made to Lisa Baker, a reporter on The Brownsville Herald, by Assistant U.S. Attorney Jack Wolfe, who'd been a zealous prosecutor in the Texas case against Bevan. Wolfe's the man who once asked Baker to go down the hall and help him out in the men's room because his doctor had advised him not to lift anything over ten pounds. That wasn't his most profound contribution to American jurisprudence, however. What I remembered about Wolfe was his comment when one of the defense lawyers threatened to go for a jury trial and call Palmer as a witness. Wolfe told Baker he'd love to see Palmer take the stand, "because whether he's telling the truth or telling a lie, that jury's going to believe him, because he's that kind of guy."

In early November, there was another call from John Bevan. He was about to be transferred to Atlanta to face trial on his second indictment. If convicted, he could receive two life sentences.



"It's not that your father is a cold person, Stephanie, but merely one who stockpiles his affections against the day when they may be needed."

### "It seemed impossible that anyone could have survived the fall, but you hear incredible stories."

there a moment in that chilling zone between disbelief and panic. The fallen climber lay about 200 yards from us, hidden among the boulders. It was going to take five minutes, maybe more, to get to him, so we decided that one of us would stay and do what he could while the other ran the trail to the lodge for help. I don't remember how we made the decision, but I have suspected since that I pulled a subtle sort of big-brother rank on Marty, which left him to look death in the face while I fled. All I remember for sure is that as he turned to make his way up and into the boulder field, I took off running.

I tried to pace myself, to watch my feet, but the trail was downhill and the full terror of the episode was sinking in. It seemed impossible that anyone could have survived the fall we'd watched, but you hear incredible stories, and maybe, I told myself, a few minutes would make the difference... a helicopter, maybe. A mile out, the thin air wasn't enough, my legs were jelly and I took an out-of-control fall. I got up, swearing at myself, thinking about the grisly assignment I had left to my brother. I ran another two minutes, then realized

that I'd missed the cutoff to the lodge. Oh, you're good in the woods, aren't you? I thought. Especially under pressure. I left the trail, forded the river and bush-whacked stupidly through the underbrush toward the highway, where I found an occupied cabin and called the sheriff, who said it would probably he 40 minutes before a rescue team could get there. At the lodge, I found a couple of locals in the bar. They listened to my breathless story, then reluctantly agreed to get blankets and a first-aid kit and make the hike back with me. "He's dead," said one of them after I'd described the fall.

Not far from the cliff, we met Marty coming down the trail. His face was pinched. He lowered his head and shook it. "Let's get out of here," he said. He'd found the victim with the help of the climbers we'd seen, who'd shouted directions to him from above, and he said he'd known at first sight that there was no reason even to check for a pulse. He had sat on a rock nearby—grim sentry—till he couldn't see the point of it anymore.

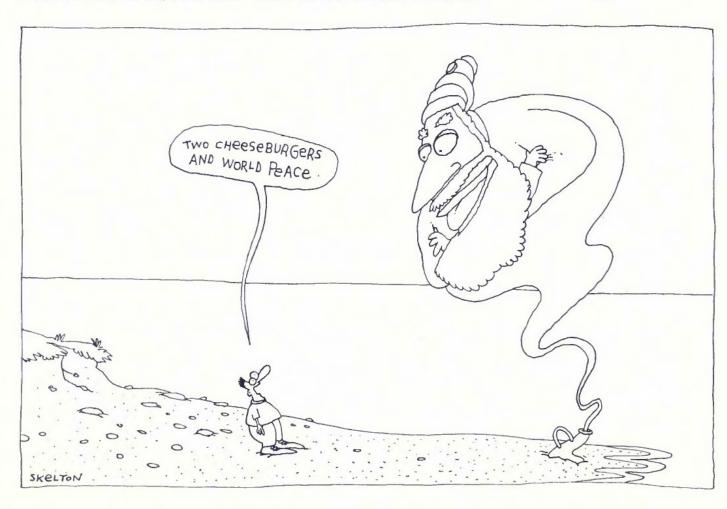
We met the sheriff on our way down the trail. He had several convicts with him and they were carrying a body bag and shovels. We left our names, then made the rest of the walk to the lodge and started drinking. We drank a lot, but somehow the whiskey didn't do what it was supposed to do. We talked, but there were long silences. For a while, I tried to think of something to say that might restore Marty's faith—and my own—in the notion that climbing was safe; but the image of the fall was too vivid and, for Marty, it was darkened further by the image of the shattered body.

We drove home the next morning. We'd talked about making a short climb that day, on different rocks, maybe just a boulder somewhere, but we couldn't force ourselves to do it. Even a few days later, when a small item in the paper put the ironic details on the story for us, it didn't make much difference. It turned out that the victim hadn't been a climber but a hiker who had walked an easy trail up the back of the cliff. And it hadn't been a man but a young woman, a student at UC Davis, who had gone into the mountains alone to take pictures for a photography class. Evidently, the treetop panorama that she'd had in her view finder as she stood at the edge of the cliff had taken her mind off the crumbly rock underfoot.

"Goes to prove the statistics," I said to Marty at some point. "Many more people are killed hiking than climbing."

He nodded. But that rope we bought is still hanging in the closet.

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### "As you begin to feel at ease in the water, your eyes take in the marvels around you."

Other resorts offer diving as part of a larger package, one ingredient in a mix of activities. Kona Village on the big island of Hawaii is easily the most authentically Polynesian resort anywhere outside of Tahiti. One goes there to enjoy all that the Hawaiian Islands have to offer, plus the wonderful solitude of the resort itselfsome 125 small cabins (called hales)-concealed in the tropical growth that covers 82 acres on an unspoiled coast. You can dive there, if you choose. The instruction is personal and one diver, making his first open-water dive, found himself less than a dozen feet from a whale shark. "He could spend the rest of his life diving," the divemaster said, "and never have another experience like it."

### WORLD WITHIN WORLDS

As a new diver, making your first openwater dive, you'll inevitably feel a kind of generalized apprehension. But as you descend, that feeling recedes, then vanishes. Everything works as it should. The regula-

tor functions and you can breathe. If you're weighted properly, you can let off a little air and feel yourself achieve neutral buoyancy, so that your body neither rises to the surface nor sinks to the bottom but floats-hovers, almost-until you move one way or another by gently kicking with your flippers. And as you begin to feel at ease in the water and confident about your equipment, your eyes take in the marvels around you.

There is nothing to prepare a diver for his first underwater look at a coral reef, which is a kind of aquatic jungle. At first, his eyes will simply try to take it all in. The entire reef. The coral formations, the fish, the colors. With a little time and a few dives, his vision will become more and more focused. He will learn to see and appreciate the specific wonder. A plume worm, an inch or two long, sprouting from a rock, gills extended like the petals on a flower, then withdrawn, instantly, when the diver goes too close-that will seem like something worth the most intense study.



"These kids from the business schools—they know that gold is where it's at."

You could dive the same reef, to the same depth, every day for a lifetime and see something new on each dive. But it is human nature to extend yourself. Divers want the next thing.

Generally, that takes the form of an urge to go deeper. Sport divers, in general, should not go deeper than 100 feet. Eventually, however, most will. Perversely, as he goes deeper and the risks increase, the diver is likely to feel increasingly confident and exhilarated and decide to go on deeper still. This is nitrogen narcosis. Rapture of the deep. The effect of the nitrogen, under pressure, on the central nervous system. It is intoxicating and dangerous and divers often refer to the "martini effect," which describes the way descending each additional ten feet after the onset of symptoms is like taking another martini at a cocktail party. Experience will teach a diver to recognize the symptoms of nitrogen narcosis and he will know what to do when they appear—ascend a few feet until the symptoms disappear.

Depth, for its own sake, loses its fascination fairly quickly. The diver looks for other things to engage his attention and provoke his fascination. For many-for me—the most compelling thing under the sea is the wreckage of ships. It is an undeniable thrill to dive a shipwreck in 70 or 80 feet of water; to go floating down on the hushed superstructure of the old vessel and to swim through the passageway, past a school of surgeonfish, and then grip the wheel that is slowly crusting over with coral.

The first shipwreck I ever dove was in about 110 feet of water-deep enoughand of fairly recent vintage. No one knew the ship's name or when it had gone down or the circumstances of its sinking. Its cargo accounted for its anonymity. The hold was packed with marijuana, carefully baled by a trash compactor and wrapped in burlap. There are wrecks in all the oceans of the world and each has a story.

Inevitably, the diver who finds himself growing passionate about the sport will begin to think about photography. It is a way of framing and ordering-of bringing discipline to the experience. The special problems of shooting film underwater raise the level of concentration enormously. Quality underwater shots are exceedingly difficult to set up, even when conditions are ideal, which they seldom are. A little plankton in the water will scatter light all over the shot, for example. But a clear shot, well framed, of some vivid underwater scene-a clownfish hovering in the fingers of an anemone, for exampleis an accomplishment to be prized.

Large fish, rays, turtles and mammals. including whales, are the big game of diving photography. The diver longs not to kill them but to see and get close to them. Where there is absolutely no feeling of kinship with sharks-the response is, in fact, just the opposite, the diver experiences a kind of chilly awe-with the

mammals, a diver makes a connection. Swimming amid a school of dolphins off Hawaii, I had the sudden, delightful realization that they were interested in me. They swam away, then came back, again and again. One large dolphin looked at me-I'm sure of it-and there was both curiosity and mirth in that eye.

A final avenue for the passionate diver is archaeology, or, less elegantly, salvage and treasure. While conscientious divers strictly do not break off living coral for souvenirs the way they once did, they will work mightily to recover artifacts. Some of those will have no value except as they enhance the diver's personal collection. Countless anchor chains and fragments from cannon balls have been brought to the surface by divers looking for trophies. But there is still treasure under the sea, as onetime chicken farmer Mel Fisher established conclusively by finding the Spanish treasure ship Atocha after following its trail for 16 years and losing a son in the effort.

### GEARING UP

Gear has its own fascination for divers. The equipment is seductive and elegant. The regulator, for example, is to the sport what an airfoil is to a pilot.

Next to the regulator, probably the most important piece of gear to the sport diver is his buoyancy compensator. His B.C. This is a vest with a frame to support the air tank. The vest can be inflated either by mouth or directly from the tank by means of a low-pressure hose. The most common and convenient purpose served by the B.C. is to maintain neutral buoyancy. A body that displaces an amount of water equal to its own weight is said to be neutrally buoyant. It neither ascends nor descends at the desired depth. It hangs, or floats. Divers wear weights to overcome positive buoyancy-you do not want to be fighting the laws of physics that insist that your body rise to the surface all through a dive. The trouble is, neutrally buoyant at one depth is not necessarily so at another. When you are wearing a B.C., you can simply add or release a little air to float at whatever depth you choose.

A new and radical item in the diver's inventory is the computer used to compute nitrogen saturation and outgassing. This is to help the diver avoid the bends.

The dive computer (the original and still the standard is called the Edge) will keep track of the diver's depth, time at that depth and nitrogen absorption. It will alert him when he needs to ascend. It will tell him the correct ascent rate, when to stop to decompress and how long he can dive at any depth if he wants to go back into the water with residual nitrogen in his system. The biology is beyond the scope of this article. Suffice it to say that the technology is wonderfully liberating and coveted by every diver who does not already own a dive computer.

Divers also like good watches, stainless-

steel knives, waterproof flashlights, wet suits, masks, fins, snorkels and underwater cameras. Nikon's Nikonos is the industry standard.

### WHERE TO GO

Destinations are almost without number. The A tour would include the Red Sea, the Coral Sea, Belize, the Caymens, Bonaire, Hawaii, Cozumel and a few others. There are first-class facilities in all of these places and divers will feel, when they arrive, as though they have found the perfect spot. This will last until they get home and begin to think about the next trip. There are more reefs than time.

Lately, divers have discovered the "live aboard." You book space on a large boata small ship, in some cases—that moves around a large area to locations not easily reached from a beachside resort. The accommodations can be quite lavish. I was on a live aboard called the Thorfin in Truk Lagoon. It was nearly 200 feet long and had been built in Norway to chase whales. In its new, gentler configuration, it featured several private staterooms, a lounge with bar and VCR and a hot tub on the fantail. It was a truly sensuous experience to come up from a night dive on one of the wrecks, shed my gear, pour a glass of rum and climb into the hot tub. I would sit there, warming myself inside and out, staring up at the tropical sky cluttered with unfamiliar stars, thinking about . . . nothing at all.

There were some two dozen divers aboard Thorfin. Sun Seeker, out of Kona, Hawaii, represents the opposite extreme in live aboards. When I cruised on Sun Seeker, there were four divers and the boat's owner, Paul Warren. I had met Warren on Truk and had learned more about diving from him than from all my previous instructors. We cruised the wild undeveloped Kona coast, diving for the lobsters we cooked for dinner each night, swimming among schools of small whales and dolphins and generally feeling the kind of tranquility you experience in the presence of a few companions.

The live aboard allows divers to explore reefs where there are no nearby beach facilities. Chris Newbert-one of the finest underwater photographers ever-has been putting small parties together, for example, to cruise the reefs off New Guinea, where he says the diving is like nothing he has seen before. And he has virtually seen it all. One of those trips would be, for the diver, what the Himalayas are to the passionate climber. An unalloyed ultimate.

But, in reality, for the diver, there is no ultimate experience. Not even in the Maldives. No dive, no reef, no ocean that will once and for all satisfy his craving to go down into the ocean and explore its wonders. Every destination is new and every dive is full of possibility. The sport is, finally, as endless as the sea. And there's the beauty of it.





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### FANCY'S GROUPER (continued from page 92)

### "She told him that he could sleep in the truck or, if he had plans to stay, he could give her bed a try."

came into the marina store to post a sign she had made, a little gray cardboard square she had scissored from the back of a cereal box. It said: LOST DOG. YORKSHIRE TERRIER. NAME—PRINCE ED. MY SOLE COMPANION. REWARD, and then a number to reach her at.

"What's the reward, Mitty?" I asked. It was five dollars, which is about right for a Yorkie, measured by appeal per pound. Mitty Terbill is not an upright-standing woman, but then, considerable woe has befallen her and keeps her squashed into her pumpkin self, allowing for only brief religious ascension. She spent that much plus tax on a 12-pack and trudged back out the door, foot-heavy in her fishwife's boots, going back to her empty house on the beach to sit by the phone. Well, this story's not about the widow Terbill; that's just how I remember the day settling down after the dawn rush, with Mitty coming in, some of the fellows cracking jokes about how one of the boys must have mistook Prince Ed for bait and gone trolling for shark. But, please, let me go on.

Life is slack at a marina between the time the boats go out early and vacationers get burned off the beach about noon and come round to browse; then in the afternoons, all hell breaks loose when the boats return. So it was just me, my manager, Emory Plum, and my two sacked-out bay retrievers in the place when I hear what might be an emergency broadcast on the citizen's band, because it's old grouch Striker calling J.B. on the open channel, channel 17. Willie Striker has been one to spurn the advancement of radio and the charity of fellow captains, not like the other jackers out there bounced wave to wave on the ocean. They yammer the livelong day, going on like a team of evangelical auctioneers, whereas you wouldn't find Willie reaching out to speak his mind. He kept to himself and preferred to talk that way, to himself, unless he had a word for his wife, Issabell.

J.B. J.B. . . . come in, Tarbaby, I hear, and even though an individual's voice coming through the squawk box fizzes like buggy tires on a flooded road, you know it's Willie Striker transmitting, because he had the weight of an accent to his voice, a low spin or bite on some words. Like mullet, Willie Striker would say maul-it.

Tarbaby, come in, I hear Willie say. That was the name of J.B.'s work boat. I was restocking baits, ballyhoo and chum, my head bent into the freezer locker, and Emory was behind the counter, studying delinquent accounts. "Turn her up a bit there, Emory," I told him, "if you please."

He spun the dial to volume nine, put a hailstorm and a 50-knot blow between us and the boats. "Well, who's that we're listening to?" Emory yelled out. "That's not our Mr. Fancy, is it?"

Some 25 years it's been, I guess, that Willie Striker has lived among us, married Issabell Preddy, one of our own, came south, it was said, sick and tired of Dayton and a factory job, and from the day he showed his jumpy self at the Old Christmas celebration in Salvo, folks called Striker Fancy. If you've seen his picture in the paper, you'd never know why, since now he looks like any other raggedy-butt bottom fisherman on the Banks, but back then, he came to us adorned in finery-a handsome blue suit, silver cuff links in the shape of eagles, gold in his teeth, shoes that gleamed like black glass. He had a small, shrewd but skittish face with darting, then locking eyes, a chin that never grew, some skinny teeth right out in front of his mouth and his upper lip was short, tight, some called it a sneer. The top of his head was ball round and bald up to the crown, then black (now white) hair spread smooth like fur. He was fancy, all right, too fancy for us, since it was plain as day he didn't have a penny in his silk pockets.

Outsiders have always meant complications to us, one way or another; the truth is, we don't take to them very well. That's one thing, but the fact is, Willie Striker wouldn't care and never did if a Midgett or a Burrus or a Foster ever said, "Fine day, iddn't, Skipper?" to him or not. He wasn't that type of man, and we weren't that type of community to look twice at anyone unless he had our blood and our history. But then, Issabell Preddy was the type of woman inwardly endeared to signs of acceptance; she wanted love but didn't know how to ask for it, which you could say was the result of having a drunkard father and a drunkard mother. She was sweet but in a motionless way, and not the first on anybody's list. She had one eye floating and purblind from when her daddy socked her when she was small, wore handed-down boys' clothes and sack dresses on Sundays. Her skin was such thin milk, you never saw her outside all summer. Back then, and all these years until Fancy caught his grouper, something inside of Issabell made her afraid of a good time, which made her the only Preddy in existence with a docile nature.

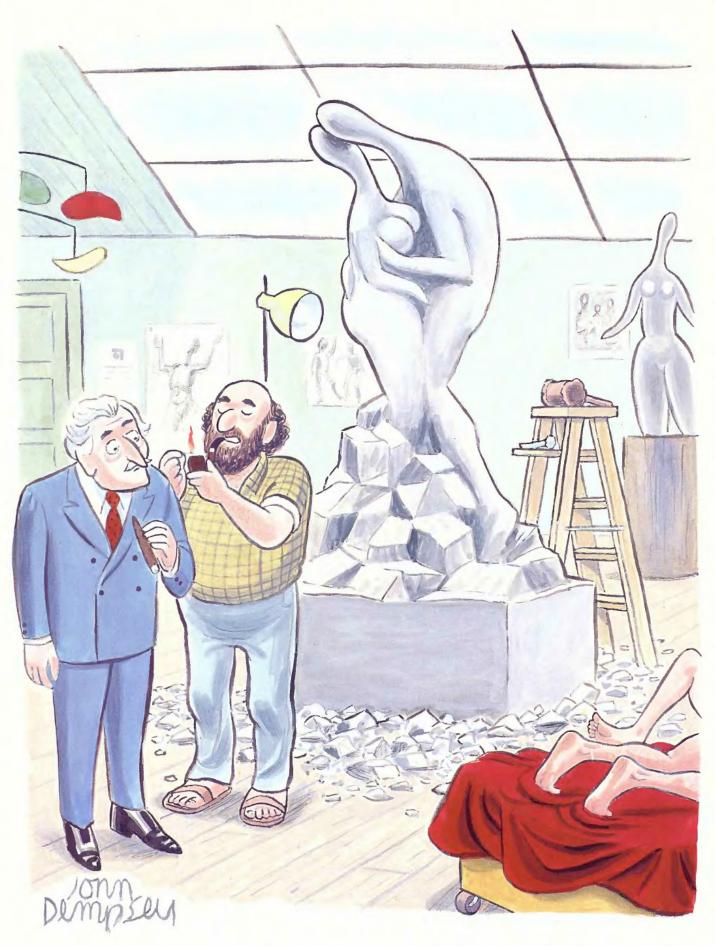
One by one, Issabell's brothers quit school and took off, joined the Navy and disappeared, and Issabell herself moved back down the road from her aunt Betty's

in Rodanthe to Hatteras, rented the apartment above the fishhouse and got employed packing trout, fared modestly, didn't hide herself, exactly, but wouldn't so much as sneeze in company without written invitation. The island had temporarily run out of eligible men when Terry Newman met Willie Striker in a Norfolk juke joint and brought him back with him for the Old Christmas fete, when all the longtime families on the Banks come together to feast and game and make music and, when the sun goes down, to brawl. On that occasion, Willie had a mix-up with Terry's brother Bull Newman, who took issue with the way Fancy dressed, especially those silver-eagle cuff links. Fancy laid Bull's nose flat with his beer bottle without breaking the glass, threw open the window at his back and scrambled out into the night.

No one saw Willie Striker again until a week later, raking scallops in the sound with Issabell Preddy. The way I heard it was, Willie got to the road that night about the same time Issabell was headed back to Hatteras from her visit with her aunt Betty, driving a \$50 Ford truck she had bought as a Christmas present to herself, and even though Willie was hitching back north, she stopped and he got in anyway and went with her south, neither of them, the story goes, exchanging a word until they passed the lighthouse and got to the village, everything shut down dark and locked up, not a soul in sight, of course, and Issabell said to him that he could sleep in the truck if he wanted or, if he was going to be around for the week, he could come upstairs and have the couch for 30 cents a night or, if he had plans to stay longer, he could give her bed a try. Willie went the whole route: truck, couch, Issabell Preddy's lonely single bed.

In those days, scalloping was woman's work, so it was hard to raise any sort of positive opinion about Willie. He was a mainlander and, worse, some brand of foreigner. Out there in the sound, wading around, it appeared he had come to work, but not work seriously, not do man's work. He had moved into Issabell's apartment above the fishhouse and burdened her social load with scandal; and he had clobbered Bull Newman, which was all right by itself, but he hadn't held his ground to take licks in kind. He had run away.

The following Old Christmas, Willie wedded Issabell Preddy in her aunt Betty's kitchen. For a few years there, he went from one boat to another, closemouthed and sore-fingered, every captain and crew's backup boy, and Issabell scalloped and packed fish and picked crabs until they together had saved enough for a down payment on the Sea Eagle. Since that day, he had bottom-fished by himself, on the reefs and sunken wrecks, at the edge of the stream or off the shoals. He got himself electric reels a couple of years ago, wouldn't drop a line until the fleet was out of sight, wouldn't share loran numbers,



"It's really none of my business, Fred—what the models do on their break."

growled to himself and was all-round gumptious, a squirrelhearted stand-alone, forever on guard against invasion of self, and in that sense, he ended up where he belonged, maybe, because nobody interfered with Willie Striker, we let him be. Whatever world Willie had fallen from at mid-life, he wound up in the right place, with the right woman, to bury his past.

Fancy finally connected with J.B., who bottom-fished as well, not possessing the craft or the personal etiquette-that is to say, the willingness to baby the drunken or fish-crazed rich-to charter out for sport. Likewise, he was a mainlander, a West Virginian with a fancy for the sea, and for these reasons, Willie, I suspect, would not loathe chancing J.B.'s favor. We heard them decide to switch radio channels to 22 in order to gain privacy. I asked Emory to follow them over. Up at the Striker trailer in Trent, Issabell must have been listening in on her own unit. Hers was the first voice on the air when we transferred. She guestioned Willie about what was wrong; he told her to pipe down. Then J.B. butted in.

"What you need, Sea Eagle?" we heard him squawk. After a moment, Willie came back on.

"Tarbaby," he said, "something . . . something . . . assistance. Can you . . . ?"

"What's he say was the trouble?" Emory bellowed. "I couldn't tell, could you?"

"I didn't get that, Willie," J.B. said. He assumed the Sea Eagle had broken down. "Where the hell are you, Sea Eagle? Gimme your numbers and I'll come rescue your sorry ass."

"Negative," we heard Willie say. "Report

your numbers and I'll come to you."

So that's how it went, Striker ignoring his Issabell's pleas to divulge the nature of his trouble, J.B. staying at location while the Sea Eagle slowly motored through three-foot seas to find him, while we sat around the marina, trying to figure out what it meant. Fancy had a problem, but it didn't seem to be with his boat; he needed help, but he would go to it rather than have it come to him. I.B. was about 20 miles out southeast of the shoals, tilefishing; likely, Willie was farther east, sitting over one of his secret spots, 100 fathoms at the brink of the continental shelf. We heard no further radio contact except once, more than an hour later, when Striker advised J.B. he had the Tarbaby in sight and would come up on his starboard side. Back at the marina, the parcel-service man lugged in 18 cartons of merchandise and we were fairly occupied and thought no more about it. Then past noon, J.B. called in to us, jigging the news.

"Diamond Shoals Marina," J.B. crowed, "y'all come in. Dillon," he said to me, "I expect you better clean up things around there and get ready for a fuss. Fancy caught himself a fat bejesus."

J.B. declined to offer more information, claiming he would not be responsible for spoiling the fine suspense. I slid over to channel 22, waited for Issabell to stop badgering Willie, took the transmitter and asked him what was up.

"Up?" he spit into the microphone. "I tell you *up*! Up come victory, by God. Up come justice . . . going to seventeen," he muttered, and I flipped channels to hear him advertise his fortune to a wider audience.

"Ya-ha-ha," we all heard him cackle. "Cover your goddamn eyes, sons of bitches. Hang your heads. Age of Fancy has come...."

We had never heard him express himself at such provocative length.

The island's like one small room of gossip-starved biddies when something like this happens. People commenced telephoning the marina; took no more than five minutes for the noise to travel 60 miles throughout the Banks. "Don't know a thing more than you," Emory told each caller. "Best get down here to see for yourself when he comes in around three." I took a handcart to the stock room and loaded the coolers with Coca-Cola and beer.

Now, there are three types of beast brought in to the dock. First kind are useless except as a sight to see, tourists gather round and take snapshots, Miss Luelle brings her day-care kids down to pee their pants, old stories of similar beasts caught or seen are told once more, then, when the beast gets rank, somebody kicks it back into the water and that's that. I'm talking sharks or anything big, bony, red-meated and weird. Second style of beast is your sport beast: marlin, tuna, wahoo, barracuda, etc., but primarily billfish, the stallions of wide-open blue water. This class of beast prompts tourists to sign up for the stream, but Miss Luelle and her children stay home, as do the rest of the locals, unless a record's shattered, because these are regular beasts on the Outer Banks, at least for a few more years until they are gone forever, and after the captain and the angler quit swaggering around, thinking they are movie stars, I send Brainless, the dock boy, out to cut down that poor dead and stinking hero fish and tow it into the sound for the crabs and eels, and that's that, too. The third style of beast is kidnaped from the bottom of the world, something extrahuge and rare, living in the middle of midnight, like a jewfish, weighing a ton and worth a fortune, and that's what Striker would have. He wouldn't bring anything in for its freak value-he was the last man on earth to recognize sport—all he did day in, day out was labor for a living, like most but not all of us out here, so I figured he hooked himself a windfall beast destined for finer restaurants; he'd weigh it and set it on ice for brief display, then haul it to the fishhouse, exchange beast for cash and steer home to Issabell for supper and his bottle of beer, go to bed and rise before dawn and be down here at his slip getting rigged, then on the water before the sun was up.

First in was J.B. on the Tarbaby, which is a Wanchese boat and faster than most; J.B. likes to steam up a wake, anyway, put spray in the air. Already, the multitudes converged in the parking lot and out on the



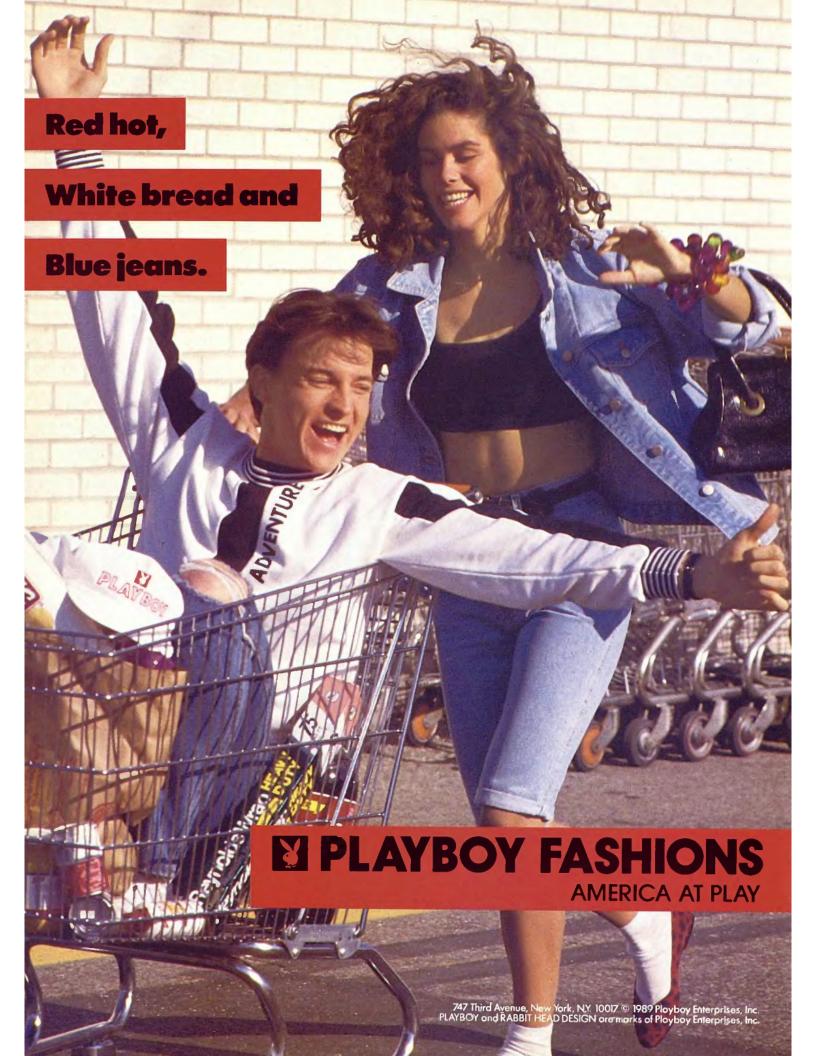
"This is the first time one of those pyramid schemes ever worked for me!"



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porch, elbowing to the store. Vickilee came back across the street with her cousins from the firehouse to start her second shift; Buddy led a caravan of fourwheelers down the beach from Cape Point. Packers and pickers and shuckers shuffled drag-ass from inside the fishhouse, gasstation geniuses sauntered over from the garage. Coast Guard swabs drove up in a van, the girls from Bubba's Barbecue, Burrus from Scales and Tales, Geegee from the video rental, Cornbread from the surf shop, Sheriff Spine, Sam and Maggie from over at the deli, the tellers from the bank, Daddy Wiss leading a pack of elders, and tourists galore drawn by the scent of photo opportunity and fish history. Before three, all Hatteras had closed and come down, appetites inflamed, wondering what the devil Willie Striker was bringing in from the ocean floor that was so humongous he had to defy his own personal code and ask for help.

J.B.'s mate tossed a bowline to Brainless; took him in the face, as usual, because the poor boy can't catch. J.B. stepped ashore in his yellow oilskins and scale-smeared boots, saying, "I can't take credit for anything, but damn if I can't tell my grandkids I was there to lend a hand." Without further elaboration, he walked directly up the steps to the store, went to the glass cooler and purchased one of the bottles of French champagne we stock for high rollers and unequaled luck. He bought a case of icecolds, too, for his crew, went back out to the Tarbaby with them under his arm.

"Well, come on, J.B.," the crowd begged, making way for him, "tell us what old Fancy yanked from the deep." But J.B. knew the game, he knew fishing by now and what it was about when it wasn't about paying rent and kept his mouth glued shut as he flung tilefish guts to the pelicans.

Bobby Bayliss shouted, "He just come through the inlet!"

The crowd buzzed.

Someone else said, "I heard tell it's only a make shark."

Another shouted, "I heard it was a tiger!"

Then, "No, sir, a great white's what I hear."

"Hell it is," said another boy, "it's a dang big tuttie."

"Them's illegal," said his friend. "Take your butt right to jail."

One of our more God-fearing citizens maneuvered to take advantage of the gathering. I wasn't going to have that; I stepped back off the porch and switched on the public-address system. Jerry Bomfield, I announced in the lot, this ain't Sunday and this property you're on ain't church. I don't want to see nobody speaking in tongues and rolling on the asphalt out there, I said. This is a nonreligious, nondenominational event.

"Here he comes now," Jimmy Hobe hollered. We all craned our necks to look as the Sea Eagle rounded the buoy into harbor waters, and gave a rebel cheer. Cars parked in the street, fouling traffic. The rescue squad came with light flashing for a fainted woman. I went and got my binoculars from under the counter and muscled back out among the porch rats to the rail, focused in as Willie throttled down at the bend in the cut. I could see through the glasses that this old man who neither gave nor received had the look of new-found leverage to the set of his jaw. You just can't tell what a prize fish is going to do to the insides of a man.

I went back inside to help Emory at the register. Issabell Striker was in there, arguing politely with Vickilee, who threw up her hands. Emory shot me a dirty look. Issabell was being very serious—not upset, exactly, just serious. "Mister Aldie," she declared, "you must make everyone go away."

"No problem, Mizz Striker," I said, and grabbed the microphone to the P.A. Y'all go home now, get, I said. I shrugged my shoulders and looked at this awkward, lonesome woman, her floppy straw hat wrapped with a lavender scarf to shade her delicate face, swoops of strawberry hair poking out, her skin unpainted and pinkish, that loose eye drifting, and Issabell just not familiar enough with people to be used to making sense. "Didn't work."

Her expression was firm in innocence; she had her mind set on results but little idea how to influence an outcome. "Issabell," I said to her, "what's wrong, hon?" The thought that she might have to assert herself made her weak, but finally, the story came out. She had spent the last hours calling television stations. When she came down to the water and saw the traffic tie-up and gobs of people, her worry was that the reporters and cameramen wouldn't get through, and she wanted them to get through with all her sheltered heart, for Willie's sake, so he could get the recognition he deserved, which he couldn't get any other way on earth, given the nature of Hatteras and the nature of her husband.

Issabell had changed some but not much in all the years she had been paired with Fancy in a plain but honest life. She still held herself apart, but not as far. Her hands had curled up from working at the fishhouse. Striker bought her a set of Jack Russell terriers and she began to breed them for sale, and on weekends during the season, she'd have a little roadside fleamarket out in front of their place, and then, of course, there was being wife to a waterman, but what I'm saying is, she had spare time and she used it for the quiet good of others, baking for the church, baby-sitting for kids when someone died. Once, I even saw her dance when Buddy's daughter got married, but it wasn't with Willie she danced, because Willie went to sea or Willie stayed home, and that was that. I don't think she ever pushed him; she knew how things were. The only difference between the two of them was that she had an ever-strengthening ray of faith that



"Mine's rented, too."



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convinced her someday life would change and she'd fit in right; Willie had faith that the life he'd found in Hatteras was set in concrete, and all he asked in return was for folks to let him be. All right, I say, but if he didn't want excitement, he should've reconsidered before he chose the life of a waterman and flirted with the beauty of the unknown, as we have it here.

"Mizz Striker, don't worry," I comforted the woman. A big fish is about the best advertisement a marina can have, besides. "Any TV people come round here, I'll make it my business they get what they want."

"Every man needs a little attention now and then," she said, but her own opinion made her shy. She lowered her eyes and blushed, tender soul. "Is that not right, Dillon?" she questioned. "If he'd done something to make us all proud?'

Out on the bayside window, we could watch the Sea Eagle angling to dock, come alongside the block-and-tackle hoist, the mob pressing forward to gape into the stern, children riding high on their daddies' shoulders. Willie stood in the wheelhouse, easing her in, his face enclosed by the bill of his cap and sunglasses, and when he shut down the engines, I saw his head jerk around, a smile of satisfaction form and vanish; he pinched his nose with his left hand and batted the air with the other, surveying the army of folks, then he looked up toward me and his wife. You could read his lips saying "Phooey."

"What in tarnation did he catch, anyway?" I said, nudging Issabell.

"All he told me was 'a big one,' " she admitted.

One of the porch layabouts had clambered down dockside and back, bursting through the screen door with a report. "I only got close enough to see its tail," he

"What in the devil is it?" Emory said.

"Warsaw grouper," said the porch rat. Size of an Oldsmobile, I'm told."

"Record buster, is she?"

"Does a whale have tits?" said the rat. 'Scuse me, Mizz Striker."

You can't buy publicity like that for an outfit or even an entire state, and taking the record on a grouper is enough to make the angler a famous and well-thought-of man. I looked back out the bayside window. Fancy was above the congregation on the lid of his fish box, I.B. next to him. Fancy had his arms outstretched like Preacher exhorting his flock. J.B. had whisked off the old man's cap. Willie's tongue was hanging out, lapping at a baptism of foamy champagne.

"Old Fance come out of his nest," Emory remarked. I fixed him with a sour look for speaking that way in front of Issabell. "Old Fance's on top of the world."

Issabell's pale eyes glistened. "Fancy," she repeated, strangely pleased. "That's what y'all call Willie, isn't it?" She took for herself a deep and surprising breath of gratitude. "I just think it's so nice of y'all to

give him a pet name like that."

The crowd multiplied; a state trooper came to try to clear a lane on Highway 12. At intervals, boats from the charter fleet arrived back from the Gulf Stream, captains and crews saluting Fancy from the bridge. Issabell went down to be with her champion. Emory and I and Vickilee had all we could do to handle customers, sold out of film in nothing flat, moved 38 cases of beer, mostly by the can. I figured it was time I walked down and congratulated Willie, verify if he had made himself newsworthy or was just being a stinker. First thing though, I placed a call to Fort Lauderdale and got educated on the state, national and world records for said variety of beast, so at least there'd be one of us on the dock knew what he was talking about.

I untied my outboard runabout over at the top of the slips and puttered across the harbor, tied up on the stern of Sea Eagle and J.B. gave me a hand aboard. For the first time, I saw that awesome fish, had to hike over it, in fact. Let me just say this: You live on the Outer Banks all your life and you're destined to have your run-ins with leviathans. You're bound to see things and be called on to believe things that others elsewhere wouldn't, wonders that are in a class by themselves, gruesome creatures, underwater shocks and marvels, fearsome life forms, finned shapes vicious as jaguars, quick and pretty as race horses, sleek as guided missiles and exploding with power, and the more damn sights you see, the more you never know what to expect next. Only a dead man would take what's below the surface for granted, but when I looked upon Fancy's grouper, I confess my legs lost strength and my eyes bugged; it was as though Preacher had taken grip on my thoughts, and I said to myself, Monster and miracle greater than me, darkness which may be felt.

J.B. revered the beast. "Fattest damn unprecedented jumbo specimen of Mongolian sea pig known to man," he said. He could be an eloquent fool. "Saint Gompus, king of terrors, immortal till this day." He leaned into me, whispering, fairly snockered by now, which was proper for the occasion. "Dillon," he confided, "don't think I'm queer." He wanted to crawl down the beast's throat and see what it felt like inside, have his picture taken with his tootsies sticking out the maw.

"Stay out of the fish," I warned J.B. "I don't have insurance for that sort of prank."

A big fish is naturally a source of crude and pagan inspirations. I knew what J.B. had in mind: get my marina photographer to snap his picture being swallowed and make a bundle selling copies, print the image on T-shirts and posters, too. He could snuggle in there, no doubt, take his wife and three kids with him, there was room. The fish had a mouth wide as a bicycle tire. with lips as black and hard, and you could look past the rigid shovel of tongue in as

far as the puckered fold of the gullet, the red, spiky scythes of gills, and shudder at the notion of being suckered through that portal, wolfed down in one screaming piece into the dungeon of its gut.

I asked J.B. where Willie had put himself, it being high time to hang the beast and weigh it, see where we stood on the record, have the photographer take pictures, let tourists view the creature so we could move traffic and the other fishermen would have space to go about their daily business.

"He's up there in the cuddy cabin with Issabell," J.B. said, nodding sideways. "Something's gotten into him, don't ask me what." Vacationers shouted inquiries our way; J.B. squared his shoulders to respond to an imprudent gal in a string bikini. "Well, ma'am," he bragged, "this kind of fish is a hippocampus grumpus. Round here, we call 'em wads. This one's a damn big wad, iddn't it?" As I walked forward, I heard her ask if she could step aboard and touch it, and there was beast worship in her voice.

I opened the door to the wheelhouse; ahead, past the step-down, there was Willie Striker, his scrawny behind on a five-gallon bucket, the salty bill of his cap tugged down to the radish of his pug nose, hunched elbows on threadbare knees, with a pint of peppermint schnapps clutched in his hands. If you've seen a man who's been skunked seven days running and towed back to port by his worst enemy, you know how Willie looked when I found him in there. Issabell was scooched on the galley bench, her hands in front of her on the chart. She was baffled and cheerless, casting glances at Willie, and she played nervously with her hair where it stuck out under her hat, twisting it back and forth with her crooked fingers.

I tried to lighten the atmosphere of domestic strife. "You Strikers're going to have to hold down the celebration," I teased. "People been calling up about you two disturbing the peace."

"He don't want credit, Dillon," Issabell said in guilty exasperation. "A cloud's passed over the man's golden moment in the sun."

Here was a change of heart for which I was not prepared. "Willie," I began, but stopped. You have to allow a man's differences and I was about to tell him he was acting backward. He cocked his chin to look up at me from under his cap, had his sunglasses off and the skin around his eyes was branded with a raccoon's mask of whiteness, and I'm telling you, there was such a blast of ardent if not furious pride in his expression right then, and the chill of so much bitterness trapped in his mouth, it was something new and profound for me, to be in the presence of a fellow so deeply filled with hate for his life, and I saw there was no truth guiding his nature, I saw there was only iron will.

His face contorted and hardened with pitiless humor; he understood my revelation and mocked my concern, made an ogreish laugh in his throat and nodded like, All right, my friend, maybe you know my secret, but since you're dumb as a jar of dirt, what does it matter? and he passed his bottle of bohunk lightning to me. Say I was confused. Then he mooned over at Issabell and eased off, he took back the pint and rinsed the taste of undeserved years of hardship from his mouth with peppermint and jerked his thumb aft.

"Where I come from," Willie said, rubbing the silvery stubble on his cheek, "we let them go when they are like that one." His face cracked into a net of shallow lines; he let a smile rise just so far and then refused it. "Too small." (Smull is how he said it.) "Not worth so much troubles."

I thought, What the hell, let him be what he is, reached over and clapped him on the back, feeling the spareness of his frame underneath my palm. "Step on out of here now, Captain," I said. "Time for that beast to be strung up and made official."

"Willie," coaxed Issabell with a surge of hope, "folks want to shake your hand." He was unmoved by this thought. "It might mean nothing to you," she said, "but it makes a difference to me."

Striker didn't budge except to relight his meerschaum pipe and bite down stubbornly on its stem between packed front teeth. On the insides of his hands were welts and fresh slices where nylon line had cut, scars and streaks of old burns, calluses like globs of old varnish, boillike infections from slime poison.

"What's the matter, honey?" Issabell persisted. "Tell me, Willie, because it hurts to know you can't look your own happiness in the face. We've both been like that for too long." She tried to smile but only made herself look desperate. "I wish," she said, "I wish. . . ." Issabell faltered but then went on. "You know what I wish, Willie, I wish I knew you when you were young."

Issabell jumped up, brushing by me and back into the sunshine and the crowd.

"Now she will despise me," Willie said suddenly, and I turned to leave.

I.B., me and Brainless rigged the block and tackle and hoisted the beast to the scales. The crowd saw first the mouth rising over the gunnel like upturned jaws on a steam shovel, fixed to sink into sky. People roared when they saw the grisly, bulging eyeball, dead as glass but still gleaming with black, wild mysteries. Its gill plates, the size of trash-can lids, were gashed with white scars, its pectoral fins like elephant ears, its back protected by a hedge of wicked spikes, and it smelled to me, in my imagination, like the inside of a castle in a cold and rainy land. You could hear all the camera shutters clicking, like a bushel of live crabs. When I started fidgeting with the counterweights, the whole place hushed, and out of the corner of my eye, I could see Striker come to stand in his wheelhouse window, looking on, the lines in his face all turned to the





Zip.

City



clenched pipe. He was in there percolating with vinegar and stubbornness and desire, you know, and I thought, What is it, you old bastard, have you decided Issabell is worth the gamble? The grouper balanced. I wiped sweat from my brow and double-checked the numbers. Fancy had it, all right, broke the state mark by more than 200 pounds, the world by 26 pounds, seven ounces. I looked over at him there in the wheelhouse and, brother, he knew.

I made the announcement; people covered their ears while the fleet blasted air horns. A group of college boys mistook J.B. for the angler and attempted to raise him to their shoulders. A tape recorder was poked in his face; I saw Issabell push it away. Willie stepped out of the wheelhouse then and came ashore to assume command.

You might reasonably suspect that it was a matter of honor, that Willie was obliged to make us acknowledge that after 25 years on the Outer Banks, his dues were paid, and furthermore obliged to let his wife, Issabell, share the blessing of public affections, so the poor woman might for once experience the joy of popularity. Willie knew who he was, but maybe he didn't know Issabell so well after all. You just can't figure bottom dwellers.

Anyway, I swear no man I am familiar with has ever been more vain about achievement, or more mishandled the trickier rewards of success, than Willie after he climbed off Sea Eagle. The crowd and the sun and the glamor went straight to his head and resulted in a boom of self-importance until we were all fed up with him. He came at first without a word to stand beside the fish as if it were a private place. He was wary and grave, then hum-

ble, as more and more glory fell his way, then a bit coy, I'd say, and then Bull Newman plowed through the crowd, stooped down as if to tackle Willie but instead wrapped his arms around Willie's knees and lifted him up above our heads so that together like that, they matched the length of the fish. The applause rallied from dockside to highway.

"I make all you no-goodniks famous today," Willie proclaimed, crooking his wiry arms like a bodybuilder, showing off. Bull lowered him back down.

"Looks like you ran into some luck there, Fancy," Bull conceded.

"You will call me Mister Fance."

"Purty fish, Mister Fance."

"You are jealous."

"Naw," Bull drawled, "I've had my share of the big ones."

"So tell me, how many world records you have?"

Bull's nostrils flared. "Records are made to be broken, *Mister* Fance," he said, grinding molars.

"Yah, yah," Willie's accent became heavier and clipped as he spoke, "und so is noses."

Bull's wife pulled him out of there by the back of his pants. Willie strutted on bow legs and posed for picture takers. His old adversaries came forward to offer praise—Ootsie Pickering, Dave Jonson, Milford Lee, all the old alcoholic captains who in past years had worked Willie like a slave. They proposed to buy him a beer, come aboard their vessels for a toast of whiskey, come round the house for a game of cards, and Willie had his most fun yet acting like he couldn't quite recall their names, asking if they were from around here or Johnnycome-latelies, and I changed my mind about Willie hating himself so much, since

it was clear it was us he hated more. Leonard Purse, the owner of the fishhouse, was unable to approach closer than three-deep to Willie; he waved and yessirred until he caught Fancy's eye, and an impossible negotiation ensued. Both spoke merrily enough but with an icy twinkle in their eyes.

"Purty fish, Willie. How much that monster weigh?"

"Eight dollars," Willie said, a forthright suggestion of an outrageous price per pound.

"Money like that would ruin your whitetrash life. Give you a dollar-ten as she hangs."

"Nine dollars," Willie said, crazy, elated.

"Dollar-fifteen."

"You are a swine."

"Meat's likely to be veined with gristle on a beast that size."

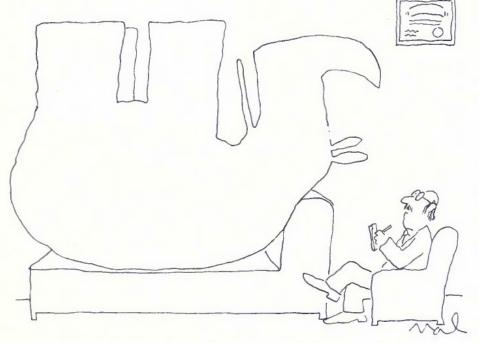
"I will kill you in your schleep."

"Heh-heh-heh. Must have made you sick to ask J.B. for help."

"Ha-ha! Too bad you are chicken of der vadder, or maybe I could ask you."

Vickilee fought her way out of the store to inform me that the phone had been ringing off the hook. TV people from New Bern and Raleigh, Greenville and Norfolk were scheduled by her one after the other for the morning; newspaper people had already arrived from up the coast, she and Emory had talked to them and they were waiting for the crowd to loosen up before they tried to push through to us, and one of them had phoned a syndicate, so the news had gone out on the wire, which meant big-city coverage from up north, and, of course, all the sports magazines said they'd try to send somebody down, and to make sure the fish stayed intact. Also, scientists were coming from the marine research center in Wilmington, and professors from Duke hoped they could drive out tomorrow if we would promise to keep the fish in one piece until they got there. The beer trucks were going to make special deliveries in the morning, the snack man, too. Charters were filling up for weeks in advance.

So, you see, Fancy and his grouper were instant industry, the event took on a dimension of its own and Willie embraced this role, knew he was at last scot-free to say what he pleased without penalty and play the admiral without making us complain. He sponged up energy off the crowd and let it make him boastful and abrupt, a real nautical character, and the folks not from around here loved his arrogance and thought we were all little squirrelly devils. Issabell seemed anxious, too; this was not quite how she had envisioned Willie behaving, him telling reporters he was the only man on Hatteras who knew where the big fish were, but she beamed naïvely and chattered with the other wives and seemed to enjoy herself, even her goofed eve shined with excitement. It was a thrill and



"I always come before the mating season begins!"

maybe her first one of magnitude and she wasn't going to darken it for herself by being embarrassed.

Willie left the fish suspended until after the sun went down, when I finally got him to agree to put it back on the boat and layer it with ice. Its scales had stiffened and dried, its brown and brownish-green marbled colors turned flat and chalky. Both he and Issabell remained on the boat that night, receiving a stream of visitors until well past midnight, whooping it up and having a grand time, playing country music on the radio so loud I could hear it word for word in my apartment above the store. I looked out the window once and saw Willie waltzing his wife under one of the security light poles, a dog and some kids standing there watching as they carefully spun in circles.

Life in Hatteras is generally calm, but Tuesday was carnival day from start to finish. Willie was up at his customary time, before dawn, fiddling around the Sea Eagle as if it were his intention to go to work. When the fleet started out the harbor, though, he and Issabell promenaded across the road for breakfast at the café. and when he got back, I helped him winch the fish into the air, and like magic, we had ourselves a crowd again, families driving down from Nags Head, families who took the ferry from Ocracoke, Willie signing autographs for children, full of coastal authority and lore for the adults, cocky as hell to any fisherman who wandered over. A camera crew pulled up in a van around ten, the rest arrived soon after.

"What's it feel like to catch a fish so big?" they asked.

For a second, Willie was hostile, glaring at the microphone, the camera lens, the interviewer with his necktie loosened in the heat. Then he grinned impishly and said. "I won't tell you."

"You broke the world's record, is that right?"

'Maybe," he allowed indifferently and winked over a TV person's shoulder at me and Issabell.

When the next crew set up, he more or less hinted he was God Almighty and predicted his record would never be broken. After two more crews finished with him, the sun was high; I made him take the fish down, throw a blanket of ice on it. Every few minutes. Emory was on the P.A., informing Fancy he had a phone call. Vickilee came out and handed Willie as telegram from the governor, commending him for the "catch of the century." I guess the biggest treat for most of us was when the seaplane landed outside the cut, though nobody around here particularly cared for the fellows crammed in there, Fish and Game boys over to authenticate the grouper, so we pulled the fish back out of the boat and secured it to the scales. Hour later, Willie took it down again to stick it in ice, but not ten minutes after that, a truck came by with a load of nation-

al-park rangers wanting to have individual pictures taken with Fancy and the grouper, so he hung it back up; then a new wave of sight-seers came by at midafternoon, another wave when the fleet came in at five. so he just let it dangle there on the arm of the hoist, beginning to sag from the amount of euphoric handling and heat, until it was too dark for cameras, and that's when he relented to lower it down and we muscled it back to the boat. He took her down past the slips to the fishhouse, I thought to finally sell the beast to Leonard, but, no, he collected a fresh half ton of ice. Willie wanted to play with the grouper for still another day.

On Wednesday, he strung the fish up and dropped it down I'd say about a dozen times, the flow of onlookers and congratulators and hang-arounds had decreased. Issabell was animated as a real-estate agent and girlish as we'd never seen, but by midday, the glow was off. She had been accidentally bumped into the harbor by a fan. was pulled out muddy and slicked with diesel oil, yet still she had discovered the uninhibited powers of fame and swore that she had been endowed by the presence of the fish with clearer social vision.

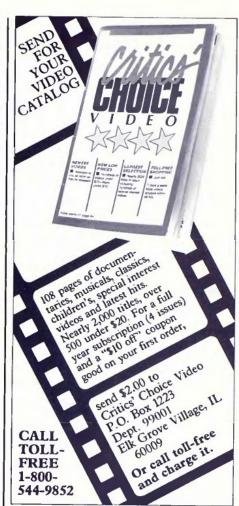
By the time Fancy did get his grouper over to the fishhouse and they knifed it open, it was all mush inside, not worth a penny. He shipped the skin, the head and the fins away to a taxidermist in Florida, and I suppose the pieces are still there, sitting in a box like junk.

Now if you didn't already know, this story winds up with a punch from so far out in left field, there's just no way you could see it coming, but I can't apologize for that. no more than I could take responsibility for a hurricane. About a week after everything got back to normal down here, and Fancy seemed content with memories and retreated back to his habits of seclusion, Brainless came crashing through the screen door, arms and legs flapping, his tongue too twisted with what he was dying to say for us to make any sense of it.

Emory looked up from his books. I was on the phone to a man wanting a half-day charter to the stream, arguing with him that there was no such thing as a half-day charter that went out that far. "When's that boy going to grow up?" Emory clucked. He told Brainless to slow down and concentrate on speaking right.

"They'se takin' Fancy away," Brainless said. He pointed out the door.

I told the fellow on the line I might call him back if I had something and hung up, went around the counter and outside on the porch, Emory, too, everybody came, in fact, Vickilee and Buddy and Junior and Albert and two customers in the store. It was a foggy, drizzly morning, the security lamps casting soupy yellow columns of light down to the dock, most of the boats hadn't left yet, but their engines were warming up. I don't think the sun had come up yet, but you couldn't be sure. The





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boy was right, a group of men in mackintoshes was putting handcuffs on Fancy and taking him off the Sea Eagle. The other captains and crews stood around in the mist, watching it happen. The men had on street shoes and looked official, you know, as you'd expect, and they led Willie to a dark sedan with Government license plates. One of them opened the rear door for Willie, who kept his head bowed, and sort of helped him, pushed him, into the car. None of us tried to stop it, not one of us spoke up and said, "Hey, what's going on?" He was still an outsider to us and his life was none of our business. None of us said or even thought of saying, "Willie, goodbye." We all just thought, There goes Willie, not in high style. The sedan pulled out of the lot and turned north.

"He's a goddamn natsy!" squealed Brainless, shaking us out of our spell.

"I told you not to cuss around here," Emory said. That was all anybody said.

Fancy's true name, the papers told us, was Wilhelm Strechenberger, and they took him back somewhere to Europe or Russia, I believe it was, to stand trial for things he supposedly did during the war. The TV said Fancy had been a young guard for the Germans in one of their camps. He had been "long sought" by "authorities," who thought he was living in Ohio. One of his victims who survived said something like Fancy was the cruelest individual he had ever met in his entire life.

Boy, oh, boy—that's all we could say. Did we believe it? Hell, no. Then, little by little, yes, though it seemed far beyond our abilities to know and understand.

Issabell says it's a case of mistaken identity, though she won't mention Willie when she comes out in public, and if you ask me. I'd say she blames us for her loss of him, as if what he had been all those years ago as well as what he became when he caught the fish, as if that behavior were somehow our fault.

Mitty Terbill is convinced it was Willie who grabbed her Prince Ed for some unspeakable purpose. She's entitled to her opinion, of course, but she shouldn't have expressed it in front of Issabell, who forfeited her reputation as the last and only docile Preddy by stamping the widow Terbill on her foot and breaking one of the old lady's toes. She filed assault charges against Issabell, saying Issabell and Willie were two of a kind. Like Mitty, you might think that Willie Striker being a war criminal explains a lot, you might even think it explains everything, but I have to tell you I don't.

Now that we know the story, or at least think we do, of Willie's past, we still differ about why Willie came off the boat that day to expose himself, to be electronically reproduced all over the land: Was it for Issabell or the fish? I say I don't know what he felt about Issabell besides safe, but I do know this; Like many people around here. Willie liked being envied. The Willie we knew was a lot like us, that's why he lasted here when others from the outside didn't. and that's what we saw for ourselves from the time he conked Bull Newman on the nose to the way he abused what he gained when he brought in that beast from the deep and hung it up for all to admire. He was, in his manner, much like us.

We still talk about the grouper, all right, but when we do, we automatically disconnect that prize fish from Willie-whether that's right or wrong is not for me to savand we talk about it hanging in the air off the scale reeking a powerful smell of creation, day one, so to speak, and it sounds like it appeared among us like . . . well, like an immaculate moment in sport. We've been outside things for a long time here on the very edge of the continent, so what I'm saying, maybe, is that we, like Issabell, we're only just discovering what it's like to be part of the world.



"You heard of Jack Frost? Meet Jill."



(continued from page 83)

him. "Physically, I mean," he said.

Denteen let a good-humored little laugh escape him. "This is your average nineyear-old boy, Mr. Mallow," he said. "Average height, weight, build, average—or above average-intelligence. He's all boy, and he's one heck of a lot fitter than I am." Denteen cast a look to the heavens-or, rather, to the ceiling tiles. "To be nine years old again," he said, sighing.

"Does he behave?" Pat asked.
"Does he behave?" Denteen echoed, and he looked offended, hurt almost. "Does the President live in the White House? Does the sun come up in the morning?" He straightened up, shot his cuffs, then leaned forward again-so far forward that his hands dangled over the edge of the conference table. "Look at him," he said, holding up the picture again. "Mr. and Mrs. Mallow-Ken, Pat-let me tell you that this child has seen more heartbreak than you and I'll know in a lifetime. His birth parents were killed at a railway crossing when he was two, and then, the irony of it, his adoptive parents-they were your age, by the way-just dropped dead one day while he was at school. One minute they're alive and well, and the next they're gone." His voice faltered. "And then poor little Tony . . . poor little Tony comes home. . . .

Pat looked stunned. Ken reached out to squeeze her hand.

"He needs love, Pat," Denteen said. "He has love to give. A lot of love.'

Ken looked at Pat. Pat looked at Ken.

"So," Denteen said, "when would you like to meet him?"

They met him the following afternoon. and he seemed fine. A little shy, maybe, but fine. Superpolite, that's what Pat thought. May I this and may I that, please, thank you and it's a pleasure to meet you. He was adorable. Big for his age-that was a surprise. They'd expected a lovable little urchin, the kind of kid Norman Rockwell might have portrayed in the barber's chair atop a stack of phone books, but Anthony was big, already the size of a teenager big-headed, big in the shoulders and big in the rear. Tall, too. At nine, he was already as tall as Pat and probably outweighed her. What won them over, though, was his smile. He turned his smile on them that first day in Denteen's office—a blooming, angelic smile that showed off his dimples and the perfection of his tiny white glistening teeth-and Pat felt something give way inside her. At the end of the meeting, she hugged him to her breast.

The smile was a regular feature of those first few months-the months of the trial period. Anthony smiled at breakfast, at dinner, smiled when he helped Ken rake the leaves from the gutters or tidy up the yard, smiled in his sleep. He stopped smiling when the trial period was over, as if he'd suddenly lost control of his facial

muscles. It was uncanny. Almost to the day the adoption became formal—the day that he was theirs and they were his-Anthony's smile vanished. The change was abrupt and it came without warning.

"Scooter," Ken called to him one afternoon, "you want to help me take those old newspapers to the recycling center and then stop in at Baskin and Robbin's?'

Anthony was upstairs in his room, which they'd decorated with posters of ballplayers and airplanes. He didn't answer.

"Scooter?" Silence.

Puzzled, Ken ascended the stairs. As he reached the landing, he became aware of an odd sound emanating from Anthony's room—a low hum, as of an appliance kicking in. He paused to knock at the door and the sound began to take on resonance, to swell and shrink again, a thousand muted voices speaking in unison. "Anthony?" he called, pushing open the door.

Anthony was seated naked in the middle of his bed, wearing a set of headphones Ken had never seen before. They were attached to a tape player the size of a suitcase. Ken had never seen the tape player before, either. And the walls-Gone were the dazzling sun-struck posters of Fernando Valenzuela, P-38s and Mitsubishi Zeros, replaced now by black-and-white photos of insects, torn, he saw, from library books that lay scattered across the floor, gutted,

their spines broken.

For a long moment, Ken merely stood there in the doorway, the sizzling pulse of that many-voiced hum leaking out of Anthony's headphones to throb in his gut, his chest, his bones. It was as if he'd stumbled upon some ancient rite in the Australian outback, as if he'd stepped out of his real life in the real world and into some cheap horror movie about demonic possession and people whose eyes lighted up like Christmas-tree ornaments. Anthony was seated in the lotus position, his eyes tightly closed. He didn't seem to be aware of Ken. The buzzing was excruciating. After a moment, Ken backed out of the room and gently shut the door.

At dinner that evening, Anthony gave them their first taste of his why-don't-youget-off-my-back look, a look that was to become habitual. His hair stood up jaggedly, drawn up into needlelike points-he must have greased it, Ken realized-and he slouched as if there were an invisible piano strapped to his shoulders. Ken didn't know where to begin-with the scowl, the nudity, the desecration of library books, the tape player and its mysterious origins (had he borrowed it-perhaps from school? A friend?)? Pat knew nothing. She served chicken croquettes, biscuits with honey and baked beans, Anthony's favorite meal. She was at the stove, her back to them, when Ken cleared his throat.

"Anthony," he said, "is there anything wrong? Anything you want to tell us?"

Anthony shot him a contemptuous look. He said nothing. Pat glanced over her shoulder.

"About the library books. . . ."

"You were spying on me," Anthony snarled.

Pat turned away from the stove, spoon in hand. "What do you mean? Ken? What's this all about?"

"I wasn't spying, I--- " Ken faltered. He felt the anger rising in him. "All right," he said, "where'd you get the tape player?"

Anthony wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, then looked past Ken to his adoptive mother. "I stole it," he said.

Suddenly, Ken was on his feet. "Stole it?" he roared. "Don't you know what that means, library books and now stealing?

Anthony was a statue, big-headed and serene. "Bzzzzzzzzz," he said.

The scene at the library was humiliating. Clearly, the books had been willfully destroyed. Mrs. Tutwillow was outraged. And no matter how hard Ken squeezed his arm, Anthony remained poker-faced and unrepentant. "I won't say I'm sorry," he sneered, "because I'm not." Ken gave her a check for \$112.32 to cover the cost of replacing the books, plus shipping and handling. At Steve's Stereo Shoppe, the man behind the counter-Steve, presumably-agreed not to press charges, but he had a real problem with offering the returned unit to the public as new goods, if Ken knew what he meant. Since he'd have to sell it used now, he wondered if Ken had the \$87.50 it was going to cost him to mark it down. Of course, if Ken didn't want to cooperate, he'd have no recourse but to report the incident to the police. Ken cooperated.

At home, after he'd ripped the offending photos from the walls and sent Anthony to his room, he phoned Denteen. "Ken, listen, I know you're upset," Denteen crooned, his voice as soothing as a shot of whiskey, "but the kid's life has been real hell, believe me, and you've got to realize that he's going to need some time to adjust." He paused. "Why don't you get him a dog or something?"

"A dog?"

"Yeah. Something for him to be responsible for, for a change. He's been a ward—I mean, an adoptee-all this time, with people caring for him, and maybe it's that he feels like a burden or something. With a dog or a cat, he could do the giving."

A dog. The idea of it sprang to life and Ken was a boy himself again, roaming the hills and stubble fields of Wisconsin, Skippy at his side. A dog. Yes. Of course.

"And listen," Denteen was saying, "if you think you're going to need professional help with this, the man to go to is Maurice Barebaum. He's one of the top child psychologists in the state, if not the country." There was a hiss of shuffling papers, the flap of Rolodex cards. "I've got his number right here."

"I don't want a dog," Anthony insisted, and gave them a strained histrionic look.

We're on stage, Ken was thinking, that's





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what it is. He looked at Pat, seated on the couch, her legs tucked under her, and then at his son, this stranger with the staved-in eyes and tallowy arms who'd somehow won the role.

"But it would be so nice," Pat said, drawing a picture in the air, "you'd have a little friend."

Anthony was wearing a black T-shirt emblazoned with red and blue letters that spelled out MEGADETH. On the reverse was a full-color representation of a stupendous bumblebee. "Oh, come off it, Pat," he sang, a keening edge to his voice. "That's so stupid. Dogs are so slobbery and shitty."

"Don't use that language," Ken said automatically.

"A little one, maybe," Pat said, "a cocker or a shelty."

"I don't want a dog. I want a hive. A beehive. That's what I want." He was balancing like a tightrope walker on the edge of the fireplace apron.

"Bees?" Ken demanded. "What kind of pet is that?" He was angry. It seemed he was always angry lately.

Pat forestalled him, her tone as soft as a caress. "Bees, darling?" she said. "Can you tell us what you like about them? Is it because they're so useful, because of the honey, I mean?"

Anthony was up on one foot. He tipped over twice before he answered. "Because they have no mercy."

"Mercy?" Pat repeated.

"Three weeks, that's how long a worker lasts in the summer," Anthony said. "They kick the drones out to die. The spent workers, too." He looked at Ken. "You fit in or you die."

"And what the hell is that supposed to mean?" Ken was shouting; he couldn't help himself.

Anthony's face crumpled up. His cheeks were corrugated, the spikes of his hair stood out like thorns. "You hate me," he whined. "You fuck, you dickhead—you hate me, don't you, don't you?"

"Ken!" Pat cried, but Ken already had him by the arm.

"Don't you ever-" he said.

"Ever what? Ever what? Say fuck? You do it, you do it, you do it!" Anthony was in a rage, jerking away, tears on his face, shouting. "Upstairs, at night. I hear you. Fucking. That's what you do. Grunting and fucking just like, like, like dogs!"

"I'll need to see him three days a week,"
Dr. Barebaum said. He was breathing heavily, as if he'd just climbed three flights of stairs.

Anthony was out in the car with Pat. He'd spent the past 45 minutes sequestered with Barebaum. "Is he—is he all right?" Ken asked. "I mean, is he normal?"

Barebaum leaned back in his chair and made a little pyramid of his fingers. "Adjustment problems," he breathed. "He's got a lot of hostility. He's had a difficult life."

Ken stared down at the carpet.

"He tells me"—Barebaum dredged up the words as if from some inner fortress— "he tells me he wants a dog."

Ken sat rigid in the chair. This must be what it feels like before they switch on the current at Sing Sing, he thought. "No, you've got it wrong. We wanted to get him a dog, but he said no. In fact, he went schizoid on us."

Barebaum's nose wrinkled up at the term schizoid. Ken regretted it instantly. "Yes," the doctor drawled, "hmmph. But the fact is, the boy quite distinctly told me the whole blowup was because he does, indeed, want a dog. You know, Mr., ah——"

"Mallow."

"Mallow, we often say exactly the opposite of what we mean; you are aware of that, aren't you?"

Ken said nothing. He studied the weave of the carpet.

After a moment, the doctor cleared his throat. "You do have health insurance?" he said.

In all, Anthony was with them just over three years. The dog-a shelty pup Ken called Skippy and Anthony referred to alternately as Ken and Turd-was a mistake, they could see that now. For the first few months or so, Anthony had ignored it, except to run squealing through the house. the puppy's warm excreta cupped in his palms, shouting, "It shit! It shit! The dog shit!" Ken, though, got to like the feel of the pup's wet nose on his wrist as he skimmed the morning paper or sat watching TV in the evening. The pup was alive, it was high-spirited and joyful and it took him back to his own childhood in a way that Anthony, with his gloom and his sneer. never could have. "I want a hive," Anthony said, over and over again. "My very own hive."

Ken ignored him-bees were dangerous, after all, and this was a residential neighborhood-until the day Anthony finally did take an interest in Skippy. It was one of those rare days when Pat's car was at the garage, so Ken picked her up at work and they arrived home together. The house was quiet. Skippy, who usually greeted them at the door in a paroxysm of licking, rolling, leaping and tail thumping, was nowhere to be seen. And Anthony, judging from the low-threshold hum washing over the house, was up in his room listening to the bee tapes Pat had given him for Christmas. "Skippy," Ken called. "Here, boy!" No Skippy. Pat checked the yard, the basement, the back room. Finally, together, they mounted the stairs to Anthony's room.

Anthony was in the center of the bed, clad only in his underwear, reprising the ritual Ken had long since grown to accept (Barebaum claimed it was nothing to worry about—"It's his way of meditating, that's all, and if it calms him down, why fight it?"). Huge color photographs of bees obliterated the walls, but these were legiti-

mate photos, clipped from the pages of *The Apiarian's Monthly*, another gift from Pat. Anthony looked bloated, fatter than ever, as pale and white as a grub. When he became aware of them, he slipped the headphones from his ears.

"Honey," Pat said, reaching down to ruffle his hair, "have you seen Skippy?"

It took him a moment to answer. He looked bewildered, as if she'd asked him to solve an equation or name the 20 biggest cities in Russia. "I put him in his cell," he said finally.

"Cell?" Ken echoed.

"In the hive," Anthony said. "The big hive."

It was Ken who noticed the broomstick wedged against the oven door, and it was Ken who buried Skippy's poor singed carcass and arranged to have the oven replaced—Pat wouldn't, couldn't cook in it, ever again. It was Ken, too, who lost control of himself that night and slapped Anthony's sick, pale, swollen face till Pat pulled him off. In the end, Anthony got his hive, 30,000 honeybees in a big white box with 15 frames inside, and Barebaum got to see Anthony two more days a week.

At first, the bees seemed to exert a soothing influence on the boy. He stopped muttering to himself, used his utensils at the table and didn't seem quite as vulnerable to mood swings as he had. After school and his daily session with Barebaum, he'd spend hours tending the hive, watching the bees at their compulsive work, humming softly to himself as if in a trance. Ken was worried he'd be stung and bought him a gauze bonnet and gloves, but he rarely wore them. And when he was stungdaily, it seemed—he displayed the contusions proudly, as if they were battle scars. For Ken and Pat, it was a time of accommodation, and they were quietly optimistic. Gone was the smiling boy they'd taken into their home, but at least now he wasn't sothere was no other word for it-so odd, and he seemed less agitated, less ready to fly off the handle.

The suicide attempt took them by surprise.

Ken found him, at dusk, crouched beneath the hive and quietly bleeding from both wrists. Pat's X-ACTO knife lay in the grass beside him, black with blood. In the hospital the next day, Anthony looked lost and vulnerable, looked like a little boy again. Barebaum was there with them. "It's a phase," he said, puffing for breath. "He's been very depressed lately."

"Why?" Pat asked, sweeping Anthony's hair back from his forehead, stroking his swollen hands. "Your bees," she choked. "What would your bees do without you?"

Anthony let his eyes fall shut. After a moment, he lifted his lids again. His voice was faint. "Bzzzzzzzzz," he said.

They kept him at the Hart Mental Health Center for nine months, and then they let him come home again. Ken was against it. He'd contacted a lawyer about voiding the adoption papers—Anthony



"Are you positive these are just for my personnel file?"

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was just too much to handle; he was emotionally unstable, disturbed, dangerous; the psychiatric bills alone were killing them—but Pat overruled him. "He needs us," she said. "He has no one else to turn to." They were in the living room. She bent forward to light a cigarette. "Nobody said it would be easy," she said.

"Easy?" he retorted. "You talk like it's a war or something. I didn't adopt a kid to go to war—or to save the world, either."

"Why did you adopt him, then?"

The question took him by surprise. He looked past Pat to the kitchen, where one of Anthony's crayon drawings—of a lopsided bee—clung to the refrigerator door, and then past the refrigerator to the window and the lush still yard beyond. He shrugged. "For love, I guess."

As it turned out, the question was moot—Anthony didn't last six months this time. When they picked him up at the hospital—"Hospital," Ken growled, "nut hatch is more like it"—they barely recognized him. He was taller and he'd put on weight. Pat couldn't call it baby fat anymore—this was true fat, adult fat, fat that sank his eyes and strained at the seams of his pants. And his hair—his rich, fine white-blond hair—was gone, shaved to a transparent stubble over a scalp the color of boiled ham. Pat chattered at him, but he got into the car without a word.

Halfway home, he spoke for the first time. "You know what they eat in there," he said, "in the hospital?"

Ken felt like the straight man in a comedy routine. "What do they eat?" he said, his eyes fixed on the road.

"Shit," Anthony said. "They eat shit. Their own shit. That's what they eat."

"Do you have to use that language?" Anthony didn't bother to respond.

At home, they discovered that the bees had managed to survive on their own, a fact that somehow seemed to depress Anthony; and after shuffling halfheartedly through the frames and getting stung six or seven times, he went to bed.

The trouble—the final trouble, the trouble that was to take Anthony out of their hands for good-started at school. Anthony was almost 12 now, but because of his various problems, he was still in fifth grade. He was in a special program, of course, but he took lunch and recess with the other fifth graders. On the playground, he towered over them, plainly visible 100 yards away, like some great unmoving statue of the Buddha. The other children shied away from him instinctively, as if they knew he was beyond taunting, beyond simple joys and simple sorrows. But he was aware of them-aware in a new way-of the girls, especially. Something had happened inside him while he was away-"Puberty," Barebaum said. "He has urges like any other boy"and he didn't know how to express it.

One afternoon, he and Oliver Mon-

teiros, another boy from the special program, cornered a fifth-grade girl behind one of the temporary classrooms. There they "stretched" her, as Anthony later told it-Oliver had her hands, Anthony her feet-stretched her till something snapped in her shoulder and Anthony felt his pants go wet. He tried to tell the principal about it, about the wetness in his pants, but the principal wouldn't listen. Dr. Collins was a gray-bearded black man who believed in dispensing instant justice. He was angry, gesturing in their faces, his beard jabbing at them like a weapon. When Anthony unzipped his fly to show him what had happened, Collins suspended him on the spot.

Pat spoke with Anthony, and they both—she and Ken—went in to meet with Collins and the members of the school board. They took Barebaum with them. Together, they were able to overcome the principal's resistance, and Anthony, after a week's suspension, was readmitted. "One more incident," Collins said, his eyes aflame behind the discs of his wire-framed glasses, "and I don't care how small it is, and he's out. Is that understood?"

At least Anthony didn't keep them in suspense. On his first day back, he tracked down the girl he'd stretched, chased her into the girls' room and, as he told it, put his "stinger" in her. The girl's parents sued the school district, Anthony was taken into custody and remanded to juvenile hall following another nine-month stay at Hart, and Ken and Pat finally threw in the towel. They were exhausted, physically and emotionally, and they were in debt to Barebaum for some \$30,000 above what their insurance would cover. They felt cheated, bitter, worn down to nothing. Anthony was gone, adoption a sick joke. But they had each other and, after a while-and with the help of Skippy II-they began to pick up the pieces.

And now, six years later, Anthony had come back to haunt them. Ken was enraged. He, for one, wasn't about to be chased out of this house and this jobthey'd moved once, and that was enough. If he'd found them, he'd found them-so much the worse. But this was America, and they had their rights, too. While Pat took Skippy to the kennel for safekeeping, Ken phoned the police and explained the situation to an Officer Ocksler, a man whose voice was so lacking in inflection, he might as well have been dead. Ken was describing the incident with Skippy I when Ocksler interrupted him. "I'm sorry," he said, and there was a faint animation to his voice now, as if he were fighting down a belch or passing gas, "but there's nothing we can

"Nothing you can do?" Ken couldn't help himself: He was practically yelping. "But he broiled a harmless puppy in the oven, raped a fifth-grade girl, sent us thirty-two death threats and tracked us down even though we quit our jobs, packed up and moved and left no forwarding address." He took a deep breath. "He thinks he's a bee, for Chrissakes."

Ocksler inserted his voice into the howling silence that succeeded this outburst. "He commits a crime," he said, the words stuck fast in his throat, "you call us."

The next day's mail brought the second threat. It came in the form of a picture postcard, addressed to Pat and postmarked locally. The picture—a Japanese print—showed a pale, fleshy couple engaged in the act of love. The message, which took some deciphering, read:

Dear Mother Pat, I'm a king bee, Gonna buzz round your hive, Together we can make honey, Let me come inside.

Your son, Anthony

Ken tore it to pieces. He was red in the face, trembling. White babies, he thought bitterly. An older child. They would have been better off with a seven-foot Bantu, an Eskimo, anything. "I'll kill him," he said. "He comes here, I'll kill him."

It was early the next morning—Pat was in the kitchen, Ken upstairs shaving—when a face appeared in the kitchen window. It was a large and familiar face, transformed somewhat by the passage of the years and the accumulation of flesh, but unmistakable, nonetheless. Pat, who was leaning over the sink to rinse her coffee cup, gave a little gasp of recognition.

Anthony was smiling, beaming at her like the towheaded boy in the photograph she'd kept in her wallet all these years. He was smiling, and suddenly that was all that mattered to her. The sweetness of those first few months came back in a rush-he was her boy, her own, and the rest of it was nothing-and before she knew what she was doing, she had the back door open. It was a mistake. The moment the door swung open, she heard them. Bees. A swarm that blackened the side of the house, the angry hiss of their wings like grease in a fryer. They were right there, right beside the door. First one bee, then another, shot past her head. "Mom," Anthony said, stepping up onto the porch, "I'm home."

She was stunned. It wasn't just the bees, but Anthony. He was huge, six feet tall at least, and so heavy. His pants—they were pajamas, hospital issue—were as big as a tent, and it looked as if he'd rolled up a carpet beneath his shirt. She could barely make out his eyes, sunk in their pockets of flesh. She didn't know what to say.

He took hold of the door. "I want a hug," he said. "Give me a hug."

She backed away from him instinctively, "Ken!" she called, and the catch in her throat turned it into a mournful, drawnout bleat. "Ken!"

Anthony was poised on the threshold. His smile faded. Then, like a magician, he reached out his hand and plunged it into the mass of bees. She saw him wince as he was stung, heard the harsh sizzle of the insects rise in crescendo, and then he drew back his hand, ever so slowly, and the bees came with him. They moved so fastglutinous, like meringue clinging to a spoon-that she nearly missed it. There was something in his hand, a tiny box, some sort of mesh, and then his hand was gone, his arm, the right side of his body, his face and head and the left side, too. Suddenly he was alive with bees, wearing them, a humming, pulsating ball of them.

She felt a sharp pain on her ankle, another at her throat. She backed up a step.

"You sent me away," Anthony scolded, and the bees clung to his lips. "You never loved me. Nobody ever loved me."

She heard Ken behind her—"What is this?" he said, then a weak curse escaped him—but she couldn't turn. The hum of the bees mesmerized her. They clung to Anthony, one mind, 30,000 bodies.

And then the blazing ball of Anthony's hand separated itself from his body and his bee-thick fingers opened to reveal the briefest glimpse of the gauze-covered box. "The queen," Anthony said. "I throw her down and you're"—she could barely hear him, the bees raging, Ken shouting out her name—"you're history. Both of you."

For a long moment, Anthony stood there motionless, afloat in bees. Huge as he was, he seemed to hover over the linoleum, derealized in the mass of them. And then she knew what was going to happen, knew that she was barren then and now and forever and that it was meant to be, and that this, her only child, was beyond human help or understanding.

"Go away," Anthony said, the swarm thrilling louder. "Go...into the...next room... before, before——" and then Ken had her by the arm and they were moving. She thought she heard Anthony sigh, and as she darted a glance back over her shoulder, he crushed the box with a snap as loud as the crack of a limb. There was an answering roar from the bees, and in her last glimpse of him, he was falling, borne down by the terrible animate weight of them.

"I'll kill him," Ken spat, his shoulder pressed to the parlor door. Bees rattled against the panels like hailstones.

She couldn't catch her breath. She felt a sudden stab under her collar, and then another. Ken's words didn't make sense—Anthony was gone from them now, gone forever—didn't he understand that? She listened to the bees raging round her kitchen, stinging blindly, dying for their queen. And then she thought of Anthony, poor Anthony, in his foster homes, in the hospital, in prison, thought of his flesh scored 1000, 10,000 times, wound in his cerement of bees.

Anthony was wrong, she thought, leaning into the door as if bracing herself against a storm—they do have mercy. They do.





"Beats me. In my whole life, I never met one woman who fit that description."

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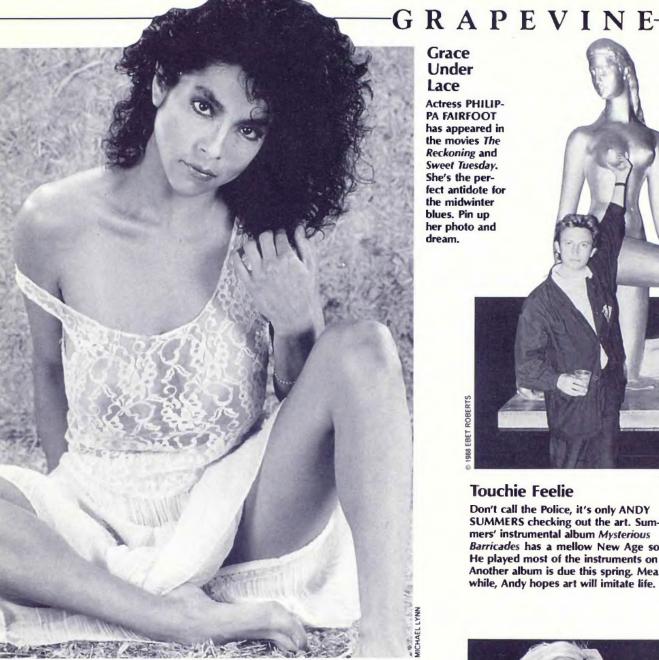


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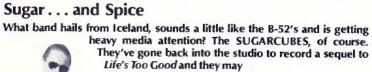
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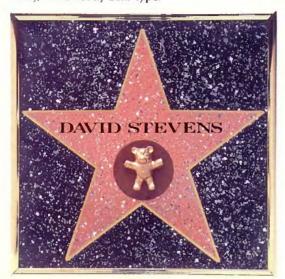
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"The Headgator does it all!" say the people at Maxit Designs, P.O. Box 1052, Carmichael, California 95609. "Neck warmer, hood, hat, headband, ski band and balaclava." And if your girlfriend is skinny enough, she can probably even wear it as a miniskirt. Headgators, in assorted colors, sell for \$14.50 each, postpaid. An "Officially Licensed Product of the N.E.L." version goes for \$16.50. For a faster head start, call 800-55-MAX-IT and ask who's selling the Headgator near you.



### TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR

The closest *Playboy* Senior Editor David Stevens probably will ever come to having a star on Hollywood Boulevard is the one pictured here—an 11½"-square version of the ones that appear on the Walk of Fame. Gift of Fame Enterprises, 150 South Glenoaks, Suite 9232, Burbank, California 91501, manufactures the plaques the stars take home, and it sells the personalized reproductions to the public for \$65, postpaid, including a variety of emblems mounted in the center. Stevens, obviously, is the Teddy-bear type.





### LIFE IN THE RAW

When somebody talks about shucking a couple of big raw ones down at The Lazy Flamingo at 6520-C Pine Avenue, Sanibel Island, Florida 33957, he may not be referring to oysters on the half shell. Besides offering everything from clams to conch salad, the owners, Tony Rainone and Larry C. Thompson, have come up with another hot specialty of the house—a Lazy Flamingo T-shirt that's actually a pair of men's briefs turned upside down, with an opening created for one's neck. Three sizes are available (in white only), small, medium and large, for \$19.95 each, postpaid. We hope these are bust, not waist, sizes, as we definitely wouldn't want to do our drinking next to a guy downing something on the rocks wearing one of these.

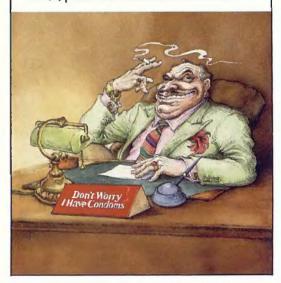


### **GUNGA DING-A-LING**

Back in December 1987, we featured a customized answering-machine tape with the voice of a British butler who answers the phone using your own name. The Perfect Answer, the company at 400 Douglas Avenue, Suite B, Dunedin, Florida 34698, that offered the tape, reported to us that it had been blitzed by so many orders that it went back to the drawing board and created another one. Eastern Promise utilizes the voice of an Indian houseboy who says, "Greetings. I am Kim, the family servant. The [your surname]s are bathing at present and don't wish to catch cold," etc., followed by the sound of water running and elephants trumpeting. It—plus another message of your choice—is \$19.95, postpaid. Next, a French maid?

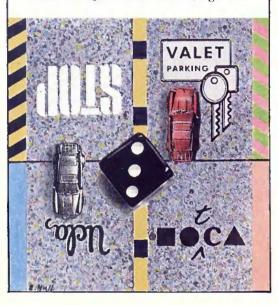
### RUDETUDE ATTITUDE

RudeTUDES are bumper stickers for your desk. Twenty outrageous comments on 3" x 81/4" cards (plus a stand on which to mount them) range from THIS REALLY SUCKS! to WELL FUCK YOU, TOO! A class act RudeTUDES aren't, but for six dollars, postpaid, sent to Improm II, P.O. Box 28701, St. Louis, Missouri 63146, they're a mighty cheap way to liven up a dull afternoon. When you're called into the boss's office, please don't mention our name.



### PLAYING GAMES THE L.A. WAY

If you've always wanted to be a Los Angeles kind of guy but couldn't quite get your roots out of Ashtabula, there's the L.A. Game, in which players tool around a board in a realistic miniature Porsche pursuing the impossible dream: dining and drinking in all the power places, lying and cheating, screwing your friends as you claw your way to the top. (Hooray for Hollywood!) The L.A. Game is available in stores for \$35. Order a dozen, big shot.



### NOW YOU'RE COOKING!

Eating In: The Official Single Man's Cookbook, by Rich Lippman and Jose Maldonado, is being marketed as "mankind's first course in easy cooking for two." And after flipping through a few pages, we'll drink to that. Not only is Eating In informative but its writing and cartoons are both witty and wise. Plus, there's information on how not to poison your date, how to clean your apartment and the right wines to serve. The price: \$10.95, postpaid, sent to Corkscrew Press, P.O. Box 2691, Silver Spring, Maryland 20902. That's cheaper than dinner out.





### LET'S GET AWAY TO IT ALL

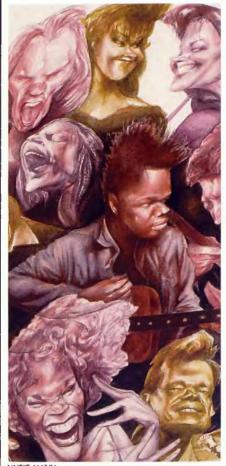
Want to vacation in the same Mexican villa where Henry Kissinger hung out? Or drop anchor on the same island in Maine where *The Whales of August* was filmed? Pick up a hardcover copy of *Escape in Style* (Park Street Press) and read about 26 of the world's most enchanting destinations that one can rent. All the information on contacts is there, along with gorgeous photos and an informative text. At \$24.95, it's affordable to the armchair traveler, too.

### SMOOTH AS TENNESSEE WHISKEY

The Jack Daniel Distillery in Lynchburg, Tennessee, has introduced Gentleman Jack, a rare Tennessee whiskey made from a single whiskey, not a blend, that has been charcoalmellowed twice-once before and once after the aging process. Talk about serious smoothness! Furthermore. each finely fluted bottle of Gentleman Jack is handlabeled, hand-packaged, hand-wrapped and nestled in an elegant, gold-accented gift box. Gentleman Jack is priced about \$20. Now try to find a bottle. It sells fast.



### **NEXT MONTH**





SPRING FEVEL





AUSIC MANIA

CARD SHARKS

HOT ROD

"BURNING DESIRES: SEX IN AMERICA"—FROM THE BOOK THAT MAY WELL DEFINE SEX IN THE NINETIES, A BATTLEFIELD REPORT FROM THE FRONT BY JOURNALISTS STEVE CHAPPLE AND DAVID TALBOT. BEGINNING IN APRIL, THE FIRST OF FOUR PARTS FEATURING THE WORLD'S FIRST SAFE-SEX ORGY

"MOVIE VIOLENCE AIN'T NOTHING LIKE THE REAL THING"—WHEN THE CAMERAS STOP ROLLING, HOLLY-WOOD'S HEROES WALK AWAY UNHARMED. OFF CAM-ERA, FIGHTING'S MESSIER—BY JAMES R. PETERSEN

"HOUSE OF CARDS"—A YOUNG GAMBLER FACES THE ROUGHEST, TOUGHEST POKER ACE EAST OF VEGAS IN A TRICKY TALE OF HIGH STAKES—BY CONALL RYAN

"SPECIAL DELIVERY"—HE'S UTAH JAZZ SENSATION KARL "THE MAILMAN" MALONE, AND HE'S BASKET-BALL'S STRONGEST, FASTEST POWER FORWARD EVER—PROFILE BY PETER KNOBLER

"PLAYBOY MUSIC '89"—HELLO AGAIN TO THE PETER PAN ROCKERS—YOU KNOW, KEITH RICHARDS, ROBERT PLANT AND THOSE OTHER AGELESS GUYS WHO KEEP MAKING MUSIC WE LOVE—PLUS THE PLAYBOY MUSIC POLL WINNERS AND THE RESULTS OF OUR FIRST-EVER CRITICS' POLL

"SPRING BREAK"—PLAYBOY'S EXCLUSIVE PHOTO-GRAPHIC REPORT ON EQUINOCTIAL FEVER IN FLORI-DA, FEATURING SOME DIEHARD PARTY ANIMALS. ANNETTE AND FRANKIE'S BEACH-BLANKET BASHES WERE NEVER LIKE THIS

PITTSBURGH PENGUIN MARIO "LE MAGNIFIQUE"
LEMIEUX, THE ONE HOCKEY STAR WHO MAY ECLIPSE
WAYNE GRETZKY, TALKS ABOUT WHO SAYS WHAT IN A
FIGHT ON THE ICE AND CREDITS SOAP OPERA ONE
LIFE TO LIVE FOR TEACHING HIM ENGLISH IN A SLAPSHOT "20 QUESTIONS"

"GIRLS OF THE BIG EAST"—PLAYBOY'S FIRST PICTO-RIAL TRIBUTE TO COEDS OF THE NATION'S PREMIERE COLLEGE BASKETBALL CONFERENCE

PLUS: THE LATEST LOOKS IN TAILORED AND CASUAL ATTIRE IN A SEVEN-PAGE SPRING AND SUMMER FASHION FORECAST; AMERICA'S ULTIMATE TICKET TO RIDE—THE CALLAWAY CORVETTE—WILL TAKE YOU FROM 0 TO 60 IN LESS THAN FIVE SECONDS. A REPORT ON A FIRE-IN-THE-BELLY CAR BY AUTOMOTIVE EXPERT BROCK YATES; CIGARETTE LIGHTERS THAT WILL DO MORE THAN FLICK YOUR BIC; KENT STATE PLAYMATE JENNIFER JACKSON; AND MUCH MORE

# Steak, not sizzle.

We don't need flash or razzle dazzle to wow you because Merit offers something far more impressive.

Merit offers taste. Real, honest-to-tobacco, satisfying cigarette taste. Yet Merit has even less tar than other leading lights. Enriched Flavor™ is the reason. Only Merit has it. Which is why, in a nationwide taste test, Merit was judged as good as or better than cigarettes that have up to 38% more tar. So let 'em sell their sizzle. You know where the real steak is.



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

O Philip Morris Inc. 1989

Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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