

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

SEPTEMBER 1992 • \$4.95

**BUNNY
WANNA-BE
SANDRA
BERNHARD
STARKERS**

**FLIGHT
ATTENDANTS:
A FASTEN-YOUR-
SEAT-BELTS
PICTORIAL**

**DENNIS MILLER
MOUTHS OFF**

**GOTTI'S FALL:
THE END OF
THE MOB?**

**PRO FOOTBALL
FORECAST**

**“Now
you
tell me
the
clubs
are
closed!”**

**SPECIAL 30TH
ANNIVERSARY
INTERVIEW:
BETTY FRIEDAN**

**REAL MEN
DON'T BOND
BY BRUCE
FEIRSTEIN**



PLAYBOY

vol. 39, no. 9—september 1992

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COVER STORY

Say hello to Sandra Bernhard, a woman of unconventional attitudes, appetites and beauty, in a pictorial that's as daring as she wants to be. Our cover was produced by Assistant Photo Editor/Entertainment Patty Beaudet, styled by Stephen Earabino for Visages Style/L.A. and photographed by Michel Comte. Sandra's hair was styled by Cemal for Cloutier, her make-up by Karen Kawahara/Estilo Salons. "Whew, she's a sexy Bunny wanna-be," quips the Rabbit.

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REAL MEN DON'T BOND

they don't whine,
brag or cheat. in short,
they hated the eighties,
and they still don't
eat quiche

TEN YEARS AGO,
it was easy to think that you
were a Real Man.

You raided corporations
with junk bonds, you stripped
'em down, broke 'em up,
spun 'em off and dumped the
first wife for a 26-year-old
blonde with an M.B.A.

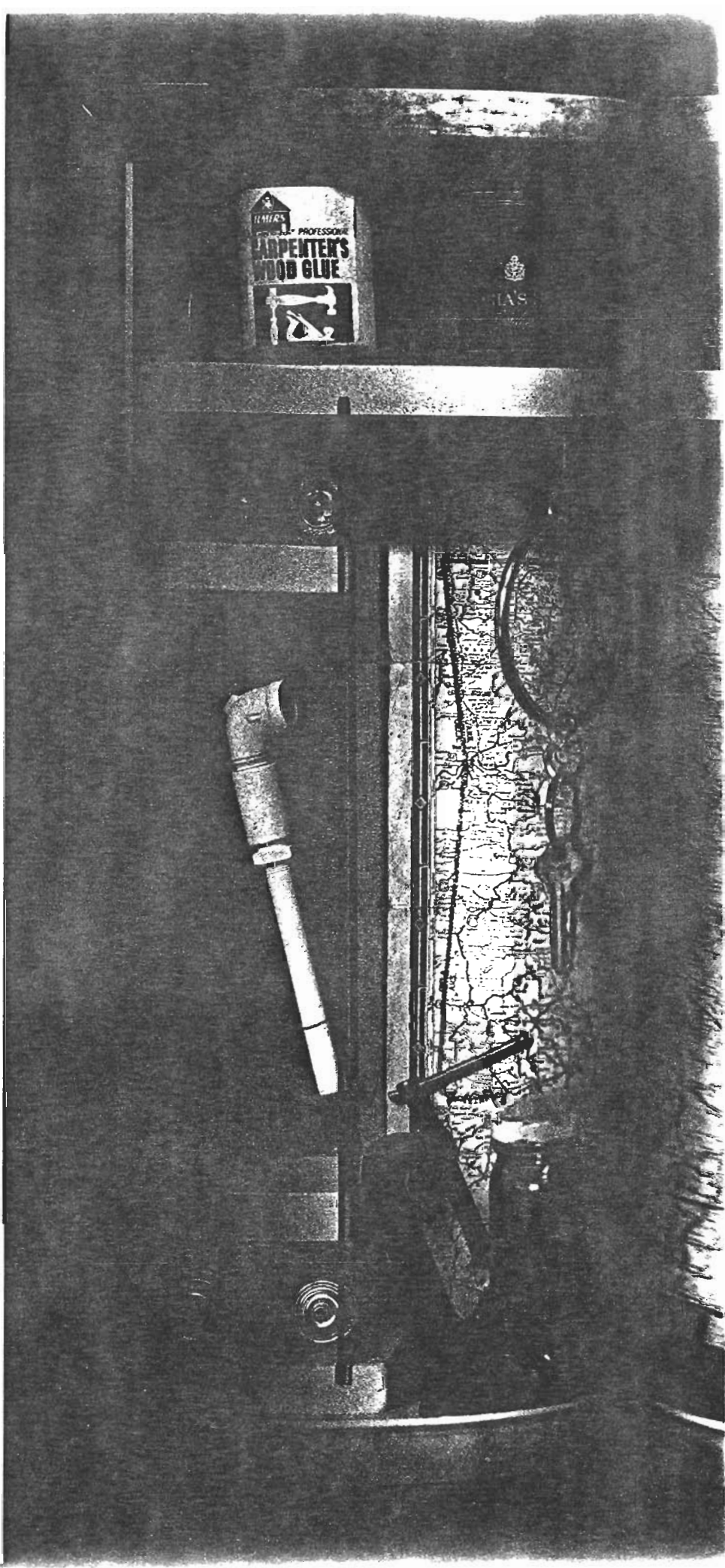
You ate power breakfasts
with powerful people and
penciled in power lunches
with power brokers.

You carried a platinum
American Express card but
put the charges on Optima.

You identified closely with a
certain novel about life under
the bright lights of the big
city that was narrated by,
yes, you.

You didn't marry, you
merged. If you were single,
you pursued and slept with

article by
BRUCE FEIRSTEIN



REAL MEN

Arnold Schwarzenegger	Raul Julia	Denzel Washington
Joe Don Baker	Joe Mantegna	Robert Mitchum
Stephen Hawking	Barbara Bush	Don Ameche
James Earl Jones	Hume Cronyn	Dennis Farina
Nick Nolte	Jack Palance	Howard Rollins
Harrison Ford	Mel Gibson	Colin Powell
Brian Dennehy	Vaclav Havel	Richard Pryor
Ruben Blades	Damon Wayans	Tom Seaver
Bob Woodward	Edward James Olmos	Bonnie Raitt
Danny Glover	Ray Charles	Harry Morgan
Armand Assante	Larry Kramer	Morgan Freeman
Gene Hackman	Wesley Snipes	Nolan Ryan
Scott Glenn	Kathleen Turner	Claude Akins

GUYS WHO THINK THEY'RE REAL MEN BUT DEFINITELY AREN'T

Norman Mailer	Oliver Stone	Axl Rose
Andrew Dice Clay	Daryl Gates	Marilyn Quayle

everything in sight.

You wore power suits, power ties, power shoes, power socks and did your insider trading at a bank in the Cayman Islands.

You thought you were a Real Man.

You were wrong.

Yes, the world is a different place today. The problem isn't just wimps or quiche-eaters. The problem is that we have become a nation of whiners. A nation of professional victims. Guys in suits on Rollerblades. Special-interest groups that won't let you change a light bulb without filing an environ-

mental-impact statement first.

So what is it, then, that defines the Real Man today?

What separates him from the people who produce *A Current Affair* and future Supreme Court nominees who hang around the watercooler discussing Long Dong Silver?

Real Men don't have phone sex.

Real Men don't need spin control.

A Real Man has always had a moral compass that points to true north. He understands that it's not how many corporations you gut or how much ink you get. In the end, a man is judged by his deeds.

Donald Trump—by any criterion—is not a Real Man.

Jimmy Carter turned out to be a Real Man, while Jerry "What time do we tee off?" Ford did not.

John Sununu tried hard to be a Real Man. Too hard.

Real Men are not members of the Hair Club for Men.

They don't join the Players Club with Telly Savalas.

Real Men don't talk about their lifestyles. They don't get chronic-fatigue syndrome. They don't believe in the healing power of crystals.

For Real Men, the working definition of dysfunctional is New York City.

And co-dependent is

two guys carrying an I-beam.

Real Men don't brag about the number of women they've slept with, the number of people they've laid off or the number of times they've played golf with Dan Quayle.

Real Men are not hooked on phonics. They don't watch infomercials and they don't badger their friends, neighbors and co-workers to become Nu Soft distributors.

Real men are not running through the forest chanting to get in touch with their masculinity.

Real Men have their houses insulated to R-19 and their TV sets tuned to CNN.

Real Men don't own the Abdomenizer, Thigh Master or \$400 fruit juicers. (Real Men crush oranges with a sledgehammer.)

Real Men compost. They work on the line. They don't have a fall-color palette. For Real Men, the primary colors are battleship gray, camouflage and anything that comes in a can marked Rust-oleum.

WHINERS, INK JUNKIES AND THINGS REAL MEN FIND TOO EMBARRASSING TO TALK ABOUT IN POLITE COMPANY

Donald Trump
Gary Hart
Jesse Helms
Marion Barry
Jeff Koons
Kitty Kelley
Jerry Falwell
Julia Phillips
Michael Jackson
Steinbrenner
Geraldo
Connie Chung
Maury Povich
and

Hands Across America
1984-1989

NFL Football in August
Wilt Chamberlain's sex life
Tommy Lasorda's weight
problem

Simi Valley jurors

Arizona's refusal to celebrate

Martin Luther King's birthday
House of Representatives



"Let's get this straight, Thatcher. Here at Marley, Low is Warren, we have no intention of getting in touch with our inner child."

Real Men don't spend \$28 on designer T-shirts and they don't buy \$200 sneakers. Real Men know the answer to the question "Is it the shoes, is it the shoes?" Yes, it's the shoes they're push-

their genitals with them.

Real Men, you see, have a sense of propriety. And perspective.

Real Men in the media (yes, it's hard to believe, but there are some) don't act as prosecutor, judge and jury. They don't ask questions about a candidate's sex life. They don't pay the alleged "other woman" to spill the beans.

Real Men have no use for any presidential candidate who masquerades as a choirboy. But at the same time, they're none too thrilled by reporters who ask questions like "Did you have a threesome?" and "Did he use a condom?" under the guise of "the public's right to know."

(Real Men—and Real Reporters—understand the difference between dirty linen and, say, nuclear Armageddon. Besides, do we really want

to elect somebody who wasn't even the least bit curious about marijuana in the Sixties? Real men, obviously, inhale.)

Real Men don't waste years of their lives playing make-believe baseball in Rotisserie leagues.

They don't watch *American Gladiators*.

They don't spend more for a car than their parents spent on the house they grew up in.

Real Men—at 40—don't blame their current problems on the fact that their fathers didn't take them to Dodgers games when they were 12.

Real Men—at 40—aren't single.

Real Men don't care who killed Laura Palmer.

Real Men don't earn their living off the misfortunes of the Kennedys or Marilyn Monroe. They were not amused by Clarence Thomas posing with the Bible in *People* magazine. They are not fascinated by the latest epic events in the press-release lives of Cher, Don Johnson or Michael Jackson.

And Real Men are bewildered that some parents need to schedule

FOUR THINGS FOUND IN EVERY REAL MAN'S HOUSE

1. caulk
2. snow tires
3. a coffee can filled with loose screws
4. Victoria's Secret catalog

You'll also find a fire extinguisher, paint thinner, Jack Daniel's, WD-40 and Armor All. Especially Armor All. Real Men use it on everything: wives, kids, even lawn furniture.

quality time with their children.

Finally, Real Men have absolutely no sympathy for John Gutfreund, Clark Clifford, Charles Keating, Dennis Levine, Ivan Boesky or Mike Milken.

Especially Milken. He admitted he was guilty. Real Men don't plea-bargain and then hire Alan Dershowitz to whine about it.

What else?

Real Men are not afraid of Islamic jihads. Real Men are not writing screenplays. And as we all know, the only time Real Men chant is at third-down-and-short yardage.

60 SECONDS TO A MORE
MANLY VOCABULARY

Real Men speak in clear, concise sentences. As in "Pull it over," "Drop the



"Your primal mother is talking to you."

ing that kids are killing one another for.

Real Men don't buy Calvin Klein jeans and they wish someone would let dear Calvin in on the fact that Real Men wear their jeans—they don't wipe

REAL WOMEN

Real Women are not congenitally late.

Real Women will initiate things in the bedroom at least 50 percent of the time.

Real Women don't secretly record your phone calls.

And then sell them to the *Star*. And then take cash to talk about it on *A Current Affair*.

But on the other hand, a Real Woman would have booted Gary Hart's ass out of the house, pronto.

Real Women are smart enough to make friends with your family and friends—if only out of self-protection. (They know these are the first people you'll turn to for advice in the event of a major fight, and they want them on their sides.)

Real Women will go to your insanely boring six-hour business dinners—and charm the tie/pearls off your boss—but only if you're willing to do the same at their insanely boring six-hour business dinners.

Real Women are still pissed off that the accolades "tough" and "no-nonsense" translate to "bitch" when applied to females.

A Real Woman would laugh at the absurd idea of "needing to get in touch with her femininity."

And as we all know, in their previous lives, all Real Women were once Real Men.



"The final message seems to be—'Hey, no problem. Nothing's written in stone.'"

gun" and "Watch it—my friend has a video camera and is recording everything." With this in mind:

Real Men never begin a question with the phrase "Did there come a time. . . ?"

Real Men do not say "Thank you for sharing."

Real Men understand that anyone who boasts (usually after an insult) "I'm telling the truth," never is.

And Real Men don't "vet" anything, unless it walks on four legs.

Among Real Men:

"Boomers" are nuclear submarines.

"Outing" is an activity that involves sleeping bags and a Coleman lantern.

"Networking" is the act of switching from CBS to NBC.

And "empowerment" is something you do with an orange extension cord.

Real Men don't use the terms "adult child," "inner child," "infotainment" or "shopaholic."

Real Men have learned that anything referred to as "the cutting edge," usually isn't.

And "dude" does not appear in the Real Man's linguistic pantheon, unless it's followed immediately by "ranch."

Real Men do not "dissemble," "obfuscate" or "deconstruct." (And for those academics among us who earn their salaries "deconstructing literature"—ignoring what someone actually wrote and postulating what they meant to write—let's deconstruct the word deconstruct: "To rip down, destroy or demolish." Which may explain why Real Men teach biology.)

Real Men never say "Let's cut to the chase."

Or "How special."

Or "What's the bottom line?"

Nor do they say "It's hip," "It's hot," "It's trendy," "It's happening" or any combination of the above. (Real Men are on the next jet out when somebody says, "Let's cut to the bottom line here. Is it hip, hot, trendy and happening?")

And perhaps most important, Real Men do not litter their conversations with the word thing, as in:

"That wimp thing."

"That domestic thing."

And especially, "How the hell am I going to win this election thing?"

THE REAL MAN AND TELEVISION

For men, what is the single most important invention of the 20th Century? Minoxidil? Exit ramps? A pair of Merc 420-horsepower outboards?

No. Remote control.

Because with the advent of remote control, the last great sport of the 20th Century was invented:

Video surfing: the fine and practiced art of spending hours in front of the television set, skipping from channel to

GUYS WHO TRY TOO HARD

Steven Seagal
Ann Richards

GUYS WHO TRY HARD BUT JUST CAN'T SEEM TO GET THE HANG OF IT

Sam Donaldson

GUYS WHO JUST DON'T HAVE A CLUE

Mickey Rourke
Senate Judiciary Committee

GUYS WHO ARE PROBABLY REAL MEN—WE'RE STILL NOT SURE

Dick Cheney
Camille Paglia

channel, watching 63 shows at once, never having to witness a single commercial or miss out on the all-important 56th-minute climax when Jack Lord gets his man.

Yes, thanks to the miracle of video surfing, Real Men were able to avoid large chunks of *thirtysomething* at will. (And let's be truthful here: Real Men did not "share an aching communal sense of loss" when *thirtysomething* got axed. First, because Real Men require capital letters. And second, because Real Men felt that what Michael—Mr. Angst—really needed was somebody to give him a good smack in the mouth and to say "Snap out of it, pal.")

With video surfing, you don't have to miss a second of the riveting action on *The Bassmasters*.

Or a moment of Vince McMahon and any of his World Wrestling Federation's "Steel-Cage Tag-Team Death Matches." And while it's true that Real Men see these bouts as a grand metaphor in opposition to the stifling rituals of postindustrial society, vis-à-vis men and their relationship to corporate culture in a society that has chosen to ignore its rich and nurturing heritage of mythopoetic traditions—go ahead, read it again—the real reason we love wrestling is the locker-room interviews. Example: "Well, Vince, I just want my fans to know that if I should lose to Dr. Death at the Hartford Civic Arena on January fifth—tickets fifteen, twenty and twenty-five dollars, available through Ticketron, with plenty of good seats still available—I promise that at our long-awaited rematch on January eighteenth at the Philadelphia Spectrum—tickets fifteen, twenty and twenty-five dollars, available at the box office or through TicketMaster—I will kill him."

With video surfing, Real Men can catch all the Real Men on television: Barry Corbin, Richard Dysart, Tim

Matheson, Ken Wahl, Corbin Bernsen, Larry King and *Rat Patrol*—and not only all at the same time but with the added benefit of driving unwanted in-laws, process servers, spouses and even hyperactive children right out of the room.

You can spend months without hearing a single celebrity say "Sure, I'm rich, I'm famous, I date beautiful women. But nobody knows the real me." Or being subjected to interviews that begin "Since I got out of the Betty Ford Clinic. . . ." And never once do you have to hear the words "I took this role because it was a stretch."

But wait—as they say on the late-night commercials—there's more:

You can surf from Norm Abrams on the *New Yankee Workshop* (he's what every Real Man aspires to be around the house—even if we can't figure out what the hell a "dado" is), cut over to Justin Wilson on *Louisiana Cookin'* (Real Man? In his own words, "I gar-ron-tee it"), then do a risky triple axel around the dial to *Wild Kingdom's* Jim Fowler and finally shoot right through the cultural pipeline to catch Bob Vila, star of the seminal version of *This Old House*. Real Men miss Bob. They dream of visiting him at home while he's cooking breakfast and tapping him on the shoulder: "Hey, Bob, what're you doing there?"

"Makin' eggs."

"Hmmm. Looks interesting. Mind if I try?"

A FEW NOTES ON MUSIC

As every Real Man knows, you can't spackle, paint, sandblast, top out a skyscraper, pour cement, drive, operate heavy machinery, have sex or put in a decent set of shocks without the proper musical accompaniment.

Real Men will listen to anything by the Boss, the Chairman, the Count, the Queen of Soul, Queen Latifah, Prince, Duke Ellington, the Hardest-Working Man in Show Business, the Man in the Black Hat, Roy Orbison and all of the Kings: Nat, Ben E. and Elvis.

And although no one's exactly sure why so many corporate and aristocratic titles have been assumed by musicians, it may have something to do with the Real Man's basic rules of nomenclature: Never play poker with a guy named Doc, never pick a fight with somebody named Tiny and never, ever, hire a band fronted by a guy named Moose.

Real Men own CD players—but they miss the album covers and still buy all their music on cassette.

Real Men would like to hear more new music but can't seem to find radio stations that play any. Real Men refuse to believe anybody actually calls up and
(concluded on page 138)

"Real Men still keep waiting for a band to be named either Republican Guard or Severe Tire Damage."

asks to hear *Muskrat Love*. Real men fear riding down the highway one day and punching in K-SAFE Radio: "All Phil Collins, all Whitney Houston, all the time."

Real Men love all the old Motown, doo-wop, blues and rock-and-roll songs that evoke specially cherished memo-

ries—like the first time they had sex (with a partner) or the first night they got blindingly stupid drunk. (These two are often one in the same.) But Real Men wince every time one of those old songs is co-opted for a bank, car or credit-card commercial.

Real Men admire all the Real Men

rock-and-rollers who have managed to age gracefully: Van Morrison, Clapton, Harrison, Cocker, Dylan, Ry Cooder, the Grateful Dead and (honorable mention) James Taylor. (Plus Keith Richards, a man who stands in living defiance of most actuarial tables.)

So what don't Real Men listen to?

George Michael complaining about being famous, rock stars lecturing about politics, Madonna revealing still more about her life (thank you, but we've all heard enough) and Michael Bolton, period. Mr. Emotion? The King of Pain? Can you imagine the way this guy asks—pleads—begs—cries—aches—moans for a cup of coffee in the morning? Just try to picture him asking for a second mortgage.

Not a pretty sight.

Among musicians, Real Men don't sample.

Real Men aren't into glam rock. And if you have to ask, don't worry: You're already a Real Man. On the other hand, Real Men do enjoy heavy metal. Real Men appreciate anything that can drown out a 747 at full power. But they still keep waiting for a band to be named either Republican Guard or Severe Tire Damage.

THE REAL MAN'S UNIFIED THEORY OF THE COSMOS

For aeons, Real Men have looked to the skies for answers.

How did it start?

How did we get here?

Why are we stuck in this traffic jam?

Quarks, black holes, supernovas, strings, the weak force, redshifts—we search the heavens for understanding.

Quantum mechanics, the space-time continuum, the big-bang theory, the uncertainty principle, the no-hair theorem, the thermodynamic arrow of time—we try to resolve our place in the universe.

Einstein, Newton, Darwin, Bohr, Hawking, Feynman, Rubbia, Van der Meer, Kirk—the greatest minds of their times have peered into the chaos looking for order.

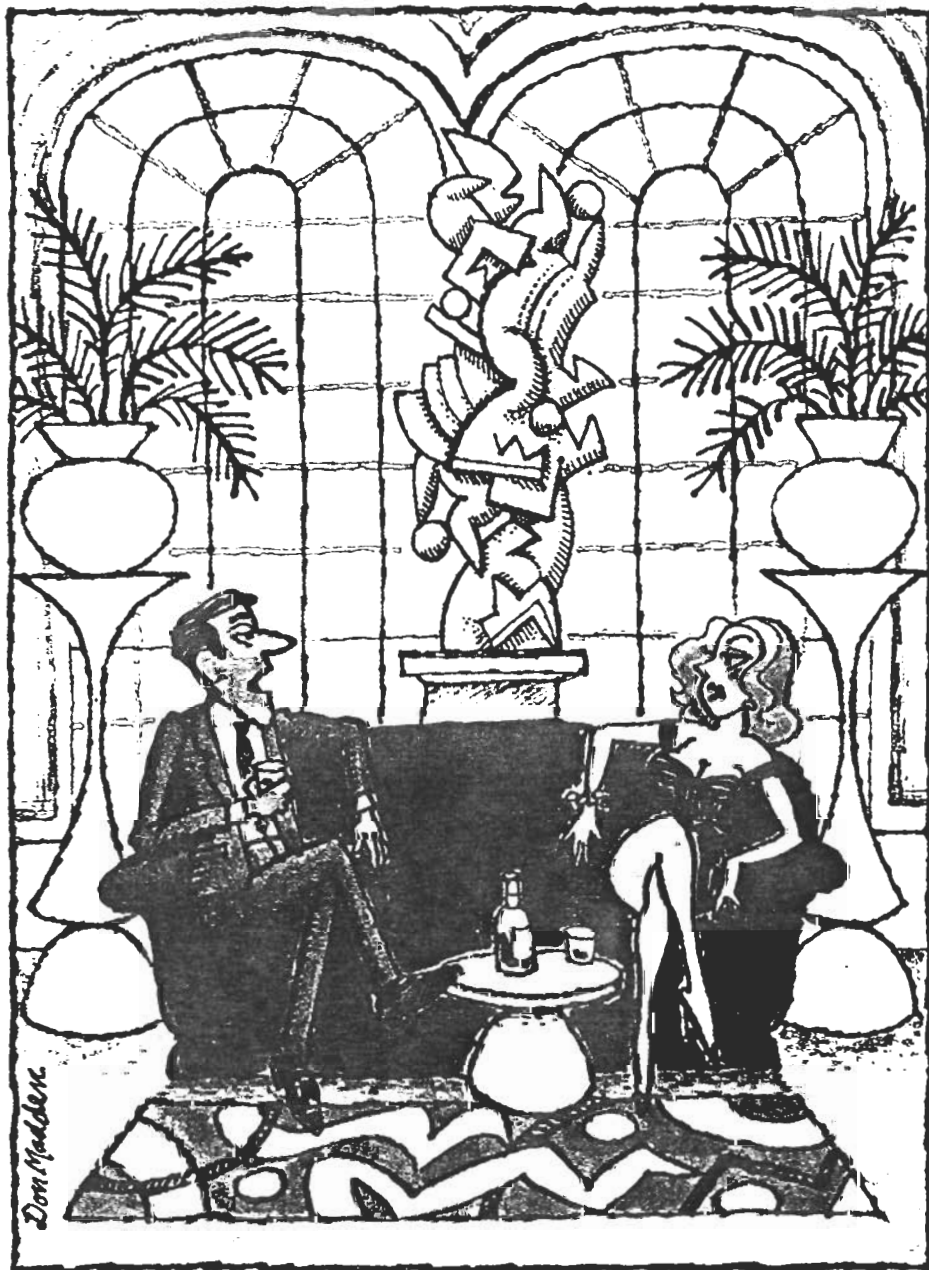
Yet Real Men have always known the answer.

For in their heart of hearts, they've always perceived there's one guiding principle that governs everything from the galaxies to the planets to the fate of John Sununu and of Drexel Burnham going bankrupt:

"What goes around comes around."

THE REAL MAN'S GUIDE TO SAFE SEX

1. Wear a condom.
2. Marry young.
3. Marry wealthy.



"So I take it our basic disagreement is this: I think of myself as a damned attractive, highly productive individual within whom resides the possibility of greatness—and you see me as a horse's ass."