PLAYBOY
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN
SEPTEMBER 1992 • $4.95

BUNNY WANNA-BE
SANDRA BERNHARD
STARKERS

“Now you tell me the clubs are closed!”

SPECIAL 30TH ANNIVERSARY
INTERVIEW: BETTY FRIEDAN

REAL MEN DON’T BOND
BY BRUCE FEISTRIN

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

DENNIS MILLER
MOUTHS OFF

GOTTI’S FALL:
THE END OF THE MOB?

PRO FOOTBALL
FORECAST
PLAYBOY
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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 Party Beauvillier, styled by Stephen Evrardino for Vuages Stylers, L.A. and photographed by Michel Comte. Bernhard's hair was styled by Central for Clouet, her makeup by Karen Kawaihi/Eniko Solano. "When 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

TWO 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
Joe Don Baker
Stephen Hawking
James Earl Jones
Nick Nolte
Harrison Ford
Brian Dennehy
Ruben Blades
Bob Woodward
Danny Glover
Armand Assante
Gene Hackman
Scott Glenn

REAL Men
Denzel Washington
Robert Mitchum
Den Ameche
Dennis Farina
Howard Rollins
Colin Powell
Richard Pryor
Tom Seaver
Bennie Raitt
Harry Morgan
Morgan Freeman
Nolan North
Claude Akins

GUYS WHO THINK THEY'RE REAL MEN
But Definitely Aren't
Norman Mailer
Andrew Dice Clay
Oliver Stone
Axel Rose

REAL Men
Oliver Stone
Raul Julia
Joe Mantegna
Barbara Bush
Hume Cronyn
Jack Palance
Mel Gibson
Vaclus Havel
Damon Wayans
Edward James Olmos
Ray Charles
Larry Kramer
Weasley Snipes
Kathleen Turner

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 see 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 chroni-
fatigue syndrome. They
don't believe in the heal-
ing power of crystals.

For Real Men, the
working definition of
dysfunctional is New
York City.
And co-dependent is

two guys carrying an E-heat.

Real Men don't brag about the num-
ber 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 phon-
ics. They don't watch infomercials and
they don't badger their friends, neigh-
bors 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 hast their houses insulated
to R-19 and their TV sets tuned to CNN.

Real Men don't own the Abdoninale-
ner, Thigh Master or $400 fruit
juicers. (Real Men: crush oranges with a
sledge-hammer.)

Real Men compost. They work on
the line. They don't have a full-color
palate. For Real Men, the primary col-
ors are Batman gray, camouflage
and anything that comes in a can marked
Rus-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
Steinbruner
Geraldo
Connie Chung
Maury Povich
and
Hands Across America
1984-1989
NFL, footheal 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, Law is Warrant, we have no intention of getting in touch with our own 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 pushing.

Real Men don’t问世 $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 pushing.

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 parvenu, judge and jury. They don’t ask questions about a candidate’s sex life. They don’t pay the alleged “other woman’s” 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 someone 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 Little League.

They don’t watch America’s 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 poring 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 quality time with their children.

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

Especially Milken. He admitted he was guilty. Real Men don’t plead 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.

50 SECONDS TO A MORE MATURE VOCABULARY.

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

“Your primal mother is talking to you.”

REAL WOMEN

Real Women are not congenially 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 boosted 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 tar out of your boss—but only if you’re willing to do the same as their insane 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.

“Your primal mother is talking to you.”

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: wires, kids, even lawn furniture.

"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 every-thing." 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 "get" anything, unless it walks on four legs.

Among Real Men—

"Boomers" are nuclear submarines.

"Oating" 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," "infatuation" or "shopaholic.

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

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

Real Men do not "dissemble," "sub-"fuscate" or "deconstruct." (And for those academics among us who earn their salaries "deconstructing" litera-ture—may I suggest "deconstruct" actually write and postulating what they meant to write—let's deconstruct the word deconstruct: "To rip down, de-stroy or demolish." Which may explain why Real Men read biology.)

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

Or "How special.

Or "What's the bottom line?"

Men say "It's hiph. It's hot.

It's trendy. "It's happening" or any combination of the above. (Real Men are on the next trip out when somebody says, "Let's cut to the bottom line here. Is it hiph, hot, trendy and haggperty?"

And perhaps the most important, Real Men do not later their conversations with the word "haggperty."

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 im-portant invention of the 20th Century?

Mass media?

End ramps? A pair of Men's Room dividers?

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

channel, watching 63 shows at once, never having to witness a single commer-cial or miss out on the all-impor-tant 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 shрапnelling as will. (And let's be truthful here: Real Men did not "share an achingly communal sense of loss." When shрапnel got axed.

First, because Real Men require capital letters. And second, because Real Men felt that what Michael—Mr. Angri—really needed was somebody to give him a good smack in the mouth and to say "Stop out of it, pal."

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

Or a moment of Vince McMahon and any of his World Wrestling Federa-tion'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-a-vis men and their relationship to corporate cul-ture in a society that has chosen to igno-rate its rich and nurturing heritage of mythopoetic traditions—go ahead, read it again—the real reason we love wrestling is the locker-room interviews.

For 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, t-shirts 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—t-shirts 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 Pat Patriot—and not only all at the same time but with the added benefit of doing unwanted in-laws, process servers, spouses and even hyperactive children right out of the room.

You can spend months without hear-ing a single celebrity say "Sure, I'm rich. I'm famous, I date beautiful wom-en. But nobody knows the real me."

Or being subjected to interweb 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 Orman on the News Mikele Webber (he's what ev-er Real Men aspire to be around the house)—even if we can't figure out what the hell a "dadio" is, cut over to Justin Wilson on Louisiana Cookin' (Real Man!)

In his own words, "I get run-over."

But do a risky triple axel around the dial to Will Kingdon's Jim Foster 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 fast and tapping him on the shoulder: "Hey, Bob, what're you doing there?

It's makin'.

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

A FEW NOTES ON MUSIC

As every Real Man knows, you can't sparkle, paint, sandblast, top out a skyscraper, pour cement, drive, oper-rate 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, Bobby Ewing, the Hardest-Working Man in Show Business, the Man in the Black Hat, Roy Orsalo and all of the Kings—Nat, Ben E. and Elvis.

Real Men, although no one's exactly sure why so many corporate and aristocrat-ic titites have been assumed by musi-cians, it may have something to do with the Real Man's basic rules of nomen-clature. Never play poker with a guy named Doc, never pick a fight with somebody named Tim and never, ever, ever lend front porch to a guy named Moose.

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

Real Men like to hear more new music but can't seem to find radio stations that play it. 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 Mediation Love. Real men fear riding down the highway one day and punching in KSAFE 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 memories—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 winces 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 UNITED 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 plaques 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.