

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

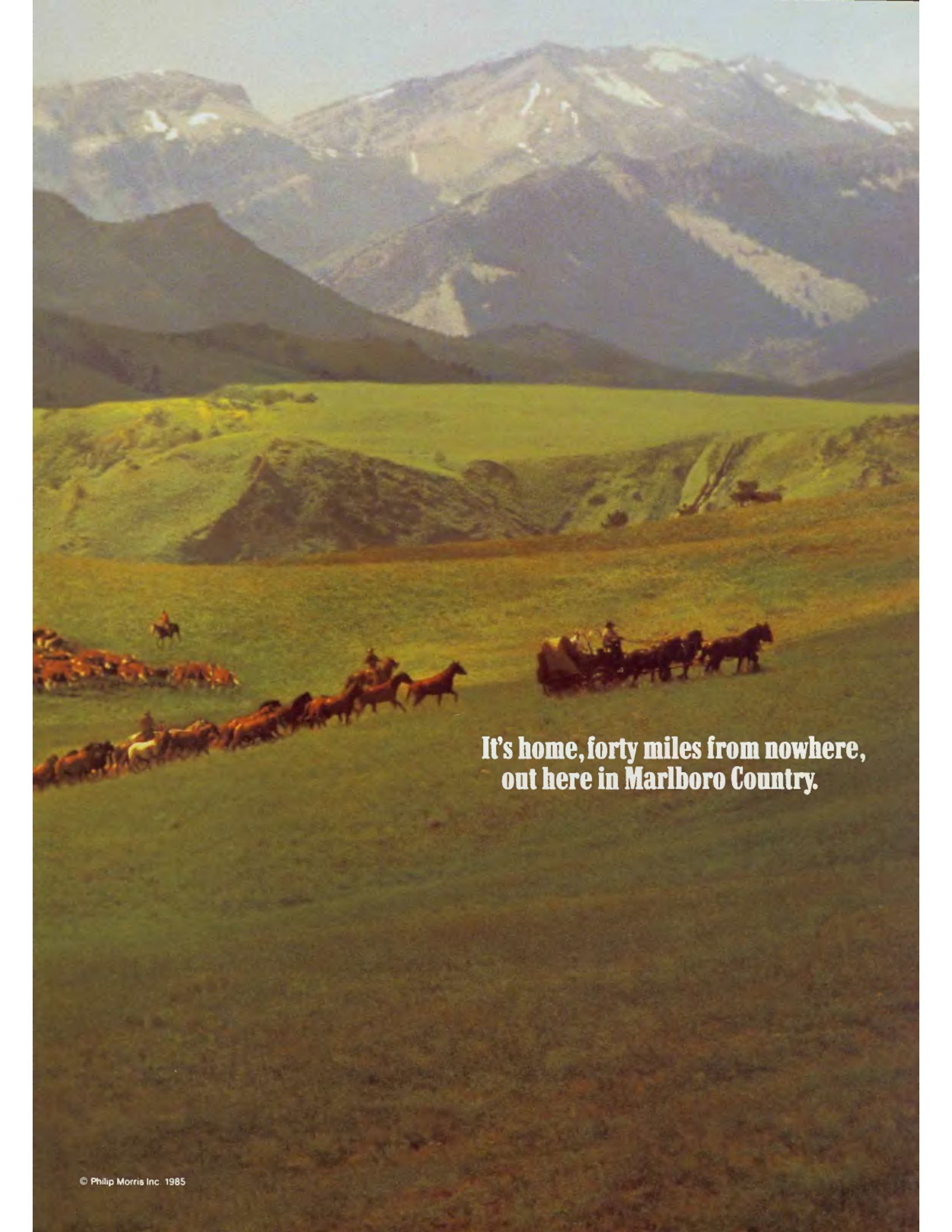
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**COLLECTOR'S
EDITION**

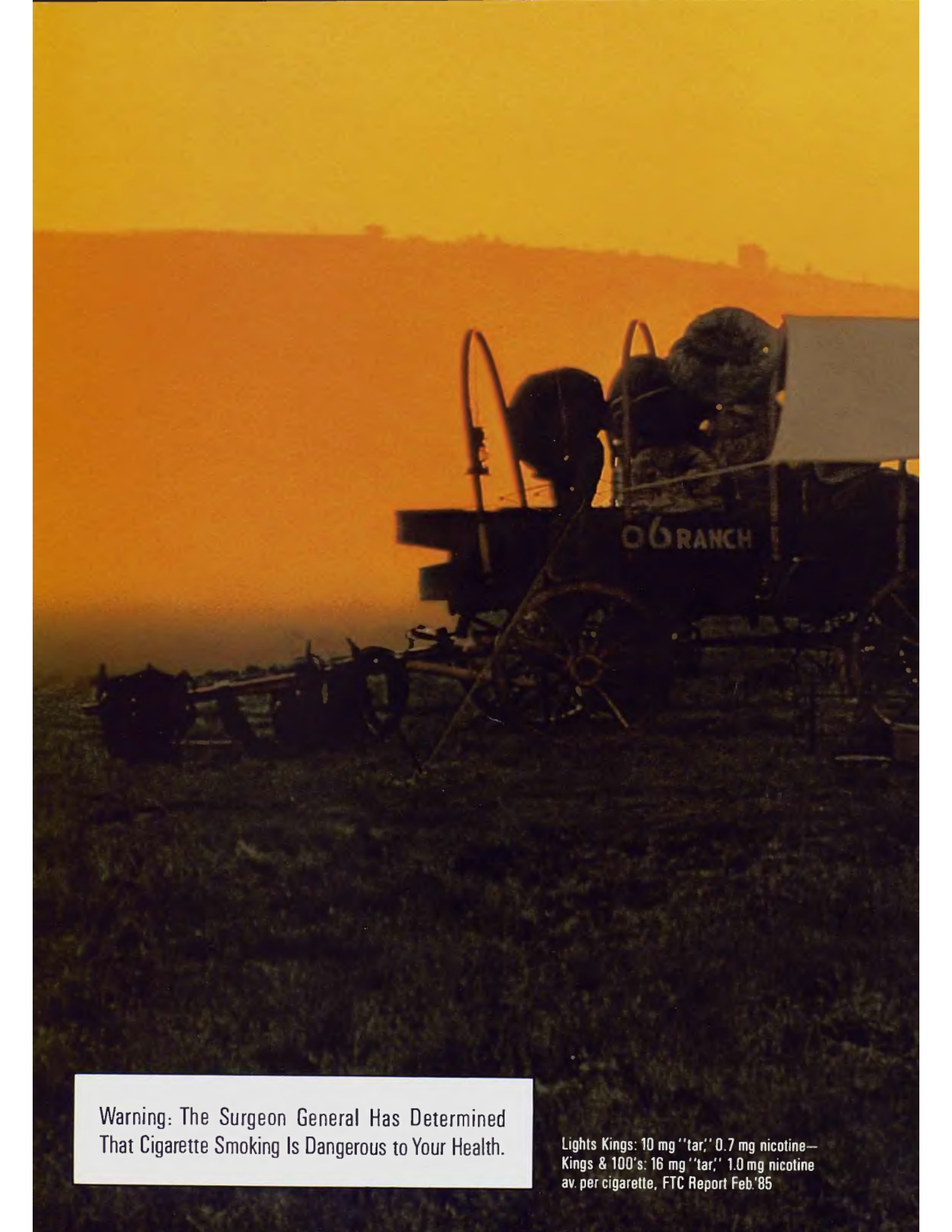
THERE'S A
BOLD NEW
LOOK UNDER
OUR COVERS

**SUPERMODEL
JERRY HALL**
PHOTOS BY
ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

JOHN DELOREAN FINALLY GETS CROSS-EXAMINED
PLUS TOM MCGUANE • DAN JENKINS • ROBERT STONE
BUCK HENRY • ROSANNA ARQUETTE • BOB GREENE

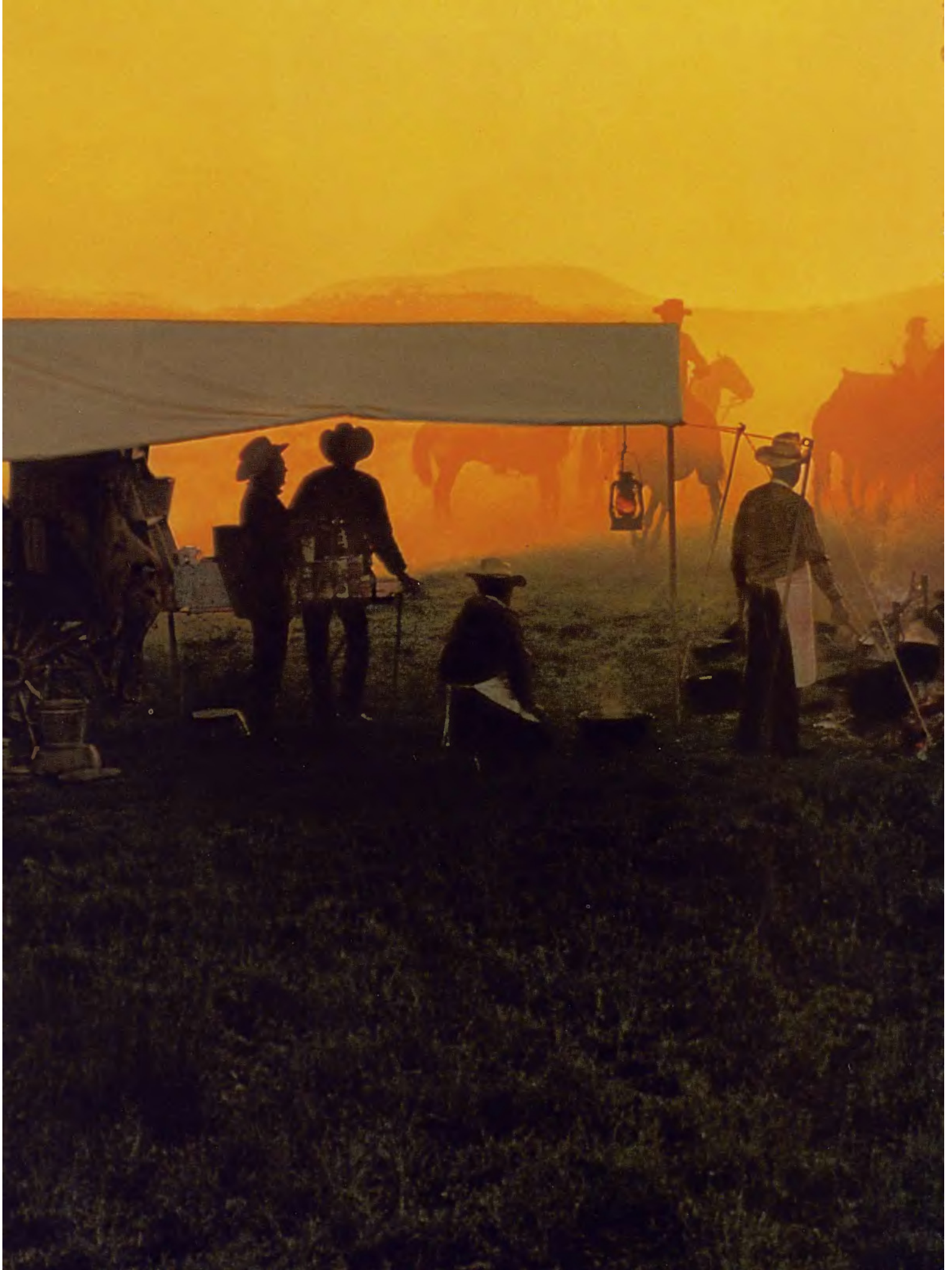


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Lights Kings: 10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine—
Kings & 100's: 16 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '85



The Chuckwagon.

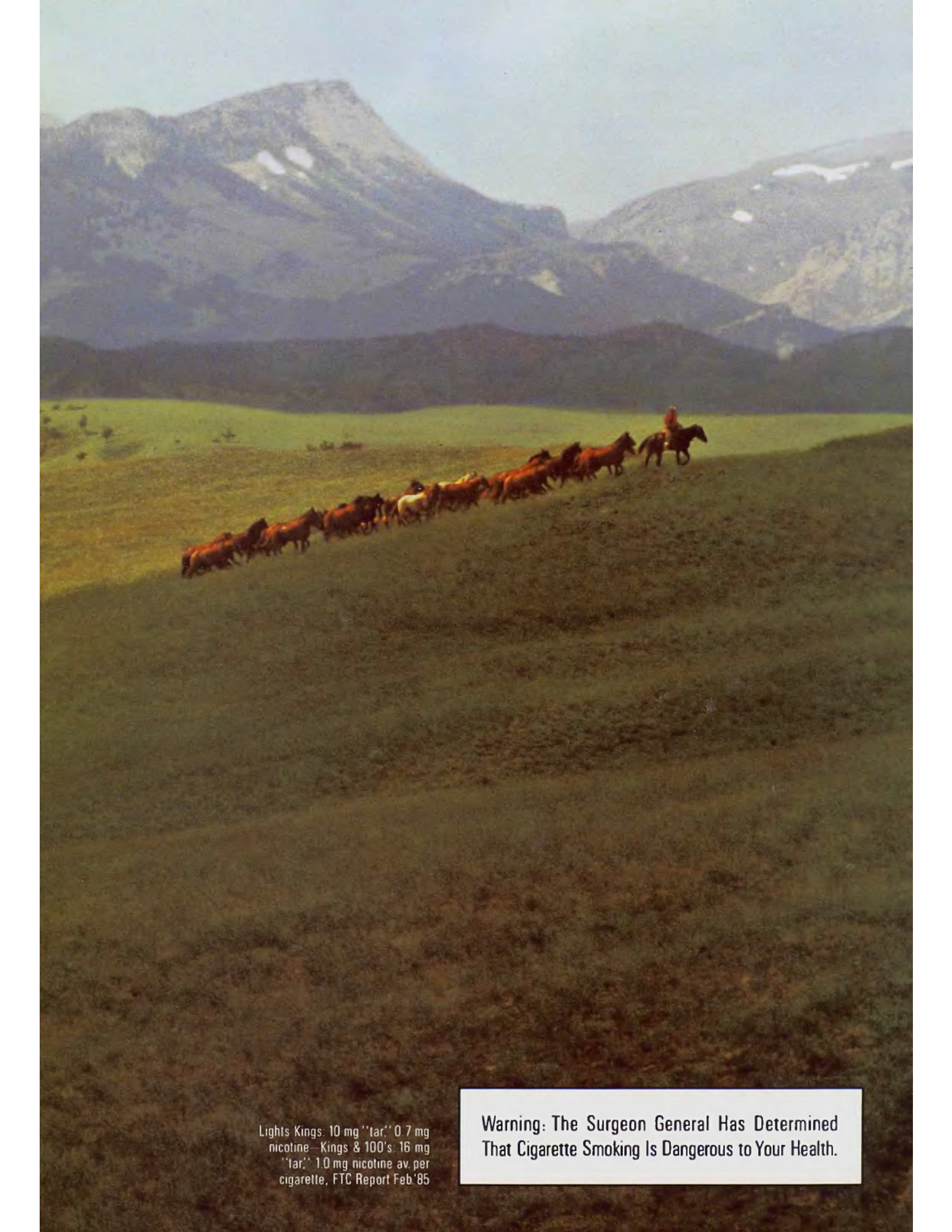
**A place a man can sit a spell,
fill his belly and have a smoke or two.**



Com

A photograph of a vast agricultural field, likely a tobacco plantation, under a dramatic, hazy sky. The sky is a deep, vibrant orange and yellow, suggesting a sunset or sunrise. The field below is a dense, dark green, with the individual plants appearing as a textured carpet. The overall mood is serene and atmospheric.

to where the flavor is.



Lights Kings: 10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg
nicotine—Kings & 100's: 16 mg
"tar," 1.0 mg nicotine av. per
cigarette, FTC Report Feb '85

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PLAYBILL

AS YOU PROBABLY KNOW, PLAYBOY is a tremendously well-put-together magazine. And for the past 381 issues, the thing that has held it together, through thick and thin, through **Marilyn Monroe** and through **Venice Kong**, has been the humble, underappreciated yet regrettably old-fashioned staple. What you have in your hands right now is the first, spanking-new, tough-spined, staple-free PLAYBOY. Fittingly, publishing types say that we are now *perfect-bound*, which means that we are held together neatly with glue and we look more like a book. Inside, you'll find that we've incorporated a fresh new graphics approach, too. And for the historical record, humorist and PLAYBOY *cognoscente* **Buck Henry** (pictured with October 1983 Playmate **Tracy Vaccaro**, a recovered staple victim and this year's July cover girl) explains how we came to take this important technological step in *Farewell to the Staple* (illustrated by **Patrick Bailey**).

We're putting the glue to the test this month with a diverse profusion of things in print. In *The Self-Crucifixion of Cathleen Crowell Webb* (illustrated by **Brad Holland**), award-winning journalist **Edwin Black** and his wife, **Elizabeth Black**, examine sex, sin and Christian fundamentalism vis-à-vis Webb. Elizabeth has recently completed researching the forthcoming Macmillan book *God and Sex*. In **Robert Stone's** *Children of Light* (part of his new novel, to be published by Alfred A. Knopf), two ex-lovers meet on a Mexican movie set. Unlike Cathy Webb's, their sexual encounter is witnessed—and therein lies the tale. And for your sexual edification, try *Yupward Mobility*, eight-pagers for Yuppies, in which **Gerald Sussman** (with illustrators **Dave Calver**, **Blair Drawson** and **Steven Guarnaccia**) has revived a classic form to document the sex drive of pressed-for-success dynamos. In *Consumer Therapy*, **Mark O'Donnell** provides tailor-made prescriptions for each of those niggling psychological traumas that keep modern man on the couch. His advice: Buy something!

We spend a lot of time at PLAYBOY looking at women. That is a richly rewarding activity, but we're quite expert at looking at men, too. **Anson Muntz's** annual college football report, *Playboy's Pigskin Preview*, is one way of looking at men. **Thomas McGuane's** *Sportsmen* (illustrated by **Kinuko Y. Craft**), a story noting certain discoveries made upon coming of age, is another. It will be included in McGuane's forthcoming Alfred A. Knopf collection of essays, *Seasons of the Hunter*.

Some guys are bigger than life. They're usually in the movies, and they're often bigger than their movies, too. But what have **Paul Newman** and **Lee Marvin** got that we haven't got? Turn to *Guys*, a startling collection of black-and-white portraits from **Terry O'Neill's** upcoming Viking-Penguin book *Legends*. And **Bob Greene's** accompanying homage to guys may give you a taste for his new Atheneum book, *Cheeseburgers: The Best of Bob Greene*.

Veteran *Playboy* interviewer **Robert Scheer** finds plenty to discuss in this month's *Interview* with **John DeLorean**, the former General Motors executive hot-shot, firebrand entrepreneur and FBI video star. Just when he found Jesus, he lost his wife, though a New Jersey judge is trying to give her back. Stay tuned. Meanwhile, Charley Weaver's granddaughter **Rosanna Arquette** proves a lively subject for *20 Questions* interviewer **Claudia Dreifus**.

Fashion Editor **Hollis Wayne** puts an end to the nasty myth of the ugly American in our *Playboy Guide: Fashion*. Obviously, Wayne is doing her part to keep America beautiful. Also looking beautiful is Jaggermate, fashion model and soon-to-be mother of two **Jerry Hall**, appearing here in *Hall of Mirrors*, a hot-and-sexy calendar shooting by famed photographer **Annie Leibovitz**. And if West Coast girls really make you feel all right, grab a look at *Girls of the Pac 10*, as seen by intrepid *Girls of . . .* photographer **David Chan**, make-up artist **Sherral Snow** and photo assistant **Norm Stevens**. Enough said?

Now, for our first-ever unstapled centerfold, turn to the memorable figure of **Cynthia Brimhall**, whose story confirms that history repeats itself: There were panty raids in MM's day, too.



HENRY, VACCARO



BAILEY



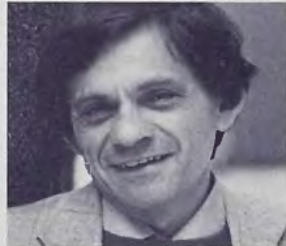
BLACK, BLACK



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PLAYBOY®

vol. 32, no. 10—october, 1985

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Mick's Miss

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COVER STORY You saw less lace and more of Sherry Arnett as one of our *Girls of the Big Ten* in September 1984, but this cover—designed by Art Director Tom Staebler and shot by Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda—will keep you snug until Sherry kicks off the sheets in a future issue. Kudos to Pat Tomlinson's make-up, John Victor's hair styling and D. Porthault of New York's linens.



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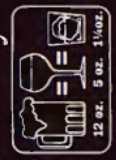
Calvin Klein Jeans

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REMEMBER—ALL ARE EQUAL IN ALCOHOL CONTENT

THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

in which we offer an insider's look at what's doing and who's doing it



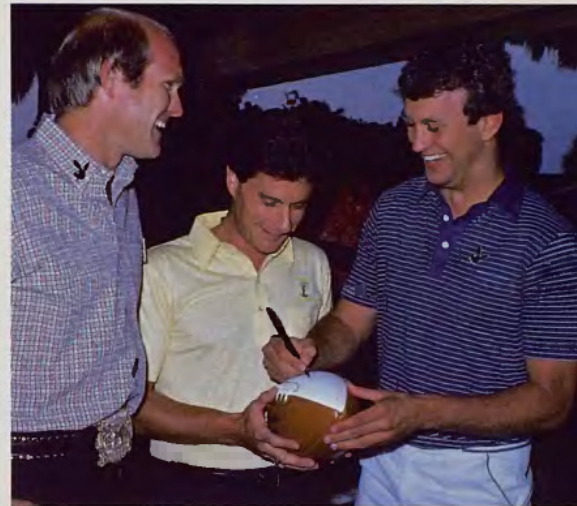
GOOD COMPANY FOR CLINT AND TWO JOANS

April's *Saturday Review* lists 21 overrated celebs and 21 folks the magazine considers underrated, including Clint Eastwood, Joan Rivers, Joan Collins and Hef. "Bunny bashing has been a sport for three decades," opines S.R. beneath Hef's picture, "but he may just be the last Romantic in America." Not the last—we're all romantics here. Too bad that noblest of philosophies had to be a little out of style before this happened. Could it be that the world's becoming a little more romantic?



PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PENMANSHIP

At our All-America weekend in Florida, quarterback Robbie Bosco flexes his golden arm (below) for Jay Litt, general manager of the Sheraton Bal Harbour Hotel, and Terry Bradshaw (left). See this month's *Pigskin Preview* for more info.



TEN-HUT!

In 1966, Playmate of the Year Jo Collins visited the 173rd Airborne Brigade in Vietnam. In 1985, Jo and General William Westmoreland (above) met at the 173rd's reunion. Guess who got more attention there?



GOOD COMPANY FOR VANNA AND CIS

Fight Night at Playboy Mansion West finds the pale rider above flanked by two tanned lovelies—Vanna White (left) of TV's *Wheel of Fortune* and Cis Rundle, Matt Houston's secretary on TV, one of Hef's in real life.

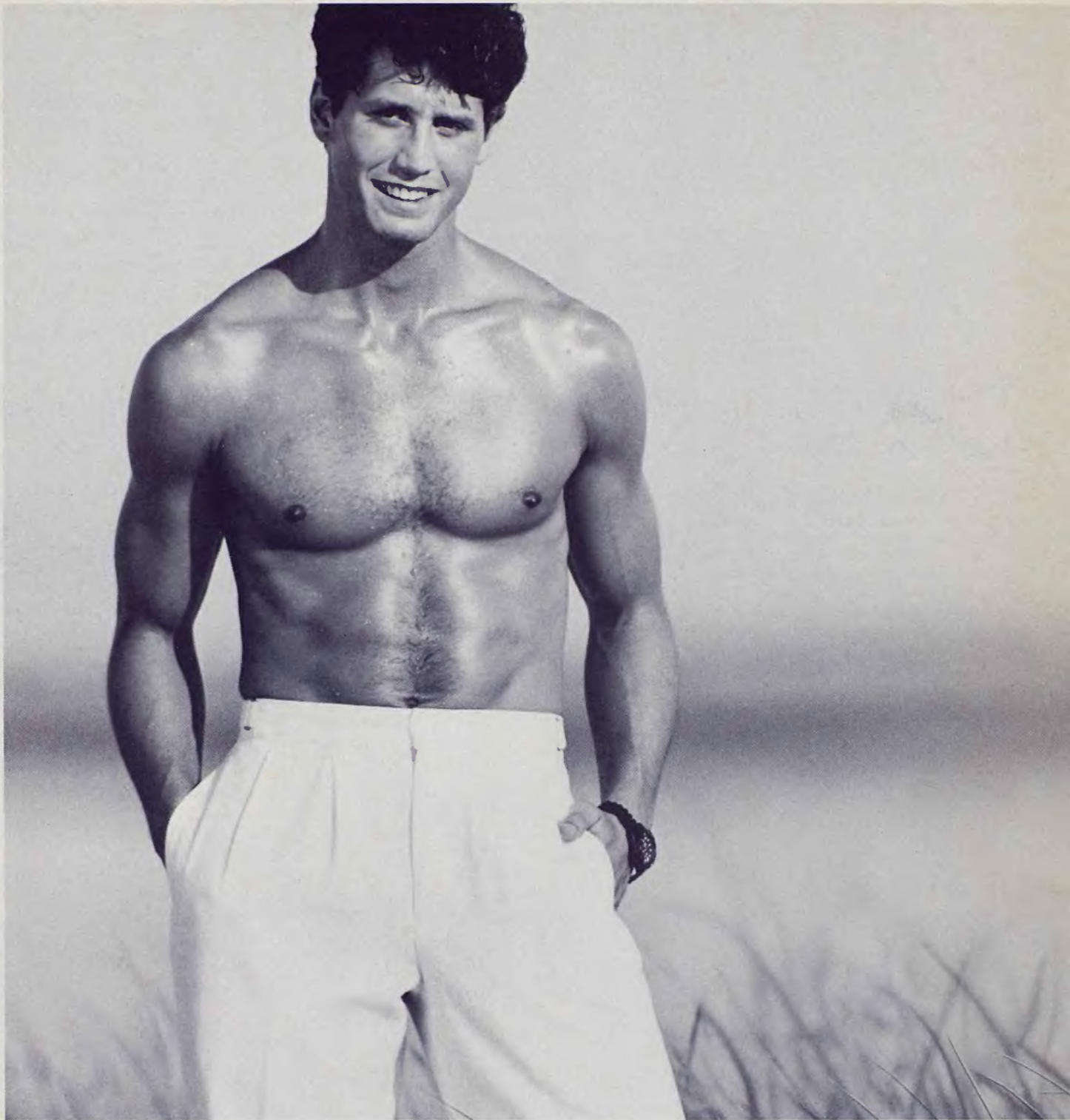
TWO FOR PLAYBOY

At right, our artwork for Lawrence Block's *By the Dawn's Early Light*, which won the Mystery Writers of America's Edgar. Below, PLAYBOY's brand-new National Magazine Award for Fiction.



THAR SHE GLOWS

It wasn't as fast as her new Toyota Playmate, but the outrigger woman by her fellow Playmates got Karen Velez (left, in blue satin) to the Playmate of the Year party on time. With Tahitian decor and entertainment by U.T.A. French Airlines, the bash was as bona fide as Karen's smile.



You spend hours taking care of your body. The time has now come to take care of your skin.

SKIN MAINTENANCE FOR MEN FROM PACO RABANNE.

Now you can take care of perhaps the most vital part of your body — your skin. Now there is a new line of technically advanced products, just for men, that clean, protect, and enhance your skin. From Paco Rabanne.



There has long been a misconception that men — unlike women — do not need to take care of their skin, that it is all somehow a frivolous waste of time.

"Rubbish!" says Dr. Fernando Aleu of Paco Rabanne. "A man's skin is just as vulnerable to sun and sweat and oil and dirt and premature wrinkling. And he abuses it even further by scraping a razor across it every day.

"Where is it written that a man's skin should make him look older than he really is?"

Here, then, are Paco Rabanne's three steps that help a man to look cleaner, healthier, younger looking. They should take you about five minutes a day.

1. CLEAN YOUR SKIN. "If you saw your skin under a microscope," says Dr. Aleu, "you'd have a fit. It's all coated with dead surface cells, oil, and tiny particles of pollutants.

No wonder your pores become plugged and form blackheads. Not a pretty sight!"

Paco Rabanne Facial Scrub cleanses the skin, removes the dead surface cells, and absorbs excess oil.

Paco Rabanne Facial Toner then refreshes and tones the skin after cleansing. You can actually feel the tightening, the clean sensation.

2. PROTECT YOUR SKIN. "We men can be stubborn fools," says Dr. Aleu. "We scrape our faces raw with sharp razor blades... and then we pour alcohol after-shaves on the wounds.

"The pain of it! The dry skin it causes! The premature wrinkling from all that dryness!"

Paco Rabanne Maintaining After Shave Soother is the new way to coddle your face after shaving. It soothes the skin. Helps restore the normal moisture balance. And forms a clean layer that protects your skin from pollutants.

Paco Rabanne Maintaining Moisture Conditioner. Here is an absolute must if you wish to stave off looking old before your time. It helps minimize existing wrinkles. Helps slow down premature aging of the skin. Protects the skin from pollutants and from exposure to sun and the weather.

3. ENHANCE YOUR SKIN. Like most medical men, Dr. Aleu worries about the damage that too much sun can do to the skin. "A little sun is good for you. But a lot of sun can be murderous to your skin and eventually cause solar fibroelastosis (i.e., turn you into an old leather bag)."

Paco Rabanne Auto Bronzing Emulsion. The look of an absolutely natural tan for those of us who must linger mostly

in the shade.

Paco Rabanne Maintaining Color Tone. For a healthy, natural outdoor color without exposure to the sun. Deep moisture penetration helps improve skin texture and elasticity.

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Radically new seramnio complex in Maintaining Moisture Conditioner penetrates outer skin layers, markedly improves the look and feel of your skin.

tors and enhancers contain a No. 5 sun screen to help prevent the ultra-violet A and B rays from damaging your skin's inner layers.

Developed in European laboratories, the Paco Rabanne skin maintenance products help stave off premature aging of the skin.



After reading this message from Paco Rabanne about its new skin maintenance products, you may have questions to ask.

For answers, please write: Fernando Aleu, M.D., Paco Rabanne Parfums, 660 Madison Avenue, Suite 2210, New York, N.Y. 10021.



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Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine—100's Reg: 10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine—
100's Men: 9 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb.'85.

temperatures (a form of self-flagellation, like wearing a jockstrap to bed). In the old days, with a few under-the-table exceptions, players were not paid—sometimes even the top seed had to pay an entry fee.

Jenkins asks in his wrap-up, "How well do you think you'd play without ball boys?" In the Twenties, Bill Tilden, or Tilly, as they called him at Forest Hills, loved to play *with* the ball boys.

One last comment: Jenkins' sarcasm in referring to "Yommick and Igor" indicates a deep-seated prejudice (he doesn't mention that crazy French name Lacoste). I wonder what Jenkins' Old World name was before his great-great-grandfather changed it?

Spencer Howell
Silver Spring, Maryland

Jenkins replies:
Lee . . . Robert E. Lee.

GRACE NOTE

I am compelled to salute Helmut Newton for a job well done. His pictorial *Amazing Grace* (PLAYBOY, July) almost transcends photography.

In a medium that can often nullify sensuous effect, Newton has transferred an explosive visual experience to paper with absolutely nothing lost. Grace's blatant power leaps from the page, leaving me dumb-struck with awe.

Bravo, Newton! I'm so glad I decided to renew my husband's subscription.

Melanie Durst
Newport Beach, California

BABER GETS HIS

If the newly acquired economic power of women has led them to portray men as weak and foolish, then Asa Baber (*Men*, PLAYBOY, July) himself personifies the *macho* and narrow vision of many men by quoting another male writer's statement that "men are currently the old women on TV—subservient, dull-witted." Couldn't these types be compared with subservient, dull-witted old *men*?

Harriet Phipps
Saratoga, California

Do you really think sex is more important than anything else? Take this statement from July's *Playboy Advisor*: "Wild, imaginative, sweaty, reciprocal sex is the heart of marriage." Come on. Such statements stick out like a sore thumb to me, but there are impressionable young people who read through and simply accept them.

I also have a hard time with Asa Baber. He has a thing against "wimps," and it is not without soul searching that I wish to announce publicly that I think *he* is a wimp. There are things that bother him about women, such as the ways they can be sexist, but he doesn't have the courage to tell them so to their faces. He would hide truths from women because he is

afraid that otherwise, he won't "get his." This attitude causes the worst problems I have with men. It makes it difficult for understandings to be reached and, in my opinion, demonstrates a lack of integrity.

I really want to like your magazine and have tried for the longest time to like Baber. He just makes it so difficult.

Linda Bairstow
Albuquerque, New Mexico

Baber replies:

Dear Harriet: There are no subservient, dull-witted old men . . . or young or middle-aged ones. We men are a continual joy.

Dear Linda: "Get his"? I'm afraid I don't understand the term. Would you please come to Chicago and show me what you mean?

RIVERHEAD'S HOPE

I've been reading PLAYBOY since I was able to see and am writing to express my deep appreciation for Miss July, Hope Marie Carlton—she really set the summer off with a bang! I lived in Riverhead, New York, for 22 years before moving to California six months ago. It's a super feeling to see a hometown beauty once again. I just regret that I never knew her personally—I'll have to ask my younger brother for a look at his high school yearbook.

Vincent J. Teuber
Sacramento, California

STOCKING STUFFERS

I can't thank you enough for *Sheer Madness* (PLAYBOY, July). Your pictorial is a welcome sight for a frustrated leg man who has grown weary of seeing women wearing sweat socks and running shoes. It's the best summer-starting present I could have received.

Mike Novick
Staten Island, New York

EXTRAORDINARY JO

Your July pictorial about 1965 Playmate of the Year Jo Collins' trip to Vietnam (*GI Jo*) brought back a lot of memories.

Jo still looks as beautiful as ever, if not more so. It would be great if she posed for another pictorial to show that the years have only added to her beauty.

Jim Thomson
Vero Beach, Florida

AUNT BEE'S BUST

I enjoyed Paul Slansky's *The VCR Ate My Brain* (PLAYBOY, July). One area of the VCR world he doesn't get into, however, is that of audio dubbing. This, I find, is a therapeutic hobby that allows one to manipulate the sound track of any program to suit his fancy, using an item of equipment available on the more expensive decks. To me, this gadget is well worth the cost. It provides a satirical outlet for those of us brought up on the inspired propaganda of TV shows of the Fifties and Sixties. With audio dubbing, Beaver Cleaver can become an atheist and Aunt Bee can be busted by Andy Griffith. Of course, it's

hard work and requires a lot of time, but it saves you from being a couch potato and puts you into the realm of screenwriter/manipulator. To me, that's certainly worth the effort.

M. Garmin
Metairie, Louisiana

MISS JULY 2005

I loudly cried "foul" when Tracy Vaccaro was not chosen Playmate of the Year in 1984. However, my faith in mankind has been restored with the great July PLAYBOY and your most inspiring cover shot ever.

Congratulations and thanks to Marilyn Grabowski, Stephen Wayda and the one and only Miss Vaccaro for giving patriotism a shot in the arm!

Donald McKay
Palm Springs, California

God bless America and Tracy Vaccaro! My patriotism overflows.

Luis Sanchez
Bronx, New York

After surviving the rigors of the first year of law school, I was eager to start rediscovering some of life's simple pleasures, such as reading PLAYBOY. So what happens? You send me the July issue and I can't even bring myself to turn the cover.

Michael Yablonski
Arlington, Virginia

If not the most historic (remember Marilyn Monroe?), Tracy's July cover has certainly scored as one of our most popular. It may not be topped until Tracy's daughter, Miss Caitlen Dryer (relaxing at the Playboy Man-



sion West, above), makes our cover. On the other hand, Caitlen could go into football or acting—her proud papa is Fred Dryer, formerly of the L.A. Rams and currently starring in the TV series "Hunter."



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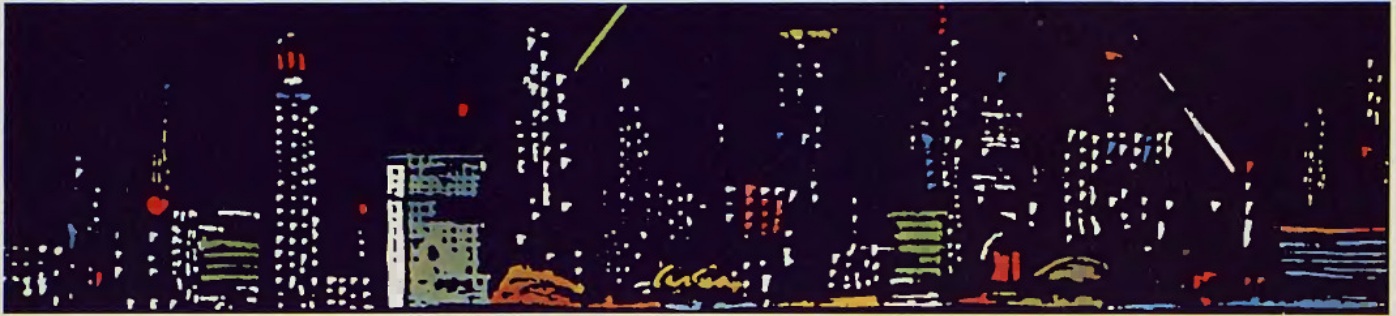
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



EAT AT WIMPIES'

"Men's potluck supper," read the events listing in a recent *Los Angeles Times*. "'Bullies and Sissies' will be the theme of a rap session sponsored by the L.A. Men's Collective. Everyone is asked to bring a casserole, salad or dessert. Open to men of all backgrounds, races and sexual orientation." Although the *Times* didn't say, we assume the beverage of choice was wine.

CHEAP SIN AT CHAIN STORE

"There's more for your life at Sears": The giant merchandising firm ran an ad in Portland, Oregon, that promised "three-position vice, was \$29.99, now \$15."

SIGN LANGUAGE

When Chuck Pinnow moved The Hot Dog, his Burbank, California, frankfurter stand, four blocks, he also enlarged the sign that carried its longtime motto: "Where eight inches is just average." The new, more prominent sign didn't set well with residents, who called city hall and also flooded Pinnow with complaints. He ended up defending himself at a city-council meeting and in the press, citing, as a defense, other fast-food outlets with even gamier slogans, if not food. Within a few miles, he found "Had a piece lately?" (pizza), "You can't beat our meat" (burgers) and "Eat a big weenie" (hot dogs, we hope). The city was duly impressed and Pinnow got to keep his sign.

Show us *your* Underalls. Our *chutzpah* award this month goes to the woman in Humble, Texas, who tried to make off with 25 pounds of meat (valued at \$113) stuffed into her underpants.

Shopping bags emblazoned with English words are the latest rage in Japan—not that most Japanese can read them, said an official of the Japan Paper Manufacturers' Association. "It's just that some Roman letters have a nice shape," he

explained. Our favorite slogans include OH, DARLING PIGEON. COO COO, YOU SING LOVELY. . . . FLY DOWN AND FEED ON BEANS; HELLO, MR. ANT. YOU PEOPLE ARE ALWAYS WORKING HARD. YES, WE ARE; MULTIPLICATION / NUMBER CROSS NUMBER / 29 x 61. NUMBER GIVES US MANY IMPRESSIONS.

Holy cow! A West Virginia Episcopal-parish bulletin announced that after the breaking of the bread during Mass, there would follow the *Angus Dei*.

A Charlotte, North Carolina, real-estate book describes a beauty of a house with very special features: "New construction stairs leading from kitchen to a spacious rec room. Wet bar in gorgeous paneled den. French doors lead to big dick for entertaining."

DANCING FUELS

In San Francisco, theatrical troupes have traditionally been on the cutting edge of innovation. Karl Danskin, leader of the Gulf of the Farallones, says of his group,

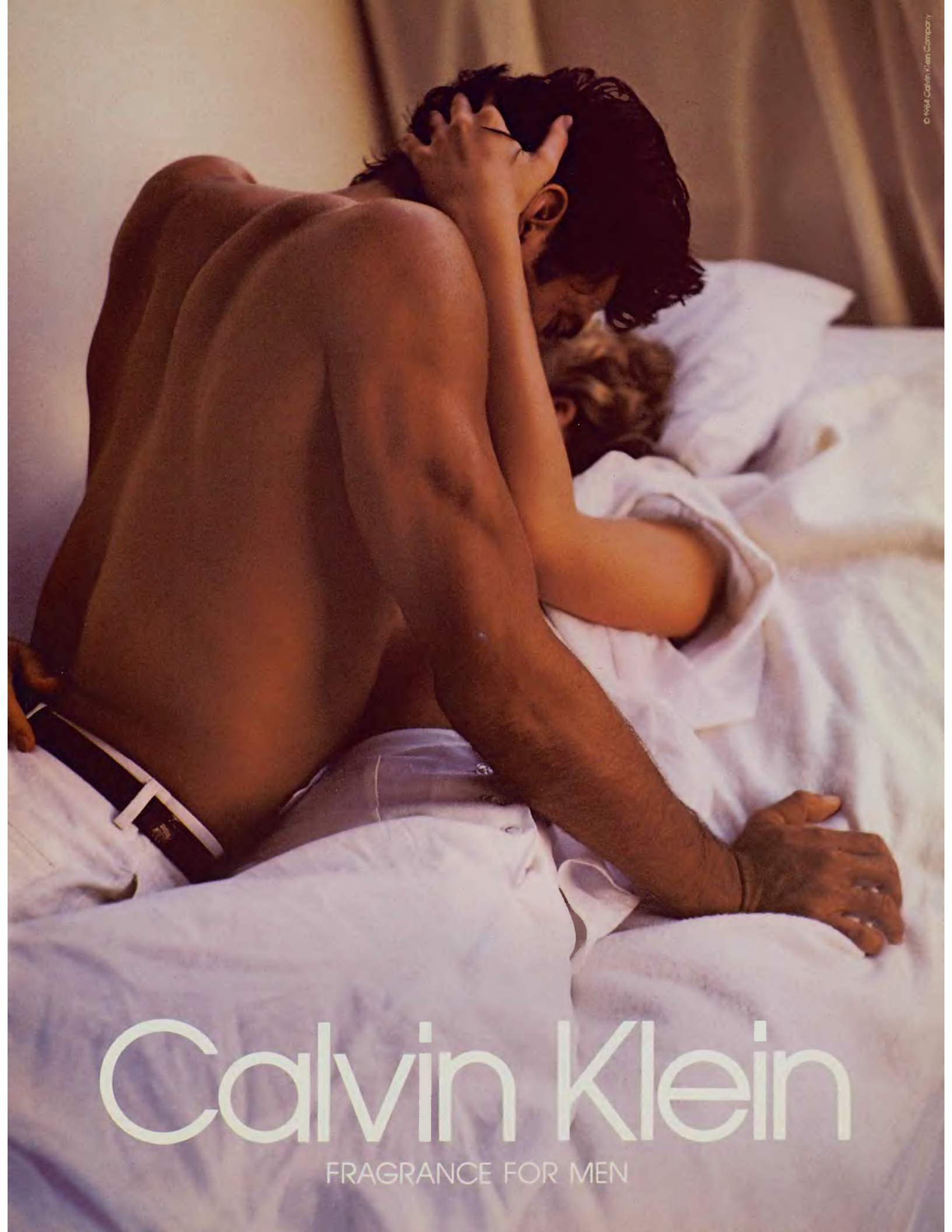
"We're trying to get a popular audience to enjoy something fairly radical, without compromising artistically." What his group does is drive cars around in choreographed patterns: A recent piece featured a 1959 Dodge pickup and four Japanese imports. The dances are enjoyed by fans who sit in their own cars or on folding chairs and listen to an hourlong radio drama broadcast by a local station. Actors lip-sync the dialog, part of which is accompanied by a movie projected onto a nearby building. The cars dance in rhythm. Danskin's dream? "Making a lasting contribution, something that goes beyond your lifetime—that's what it's all about. I get my self-esteem from knowing I'm the first one to really *do* drive-in theater."

A startled Shreveport, Louisiana, Methodist minister came upon a distressed—and naked—woman in the sanctuary of his church. The woman said, "I didn't mean to embarrass you. But I didn't want anything to come between me and the Lord."

Artist Robert Pollak had a vision. He wanted to drape 1000 pairs of underpants on the Serpentine pond in London's Hyde Park for a half-day exhibition. Park officials tried to halt the show, but arts minister Lord Gowrie intervened, allowing the briefing to take place. Pollak said the effect should be like that of the water-lily paintings of Claude Monet.

Report on the state of reason in the Middle East: Islamic laws permit a man four wives—provided that he can support them all and treat them equally. Despite the difficulties inherent in that second stipulation, a pamphlet titled *Polygamy in Islam* argues that polygamy "is a better solution than either divorce or the hypocritical pretense of morality." Polyandry—or plurality of husbands—on the other hand, is unacceptable for several





Calvin Klein

FRAGRANCE FOR MEN

reasons. Among them: "Psychologically speaking, the woman is monogamous by her very nature." The head of the family, the pamphlet reasons, is the husband, and there cannot be two heads; and—with a mental flourish—it asks, "If the woman is married to more than one husband, which would be the father of her children?"

MILLIONS OF TINY FEET

From Sichuan province, Southwest China, comes word of exciting developments in children's footwear. The Associated Press, quoting *China Daily*, reports that a Sichuan factory is converting ratskins into children's shoes. Rodent leather is "an ideal material for shoes because of its fine grain and flexible, glossy texture," report Chinese cobblers. No word on whether or not it wears just like chicken.

MÉNAGE À TRUCK

The following assertion about optional equipment appeared in an *Arkansas Democrat* story about truck leasing: "Like so many young couples, Turner and his wife, Christy, had bought the truck, complete with wench, when times were better."

Not now, dear, you have a headache. Statistic of the month: According to the *Catholic Twin Circle*, "Migraines strike twice as many women as do men."

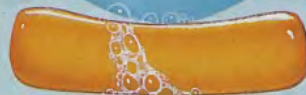
A couple in a West Salem, Oregon, restaurant topped off their dinner by sharing a gooey ice-cream dessert. The woman smeared gobs of ice cream up her arm to her shoulder and then ran out of fixings. The couple ordered another helping of ice cream—this time butter brickle, according to one source—which the woman placed in her cleavage. Her date dove in right after it. This so startled another female diner that she choked on her wine and sprayed it over her dinner companion. Did someone mention Uncle Tonoose?

A Hartford member of the Margaritaville restaurant chain got in trouble with the local Hispanic community for naming one of its dishes the Wetback—at least on its computerized sales slip. We understand, however, that the slip wasn't printed on a green card.

You don't have to be crazy to start a new business in Illinois, but to those following up on a promotional ad about the state in a recent issue of *Business Week*, it may have seemed so.

The piece, sponsored by the Illinois Department of Commerce and Community Affairs, praised Illinois as a place to start and expand companies. Unfortunately, the telephone number to which would-be entrepreneurs were directed for inquiries was that of the Illinois Department of Mental Health.

A LOOK IN THE KRYSTLE BALL



"*Dynasty's* following is unmatched in television's history. The "*Dynasty*" dynasty will probably last into the next century, because the show's producers have stuck to a winning formula—shameful behavior, shocking disclosures and infusions of new, big-name stars. But its ratings may pale in comparison with the numbers expected this season, when "*Dynasty*" pulls out all the stops as it plots for a 100 share with these upcoming episodes.

SEPTEMBER 25

Krystle discovers that the members of the New York break-dancing squad that Blake has been subsidizing are all his illegitimate children by Dominique. Shabba-Doo and Boogaloo Shrimp join the cast.

OCTOBER SECOND

Krystle suffers a nervous collapse when Blake's illegitimate children by Dominique relocate in Denver and begin performing in the street under the name The Carrington Breakers; newly returned to the earth's skies, Halley's comet joins the cast as a celestial body out of Blake's past.

OCTOBER NINTH

Blake flies to Southeast Asia to rescue an M.I.A. whose signature is needed on an oil-lease deal. Meanwhile, alone in Denver and without Blake's keen business sense to guide her, Krystle pays Alexis \$1,000,000 for a pair of "comet safety glasses."

OCTOBER 16

In retaliation for the comet scam, Blake goes high tech and buys an LXS-9000, a bitch computer with a software package that includes blackmail, treachery and deceit; Alexis finds the password to access programs in his desk drawer and posts some filth about Krystle on a national computer bulletin board.

OCTOBER 23

When Blake finds Krystle's shoulder pads under a cushion in Dex's apartment, he hires a hit man. Bernhard Goetz joins the cast.

OCTOBER 30

Blake's hit man (Bernhard Goetz) has more work sent his way when Blake's latest long-lost son (Pee-wee Herman) arrives at the mansion on the day that old friends, Queen Elizabeth II and the royal family, are expected. Queen Elizabeth and the royal family join the cast.

NOVEMBER SIXTH

Blake is moved to tears when he is given new oil leases for his birthday, but the celebration goes awry when son Steven announces his plans to openly discuss his gay lifestyle on *Donahue*. Phil Donahue and 300 shocked housewives join the cast.

NOVEMBER 13

Krystle's short-lived connubial bliss is once again shattered when a mysterious woman shows up at the mansion, claiming that she had an affair with Blake in a previous life. Shirley MacLaine joins the cast.

NOVEMBER 20

Blake rushes to the hospital when his son (Boogaloo Shrimp) sustains massive head injuries; Fallon tries to teach Princess Margaret how to dress; Alexis sleeps with the comet.

NOVEMBER 27

Blake is thrown by a horse and awakens insisting that he's a desperately sought street person named Susan; Alexis and Krystle mud-wrestle on *Donahue*; Blake meets his real father (Lee Iacocca). Twenty-five thousand unemployed auto workers join the cast.

DECEMBER FOURTH

It's back to work for Blake's hit man (Bernhard Goetz) when Blake catches *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous* interviewer Robin Leach hanging around the servants' entrance again; plagued by more visits from Blake's past-life mistress, Krystle calls Ghostbusters; wedding bells ring again in Denver when Dex's widow becomes Alexis Carrington Dexter Comet.

APRIL 23

In the season's shocking finale, Krystle comes upon Blake sitting in an armchair in his study, making an indecent long-distance phone call to a trio of women who know him as Charlie.

—SCOTT FIVELSON

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LING

MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

IMAGINE A hot New York night back in the Fifties when a tempestuous blonde sex symbol is shooting a street scene that calls for her dress to be blown around her body by the updraft from a sidewalk grating. Sound familiar? Wait, there's more. Before that steamy summer eve is over, The Actress winds up in a hotel room visiting The Professor, a world-renowned scientist. Joining them later are her husband, The Ballplayer, and The Senator, the latter a Commie-hunting zealot who's been urging the scientist to testify at a crucial hearing in Washington. Note that all the characters' names are generic. Any resemblance to Marilyn Monroe, Albert Einstein, Joe DiMaggio and Senator Joseph McCarthy is altogether intentional in *Insignificance* (Island Alive), adapted by author Terry Johnson from his own prize-winning London play. Director Nicolas Roeg has brought the movie version crackling to life like a Roman candle, and I'd say that Johnson's controversial drama could not have fallen into better hands. What Roeg has wrought is a surreal but sexually supercharged black comedy about nothing less than the decline of 20th Century civilization.

Loosely dividing the sum of human experience among four famous people might challenge the ingenuity of any director. Undaunted, Roeg flaunts the theatrical roots of *Insignificance*, shrugging off symbolism in a zany burlesque that is visual, visceral and cruelly funny. The actors make the difference. Theresa Russell transcends your standard MM imitation in a performance that really lifts off when she starts explaining the theory of relativity to Michael Emil's endearing Einsteinian prof. Seeing red as The Senator, a political cartoon incarnate, Tony Curtis is dynamic, while Gary Busey's decent but simple superjock tops anything he has done since *The Buddy Holly Story*. The fifth key character is The Elevator Attendant, played as a meaningful enigma by Will Sampson. Although sure to baffle some people and irritate others who aren't attuned to Roeg's bravura style, *Insignificance* swept me away. ★★★½

Francis Ford Coppola and George Lucas share credit as executive producers of writer-director Paul Schrader's *Mishima* (Warner), from a screenplay co-authored by Schrader's brother Leonard. The good news is that they have put together a cinematically breath-taking filmed bio to illustrate the life, times and ritual suicide of Yukio Mishima. Prior to his death by seppuku (disembowelment and decapitation) in 1970, Mishima was a novelist, bodybuilder, homosexual, would-be actor,



Russell Marilyn-esque in *Insignificance*.

Marilyn, Joltin' Joe and Senator Joe reincarnated in zany *Insignificance*.

political extremist and swaggering pseudo-samurai eccentric generally acknowledged to be one of the most important writers in modern Japan. Telling it like it wasn't but with unbuckled panache, the Schraders have softened fact by weaving it through Mishima's own fiction—in a four-part movie that uses stylized excerpts from three somewhat autobiographical novels to set the stage for the day when the author's art and life came together in his meticulously planned death. All of which is as austere and remote as a classical Japanese no drama. With its stunning production design by Eiko Ishioka, handsomely photographed by John Bailey, and composer-arranger Philip Glass's insidiously spellbinding musical score, *Mishima* occasionally resembles a great movie. Unfortunately, the resemblance is fleeting. Despite an earnest, able performance by Ken Ogata in the title role, we are seldom made to care a damn about Mishima as one of the icons of an alien contemporary culture. Extensive quotation of such lines as "Beauty is a rotten tooth" and "They don't even know that art is a shadow" strikes the ear as *haikufalutin* dialog that makes looking at *Mishima* easier than listening to it. ★★★½

Pure cinematic savvy and boyish exuberance are elements of the Spielberg touch, clearly visible throughout *Back to the Future* (Universal). This sure-fire comedy will undoubtedly last until Indian summer and beyond, giving new proof—

as if any were needed—that those three magical words, "Steven Spielberg presents," signify money in the bank. Robert Zemeckis, directing with the same lively style he brought to *Romancing the Stone*, works this time from an imaginative screenplay he co-authored with Bob Gale. By now, everyone's bound to have heard that the hero (Michael J. Fox of TV's *Family Ties*) is a schoolboy who stumbles into a time warp and gets involved with his own parents as teenagers back in 1955. Young and old, Mom and Dad are played with impish glee by Lea Thompson and Crispin Glover. I'd call Fox about perfect in his role, with Christopher Lloyd a close second as the mad, mad scientist whose automotive time machine is a drastically redesigned DeLorean. That's just one small surprise in a wise, witty and beguiling movie full of sly asides about other movies, manners, morals, pop music and the space-time continuum. *Future* gives science fiction a booster shot of cockeyed feel-good warmth. ★★★

Michael J. Fox also has the relatively thankless title role in *Teen Wolf* (Atlantic), as a mediocre high school basketball player whose game improves when he turns into a werewolf. Turns out that it's a family trait, nothing to get excited about, and even his classmates seem to take his fangs and hairiness in stride as long as he scores high against rival teams. Despite this weird but promising notion, *Teen Wolf* manages to dissipate every comic opportunity, get dewy-eyed when it ought to be droll and finally transform a horror-film spoof into a hirsute fiasco. ♪

Some of the sumptuous silliness of *Red Sonja* (MGM/UA) must be intentional, and let's give its makers the benefit of the doubt, since the screenplay carries a co-author's credit for George MacDonald Fraser of *Flashman* fame. Otherwise, all the real news about this filmed comic strip was probably conveyed in our September pictorial on Brigitte Nielsen, making a generally auspicious debut in the title role while clashing swords with Arnold Schwarzenegger, Sandahl Bergman and numerous others. Later, she'll have chances to act. Meanwhile, Nielsen is in fine form. But you *knew* that. ★★

Bringing *Silverado* (Columbia) to judgment in an era that has witnessed the sharp decline of Western movies raises a tricky question for critics: Is Lawrence Kasdan's celebrity-studded hoss opera an out-and-out spoof, or do people just laugh in the wrong places because it's a hopelessly misguided fiasco? I say the truth lies somewhere in the middle. Kasdan clearly set out to make an ultimate shoot-'em-up epic that would be

**Did anyone dare tell Antonio Stradivari
he could speed up production, if he stopped fiddling around?**



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serious and tongue in cheek at the same time. Yet *Silverado* demonstrates conclusively that you can't have it both ways, or at least not this time. The film is lively, stunningly photographed, extremely well acted by Kevin Kline, Scott Glenn, Danny Glover and scene-stealing Kevin Costner (see *American Flyers* review) as the four heroes on horseback. The ground crew includes Brian Dennehy (marvelous, as always), Jeff Goldblum (city slicker), Linda Hunt (cute), John Cleese (looking for Mel Brooks) and Rosanna Arquette (given a brief, foolish stint as a homesteader's widow).

Once again, we get cattlemen vs. farmers in a tale so cluttered with good and bad guys on both sides that Kasdan never quite manages to keep the status quo in focus. He's a skillful film maker who obviously relished the opportunity to dust off some boots and saddles and six-guns, creating lots of overtime for a horde of stunt men. But *Silverado* can't even touch the great Westerns and seems unlikely to put cowboys back in style. **YYY½**

Steve Tesich's screenplay for *American Flyers* (Warner) spins its wheels a bit in comparison with his 1978 Oscar winner, *Breaking Away*. That should not deter you, however, from seeing another very different sort of go-for-it movie told against the background of a grueling cross-country bike race. This one's the unabashedly sentimental but touching tale of two brothers who conquer sibling rivalry, family tragedy and other major obstacles when they put their souls and sinews together to win. Director John Badham, who evidently specializes in significant career moves for young actors (John Travolta in *Saturday Night Fever* and Matthew Broderick playing *WarGames*), does it again with David Grant and Kevin Costner. Both should boost their stock in an entirely believable relationship as brothers battling their own demons vis-à-vis a high-strung mom (Janice Rule), plus the affectionate young women cheering them on. As the latter, Rae Dawn Chong and Alexandra Paul are pretty special, as well as appealingly real. The racing sequences, filmed amid awesome Rocky Mountain landscapes, provide scenic and aerobic relief. Yes, there's a down side to *Flyers* (bring a handkerchief or two), yet even the heart tugs have an edge of human comedy that appears to be standard equipment in Tesich country. **YYY**

For the big fight scene that is one of countless violent highlights in *Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome* (Warner), Mel Gibson is given a bravura intro: "He's bad, he's beautiful, he's *crraazy!*" Gibson more than lives up to his billing in the third *Mad Max* epic, which has a shade less sustained momentum than *The Road Warrior* but still exudes cannon-ball energy from start to finish. Again, *Warrior* ace George Miller has controlled the blast, this time



Grant takes a Flyer.

Steve Tesich is back on the bicycle path with *American Flyers*.

as co-author, producer and codirector. And *Thunderdome* boasts a substantial new asset in the person of Tina Turner, stylishly playing a character named Auntie, who is in charge of a postatomic outpost called Bartertown. Everything's up for grabs in that Godforsaken oasis, a municipality generating all its power from pigshit (to be precise, from a methane gas derived from hog excrement). There's your clue that this tough-guy entertainment is *macho* to the max but hardly the ticket for folk of delicate sensibility. So stay home if you're squeamish. **YYY**

Victor Banerjee, the Indian actor who won the West in *A Passage to India*, once again suffers through political unrest and private passions under British rule in *The Home and the World* (European Classics). Based on the novel by Rabindranath Tagore, this engrossing, leisurely love story concerns an educated Hindu (Banerjee) who urges his beautiful wife to come out of purdah and sample the modern world circa 1906. In due time, she defies all tradition to have an affair with his close friend, a persuasive activist opposed to England's divide-and-conquer policies in Bengal. *The Home and the World* has the air of an instant classic or, perhaps, another small jewel in the crown of India's masterful writer-director-composer Satyajit Ray. The acting is flawless, the pace is slow, the mood serene, even when riots break out in a nearby village. Ray's films seldom make big money but usually make perfect sense, and moviemakers from Bel Air to Bangladesh must wonder how he does it. The magic ingredient seems to be good karma. **YYY**

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

- American Flyers** (See review) Brothers on bikes, with a Tesich touch. **YYY**
Back to the Future (See review) Teen tripping in a time machine. **YYYY**
The Coca-Cola Kid Flat, no-fizz comedy about soft-drink wars down under. **Y**
Cocoon Ron Howard's summery salute to old people, pod people and s-f. **YYY½**
Dance with a Stranger A woman's vengeance—watch Miranda Richardson. **YYY½**
Dangerous Moves Oscar's 1984 pick as best foreign film is all about championship chess and Soviet political pawns. **YYY½**
Day of the Dead More grisly Grand Guignol from George Romero. Take barf bags. **YYY½**
Dim Sum Wayne Wang's tranquil family comedy set in San Francisco's Chinatown is like sending out for soul food. **YYY**
The Emerald Forest Jungle drama about a long-lost boy. **YYY½**
George Stevens: A Filmmaker's Journey George Jr.'s nice tribute to Dad. **YYY**
The Home and the World (See review) A master at work in a minor key. **YYY**
Insignificance (See review) Bold black social comedy from Nicolas Roeg. **YYY½**
Kiss of the Spider Woman Two jailbirds fantasizing about old movies, with Sonia Braga as their sensuous dream girl. **YYY½**
Lifeforce Zombies from outer space. **Y**
Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome (See review) Mel, Tina and 1001 thrills. **YYY**
Mishima (See review) Japan's great novelist, stylishly but rather distantly deified by Paul Schrader. **YYY½**
Perfect Boy meets girl for aerobics, with John Travolta and Jamie Lee Curtis performing the pelvic thrusts. **YY**
Peril Très chic sex and violence, from Paris with love. **YY**
Prizzi's Honor Wicked fun. Anjelica Huston almost steals it from Nicholson and Turner, no mean feat. **YYY½**
Pumping Iron II: The Women Maids ably muscling in on a man's world. **YYY**
Red Sonja (See review) Look for Brigitte behind the breastplates. **YY**
Return to Oz Stand by, Judy, we're off to see *The Wizard*. **Y**
Silverado (See review) Kasdan's woolly, wild Western is too much, too late. **YYY½**
Teen Wolf (See review) Hair today, gone tomorrow. And good riddance. **Y**

YYYY Don't miss **YY** Worth a look
YYY Good show **Y** Forget it

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THE NATIONAL HISTORICAL SOCIETY is dedicated to bringing the excitement and power of American history—as well as its significance—to people in every part of the land.

It is in keeping with this purpose that the Society is about to issue its own Civil War Chess Set. A dramatic tribute to the heroes of both North and South—and a work all the more intriguing because the playing pieces include richly detailed three-dimensional *portrait sculptures* of the great Generals of Union and Confederacy, captured for the ages in solid pewter, solid brass and fine enamels.

This extraordinary new chess set will be crafted to the highest standards of quality and historical authenticity. The National Historical Society has appointed The Franklin Mint to create the sculptures, each of which will be a new and original design. Some figures will be shown standing, some seated, some kneeling, some mounted on horseback. And each figure will be painstakingly crafted of solid pewter, hand-finished, then set atop a solid brass pedestal base embellished with a circular band of richly colored enamel—*blue* for the soldiers of the North, *gray* for those of the South.

Every sculpture, moreover, will be so rich with authentic detail that only the artists and master craftsmen of The Franklin Mint, steeped as they are in the tradition of *precision coinage*, could have achieved it. Indeed, every nuance of facial expression, uniform and weaponry—right down to the buttons, braiding, sabers and carbines—will be depicted with meticulous accuracy.

Thus, The National Historical Society Civil War Chess Set is also a magnificent collection. A triumphant achievement of portrait sculpture—and the ultimate in micro-detailed miniaturization.

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General in Chief
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Major General
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This handsome pewter-finished chessboard and fitted presentation case will be provided as part of the set.

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The chessmen themselves are scaled so that each one will suit the function assigned to it in the game of chess. And the handsomely crafted, pewter-finished playing board has been sized with equal care. Specially fitted, to also serve as the cover for the case which will house all 32 playing pieces, the board completes a presentation so attractive that the chess set will be played and displayed with pride and satisfaction. A Certificate of Authenticity, and specially written reference materials, will also be provided.

Exhibited on a table or cabinet in your living room, family room, den or office, this is a possession certain to evoke both admiration and respect from all who see it. A unique tribute to unique Americans. A work of heirloom quality, that will bring you endless pleasure through the years. And a chess set eminently worthy of being passed on from generation to generation.

The subscription rolls are now open. The work may be obtained *only* by direct subscription, with a limit of one complete set per subscriber.

The chessmen will be issued to you at the attractive price of \$17.50 each, with the specially designed playing board and protective case provided at no additional charge. As a subscriber, you will receive two sculptured pieces every *other* month. You will, however, be billed for only *one* chessman at a time—a total of just \$17.50 per month. In addition, you will have the option to complete your set earlier, if you wish—but you will be under no obligation to do so.

Here, then, is a work that will bring lasting pleasure to chess enthusiasts, history buffs, collectors of military miniatures—to anyone who appreciates our nation's heritage. Indeed, it is an unmistakably American chess set, that will make a dramatic addition to any room. And an exciting showpiece that will be displayed, enjoyed and treasured by each succeeding generation.

To acquire The National Historical Society Civil War Chess Set, no advance payment is required. But please note that the accompanying Subscription Application is dated and should be returned postmarked by October 31, 1985.

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REVIEWS

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

THE IRON LAW of sound tracks is "Buy the single." Fabricated from odd songs out and specially commissioned mood setters and mood suiters, with the occasional dance or background number thrown in, sound tracks inevitably lack the consistency that makes LPs playable and the inspiration that makes them worthy of attention. They're designed for consumers, not listeners; the marketing rogues love them for their cross-promotional clout: Radio lures nonfans into the theaters and box-office smashes do the same for record stores. Resist this con.

So you think Patti LaBelle outdoes herself on *New Attitude*? Me, too, and you know what? There's a remix of the Harold Faltermeyer sleeper *Axel F* on the B side of the 12-inch EP, so buy that. Add the four-version 12-inch of Shalamar's jumpy *Don't Get Stopped in Beverly Hills*, report Glenn Frey to the proper authorities and scratch *Beverly Hills Cop* (MCA).

Vision Quest (Geffen): Even if you get off on Madonna's *Gambler*, you poor horny thing, I'll bet you a popcorn with extra butter/oil that you can do without Dio's *Hungry for Heaven* and Red Rider's *Lunatic Fringe*. Nona Hendryx' *I Sweat* is now tops on two albums (her own *The Art of Defense* (RCA) and the *Perfect* sound track (Arista).

The Breakfast Club (A&M)? Come on—it's got four instrumentals, and even Simple Minds disavowed that Simple Minds thing, which they didn't write. Ugh.

So how do I explain *The Goonies* (Epic)? Luck, partly, and partly the smartest dumb broad in rock 'n' roll, Cyndi Lauper, who served as music consultant on the Steven Spielberg kiddie pic so as not to disappear while her follow-up album percolated. With help from her old buddy Lennie Petze, Cyndi has put together your basic artistic whole. Only two tracks go against the poppish new-funk groove, and almost all the singing soars, with major contributions from falsetto kings Luther Vandross and Philip Bailey. And I'm pleased to report that Cyndi's theme song, *The Goonies "R" Good Enough*, doesn't actually utilize the stupid word goonies.

For that matter, most of these terrific songs appear in the film only for barely audible snatches—a not-uncommon paradox of the current sound-track boom.

DAVE MARSH

Sting/The Dream of the Blue Turtles (A&M): It isn't the concept that's pretentious about this debut solo album from the voice of the Police. In fact, Sting and his hand-picked ensemble of jazz-bred players



Byrne, baby.

A Turtle with a Sting, California boys and movie listening.

(led by saxophonist Branford Marsalis) work quite well together, especially when Sting accentuates his melodic gift, as on *If You Love Somebody Set Them Free*, *Love Is the Seventh Wave* and *We Work the Black Seam*. On those tracks and a couple of others, Sting's group plays just like the Police, a high standard to meet. The problem comes when Sting tries to swing. At best, as on *Moon over Bourbon Street*, the result is mock Tormé; at worst, as on *Shadows in the Rain*, it's lumbering and flatulent. But never as ponderous and insufferable as the lyrics, which find this pampered pop star lecturing the world on its materialism, coal miners on their obligation to give up their jobs in the interest of cost effectiveness and the Russians on why they'd better love their kids. Now, *that's* pretentious.

Z. Z. Hill/In Memoriam 1935-1984 (Malaco): In outline, Hill's story is the stereotype of a journeyman R&B singer's: years of kicking around from label to label, an unexpected collaboration with writers and producers who help him define a style, regional hits that take him teetering to the brink of national recognition and, then, unexpected and premature death. The significant difference is that Hill's story takes place in the Seventies and Eighties, when regional music has been all but wiped out and, therefore, may be the last of its kind. This selection, from the label for which he made his final hits, omits his biggest and best, *Cheatin' in the Next Room*, but it's an otherwise flawless sampler of Hill's gritty but smooth style, derived in equal parts from B. B. King and Bobby Bland. The

material ranges from *Wang Dang Doodle* to originals by such first-rate writers as George Jackson and Jerry "Swamp Dogg" Williams, a big part of the reason Hill's last days were tinged with success.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

The Beach Boys (CBS): More than most bands, the Beach Boys have wrestled with the axiom "If we do the same old stuff, it's the same old stuff, but if we try something new, it's not as good as the same old stuff." The same old stuff here—the gorgeous harmonies—ought to satisfy any committed fan. For anyone else, the melodies lack the hooks to transcend the lyrics, which, in the Beach Boys tradition, are inane. Singing totally rad in middle age doesn't cut it. Smartest move on the record was covering songs by Stevie Wonder (*I Do Love You*) and Boy George (*Passing Friend*), whose anemic lyrics make the Beach Boys look better by comparison but still a far cry from Shakespeare.

Talking Heads/Little Creatures (Sire): Not making sense can be a tremendously liberating activity, as David Byrne seems to have been saying for most of his career. Not making sense *well* is also a rare skill, and here Byrne sometimes messes it up with overtones of "I am alienated by modern life." And that makes me feel alienated by the middle-class liberal-arts-major world view. (OK, I am a middle-class liberal-arts major, but I'm into denying my roots.) Byrne is far more appealing on other concerns—particularly sex and babies (*Stay Up Late* and *Creatures of Love*), two activities rarely linked in popular music. The other Talking Heads have abandoned their explorations of funk and have returned to a traditional, stripped-down American sound (nice washboard and accordion on *Road to Nowhere*), which works so well that I can sing along with the choruses that annoy me, unlike those of the latter-day Beach Boys.

Aretha Franklin/Who's Zoomin' Who? (Arista): Franklin always sounded best to me when she was demanding respect or freedom or her man or whatever it was she wanted at the time. The stunning power in her vocal cords made me feel like going out and demanding stuff, too. The music had a good beat, you could dance to it and it was cheaper than assertiveness training. Thus, it should be good news for the feminist movement that Franklin has recorded (with Eurythmics' Annie Lennox) *Sisters Are Doin' It for Themselves*, an anthem so inspirational that if they'd released it last year, Geraldine Ferraro would be Vice-President today. The rest of the album ranges from soft and tragic (*Sweet Bitter Love*) to hard and funky (*Push*), with some very pretty synthesizer-as-orchestra production by Narada Michael Walden. It

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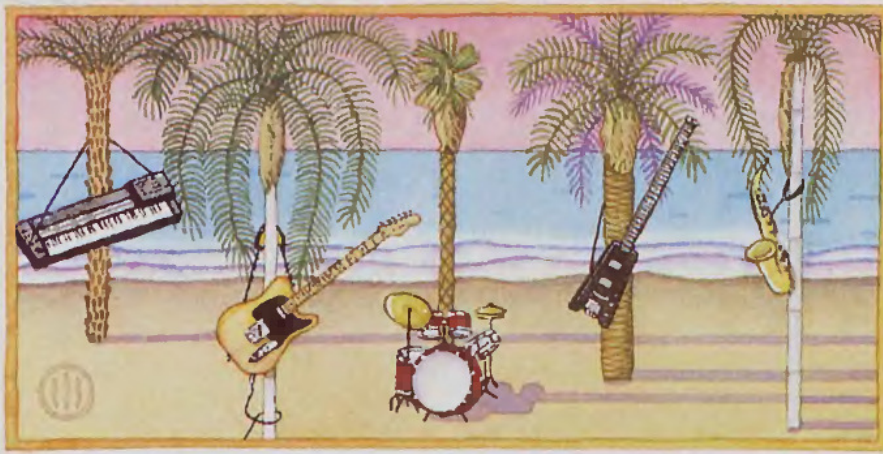
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FAST TRACKS



LET'S MAKE A DEAL DEPARTMENT: American ingenuity, say hello to the Boston-based rock group Ball and Pivot. Suppose you were hot in Boston, playing to packed houses, hearing your dance single on the radio but unknown anywhere else: What would you do? If you were Ball and Pivot, you'd cut a deal with the Aruba tourist board. The band, hearing that the island wanted to boost tourism, agreed to make a video there in exchange for free hotels, government assistance and a cut rate from the airlines. Pass the rum-and-Cokes.

REELING AND ROCKING: Motown Records has purchased the film rights to the *Marvin Gaye* bio by David Ritz, and there is already talk of *Jermaine Jackson's* portraying Gaye. Says author Ritz with Motown, "They put up with Marvin for years and years. They understood . . . the depth of his talent." . . . Look for former *Go-Go* Jane Wiedlin's acting debut in *Clue*, the movie based on the game.

NEWSBREAKS: *Simple Minds* hits the road for a 25-city tour beginning this month. . . . *Phil Collins*—who, incidentally, will appear on *Miami Vice* in November, playing the part of a comedy-game-show host—swears there will be a *Genesis* tour in the spring of 1986. . . . *Elton John's* new album, due out any hour now, features a number of guest musicians, including *Nik Kershaw*, *George Michael*, *Sister Sledge* and *Mel Gaines* of *Simple Minds*. . . . *Sade* is working on album two and planning American concert dates for this fall. . . . The *Stones'* new album has been delayed until fall, along with their plans to tour. . . . *Tom Dolby* says that the album he produced for *Joni Mitchell* started out as an experiment. Apparently it was successful, because it's going to be released. . . . *Eddie Money* is collaborating with *Yoko Ono* on some songs for her new album. . . . *Carole Bayer Sager* has taken her writing skills to the printed page. Her book *Extravagant Gestures* has just been published by Arbor House. . . . *George Thorogood* likes to keep his life simple in spite of a gold record and increasing attention. Says George, "I like hotel rooms. You get an apartment and then you start getting dishes and silverware, and the next thing you know, some girl is coming around wanting to make dinner for you." . . . Upcoming projects for *Wun-*

derkind Nile Rodgers: producing *The Thompson Twins*, *Sheena Easton* and *Philip Bailey*. He's been so busy, it took him a year to get his own album out. . . . Despite official disquiet over the recent *Wham!* tour of China, the government has agreed in principle to a *Men at Work* tour. . . . *Carlene Carter* has been working with former *Go-Go's* *Kathy Valentine* and *Gina Schock* on some songs. Can a band be far behind? . . . *Tom Fogerty* has started to work on a book about *Creedence Clearwater Revival* to "clear up the myths about Creedence . . . and to have a lot of fun entertaining people" with trivia. . . . There's a guy in New York renting out *Madonna* look-alikes. For \$125 and up, one will come over in a bridal gown and sing *Like a Virgin*. Ah! Free enterprise. . . . An English record producer is currently in Australia, putting the finishing touches on a concept album, *The Hunting of the Snark*, based on a poem by *Lewis Carroll*. Producer *Mike Batt* has signed *Sir John Gielgud* to narrate, and the vocal cameos feature the likes of *Julian Lennon*, *Roger Daltrey*, *Deniece Williams* and *Art Garfunkel*. Also included are contributions from *George Harrison* and *Stephane Grappelli*, among others. . . . We have two lines of a song from the new *Billy Idol* album: "Elvis Presley was always dying / Johnnie Ray was always crying." You will have to wait for the rest. . . . Finally, we leave you with this: Twenty-two stock-car drivers have recorded songs for a double album called *Stock Car Racing's Entertainers of the Year*. Among the titles are *Buddy Baker's I'm Putting You in My Rear View* and *Bobby Allison's That Race Car Makes a Demon Out of Me*. You can get this gem at any major stock-car race.

—BARBARA NELLIS

can get a shade sentimental for my taste, but if Franklin keeps up these duets, maybe next time she'll try *Motorhead* and my thirst for raw assertiveness will be quenched.

NELSON GEORGE

Sly Fox / *Let's Go All the Way* (Capitol): Sly Fox is a risky business venture. It's composed of one white singer, Mike "Macho" Camacho (recently of those blue-tinted 501-jean commercials), and one black, Gary "Mudbone" Cooper (formerly of *P-Funk*), which is fine for racially liberated Englishmen like *General Public* but still scares the hell out of too many record-buying Americans. Even worse, these guys, along with producer *Ted Currier*, have opted for a diverse fusion of electrofunk, rock, Latin and good old pop that challenges America's bent for generic musical categories.

All the tunes here are arranged spectacularly for Camacho's and Cooper's wonderfully complementary voices.

Nile Rodgers / *B-Movie Matinee* (Warner): Rodgers is in the middle of one of pop's most intriguing odysseys. He has traveled from cofounding and playing guitar for disco's greatest band, *Chic*, to producing a commercial and critical disaster for *Debbie Harry* while *Chic's* sales plummeted, to being the hottest producer on the planet this side of *Quincy Jones*. In the past two years, he has delivered the goods for *David Bowie*, *Madonna*, *Mick Jagger* and *Duran Duran*.

While not nearly as commercial as those projects, *B-Movie* provides several pleasing moments. *Plan-9*, in which Rodgers attempts to convince skeptics that aliens have landed, is a funny fusion of rock-a-billy licks and drum machines. *The Face in the Window* examines rock-star paranoia. My favorite is *State Your Mind*, a song with a percussive Chiclike melody and arrangement, highlighted by Rodgers' infectious rhythm-gut guitar.

SHORT CUTS

VIC GARBARINI

Bryan Ferry / *Boys and Girls* (Warner/Editions E. G.): Mesmerized by *Avalon's* spacy, oceanic textures and delicate funk? Then you'll probably appreciate *Roxy* leader *Ferry's* even more languorous slow burn of a solo album.

The Style Council / *Internationalist* (Geffen): With the *Jam*, *Paul Weller* talked conservative but played with passion. Now he expounds on soul 'n' socialism while crooning cocktail jazz. Irony may be the intent—but he sounds defeated.

Simon Townshend / *Moving Target* (Polydor): No hits. You can excuse little brother *Simon* for coming off like a pale imitation of you-know-Who on some of these tracks—but not for sounding like *Night Ranger* on the rest.



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BOOKS

PREVIEWS: Upcoming fall fiction includes some not-to-be-missed novels and short stories. We're recommending E. L. Doctorow's new novel, *World's Fair* (Random House), a re-creation of New York in the Thirties as seen through the eyes of a child; *The Stories of Heinrich Böll* and the last of Len Deighton's great spy trilogy, *London Match*, both from Knopf; *Miss Marple: The Collected Short Stories* (Dodd, Mead), all 20 Agatha Christie gems in one place for the first time; the new Robert Coover novel, *Gerald's Party* (Linden), which is part mystery, part British parlor drama, with a gallery of rogues thrown in; and, finally, *Paradise* (Putnam's), by Donald Barthelme, the story of a man on whom circumstances have bestowed a sudden gift: a year of his own to do with as he wishes—something we've all dreamed of. In nonfiction, there is great variety to look forward to, including *Greed and Glory on Wall Street: The Fall of the House of Lehman* (Random House), by Ken Auletta; George Plimpton's hockey book, *The Open Net* (Norton); James Baldwin's *The Price of the Ticket: Collected Nonfiction, 1948-1985* (St. Martin's); Gloria Emerson's profiles of *Some American Men* (Simon & Schuster); and Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan's tome on *Family and Nation* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich), full of disturbing facts and a few suggestions for national policy makers. Lastly, Random House will give us the chance to find out whether or not David Eisenhower can write, as his *Eisenhower at War: 1943-1945* finally makes it into print. Pull up a chair by the fire and dig in!

Judith and Jonathan Souweine decided to build a home of their own on a plot of land south of Amherst, Massachusetts. That may not sound like the most exciting news you've ever heard, but wait until you see what Tracy Kidder does with it in *House* (Houghton Mifflin). Kidder begins at the beginning—the surveyor's setting his transit on the ground to stake out the territory—and goes on to describe the people, the events, the crises and the compromises that go into the building of an American dream. We were the first to sing the praises of Kidder's Pulitzer Prize-winning *The Soul of a New Machine*, and the bet in this corner is that he's got another Pulitzer in the bag. *House* is a rich, detailed, warm, mature book, honest and responsible ("I have not changed any names," Kidder writes), chock-full of information, perception and love.

Flood (Donald I. Fine), by Andrew H. Vachss, is a revenge novel for 1985. Burke, private eye (male), and Flood, karate expert (female), combine their talents to take out people the police don't have the skills or the manpower to get close to: a pimp, a child molester and a snuff-film "artist."



House: An American dream come true.

A fall guide to some first-rate reading; John Fowles spins a bizarre tale.

Burke masterminds elaborate setups to flush the slime out of the New York pond, and Flood's sexy looks and powerful kicks finish off the low life. Vachss knows the territory, and this tour of Times Square is as close as you'll want to get.

A Soviet defector, radioactive cloth, a homemade bomb, a newspaperman and the FBI: These are the ingredients in Jack Fuller's novel *Mass* (Morrow). Typical spy-novel material? Yes, but not a typical spy novel—Fuller's story goes too deep for that. His main characters, Polish-Catholic immigrants (hence the title), have pasts as tortured as their country's—and futures as bleak. We are not in James Bond land here, we're in the real world, and Fuller's intricately told tale of murder, deceit and obsession is irresistible.

Four men and a woman, all traveling under assumed names, are crossing the Devonshire countryside—a journey that on horseback takes several days—in the spring of 1736. One morning, the woman and two of the men set out on an obscure trail that leads to a cavern in a deserted cove. What happens next is the central mystery of John Fowles's *A Maggot* (Little, Brown). After a bizarre ceremony inside the cavern, one of the men is found hanged from a tree; the woman renounces whoring for religious zealotry; the other participant, the son of a nobleman, simply disappears. We get the facts of the case up to the eve of the cavern odyssey; the rest of the tale uncoils in transcripts of depositions

taken by the nobleman's lawyer. Fowles is a master of suspense, a structural gymnast, a sharp observer of sexual and religious obsession. *A Maggot* is spellbinding.

So you had ambivalent feelings about watching (and secretly enjoying) the television extravaganza *A.D.*? You're going to love, without ambiguity, Anthony Burgess' *The Kingdom of the Wicked* (Arbor House). He wrote the novel in preparation for his work on the TV scenario, but in print his wonderful storytelling doesn't get shortchanged by the exigencies of Hollywood. You still get a full dose of the drama of the early Christians' struggle against a Roman Empire run by crazy people. You still get intricate plot twists, following characters as they interact in unexpected ways against the ancient tableau. But you also get Burgess' impeccable erudition and style. He lets us eavesdrop on discussions among the bewildered apostles as they ponder, among other things, the proper ratio of preaching to healing as they take their fragile church on its road show. We can also see Caligula and Tiberius in their gooey and wretched sexual excesses. *Kingdom of the Wicked* is both highbrow history and addictive entertainment.

It's hard to know what Alec Wilkinson originally had in mind when he left Up East to visit North Carolina and do a book called *Moonshine* (Knopf) about an old-style reuener, but he develops the kind of love of his subject that produces poetry where one might least expect it. Granted, ol' Garland Bunting is a colorful character who gives new meaning to the term workaholic, and the white-liquor business can be seen as a wicked folkcraft. But it's hard to imagine another writer's taking the two and from them producing a literary portrait so absorbing that even an urbanite can appreciate it as a small masterpiece.

BOOK BAG

Natural Acts: A Sidelong View of Science and Nature (Nick Lyons Books), by David Quammen: Is sex necessary? Just one of the questions Quammen plays with in his funky but first-rate book. Are crows too intelligent? Tune in and see for yourself.

Coming Down Again (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich), by John Balaban: Paul Roberts, a Vietnam vet, is busted and imprisoned for drug possession in Thailand's Golden Triangle, and one of his friends, John Lacey, goes over to try to save him. A hard-nosed, sometimes grisly, always informed novel that cranks up the suspense and delivers excitement, adventure and a deep understanding of the world of Southeast Asia.



SPORTS

By DAN JENKINS

This is the time of year when 22.6 percent of the population endeavors to tell the other 77.4 percent what's going to happen during the college football season, but I, for one, don't need a Stat-Lock-Power Index-Diff-by-Gold-sheet-Hotline-Biorhythm-Dial-a-Wizard-Bail-Out Analyzer to tell me that 77.4 percent of Gerry Faust's home will be burned to the ground if he loses too many games at Notre Dame. I already know what to expect from the season at hand. The New Saviors, primarily TCU's Jim Wacker, South Carolina's Joe Morrison, Maryland's Bobby Ross, Florida's Galen Hall and Washington State's Jim Walden, will try to "finish the job we came here to do." Meanwhile, the Old Saviors—old in the sense of familiarity: men like Pat Dye at Auburn, Jackie Sherrill at Texas A & M, Earle Bruce at Ohio State, Fred Akers at Texas, Ray Perkins at Alabama and Faust, of course—will try to keep hanging by a thread while they each order breakfast the same way ("Eggs over easy; hold the hand grenade") and watch angry alumni drive their tanks across the old quad. What the season will not have, unfortunately, is a dream game. The only dream game would match those two recruiting zealots, SMU and the University of Florida, in the Ferrari Bowl for permanent possession of the Leavenworth Trophy.

If, then, it's basically going to be a season for savior watching, I think I can be of some assistance. Having watched saviors for close to 40 years now, I've put together a manual. It tells you exactly what the savior means when he attempts to rally the fans and players at a university where the football program has been demoralized. Words of the savior, who is purely fictitious and bears no resemblance to anyone living or fired, are in italics. The translations are in parentheses.

I've never had a reception like this anywhere, and if your enthusiasm carries over into the season, we'll win our share. (Which one of you rich guys is going to help me recruit that big nigger over in East Texas?)

I left a great school to come here, a place that had been good to me, but I've never backed off from a challenge yet. (I think I'm going to like the oil business.)

Think of me as your father. This means if you have any kind of problem—I mean anything, big or small—you come to me first. I'm here to listen. (Unless your eligibility is up.)



SIDE-LINE SAVIORS

My obligation is not only to this university but to everybody connected with it. I'll go anywhere to make a speech and make new friends for the team, the faculty, the administration, this great town. Anywhere at all. (For a \$2500 remuneration, plus expenses.)

You guys were pretty good football players at one time. We're gonna see if we can find out what happened to you. (The guy who was here ahead of me couldn't coach a killer dyke on a field-hockey team!)

I managed to get every single assistant coach I went after, and I don't know anybody who's got a stronger, more loyal staff than the one I've assembled to help me do this job. (You nitwits screw up just one time and you're out of here on a flat-bed truck.)

When we get out on that field for two-a-days, I want my kids to understand one thing for sure: Everybody's equal. (Except for the first team, and they're so far ahead of the rest of you slime balls, it makes my ass hurt.)

I think it's time for college coaches to understand that we're in the entertainment business. That's why I'm going to open up our offense. (Anyone with any sense knows you win with defense. I'll fire the first quarterback who throws a pass inside his own 40-yard line.)

I don't go along with those people who say you can't win here, that we're too soft. I'm ready to fight 'em right now! (If we can get

that fast nigger down on the Gulf to go along with that big nigger over in East Texas, we'll really kick some ass!)

I know we've got some big-name teams on our future schedules, but we can't do anything about it and, besides, I personally like to think those opponents will help get us ready for the tough conference we're in. (Piss on this Clemson and Nebraska shit. I've already been in touch with Lamar and Louisiana Tech.)

I don't ever want to hear the word steroid spoken in my presence! (But I'll drive a stake through the heart of any offensive lineman who don't come back next year weighing 280!)

One of the first things we're gonna do is change the uniforms. (No wonder you can't win football games around here. You been dressing like peppermint sticks!)

In 30 years of coaching on all levels, I've never had a punt blocked—and I don't intend to start now. (One of you recruiters better go out and find me one of them barefooted sons of bitches who can kick the ball over the iron curtain.)

I want to make it clear to everybody that the kids I recruit are coming here to get an education first and play football second! (Except from September through November, when my job is on the line.)

We could have had that kid, but we just couldn't live with his SAT scores. (A BMW wasn't good enough for the little bastard. He wanted a turbo Porsche!)

I don't ever want to hear the words point spread spoken in my presence. (Unless we can get seven and a half away from home on natural grass.)

Nobody was more delighted than the coaching staff when the chancellor announced plans for a new science building. (That phony limp-wrist made a solemn promise to me that we'd get an athletic dorm, a weight room, artificial turf and new lights before those silly fuckers got a new building.)

I've always managed to get along with the press. The press has a job to do, like everybody else. (There's a sportswriter in this town who's gonna get his baby kidnaped if he don't get off my butt!)

I'm not saying we'll win any championships, but in a year or two, I'll bet we have a say-so in who does. (If the English department shapes up and gets behind our program and if the alumni can buy me them niggers I want. Otherwise, it's been nice knowing you.)



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MEN

By ASA BABER

Hell, yes, I'm tough. I'm surprised you even have to ask. Have you been reading this column or not? I've been telling you for almost four years how tough I am.

I was a Marine. I killed a rattlesnake. I fought in a boxing tournament. I'm so *macho* my dog calls me Butch. How could you doubt that I'm tough?

Is it the apron? Don't tell me it's the apron. This is a perfectly respectable apron. I don't like the frills on it, but I have to wear an apron when I'm baking bread and making soup.

Soup? I make a great lentil soup. I empty a package of lentils into three quarts of boiling water and cook them for about half an hour. Then I throw in leeks and carrots and onions and parsley and garlic and lemon rinds and celery, lots of celery.

Bread? Corn bread, mostly—high in nutrition, easy to make, no mess afterward. I don't like to do too many dishes.

Yes, I do the dishes. You see these hands? Do you know what they did before they got tiny and red and wrinkled? Once upon a time, these hands threw hand grenades and pulled lanyards on howitzers and ripcords on parachutes. These hands became proficient in karate. Listen, you take these hands out of dishwater for a couple of days and they look like a real man's hands.

I do windows, sure. In fact, there's not a job around the house that I don't do. I clean the cat's litterbox and do the laundry and fix a lot of meals and shop for groceries and spend time with my kids. I'm a regular Mr. Mom, and there are a lot of us out there.

That's a big secret, by the way. Most women won't agree with it, either. "A lot of Mr. Moms?" they will ask. "Just find one for me, would you? My husband won't wash his own socks, let alone the baby's diapers."

I used to buy that, but I don't anymore. I think men are making big contributions at home. And it is definitely a story you don't hear much about. Men are becoming Mr. Moms out of necessity. Between working wives and working husbands, survival depends on everyone's pitching in and doing as much as possible to keep the house going.

Maybe we should have a term for all the change we're going through. Let's call it cultural spin. Culture is, after all, a concrete thing in our lives, the culmination of



YOU CAN CALL ME MOM

all outside forces that try to shape, use, modify, exploit, entertain us. Our culture is spinning like a top, and most of us are learning ways to stay on board.

When it comes to cultural spin, men have truly been spun. In the past 20 years, almost nothing has remained constant, and nowhere is that more true than in the question of sex roles at home.

Just who is supposed to do the dishes, anyway? Who's in charge of the cleaning, the cooking, the child raising? The answers are being worked out in new forms of negotiation and compromise, but this much is certain: The home in which the husband is pampered and coddled and uninvolved with his family is a thing of the past. We're a nation of workaholics now. All of us, men and women. Maybe one day we'll understand why this has happened, but few of us will argue with the fact that it has happened and that the adjustments we're being asked to make are tremendous.

Becoming a Mr. Mom is not easy. There are few role models for the job, and we work by improvisation, learning as we go. We suck in our guts, tuck our egos into our pockets and fulfill domestic functions that our fathers would never have dreamed of fulfilling.

For those of you who are just becoming Mr. Moms, here are some household hints from a man who has been an outstanding mother in his time. Remember as you read

that you are not alone, and the sooner we men admit that we're all Mr. Moms these days, the better off we'll be.

1. Even though you're fatigued, harassed and at your wit's end after a day of baby-sitting and bottle washing, do *not* use the cat's litterbox as a sandbox for your children. For one thing, they will simply splash around and spread litter all over the floor, which you will then have to sweep up.

2. Fathers undergoing the painful transition into Mr. Momism should learn playground etiquette before they take their children out to play. There are several rules: (A) Fathers should always stand by the swings and should not speak to mothers unless spoken to; (B) if your child gets into a fight by the teeter-totter and bashes some kid in the nose, do not gloat openly; say, "No, no, Daddy says no" and spank the child lightly, but don't forget to give him a sip of your beer when you get home; (C) there is a code you must learn if you are to succeed as a Mr. Mom on the playground: If an attractive mother sidles over to you and says, "I really admire men who involve themselves in child raising," what she is really saying is "This playground routine bores the crap out of me, so what'll it be, my place or yours?" Your response depends on what you want, but if you ask her, "What time does the ice-cream truck come by?" the hour she mentions will be the time her husband gets home.

3. If you find yourself lapsing into baby talk at cocktail parties ("Doesums wantums 'nother drinkums, baby poo?") or retreating to the host's bedroom to watch *Sesame Street* reruns, there's a chance you've overdosed on Mr. Momism. Don't worry. It happens to everybody sooner or later. I knew I was in trouble when I began writing the alphabet in red crayon on the kitchen walls while singing songs from *The Sound of Music*. It's just a phase. What you need at that point is my Mr. Mom Survival Kit. It includes things that will remind you that you're a full-blooded male, such as a Rambo rubber duck, a GO AHEAD, MAKE MY DAY apron made out of black parachute silk, four Heavyhands baby bottles that allow you to flex while feeding, a year's supply of camouflage diapers, the Green Beret guerrilla-warfare coloring book and a plastic Uzi submachine gun that looks like the real thing but shoots oatmeal.

Hell, yes, you're tough.





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COURVOISIER

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WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

I'm not sure, but what I think is about to happen here is the temporary crack-up of a columnist. I've been trying to be good and fair and understanding about men; that's my job. And I've always been quite sure that basically, I adore men. But I'm fed up; I desperately need to have a temper tantrum. Who can blame me? I live in New York City.

Do you know what men in New York are like? They are truly, irretrievably awful. They are smug, arrogant, self-indulgent, narcissistic, immature. They are lousy lovers. They are worse friends. In their spare time, they dedicate themselves to breaking a woman's spirit. They have *no* redeeming features.

But that doesn't stop us from trying to redeem them.

Case number one: Joe. Lily probably fell for Joe because she had just spent three years living with an unreconstructed chauvinist, and Joe had read all of Robert Parker's detective novels and knew just how to come on as a sensitive guy.

"Hey, I'm a sensitive guy," Joe would tell Lily as he pursued her relentlessly for months. He would lurk outside her house or call her in the morning and breathe soulfully or tell her he simply couldn't make it through the day unless he saw her.

"But don't you have a girlfriend?" Lily would ask.

Joe's face would cloud over. He would explain patiently that he had moved out, even though his girlfriend wanted him back desperately, that she was threatening suicide, but he just didn't think he was in love with her anymore. He knew for sure he wasn't sexually attracted to his girlfriend anymore, he would say as he grabbed for Lily's breast.

We all encouraged Lily. Not only did Joe appear to have a real job, unlike her usual fare, but he had campaigned heavily among us, letting us know how much he adored her.

Lily saw Joe at his office and told him she was beginning to weaken. He immediately attacked her and begged her to fuck him then and there. There was an undercurrent of violence that frightened her.

The next day, Joe had to speak with her.

"Don't get involved with me; I'm no bargain," he said, his face wallowing in pain.

"What are you trying to say here, Joe?"

"Well, there's someone else," he finally said. No, not his old girlfriend. Someone



LETTING OFF STEAM

else he had been seeing before she moved to Boston. "We were really in love," he said.

"Let me get this straight," Lily said. "You've been mooning around me for months. Yesterday I tell you we should give it a try. You attack me. Today you tell me you're in love with someone else."

"You know what happens to me a lot?" said Joe. "Women are always falling in love with me. I don't know why. They get all excited about me, think I'm going to marry them or something."

No, Lily didn't break his kneecaps. Instead, she had many nightmares in which she screamed, "I thought I could count on you!" to a Gila monster.

Reader, this is no isolated incident. If space and stamina permitted, I could give you 1000 variations on the above "Get them to like you and then smash them in the face" theme. Let us proceed.

Case number two: Trevor, who cannot live without his girlfriend. He phones her constantly, asking why she threw him out.

"I threw you out because I supported you for two years and you wouldn't even do the dishes. You left moldy tuna sandwiches under the bed. You did your own laundry but never mine. You constantly told me how neurotic I was. How weak and stupid I was. You marveled aloud that you put up with me at all. You told me that to prove I loved you, I should

lose 20 pounds."

"I love you so much. I'll change. I know you've been hurt. I'm sorry." Trevor said those things over and over, every day.

She took him back; he hates her again.

Case number three: Wally, who spent the night with another woman on the day his girlfriend had an abortion and made sure she found out.

Case number four: Frank, who says he'll call but never does.

Case number five: David, who plays his mother and girlfriend against each other.

Case number six: Stephen, who withholds his sperm for religious reasons.

Case number seven: Ted, the ex-husband who has not even tried to make contact with his son in five years, who doesn't even call him on his birthday, who didn't give his wife a dime even when she was on welfare, who once wrote his son a postcard in which he promised to write every week and never wrote again. . . .

That I must stop immediately. It is definitely bad form to plunk unvarnished real life into the middle of a column.

I am just so cataclysmically angry. My rage, if unleashed, could destroy the entire island of Manhattan. I am so furious, I am no longer cute. I am a foul, seething lump of malevolence. Don't come near me.

Here's the worst part. We collude in our own mistreatment. When a man mistreats us, we don't say, "Eat shit, crawl under a rock and die, you lame motherfucker." We don't say anything. We go home and call our friends.

"You'll never guess what he did this time," we say.

"My God, what?" they ask.

"He threw the ham I cooked for him in my face and then seduced my downstairs neighbor. What'll I do?"

"Oh, the poor man," they say. "He's so fucked up. He acts that way only because he's so dependent on you."

"Jesus," we say, "he really needs therapy. It's probably his early toilet training. I never did like his mother."

"Absolutely; he has the earmarks of lousy toilet training all over him," they say. "Why don't you paint your house a pale aqua—that's supposed to work for men with early trauma."

"Good idea! Do you think I should call him?"

"That's a good idea. He's probably miserable, poor thing."

And we do! We call! We must be out of our minds!



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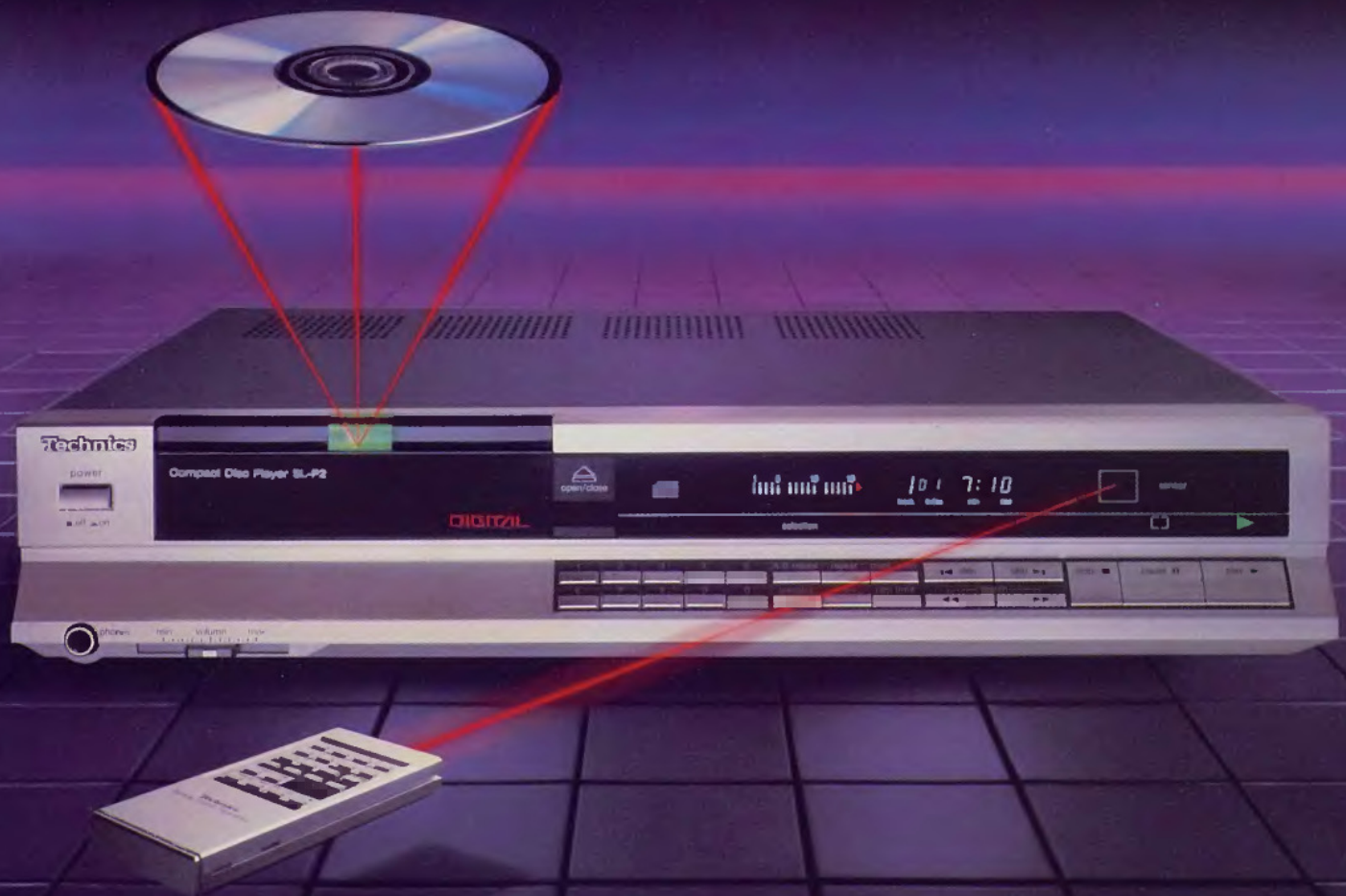
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AGAINST THE WIND

By CRAIG VETTER

Frank Hawley nodded me over to the starting-line guardrail at the Gainesville, Florida, speedway. Jerry Boozer and his wife, Brenda, were 30 yards away, leaning against the hood of their pickup, talking quietly. "I can strut around here with my diamond rings and all my sponsors," Hawley said. Then he pointed toward Brenda and Jerry. "But *that's* where this sport came from."

He meant drag racing, and the rings he was talking about were the two he owns for being the world-champion Funny Car driver in 1981 and 1982. These days, he's busy teaching others to drive a quarter mile at near 200 miles an hour at the first-ever drag-racing school.

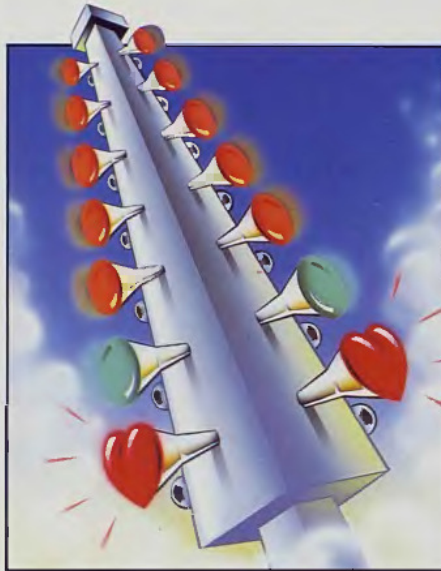
Brenda was one of the first three advanced students Hawley signed up. She was five feet tall (maybe), 101 pounds (just); she had intense dark eyes and dark brows and until eight years before, when she'd married Jerry, she'd never thought of racing any kind of car. Since then, however, he'd coached her up from a 1956 street Chevy to the needle-nosed super-competition rail that the two of them were now racing at more than 150 miles an hour.

Brenda was taking the Funny Car course because she and Jerry were thinking of converting their car from ordinary fuel to alcohol, which was going to put it in a faster class and make it much more difficult to handle. They could afford tuition for only one of them, and Jerry had decided that, in the long run, Brenda was going to be more competitive, so he was along to watch and to encourage.

These days, there aren't more than 15 or 20 women in Brenda's class as drag racers, and she says that being out there among all those boys works for her more often than against her.

"A lot of guys get their supercomp licenses just by making a couple of casual runs, but they made me do everything *exactly* by the book. It's not that they were discriminating against me or nothing. It's just that they *care* about me."

From the very start of the Funny Car class, Brenda had more than a few things going against her: The smallest fire suit the school had was twice too big for her; her arms didn't reach the steering wheel; and all she could see out the windshield was the supercharger that sits on top of the 1300-horsepower engine. And she was scared, the way everyone is scared the first time they sit in the violent rumble, the smell of the burning alcohol and the God-awful



A FLOWER IN THE HURRICANE

noise of these machines. And that's at an idle. In fact, calling these things Funny Cars is the approximate equivalent of calling a Tyrannosaurus rex a funny lizard.

From a distance, they look something like a street car; a cruel illusion, because when the light, fiberglass body is lifted, what you see is so ugly with power that, as Brenda put it, "it makes you sweat just to walk up next to it."

From the moment she was strapped in and the body shell was dropped over her, Brenda hated this car. They'd changed the steering wheel to fit her, a blanket had been folded on the seat to give her at least *some* visibility; but you could see an almost panicked claustrophobia in her eyes through the visor of her helmet. The contrast to her car, with its open cockpit and engine behind, was too much; and as she said later, "I like my air, and I kinda like to see where I'm going." Nevertheless, she rolled through the first exercises without complaint or hesitation; and when she climbed out—sweating like death, near hyperventilation—Jerry would meet her with water, ask how she was doing, and she'd say, "OK."

On her first run, the mechanic leaned in to prime the engine with a squirt bottle, the top popped off and bathed the supercharger with alcohol. When the crew chief started the engine, then dropped the body into place, Brenda sat there wondering

whether the intense heat was the 120 degrees of the Gainesville summer afternoon or the invisible alcohol fire that fills these cars when the worst happens. Turned out it was just Florida.

I watched Brenda make that first run, wondering where she was getting the guts for the work. You don't just point these cars and hit the accelerator. You have to *drive* them, and it takes strength, finesse and fierce concentration in the face of something that feels and sounds like a human exit from a bazooka.

She idled the car into the water for her burnout, a prerace exercise in which you lay an adhesive track of hot rubber for 20 yards so that your actual start will be true and quick. She waited for the signal, punched it, and all drag-racing hell took off from the line. The noise alone blew us back; the big tires spun, grew, then threw huge, stinky plumes of white smoke. About 25 yards out, the car hooked viciously toward the left wall, and she stopped it. Then she backed up in her tracks and staged for the run itself. This time, she took off with no tire spin, just the full muzzle velocity these angry cars are designed to deliver.

A flower in the hurricane, I thought as the car and its roar shrank by half in about two seconds. She shut it down again about 75 yards out and, in fact, over the two days, she never made a full run or got the car up near its top-end speed. I know she felt some failure about that. She worked with great style and spirit to her limits and wasn't ashamed of them, and one of the most revealing tableaux I took away from the whole thing was Brenda, after a particularly tough run, holding her fire pants up with both hands, walking back and forth in her start tracks trying to figure out what had gone wrong.

Some of the boys on the supercomp circuit have made the mistake of taking Brenda to be as delicate as she looks.

"Not long ago, this one guy staged up next to me and gave me a big thumbs-down sign," she told me at one point. "There aren't many guys like that, but there's some. So I eliminated him." Then she added, almost apologetically, "He made me do it. He made me mad."

I'm still not sure where Brenda got the courage for what I watched her do, and I don't suppose I would have been quite as impressed by it as I still am if I hadn't been in the class, too. But that's another story.



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I'm writing in the hope that you can comment about my husband's sexual practices. I say they are grossly abnormal. He says he just likes "a little excitement." Please look at these examples of his style of "fun" and let me know what you think:

We were staying in a hotel and our room was several doors from a stair well we assumed was a fire escape. We took our clothes off in our room—then went carefully out into a public hallway, past several doors and into the stair well, where we had sex. This was during the early evening.

Sometimes, we take our clothes off in a storage room or a vacant apartment at a new complex being built—then go carefully out, down the sidewalks and up to the edge of the occupied area, where we have sex. Then we weave our way back through the construction area to our clothes (which are sometimes several buildings away. There are numerous possibilities for us to be trapped away from our clothes). This happens both day and night.

We go out to the side of the building we live in and have sex. The area we are in is visible from a street across a vacant lot ten yards wide. We are plainly in view of people looking in our direction from passing cars. This is in the daylight. A policeman once saw us, but before he could make a turn and come through our parking lot to search for us, we had gotten away.

We've done such things 500 times or so over a ten-year period. My husband is 35 years old and I am 32. We have been chased only three or four times and have been confronted three times, with only a lecture given. Sex in the privacy of our bedroom is possible. It's fun and fulfilling for both of us. So it's not that normal sex is a problem. My husband just prefers the danger. (I hate it.) What do you say?—Mrs. T. W., Phoenix, Arizona.

If you've gotten away with this 500 times in ten years, it strikes us that open-air sex is safer than sex in a bathtub. However, it's your perception of risk that makes the activity a problem. Tell your husband your feelings and see if you can work out a compromise.

My VCR has high-speed picture search, as well as slow motion and stop frame. However, a friend has warned me that using those features can damage the tape and the VCR heads. If so, why are they provided?—D. C., Pensacola, Florida.

Your friend is partially right. There is little or no difference in head wear between the high-speed-search operation and normal operating speeds. However, the slow-motion feature and the stop-frame option could increase wear of the tape (though probably not of the heads)—only because in slow motion or stop frame, the tape has to rub against the heads for a much longer period of time. This prolonged contact may cause some



flaking of the tape's magnetic coating. There is no way to predict how much slow-motion or stop-frame use can create a problem. You might query the manufacturer of your VCR; don't forget to mention the kind of tape you are using.

I am a 23-year-old graduate student currently dating an 18-year-old freshman whom I find to be a most erotic woman. We get into some extremely heavy petting and foreplay, including my performing some very long periods of cunnilingus. However, she doesn't totally reciprocate. Although she loves fondling and licking my cock and rubbing it between her large breasts, she refuses to bring me to orgasm. When I am ready to enter her, she refuses, saying she is a virgin and that she doesn't "do that stuff." Despite my sexual frustration, I have come to find this incredible prick teasing extremely erotic. It has become a game of sorts, with me begging for some sort of release and her refusing, only teasing me more by stating how sexually innocent she is and at the same time fondling my organ. I know she loves being in control, having me beg for her charms. I suppose I enjoy it, too, and I have refused to relieve myself through masturbation. Instead, I find myself with a constant hard-on. I recently persuaded her, with much pleading, to give me a hand job. With some reluctance, she relented, and with her lovely hands and nails, I had the best orgasm of my life; in fact, I nearly passed out with pleasure!

Is this situation totally unusual? I have never heard of a man enjoying being teased so much. Is there something wrong with me or my girlfriend? We both seem to enjoy this role playing so much. If we ever

do have intercourse, do you think we will lose a certain thrill in our relationship? I love her so much but am beginning to question my sexual role.—G. C., Knoxville, Tennessee.

So what's the problem? Many men enjoy extended foreplay, and it could just be that you enjoy this woman's company—not to mention her touch—so much that coitus is secondary to you. We see nothing wrong or all that unusual; if it works for the two of you, fine. If either of you tires of the situation, you can pursue the matter further or look elsewhere for satisfaction.

As Billy Crystal's Fernando would say, "I am confused." What is the difference between aerating a wine and letting it breathe? How often does it help a wine? Can it hurt? And how does the process complement decanting?—P. S., Peoria, Illinois.

To help you enjoy a mahvelous, really mahvelous wine, dahlings, we will clear up this issue. In wine parlance, letting a wine breathe usually means pulling the cork from the bottle and letting the bottle sit for an hour or so before its contents are drunk. Aerating means letting the entire surface of the wine come in contact with the air, either by decanting it or by simply swirling it in the glass. It's a faster process. There are no hard and fast rules about aerating. Most of the time, it helps wines—they become softer, rounder with air contact. But for very old, very fine wines—19th Century Bordeaux, for example—aerating the wine before it is served ruins the opportunity for you to chart the way it changes in the glass over time. Then, there are occasions when you don't have much time with a wine that old. Our rule of thumb: Decant wines that throw a lot of sediment (red wines more than ten years old) and do so within an hour or so of serving them. Then notice how the wine changes while in the glass. That will let you know how much aeration you like in your wine and will tell you how to proceed the next time.

Your informative response to the following question, which has been bothering me for quite some time, would be sincerely appreciated. While making love in the "doggy style" position, which way is more pleasurable—with the woman's legs outside the man's legs or with her legs between the man's legs? I know that you may think that this is a dumb question, but I enjoy that position very much and would like to know which way is better. In adult movies, you see the performers doing it most often with the woman's legs between the man's, and unfortunately, the only way that I have tried it is with my legs outside the man's.—Miss G. M., San Diego, California.

The point of adult movies is not always

pleasure but, rather, a pleasurable image. Putting the woman's legs outside the man's legs would block the camera angle. As to which position is better: It depends on your goal. The legs-inside position does increase the friction and indirectly stimulates the clitoris. And you know where that leads: astonishing orgasms. The legs-outside position allows greater depth and possibly a better view. And you know where that leads: astonishing orgasms (more likely for the male). Our advice: Flip a coin. Tails win.

I think it's safe to say that your response to Miss A. B. of Portland, Oregon, about oral sex is quite insensitive! It might have been insightful on your part if you had pointed out that the men she describes in her letter seem to be numb to her needs.

Miss A. B. sounds like a caring and romantic young woman who deserves better than some stuporous clod who is interested only in his own satisfaction and in performing in compliance with some statistically created woman. What makes men and women attractive to each other is their individuality! A funny thing about freedom (sexual freedom included) is that when you open the gates, you give people the choice of entering, leaving or staying outside. Sounds like you shut the door behind you!

Your philosophy of following the masses (or statistics, as you say) sounds like something from the Middle Ages.—M. J., New York, New York.

A few months ago, a woman wrote to *The Playboy Advisor* asking for ways to gently encourage her partner to perform cunnilingus. The Advisor obliged her. In your June issue, Miss A. B. has a similar request, only she wishes to discourage cunnilingus and encourage the missionary position.

Instead of helping her, the Advisor says that this is the century of sexual freedom, that men do not want rules or lectures in bed and that if she does not change her notions about romance and oral sex, Miss A. B. will be able to sleep with only wimps and geriatrics. Now who is making rules? Telling someone that to be free, she must perform acts she does not want to perform because the majority of "free" people do so sounds like Orwellian Newspeak to me. You should apologize to Miss A. B. for your insulting, narrow-minded and hypocritical reply. You should also seriously rethink your definition of freedom.—J. T., Durham, North Carolina.

Frankly, your answer to Miss A. B. is full of shit. According to statements made in her letter, the lady is much more liberal in her views than the average American woman (you should know that if you ever

go out with women), yet your answer makes her appear to be coming out of the Puritan days. Man, where are you coming from? You sound like a lobbyist for the gay-rights movement, because mouth-genital sex (with a little sodomy thrown in) is its milieu. Surely, you should know that not many years ago, before the homosexuals appropriated the nice word gay, which means happy and lighthearted, such practices as kissing, sucking the nipples of either a woman or a man, nibbling the neck and ears, etc., were considered oral sex. Of course, today, enlightened persons such as you and I know that oral sex has come to mean just one thing: mouth-genital sex. You insulted this woman with your answer: A great majority of the people do not enjoy "giving and receiving head," unless they are homosexuals. This woman obviously is heterosexual. You definitely owe her an apology.—E. S., Chicago, Illinois.

Your response to Miss A. B. is knee jerk at best and very ignorant and uncompassionate at worst. Ninety-five percent of the women I have been with, including one-nighters and relationships as long as two years, tell me (when we talk about sex) that most of the men they have been with still do not know how to perform oral sex well. I have talked with more than 50 women about this. It started in my late teens, when my lovers would tell me that I was the best they had ever had in the area of oral sex. Since then, I have always asked women how they felt about their lovers' ability at oral sex. To this day, I keep hearing the same things: Their lovers are (1) too fast, (2) too rough, (3) not considerate of clitoral sensitivity, (4) not interested in discovering a woman's preferred technique, relative to her particular vaginal topography, and the list goes on and on. My research includes women and men from 18 to 45 years of age—and I am talking about modern city women and men, not prudes in any sense. Miss A. B. sounds as if she has never been eaten by an expert or, at least, a man who really cares and wants to bring her to five orgasms to his one (I am called the "five-to-one guy"). Yes, I do get referred to women by other women a lot. I had a lover about five years ago who was from a small town in Oregon. She was a sex fiend, but when it came to my eating her, she said, "No way." After about two months of talk and reassurance, she let me eat her. Her mind was blown. She could not believe what she had been missing. And her story was as I expected. She told me, basically, that no other man had ever been as gentle and yet as effective as I had been. She turned out to be one hell of a lover of cunnilingus. So open up your minds, guys. Read a bunch of oral-sex books and talk with your women. If you want to get fucked like hell and loved

even more, learn how to lick like a pussycat.—F. C., Los Angeles, California.

In your June issue, you respond to Miss A. B. who does not like receiving oral sex, but you don't reply to her statement that she almost always experiences physical discomfort. Do you suppose her discomfort is coloring her feelings to the extent that her sole problem is a physical one? (If direct stimulation is painful, she should encourage indirect stimulation, not discourage all stimulation.) The matter is discussed in the book by Shere Hite cited by Miss A. B. herself. Maybe you should have told her to go back and read it.—M. P., Oakland, California.

Apparently, our response to Miss A. B. of Portland, Oregon, touched a nerve other than the one we usually touch. The letters and cards just keep pouring in, mostly critical of our advice. Our readers rushed to defend and define their version of "The Playboy Advisor." OK. We will try to clarify our position. A number of years ago (in the early years of the magazine), PLAYBOY ran a list of things we could do without. Number ten on the list was virgins. Nowadays, we would amend the list to include people who don't like oral sex. When we cite statistics that suggest that the majority of people enjoy oral sex, we are not creating a new tyranny of statistics. We are suggesting that those figures reflect the human potential for enjoyment. Miss A. B. has some powerful attitudes against cunnilingus. She envisions a "dog . . . trying to sniff my crotch." That is not an image that does a lot for us, either. Attitudes are not rigid or sacrosanct. She can change the imagery ("Imagine that your lover is eating a ripe mango. Imagine you are the mango"). She finds direct stimulation uncomfortable. She can be explicit in her directions, suggest alternatives. Our readers seem to forget the men in Miss A. B.'s life. The issue isn't one-sided. The performing of oral sex is central to men's (and women's) self-esteem—would you like to go through your sex life without the color purple or, to paraphrase Steven Wright, to live with a telephone that doesn't have the number five? We believe a couple should work to explore and expand sexual possibilities, to improvise, to sort through the repertoire, to find what works and to improve what doesn't. Sex requires courage, not surrender. If we were flip, we apologize. As punishment, we won't perform oral sex for a week. OK?

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.





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DEAR PLAYMATES

The question for the month:

What's the funniest thing that ever happened to you in bed?

I was in Acapulco with my boyfriend. It's very tropical and warm there. The doors were open in our house on a hill. We were in the bedroom making love. I was on top of him. All of a sudden, he said, "Don't move." I said, "What's the matter?" He said, "Just don't move." This went on for a few minutes, and I started to get scared. He sounded so serious. Since I was on top, he just sat up and carried me off the bed. I was afraid that I had hurt him or something. I kept saying, "What's wrong, what's wrong?" He pointed to the ceiling directly above the bed and said, "Look." I looked up and there was a scorpion. *Now it's a funny story.*



Roberta Vasquez
ROBERTA VASQUEZ
NOVEMBER 1984

It wasn't funny when it happened, but in retrospect it is. I was playing with my lover. He was lying in bed and I had just gotten out of the shower. I went to run toward him, you know, like I was Superman, to jump on top of him in bed. I startled him and he doubled up as I went flying over and hit my face on the bedpost. I broke my nose in four places. It was a mess, blood all over the place. He thought it was hysterical. I kind of went into shock. It put an end to my romantic feelings for the day. I can laugh about it now, but at the time, it was pretty traumatic. My advice is walk, don't run to bed!



Debi Nicolle Johnson
DEBI NICOLLE JOHNSON
OCTOBER 1984

When I was a teenager, it was always pretty strange and funny to have my mother walk in on me. She used to tell us we could do what we wanted to—just not in our house. But, of course, whenever she was out, my boyfriend and I would go to our house. She walked in and caught us several times. That was always good for a laugh. I knew she wouldn't punish me, because she was very open about sex. She just didn't want it flaunted in her face, which I understood, but it happened anyway. The second time she caught me, she put her hands to her head and said, "My children are nymphomaniacs! What did I do wrong?" But she hadn't done anything wrong. She raised us to be healthy, feeling human beings without sexual hang-ups. So she was pretty funny about catching me.



Tracy Vaccaro
TRACY VACCARO
OCTOBER 1983

I was seeing an actor for a while. He was working on something and he had to be up and out very early in the morning, between five and six A.M. I got to his house late one night and he looked at the clock as we got into bed and said, "OK, I've got eight minutes to do this and come." I thought he was joking. He did it in five minutes, looked at the clock and said, "Great, I have three minutes to spare." He rolled over and went to sleep. It's funny now, but I was livid then. It was the last time I ever saw him. That's one of those things I really hate. When a guy has sex with me, rolls over and goes to sleep, that's the last time I see that guy!



Liz Stewart
LIZ STEWART
JULY 1984

About the funniest thing that has ever happened to me in bed was falling out of it. I was having an evening at home with my boyfriend—you know, watching TV but not really watching; just playing around, being affectionate. All of a sudden, the playing around got a little rough and we fell. If you are having fun, you may as well go for it. But no clown sex or unexpected phone calls for me. I have only one-to-one relationships in my life, so nothing too strange ever happens to me. You have to be able to laugh at everything, even if you get embarrassed.



Venice Kong
VENICE KONG
SEPTEMBER 1985

I used to go with a guy who was a very funny person. We laughed all the time about everything. Once, when we were having sex, his Chinese room separator fell down on us. We couldn't get out from under all the shattered plastic pieces. The cat must have jumped off it and made it fall. I thought it was hysterically funny. He didn't laugh at all, and this was a man with a terrific sense of humor. All of a sudden, he was very serious. Maybe it was valuable. I don't think sex should be so serious that you aren't able to have a giggle here and a laugh there because you are feeling good. That's what you do when you're having a good time *out of bed*, right?



LesAnn Pedriana
LESA ANN PEDRIANA
APRIL 1984

Send your questions to Dear Playmates, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. We won't be able to answer every question, but we'll try.



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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

FIRST TO FIGHT

It is very curious that the three major television networks and various pollsters report that those very hip, upwardly mobile college students between the ages of 18 and 24 overwhelmingly cast their lot in favor of President Reagan, apparently supporting his continuing nuclear-arms build-up and his tough, unyielding posture on national defense.

It will be interesting to see their reaction if those youthful supporters are sent into the Central American conflict.

Will this staunch support of Reagan's foreign policy of shooting first, talking later hold up under fire? Or will a Vietnam type of resistance develop, as it did during the Sixties and early Seventies? (Those students were only babies during the Vietnam ruckus.)

How about a poll on it? Too late for that? Multiple choice, then?

Circle below your reaction to the prospect of being sent to fight in Central America.

A. March and demonstrate, shouting, "Hell, no, we won't go!"

B. Burn draft cards at bonfire party.

C. Flee to Canada until war is over.

D. Plead religious and moral opposition to war. Check first with Jerry Falwell, though, to see if this is permissible.

E. Be brave, face the music and win one for the Gipper.

John Williams
Jasper, Texas

POSTREVOLUTION BLUES

Your support of the enlightened pursuit of personal and professional satisfaction strikes me as completely rational. The problem is that people often fall woefully short of so high a standard. While espousers of the laissez-faire approach to affairs of the heart have doubtless brought more joy than misery to the world, a lot of people have been wounded or lost in action at the front lines of the last outposts of the sexual revolution. Don't get me wrong. I am not blaming you guys for the confusion and damage that happen when men who think they have freed themselves from more traditional sexual attitudes collide head on, as it were, with the uncertainties of modern love. I just think that it's time to talk about it.

It seems that the root cause of the current widespread confusion about things sexual is that men have never quite gotten over a world view that categorizes women as bad girls, good girls or just friends. Bad girls, by definition, are the strangers one

can randomly meet in a bar, take home that evening and send home in a cab in the morning without breakfast; good girls are the ones who start men thinking about buying such things as station wagons and back-yard gas grills; and friends are just friends. In the chasm between serious womanizing and settling down, the idea of a fourth category of male-female relations that includes cheerful, ongoing, yet casual sex seems to have been absent-mindedly lost. Men still behave as if a woman who

*"Bad girls, good girls
or just friends."*

sleeps with them without discussing such things as life-insurance policies and Barcaloungers is a raving slut who is best discarded as quickly as possible. On the other hand, there are the men who seem to believe that if a relationship lasts more than 14 hours, the time has come to look up station-wagon dealers in the Yellow Pages, and these guys seem genuinely dismayed when their new-found ladyfriends fail to share such goals. What I want to know, *Playboy Forum*, is what has become of that elusive middle ground? Have the defenders of sexual freedom won the war but lost the most important battles?

Barbara de Vries
(Address withheld by request)



FREE FOR ALL?

I have a question for Donna Williams, whose letter appears in the April *Playboy Forum*. She is upset that payments for abortions have been cut from Medicare and that the same Republican legislators who fought for this bill also want to cut the women's, infants' and children's feeding program. She feels that if we won't let underprivileged people have abortions free, we should at least feed their unwanted babies.

My question is, Why shouldn't these underprivileged people take advantage of the free birth control offered by county and state officials?

It seems to me that this would nip the problem at the start. Of course, there is always the problem of not using the offered methods correctly, which can still result in an unwanted pregnancy. Aside from that fact, these agencies are more than happy to counsel people on proper procedures, and I feel that the unwanted-children birth rate among the underprivileged could drop dramatically if more people would just take the time to take advantage of these programs.

I'm sure you will say that I'm hard-hearted, but I will not feel sorry for these people until they try to help themselves.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

I have followed the abortion issue in your pages for some time now, and one idea that I cannot accept is that pregnancy is the result of sex without the use of birth control. Wrong, wrong, wrong! That automatically implies that most unwillingly pregnant women did not have the foresight to prepare themselves for a sexual encounter. I would like to present the novel idea that occasionally a woman using birth control on a regular basis gets pregnant, too. Never have I seen that idea presented in *PLAYBOY* or in any other publication.

I think of a close friend who became pregnant three times in five years, all while conscientiously taking various forms of the pill. (Isn't fertility wonderful?) The first two pregnancies occurred while she was a student living at home, haunted by her severely judgmental parents. There really wasn't much choice for her but to get abortions. The third time, circumstances (she was attending college out of town) allowed her to give birth to the child and give it up for adoption—a highly laudable move but one that many women do not wish to make. I shudder to think what would have happened to my

friend had her parents known of any of those pregnancies.

Singles are not going to stop having sex. Providing birth control to single women and minors will, of course, help. But even responsible sexually active women will get pregnant—and they should not be represented as irresponsible seekers of pleasure who must then “face the music” that Reagan and his cronies, with their holier-than-thou melodies, would compose.

If you wish, you can sign me Sexually Active and Worried.

(Name withheld by request)
San Diego, California

You must be one of our newer readers. We flogged the contraceptive-failure issue for so long in these pages that fatigue set in and, with it, the erroneous assumption that everybody knows this. Your letter reminds us that the issue needs restating periodically, but we're afraid it doesn't really make much difference to the anti-abortionist, who, deep down, considers recreational sex to be a misuse of the genital organs that God intended for procreation only. Thus, it suits the Protestant anti-abortionist's sense of logic to assume that all contraceptives are 100 percent effective and to blame unplanned pregnancies on carelessness; that makes them sound as if they are not antisex. Catholic anti-abortionists don't even have the logic of the birth-control alternative going for them.

It was good to see the issue of abortion and reincarnation raised in the April *Playboy Forum*, and I would like to address it as a researcher with 30 years' experience in the fields of metaphysics and parapsychology, with emphasis on transition and reincarnation.

When a child is about to be born, a very complicated and intricate web of life and transition is formed. The child chooses his parents, and sometimes it takes thousands of years to find the precise karmic affinity for the baby to be born. When abortion is committed, the child to be born is catapulted to the back of the web, producing incredible entanglement and prolonging the waiting period between incarnations. The mother who is guilty of abortion inflicts negative karma upon herself. In most cases, she will be reincarnated as a homeless child for at least the beginning of her childhood. If the father consents to the abortion, his karma will be the same.

A former client of mine was suffering from terrible nightmares in which a little girl repeatedly accused her of murder. These nightmares went on for nine years.

To level her karma, I suggested that she send a monthly pledge to an orphan until that particular child was placed in a proper home. As soon as she began doing this, the little girl appeared for the last time, saying, “Mommy, I want to say goodbye, because I am going to be born again!” Since then, she has never again had that nightmare.

As a psychic, I've seen dark shadows around every abortion clinic I've ob-

to an acceptance of sexual violence is accurate but complex.

In practice, intense emotion is undifferentiated until it reaches a peak; the physiological responses leading to that peak are all the same. As a corollary to that, when a person backs up a couple of steps from an emotional peak, he or she may immediately take off in an entirely different emotional direction. In 20 or 30 seconds, a person may shift from hate or fear to love or sexual arousal. A favorite technique of writers of cheap romantic fiction is to have characters go from love to hate, or the reverse, very quickly. This is intended to surprise the reader but, in fact, is physiologically correct.

Thus, nonsexual violence certainly can lead to sexual violence, but so can lots of other things. Military marches, patriotic songs or a highly charged sermon can be the prelude to erotic excitement. A girl can reach a high degree of sexual excitement watching a football game or combat scenes in a movie. If a young married couple experience a sudden shattering event, such as a burglary or an auto accident, and go to bed shortly afterward, they may find themselves in a highly erotic state, as if they had engaged in 20 minutes of foreplay.

For a woman, that physiological response to any strong emotion can produce all the physical effects of sexual arousal, including lubrication. In rape, a woman may make involuntary sexual movements, or her escape movements may be interpreted by the rapist as sexual ones. That leads many rapists to wonder whether or not they have really raped at all. Even the victim may wonder whether she was raped or whether she cooperated in the act.

Emotional states are no field for intervention by the law—pornography law or any other. Emotions may be defined as good or bad, but the body does not physiologically discriminate between them. Surely, no one wants to suppress emotions that are universally accepted as good,

but good emotions are as erotic as bad ones.

C. E. Berryhill, M.D.
Readlyn, Iowa



PATRICK COX

Guest columnist

Don't waste my taxes legislating morality

MENLO PARK, Calif. — The censors' greatest asset is other people's tolerance.

Those who oppose censorship believe in freedom of expression — even if the expression attacks that very freedom.

So, ironically, intolerance has a built-in advantage over tolerance.

Censored societies do not allow criticism of censorship, while uncensored societies allow constant barrages against liberty.

But there comes a time when the tolerant have got to do something about a serious nuisance.

And that time has come.

When the anti-sex lobby can spend \$700,000 of our money on a tax-supported study counting pictures of nudes, the situation has gotten out of hand.

It's our money that is being squandered on efforts to stamp out erotic art, or pomography, or whatever you want to call it.

It's our money that supports the courts and legislatures that have to waste their time dealing with efforts to legislate individual morality.

The dangers of censorship have been set forth so many times that it seems unnecessary to do it once more.

In part, that's because the press is uncharacteristically pro-freedom on this regulatory issue, probably because government control strikes so close to its own domain.

The nature of the censors, however, usually goes unexamined. I think it's time to expose their fear and loathing of sexu-

Patrick Cox is a syndicated radio commentator, scriptwriter and free-lance journalist.

ality as the mental illness that it is.

The sexual preferences and voluntary practices of adults are simply nobody's business but their own.

Obsessive, prurient concern with other people's sexuality is clearly aberrant.

The willingness to use the law to prevent or influence other people's sexuality is evidence of serious ethical and sexual dysfunction.

Much of the erotic art that they are trying to eliminate is healthy compared to their efforts.

The Playboy Channel, for example, presents sexuality with exceptional taste and humor.

Those who would ban it are not only out of step with public opinion, they are exhibiting their own sexual problems, and infecting others.

They engender guilt, shame, and misery in vulnerable people that is sometimes never overcome.

They are themselves guilty of crippling human sexual development.

As a nation of free people, we have to put up with them and the damage they do to the unsophisticated.

They have the right to use their own resources to influence others, but we can and should put an end to the waste of tax money on their fetishes.

served. There is undoubtedly negative karma for all involved in this practice. Thank you for allowing me to clear this up.
Dr. C. Ralph Campo, Dean
University of Psychic Science
National City, California

Don't mention it.

ALTERED STATES

The concept that nonsexual violence against women leads to sexual violence or

CUSTODY BATTLES

Attorney Maurice R. Franks's book *Winning Custody (The Playboy Forum, March)* is backward and harmful and may well set families to fighting by convincing a client that he will win. In

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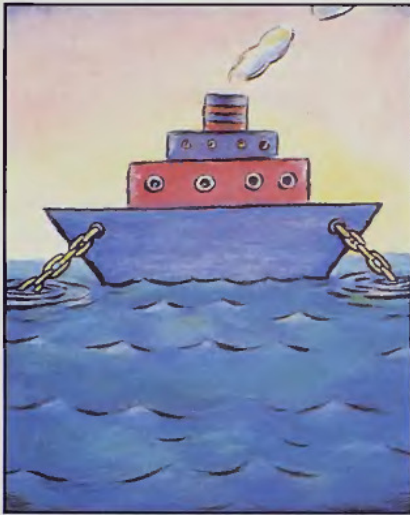
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FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

CAPTAIN'S PARADISE

REDWOOD CITY, CALIFORNIA—The San Mateo County coroner's office is being sued for nearly \$500,000 for sending the body of a merchant seaman to his girlfriend instead of to his wife. When the 50-year-old man, Antonio Rivera, died suddenly of a heart attack, the police informed the widow Rivera and his shipmates told Elizabeth Rivera, the girl-



friend (no relation), and the latter just happened to call the coroner's office first. As a result, the girlfriend, with whom Rivera had lived since about the time of his marriage in 1958 and who had one child by him, received his car and personal effects, while his wife and her two children found themselves unable to collect union or Social Security benefits. Rivera's double life apparently worked, as in the Alec Guinness movie "The Captain's Paradise," because both women thought he was at sea when he wasn't at home.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

A public-relations firm's use of the venerable Barbie doll to promote a newly developed and commercially available venereal-disease test has dismayed both Barbie's manufacturer and many "key members of the media" to whom the dolls were sent, inviting them to a press dinner in Washington, D.C. The Barbie is wearing a black cape with the words CHLAMYDIA TRACHOMATIS repeated around the hem in white letters, and a tag implores, "Help remove the cloak of chlamydia for 10,000,000 Americans." (The word chlamydia derives from the Greek word for cloak, and the micro-organism often causes pelvic inflammatory disease in women or a venereal infection in men.) The Mattel toy company stated that "this is not an authorized use," and

a spokesperson for a major women's magazine said, "The lunch was even tackier than the invitation. After this elegant meal, they showed slides of diseased cervixes."

GOD VS. GAYS

LOS ANGELES—The National Evangelical Association wound up its three-day annual convention by passing resolutions against state lotteries and pornography and unanimously approving a resolution that said forcing evangelical churches to comply with gay-rights legislation infringed on their religious freedom. The N.E.A. explained that gays do not deserve legal protection, because their condition is not inherited, and that compliance with such civil rights laws conflicted with Biblical injunctions against homosexuality.

SPEAK TO ME WITH THINE EYES

ST. LOUIS—The management of a local shopping center has decided that a painting intended to "speak" for the unborn speaks too loudly, and the painter has been asked to remove it before it scares away shoppers. Part of an exhibition displayed at the center, the work, titled "And Jesus Wept," was done by a 33-year-old local frame maker and religious artist who explained, "It shows Christ holding a bunch of aborted babies. He is weeping, and there is an American flag in the background with blood dripping off it."

OFF THE HOOK

FRANKLIN, INDIANA—An interesting loophole in the state prostitution law has allowed two suspected hookers—working as lingerie models—to elude justice. The women were accused of accepting money from an undercover detective to let him fondle their genitals, and it is, indeed, a violation if someone "fondles, or offers or agrees to fondle, the genitals of another person" in return for money or property. But a county judge found that the law worked only one way—and that the cop had not paid to have his genitals fondled.

FORNICATION LEGALIZED

RICHMOND—A U.S. district judge has declared unconstitutional Virginia laws against unmarried men's and women's having sex or living together. In a test case brought by a couple who said they feared prosecution, the state argued that such laws encourage and promote traditional family and sexual values. The court decided that "as laudable as these state goals are, they do not justify an absolute prohibition of the exercise of a constitutionally protected activity." The decision does not affect laws concerning homosexual relations.

STUNG

HOUSTON—A county judge has slammed the door on a police sting operation that led to the arrests of about 290 men on charges of soliciting prostitution. The sting involved payment to a supposed modeling studio at which men who had been offered girls were told that all rooms were occupied. Later, the customers were arrested on soliciting charges. Judge Bill Ragan acquitted one man of the charge and said, "Somewhere there's got to be a stop to setting up traps for the unwary . . . solely for the purpose of getting someone to commit an offense." He asked a policewoman if she thought the grief the sting had caused wives and children was worth it, and she answered yes. "Well, the court doesn't," he said.

CERTIFIED NUT

LISBON, NORTH DAKOTA—After a week-long trial, a county court has decided that a man who willed \$1,300,000 to the U.S. Government had to be insane. Government attorneys had argued that the man simply didn't like his relatives, who successfully contested the will after each received one dollar.

COTTAGE INDUSTRIES

OTTAWA, ONTARIO—A Canadian government committee has recommended that prostitutes be allowed to do business out of their homes and that the provinces be given the authority to legalize and regulate "small-scale prostitution establishments." The proposals are partly in response to a 1978 decision by the Canadian Supreme Court holding that pros-



titutes cannot be convicted unless they are "pressing and persistent." The committee recommended stiffer jail terms for pimps and special police units to deal with them.

"I was excited when she asked to see my family jewels. But now she wants to take them to an appraiser. Thank goodness Ballantine's is still a good value."



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such a battle, which may be promoted as long as the money holds out, everyone loses and the child's relationship with both parents may be destroyed.

Most domestic courts now provide a mediation service to take child-custody cases out of the courtroom and to provide the families with the ability to retain their right to self-determination in the reorganization of the family unit from a one-household family to a two-household one.

Regarding the issue of child abuse, which Franks bitterly blames on the "cold, unresponsive mother" and the manipulative, seductive daughter, I can only say that this is a very narrow representation of a very important issue and that although somebody may have 17 years of experience in his field, it does not necessarily mean that he knows what he is talking about. I feel that both Franks's book and his comments on child abuse are grossly inaccurate.

Murray Bloom, Director
Conciliation Court
San Diego County, California

BORN AGAIN, AGAIN

It's no surprise that Jerry Falwell's old-time religion is reactionary, intolerant and obnoxious. The surprise is that it is also hazardous to the psychological well-being of millions. The truth is that "Christian" fundamentalism shares many characteristics with religious cults. Fundamentalism is bigger and more powerful than some of the local cult movements, but that doesn't mean it doesn't use some of the same techniques and leave many of the same scars.

In fact, people who leave the fundamentalist fold suffer many of the same withdrawal symptoms as those leaving religious cults. I know that because I did.

If you're an ex-fundamentalist or a disillusioned fundamentalist, there's good news. Fundamentalists Anonymous, a new group, is organizing chapters across the country. We give one another support and guidance and tell our stories to the public. In the short time we've existed, hundreds of people from across the country have already called our hotline.

If you encounter psychological and social difficulties in escaping from fundamentalism, you should realize that it's not because of personal failings or weaknesses but because of the nature of the fundamentalist experience itself.

Our members report symptoms including extreme loneliness and isolation, fear that evil will befall them or their loved ones, chronic inability to trust people, bitterness and depression over lost time, occasional lapses into fundamentalist consciousness, feelings of great letdown, inability to talk about past involvement or experiences, fear of harassment or persecution by fundamentalists and even sexual difficulties.

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*Happy Holidays
Linda Vaughn*

also been adversely affected by the born-again experience of a spouse, a son or a daughter, a relative or a close friend. These "outsiders" are often perplexed about the ways fundamentalism can cause people to become alienated from friends and family—and even to turn against them. They feel overwhelmed, frustrated and powerless. We also work with many Jews and Catholics, groups against which fundamentalists have launched an organized and intense assault. Fundamentalists Anonymous can help.

Fundamentalism claims to champion the family, yet it has broken up families and turned family members against one another. Fundamentalism claims to be pro-life, yet it promotes a world view infected by fear, paranoia and a basic distrust of human nature. Its ideology finds fun, enjoyment and creativity inherently suspect and, in its obsession with the hereafter, robs us of our enjoyment of this life.

What better, more effective way for disillusioned ex-fundamentalists to expose Falwell and his crowd than by coming out and telling their stories? As the good book says, you shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free.

Richard Yao, Founder
Fundamentalists Anonymous
P.O. Box 654, Wall Street Station
New York, New York 10268

DRUG STING IN REVERSE

As the enclosed clipping from *The Maui News* will testify, the police in Honolulu are now *selling* dope and then arresting the customer for—get this—"promoting a detrimental drug." I actually had to check the date on the newspaper to see whether or not it was the April Fools' Day issue. It was not.

Is it really possible that these imbeciles cannot see that it is the person *selling* the dope who is promoting its use, not the one buying it? And since when is it OK for the police to break the law with impunity? If selling dope is a crime, then it ought to stay one whether or not the seller is wearing a badge. When the policemen initiate illegal actions, then the rule of law has left our land, indeed.

(Name withheld by request)
Wailuku, Hawaii

FAIR FATHERING

In response to Coleen Hall Dailey's question in the June *Playboy Forum*, "How many men would volunteer to be responsible for the support of a child without the impetus of a paternity action?" let me give her some insight.

I am a 20-year-old single parent and not of the fabulous female gender. I am just a mere father who has an infant child. My child's mother left a few weeks after it had been diagnosed as having cystic fibrosis, a very expensive and ultimately fatal disease.

After receiving custody of my child, I met many fathers who had to pay \$150 to

\$300 a month per child for support. I was supposed to receive the generous amount of \$75 a month. As you can see, it was a bit less than the minimum that a male generally has to pay for a healthy child and, so far, I have not received one child-support payment.

Miss Dailey, would you please tell me: Why hasn't there been a crackdown on nonsupporting mothers? Why do most mothers pay less than fathers? If it's an equal responsibility morally, why isn't it treated equally in the courts of law?

M. J. Davey
Memphis, Tennessee

THE PERSONAL COMPUTER

Something strange is going on. I keep getting this interesting piece of advice from my Macintosh.



Sometimes I have to stand back pretty far to read it, or slant the sheet at a sharp angle.

Earl Stokes
Gilford, New Hampshire

HOLY THEORIES

The theory of evolution is being taught in most schools but is objected to by religious fanatics in certain states. Perhaps if we referred to a subject as the "theory of religion," we would have more understanding and less conflict.

Opponents point out that evolution is just a theory. Someday we may discover that men came from other planets or that certain chemicals combined to create men instead of apes. Since nobody knows, it is senseless to fight over differing religious beliefs.

But shouldn't we also keep in mind that all religions are also merely *theories*? Yes, they were propounded by people we respect, and even nonfollowers can be respectful of great leaders. But do we need to believe their theories? Of course not. Had they lived, they would have made improvements in their thinking, just as philosophers have always done. Conflicts arise when some followers impose their beliefs on others.

In America, we should swear by our Constitution and discard religious impositions. We are not one nation "under God"; those two words were added by religious zealots imposing their theories on the rest of us and obscure the fact that other nations also see themselves as being under God. Exclusivity is a pet idea of those who want to think of themselves as superior. Let's remove religious theories from our

courtrooms and Congress and from our legal rights and practices. The Constitution is our working plan that works.

Sidney Porcelain
Brigantine, New Jersey

LUBBOCK LAMENT

Since I moved to the heart of the Bible Belt, I have seen numerous examples of the way religion tries to dictate the lifestyles and morals of the country as a whole. I called the local cable-TV outlet in Lubbock—Cox Cable—to ask about getting The Playboy Channel installed in my home. After getting the run-around from several people, I was left with the impression that the local churches—and believe me, there are a lot of 'em—have made it impossible for your fine channel to operate in Lubbock.

It is a sad commentary, indeed, when the church can dictate to the viewing public what they can watch in the privacy of their own homes. I could understand this if your programming were on one of the free networks, such as CBS, NBC or ABC. But since I would have to pay for the privilege of watching your channel, I am outraged that my right to privacy has been taken away from me. If these fanatics don't want their darling children to see The Playboy Channel, they have one simple option: Don't buy it!

Some of my friends and I plan to launch a local campaign to see if we can't persuade Cox Cable to change its viewpoint and to stand up for freedom of choice. Wish us luck!

Bill Hill
Lubbock, Texas

PLAGIORGASM?

Bill Loren's letter (*The Playboy Forum*, April) arrived just in time! My team and I had just reached the climax of our investigation into the phenomenon of plagiarism (faking another person's orgasm).

As soon as we finished reading Loren's letter, my colleagues and I immediately induced Regina Honeywell (the most orgasmic member of our team) to four simultaneous megaorgasms of the kind described by Loren. We did not attain flabbergasm under those controlled circumstances, as Honeywell had hoped, but that was fortunate. We later found that Honeywell has a rather cynical attitude about life after sex.

We will continue our research and keep you posted.

Michael McCary
Centralia, Missouri

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors on contemporary issues. Address all correspondence to The Playboy Forum, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JOHN DE LOREAN

a candid conversation—the first since his trial—with the former auto tycoon about the cocaine bust, cristina ferrare and religion

It had all the elements of high drama—some would say melodrama—and a few of Greek tragedy: A handsome, powerful and charismatic tycoon whose car company was failing was video-taped in the act of apparently buying a bag of cocaine, pronouncing it “better than gold,” was arrested on drug-trafficking charges and was put on trial with his gorgeous wife at his side.

Then two surprises: John DeLorean, whom most TV viewers would have pronounced guilty, was acquitted by a jury without even presenting a defense. The prosecution's case—shoddy to begin with—fell apart. And Cristina Ferrare, the beautiful wife and former world-class model who had taken a Bible to her husband in jail, thus sparking DeLorean's celebrated conversion to born-again fundamentalism, walked off days after the trial had ended and asked for a divorce. (In a bizarre twist, it was reported recently that although Cristina has remarried, she and DeLorean remain married on a technicality. Both parties have taken steps to formalize the divorce.)

Since the trial and Cristina's departure, DeLorean has not spoken to the press. There have been reports about acrimony between him and Cristina and stories about legal difficulties, stemming from the collapse of his auto company as well as questionable financial dealings, but DeLorean has kept his

side of the story to himself. Until now.

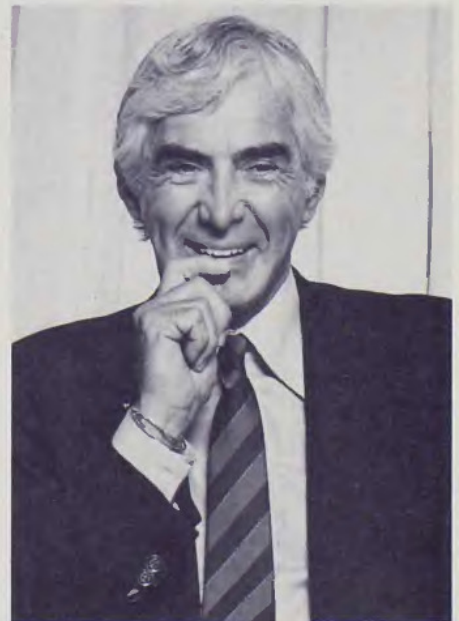
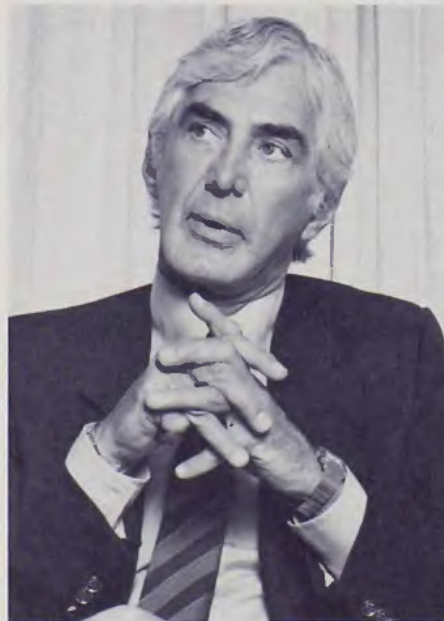
DeLorean, 60, was born of working-class immigrant parents in Detroit, Michigan. He rose through the management ranks at General Motors to become head of the Pontiac division. He made a reputation as an innovative salesman who was able to tap Pontiac into the youth market with the GTO and the Firebird. For much of his life at G.M., he fit the corporate mold. But then came a divorce from his first wife, frequent trips to California and the squiring of such ladies as Ursula Andress and Candice Bergen. He developed a reputation for flashy dressing and, even more shocking to corporate sensibilities, he drove an imported Italian sports car instead of a Corvette. In 1969, his appearance changed after facial surgery, he married his second wife, Kelly Harmon, daughter of football star Tommy Harmon and his junior by 23 years. The marriage lasted three years. He got custody of their adopted son, Zachary, and soon took up with 22-year-old model Cristina Ferrare. He married Cristina three weeks after submitting his resignation to G.M., and they had one child, a daughter.

Despite grumbling at G.M. about DeLorean's lifestyle, he was promoted in 1972 to group executive in charge of North American car-and-truck operations, and he seemed a sure bet to eventually take over the top spot at G.M. But in 1973, DeLorean

suddenly retired—or was fired—from his \$650,000-a-year job with a pay-out of several million dollars. Later, he would chronicle his years in the executive suite in a book, “On a Clear Day You Can See General Motors,” in which he takes to task “the morality of the whole G.M. system” and the “undue emphasis on profits and cost control.” DeLorean has said that during his tenure at G.M., he was personally responsible for progressive changes in the company's minority hiring, training and working conditions. G.M. officials dispute that assertion.

For the next few years, DeLorean simply jettied about, trying to put together various deals and buying expensive real estate. The DeLoreans lived in a \$5,000,000 Fifth Avenue co-op in New York, on a 48-acre ranch in San Diego and on a 430-acre estate in New Jersey.

In 1975, he founded the DeLorean Motor Company to manufacture, at a plant in Northern Ireland, a new sports car that was to bear his name. At first, it seemed to be doing well; his backers included Sammy Davis Jr., Juan Trippe, former chairman of Pan American, and oilman Donald Anderson. Johnny Carson, who had reportedly invested \$500,000 in the company, had DeLorean on his television program and even bought one of the 20,000 cars produced. “There were two maverick hot-shots in the



PHOTOGRAPHY BY BENNO FRIEDMAN

“I’ve never seen cocaine in my life, never used it. It’s just totally alien to my nature. I just played along with them. That wasn’t me on the video tape. That was a guy who figured he was in deep, deep trouble.”

“There were a lot of sick, punitive things some G.M. executives set out to do to me after I left. A guy who’s his own man is automatically a threat to every organization guy, and they hate you from the beginning.”

“What bothered me was that Cristina’s affair clearly had been going on a long time . . . I guess it was God’s will. Of course, I’m very appreciative of the fact that she and her fiancé stuck with me through the trial.”

automobile business," said a banker quoted by Charlotte Curtis in *The New York Times*. "One was Lee Iacocca. The other was John DeLorean. One stayed in the business. The other went off the deep end."

After running into major financial snags, DeLorean began a frantic search for additional cash to keep his fledgling company on track. It was during that unsuccessful effort that he encountered men who presented themselves as would-be investors but instead turned out to be FBI informants and agents. But before he learned their true identity, he was shown a suitcase full of cocaine, which the informants said was to be sold in order to raise money for the company. He was secretly video-taped at the time. The Feds jumped out from behind the bushes (or at least came rushing in from next door), arrested him and announced to the world the sensational charge—conspiracy to sell cocaine. DeLorean denied it, saying he had been entrapped by the FBI agents, whom he feared were Mafia members; he had been looking for a loan to bail out the company, he said, and had just been playing for time. After intense scrutiny by the media and a trial cut short, a jury decided in his favor and DeLorean was set free.

Since we felt that this case required a large dose of impertinence—after all, DeLorean has never been closely questioned, much less cross-examined—we turned to a man who has turned the impertinent question into an art form: Los Angeles Times reporter and longtime PLAYBOY interviewer (of Jimmy Carter and Oriana Fallaci, among others) Robert Scheer. His report:

"There's an old saying, 'Never hustle a hustler,' that I'm certain applies to John DeLorean—but I'm not sure just how. Is he the mark or the con man? Most people seem to think he's the latter. But after spending many months hustling the elusive John DeLorean for an 'Interview' he did not at first want to grant, I have come to think he is a sucker. I believe it possible that he was set up on the cocaine charges.

"The man is an easy target. You could sell him anything as long as you played to his vanity and his arrogance. His is a vision so charmed by self that it is amazing that he has not fallen more often. Larger purpose is written all over DeLorean; and if you don't see it, he'll tell you. And tell you. Both before and since his recent religious conversion, he has tended to view the world as having been created for his convenience and growth—both material and spiritual. As the following 'Interview' suggests, this is a man who is fully convinced that both Jesus and the U.S. Department of Justice thought of little else these past two years than the testing of one John DeLorean.

"Vanity led him to think it natural that fast-talking strangers should come bearing huge gifts of money without strings attached to save his failing auto company. Arrogance led him to think he could outwit them, whatever their motives, to his own advantage. By his own admission, DeLorean was something of a highflying egomaniac who thought he could win any game. And he is a bit of a cry-baby when he doesn't win. It's always someone

else's fault—be it his wife's or the Devil's.

"But after spending a lot of time listening to his side of it, I believe DeLorean's story is plausible, because he is altogether too naïve and bemused to have descended to the level of venal calculation attributed to him by the Justice Department. He does not appear mean-spirited or petty and is determined to think well of himself. His posture is most often one of outrageous innocence, so fervently expressed that it seems genuine, if slightly absurd. This may explain the motive behind his brazen pitch in newspaper ads for funds to support his legal defense as a civil-liberties cause. The public response was mostly ridicule. But DeLorean had convinced himself that this, like Watergate, was a test of whether or not democracy would survive.

"I like DeLorean. He is slippery, but despite the many stories about his financial sleaziness, it's worth noting—in a country where innocence is still presumed—that none of the charges has stood the test of legal scrutiny. Indeed, at one time or another, he may have tried harder than most U.S. businessmen to do something constructive for other people. DeLorean is also funny, clever and better company by far than most of the

"I was talking to everybody, going anywhere. If you hinted that you might be willing to finance a company, I'd fly out there and sit on your doorstep."

people I get to interview. Rather than coming off as a sleazy character, he conveys a spirit of personal generosity and intellectual curiosity that contributes much to his substantial charm. But he is also driven and self-centered in the extreme. He strikes me as a good guy who is permanently stuck in overdrive.

"He is the quintessential salesman, at times subdued, then suddenly exuberant, but always poised for his next pitch. Certainly, there are moments of despair, when he evidences the pale uncertainty of a man who no longer likes himself yet must somehow go on. But then the beaming man we know from *People* magazine suddenly perks up out of a dark, angry reverie about the frame-up, his wife and the Lord; a boyish, confident grin appears, and it is as if none of this ever happened. After all, there is his book and a movie contract and . . . isn't it obvious that the Lord wants him to do well?"

"In his new born-again marketing mode, DeLorean decided at one point, after the process had begun, not to be interviewed by PLAYBOY. At another point, he wanted money for the 'Interview,' which is not how it works at this magazine. Finally, though, he was convinced that he could state his case, that this publicity, too, could be made to serve his

larger purpose. I can almost see him when the magazine appears, throwing this issue of PLAYBOY up into the air, smiling, pronouncing it 'better than gold.'"

PLAYBOY: You underwent one of the most highly publicized trials of the decade and never took the stand. Perhaps the question most people would like to ask you is, Were you acquitted on a technicality? Why didn't you testify in your own defense?

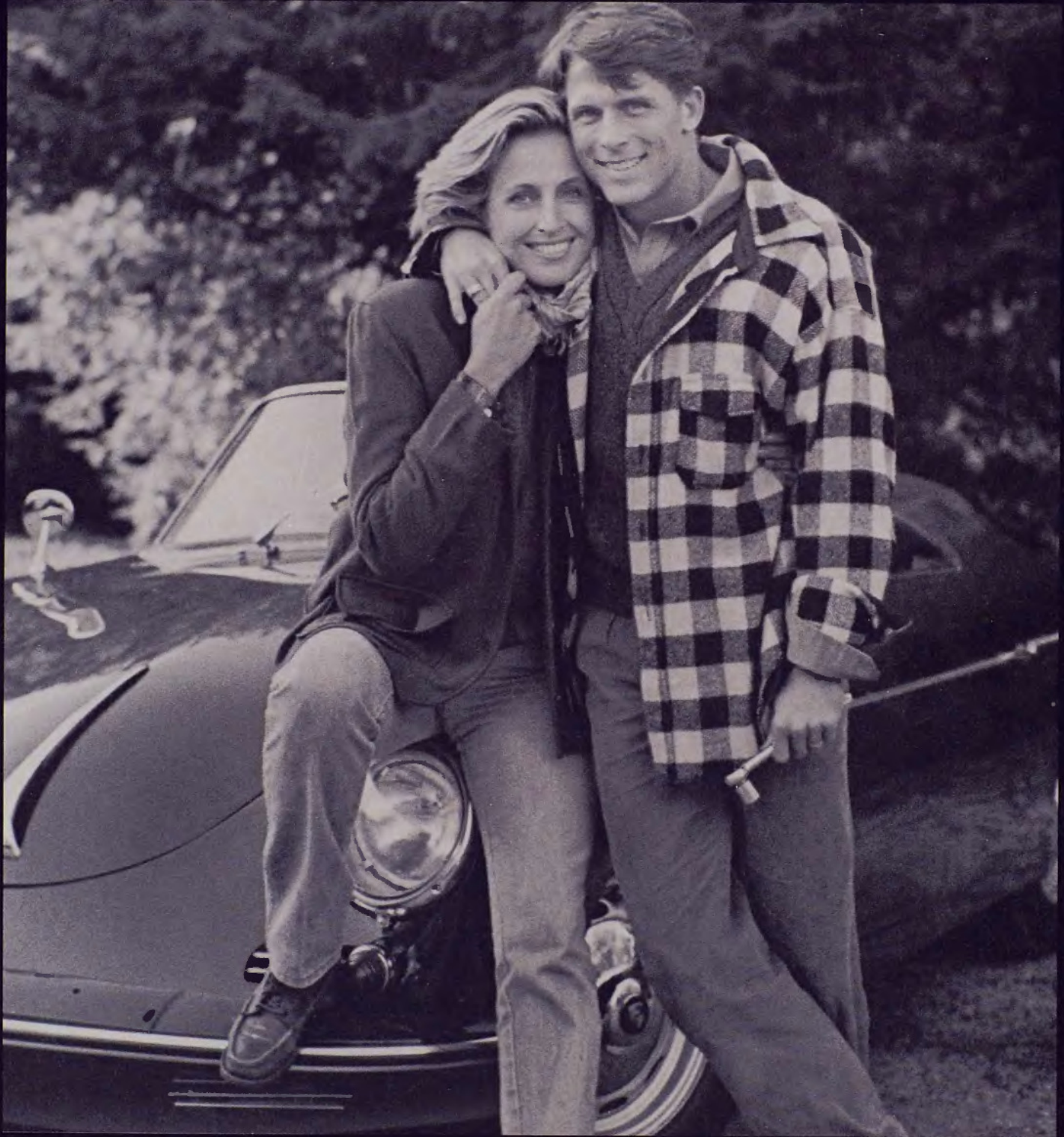
DE LOREAN: That was a decision of my attorney's. We didn't put on any defense, and the reason we didn't was that, almost from the very start, the Government's case completely fell apart. It became obvious to the jurors that it was a frame-up and a fabrication almost from the first witness. My attorney said, "Let's just rest our case right now." And that's the reason that I didn't testify. Nor did our experts. The jury went out, as you know, and the judge had instructed them to go through every bit of evidence, from beginning to end, before they took the first ballot. They were out for four or five or six days, and when they came back, the first ballot was unanimous for acquittal. So, consequently, no one has ever heard my side of it.

PLAYBOY: Still, the most vivid impression people have is of you on a video tape, looking at a suitcase full of cocaine and saying, "It's better than gold."

DE LOREAN: Yeah, that's easy to explain. The essence of that was that I was trying to save my life. I had lived seven years of 16-, 18-hour days, trying to make my company run. I'd made 43 transatlantic crossings in two years. I mean, I was destroyed; I was worn out. When we ran out of money, I was in a panic-stricken mode. I was talking to everybody, going anywhere. If you hinted that you might be willing to finance a company, I'd fly out there and sit on your doorstep. I was totally exhausted, just mentally worn-out, and I don't believe I was totally rational. I was a perfect target for setting up: My faculties weren't there. I was having trouble sleeping. Every night, I took a sleeping pill, and in the morning, I'd have to drink 81 cups of coffee to get cranked up again. I was really a basket case. I admit that. I was really fucked up; but at the same time, that's what they counted on. If I'd had all my faculties, I wouldn't have been there in the room in the first place.

All I knew was that this guy who was going to get a loan to save the car company had something else in mind. So here I am: I've been invited to go out there to meet, in effect, the new management of the company. They meet me at the airport and say, "Well, we're going to make one quick stop here at the hotel." So we stop up in the hotel room. I'm sitting there with three men whom I believe to be dangerous criminals, members of organized crime, and they take out a suitcase full of cocaine—which had come from the Government's safe. They throw it onto the table in front of me. Of course I'm flabbergasted, because I don't even believe they're truly

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PLAYBOY: Had you ever been around cocaine before?

DE LOREAN: Never in my life. Never seen it, never used it. It's just totally alien to my nature. I think a glass of wine or two is the ultimate of what I ever do. So, anyhow, they take this Government case of cocaine. They throw it in front of me. Of course the question people ask me is, "Why didn't you get up and say, 'Hey, I'm going to the FBI! You guys are criminals!'" Well, if they were truly criminals, which I thought they were, of course I'd never get out of there alive. And I thought, Well, maybe there is a chance that I'm going to survive. So I played along with them, which is exactly what my lawyers had told me to do. They said, "Go along. Just don't make a deal. Don't give them any money. Don't give them any collateral. But go along with anything they want." What can you do? You can't get up and say, "Hey, I'm going to the cops." You've got to play along and try to get out of there alive and do what you're going to do later on.

PLAYBOY: But in that video, you weighed the cocaine; you sort of bounced a bag of it on your lap and seemed genuinely happy—

DE LOREAN: Well, the people who know me know that that sort of giggle was not me—that's not what I do. It was a really nervous response to the circumstances, trying to act and go along with the whole thing.

And anybody who knows me knows that wasn't me people saw. That was a guy who figured that he was in really deep, deep trouble. So I was just trying to save my life; that's all it was. I thought those people were going to kill me and my family.

PLAYBOY: We'll ask you some more specific questions about the case later, but for now, the other thing that mystified people was the breakup of your marriage. You and Cristina presented a storybook image, with the beautiful wife faithfully supporting her husband in trouble—and days after the end of the trial, she moved out.

DE LOREAN: Yeah.

PLAYBOY: You were bitter at the time; have you gotten over it?

DE LOREAN: I don't know if I would say I was bitter; I was *devastated*, because it came as a shock to me. I don't know if you notice the difference in me, but I lost about 35 pounds as a result of the divorce. The unhappiness of the trial was nothing compared with that.

PLAYBOY: What was the devastating part—the disloyalty, the rejection of a beautiful woman?

DE LOREAN: I think two things: one, that a day after the trial, after this tremendous display of the loyal wife and this and that, she said, "Well, this guy got me a job at KABC-TV. I'm going to make a quarter of a million a year, plus, and I'm leasing a house out here, and you're not moving in."

That was a shock. And then, of course, a couple of days later, she had to explain to the kids why Daddy wasn't moving in. And she told them, "It's because I'm marrying this other man."

What bothered me was that this had clearly been going on for a long time. It bothered me because the only thing I'd ever asked of her was an honest relationship. I understand that new guys and new girls come along every day. That's the way life is. God creates a whole new bunch of them every time you turn around. So it's possible and it can happen. I'd always told her, "Look, if you meet another guy and you think it's the real thing, all I want you to do is come to me and be honest about it. Just say, 'Look, John, I met somebody else and that's the way it is, so I'm leaving.'" But this—to find out that it had been going on a long, long time—it really bothered me.

PLAYBOY: It *did* seem like a pretty bohemian attitude for her to take, given that both you and your wife were born-again Christians at that time. Isn't it a sin to divorce, to leave your husband?

DE LOREAN: Well, I'm telling you what I said. . . . You know, during our married life, I'd always said, "You're a very cute girl, like a painting on the wall. Right now, you're hanging on my wall; but some other time, you might be hanging on someone else's wall." I mean, I understand those things.

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It was deeper than that, but I guess what I'm trying to say is that what I really wanted and the only thing I ever asked for was an honest relationship. And when it turned out that we didn't have that, that bothered me a lot. It was devastating to me, and I still haven't dated. She left me in August 1984, and I haven't dated anyone since then.

In fact, I feel like an animal in a cage that's been beaten and is sort of cowering in a corner. I haven't quite gotten my act together in regard to going out with someone else. Today I would like to meet some—you know, some women, but only as friends. It would be nice to have somebody who I could just talk to and maybe go out to dinner with or go to a party or something. But I have absolutely no interest at this time in any kind of romantic relationship, because I'm still gun-shy. I'm still hurt. I'm badly hurt. But that's life. Those things happen.

PLAYBOY: You say your wife's affair had been going on for a long time; during your trial, you two were probably the most closely observed people in the country, outside of the President and the First Lady. Your wife's activities must have been watched by the FBI.

DE LOREAN: I'm sure the FBI knew about it! [Laughs] I didn't know about it, but I'm positive they knew about it.

PLAYBOY: That your wife was having an affair during the trial?

DE LOREAN: Oh, sure. Because when we were back in New Jersey, while I was at our country home with the kids, she'd go into the city many, many nights for various reasons—maybe two nights a week. And I've always been an absolutely trusting human being. It turned out that that was a mistake; that's all. But looking back on it, it was God's will, I guess. It really bothered me for many reasons, for the dishonesty and for the impact on our children. After the horror that they've been through the past few years, it's really been very, very difficult.

PLAYBOY: When you talk about God's will, though—this is the woman who brought you to a recommitment to God, right?

DE LOREAN: Well, she was instrumental. She brought me a Bible while I was in jail.

PLAYBOY: But something doesn't fit here: Isn't it odd that a born-again Christian would have an affair while she was leading you to God?

DE LOREAN: Well, we're all guilty of weaknesses and sin, and none of us is perfect. It's like Jesus said: "Let he who is without sin cast the first stone." Of course, I'm very appreciative of the fact that she and her fiancé stuck with me through the trial. [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: She and her family would undoubtedly see it differently, wouldn't they?

DE LOREAN: She's got some serious problems within her own family. Her sister and

brother and their families are very critical of her at this point in time; they're all born-again Christians, too, and, I must say, very good people, so it bothers them a whole lot.

PLAYBOY: Given your association with a lot of beautiful women and the fact that you referred to Cristina as a beautiful picture on your wall, do you suppose your attitude toward women might be the cause of some of your personal problems?

DE LOREAN: I'm not sure. I haven't sorted out all my thoughts. I've always had a tendency to associate with women who were dramatically less educated than I am. I have three and a half college degrees and I read incessantly. I don't think Cristina ever read one book from cover to cover during our 12 years of marriage; I can't remember her ever doing that. So I start asking myself, "Well, why is this?" I can remember one time before I married Cristina. I met this lady and she was really magnificent—beautiful, intelligent, well read—and for some reason, we seemed to get along real well. But I just couldn't—I can never let myself get involved with somebody who was an intellectual challenge. I don't know why that was. But it clearly is one reason the relationships I've had have tended to be quite superficial. We have not had too much to talk about.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that you consulted a spiritualist during that period?

DE LOREAN: I did frequently. Cristina had



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introduced me to her. When she was trying to get pregnant, she talked to her, and after some carnival trick, she got pregnant. Cristina was convinced that the spiritualist was responsible. So when I got into business trouble later, she persuaded me to talk to this lady. I did so, initially skeptically, and slowly she captured my confidence—a very bright and unusual woman. I slowly got into that—though, of course, now I look back and it was really a sick thing. But there I was, with some card reader telling me how to run my life. Although I noticed an interesting article in the paper: My wife's new husband is an ABC executive, and the *L.A. Times* ran a piece about how he and his boss had been consulting some spiritualist in New York to help with their programing. So they're getting the same kind of help I got. [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: Do you think Cristina turned them on to it?

DE LOREAN: Oh, no, it had been going on for quite a while. But the way I see it now, it was very sick, very satanic to be talking to people of that sort.

PLAYBOY: Why did you go with a Christian publisher for your new book? Wasn't it turned down by commercial publishers as too self-serving?

DE LOREAN: We had offers from other people. But I really felt that my spirituality was an important part of the book, and I wanted somebody who could treat it sensitively. It also is true that, for example, the biggest-selling hardcover book of recent years was Chuck Colson's autobiography. So it isn't necessarily true that by going with a Christian publisher, you're automatically eliminated. I think Colson's book still outsells *Iacocca* two to one, even at this point in time. [This is not accurate. Currently, *Iacocca* far outsells Colson's *Born Again*.]

PLAYBOY: Is that a goal—for a book to out-sell the competition?

DE LOREAN: No. But I mean, the point is that it's not like you're just going to sell to a few Christians. The publisher is capable of marketing on a broad basis. That's all.

PLAYBOY: Do you see any kind of pattern, or danger, in this born-again syndrome, in which people who get into trouble suddenly get more involved with Christianity and begin proselytizing? You mentioned Colson as one example.

DE LOREAN: I think Colson today is one of the most important Americans, and I think what he's doing is a miracle. I believe he's an infinitely better human being than he was at any other time of his life. When I look at what I've been through, I can't imagine that I could have survived this—I know the human being I was could never have survived it without my faith and this powerful belief in Christ.

PLAYBOY: But the pain you have suffered, both from your wife and from the Government prosecutors, as it turns out, was not at the hands of drug pushers, pornographers, the godless. The pain you suffered was at the hands of God-fearing

Christians—your wife and the prosecutors alike. They are people who share the same values, the same God, the same worshipful posture as you. Yet that didn't prevent them from doing what you have described as terrible things to you. Couldn't you well ask, "With Christian friends like that, who needs heathen enemies?"

DE LOREAN: With the prosecutors, I think they were guilty of the same sin I was. Their egos got in the way, and all of a sudden it became a matter of personal glorification and aggrandizement, and they lost sight of the law and the fact that it was pretty clear that this whole thing was fabricated. They'd already decided that they were going to get famous, they were going to get promoted, they were going to write a book. All of them were looking forward to it, and those are human weaknesses. Everybody is subject to those. I have no animosity toward any of those people. But if they were true Christians, they couldn't have done what they did. And anyway, the word Christian is very badly misused—

PLAYBOY: You might have been a much happier man if you'd had atheist prosecutors and an atheist wife.

DE LOREAN: [Laughs] It's very possible. I don't know. I think that, unfortunately, in our system, people have a tendency to pervert Christianity for their own purposes, which is wrong and sinful.

PLAYBOY: What is the relationship of materialism to your kind of Christianity? You live in a \$6000-a-month house and have million-dollar book contracts, million-dollar movie deals. We see these people on television who seem to pull in a lot of money for their version of Christianity. What about the Christian tradition of shunning material goods? What about the parable of the rich man's getting into heaven being more difficult than threading a needle with a camel?

DE LOREAN: No, that's a gross misinterpretation. I think that my interpretation is the traditional one—that, of course, Christ wants you to be prosperous and successful. I think that in that instance, the rich man Christ was talking about was one whose idols were riches. In other words, today's idols are Rolls-Royces, stock options, money, big houses, and so on. It's not wrong to aspire to them, but it's wrong to worship them and to make them the most important things in your life.

PLAYBOY: Then you don't think there's a contradiction between being a Christian spokesman and getting wealthy from it?

DE LOREAN: No. I think that the Lord says in many places in the Bible that He wants you to prosper.

PLAYBOY: And that endless pitching on television to the true believers, the milking for donations—

DE LOREAN: That bothers me. That really does bother me. In some instances, it's possible that whoever's doing the soliciting has the same disease I had—his ego has gotten so much in the way that he *has* to be on television and it becomes an endless



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PLAYBOY: Do you think that the Lord guided you through the cocaine trial?

DE LOREAN: Well, we had no money; we couldn't put on a defense. Now, who are you dealing with as adversaries? You're dealing with a trained bunch, like a football team; those guys play that game every day of the week. Every one of them testifies an infinite number of times; they never make a mistake. So why would these guys get up there and all of a sudden start stumbling and falling, lying on the witness stand, get caught back-dating documents and destroying evidence?

PLAYBOY: Do you think that was the work of the Lord?

DE LOREAN: You tell me.

PLAYBOY: Why would the Lord do that on your behalf?

DE LOREAN: Well, it's unusual. I needed to get rid of my foolish pride and get my act together and become a proper human being, with the proper orientation. It's a process that Christians call breaking; He had to break me in order to get to the real me. So it was just part of the game. . . .

PLAYBOY: Do you feel the Lord set up the initial bust?

DE LOREAN: No, I don't say that at all. I just say that I needed to be broken and, in His mercy, the Lord prevents a lot of things from happening. I believe I needed it. My wife said to me 50 times, "You know, your relationship with God is absolutely wrong; just because you go to church"—and I used to, every day—"Jesus doesn't live in Saint Patrick's. That has nothing to do with it; he lives in your heart. And you haven't got him, and he's gonna really break you to get you." And that's what happened.

PLAYBOY: Yet that same person left you.

DE LOREAN: That's typical, what happened. In my opinion, when your viewpoint is as damaging to the Devil as mine is, a number of things will happen to impeach your credibility.

PLAYBOY: You mean, the Devil was behind the case?

DE LOREAN: No, I said that the Biblical view is that the Devil heaps burdens in your way. He tries to destroy your credibility as a Christian and, of course, that's certainly the impact of my wife's divorcing me. It really hurt my credibility as a Christian witness, because, as a Christian, you're not supposed to be divorced.

PLAYBOY: But isn't it arrogant to think the Lord would go through this trial and all this publicity just to make a point to you?

DE LOREAN: Well, except that isn't arrogant, because, you know, He has numbered every single hair on your head;

that's the infinity of His sovereignty. I mean, He really knows what it's all about. The Lord says—I think in *Psalms*—that before you're created in your mother's womb, He has written in His book every single event of every day of your life.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about the case itself in more detail, since, as you say, no one has heard your side of it. What was the basis of the Government's case against you?

DE LOREAN: The whole case ultimately depended on a confidential informant, James Hoffman, who was the ultimate sleaze. Here was a guy who started his life as a Bible salesman, selling Bibles to widows, and who ended up conning and cheating people. And he'd been a Government informant a number of times. In each instance, he became an informant to save his own fanny, and he wound up sending his friends to prison. But he never made a case outside of that. Anyhow, every witness the prosecutors put on, the same thing happened. The whole thing had just completely fallen down around their ears.

One of the things that have never come out and would have come out if the trial had gone forward is that I had written a letter very early on in my involvement with these people—I'm going to tell you everything, but you've got to be responsible, because this is pretty heavy-duty. . . . I had sent a letter to my law firm in New York, and it's inside the envelope there [*gestures*]. I won't give you a copy of it today, but I'll read it aloud to you. I've only just gotten it out from the attorney's vault.

I had gotten a call from the informant, Hoffman, on the night of the 18th of October, and he said, "Look, the money you want [for the car company] is ready." By then, I was under the impression that these guys were organized crime—not drug dealers!—and that they had stuck me in the middle of this because they wanted to use my company for moving money around the world. And so after I got that call, which was about 8:30 Monday night the 18th, I wrote this letter and gave it to my attorney the following morning when I left for California.

PLAYBOY: That's the reason it's not postmarked—you hand-delivered it?

DE LOREAN: I hand-delivered it and it went into his vault and stayed there.

PLAYBOY: He has vouched for it?

DE LOREAN: He has vouched for it, and the other side of the envelope, which isn't shown there, showed when it was opened by two attorneys and they signed it.

PLAYBOY: Just to set the stage, you claim you had been approached by Hoffman with an offer to save your company with an infusion of "offshore money"; out of desperation over your ailing car company, you jumped at the chance and only later suspected it was Mob money, right?

DE LOREAN: More or less.

PLAYBOY: OK. Read the letter.

DE LOREAN: Right. [*Reads*] "This is today,

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October 18, 1982. Dear Tom: By tomorrow, I'm going to accomplish a minor miracle. I will have induced organized crime to literally donate \$10,000,000 to reopen the Belfast plant. And when they figure it out, they cannot do anything about it. Hoffman, Benedict [actually, undercover FBI agent Benedict Tisa], Hetrick [acknowledged cocaine smuggler William Morgan Hetrick] and Vicenza [actually, undercover Drug Enforcement Agency agent John Valestra] are not what they pretend to be—don't be shocked—cocaine dealers.

"Without any question, they are part of organized crime and the Eureka Federal Savings and Loan is a front they use for laundering money. [Agent Tisa posed as a crooked official of Eureka Federal.] The cocaine charade is designed to make me feel implicated so I won't look too hard at the source of funds. Tomorrow, when they put the \$10,000,000 into Eureka and Benedict wire-transfers it to Court Gully"—that's the British government's receiver of DeLorean Motors—"the Mob will own 100 percent of DMC, Inc., which is a corporate shell with no assets. In effect, the Mob will have donated \$10,000,000 to the Belfast plant and have gotten almost nothing for it. . . . Obviously, they wanted to control the motor company to use it for moving and laundering money. And when they find out they own and control nothing, they'll be very pissed. The reason I'm convinced they won't do anything about it is that to take any kind of action against the company or myself will blow their money-laundering operation at Eureka Federal.

"When they start to push, I'll tell them that there is a letter that was to be opened in the event of my death, and maybe they'll just take a walk. And if I'm wrong and my death is from anything but absolutely natural causes, take this letter to the police and take care of my family. God bless you."

That's all. That's why I thought I might be killed—because I'd pulled a fast one on the Mob, raising the money to keep the company going. I absolutely thought I was going to be killed.

PLAYBOY: But the company would be saved.

DE LOREAN: Except that the Mob would own it.

PLAYBOY: But the DeLorean Company would have gone on.

DE LOREAN: Yeah. But they would have owned it under the British government's control, since it was already in receivership. But it was an irrational thing for me to do; they'd got me into a position where they squeezed me into this corner and I was dead. There was nothing I could do instead of just saying that what I was trying to do was create a heroic position for myself out of a defeat. I mean, that's a sick man talking. When I look at that, I can't believe that was a rational human being.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you really suspect it was

Mob money the moment you heard from Hoffman it was "offshore"?

DE LOREAN: What's offshore money? Saudis have offshore money. Everybody has—most money in the world today is offshore. Almost all major investment money is offshore. No, I stressed that any investment money we got had to be a loan through the bank. "I can't take the cash," I said. "It has to be a legitimate investment." But even if it's a legitimate investment, I'm sure that nobody knows whether there are any illegal investors who have bought General Motors stock or stock in Standard Oil of New Jersey—

PLAYBOY: But looking at the record, isn't it true you said that even if it came in dollars, it had to be looked at? And then Hoffman suggested a way of laundering it through Eureka Federal?

DE LOREAN: That's not laundering. If it comes through the bank, it's a legitimate investment.

PLAYBOY: Even if it's put up by—

DE LOREAN: It doesn't matter—how do I know? Hoffman didn't tell me it was gangster money. He just said they had money they wanted to invest.

PLAYBOY: So you were willing to not look too closely at this. If they could get that money through the bank, wherever it had come from, you would have accepted it?

"That's why I thought I might be killed—because I'd pulled a fast one on the Mob, raising the money to keep the company going."

DE LOREAN: If it was a legitimate investment through a bank, *who* put it in the bank was not my concern. Whether it was an ex-king who had stolen it from his people or a stock manipulator who'd made a killing in the market or—

PLAYBOY: Or the Mafia.

DE LOREAN: It could come from anywhere.

PLAYBOY: And if it had really come from the Mafia, you didn't feel any—

DE LOREAN: Don't you think the Mafia owns 50 major corporations in the United States today?

PLAYBOY: We don't know.

DE LOREAN: I'm sure they do.

PLAYBOY: So at what point did you become aware that it was illegal and feel threatened by the connection?

DE LOREAN: Well, they went through a charade from the end of June 1982, when I got the first call from Hoffman, who said, "I have some people who want to invest in your company if it can be saved," until September fourth, when they invited me to go to Washington, D.C. That's when Hoffman said, "I've got good news for you. Meet me at this hotel in Washington and

you're really going to be pleased. Everything is all handled." When I got to the hotel in Washington, I called up to his room from the lobby and he said, "Well, I'm busy now. I can't see you for half an hour. But you're really going to be pleased. I've found a way to invest the fee, the commission you were going to pay me, in another transaction that'll generate all the money you're ever going to need." He said, "I think the thing's a done deal. You don't have to worry about anything."

I didn't know what that meant. I didn't understand it. So I went and had a hamburger, called him back, went up to the room and met him. All of a sudden, for the first time, he said, "We're going to take this million-eight that you've already paid me as commission, and I'm going to put it into a dope deal and make a lot of money."

Then I wanted to get out. All I wanted to do was get out of there. The so-called commission was a line of credit I had at that time from Citibank for \$2,000,000. And I said to Hoffman, "Look, it's not my money. I don't have any money." So when I got back down to the lobby, I called my attorney in New York and said, "I got myself a really serious problem. What am I going to do? I thought it was a legitimate deal. Now it turns out to be with some criminals who are trying to get me to engage in a criminal activity." And without saying anything about dope or specific names, I described generally what had happened.

After thinking about it awhile, here's what my lawyer advised me: "Look, because of the situation you're in, there isn't any opportunity for you. If you go to the police and it's true they own this big bank, they're going to know the minute you do; they must have connections in the FBI; they must have connections a lot of places. Eureka Savings—a financial institution of that size couldn't exist as a Mafia front. So they've got to be people who are well connected throughout Government. Procrastinate them to death. Don't give them any money. Don't get into a deal. Don't sign anything for them. And they'll get bored with you. They'll wear down, and afterward, we can go to the police in a quiet way. But if you confront them now, they have two choices. They're going to kill you or they're going to grab your family and force you to do what they want."

PLAYBOY: He didn't advise you to go to the FBI or the police?

DE LOREAN: I couldn't do it. I didn't have anything to go with.

PLAYBOY: So you played along and wrote this letter on the 18th of October?

DE LOREAN: Right.

PLAYBOY: Instead of writing a letter, why couldn't you just have walked into the New York office of the FBI?

DE LOREAN: What could I prove?

PLAYBOY: You could have described what

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had happened to you.

DE LOREAN: OK, what are they going to do? They're going to say, "You have no proof." And then they make you an informant: "We want you to get wired and go meet these guys, and after you get through, you then have to assume a new identity and become a car-wash operator in Eureka and your wife becomes a supermarket clerk." My whole life is gone. My company's gone. My wife's career is gone.

That's the only alternative available. Or, no, there's another: You go to the police, as you suggest. Somebody tips these guys off that you've gone, and you and your kids are blown away. I mean, those are the two alternatives. It just wasn't possible to go to the police.

PLAYBOY: That was the old you. Now that you have intensified your religious beliefs, if you had to do it over again, would you act in a more moral way?

DE LOREAN: I didn't act in any immoral way.

PLAYBOY: You don't think that your duty as a citizen—

DE LOREAN: Well, what could I have done? Your two alternatives are you can live or you can die. You have two choices.

PLAYBOY: You could blow the whistle on wrongdoing.

DE LOREAN: Well, you didn't listen to the advice the lawyer gave me. You're talking too much. The lawyer didn't say, "Don't go to the police." He said, "You can't go now, because you have no proof. You have no evidence. All they're going to say is 'Hey, go make a buy. We'll photograph you and grab them.'" In other words, get an illegal activity going and you then destroy your life. My company is gone. My wife's career is gone. Our children are going to be hiding for the rest of their lives. Also, I'm not interested in being an informer. It's just not my nature. So the alternative he suggested was a valid one. And it was the only solution to the problem.

PLAYBOY: To bore them to death?

DE LOREAN: To procrastinate and not confront! Which makes sense, if you think about it. If you were in the same spot, you'd do the same thing. So would the Pope if he were in the same spot, because you have no alternative.

PLAYBOY: The Pope would have done that?

DE LOREAN: Well, eliminate that. That doesn't make sense, because he's totally different. But no human being—you have no alternative, unless you're a guy whose life is meaningless and you want to assume a new identity and let the Government support you; that's fine.

PLAYBOY: What if you're a religious guy who thinks that God judges you on your behavior and you have to make some sacrifices for the larger good, for morality?

DE LOREAN: Well, that's a stupid remark.

PLAYBOY: It is?

DE LOREAN: Yeah, because I said we would

do it later. All I was trying to do was stay alive for a few months until I could go to the police. That's what I was trying to do. I mean, what you're saying is irrational.

PLAYBOY: The point is that this letter, which you say is exculpatory, doesn't say you intend to go to the police.

DE LOREAN: It says so at the end. It says, "If I'm dead, go to the police." Does it say, "If I'm not dead, I'll go to the police as soon as I can"? It doesn't, because I wasn't going to do that.

PLAYBOY: The letter says that if you die of anything but natural causes, the letter should go to the police. But shouldn't the lawyer expose this wrongdoing anyway? If there's a bank on the take from the Mafia—organized crime, drug pushers, and so forth—that's a real menace to society, right? Doesn't someone at some point go to the FBI and say, "There's this bank and these people who should be looked into"?

DE LOREAN: Who's he got to expose? He doesn't know anything about it. He has no evidence. All he's going to do is get my family back into it.

PLAYBOY: Didn't he have the names of some of those people right in your letter?

DE LOREAN: What does that mean?

"I think my ultimate sin—and it was really terrible—was that I had this insatiable pride. I really was insane."

[*Angrily*] I really don't think we're on the same wave length. I really think we should forget this whole thing!

PLAYBOY: These are questions that people are going to have. They're going to want to know, if the trial ended on a technicality—if this thing about the bank and the letter was a technicality—what you'd have said—

[*DeLorean, annoyed, abruptly gets up and leaves the room in which the interview is taking place. The interviewer follows him and coaxes him back to the tape recorder.*]

PLAYBOY: We're back on.

DE LOREAN: I'm not trying to be touchy. But I'm trying to put my life back together, and I really don't need one more bullshit thing that I'm part of. I've been fucked over by every reporter in the world, and 99 percent of them come in and say— Incidentally, what I just said, if you recorded it, is off the record. I don't want any bad language in this. I want you to promise me you won't have any.

PLAYBOY: Bad language?

DE LOREAN: Yeah.

PLAYBOY: Off the record is before the fact, not after, but we wanted to ask you about

that—bad language. In the only other interview you've given, to *Rolling Stone*, in 1983, you used very profane language.

DE LOREAN: Yeah. But that's not me anymore, and I try not to, even though when I get really upset, I will occasionally let a word fly that I learned from my 13-year-old son. But I don't talk like that anymore and I don't want to. And I try hard not to. Not that I haven't spent a lot of my life working in a factory.

PLAYBOY: But hadn't you already undergone your religious conversion when you gave that interview?

DE LOREAN: Yeah, except that I was pretty young in it all at that point in time.

PLAYBOY: One issue that keeps coming up, though, even among people who feel that you were framed, is that you tried to make your story too perfect. OK, DeLorean was set up and framed, but the way he'll have us believe it, it was always the other guys' fault—the British government's, the overzealous prosecutors'. The way you tell it, there's no blemish on John DeLorean's character, nothing you did wrong. And people who know the wheeling and dealing you've done in your career have trouble with that.

DE LOREAN: Oh, no, I think there were a lot of things I did wrong. I think my ultimate sin—and it was really terrible—was that I had this insatiable pride. I really was insane. Looking back at it, I see that I had an arrogance that was beyond that of any other human being alive.

PLAYBOY: How long had you had it?

DE LOREAN: I think it had been part of my life for a long, long time. It goes back through probably half of my General Motors career. I just couldn't accept defeat. No matter what I had to do, I tried to stay fighting, keep winning. And I think that the Lord had to knock me down and stand on my chest to show me the error of my ways. I realize now how atrocious I was from that standpoint. I just wouldn't let the company die, and it was because of my ego. And that was true of many things in my life. It was just illogical.

PLAYBOY: Was it a desire to be perfect, all-powerful?

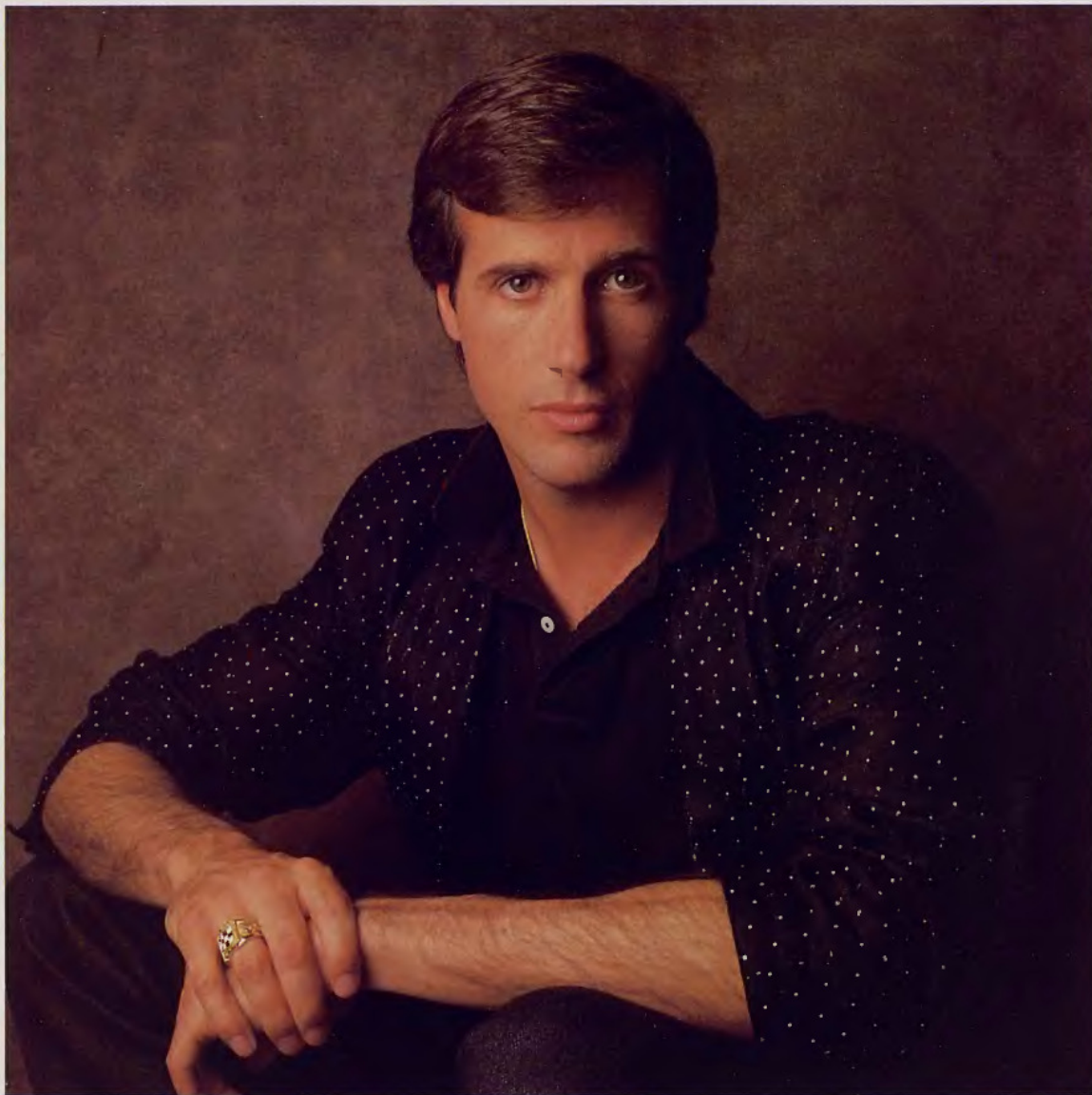
DE LOREAN: No, I don't think it was that. It was just that I couldn't let this company go down. Of course, in this particular instance, when I started the company, every guy I ever met in the industry told me I was a moron, that there was no chance in the world of its ever, ever, ever succeeding. We put the company together and we were successful. We were profitable. It looked like if we had had the working capital that the Government owed us, we would have had a winning company. And then, all of a sudden, that was all snatched from our grasp—or my grasp, I guess I should say.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a theory about why it was snatched from your grasp?

DE LOREAN: We have a pretty good idea.

(continued on page 134)

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?



Danny Sullivan

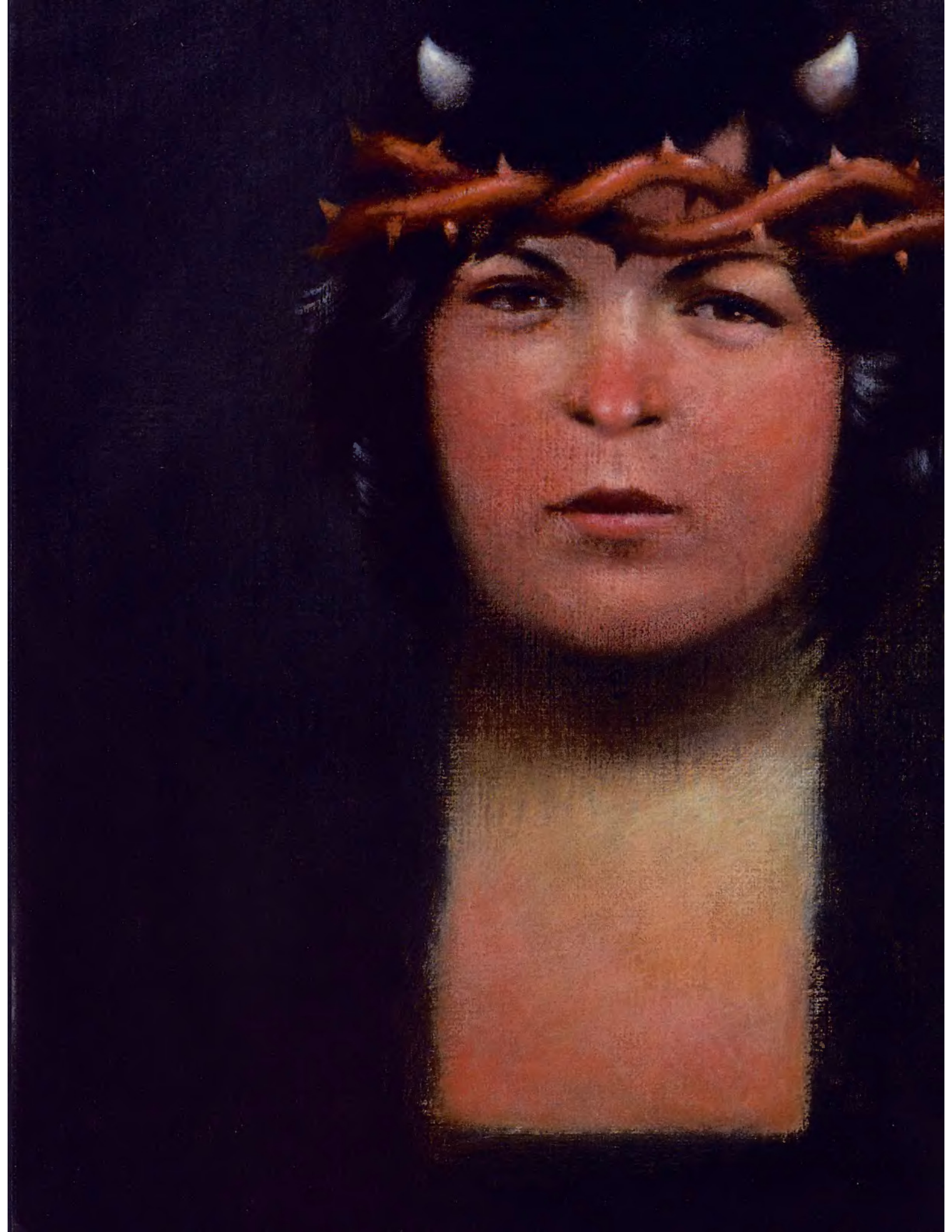
In the lean years, he waited on tables, even drove a cab around New York. When he decided to be a race driver, a lot of people told him he'd never make it. But this year, as winner of the Indy 500, Danny Sullivan made it big. "You just have to keep at it," he says. "Nothing good in life ever comes easy." Now Danny Sullivan's life is racing. And his magazine is PLAYBOY.

"I started reading it in high school," he says. "Sure, I liked the pictorials. Who doesn't? But as I

grew with the magazine, I realized how well written the articles were, and I liked the people who were being interviewed. And, to be honest, I had never really cared much about clothes until I started reading PLAYBOY. I know it's one magazine I can depend on to tell me what's really happening. It always lays it on the line."

Danny Sullivan, a man who lives life at full speed. The sort of man who reads PLAYBOY.





THE SELF-CRUCIFIXION OF CATHLEEN CROWELL WEBB

IN RECOUNTING THE STORY OF
HER 1977 RAPE, DID SHE . . .

**Lie then and tell the truth now?
Tell the truth then and lie now?
Lie then and lie now?**

THREE SCENARIOS
WITH ONE THING IN COMMON—
THE SEXUAL PSYCHOSIS
OF THE BORN-AGAIN CHRISTIAN

SOMETHING WAS WRONG. That was all Officer Russell Schoeneck knew as he approached. But after shining his spotlight in her direction, he quickly realized that the young girl cowering in the shadows was the victim of violence. Clutching her torn clothes to her shaking body, Cathy Crowell reluctantly entered the squad car. Unable to comfort her, Officer Schoeneck repeatedly tried to find out what had happened. Cathy answered that she only wanted to go home. Then she admitted that she had been raped.

The scene was the sidewalk by the small, unlighted parking lot at Arquilla Park, situated at the edge of Chicago's far-south suburbs. The date was July 9, 1977. This was when it started.

Within minutes, Cathy had been transported to the police station of south suburban Homewood, where she met Officer Anna Carroll. Gripping Officer Carroll's arm, the red-faced 16-year-old cried that she was too ashamed to talk about it. Her foster mother soon arrived, and as she cradled Cathy in her arms, they were driven by Carroll to a nearby hospital for examination. En route, Cathy began hysterically reciting details.

At eight-thirty that Saturday night, she said, after leaving work at a fast-food restaurant, she had been forced into a car by two men. One scrambled into the back with her. The other jumped into the front, while a third man behind the wheel drove away. During the next two hours, the man in the back seat, with help from the front passenger, had torn her clothes, raped her and then sadistically etched letters into her abdomen with a piece of broken glass. Still sobbing, she recounted minuscule details of her attacker's appearance, down to the color of the piping on his shirt. She remembered the continuous laughter as they humiliated her. She remembered the image of the

article

By **ELIZABETH and EDWIN BLACK**

rapist's hand wrapped around the broken glass as it cut into her flesh.

When they were finished, she had been discarded at the park, her ripped garments tossed after her.

On Sunday and Monday, Cathy repeated the story to investigators led by Homewood detective Jerald Brandt. Working with her description, a police artist produced a detailed drawing of the suspect. Cathy then spent the next few days leafing through mug books, finally identifying Gary Dotson's photo. She pointed him out in a police line-up, waited two years during the prosecutorial process, testified and withstood cross-examination at the trial. Finally, on July 12, 1979, she learned that Dotson had been sentenced to 25 to 50 years in jail. Only then was Cathleen Crowell able to close the book on this agonizing chapter of her life.

As far as anyone knew, it remained closed until almost six years later. In early March 1985, Detective Brandt was sitting in the desk-crammed criminal-investigation office at the Homewood police station. The afternoon mail had just arrived, and it included a handwritten letter from Cathy. "Hi, how are you. I'm doing fine and living in New Hampshire with my husband and two children." Her letter went on to complain of sleepless nights wondering "if the guy is still in jail. Please call."

It was not uncommon for Brandt to receive requests from victims years later inquiring if their attackers were still in jail. Most of them, especially rape victims, dreaded the day their assailants left the penitentiary. "I took it as strictly routine," recalls Brandt. "The next day, I checked to see if the guy was still in jail, which he was. And I telephoned Cathy in New Hampshire, thinking she was worried about the rapist's premature release." Brandt reassured her.

"That's all I was concerned about," replied Cathy. "I just was concerned that he's still in custody." Dotson's name was never mentioned. Brandt hung up, thinking he had just calmed a distressed victim, and thought nothing more of the matter.

Shortly thereafter, William Kunkle, first assistant state's attorney for Cook County, Illinois, received an anonymous long-distance call from Wisconsin asking what prosecutors would do if a victim came forward to announce that her perjured testimony had sent a man to jail. "That would depend," Kunkle answered. "Who are we talking about?" The caller, unwilling to reveal any information, pressed Kunkle for an answer, but Kunkle insisted on knowing details. Finally, the caller hung up.

About that time, Carol and Bernard Smith, Cathy's foster parents, received a phone call from her. "She sounded distant," Bernie told PLAYBOY in an exclusive interview, "and said something like this: 'Remember the rape? The guy didn't do it' or 'He wasn't the one'—I'm not sure

which." Then Cathy added, "Please don't ask any questions. I can't answer any. My lawyer says the less you know, the better. We're going to try to keep it low-profile, as little press as possible. I just wanted you to know before the press contacted you." Crying, she closed by saying that she accepted sole responsibility for the affair, adding, "I just hope you won't hate me." The Smiths hung up believing that a great injustice had been committed, probably through a wrong identification. As Cathy had instructed, they asked no questions.

However, like everyone else in the world, the Smiths soon learned that Cathleen Crowell Webb was claiming that the entire rape story had been fabricated. The torn clothing, the bruises, the blood, the letters on her abdomen—all of it had been self-inflicted. Tearful appearances by Cathy on various local newscasts and then on the *Today* show jolted the conscience of the nation. The media and the public seemed to believe her recantation immediately. But Carol and Bernard Smith felt otherwise. "We just about both fell off our chairs when we heard it," Bernie says. "We'd never had any doubt from the beginning. After believing something for so long, for eight years, we were just flabbergasted." They were among the first to wonder, *What's going on here?*

About a year after the trial, at the age of 18, Cathy had left home for New Hampshire with her high school boyfriend, David Webb, who was moving there to find work. The Smiths had not cared for David and had tried to discourage the relationship.

In July 1981, Cathy and David returned to Homewood to marry in Saint Joseph's, the town's Catholic church. Out of touch with Cathy for a year, Bernie and Carol were surprised to receive an invitation from David's parents just one week before the wedding. "We just couldn't go under those circumstances," explains Bernie. "We didn't feel it was right to cast a shadow over the happy event." A family friend gave Cathy away. As they walked down the aisle, Cathy in her lacy white wedding dress, David in gray tails, they looked as happy as any two young people in love, preparing to venture into the uncertain future.

After the wedding, the couple returned to New Hampshire. There, amid the rolling hills where one picturesque village melts into another, where a cluster of homes is punctuation between wooded ridges and farm meadows, Cathy and David found Pastor Carl Nannini, Jesus Christ and inner peace—in that order.

Like the Webbs, Pastor Nannini was a big-city refugee, originally from Detroit, then from Milwaukee, where he had worked as a chemist. In 1975, after being born again, Nannini enrolled in the unaccredited fundamentalist Maranatha

Baptist Bible College of Watertown, Wisconsin. Upon graduation, he moved to Peterborough, New Hampshire, in search of a ministry. He placed a press release in *The Peterborough Transcript* inviting families to help him start a Bible-believing church, and in 1978, with just five families, he organized the place of worship he named Pilgrim Baptist.

Quickly, Nannini and Christ became the focus of the Webbs' lives. Like the others of his congregation, they became born-again Christians, undergoing in 1981 a classic conversion experience and adopting new identities as individuals who had surrendered themselves to Christ. When Pilgrim Baptist moved from Peterborough to nearby Jaffrey, the Webbs also moved. Like the 17 other families in the church, they tithed at least ten percent of their earnings. Nannini, in turn, gave them spiritual guidance and personal fellowship. Life was serene. Within two years, Cathy and David had brought two children into the world. Cathy had reached out to Christ, and he had bestowed peace upon her and her family.

But at night in the confines of her sloped attic-style bedroom, as David was sleeping, Cathy Webb could not find peace. She would lie awake sobbing, sometimes until three A.M. And so, one day in early March 1985, she told her dark secret to the pastor's wife, who told Nannini. Cathy said that the Lord had compelled her to come forward with the truth. Nannini recalls telling Cathy, "You can't just stand around beating your breast; you have to do something about it." The pastor went immediately to an old friend from Wisconsin, "someone who would understand the spiritual ramifications behind it, and the law. That was John McLario."

On March tenth, attorney McLario spoke by telephone with Cathy and asked her to describe the matter in a letter. "And she wrote me a beautiful letter," he said later, "with her Christian testimony in it and why she had to come forward . . . being obedient to the Lord. And she instructed me, as her attorney, to do all that I could to see that an innocent man was freed from imprisonment on her false charges." A source indicates that a \$350 retainer was also sent, with any further compensation an uncertainty.

Once Cathy's recantation became known, Gary Dotson's lawyer, Warren Lupel, quickly filed a highly publicized motion to vacate Dotson's conviction, seeking a new trial because of perjured testimony. Throughout late March, the media explosion was mushrooming. The sordid topic of rape, the sensation of a victim's confessing that she had invented the entire affair and mutilated herself, the drama of an innocent man's still pacing his 5' x 10' cell, the religious fervor of Cathy Webb—it was a media melodrama that had the world (*continued on page 88*)



"Wow! You really are a pro!"

*from bardot
to monroe,
jerry hall
does them all*



HALL OF MIRRORS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ





The famous Jane Russell pose above is Jerry's favorite: "I lost my virginity in a haystack," says she. Our opener was her homage to Brigitte Bardot; on the facing page, she's a vibrant Vargas girl.

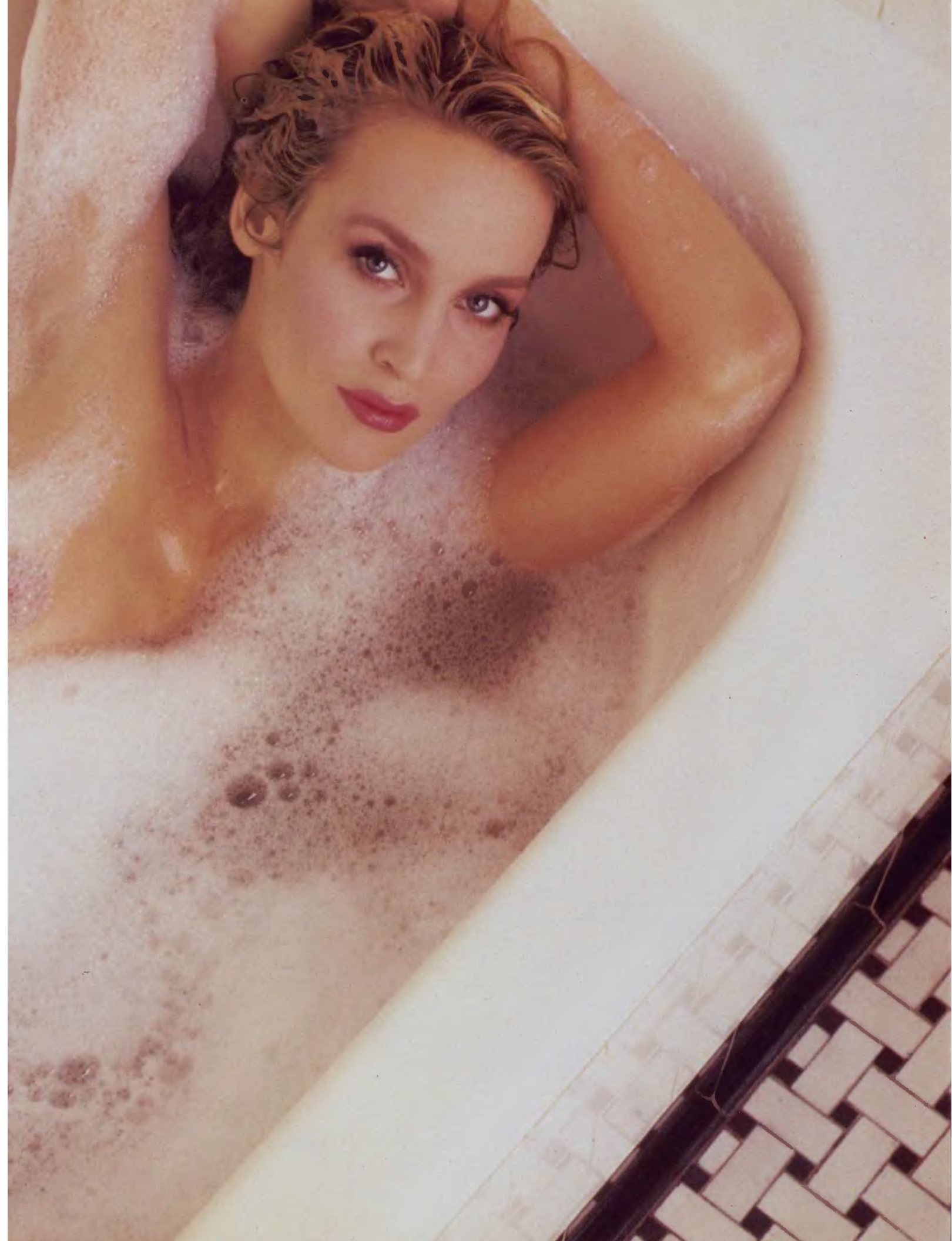
REMEMBER the pinup girls of the Forties and Fifties? Sweet but not too sweet. Risqué but not too revealing to be displayed in barbershops and gas stations. Jerry Hall remembers. Before she became a world-famous fashion model and "the boss" in Mick Jagger's life, she was an ardent stu-

dent of pinup photography. "I spent hours," she says, "looking at pinup calendars, the Frederick's of Hollywood catalog and the Vargas girls." It just so happens that celebrity photographer Annie Leibovitz also loves the pinup, and when she and Jerry worked together in Rio



"Mmm, the bubble-bath shot," says Jerry.
"An old standard, but so pretty with the
white bubbles. I think it's Annie's favorite."







"We started out to do a take-off on Marlene Dietrich," Jerry says of the photo above, "but it reminds me more of the *PLAYBOY* Femlin." At right she unwraps what Mick, lucky guy, gets for Christmas.

(where Leibovitz was documenting the making of videos for Jagger's new album), the two decided to collaborate on re-creating some of the classic pinup poses. "At first, we were just doing it for fun, as satire," says Leibovitz, "but Jerry became more serious about it. After shooting a

dozen or so poses, we thought, Hey, let's see if we can get them published." They'll be available in calendar form later this month from Workman Publishing Company, Inc., but if you buy the calendar, you won't see the photo of Jerry for December that you see in our exclusive prepeek.



Leibovitz says Jerry "loves to be photographed, just like Marilyn Monroe, who had a lifelong romance with the camera."





CATHLEEN CROWELL WEBB

(continued from page 76)

holding its breath. And the man on the spot was Judge Richard Samuels.

A soft-spoken, unpretentious man, Judge Samuels had presided over Dotson's rape trial. Originally a traffic-court judge, Samuels was thought by some to be too soft to deal with hard-core criminal cases. Others regarded him as a harsh man, prejudiced against defendants. Those who knew him well, however, found him to be imbued with a deep faith in the judicial system. But this time, even Samuels thought the system might have failed. "Like everyone else," he told *PLAYBOY*, "I suppose I was initially willing to take what Cathy said on face value."

On April fourth, Samuels' modern, wood-paneled courtroom was packed with press and public, eager to hear the new testimony. This was not a retrial but a hearing—one that many people thought was a *pro forma* prelude to Gary Dotson's release. It began with Lupel's calling the "victim" as his first witness. With chilling frankness, she admitted, "I ripped my bra to make it look like it had been forcefully removed." Showing no emotion, she continued, "I tried to bruise my arms, put fingernail markings on my breasts. I took a broken bottle and marked my abdomen with it. And I also made a small mark on my outer vaginal area to make it look like there was forceful entry." Gary's supporters and the media wondered what the court was waiting for.

But then Cathy was cross-examined by prosecutor Margaret Frossard. Before the TV cameras, Cathy was a docile, believable, tragic young woman, stultifying herself for the benefit of justice and her own religious convictions. But now, face to face with the prosecutor, a different person emerged. The simplest questions were parried defensively, answered combatively or with a vagueness so deliberate that it called her truthfulness into question.

Out of a long list of credibility-shaking responses, Samuels remembers one episode in particular that made him believe her entire recantation was a lie:

FROSSARD: Isn't it a fact when you spoke to detectives . . . last week, you told them that you did nothing to injure the internal area of your vagina . . . ?

WEBB: I do not recall exactly what I said.

FROSSARD: That was last week, ma'am, wasn't it?

WEBB: Yes, it was. . . .

FROSSARD: You do not recall what you said to them last week?

Moreover, almost every material answer Cathy did finally provide was contradicted

by the police and by other witnesses. For example, she said she could not recall telling anyone she had been raped until days later. But two witnesses confirmed that she had tearfully mentioned the rape within minutes of the police's discovering her.

Many of the pieces were still missing, but a picture was forming: "For whatever reason," says Samuels, "she was not telling the truth. I was there at the original trial. I saw how she acted—then and now. This time, her evasive answers, her selective memory and the general testimony that flew in the teeth of the physical evidence and testimony of six years ago compelled me to conclude she was not being truthful." On April 11, Samuels denied Dotson's petition; he would be returned to prison without bond.

Cathy stormed off to embark on a national media blitz, including an appearance at a U.S. Senate subcommittee hearing on juvenile justice. The watershed media event was her by-lined article in *People* magazine, in which she painted the picture of an unhappy childhood—and of an unloved young girl who had turned to sex out of "some need for physical affection." Carol and Bernie Smith complained that the *People* article was a moral turning point for Cathy. "We felt that whereas she started by saying that she was totally responsible," says Bernie, "things now started changing. The more publicity it got, the more they tried to switch the blame from her to everyone else involved." Indeed, for many, Cathy's image had changed substantially from that of a courageous woman seeking to correct a terrible injustice to that of a media hound reveling in the spotlight and vilifying anyone who didn't cooperate with her.

The Cathy Webb controversy placed a cloud over the entire judicial system. Finally, bypassing normal procedure, Illinois governor James Thompson scheduled an expanded clemency hearing wherein he would actually sit with and preside over the prisoner-review board. What followed was a media spectacle some reporters gleefully called "clemency under the big top."

The main witness was Cathy herself, accompanied to the stand by John McLario. In his briefcase was a legal pad with the word *ATTITUDE* written in large block letters at the top. As Cathy testified, he underlined or pointed to it repeatedly, but to no avail. Cathy came across as she had done before: defensive, exhibiting selective memory, combative, unconvincing.

Hardly anyone was surprised when Governor Thompson announced that he felt that she was lying on nearly every detail and that Gary Dotson had, in fact, raped her. However, since society had been compensated by his having spent six

(continued on page 97)

YUPWARD MOBILITY

in updating those classic naughty comics of the thirties, today's young achievers have lust in their hearts—but not necessarily in their designer pants

THE GOLDEN AGE of erotic comics reached its zenith with the eight-pagers—crudely drawn, broad-stroke parodies of well-known cartoon characters in sexual situations. Popeye and Olive Oyl, Mutt and Jeff—even Little Orphan Annie—were not safe from the illustrators' dirty (and hilarious) daydreams. The booklets took their name from their format—the strips ran eight full-frame pages. GIs stationed in the Southwest referred to them as Tijuana Bibles, and collectors of erotic Americana are now laying out large green for the originals. Here at *PLAYBOY*'s office, we wondered how contemporary characters would behave in an atmosphere of eight-pager sex-charged mischief. Managing Art Director Kerig Pope and Senior Staff Writer John Rezek conspired with humorist Gerald Sussman and the illustrators listed below to produce these updated versions. Once we settled on targeting the Yuppies, we were struck by their contradictions. While they roar down the road to success, Yupsters don't have time to give their libidos a pit stop. When your life centers on balsamic vinegar, cappuccino machines and designer water, who has time for sex?

"CONDO FEVER"

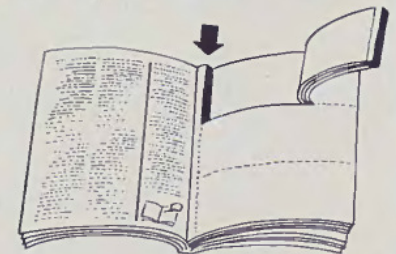
ILLUSTRATED BY DAVE CALVER

"A SIMPLE NIGHT AT HOME"

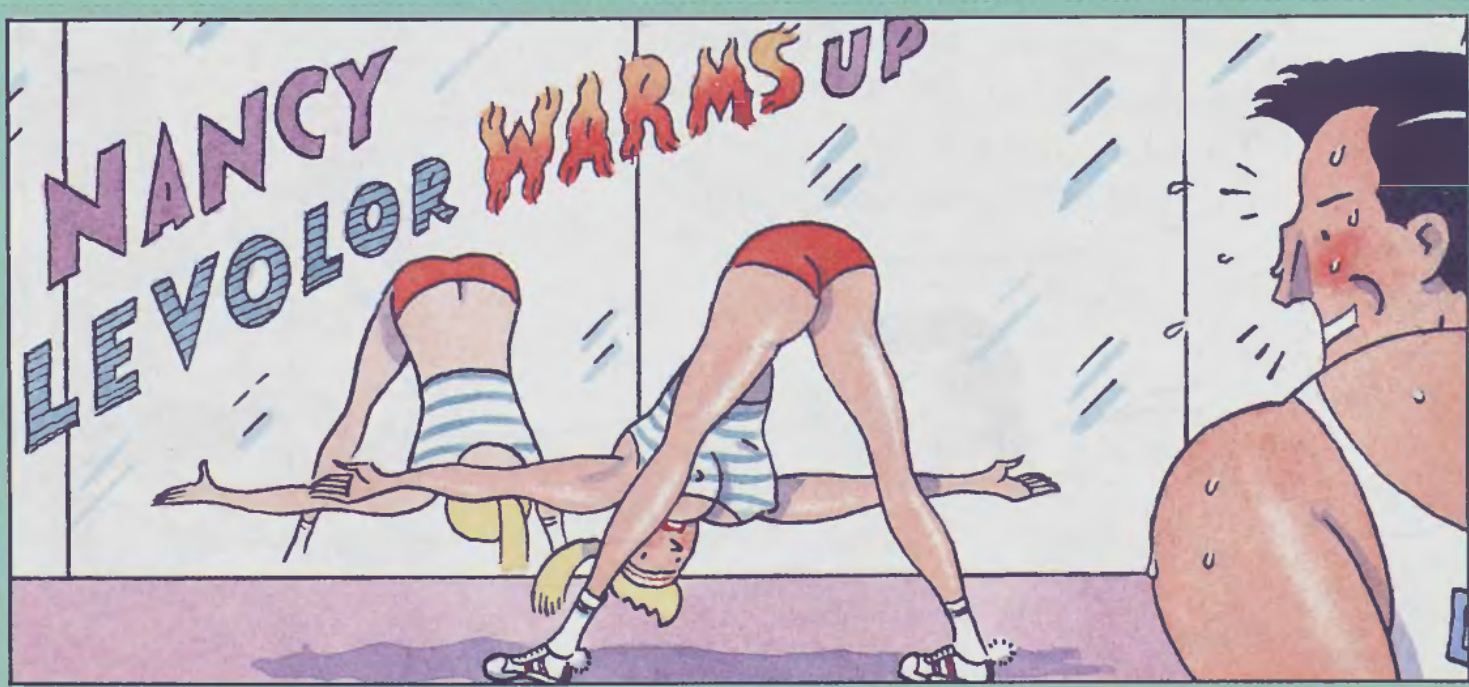
ILLUSTRATED BY BLAIR DRAWSON

"NANCY LEVOLOR WARMS UP"

ILLUSTRATED BY STEVEN GUARNACCIA



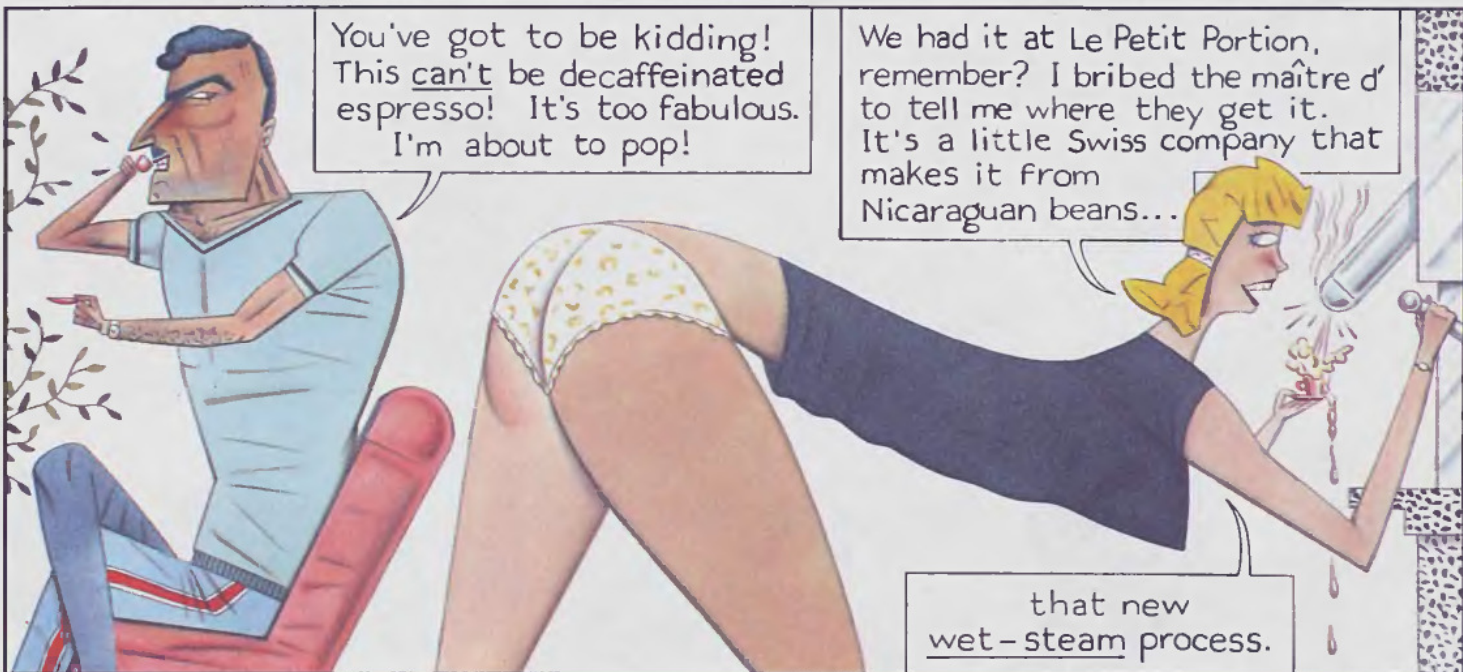
These eight-pagers have been designed so you can remove them. Pull down from the top, then separate each of the three books along the perforations.





I LOVE
A BIG TOWN HOUSE!
BUT NOT SO BIG THAT
IT'LL WEAR ME
OUT.

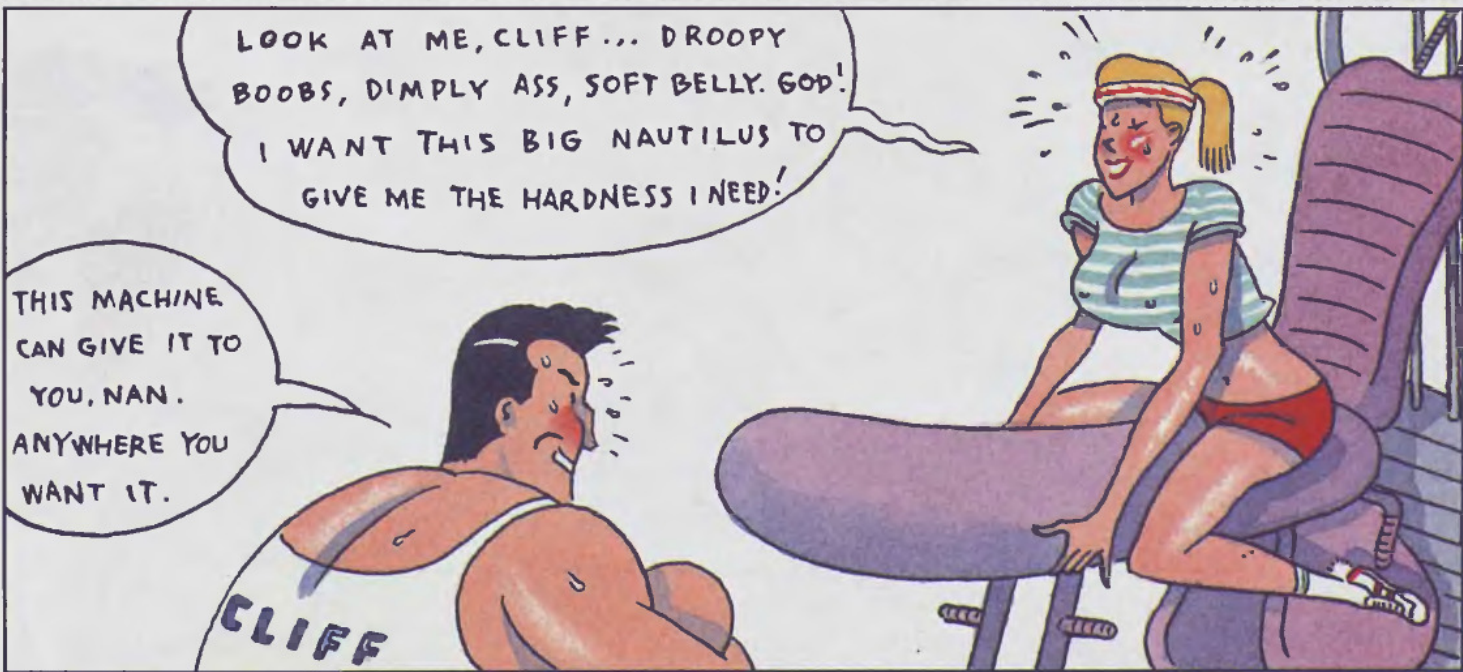
A TOWN HOUSE
IS NEVER TOO BIG.
BESIDES, I CAN FILL UP
ANYTHING!



You've got to be kidding!
This can't be decaffeinated
espresso! It's too fabulous.
I'm about to pop!

We had it at Le Petit Portion,
remember? I bribed the maitre d'
to tell me where they get it.
It's a little Swiss company that
makes it from
Nicaraguan beans...

that new
wet-steam process.



LOOK AT ME, CLIFF... DROOPY
BOOBS, DIMPLY ASS, SOFT BELLY. GOD!
I WANT THIS BIG NAUTILUS TO
GIVE ME THE HARDNESS I NEED!

THIS MACHINE
CAN GIVE IT TO
YOU, NAN.
ANYWHERE YOU
WANT IT.

CLIFF



OH, GOD!!
IT'S AN OVERSIZE STAINLESS-
STEEL VENTING SHAFT!!!!
I LOVE IT! IT'S A
MONSTER!

IT'S
ALL HERE. EIGHT-
BURNER WOLF... SUBZERO
FRIDGE... FOUR THERMADORS...
TWO 75-INCH WOKS... I'M
GOING TO EAT MY
BRAINS OUT!



Want to play
Acquisition and Gang Rape?
Rezoning and Development?

How about
Mondo Condo?

I can't. I'm dying
to find out where
my F spot is.



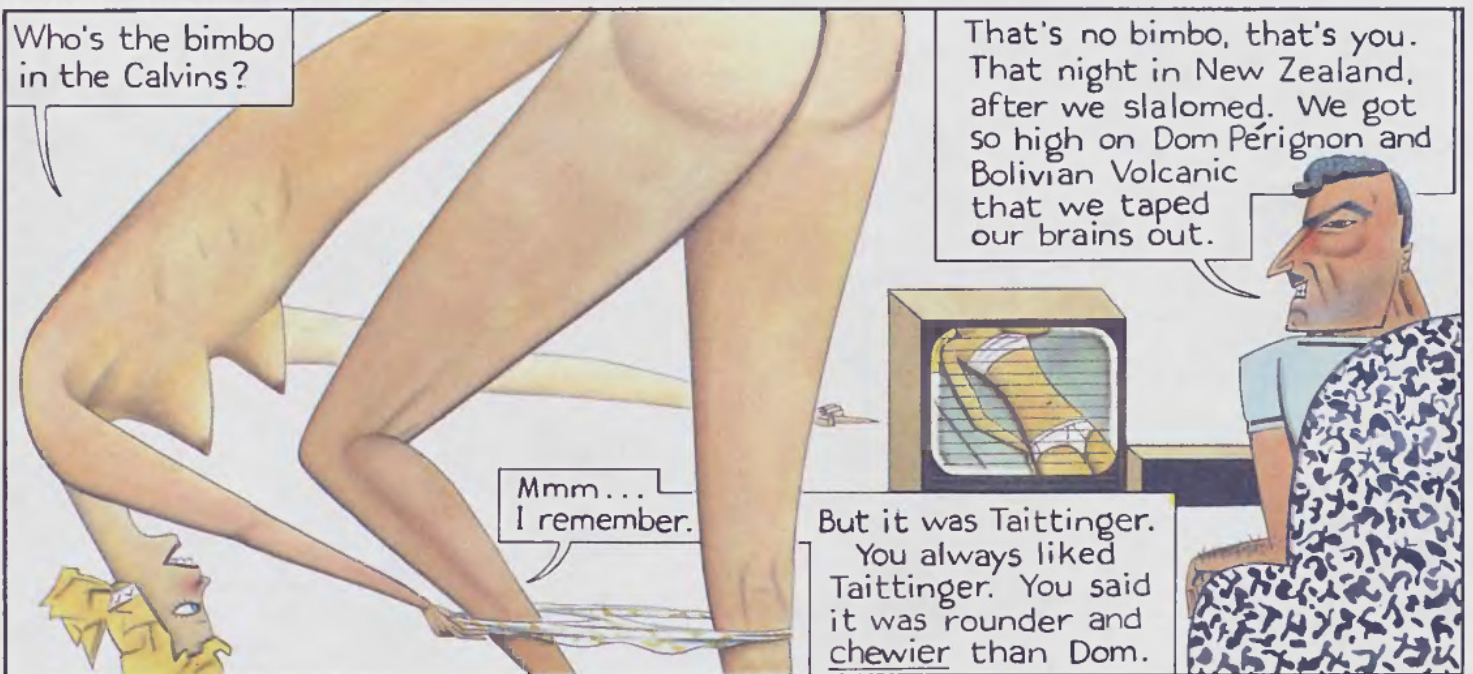
MORE PRESSURE, CLIFF! MORE!
I WANT IT TO SPREAD ME WIDER...
AND THEN TIGHTER. I CAN'T STAND
IT ANY LONGER! OH, MY
GOD! I'VE GOT TO HAVE
THIS NAUTILUS FOR MY HOME!

CLIFF



I FEEL LIKE I'M GETTING MY MASTER'S AGAIN IN FINE ARTS. DREW... THIS IS TOO MUCH! ORIGINAL HOFMANN'S, EILEEN GRAY... I'M GOING TO GET THIS KIRMAN ALL WET!

NEVER MIND THE KIRMAN- LOOK AT THIS FLOOR! 18TH CENTURY CHINESE-EXPORT PICKLED TEAK. MUSEUM QUALITY. I'M QUVERING- I'M GETTING HOT WAVES UP MY FEET!



Who's the bimbo in the Calvins?

That's no bimbo, that's you. That night in New Zealand, after we slalomed. We got so high on Dom Pérignon and Bolivian Volcanic that we taped our brains out.

Mmm... I remember.

But it was Taittinger. You always liked Taittinger. You said it was rounder and chewier than Dom.



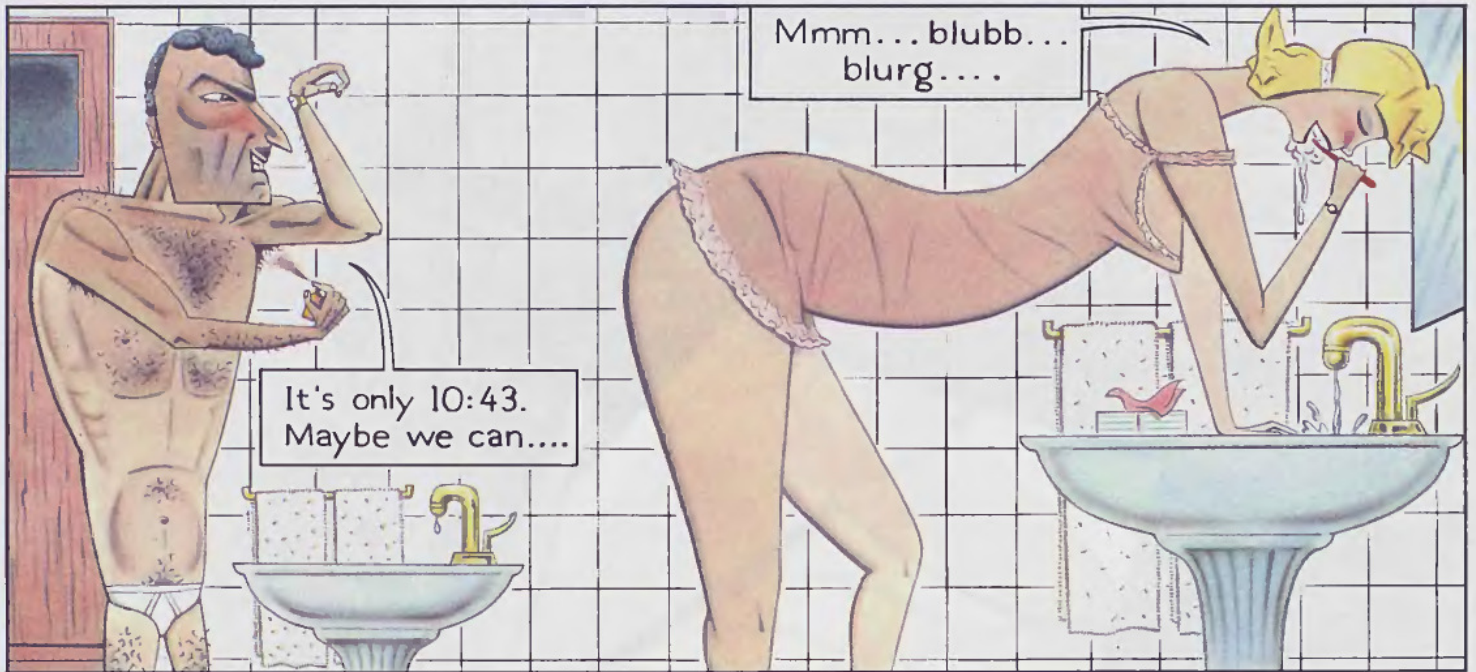
I NEED TO PUMP IRON, CLIFF. BIGGER IS BETTER. GIVE ME AS MUCH AS I CAN TAKE.

I'M GOING TO LAY SOME HEAVY PIPE ON YOU, NAN. BUT I'LL TRY TO BE GENTLE.



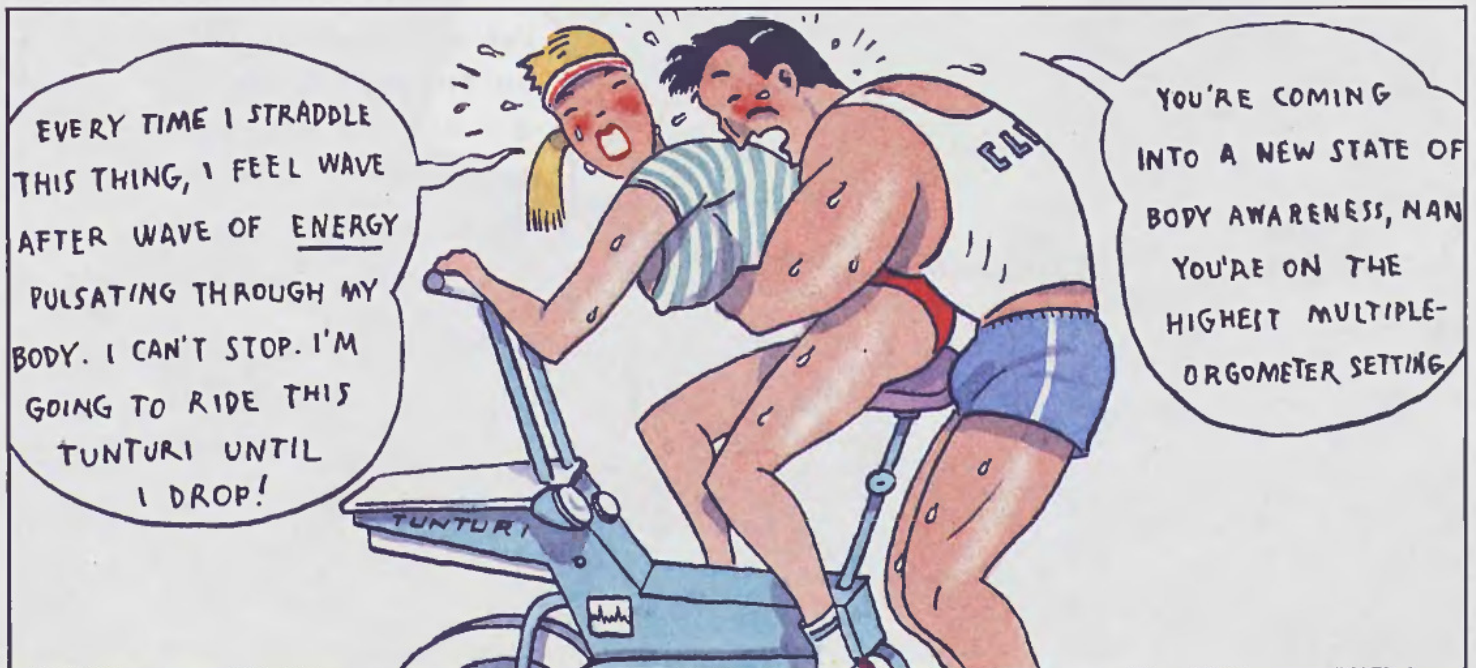
I'M GETTING ALL GOOEY JUST THINKING... FORMAL DINING ROOM!! WE'LL COLLECT SPODE... ROYAL WORCESTER... OLD TEA SETS... OH!! OH!!... WEDGWOOD CREAMERS!

YOU KNOW WHERE THE REAL POWER IS? AT SIT-DOWN DINNERS. THIS ROOM IS GOING TO LEVERAGE ME INTO A SENIOR PARTNERSHIP. IT'S ALL IN HOW YOU POSITION YOURSELF AND WHO YOU STROKE!



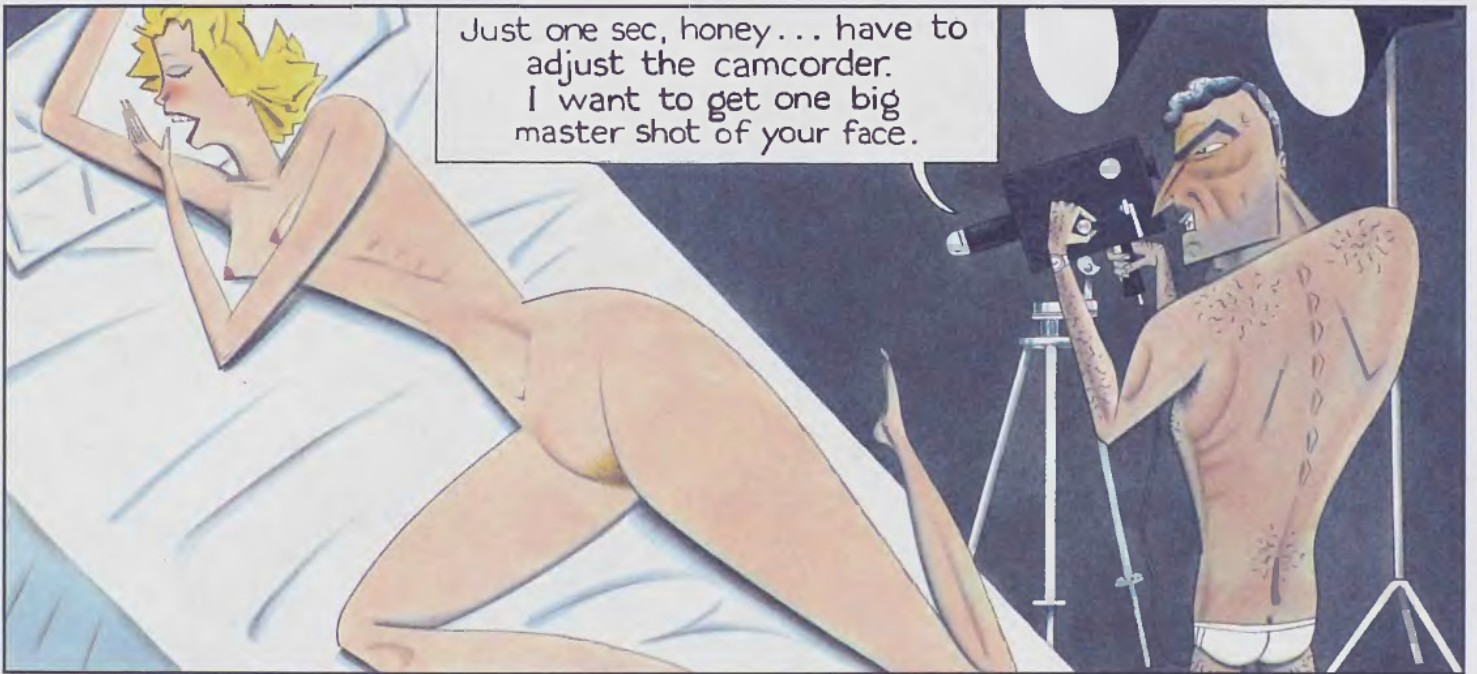
Mmm... blubb... blurg....

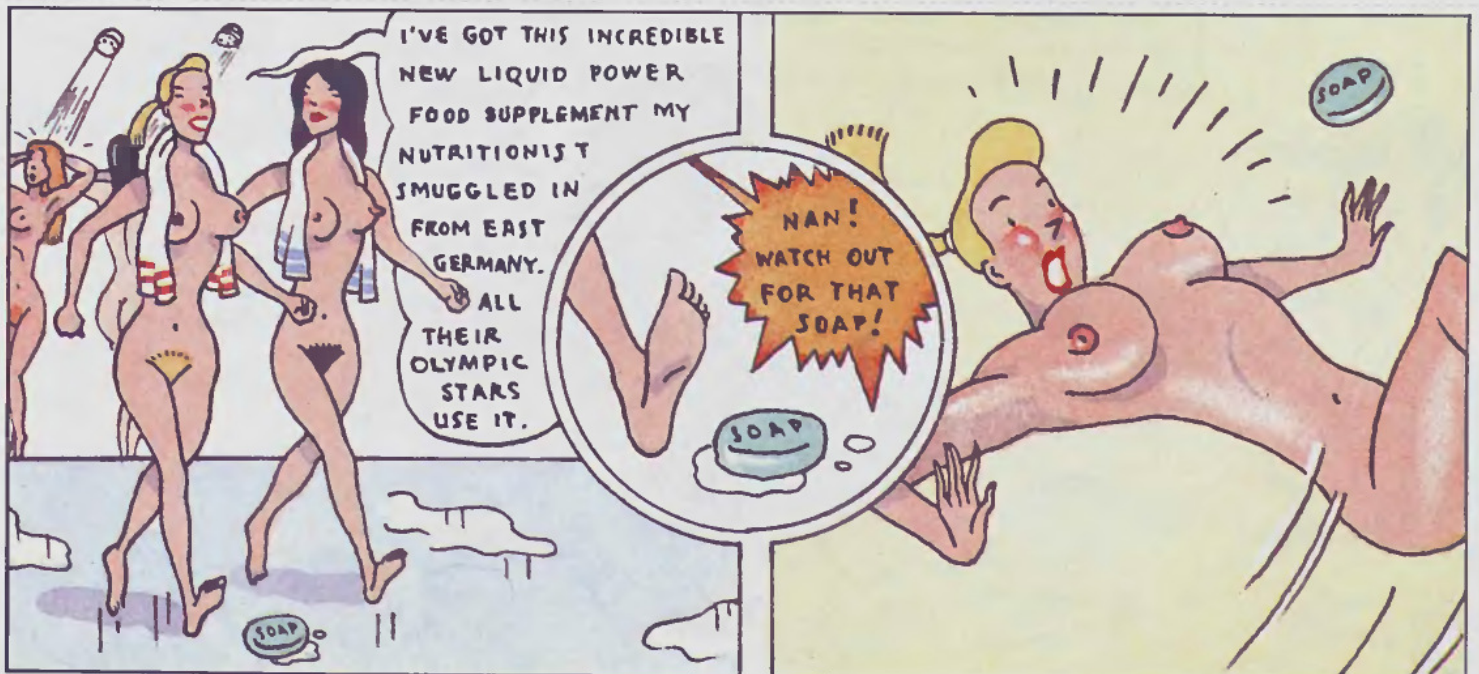
It's only 10:43. Maybe we can....



EVERY TIME I STRADDLE THIS THING, I FEEL WAVE AFTER WAVE OF ENERGY PULSATING THROUGH MY BODY. I CAN'T STOP. I'M GOING TO RIDE THIS TUNTURI UNTIL I DROP!

YOU'RE COMING INTO A NEW STATE OF BODY AWARENESS, NAN YOU'RE ON THE HIGHEST MULTIPLE-ORGOMETER SETTING.

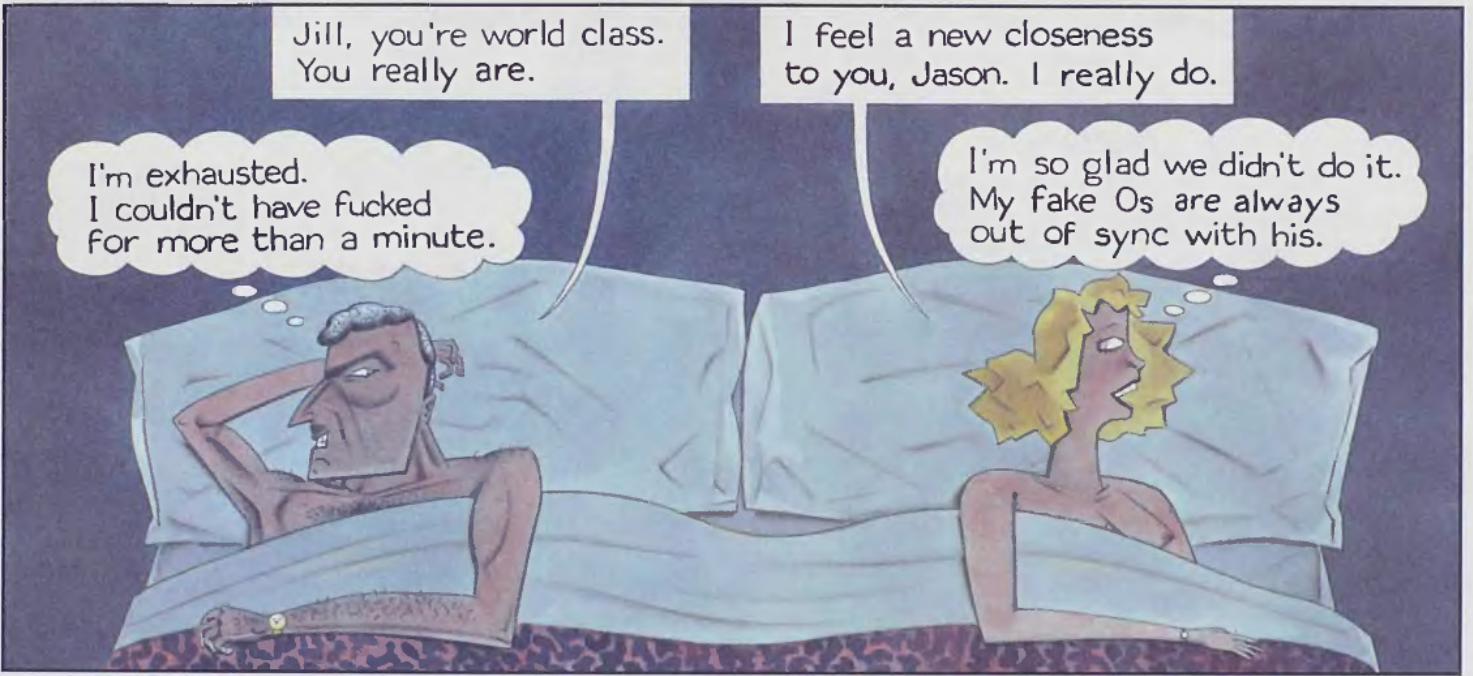






I COULD'VE SWUNG THAT HOUSE WITH A WRAP-AROUND MORTGAGE

YOU BLEW THE BIG ONE, DREW. MY FATHER WARNED ME THAT YOU WOULD BLOW THE BIG ONES. NOT ONLY DID YOU LOSE THAT PLACE BUT YOU MADE ME FORGET MY LINGARO PANTIES. I COULD DIE!

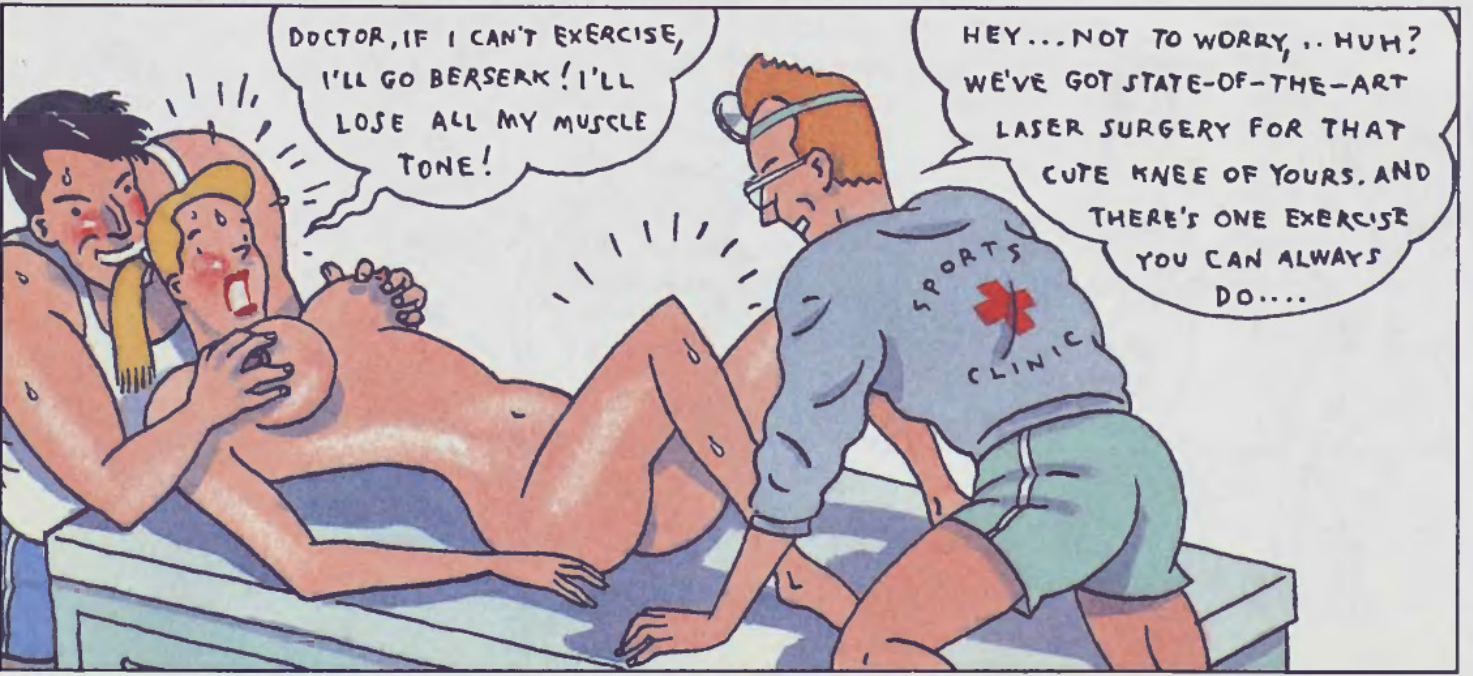


Jill, you're world class. You really are.

I feel a new closeness to you, Jason. I really do.

I'm exhausted. I couldn't have fucked for more than a minute.

I'm so glad we didn't do it. My fake Os are always out of sync with his.



DOCTOR, IF I CAN'T EXERCISE, I'LL GO BERSERK! I'LL LOSE ALL MY MUSCLE TONE!

HEY... NOT TO WORRY, .. HUH? WE'VE GOT STATE-OF-THE-ART LASER SURGERY FOR THAT CUTE KNEE OF YOURS. AND THERE'S ONE EXERCISE YOU CAN ALWAYS DO....

SPORTS CLINIC

“Fundamentalists need sex because they’re human, but they despise themselves when they get it.”

years in prison and because the victim was not interested in seeing him serve any more time, his sentence would be commuted. This was done even though the prisoner-review board actually voted by at least seven to three to return Gary to prison, according to lawyers connected to the case. The governor made clear that Gary would be essentially on parole and any violation could send him back to jail.

“Clemency was garbage,” declared Gary Dotson in an exclusive interview with *PLAYBOY*. “Right now, I could go back to jail for an open can of beer in the car. The governor’s treating me like a dog on a leash. I can’t even leave the county without permission, or it’s a violation of my parole and I go back to the joint.”

It was not Gary’s testimony the governor had found impossible to accept. It was Cathy’s. Before the entire world, Cathleen Crowell Webb had become the most notorious liar in recent memory, so designated once by her own admission and twice by public proceedings. Even Lupel, Dotson’s staunchest champion, declared, “You can’t be objective about this case without being uncertain.”

And because Cathy has deliberately played havoc with the judicial system and, to a certain extent, with society at large, she has compelled society to speculate about what really did happen. A major obstacle to understanding the case, however, is, in fact, the single most obvious issue: religion. Cathy has insisted from the beginning that her being born again was the key to her recantation. But what does that mean? The media took a few cursory swipes in that direction, but it is not an easy story to tell on the ten o’clock news. Nor did the prosecutors, the defense attorneys, the judge, the polygraph examiner or anyone else involved make any real effort to investigate the implications of Cathy’s new faith, Christian fundamentalism, especially as it relates to a case involving sex. *Something* happened to make Cathy Webb come forward and declare to the world that she was a sinner. Perhaps Pastor Nannini sums up the situation best: “So far,” he says, “everyone has ignored the Christian point of view.”

Fundamentalism is a relatively new and basically American phenomenon in Christianity. Twelve booklets called *The Fundamentals*, published in 1909, attempted to define the quintessential elements of Christian faith, including belief in the deity of a virgin-born Christ who died for mankind’s sins, Christ’s resurrection and

the Second Coming.

Distinguishing fundamentalists from other Christians is their belief that the Bible is *inerrant*—that every word is literally true: The world was created in six days, Jonah survived three days in the belly of a whale, Satan is a real person, heaven and hell are actual places.

Moreover, anyone who does not accept Christ as his personal savior will burn eternally in the “lake of fire”—and that includes all Buddhists, Catholics, Jews, Moslems and liberal Protestants, who haven’t been born again. As such, fundamentalists are consumed with a mission of bringing as many people as possible to Christ before the Second Coming, which many believe is very near.

“Accepting Christ” is not a mere intellectual willingness to believe, it is an *event*. Being born again—washed in the blood of Christ—is the cataclysmic moment that begins the new life of fundamentalist Christians. Although they would never believe it, this has its origins in the pagan rites of Mithraism, the chief rival Roman religion at the time of early Christianity. Converts to Mithraism were made to stand in pits beneath a grating on which a lamb or ox was sacrificed. The warm blood would drip onto the devotee, cleansing him of sin. Led from the pit “reborn,” he was fed on milk for several days.

Fundamentalists see the Bible not just as a guidebook for salvation but as the rulebook for daily living. In this way, social and political beliefs from 2000 years ago are stamped into contemporary doctrine. Giving up the pleasures of this life to avoid hell and reach heaven during the next is the driving force of fundamentalism. “It is a belief that finds pleasure, fun and enjoyment inherently suspect,” explains Richard Yao, founder of Fundamentalists Anonymous, a support group for people dropping out of fundamentalism. “Its theology is so obsessively otherworldly that it is antilife.”

Nothing is as much of *this* world as sex. And therein lies the root of the Christian “schizophrenia” about sex and everything related to it. The history of Christianity is one of sexual repression. It starts with the early Christian interpretation of the Fall. Satan seduced Eve, who in turn seduced Adam. Sexuality and sin were thus unleashed upon the world. Jesus Christ actually had very little to say about sex, but the apostle Paul made up for his silence, setting forth detailed rules of sexual conduct. Paul’s revulsion toward sex came largely from his Greek education and

his embrace of Hellenistic dualism.

Dualism held that the body—and, indeed, all of the material world—was evil, while the soul was good. Man was a sublime soul encased in a vile body. The aim of Christian life was to beat down the body, allowing the soul to triumph.

The connection between sex and guilt thereby became as intrinsic to fundamentalist Christian belief as the Second Coming. Early Christian fathers—most of whom were celibate monks—went to great extremes to eradicate their sexual nature, punishing their stray thoughts with self-flagellation and even castration. Christian history is filled with individuals who purified themselves by euphorically re-enacting Christ’s Passion with macabre self-cutting and blood rituals.

Yet it is unfair to say that fundamentalists believe that sex per se is sinful. Intent and format are important. Fornication and adultery are abominable, but sex within marriage is blessed and beautiful. In fact, many fundamentalist couples attend marriage-enrichment seminars that teach them how to improve their sex lives. The Biblical justification for good sex is a New Testament analogy comparing a man’s love for his wife to Christ’s passion for his bride, the church. If couples practice sex as an expression of their spiritual love and a symbol of Christ’s love for the church, it becomes sublime. But sex simply for bodily gratification is sinful.

If all this seems contradictory, one can clearly understand the fire of the born-again Christian’s sexual dilemma. Fundamentalists need sex because they’re human, but they despise themselves when they get it—or even think about it. Christ, after all, says that a man lusting after a woman with his eyes has already committed adultery with her in his heart. This notion leaves born-again men and women—from Jimmy Carter to Cathy Webb—prone to forever-aching guilt. It is not enough to police your deeds; you must also police the inner workings of your imagination. Hence, fundamentalists forbid dancing, movies, television, secular music and other potential sources of physical arousal.

This veritable sexual psychosis mirrors a larger social psychosis that has permeated the fundamentalist movement. “Their great problem is an acute inability to tolerate ambiguity and uncertainty in life,” explains Yao. “Their basic inclination is to paint everything black or white, good or evil. This view is infected with fear, paranoia and a basic distrust of human nature.”

What’s more, somewhere along the way, many fundamentalist groups lost their simple Christian charity. They scorn the “good works” and “social Gospel” of other Christian churches. According to Nannini, it is by faith, not by good works,

(continued on page 202)

drink
By **JOE CONNELLY**

UP TO THE LIPS,

OVER THE GUMS;

LOOK OUT, PALATE,

HERE THEY COME

SHOOTERS!

DOESN'T ANYBODY down straight shots anymore? Apparently not, and with good reason. Why toss back bar whiskey when you can shoot a bazooka joe that tastes like bubble gum? Who needs hair of the dog when you've got a happy jack to chase your hangover? Shooters can be either mixed or poured, but they are always served in a tall, slim one-to-two-ounce glass. Mixed shooters, shaken with shaved ice and then strained, are smoother than poured ones, but you can't beat poured shooters for their distinctive taste and look. To pour shooters, fit your bottles with standard bar speed spouts and control the flow of the liquor by manipulating your forefinger over the spout. With your other hand, hold a teaspoon over the shot glass, with the tip just touching the inside rim. Slowly pour the liquid over the teaspoon *(concluded on page 200)*





CHILDREN OF LIGHT

listen, walker, half the people on this movie set are involved in a hustle—for drugs, for sex, for money

fiction

By ROBERT STONE

IT HAD BEEN DARK for more than half an hour when Walker's road began its snaking descent from high desert to the canyon floor. His headlights were focused on a wall of deepening green that seemed to spin before him; the indifferently banked road felt as though it were falling away beneath his tires, threatening to send him out of control. At last, to his relief, the road ran flat and straight. He kept to the center, wary of animals, riders, pedestrians—and in less than a mile, he saw the hotel's sign.

The entrance was tree-lined; a fountain played in front of the foyer. Its buildings were of white stucco that glowed under decorative lamps. To Walker, after his weary drive, it seemed compounded of inviting sounds, liquefactive shadow and soft light.

An attendant took his bags, and at the desk he found himself expected. The room to which he was conducted was as tasteful as its elegant extravagance could bear, a showy red-and-black room that suggested Spanish melodrama, theatrical sex and

violence. *Carmen.*

He felt anxious and weary. On a whim, he had come to a place to see a woman whom he had no business seeing. There were no other motives of consequence behind his journey.

He thought of Lu Anne and his heart rose. She was pale. She had dark-blue, saintly eyes and a smile that quivered between high drollery and madness. Nine years before, she had been nominated for an Academy Award in a supporting role; her subsequent career, like Walker's, had been disappointing.

Long ago, during their time together, he had written a script for Kate Chopin's novel, *The Awakening*, and every day of its writing, she had been with him or in his expectation—so that when the principal character, Edna Pontellier, was defined in scene and dialog, Lu Anne inhabited her utterly. In those days, they had dreamed of doing it together, but it had not turned out that way.

Time passed. Ten years after his last revision of the *(continued on page 108)*





photographs by
TERRY O'NEILL

GUYYS

essay by
BOB GREENE

THE COOLEST GUY in my high school was Calvin Hamrick. Not that I ever spoke so much as a word to him; I was a freshman when he was a senior, and none of us 14-year-olds would have dared approach him. Hamrick was a letterman in football, basketball and baseball; he was a sandy-haired, firm-jawed fellow who strode the hallways with absolute self-confidence and total grace. Calvin Hamrick may have merely been on his way from study hall to algebra class, but he made it seem like the most dramatic of walks through the O.K. Corral.

I started thinking about Calvin Hamrick when *PLAYBOY* asked me to look at the black-and-white photographs that appear on these pages. Clint Eastwood, Robert Mitchum, Paul Newman, Lee Marvin, Frank Sinatra—as I stared into the faces of these icons of American malehood, I kept seeing another face, and it was the face of Calvin Hamrick.

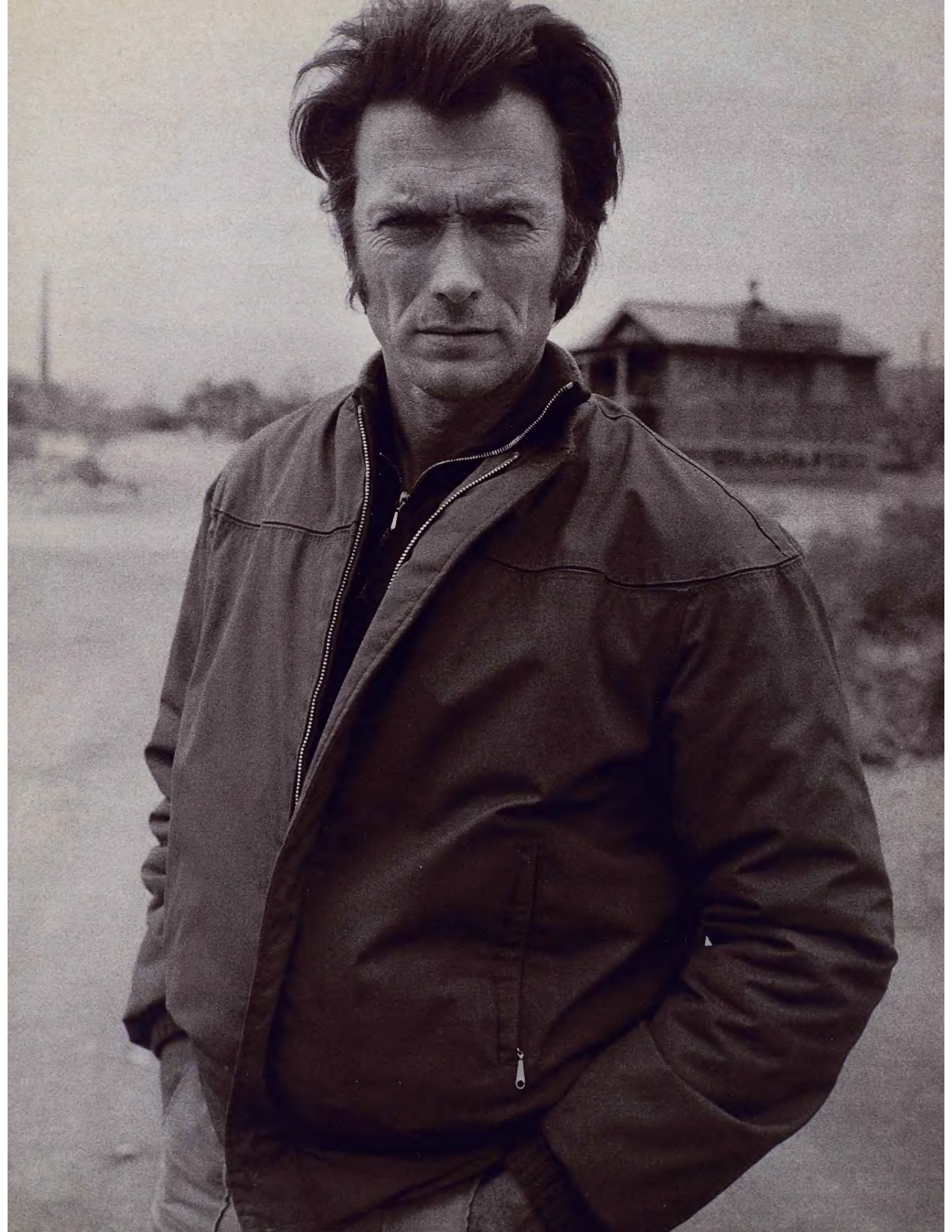
That's how it is with the people at the apex of our popular culture; they are special not solely because of who they are but also because of who they almost subliminally remind us of. You don't know Calvin Hamrick, but you had a Calvin Hamrick at your high school, too, and he set the standards for cool guyhood that you have been carrying around with you ever since. The cool guys on these pages are, at their very best, an approximation of Calvin Hamrick—and I say that intending to flatter them.

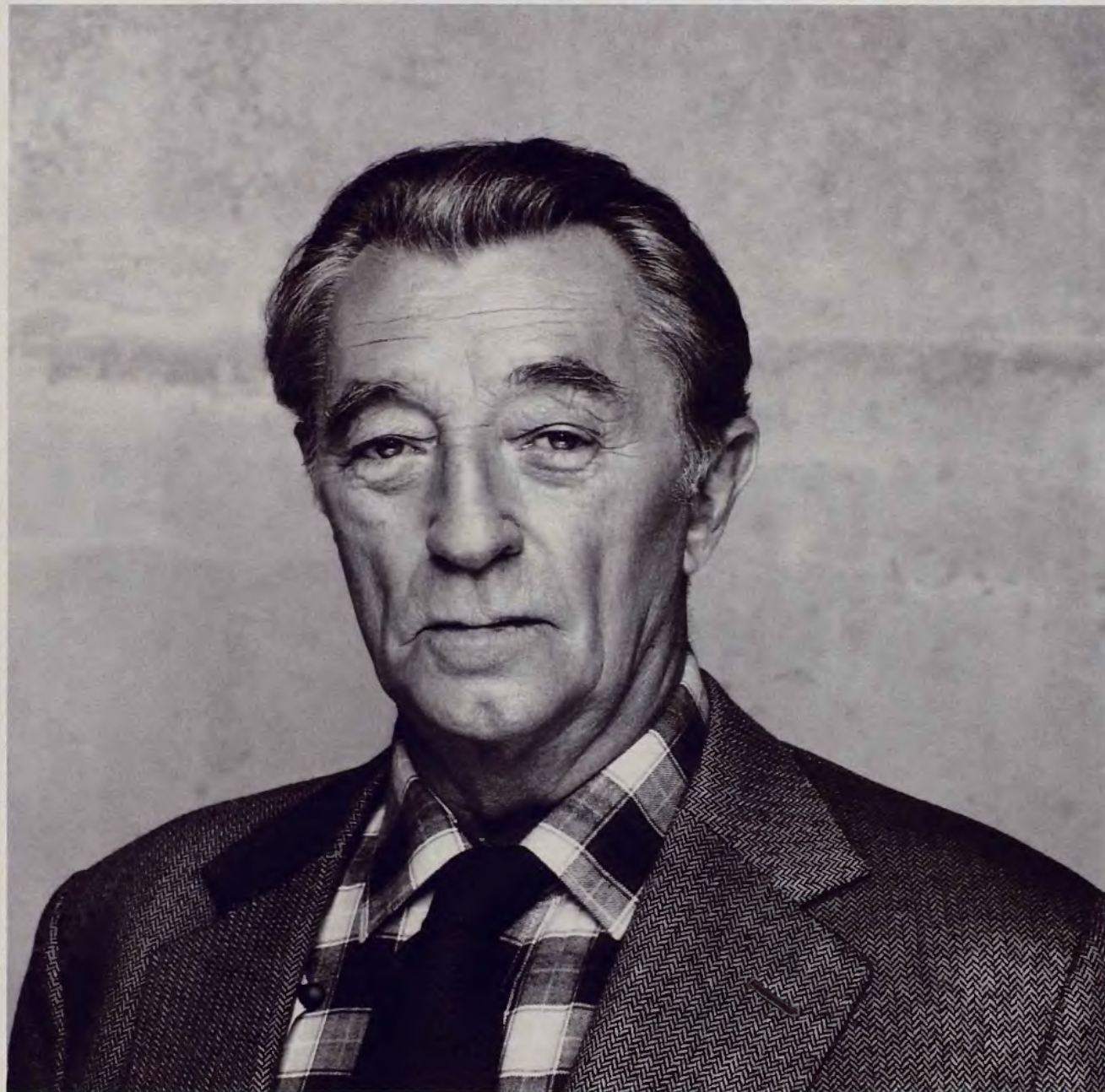
What goes into this? To start, a sense of complete self-assurance and competence. Take a look at Eastwood. There are a lot of things you can say about him, but you would never say that he was a person plagued with an excess of self-doubt. Eastwood has been quoted as saying that women admire a man who they know will take care of things for them when the chips are down, and that men admire a man who can say the right thing at the right time, and not wait to think of it back home two hours later. Life usually consists of wondering whether we are ready and whether we are worthy; the coolest of guys never seem to spend much time worrying about that.

Good looks sometimes help, but they're not essential. Cool guys transcend their looks. Robert Mitchum may not be traditionally pretty, but which of us would not like to peer out of a face like his? It has everything to do with defining yourself, and not letting the world define you; Mitchum's entire countenance tells us that he has been a few places and seen a few things, and that he has come to terms with who he has turned out to be. The miles on the face work to his advantage; you sense that not much will surprise him.

Cool guys seek their own level; look at Newman and Marvin, posturing together, and you are aware that even if they do not know each other, they *know* each other. Even if they are not lifelong friends, they belong to the same club, and they realize

Clint Eastwood





that even if they can't verbalize it.

It is possible that they have nothing in common, but at the same time, they have everything in common. It must have happened when they were born.

There is always a distance there, too; they may not put it there purposely, but it never goes away. Sinatra strolls along that boardwalk, surrounded by compatriots, and even though he is one of the most famous men in the world, you recognize instantly that there are volumes about him

you will never know. It comes with the territory; when you go through life with everyone looking at you, something magical holds certain information back. Precisely because the world desires to know everything about you, it is not allowed to.

A lot of this is undefinable, of course; it goes to the very core of the ideal of maleness, and has more to do with feelings than with specifics. What do we all desire in this life? To be able to handle things; to be able to understand that there is nothing

Paul Newman
and Lee Marvin



that will throw us off balance; to deal with everything that comes along as if we had been planning for it for decades. Look at Eastwood and Mitchum and Newman and Marvin and Sinatra, and no matter what else you think about them, you have to give them this: They don't seem especially confused about their identities.

In the case of these men, that can conceivably work to their disadvantage. All of them make their living in public forums, and whatever roles they may play were long ago subjugated to the roles they carry around with them just by being themselves. When you see them on movie screens, you are not all that interested in learning about the characters they are portraying; the fascination you feel is a fascination with the men themselves, not the fictions, and that can be tough. They must often sense that they are locked in a role, continually playing themselves; those are the longest-running parts they will ever have, and by this point they could not turn to an understudy even if they wanted to.

In a way, it must be better to be a Calvin Hamrick in an American high school than to be Eastwood or Mitchum or Newman or Marvin or Sinatra; the pay's not as good, but at least you are constantly aware that people are reacting to who you are and not to who they have read you are supposed to be. That's the tricky thing about being famous; we can presume that there was a time when the men on these pages walked the hallways of their own high schools, being looked at and admired for qualities that had not yet become national property. In a way, that must be more rewarding than homes in Beverly Hills or names above the titles on marquees.

Why do some men have it and some men totally lack it? The answer is as mysterious as genetic science and varsity cut lists. The sad thing about it is that there is never enough of it to go around; by definition, the coolest of guys are relatively few in number. But the nice thing is that it is something that can universally be aspired to; because the rules are so flexible and the admissions committee so democratic, anyone can want it. You're not going to be Clint Eastwood, and you're not going to be Paul Newman, and you're probably not even going to be Calvin Hamrick. But if you're lucky, there will be times in your life when you will turn around to see people looking back at you. And at those times you will know what these men feel like every day.



Frank Sinatra and entourage



"They're all running scared, because Lowndes is down here doing a big magazine piece on the filming."

script and six since his last conversation with Lu Anne, a package had been put together.

A young director named Walter Drogue had been engaged. *The Awakening* would be Drogue's fourth picture; he was generally accounted intelligent, original and aggressive. His father, also named Walter Drogue and one of the industry's living Buddhas, had been a director himself for almost 50 years.

After shooting most of the summer in New Orleans, the production had moved, for convenience and economy, to the Drogues' favorite Baja location at Bahía Honda.

In the shower, Walker hummed an old number:

*"You take Sally, I'll take Sue.
Makes no difference what you do,
Cocaine."*

The breeze that came through his open balcony window was fragrant with sage, jasmine, eucalyptus. He dressed and took out his works. He was preparing a snort when there sounded a knock on his door. He put the drugs away and went and opened it.

His visitor was Jon Axelrod, the unit manager.

"Hey, Gordon. Our house is"—he gave his hand a flip—"you know?"

"Thank you, Jon. I'm glad to be here. May I offer you some blow?"

Axelrod took a chair.

"I have to tell you the unit has very strict rules regarding the use of drugs. We report narcotics to the police. Otherwise, we can't get insurance."

Walker spread a few lines out on his mirror.

Axelrod removed a crisp U.S. 20 from his wallet, rolled it and took a snort. He was a heavy-set man with curly red hair and a square athlete's face. He regarded Walker from the corners of his eyes, which were blue and bright with fractured whimsy. Walker took a line for himself and they sat in reflective silence for a moment.

"Lu Anne is good," Axelrod said. "What I seen. Not a whole lot. But good stuff."

"How's her head?"

"She seems cheerful. She's working well. You know her husband just took their kids off on a trip."

"Where is she now?"

Axelrod smiled.

"Take a guess."

Lu Anne, Walker thought, would be

either screwing in a hot tub or in church.

"In church?"

"Pretty good, fella. She went to church in town."

They finished what was on the mirror.

"How's Walter?" Walker asked.

"Walter's the same. What a talent, huh, Gordon?"

"Fuckin' A. Will he be happy to see me?"

"Maybe he's scared you might get to Lu Anne. Maybe not. You know how he is. And now they're all running scared, because Dongan Lowndes is down here doing a big magazine piece on the filming. They're afraid he'll make assholes out of them and screw the project."

"Well," Walker said, "how about that?"

Dongan Lowndes was a novelist whose single book, published eight years before, Walker had much admired. In the intervening years, Lowndes had turned to non-fiction writing for quality magazines. Most recently, he had been writing on such subjects as Las Vegas crooners, self-publicizing tycoons, incompetent politicians and the film industry. He wrote well and bitterly, and they feared him.

"Do the Drogues think they can swallow Lowndes, too?"

"They're hoping to charm him."

"Maybe with Lu Anne, huh?"

"This is a Charlie Freitag production, Gordon. You know Charlie. He figures. . . ." Axelrod raised his eyes heavenward. "Christ, who knows what he figures? He's a culture vulture. He thinks it's a class picture and he thinks Lowndes is a classy guy. He thinks he'll get a friendly piece and it'll be good for us."

"Whereas, in fact, Lowndes can't get it on to write and he hates to see people work. He'll nail them to a tree."

"Terrific, Gordo. You're just what we need down here. You can hassle Lu Anne and piss on the press. Get drunk, start fights. Just like old times, right?"

Walker said nothing.

"Wipe your nose good," Axelrod said. "We should go see Charlie."

The hotel restaurant had a terrace overlooking the bay. Adjoining it was a blue-tiled lounge with a service bar and a few candlelit tables. Charlie Freitag, esteemed gentleman producer, rose when Axelrod and Walker came in. Walker was always happy to see Charlie, a pleasant, friendly man, possessed of a fatuous manner and many well-laid plans.

"Walter told me to greet you on his

behalf," Charlie said to Walker. "He bids you welcome."

"Ah," Walker said.

"You know who I think you should meet?" Charlie asked Walker. "You should meet Dongan Lowndes. Know his work?"

"He's good," Walker said.

"I thought you'd know it," Freitag said proudly. "He's doing a piece on us for *New York Arts*. It can do us a lot of good where it counts."

They went to the dining room, where a party of two was sitting. Walker recognized one as Jack Best, unit publicity man. Best hated him relentlessly because of some drunken misadventure he could not recall.

"Mr. Lowndes," Charlie said, with the air of a man unwrapping first one expensive cigar and then another, "let me introduce Gordon Walker, who adapted *The Awakening* for the screen. You know Mr. Axelrod, I think."

Lowndes, when he leaned forward, turned out to be a bulky man with a pitted face and aviator spectacles. The hand he offered Walker was big and thick-fingered, like a countryman's.

"How're you?" Lowndes said. Walker saw that he was drunk and so was Best.

"This is Dongan Lowndes, Gordon," Freitag said. "Our guest from New York." He clapped Walker on the shoulder. "Listen," he said, "people are coming for a cookout at eight o'clock tomorrow. *Carne asada* under the stars. We'll talk."

"Great," Walker said.

Freitag took a quick, rueful look at his publicity man and went back to his table.

Walker smiled and murmured and made himself small. He was exhausted, propped upright by cocaine; he wanted people to be agreeable.

"We've been waiting for your girlfriend Lu Anne," Best said to Walker. "She just stood us up for dinner."

"It was very informally arranged," Lowndes said. He spoke in a quiet lowland Southern accent. His diction was ever so slightly blurred about the edges. "I probably misunderstood."

"No," Best said. "She's like that. A lot of them are. They don't care about the public anymore."

Studying Best across the table, Walker blundered into eye contact and suffered the full weight of his gratuitous hatred.

"I figured she was probably with him," the publicist said, indicating Walker and staring him down.

"C'mon, Jack," Axelrod said. "Be nice." He put a friendly arm around Best's shoulder and squeezed him.

"I like your novel," Walker told Lowndes, still wanting to please. "I mean your most recent one."

Lowndes raised his glass. "My one and only," he said.

(continued on page 128)



"I'm doing things I never would have attempted without the food processor."

S P O R T S M E N

A S T O R Y

our world was divided into two kinds of people—the duck hunters and the ducktails

WE KEPT THE PERCH we caught in a stone pool in front of the living-room window. An elm shaded the pool, and when the heavy drapes of the living room were drawn so my mother could see the sheet music on the piano, the window reflected the barred shapes of the lake perch in the pool.

We caught them from the rocks on the edge of Lake Erie, rocks that were submerged when the wakes of passing freighters hit the shore. From a distance, the freighters pushed a big swell in front of them without themselves seeming to move on the great flatness of the lake. My friend that year was a boy I'll call Jimmy Meade, and he was learning to identify the vessel stacks of the freighters. We liked the Bob-Lo Line, Cleveland Cliffs and Wyandotte Transportation, with the red Indian tall on the sides of the stack. We looked for whalebacks and tankers and the laden ore ships and listened to the moaning signals from the horns as they carried over the water. The wakes of those freighters moved slowly toward the land along the unmoving surface of the water. The wakes were the big-

gest feature out there, bigger than Canada behind them, which lay low and thin, like the horizon itself.

Jimmy Meade and I were 13 then. He had moved up from lower Ohio the previous winter, and I was fascinated by his almost Southern accent. His father had an old pickup truck in a town that drove mostly sedans, and they had a big, loose-limbed hound that seemed to stand for a distant, unpopulated place.

Hoods were beginning to appear in the school, beginning to grow drastic haircuts, wear Flagg Flyer shoes and sing Gene Vincent songs. They hung inside their cars from the wind vanes and stared at the girls I had grown up with in an aspect of violence I had not known. They wolf-whistled. They laughed with their mouths wide-open and their eyes glittering, and when they got into fights, they used their feet. They spent their weekends at the drags in Flat Rock. Jimmy and I loved the water, but when the hoods went near it, all they saw were the rubbers. We were downright afraid of the hoods, of how they acted, of the steel taps on their shoes, of the *(continued on page 217)*

B y T H O M A S M C G U A N E



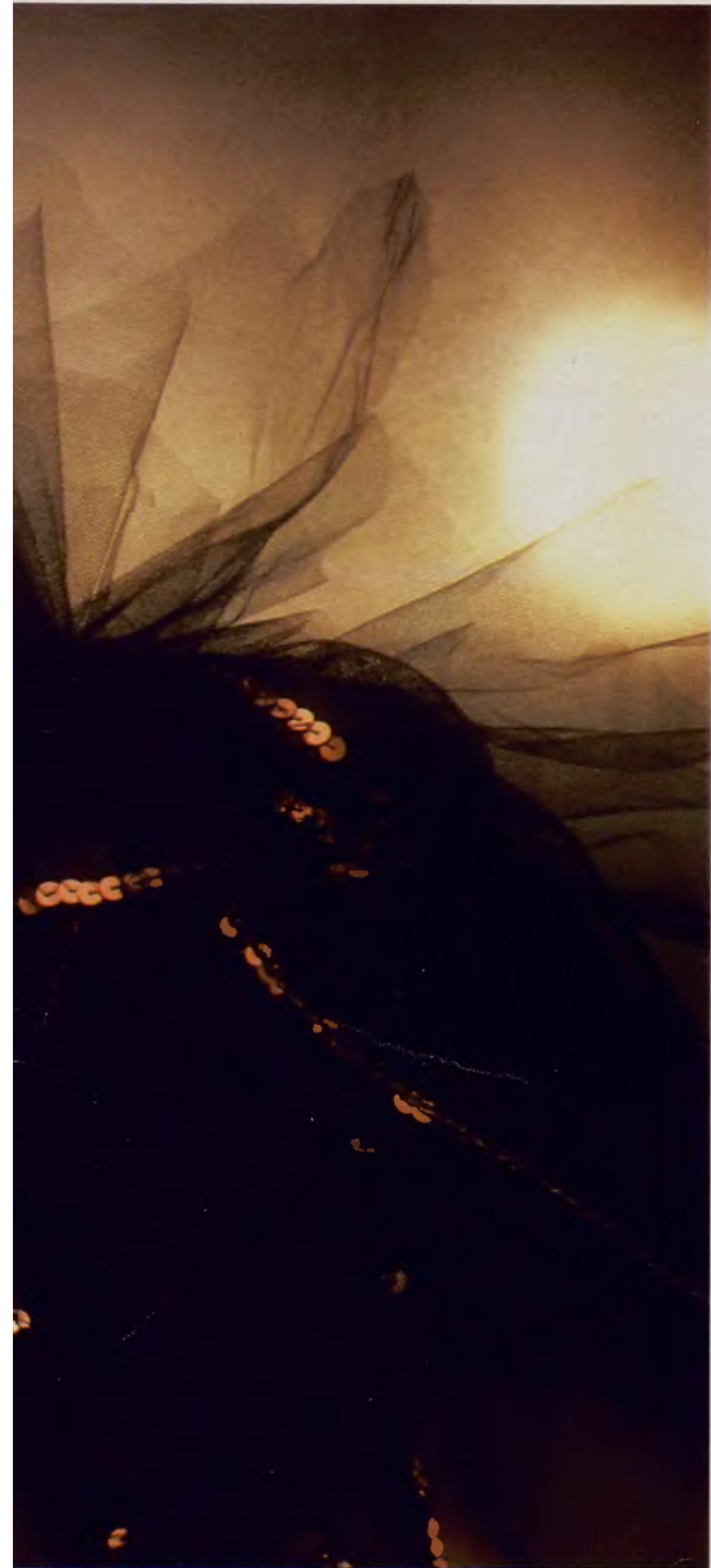
The Case of the Purloined Panties



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

can a small-town girl find happiness in the big city when someone steals her underwear? stay tuned for a playmate's plight

CYNTHIA BRIMHALL'S day has gotten off to a bad start. She's in a dither of indignation as she huffs in, ten minutes late, for lunch at Le Dôme restaurant. "You won't *believe* what happened to me this morning," she says in a grandly theatrical style, somewhat reminiscent of Lucille Ball—a very sexy Lucille Ball—in a snit. While





HARRY LANGDON



Apollonia (top right) is one of Cindy's best friends in L.A. They had been working together as models long before Prince and "Purple Rain" made Apollonia a star. Above, they check ad shots with boutique owner Ellene Warren (center).

her eyes roll heavenward, the eyes of many in the restaurant are focused on her microminidress. "Some pervert stole all my underwear," she explains. "All of it."

Apparently, Thursday is laundry day *chez* Brimhall, which is a smallish condo done entirely in pink—"a doctor friend told me pink weakens men"—in West Hollywood, a city well known for its enthusiastic acceptance of alternative lifestyles. The 300 condos in her complex share one large laundry room, which, of course, was where Cynthia was washing her prized collection of lingerie. The last she saw of it was when she put it into the dryer. An hour or so later, when she returned to the laundry room, it







was gone. "Someone is actually walking around that complex in my panties," she says. She's not sure whether the culprit is male or female, gay or straight—her building, befitting the area, is full of eccentrics, would-be showbiz types, flamboyant gays, retirees and numerous occupants of Hollywood's fast track. Any one of them could be guilty, she says.

"You know, I really have expensive taste in lingerie. Some of it was even from Rome. I don't indulge myself in a lot of things, but underwear







"People get the impression that I'm wild sometimes," says Cindy. "I don't know; maybe it's the way I dress or dance or something. But I'm not like that. I'm not into group sex or anything. I'm really a down-to-earth type of girl."

is one of my vices," she sighs. "I guess it's one of my neighbors' vices, too."

Chalk another lesson up to life in the big city. As Cindy is only too happy to report, such things never happened in Ogden, Utah, where she grew up. In fact, nothing much seemed to happen in Ogden. As the youngest of five children, Cindy was spared from even the usual household chores. "No one ever let me do *anything*," she complains. "All I got to do was stir the gravy. I'm the best gravy stirrer in the world."

Stirring gravy just wasn't enough to keep Cindy in Utah. She wanted a modeling career and, even more important, she



craved excitement. Los Angeles offered her both, in abundance. "I like colorful people," she says. "I like people who are different." And that seems to be what she surrounds herself with. Sitting in her tiny pink condo, she points to some water colors she recently completed. "I have this friend named Lori. That's a picture of her right over there that I painted," she says. "She shaves her head." Indeed, the woman in the picture is as bald as Yul Brynner; but since she's in the nude, there's little danger of *(text concluded on page 200)*

MISS OCTOBER PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Cynthia Brimhall

BUST: 36 WAIST: 25 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5'8 1/2" WEIGHT: 125

BIRTH DATE: 3/10/64 BIRTHPLACE: Ogden, Utah

WHAT TURNS YOU ON? Real estate, pointed nostrils, my country!

WHAT MAKES YOU LAUGH? Everything, but as long as I don't point and laugh, don't worry.

WHO ARE YOUR FAVORITE ENTERTAINERS? David Lee Roth, Apollonia, Prince, Eddie Murphy... Children

WHAT'S YOUR DREAM FUTURE? That someday I will be madly in love with a man and we share a huge white ranch + seven little boys (that we've made) and I'll sit on the lawn in the shade while my husband and boys do those manly things men do around a ranch.

WHAT'S THE MOST IMPORTANT LESSON YOU'VE LEARNED? That life in the fast lane - i.e., fast cars, faster men + flash cash - leaves me bored + feeling empty. I need my family and friends to get me high on life... not drugs!

WHAT MAKES YOU FEEL GUILTY? Missing a workout, spending too much \$ on myself.

WHEN YOU WERE A KID, WHAT GOT YOU INTO THE MOST TROUBLE? Numerous dr. appointments, telling the truth



A picture as clueless as the grin on my face.



Jr. prom. The night I almost....



A sunny afternoon, I was to meet John Paul here at the Vat for lunch - Strange he never showed.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A young married couple left the sex therapist's office determined to develop more effective body language.

"OK," the husband said, "when I *want* sex, I'll rub your right breast. When I *don't* want sex, I'll rub your left breast."

"Fine," his wife replied, "but what about me?"

"When you *want* sex, rub my penis once. When you *don't* want sex, rub my penis five hundred times."

What's boffo box office among anorexics? *Satiabile*.



Looking for a cool one after a long, dusty ride, the drifter strode into the saloon. As he made his way through the crowd to the bar, a man galloped through town screaming, "Big Mike's comin'! Run for your lives!"

Suddenly, the saloon doors burst open. An enormous man, standing eight feet tall and weighing 400 pounds, rode in on a bull. Grabbing the drifter by the ankle and throwing him over the bar, the giant thundered, "Gimme a drink!"

The terrified fellow handed over a bottle of whiskey, which the man guzzled in one gulp and then smashed on the bar. The drifter stood aghast as the man stuffed the broken bottle in his mouth, munched broken glass and smacked his lips with relish.

"Can I, ah, get you another, sir?" the drifter stammered.

"Naw, I gotta git," the man grunted. "Big Mike's comin'."

What's boffo box office among marching bands? *Desperately Seeking Sousa*.

"I'm sorry to phone so early in the morning," the doctor apologized, "but I've got some news for you. Which would you rather hear first—the bad news or the *very* bad news?"

"Start with the bad," said the nervous patient.

"Well," the doctor began, "the diagnosis is that you've got twenty-four hours to live."

The doomed man gasped, then recovered enough to ask, "What's the *very* bad news?"

"I couldn't get you on the phone yesterday."

What's boffo box office among milkmaids? *Pail Rider*.

Tell you what," the haberdasher said to a persistent job applicant. "I've got one suit I can't sell—that purple, green and yellow number over there. If you can make that sale, you've not only got the job, you've got it for life."

Then the store owner left for lunch. When he returned, he was shocked to see the young man's clothes in tatters and his hands and face bleeding.

"My God, what happened to you?"

"I sold the suit! I sold the suit!" the young man shouted, a smile on his bloodied lips.

"Congratulations," the haberdasher said. "Did the customer put up a fight?"

"Oh, no," the new salesman replied. "But his Seeing Eye dog was *pissed*."

What's boffo box office among Avon ladies? *Behind the Screen Door*.

A wealthy couple, hit hard by a spate of bad investments, was trying to find ways to save money. Things turned acrimonious when neither the superpatriot husband nor his nymphomaniacal wife was willing to give up anything.

"If you learned how to cook," sneered the husband, "we could get rid of the chef."

"If you learned how to make love," his wife retorted, "we could get rid of the flagpole."



Henry Kleinman

What's boffo box office among urologists? *E.T.—The Extra Testicle*.

Studying the gay-bar scene, a team of sex researchers asked 50 male homosexuals and 50 lesbians what they liked most about sex. The overwhelming response from the boys: "Tastes great!" And from the girls: "Less filling!"

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. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



John
Dempsey

"Could we watch 'Gone with the Wind' tomorrow night, honey?"

“Lowndes smiled. His left hand was below the table; Walker thought he was fondling Lu Anne.”

Walker saw that he had said the wrong thing. He had intended to be polite, but Lowndes was offended.

“Walker,” Best intoned. “Gordon Walker.” He rose gravely and staggered off.

“I don’t know what he’s got against me,” Walker said to Axelrod when Best was gone. “What’s his problem?”

“His problem is you humiliated him in front of about a hundred people in Colorado two years ago. You don’t remember?”

Walker tried remembering. “No,” he said.

“Too bad,” Lowndes said. “It must make a funny story.”

“I think I’ll have a drink,” Walker said. He had decided that he was not among friends and that there would probably be some kind of trouble. He supposed that had been in the cards all along. “Have they closed the bar?”

The bar was still open. He found a waiter and ordered a drink. When he returned to the dining room, he saw Lu Anne seated next to Lowndes.

He walked toward them, his heart beating faster. He took the chair in which Axelrod had been sitting.

“Hello, Gordon,” she said calmly.

Her casual greeting stung him like a blow.

“Hello, Lu Anne.”

“We’re having a wonderful time filming your script.”

“That’s great,” he said.

“We have quite a famous author down here to write a piece on us, Gordon. Mr. Dongan Lowndes. From *New York Arts*. Have you all met?”

“Yes,” Walker said. “We’ve met.”

“You know, Mr. Lowndes,” Lu Anne said, “there are whole passages from your novel that I can remember just by heart.”

“Lu Anne used to be the president of the Good Ol’ Girls’ Good Ol’ Book Club,” Walker told Lowndes.

He watched Lowndes’s slack mouth tighten. Walker’s hands were trembling and he kept them out of sight.

“You know,” Lowndes said, “a lot of times when Hollywood people tell you they like a book, it turns out they’re referring to the studio synopsis.” He laughed rather loudly at his own observation.

“That’s not true of Lu Anne,” Walker assured him. “She’s a great reader.”

“I wasn’t thinking of Miss Verger. It’s just something I began to run into.”

“Was your book ever optioned?” Walker asked.

“Yes,” Lowndes said. “There was some-

thing up. I don’t know what became of it.”

“It would have been difficult to film,” Walker said.

“In those days, I suppose I would have been thrilled to have it made. Now I realize that the world can get on quite well without a film version of that book.”

From where he sat, it seemed to Walker that Lowndes had moved his chair very close to Lu Anne’s, that their bodies must be touching at some point and Lu Anne had made no move to draw away. She seemed to hang on his words.

“If we get into what the world can go without,” Walker said to Lowndes, “God knows where we’ll end.”

Lowndes smiled. His left hand was below the table; Walker could not escape the thought that he was fondling Lu Anne. Yet, he thought, it might be all pure paranoia. As for her, he had imagined every reaction to his arrival except the smily indifference he was experiencing.

“So,” he asked Lowndes, “how long have you been down?”

“Just a couple of days,” Lowndes said.

Lu Anne nodded enthusiastically.

“Let me tell you a little about what I want to accomplish here,” Lowndes told Walker. “You may find it interesting.”

Walker saw Lu Anne and Lowndes join hands behind their chairs.

“Why not?” he said to Lowndes. “Why not do that?”

“I really don’t think anyone’s ever written a good piece on the making of a film until after the fact.” Lowndes disengaged his hand from Lu Anne’s and went into his pocket for cigarillos. Walker declined; Lowndes lighted one for himself. “My thinking is, if I hang around here—see a little of it all going on—I can get an insight into the process. So I did a little boning up on who everybody was. Now I can watch them do their thing. Then I can analyze the final product in terms of what I’ve seen.”

Walker looked at Lu Anne to see if what the man was saying made sense to her. As far as he could tell, it did, and she seemed profoundly interested.

“I don’t really understand,” he told Lowndes. “That sounds very complicated and ambitious.” He tried to imitate their smug, amiable demeanor. “It’s a nice place to spend a couple of weeks. I’m sure it’ll turn out fine.”

“You decline to take me seriously, Mr. Walker,” Lowndes said.

“I don’t get it, that’s all. I don’t know what you’re trying to prove.”

“I have all your scripts,” Lowndes told him. “Every one you ever wrote.”

Walker stared across the table at Lowndes. The idea of this soft-spoken, pock-marked man’s poring over the hundreds and hundreds of scenes that he had written made him feel violated and ashamed. All those scripts, he thought—the record of petty arguments lost or won, half-assed stratagems and desperate compromises.

“How’d you like them?”

Lowndes smiled. “They’re really very good, but some things about your writing make me wonder,” he said.

“Ah,” Walker said. “Wonder about what?”

“Well, how would you explain to me the screenwriter’s role?”

“Oh, Christ,” Walker said. “The screenwriter’s role?”

“Is that the wrong terminology?”

“You have to believe that it’s worth while,” Walker told him, “and you have to accept the rules. You can’t be a solitary or an obsessive. You can’t despise your audience. It requires humility and it requires strength of character.”

Lowndes turned to Lu Anne.

“Now, that’s a very eloquent defense of an often derided trade, don’t you think?”

“Oh, yes,” Lu Anne said brightly.

“Very eloquent, Mr. Walker, and I believe every word of it. Only tell me this: Isn’t it true that on screen, what you and I might call a cheap shot works infinitely better than on the page?”

Walker thought about it.

“Yeah, OK. That may be so.”

“Doesn’t it follow, then, that an instinct for the cheap shot is an advantage to a screenwriter?”

“Nobody makes you do it,” Walker told Lowndes. “You’re usually well paid. And there are things you can do. You can have your moments.”

“I know that’s true,” Lowndes said. “I just wanted to make sure you felt as bad as you should.” He punched Walker on the arm. “Hey, I’m only foolin’ with you, man. I know you’re a serious guy.”

“How bad do you feel, Gordon?” Lu Anne asked.

“Medium,” Walker said. “I’m going to turn in. I enjoyed our talk. I hope it was helpful.”

“You bet,” Lowndes told him.

As Walker got up, he saw Lowndes put his hand over Lu Anne’s.

As he went down the corridor toward the opposite wing, he heard running steps on the carpet behind him. For an instant, he thought himself pursued by Lowndes; but before he turned, he knew it was Lu Anne.

As she crowded into his arms, she said, “Gordon, you have to help me. That man’s been put over me.”

“Put over you? I thought you were

(continued on page 220)

CONSUMER THERAPY

humor

By MARK O'DONNELL

problems with your love life? troubles at work? friends, have we got an advice column for you

Dear C.T.:

I have never been the center of attention in anyone's life, and since I am over 50, I must accept the fact that I may be alone for the rest of my life. This, however, is complicated by an inexplicable hatred that my nephew, a recent college dropout, apparently feels for me. In the three months since he moved to my town, he has telephoned many friends of mine—and my employer—to warn them about what he calls my “hypocrisy” and my “will to hurt.” He has never encouraged my company, but I've always sent little gifts for appropriate holidays. I can't imagine why he would upset the only human contact I have. He was once arrested for arson, but that was years ago.

Shattered in Ravensburg

Dear Shattered:

What's the purchase to perk up a scenario like this? Linen and household goods—the white sales are now on, and a vast new bath towel could be helpful to wrap around yourself. A plump bed rest for bedtime reading will serve you on those longer lonesome nights. Little ceramic figurines may help.

Dear C.T.:

I admit that my carelessness at a summer job allowed a friend of mine to die (this was in high school), but much has happened since then, and I have tried to act with new moral and spiritual purpose. Still, the vision of my responsibility has surfaced in my dreams recently, and I cannot sleep. My wife says I seem to be constantly expecting a crucial phone call, I'm so jumpy. I can't concentrate on my work. Barry's drowned face looms before me, and I don't know what I should do to atone for his death or resolve my problem. His family forgave me, though none of them can bear to speak to me. There's nothing I can act upon.

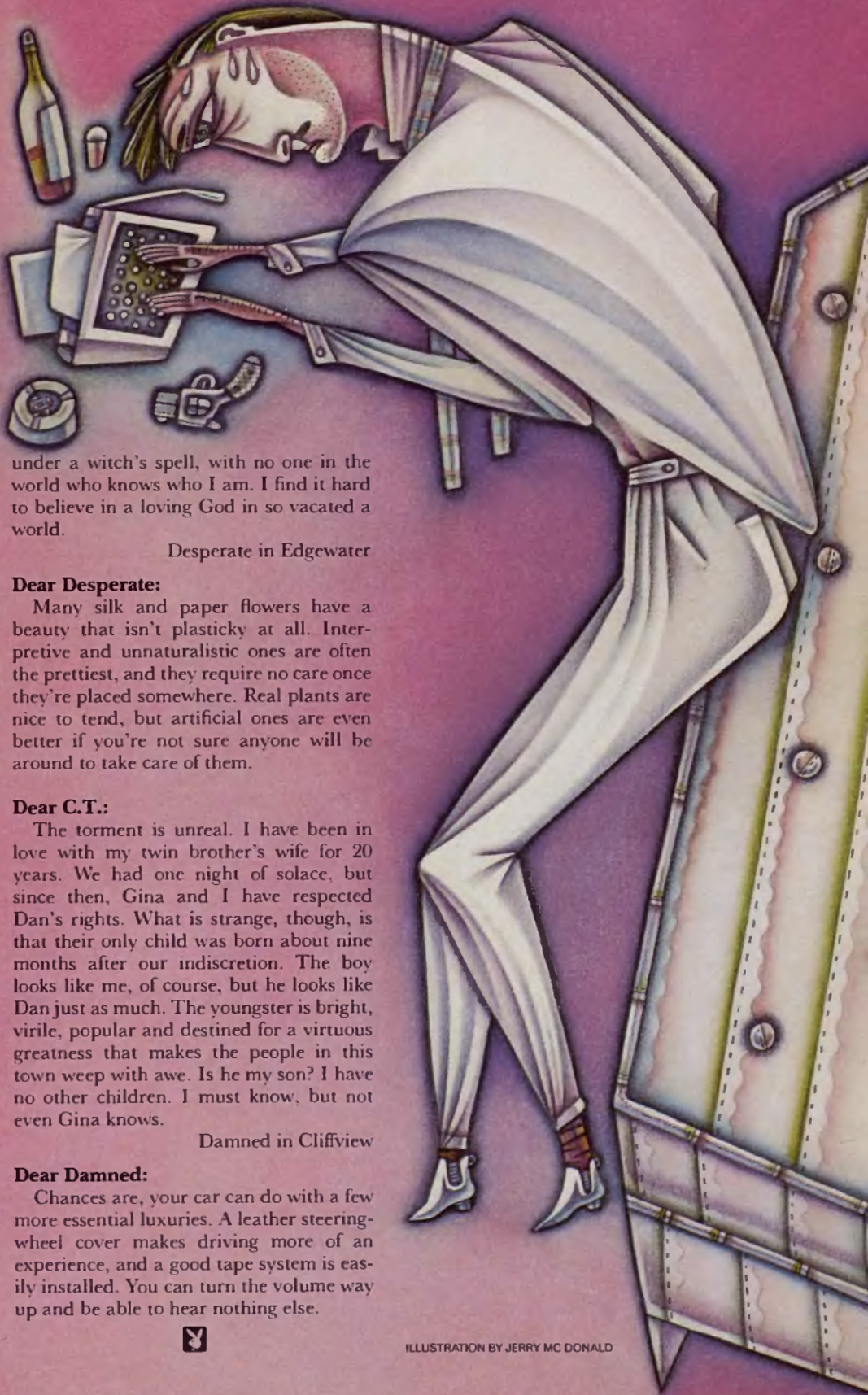
Obsessed in Harmony Falls

Dear Obsessed:

You can redo your den. Imagine how the workers' ongoing confusion in there will distract you. A new room modifies the basic rules of living with yourself, the way a haircut entitles you to feel more concise. And a new kitchen sink may rekindle your belief in cleanliness before death.

Dear C.T.:

If I'd known that old age was as heart-breaking as this, I would have lived in terror of it since my childhood. As it is, my children have deserted me—an ironic slap, since all eight of them were adopted. (My late husband was a sensitive man who greatly feared communicable diseases.) Although we saved them from poverty, they live on their trust funds in distant cities, leaving me with only strangers and service people to tell about my illness and inexperience. It's like being



under a witch's spell, with no one in the world who knows who I am. I find it hard to believe in a loving God in so vacated a world.

Desperate in Edgewater

Dear Desperate:

Many silk and paper flowers have a beauty that isn't plasticky at all. Interpretive and unnaturalistic ones are often the prettiest, and they require no care once they're placed somewhere. Real plants are nice to tend, but artificial ones are even better if you're not sure anyone will be around to take care of them.

Dear C.T.:

The torment is unreal. I have been in love with my twin brother's wife for 20 years. We had one night of solace, but since then, Gina and I have respected Dan's rights. What is strange, though, is that their only child was born about nine months after our indiscretion. The boy looks like me, of course, but he looks like Dan just as much. The youngster is bright, virile, popular and destined for a virtuous greatness that makes the people in this town weep with awe. Is he my son? I have no other children. I must know, but not even Gina knows.

Damned in Cliffview

Dear Damned:

Chances are, your car can do with a few more essential luxuries. A leather steering-wheel cover makes driving more of an experience, and a good tape system is easily installed. You can turn the volume way up and be able to hear nothing else.



ILLUSTRATION BY JERRY MC DONALD

CLASSIC INVESTMENTS

the best things in life aren't free



modern living

CLASSIC DESIGN endures because somebody *finally* got it right. It transcends tastelessness and trends; it resists the vagaries of the moment. And it does so without compromise to purpose or utility. On these pages are some tasteful examples of what we mean. The


Above: Toddies on the terrace? But of course, Jeeves—served on a brass-and-glass Italian bar cart, from Ray W. Milliman, Inc., Chicago, \$400. Opposite page: The Vanity Fair leather-covered chair designed by Poltrona Frau looks as though it might have been created for Daddy Warbucks, from Interna Designs, Ltd., Chicago, \$4550. Behind it is a Boyd lamp with a mirrored shade, from Holly Hunt, Ltd., Chicago, \$1050.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON AZUMA



Milliman bar cart will tote your liquid assets with effortless grace, and the limited-edition Vanity Fair leather chair that was originally designed in 1930 will not only rest your weary bones but uplift your aesthetic sense as well. The adjustable Eileen Gray smoking table holds your cigarettes at just the right height, next to your martini—straight up, of course. Le Corbusier liked to relax after a hard day at the drafting table, and his chaise is a master's response to that part of the day known as Miller time. Furniture can be comfortable without being clunky; and what we show here will help keep the rest of your decorating act looking crisp.





Far left: The ultimate in smoker's chic—Eileen Gray's chrome-and-glass smoking table, as reproduced by Stendig International, can be adjusted to various heights, \$480. Left: A lean, clean Cy Mann Möbius barstool with a baked-enamel-covered frame, leather sling seat and back, from Holly Hunt, Ltd., \$495. Below left: Le Corbusier's classic chaise longue in chrome and leather with a black-enamel base is produced under license from his estate, by Atelier International, about \$4300.

JOHN DE LOREAN *(continued from page 72)*

"Executives had a lot of reasons to dislike me. I was very dislikable and very successful."

We got some documents, some telexes, through the Freedom of Information Act, that showed that the U.S. embassy in London was involved in the company's downfall. [Points to a stack of folders on the table] The papers showed the embassy was concerned that DeLorean car exports from Northern Ireland's permitting lower prices would give them an unfair government-financed advantage over U.S. competitors in the market. Now, the only U.S. competitor to our car was the General Motors Corvette, so I mean it's an asinine thing to think some little jerkwater plant up in the middle of war-torn Belfast is gonna be a serious threat to an established organization like that. But I think it's interesting: [Reads from telegram] The embassy "wishes to alert Washington to this development in a belief that it is best to consider this matter"—in italics, notice—"on an urgent basis."

This telegram is from Kingman Brewster, the U.S. Ambassador in London at the time. I think this is interesting: "It would also be important to convey our objections first and privately to the U.K. government. . . ."

PLAYBOY: Why is the U.S. embassy cautioning the U.K. government?

DE LOREAN: Well, it clearly had to come from General Motors, right? I mean, how else could that have initiated? Can you imagine an Ambassador to London reading something in the paper about some guy building a little tiny factory up in Belfast and creating this whole document? This obviously had to originate from somebody with a commercial interest.

PLAYBOY: What's the date of the telegram?

DE LOREAN: August 1978; it was during the time of our negotiation with the British government.

PLAYBOY: So it confirms your claim of what the U.S. Government was doing?

DE LOREAN: Well, there was a fascinating development. We were then approached by Peter Jay, the British ambassador. We had arranged some U.K. government financing, and his people proposed that we pay back a \$400-a-car royalty. The financing never came through, and it was clear what they did was trick us into this arrangement in order to satisfy the U.S. Government. This \$400-a-car penalty was really more than any British company had ever earned. No one had ever earned \$400 a car in the history of the automobile industry of Great Britain, from 1903 on. In effect, it said we were dead before we

started. They wanted us to fail.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever discussed this?

DE LOREAN: No, you're the first person outside our legal staff who knows anything about it. Don't forget, we were the only profitable automobile manufacturer in the entire United Kingdom in 1981, our first year. At that point in time, we had orders on the books to completely fill the next year's production—I mean, orders from dealers—and it looked like we owned the world. It was just unbelievable, and at that point in time, the British refused to give us the export-guarantee financing that every other company got—I don't care what you make in Great Britain, if you export it, you get it automatically, whether it's toothbrushes or cars or anything else.

PLAYBOY: And you really claim that this was done at the instigation of the U.S. Government, acting for General Motors?

DE LOREAN: I don't know; I really don't know. There are some implications that it was. As soon as the U.K. government quit on us, refused to live up to its agreement, G.M. suddenly decided to build two plants in Belfast. They had never done that before and had never showed any interest. They had also publicly made a number of statements that they would never, ever situate another facility in Great Britain because of the labor problems. I can't extrapolate that into some kind of arrangement, but it's certainly a peculiar coincidence.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think your car would be so threatening to General Motors?

DE LOREAN: The car wasn't threatening in any way. I think what was threatening was that I'd written my book [*On a Clear Day You Can See General Motors*], which was critical of G.M., and they wanted to be sure I failed. That's my opinion. Give you an example: Back when we were signing up dealers, we tried to sign up a Cadillac dealer to be one of our dealers down in Fort Worth. It was a magnificent facility, and he wanted to handle our car. He said, "Fine; the only thing I have to do is to check with my own office." So, in a short time, the dealer called us back and said, "I can't handle your car. They told me that if I tried to put your car in our showroom, they would build another Cadillac dealership four blocks down the street."

PLAYBOY: What is this dealer's name?

DE LOREAN: I can't remember. He's the only guy in downtown Fort Worth.

PLAYBOY: You say the people at General

Motors were vindictive toward you. Why do you think they cared that much?

DE LOREAN: There were a lot of sick, punitive things some G.M. executives set out to do to me after I left and wrote my book. I think a guy who's his own man is automatically a threat to every organization guy in the world, and they hate you from the beginning. They had a lot of reasons to dislike me. I was very easily dislikable, that's all. Without apparently trying very hard—I did try hard, but I don't think they thought so—I was very, very successful. The records that I set at Chevy and Pontiac still stand today. They'll probably never be broken, either in profit or in sales volume. . . . And part of it was, I think, a lot of people resented my wife. In fact, Warren Jollymore, my PR director at Chevrolet, used to say, "I can tell you why everybody hates you: When so-and-so in Detroit crawls into bed with his wife and thinks about you going to bed with so-and-so, this has got to drive him nuts." He said, "I love you . . . and I hate you."

PLAYBOY: So, at General Motors, you stuck out because you were a good-looking, flashy guy with a good-looking wife—a jet setter among the gray-flannel suits?

DE LOREAN: Well, you know, I was never a jet setter, though people said that. I'm the most conservative guy you ever met in your life: I don't drink, I don't smoke, I don't go to parties, I don't do anything. Basically, I'm a family man; I like to be with the kids on Sundays. I don't fool around or anything. I don't know how those stories come about. Of course, I like girls; I don't think there's anything too wrong with that. When I was single, I did what you do when you're single. But I worked very hard. I have a very highly developed sense of competition.

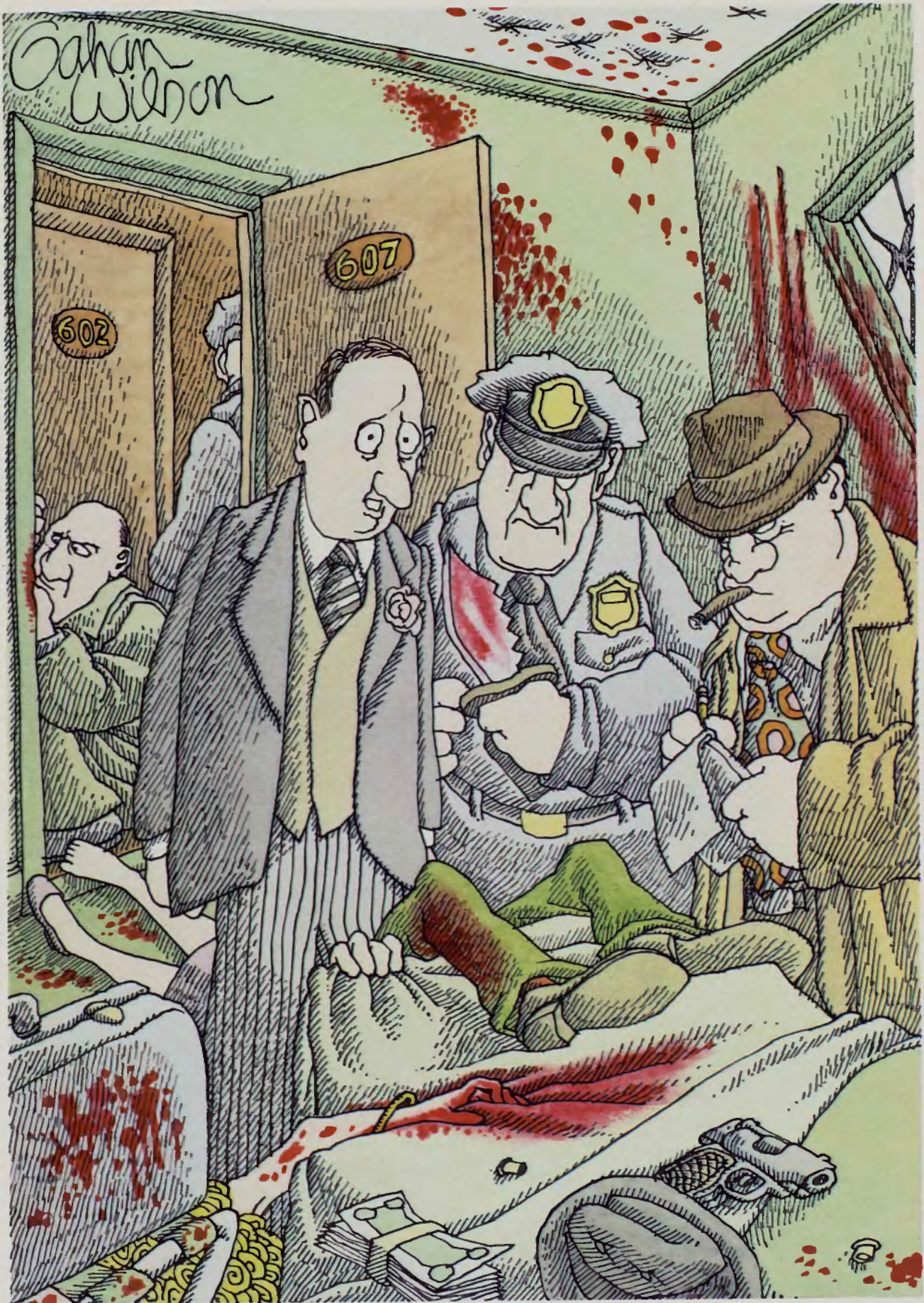
PLAYBOY: Is it true that you had a face lift and got yourself a new chin?

DE LOREAN: No, it was a little different from that. What happened was, when I was a kid, I had some surgery that went bad, and as a result, I had an impacted piece of bone in my jaw. Then, about 18 or 19 years ago, I went to a doctor, and he said it had to be corrected or there might be serious consequences. So he performed an operation and attempted to remove the impacted bone, and it turned out to be much more complex than he had expected. He threw some junk back in and sewed me up. Well, then my face blew up. It was as big as a watermelon, and I was scared silly. Anyhow, he then said, "Well, we should go back and correct this and make it right." It looked terrible.

PLAYBOY: But despite your protestations, you enjoyed having more style than those other guys at G.M., didn't you?

DE LOREAN: Oh, that's probably true.

PLAYBOY: Having a prettier wife and all? *(concluded on page 158)*



"Gee, we have had the most awful luck with this room!"



20 QUESTIONS: ROSANNA ARQUETTE

our most desperately sought young actress defends abortion, abstinence and anonymity . . . but wishes her father would call

Actress Rosanna Arquette, at 25, is this generation's answer to Jane Fonda and Meryl Streep. Aside from such movies as the hugely successful "Desperately Seeking Susan," America knows her as the inspiration for Toto's 1983 hit song "Rosanna," sung by her then boyfriend, keyboardist Steve Porcaro, and also as Gary Gilmore's wildly sensuous girlfriend in "The Executioner's Song." Claudia Dreifus caught up with Arquette in New York. Her report:

"Rosanna Arquette dresses in mink coats and punk outfits, but her face gives away the show: It betrays every small feeling, every nuance of emotion. One thing it clearly registers is an almost physical loathing of the press. Troupier to the end, though, Rosanna talks openly; whatever's on her mind at a given moment tumbles out."

1.

PLAYBOY: Can it be true, as we've heard, that you're insecure about your looks?

ARQUETTE: Yeah. I have buckteeth. I hate my thighs. I don't think I'm pretty at all. On the other hand, Madonna has an absolutely exquisite face. She's a beauty. Sometimes I feel like a shmoo next to her!

2.

PLAYBOY: You two became close during the filming of *Desperately Seeking Susan*. What did you chat about?

ARQUETTE: Mostly girl talk. She's really secure. She wants to be a star, and she's very comfortable with that and works hard at it. She's great with the press, because she doesn't give a shit what anybody says about her. I read a terrible thing about her and she said, "Oh, don't worry about it. Doesn't mean anything." I mean, I'd be a wreck! But Madonna's a symbol right now; she's a thing instead of a person. I will never be that big.

3.

PLAYBOY: But you are on the verge of serious stardom. Talk with any critic and he'll say, "Rosanna Arquette is going to be the star of the late Eighties." It sounds as if you dread what's about to happen to you.

ARQUETTE: I dread losing privacy. Last year, people would stop me and say, "Hey, aren't you Nastassja Kinski?" But now they're stopping me and going, "Hey, Rosanna-ah!" There's something both nice and weird about it. My grandfather, Cliff

Arquette, was well known from playing Charley Weaver on *The Jack Paar Show* and *Hollywood Squares*. He suffered a heart attack in Los Angeles and people kept asking him for autographs while he had to get to a hospital. Isn't that sick?

4.

PLAYBOY: Do you hang out much in Hollywood?

ARQUETTE: No. I'm a very private person. I don't go to Hollywood parties. Never have. I live in a very rustic canyon house with mice, a fireplace and wood-burning stoves. As far as I'm concerned, the Hollywood scene is full of shit.

5.

PLAYBOY: Since you've hit the big time, are people trying to get close to you because you're "a name"?

ARQUETTE: Yeah. But I'm also getting the opposite, too. Suddenly, people are really weird with me. I talked with Steve Porcaro this morning and asked him, "Did that happen with the band, too?" And he said, "Oh, yeah, they're all expecting you to be an asshole so that they can start treating you differently." I don't know Sissy Spacek personally, but she seems like the kind of woman I can admire a lot. She lives away from Hollywood and she does her work and has her baby and her husband—and she shows up at the Oscars looking incredibly gorgeous. She's comfortable about herself, and so am I, and I hope to stay that way.

6.

PLAYBOY: One of the nice things about becoming a star is the money you're making. Any plans for your movie-made fortune?

ARQUETTE: I have a production company and I'm going to start developing scripts for myself. I give a lot of money to charities—Ethiopia, the Southern Poverty Law Center, which works against the Ku Klux Klan, Tom Hayden's Campaign for Economic Democracy, and a physicians' group against nuclear war. I also help my family out a lot—my siblings are going to school. But, you know, the more money you make, the more you spend. My agents get ten percent. My manager gets another ten percent. Lawyers get money; accountants and the Government, too. By the time you count it all up, I end up with only about ten or, at best, 15 percent of what I make.

7.

PLAYBOY: Does it bug you that just about every director you've worked with has made an effort to show you topless?

ARQUETTE: Yeah. But I don't do that anymore, unless it's important to the script. Screen nudity was a real problem for me when I was with Steve. He hated to see me undressed in movies.

8.

PLAYBOY: Well, you certainly made an impression that way. Martin Scorsese confessed in print that he has long been obsessed with you. In a recent issue of *Film Comment*, he and writer Jay Cocks went on at length about the time they were staying at a house in the desert, writing a screenplay and fantasizing about you. Cocks described himself and Scorsese as "two obsessed guys far from home, dwelling on a vision of unbounded carnality." Do you see yourself as "unbounded carnality"?

ARQUETTE: No. He didn't mean it like that. Scorsese happened to have a part for me and he liked me as an actress. He's obsessed with me as an actress, not as a body or a thing. I've got to make that very clear. He never tried to fuck me. He's not that kind of guy. He's very happily married.

9.

PLAYBOY: Something we haven't read about in the many recent articles about you is your outspoken views on current issues. For instance, you speak out in favor of maintaining legalized abortion. Have you ever had an abortion?


ARQUETTE: Well, as a matter of fact, yes. And my mother went to have an abortion when she was pregnant with me. I mean, she was on her way, and then the nurse told her to go out through the back door because the place got raided and the doctor got arrested because it was illegal. This was during the Fifties, when women used to go to these old buildings and someone would do it with a knife and a newspaper. I mean, some *butcher*. I've had two abortions: one when I was much younger and one two years ago. I was deeply involved with a man the second time. We made the decision together that it wasn't the right time for us to have a baby. It wasn't a pleasant experience. We were going to get married but the moment just wasn't right. The abortion ended up being OK, because I broke up with that person. So, you know, I wouldn't want to have the marriage break up and have a two-year-old running around. (concluded on page 156)





OCTOBER 1985

DEFINITELY NOT A PLAYMATE



Buck Henry

FAREWELL TO THE STAPLE

*yes, that staple—
the one that cut your fingers . . .
tore your pinups . . . shredded your fantasies. . . .
c'mon, guys, feast your eyes on progress!*

humor

By **BUCK HENRY**

THE PHONE RANG at three in the morning. It was Hef, as he is always called by those who cannot pronounce his full name. I recognized the voice immediately because of its distinctive timbre and its unmistakable sense of urgency and because he had already called at two o'clock, 2:30 and 2:45.

"Buck," he said, "I've spent another sleepless day and I've finally made up my mind. It's time for us to get rid of the staple."

Now, it's true that my name does not appear on the PLAYBOY Masthead, nor am I on the board of directors of Playboy Enterprises, Inc. I receive no titles, no perks, no free subscriptions, no invitations to long, lazy afternoons sitting around the Playboy Mansion, observing the exotic Playboy carp gamboling in the mandala-shaped Playboy Pool, exchanging the latest PLAYBOY Party Jokes with sophisticated Playboy intimates. Why, then, it is fair to ask, do I always make myself available to Hef when crucial decisions about the Playboy empire have to be made?

Quite simply, I do it because Hef needs me.

Constant readers of this magazine will recall that it was I who steered the young, still callow Hugh M. Hefner away from some of his early, flightier experiments

(animal centerfolds, for instance) and toward the more journalistically acceptable concepts that have done so much to shape his image as a man who has often been described as a man with a very well-shaped image. It was I who suggested that Hef wear pajamas full time, thus allowing him to avoid tailors forever and indulge his deep-seated phobia of being caressed by short Jewish men with tape measures. It was I who said, "Hef, work hard, play hard, let your deepest instincts guide you and you'll have great wealth and—more important—great health. Except, of course, for the occasional stroke."

But back to the beginning—the birth of the centerfold. Ironically, it was as I accompanied a youthful Hef on one of his nightly strolls around the living room of his tiny Chicago apartment while he babbled about his dream of publishing a magazine for men that I said, almost as an afterthought, "If you're going to appeal to a male audience, Hef, one of your staple items should be a beautiful naked girl."

I would never suggest that Hugh Hefner's vocabulary is less developed than my own; but, remember, this was many years ago, and Hef, in his natural exuberance, apparently misunderstood the word staple and, thus, a great tradition was born. This is the kind of thing that

happens when creative people communicate. We call it God's gift.

And what remarkable social and cultural shock waves have reverberated from that simple exchange! In the beginning, there were thousands of young American men—victims, perhaps, of an educational system sorely lacking in proper biological training—who assumed that the centerfold, so difficult to find and unfold, particularly with one hand, was, in fact, life-size. Some may find it foolish that there were those who believed in the existence of exquisitely shaped girls no more than a foot and a half tall, but a more charitable reaction would be to accept the notion that there might well be some arcane law of nature that decreed that, in the evolutionary process, actual height could be sacrificed for perfect proportions. Other young men, whose experience with unclothed females had been confined to the sight of destapled Playmate centerfolds taped to gas-station walls, apparently believed that all naked girls had tiny rips in their mid-sections. I myself have a cousin who subscribes to the above-mentioned notion, and he is considered highly intelligent in every other respect, though he does hold a position of authority in the Herbalife movement and considers David Frost "the funniest guy in the world." Other problems born from the stapled

centerfold have included the thousands of lawsuits filed by overeager Playmate collectors who have gouged their flesh, broken their fingernails and split, punctured and cracked their lips and teeth in their efforts to pry loose their monthly fantasy. The reams of legal briefs on Hefner's desk are, in fact, matched only by the letters of commendation from grateful dentists.

Thus, it is certain that the relegating of the staple to the status of cultural artifact will make life easier for some, more difficult for others. Huge adjustments in the economy can be predicted as financial, cultural and educational institutions whose stock portfolios rely on the staple industry are forced to reassess their monetary strategy. Millions of ordinary citizens who have spent 33 years picking away at little pieces of metal will have to call on some new form of dexterity to separate Miss January through Miss December from their environs.

Mistakes will surely be made. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of centerfolds will be accidentally ruined in the process, and the distraught perpetrators will be obliged to return to their newsstands to procure a second copy. Hef thinks of everything.

But that's not the end of it. As I said to Hef recently, "Don't just consider tomorrow. Remember: Tomorrow is

only a day away. Think about the day after tomorrow."

"That would be two days away," Hef responded, getting the point immediately. And so we come, at last, to the future—the poststaple future.

It is said that deep in the subbasements beneath Playboy Mansion West, hidden from all but the most trusted initiates, is a labyrinth of state-of-the-art laboratories where dedicated scientists labor at the development of future centerfolds.

In the still of the night—when the revels have ended and only the sweet, regular breathing of sleeping Bunnies can be heard—if you put your ear to the floor, you can just make out the hum of machinery, the snap of the spectrometer (which sounds remarkably like the crack of a whip), the clickings, scrapings and clankings of people who are definitely up to something interesting. Some-

times you can even discern the shouts and cries—even moans—of those who are discovering the new and the wonderful. It is said that the lab has a motto: "Research without guilt."

In the lab, Hef and his indefatigable staff work on such wonders as the digital Playmate, who will be published on a floppy disk, complete with a microchip that will provide her with a voice so that, when one opens the magazine, she will be able to say, "Hi, my ideal evening would be a candlelit dinner on a beautiful

beach in the rain with a lover who has a great sense of humor," or "My turn-offs include people who always lie and cheat and are sloppy dressers." We can look forward to the reversible Playmate, the Playmate who drinks and wets, the androgynous Playmate, the edible Playmate, the Playmate who, when exposed to heat, ages—but not too much. I'd like to reveal more, but the competition is listening.

The era of sexual confusion and misunderstanding is finally ending, thanks in no small part to the visionary skills of Hugh Hefner and thanks in no smaller part to the role I have played in standing by my friend as the world scoffed at his ideas while it supported his lifestyle.

When I last saw Hef, not long ago, it was late at night and he was heading for the basement door, accompanied by two of his amazingly attractive, remarkably young lab technicians. I asked him what his evening's labors would entail. I can safely assume that he was talking about the PLAYBOY centerfold when he turned to me with his customary knowing smile and said, before disappearing into his underground lab, "I'm going to see if we can make it bigger."






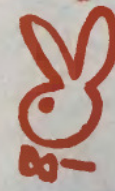
"Tell me more about your marriage that's solid as a rock."



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Kids today: In a rare turn of events, students at Oregon State University throw a pro-PLAYBOY celebration. Our favorite sign (partly visible) says BOYCOTTS ARE ETYMOLOGICALLY SEXIST. Perhaps we should hire that writer. Among Pac 10 students who ignored picket lines was C. C. Shanahan (right), Stanford. Kendra Lee Crass (below right) is an OSU sophomore who enjoys aerobics and weight lifting.

*fantastic pics, prudish pickets
and the pick of the pack*

GIRLS OF THE PAC 10

WE LIKE TO visit the campuses of the Pac 10. Nowhere else in America do you encounter such extreme examples of the dualism of mind and body. On one hand, you have the West Coast mania for physical fitness, the pride of body and grace that leads some women to pose for PLAYBOY. On the other hand, you have the full-tilt feminist sensibility of N.O.W. groups and the strangle-hold intensity of fundamentalist Christians, proclaiming that nudity is either a political crime or a sin. During our latest search for coed beauty, protesters picketed hotels where PLAYBOY photographers were interviewing prospective models. Some people tried to tie up hotel switchboards by phoning in for fake appointments. Others pushed computer-printed handbills under hotel doors to warn guests of what was going on down the hall. The most pompous circulated rhetoric-laden petitions: "We, the undersigned members of the Stanford community, would like to express our objections to PLAYBOY's visit to Stanford. While not the most heinous of pornographers, PLAYBOY reinforces sex stereotypes by portraying women as sexual objects and thus furthers inequality in our society." We would publish the signatories' names, but why bother? We suspect they're the same people who will be lining up to buy this issue, the same guys who walk a picket line with a sign that says that they are PROSEX, PRONUDITY, PRO-EROTICA, ANTIPORN. Our point, give or take a little, but why split pubic hairs? PLAYBOY photographers David Mecey and David Chan braved picket lines to find women willing to celebrate unashamed, to defy peer-group pressure, to pose for the pure fun of it. Freedom of expression is easy to defend. Witness the results.







Rhondo Williams (far left, above) is pursuing a career in industrial fitness. The OSU student keeps herself in shape by weight training, swimming and playing softball. Donna Bennett (near left) is a junior at the University of Arizona, majoring in psychology and political science. She likes old cars, philosophy, mountain climbing and the outdoors. The trio of lovelies taking an advanced tutorial in a hot tub at the University of California at Berkeley (far left, below) are, from left, Christine Winge, Lori Bow and Catherine Piersall. Cormela Dempsey (below) expects to graduate this year from the University of Washington. Why did she pose? "Well," she said, "I like challenges."





Becky LeBeau (above left) is a USC student whose hobbies are music, songwriting, piano and guitar. Maria Christina Misa (above) came to UCLA from the Philippines. She plays volleyball and football. Kimberley Kristeen (below left) is a sophomore at the University of Oregon. She would like to learn how to fly and, eventually, to own a charter-plane business. Kimberly McHone (above right), an undergrad at the University of Washington, is interested in clothing design and construction (though that's hard to tell from this picture). She likes wind surfing and good rhythm-and-blues. Judy Malana (below right) studies graphic design at UCLA. When she's not studying, you'll find her at the beach, surrounded by a crowd.









The Sun Devil made her da it: Ellen Lundy (far left, above) is a senior at Arizona State whose major is broadcasting; she wants to anchor a news show. Ramana Turner (near left) is a Stanford student who likes to call computer bulletin boards and soak in hot tubs, though not at the same time. She met both of her boyfriends while using her computer. Kristin Hera (far left, below) wants to be an investigative reporter and own a restaurant; perhaps the University of Oregon student could call it All the President's Menu. Lisa Thampson (below), a junior at Washington State University, likes football, swimming and musicals and is planning a career in public relations.

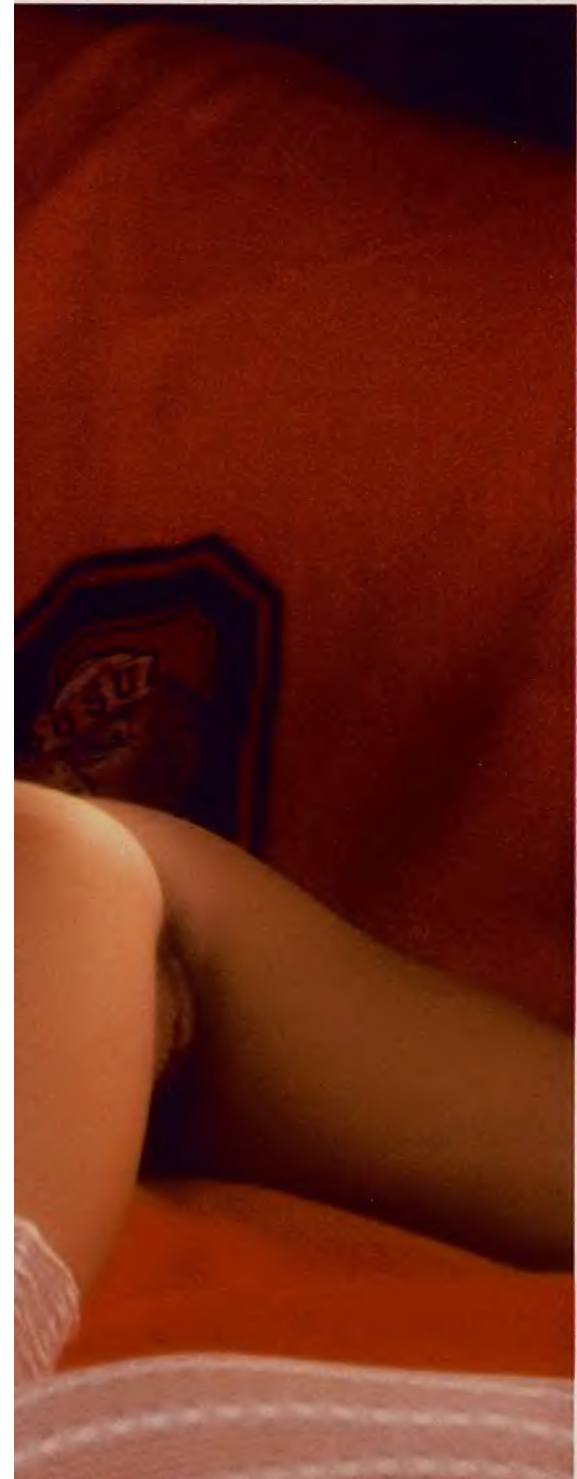


PRODUCED AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVID CHAN



OSU's Tana Olsen (below) is an aspiring photojournalist who spends her spare time playing the piano and/or listening to George Winston. Leslie Anne Chamberlain (near right) is an undergraduate at the University of California at Berkeley. On a good day, she will wake up early, head for the beach, take off all her clothes and run on the sand. Sorry, guys: We didn't find out which beach. Dayna Murray (for right, above) is still thinking about her future. The Washington State University sophomore likes sports, music, sun-bathing, lobster, Snoopy, jeeps and motorcycles. Rebecca May Henderson (for right, below) is pursuing a double major at Arizona. Look out, world!







Sex and violence on campus: That's Tanno Paige (above left) about to off two unsuspecting Oregon State University students in the game of assassin. As a diversionary tactic, she is something to behold. Connie Whicker (above) is a computer-science student at the University of California, Berkeley. She likes bright colors, fruit and sunshine; dislikes cats, country music and squash. OK. Tina Sherman (left) is part French, part English and pure Californian. A UCLA student, she spends weekends water-skiing, snow skiing and swimming. She wants to be a country doctor in France. Wendy Vincent attends Arizona State University and enjoys tennis, racquetball, aerobics and stretching. Her pose (right) will stretch your imagination, to say the least.





ROSANNA ARQUETTE

(continued from page 137)

"I've never been laid by someone I wasn't in love with—or at least had a deep friendship with."

10.

PLAYBOY: What kind of man do you find attractive?

ARQUETTE: First, a man who's secure with himself. Then, someone who's very creative: the crazy-genius type. I've always been with one. Also, eccentric and sensitive men. A man who can cry and not be ashamed of it. Men who love to be intimate and tell secrets. Before I turned 25, I was addicted to a Svengali type of man: an older man who knew everything, took complete care of me but never accepted me. The man I'm with now [record producer James Newton Howard] is nothing like that. We're best friends and, no matter what, we tell each other what's going on. I've known him for a long time. We were friends before we were lovers.

11.

PLAYBOY: Your relationship with Porcaro was different. The rumors are that he was the great love of your life but that he wasn't very supportive of your work; he wanted you to keep house. True?

ARQUETTE: He says that it isn't true anymore. But I don't know. I think we wanted different things. A man has to be really strong to deal with my career. Because, you know, I need a "wife," too. He wasn't terrible to me and we're still great friends. It's just that we both grew up. But, you know, I don't want to keep talking about my ex-relationship. We're really good friends and, in fact, my boyfriend, James, is one of his best friends. He's got a new life and he's really happy. He's straight and he's got a girlfriend and we're pals. End of story.

12.

PLAYBOY: Defend monogamy.

ARQUETTE: It's real important for me. I want a relationship where I can be very true. I've had the others—where my mate was not monogamous, while I was. That's awful. I never was a person who had one-night stands. People, probably readers of this magazine, may think, Oh, how sad for her. But I've never been laid in my life by someone I wasn't in love with—or at least had a deep friendship with. I've never made love to a stranger.

13.

PLAYBOY: First, you'd be surprised who reads this magazine. But, tell us, what's wrong with one-night stands?

ARQUETTE: There's nothing wrong with them—if that's your decision. That's just not my choice. You're taking on a lot when you make love with someone—not just his

body and his sperm but his whole vibration. I couldn't do that with someone I didn't know real well. It would be real empty. I have a lot of friends who get laid a lot and I find that fascinating. I talk to them about it and it's, like, wow—a trip.

14.

PLAYBOY: You grew up in one of the hippest families of all time. For those of us who were plagued with hopelessly square parents, tell us what we were missing.

ARQUETTE: My mother, Mardi, is a poet and was active in the peace movement. My father, Lewis, is a terrific improvisational actor. They believed very strongly in raising their kids to be free and happy and creative. In lots of ways, I'm a child of the Sixties. I've always known about sex, and it was never a very shocking thing to me. We lived in a nudist colony for one summer when I was a kid. We also lived in a commune in Virginia for a while. I knew what an orgasm was at a young age. I was very uninhibited and my parents always said, "The body is a beautiful thing and it's important to know about your body parts." My mother told me where to get birth control when I made the decision I wanted it. On the other hand, my parents never had the attitude that it was OK to screw anyone you wanted. Their attitude definitely was not "Go fuck your brains out." It's ironic that even though I grew up around such relaxed sexual attitudes, sex wasn't all that easy at first for me. My first sexual experience, for instance, was terrible. I was 15 and it was with someone I'd known all my life and it was kind of a forced situation. On a cot. In a basement. I remember saying, "I hate this." Well, most people I talk with say their first experience is weird. And also, in those days, I experimented with a lot of drugs. Acid, whatever. I did that kind of thing until I was about 19. When I got real serious about my career, I stopped doing drugs altogether. I don't do anything now.

15.

PLAYBOY: Did you leave home around then—when you were 15?

ARQUETTE: Yes. I grew up fast. In my head, I was ready to leave the nest—though when I look at pictures of myself then, I seem like such a baby. I hitchhiked from Chicago to California with some friends. It was great—though I wouldn't suggest it to anyone these days. I worked for a while at Renaissance fairs. For a while, I lived with my aunt and uncle—and then I had my first serious relationship with a man. It

was also my first experience with the Svengalilike man I'd be involved with a lot after that. He was 33. It was pretty sickening.

16.

PLAYBOY: Why did you recently go through a drug-rehabilitation program?

ARQUETTE: It wasn't really for me—it was for a friend. This was 16 months ago. My friend had a cocaine problem, so I went through the program with him. He got completely straight from it and I learned an awful lot. I was raised around people who had drug problems, so that sort of atmosphere affected me and the relationships that I chose. I was never addicted, but I got involved with people who were. One thing I decided, because of the program, was never to use anything—no matter how "recreational"—again. And, as a result, I haven't smoked, drunk or done anything else since—one day at a time.

17.

PLAYBOY: Were your parents into drugs?

ARQUETTE: My mother wasn't. If I came home stoned, she'd get unbelievably mad. But I would get high with my father. Like when I was 15. [Laughs] We would smoke joints together.

18.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of paternal figures, tell us about having Charley Weaver for your real-life granddad.

ARQUETTE: I didn't really know him. He lived on the West Coast. We lived in Chicago or Virginia. We saw him once a year. He brought neat presents.

19.

PLAYBOY: Is your father proud that you've gone into the family business?

ARQUETTE: Well, I don't know why, but my father hasn't spoken to me in a year. He's never called to congratulate me or anything. I don't understand it and I probably never will. But it's good in one way: It's made me grow up. I have a really incredible therapist and I've learned a lot from him, such as why I've chosen to be with a lot of men who are exactly like my father. I've chosen people who are not at all accepting of me and what I do. It's strange, because my father was so supportive of me when I was a kid. I can't believe I'm talking about this.

20.

PLAYBOY: Why therapy?

ARQUETTE: It's good to talk about your life with someone who's objective. I recommend it to anyone who's working stuff through. I'd rather not give out the details, but it saved my life. I go. James and I go together, too. We go to this guy. His name is Don. He's helped me let go of things and go on with my life.





"It's refreshing to see someone in public relations who isn't all hype."

JOHN DE LOREAN *(continued from page 134)*

"I was never a jet setter, though people said that. I'm the most conservative guy you ever met in your life."

DE LOREAN: I don't know—I think I enjoyed it—

PLAYBOY: Didn't you feel you were a rebel and showed a different way to get ahead?

DE LOREAN: Oh, I think in some areas, yes, particularly in the area of liberal activism. I was a rebel there. I enjoyed tweaking their noses by getting G.M. more involved in the black and minority communities. They kept saying in those days, "We can't hire qualified minorities anywhere." That was standard dogma. So when I was the head of Chevy, I said, "From now on, I'm going to sponsor only blacks and minorities in the G.M. Institute program"—which until then had been a great boondoggle for executives' sons.

PLAYBOY: It's interesting that you stress your commitment to liberal activism, yet now that you're a born-again Christian, your image is a very conservative one, the opposite of liberal activism, isn't it?

DE LOREAN: Well, I'm not, I'm still new at this, and, in fact, I believe that ultimately, that's the direction my life is going to take. Hopefully, when I get the legal stuff behind me, I intend to set up a ministry, and the primary function is going to be in that area.

PLAYBOY: In the area of born-again Christianity?

DE LOREAN: No, in helping minorities and trying to get equality. Traditionally, one of the main functions of the church has been to care for the poor and the needy. I have some ideas about things that I'd like to do. When you talk about human-rights violations, I don't think there's a human-rights violation anywhere in the world that compares with some poor kid's being born in the South Bronx, because from the day he's born, he's deprived of everything—only the tragedy of his life is that he knows there is another side. All he's got to do is turn on a TV set and, man, he knows that America isn't the way *he's* living. He's deprived of it. He's deprived of an education; he lives in a garbage-strewn hallway where drunks are urinating in the corner. And he's going to live there all his life unless he accidentally grows up to be 7'4" and plays for the New York Knicks. He hasn't got a chance in the world. How many Presidents have walked through Watts and the South Bronx and said they were going to do something? I can remember three Presidents walking through the Bronx—carefully guarded, I might add.

PLAYBOY: Do you really care about that, or is it just part of your image creation?

DE LOREAN: No, I've always cared about it. It's part of me; it's part of my character.

Neither of my parents was educated at all; neither one had a sixth-grade education. My dad was a foundry worker at Ford. Every Friday night, he'd cash his pay check and go out and get drunk, come home and beat the stuffing out of my mother. That's what I came out of. That was typical of the whole neighborhood. In any event, I don't know; I never did figure out why God selected me to be successful. You may not believe it, but at the beginning, I never really thought about getting ahead, never asked for a raise in my life.

PLAYBOY: You present yourself as an innocent, nonmanipulative man on an almost unconscious journey to success—

DE LOREAN: I've never been manipulative! I've never been involved in corporate politics. In fact, I was always shocked at that kind of thing, and I think that if I had been better at it, my life would have been quite a bit different.

PLAYBOY: Earlier, we were talking about how you lost your car company and your claims that G.M. was somehow involved in getting the U.S. Government to pressure the British government.

DE LOREAN: Yeah. DeLorean Motors was dead in the water before we even started. No new company in Britain ever had to comply with the demands they put on us.

PLAYBOY: But as farfetched as the Government part of it is, we still can't see G.M.'s interest in this. The DeLorean car was a competitor to what—the Corvette, right? Yet we heard reports about your car's being badly built—

DE LOREAN: No, even by the standards of an established automobile plant, for a brand-new car, it was OK. For a new car in a country that had never produced a car, with an untrained work force, I think our people did a spectacular job.

PLAYBOY: So those stories about the floors' leaking and people's getting locked inside the car—

DE LOREAN: We had a few problems. I bought a Jaguar when they first started producing the V12. It was the worst car I ever owned. I understand the Jaguar is a pretty good car today. General Motors is, I think, on its 13th or 14th safety recall of the X car, which is a car the company claims it spent a billion and a quarter dollars engineering. So, you know, when you build an all-new car, you have problems. And, of course, we had additional features coming. We had colors that we'd been working with DuPont on—a special kind of transparent lacquer. We had a twin-turbo engine that would have gotten the performance down in the 4.6, 4.8 seconds,

zero to 60, the fastest car in the world.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of G.M.'s new Corvette?

DE LOREAN: I borrowed a guy's Corvette a couple of months ago, and I was amazed that it was really a very, very good automobile. Everything about it is good. It's a good, solid car. The little nagging quality problems are all gone. The engine compartment is really professional.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying it was because you challenged them?

DE LOREAN: Well, whatever it was, they've done a really good job of it. It's a fine car now. Anyhow, I've learned a lot about myself both through the experience and, of course, through this ritual of trying to be absolutely candid and honest in all my thoughts about what's going on. And some of the things I've found out about myself are disconcerting.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

DE LOREAN: Well, I don't think I had ever thought of myself as arrogant until I looked back from my present perspective. And I clearly was. I was really horrible.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you ran over people? You've claimed to be a political and unmanipulative, but there have been very unflattering articles published about your business dealings.

DE LOREAN: Those are all lies. All that evil stuff came from a guy named Bill Haddad, who used to work for me. It turns out that he had dug out documents about three obscure lawsuits that I had in my personal files and had given them to a writer called Hillel Levin. That became part of his book; Haddad fed that same information to all these people. I've been taken advantage of so many times!

PLAYBOY: You've given us mixed signals: You admit to feeling beaten down, like an animal in a cage, by your wife's leaving you; you also talk about having been humbled in the Christian sense; yet you also sound like your old self—the publicity that you're drumming up for your book is very aggressive, making you sound on top of the world. What are we to believe about you, your image and your future?

DE LOREAN: Well, it's true that I was very committed to my wife and my family. And that hurt me; I'm badly hurt. There are no two ways about it. But I'm not beaten, by any stretch of the imagination. I don't think I'm on top of the world. I feel that I understand what I was, and I think I'm a better human being for this horrible experience. You know, as Nietzsche says, anything that doesn't kill you makes you a better man.

Hopefully I still have a lot of life ahead of me and I expect to take advantage of it. There's a very strong program to put my motor company back in business, and I expect that probably within the next six months, there will be cars in production again.





Reggie Dupard and number-one SMU hit the Texas A&M line in '84 action.

PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW

*the country's leading expert gives his pre-season picks
for the top college teams and players*

sports By ANSON MOUNT A revolution is going on in college sports. Until recently, it had burned beneath the surface, hidden from the casual fan, but the eruptions of the near future will shock everyone. Some people—such as win-at-any-cost coaches and unscrupulous alumni—will be devastated. And college football will soon be a more rational, more civilized and even more entertaining game.

A number of ugly perversions of college sports have surfaced recently—payoffs to high school recruits, players' going through four years of higher education without being able to read or write, steroid scandals, under-the-table handouts to jocks

from boneheaded alums who wouldn't dream of giving ten dollars to the university library. As a result of this situation, university presidents across the country are abandoning their traditional hands-off attitude toward intercollegiate sports. Hundreds of college administrators have agreed—not only at their

conventions but also at quiet meetings in airport hotels—to take back control of their athletic departments.

Sad to say, however, there are some people opposed to a return to sanity in college athletics. Especially embarrassing is the university president who roams the side lines during the games, wearing headphones, leading (*continued on page 162*)

TOP 20 TEAMS

1. Southern Methodist 10-1	11. Air Force 10-2
2. Alabama 10-1	12. Oklahoma 8-3
3. Ohio State 9-2	13. Brigham Young 10-3
4. Nebraska 9-2	14. Texas Christian 8-3
5. Notre Dame 9-2	15. Oklahoma State 10-1
6. Maryland 9-2	16. Arizona 8-3
7. Illinois 9-2	17. South Carolina 8-3
8. Southern California 8-3	18. Texas 8-3
9. Arkansas 8-3	19. Kansas 8-4
10. Auburn 8-3	20. Penn State 8-3

Possible Breakthroughs: Miami (8-3), Georgia Tech (8-3), Houston (8-3), Mississippi State (8-3), UCLA (7-4), Iowa (7-4), West Virginia (7-4), Purdue (7-4), Florida (7-4), Arizona State (7-4), Oregon (7-4).

THE 1985 PLAYBOY

DEFENSE



Left to right, top to bottom: Cornelius Bennett (97), linebacker, Alabama; David Fulcher (7), defensive back, Arizona State; Leslie O'Neal (99), defensive lineman, Oklahoma State; Rod Woodson (26), defensive back, Purdue; Tim Green (72), defensive lineman, Syracuse; Larry Station (36), linebacker, Iowa; Kevin Murphy (39), defensive lineman, Oklahoma; Willie Pless (60), linebacker, Kansas; Tony Casillas (92), defensive lineman, Oklahoma; Tim McDonald (6), defensive back, Southern California; Bill Smith (10), punter, Mississippi; Brad Cochran (30), defensive back, Michigan.

ALL-AMERICA TEAM

OFFENSE



Left to right, top to bottom: David Williams (1), receiver, Illinois; Keith Byars (41), running back, Ohio State; Kenneth Davis (36), running back, Texas Christian; Jeff Bregel (79), offensive lineman, USC; Tim Scannell (54), offensive lineman, Notre Dame; Jim Dombrowski (73), offensive lineman, Virginia; John Lee (25), kicker, UCLA; Brian Jozwiak (77), offensive lineman, West Virginia; Joe Morrison, Coach of the Year, South Carolina; Gene Chilton (74), center, Texas; Bo Jackson (34), running back, Auburn; Robbie Bosco (6), quarterback, Brigham Young; Tim McGee (88), receiver, Tennessee.

BEST OF THE REST

(Listed in order of excellence at their positions, all have a good chance of making someone's All-America team)

QUARTERBACKS: Chuck Long (Iowa), John Poye (Stanford), Brian McClure (Bowling Green), Kerwin Bell (Florida), Jack Trudeau (Illinois), Vinny Testaverde (Miami, Florida)

RUNNING BACKS: Ruebin Moyes (Washington State), Allen Pinkett (Notre Dame), Doug DuBose (Nebraska), Dalton Hilliard (Louisiana State), D. J. Dozier (Penn State), Thomas Dendy (South Carolina)

RECEIVERS: Hasson Jones (Florida State), Lew Barnes (Oregon), Steve Griffin (Purdue), Carl Hilton (Houston), Glen Kozlowski (Brigham Young), Willie Smith (Miami, Florida)

OFFENSIVE LINEMEN: Tom Hallock (Southern California), Jim Jurigo (Illinois), John Cloy (Missouri), James FitzPatrick (Southern California), Steve Wallace (Auburn), Doug Williams (Texas A & M), Don Smith (Army)

CENTERS: Mike Eidson (Southern Methodist), Wes Neighbors (Alabama), Keith Johnson (Georgia)

DEFENSIVE LINEMEN: Tony Colorito (Southern California), T. J. Turner (Houston), Kent Tramel (Texas Christian), Jon Hand (Alabama), Jerry Ball (Southern Methodist), Gerald Robinson (Auburn), Mike Ruth (Boston College), Isaac Williams (Florida State)

LINEBACKERS: Tony Furjanic (Notre Dame), Tommy Taylor (UCLA), Brian Bosworth (Oklahoma), Thomas Johnson (Ohio State), Carl Hill (South Carolina), Leon White (Brigham Young), Alonzo Johnson (Florida), Marc Munford (Nebraska)

DEFENSIVE BACKS: Keith Brooks (Southern Methodist), Craig Swoope (Illinois), Allen Durden (Arizona), Joe Brooks (South Carolina), Scott Thomas (Air Force), Barton Hundley (Kansas State), Bill Callahan (Pittsburgh), Pete Benedetti (Wyoming)

KICKERS: Tom Tupa (Ohio State), Jeff Ward (Texas), John Teltschik (Texas), Mike Cofer (North Carolina State), Ray Criswell (Florida), Andy Weiler (New Mexico State), Buzzy Sawyer (Baylor)

FIRST-YEAR PHENOMS

(Incoming freshmen and transfers who should make it big)

Todd Ellis, quarterback South Carolina
 Aaron Emanuel, running back Southern California
 W. C. Nix, center Texas Christian
 Jason Buck, defensive lineman Brigham Young
 Anthony Butts, defensive lineman Mississippi State
 Aaron Jenkins, running back Washington
 Albert Bell, receiver Alabama
 Terry Morris, quarterback Miami, Ohio
 Ruben Rodriguez, punter Arizona
 LeRoy Etienne, linebacker Nebraska
 Marc Hicks, running back California
 Jim Richmond, offensive lineman Purdue
 Brian Davis, running back Pittsburgh
 Johnny Clark, kicker Vanderbilt
 Brian Davis, defensive back Nebraska
 Rick Meyer, offensive lineman UCLA
 Ron Stollworth, defensive lineman Auburn
 Eric Mitchel, quarterback Oklahoma
 Sammie Smith, running back Florida State
 Andre Rison, receiver Michigan State
 Tim Worley, running back Georgia
 Terrance Jones, quarterback Tulane

cheers and posturing for television cameras. A few sportswriters rebel against any emphasis on academic integrity in college sports, insisting that if universities can train students to make a living in medicine and law, there's nothing wrong with preparing other students for pro sports careers. One ludicrous sports column in an Atlanta newspaper even suggested that our universities have an *obligation* to provide sports entertainment for the public.

What's wrong with such reasoning? What's wrong is that only about four of every 1000 college football players make it to the pros. They'll be fine as long as they can look up AGENTS under A in the phone book; but what about the 996 others? Shouldn't we teach them to read rather than use them to provide our sporting entertainment and then discard them?

Let's return to some of the rational values of the distant past—when college football was played by legitimate college students, when college scholarships were awarded only to kids with financial need and academic aspirations and when any student who wanted to play ball could go out for the school team. Let the professional football leagues finance their own farm systems, the way baseball teams do. Would the college game be less enjoyable for spectators under such circumstances? Would it inspire less school spirit among alumni? Have you been to an Ivy League game lately? There's excitement and color, deafening cheers, excellent play, plus pre- and postgame partying. Even the football factories can't put on a better show.

While we wait for the university presidents to come to the rescue of a great, troubled game, let's look at the prospects of teams around the country.

THE EAST

INDEPENDENTS

Penn State	8-3	Rutgers	6-5
Pittsburgh	7-4	Army	6-5
West Virginia	7-4	Boston College	6-5
Syracuse	6-5	Temple	5-6
Navy	6-5		

IVY LEAGUE

Pennsylvania	8-2	Brown	4-6
Dartmouth	7-3	Yale	4-6
Harvard	6-4	Cornell	3-7
Princeton	5-5	Columbia	3-7

ALL-EAST: Dozier, Moules, White (Penn State); Callahan, Congemi, Dixon (Pittsburgh); Jozwiak, Smith, Smalls (West Virginia); Green, McAulay (Syracuse); McCallum, Solomon (Navy); Stowe, Oake, Hochberg (Rutgers); Smith, Black (Army); Ruth, Stradford (Boston College); Rienstra, Bowles (Temple); Gilmore, Comizio (Pennsylvania); Truitt, Saltzgeber (Dartmouth); Santiago (Harvard); Butler (Princeton); Potkul (Brown); Moriarty, Ilacqua (Yale); Tagliaferri (Cornell); Pennywell (Columbia).

Last season was a thorny one for Penn State, so this will be an unusual start-over year for the Nittany Lions. The defensive unit—which returns 19 of last year's top 22 players—will be stingy, but Joe
(continued on page 183)



"Oh, sure, I feel sorry for the fox, but mostly I get horny."



LE MENU PRESENTS TWO UNFORGETTABLE CHICKEN DINNERS, AND ONE TURKEY.

Some months ago, a feud occurred at Le Menu™ Dinners regarding the naming of a certain dinner. Even a tantrum from our French chef, André Lamaziere, failed to move the marketing people. They went forward with their original plan to name the chef's latest and most unconventional creation, "Le Menu Sliced Turkey Breast." This, they felt, was the name that the people wanted.

It was not the name Chef Lamaziere wanted. In fact, he viewed the description, "Sliced Turkey Breast," as an insult to his art and especially to his new dish.

Consider the dish. Our chef took tender escallops of turkey breast, and did something totally un-American with them. He dusted them lightly in flour, sautéed them gently, then bathed them in an impeccable sauce of beef stock, sauterne and sherry, added a handful of sliced mushrooms, along with careful measures of sage and thyme.

Perhaps now you can understand our chef's irritation, and his desire to more accurately dub his stunning dish, "Le Menu Turkey Scallopine."

Happily, such a ruckus does not often occur at Le Menu. Two other delightful poultry dishes enjoy names that even our chef agrees effectively describe them. Like Chicken Breast Florentine.

As you would expect, it's a dish made with the very finest poultry, raised at our own ranch in Center, Texas.

Nestled under a juicy chicken breast is a bed of Savoy spinach, blended with herbed bread crumbs, and celery, onions and eggs. The whole creation is then blanketed with a surprising sauterne and mushroom gravy.

Even our classic Sweet and Sour Chicken Dinner bears the mark of Chef Lamaziere: an unexpected and very un-Oriental dash of sherry.

Given the aggravation we put him through, and his challenge to concoct nothing less than the remarkable, it is not surprising that our Le Menu chef has a penchant for putting a little wine in almost everything.

For Chef Lamaziere's sake, remember our two chicken dinners fondly, and forgive Le Menu for presenting a turkey of a name for what is certainly a turkey masterpiece.



THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING SPECIAL ON LE MENU™

BORN IN THE U.S.A.

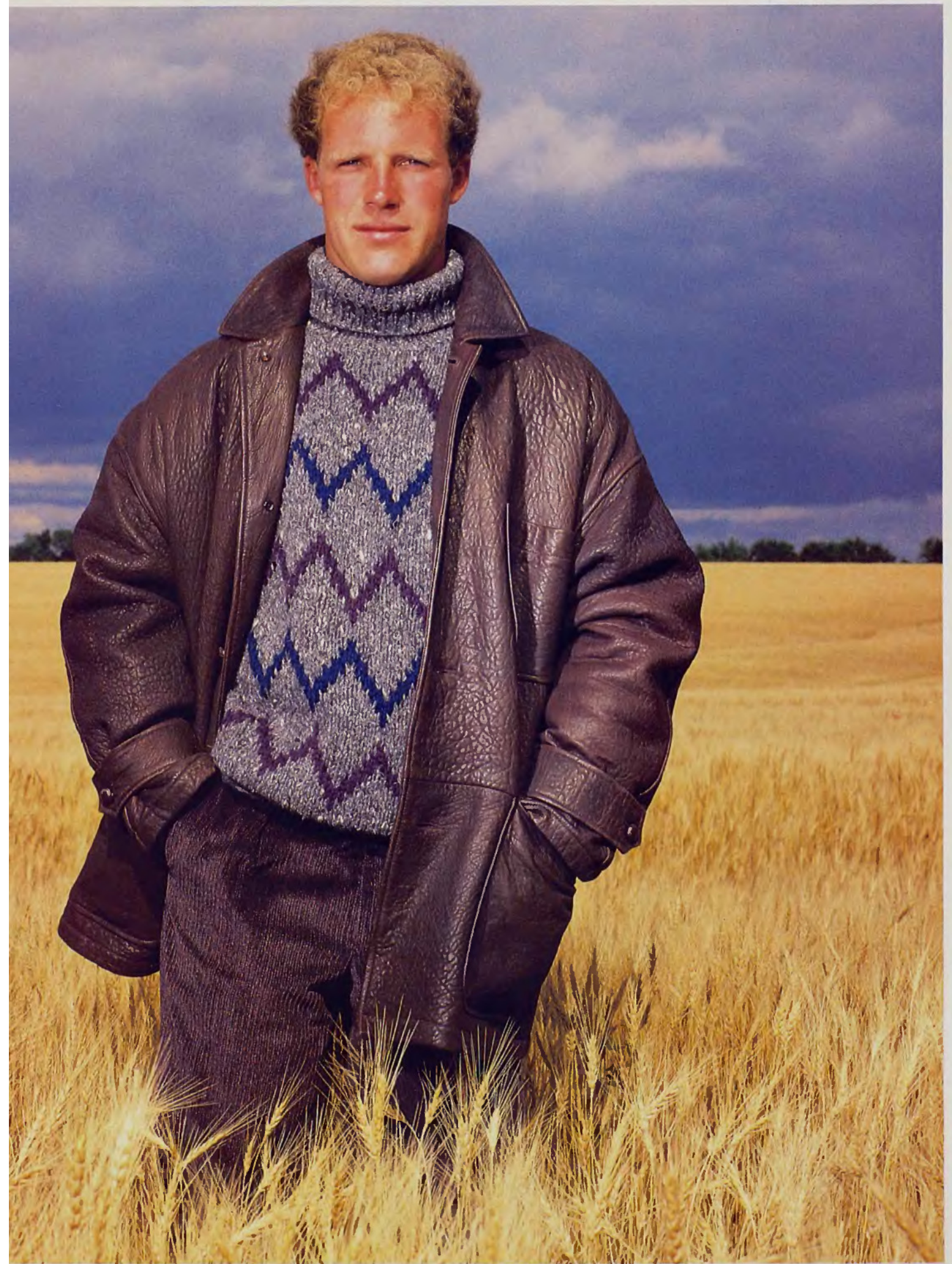
*from california to the
new york island, fashion
echoes the new american spirit*

Fashion Editor:
HOLLIS WAYNE

AMERICA is hot. From food to film, a new patriotism is booming. And now, fashion has come home. A while back, Ivy League started here. So did charcoal gray. Then European designers began to get the idea. They borrowed the American look and changed it a bit, adding a certain relaxed style. This season, American designers are reclaiming that classic feeling, with some touches of their own. Traditional grays and browns are accented with bolder colors. Lines have been altered to show off the muscular results of the physical-fitness boom. At last, clothes are being created with real men in mind. To capture this new style, we crossed the country to find the people and places that best represent the spirit of the new American fashion.

Amber waves of grain are home turf for Mark Tinberg, a Linwood, Kansas, farmer who grows grain and raises hogs. His clothes, of course, are earth-toned. The leather car coat, \$575, is worn over a hand-knit wool turtleneck, \$165, and cotton-corduroy trousers, \$60, all designed in America by Yves Saint Laurent Menswear.





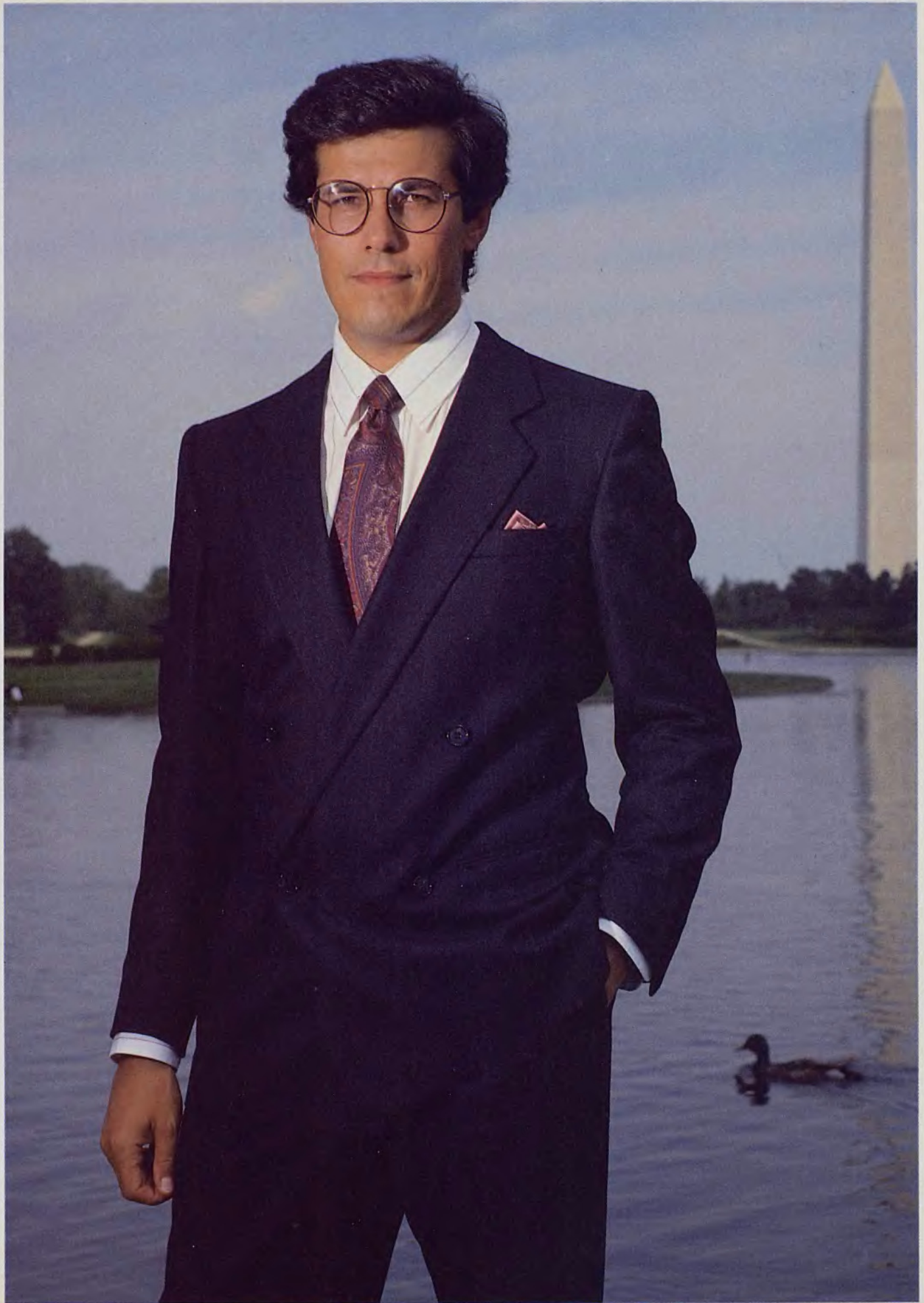


How does a cabdriver from Brooklyn hock it after hours? Brian Reshetnik (above left), a former Marine, chooses a more elegant uniform for his time on the town. The wool-and-cashmere suit, \$875 (tips have been good), is worn with a striped cotton shirt with white contrast collar, \$80, and silk tie, \$42.50, all by Alexander Julian. New Orleans' Gregg Stafford (below left) doesn't like to blow his own horn, but he's one musician who cares about clothes. A casual dresser, he's in a Shetland cardigan, by Gene Pressman and Lonce Koresh for Basco, \$162. The placket-front wool pullover, \$82.50, and the pleated herringbone-tweed trousers, \$110, are by Colvin Klein. Clay Johns (right) doesn't like to be fenced in. A horse trainer from Arlington, Texas, he's always been a free spirit. He's duded out in a Shetland C.P.O. shirt jacket, \$220, and double-pleated, wide-wale corduroys, \$95, both by the Heartland Company, Ltd.; denim shirt, by Ruff Hewn, \$45; tie, by Rooster, \$13.50.



Below: When it comes to fashion, the men of San Francisco are all business. Lewis Darrow, left, is a Stanford architect who safaris in Kenya in his spare time. Here, he wears a six-button, double-breasted wool suit with peak lapels, by Norman Hilton, \$660; cotton/polyester spread-collar shirt, by Pierre Cardin, \$30; silk paisley tie, by Liberty of London, \$20. His friend is Frank Husic, investment manager, polo player and wind surfer. He's wearing a windowpane suit with pleated trousers, \$400, a striped cotton shirt, \$45, polka-dot silk tie, \$30, all by Jeffrey Banks; and silk pocket square, by Imperial Handkerchiefs, \$11. Right: Washington, D.C., trial attorney Daniel Litt thinks clothes make a monumental difference in a man. He's wearing a double-breasted, notch-lapel wool suit, by Perry Ellis for Grief, \$425; the striped cotton shirt is by Hathaway, \$43.50; the silk paisley tie, by Rooster, \$15; and the silk pocket square, by Imperial, \$8.







Richard Dotson always wears white Sox to work: He pitches for that Chicago team with the lights. Here, he's a hit in a houndstooth wool sports jacket, \$275, pleated flannel trousers, \$80, both by Calvin Klein; cotton button-down, by Nino Cerruti Shirts, \$36; silk tie, by Alexander Julian, \$42.50.





THESE WORK-LITES HAVE MUSCLE, NOT WEIGHT!

TOUGH. One hundred years of Wolverine toughness is in the quality leather. And, it's in the long-wearing, one year guaranteed Work-Lites™ sole.

LIGHT. The special Work-Lites sole is about 50% lighter than other soles. It lightens your load.

COMFORTABLE. The secret is thousands of microscopic comfort cells throughout the sole.



WOLVERINE
WORK-LITES TLC

HIGH ANXIETY

FOR THREE MONTHS now, I've needed shoes. The collars and cuffs of my dress shirts are frayed. I should buy a new suit. But I do nothing. I make notes to myself, marking SHOES and SHIRTS and SUIT on my calendar, with little arrows pointing to them for emphasis. I cut clothing and shoe ads out of the newspaper and tear pages from magazines. Still, I do nothing. I walk the streets on soles so thin I can tell you the date on a dime. I wear shirts that make me look like a failed lyric poet. I appear in public in a suit that has seen the Dodgers play in Brooklyn.

But I will not go out and shop for clothes.

Not now.

Not yet.

Oh, eventually, I will clench myself into a psychic fist and plunge through the doors of some department store, and I will get what I need. I will rush around, snatching frantically at things of cloth and leather. And when I get home, the shirts will feel like chemical gristle laced with polyester. The shoes won't fit. The suit will be tailored like a bag.

I can't help it. I have covered wars, riots and assassinations; I've interviewed Presidents, Nobel Prize winners and mass murderers. But nothing creates more anxiety in me than shopping for clothes. It's not the act of shopping, of making choices or paying, that's at the heart of the matter. I can laze my way through a supermarket. Bookstores are second homes. Art-supply stores are wonderlands to me, and I always enter a stationery store with the hope that some new pen will make writing easier or better.

But shopping for *clothes* is another matter. A store such as Bloomingdale's in New York fills me with terror. I move through its crowded, expensive aisles like a foot soldier negotiating a mine field. The lights are bright, the salesgirls pretty and the goods high quality. But when I glance at the socks or the ties or the shirts, when I see salesmen helping customers with suit jackets, my will erodes. I flee, to stand alone in some Third Avenue doorway, smoking a cigarette, my heart pounding, hoping to wash my brain in a movie balcony.

This fear—soon they will have a name for it—started when I was very young. There was Mr. Bellow, who ran the Credit Clothes store in my neighborhood. He was a screamer. I was 14 when I first walked into his store alone, hoping to buy trousers with money I'd saved from a

forget war, pestilence and famine. nothing strikes more fear in the heart of a man than shopping for clothes

By PETE HAMILL

delivery-boy job at a grocery store. I started to go through a rack of folded trousers.

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING?" he shouted. I knew right away that this was going to turn out badly; in my memory, Mr. Bellow invariably talks in all caps.

"Looking for a pair of pants," I said.

"FIRST YOU ASK ME, UNDERSTAND? THIS IS MY STORE! THESE PANTS BELONG TO ME BEFORE

DOLLARS!"

I fled from Mr. Bellow. But it wasn't so easy to flee from the woman I think of as Madam Vogue. This was 20 years later, and I had more money and better credit, but clothes were still the enemy. Madam Vogue, on the other hand, lived for clothes; she read magazines to tear out pages for her shopping trips; she looked at a roomful of people and saw designers' names. She looked at me and saw a blank.



THEY BELONG TO YOU! NOW, WHAT SIZE ARE YOU LOOKIN' FOR?"

"I don't know."

"YOU DON'T KNOW? YOU DON'T KNOW? WHAT THE HELL DO YOU MEAN YOU DON'T KNOW?"

"I haven't bought any lately. Maybe I grew."

"YOU MEAN I GOTTA MEASURE YOU? GODDAMN IT. HOW MUCH MONEY YOU GOT?"

"Fourteen dollars."

"ARE YOU KIDDIN'? FOURTEEN DOLLARS? WHATTA YOU THINK YOU CAN BUY FOR FOURTEEN DOLLARS?"

"I thought I could put, like, a deposit down and pay by the week, uh. . . ."

"YOU WANT CREDIT, TOO? I GOTTA MEASURE YOU AND YOU WANT CREDIT, TOO? WHATTA YOU THINK I AM? WHAT DO I LOOK LIKE? A GODDAMN VALET? FOURTEEN DOLLARS? FOURTEEN

She decided to make me a project, like reclaiming the Sahara or rehabbing a brownstone.

"You have to do something about those clothes," she said one cheerful morning after breakfast.

"Like what?"

"Burn them."

She sent me to Brooks Brothers. I tried. The salesman was polite; the clothes were simple. But the anxiety rose, I glanced around and, when it was safe, I made for the door. I called Madam Vogue that afternoon and told her I had to go to the Middle East and didn't know when I'd be back. I said a silent prayer that in the next few hours she would meet someone who dressed better than I did. But that night, she came around to my apartment.

"I'm glad you haven't left yet," she said.

"I didn't want you to interview any Arabs looking like this."

She gave me a package of shirts and produced a typed index card bearing the name of a private tailor. In the face of such

determination, I broke down and confessed: I wasn't going to the Middle East at all.

"I know," she said. "You're going to see Sol Leonard."

He was a private tailor up in a loft in the Garment District. Sol looked me over, barely veiling his disgust, and took my measurements while Madam Vogue looked on. Together, they picked fabrics; alone, I looked down into the street, at all the happy people in jeans and windbreakers. Sol Leonard told me to return in a week, and that night Madam Vogue took me to a restaurant where none of her friends would see her in my company. For a week, we lived a secret life. Then I returned to Sol Leonard's loft and tried on my new suit.

"A masterpiece," he said sourly.

I went downstairs, jumped into a cab, lit a cigarette and went straight to

strictly utilitarian—like food. Food is fuel to the poor, and clothes are, on one level, simple protection against the elements. When I was a boy, our parents usually bought us cheap clothes a few sizes too large, so we could "grow into them."

But, in the way that many people transform their weaknesses into strengths, some of us began to wear these clothes as a kind of uniform. I remember one incident from my adolescence. Although I was from a working-class neighborhood in Brooklyn, I won a scholarship to a high school off Park Avenue on the Upper East Side. Most of the students were upper-middle-class. One snowy morning, I arrived at school later than usual; the snow had slowed the subways, and I had had to trudge through the streets from the subway stop to school. I didn't have overshoes. I was wearing shoes whose soles had worn through, and inside the shoes I

of them silently rehearsing the language of shopping in a language that was not yet their own, for they were mainly immigrants. Our parents took us on perilous journeys to the cheapest stores.

Sometimes merchants like Mr. Bellow chopped away at their pride and dignity, questioned their sanity or implied that our hard-working, decent mothers were as bad as thieves to expect a pair of pants at such a low price. And sometimes our parents were wounded by us, when we scorned our hard-earned new clothes as ugly or old-fashioned. In the end, there was one obvious result that does not demand a team of psychiatrists to explain: The experience of shopping became associated in our minds with fear, anxiety, humiliation, disappointment and hurt.

Slowly, as we grew up, earned our own money and did our own shopping, we devised a number of ways to deal with the problem. A few of my friends became real dudes, street-corner Beau Brummells, using dandyism as a disguise; they never had enough suits or shirts or shoes. One grammar school friend became a gangster just to have the clothes.

But many of us adopted an attitude of carelessness or disdain. Poverty teaches many people not to want certain things too badly; otherwise, you live a life of long disappointments. So we wore dungarees or chino pants, Army-surplus shirts, sneakers or combat boots. And when we grew up, we didn't become any more relaxed about clothes or shopping for them.

Yet there was another, deeper reason for the durability of the problem: *machismo*. In poor neighborhoods in those years, shopping was done by women. It was very simple: Women shopped and cooked; men worked and drank. It is easy to sneer at such attitudes now or to use them as further evidence that the working class and the poor live close to the edge of barbarism. But that would be too easy. The people who lived by that code and adhered to it were decent people struggling in a tough world; they needed rules. And one of the minor rules concerned clothes: Only faggots and gangsters cared about them.

When you were poor, life was that simple.

To be sure, I know rich people who also have anxieties about shopping for clothes; probably they feel guilty about displaying wealth they haven't earned. I know celebrities who have tailors come to their homes, Sol Leonards who make house calls. A few even prefer to shop from catalogs—anything to avoid entering stores where the old anxieties come boiling up. You see, it doesn't matter how successful they have become or how confidently they handle themselves in other areas of their lives. They still can't buy clothes.

Like me. One of these days, I'm going to steel myself for the journey to the store. I'm going to buy those shoes and shirts and that suit. I know I will. One of these days.

Madam Vogue's apartment. She came to the door, stepped back, looked at the hole I'd just burned in the suit with a cigarette ash and said:

"Maybe you'd better go to the Middle East."

There have been other glorious moments: my daughters' using a pair of my best trousers to clean the windshield of the car; the late George Frazier of *The Boston Globe's* reviewing one of my books by attacking my clothes; a gossip columnist's insisting on buying me a shirt one year at the Cannes Film Festival.

For years, I thought I was alone. I thought I suffered from some bizarre phobia, my dirty little secret, never to be revealed. Then, slowly, one whispered admission at a time, I realized that many others had the same problem. We began to step cautiously out of the clothes closet.

Perhaps the central characteristic of all my friends who hate shopping for clothes is that they grew up poor. So did I. When you are young and poor, clothes are

had stuffed cardboard. When I arrived at school, I went to the locker room, took off my shoes, got rid of the wet cardboard and looked around for some dry cardboard that would get me through the day. One of the Upper East-Siders saw what I was doing.

"That's the greatest pair of shoes I ever saw," he said, laughing and calling to some of his friends.

That afternoon, I waited in a doorway on Park Avenue until he turned the corner. Then I beat him until my hands hurt too much to hit him any more. I beat him in a ferocious rage, tears of anger clouding my vision. And I remember the blood and him screaming and people pulling me off him and me shoving those people away and beating him again. All over a pair of shoes. Or so I thought then.

It was more than a pair of shoes, of course. My anger that day was about class.

Our clothes were bought for us by our parents—usually our mothers—cash in their pockets, their palms sweating, some



Super-premium
taste.

MICHELOB
Light

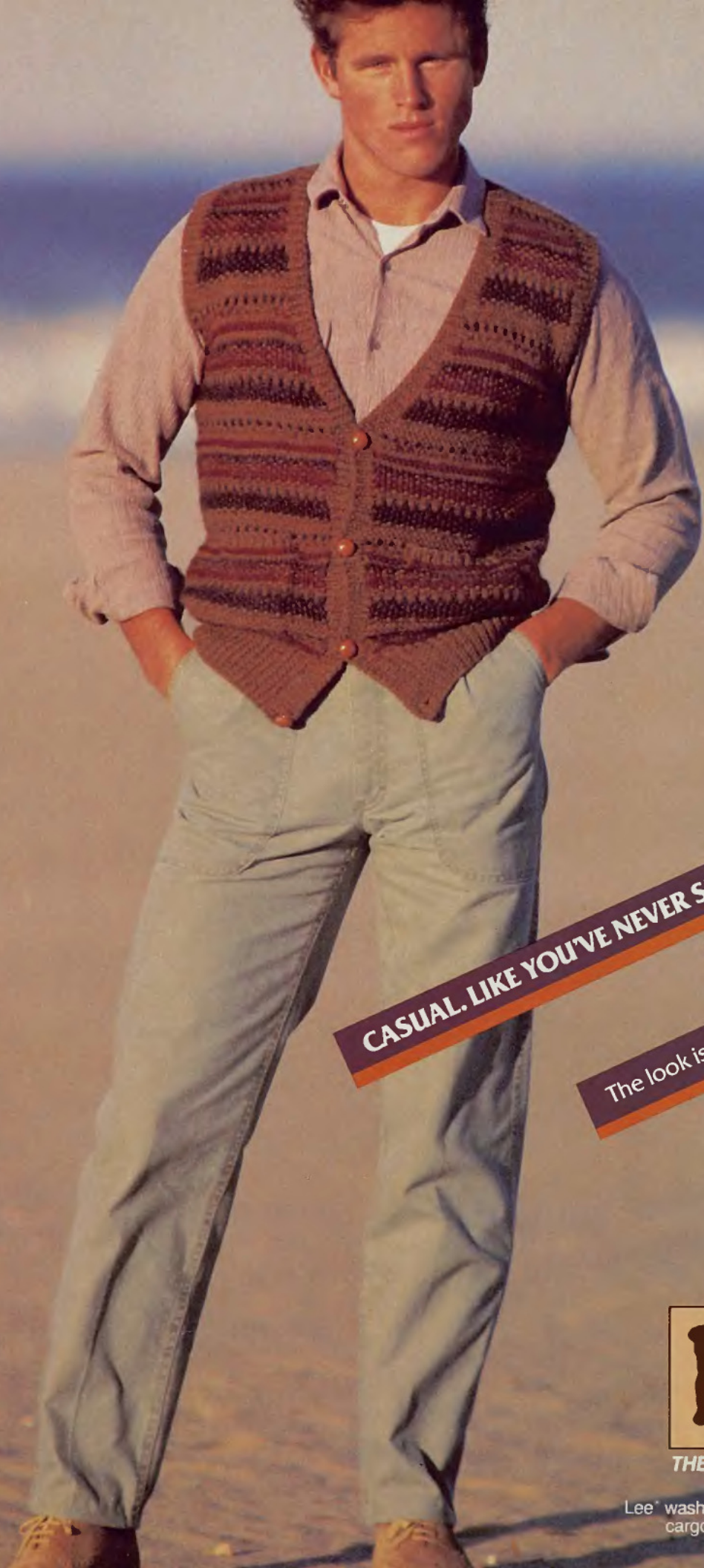
In a
less-filling beer.

Super-Taste in a Light



 **You can have it all.**TM

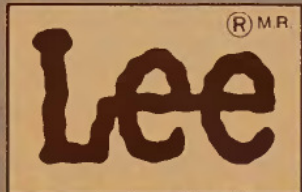
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CASUAL. LIKE YOU'VE NEVER SEEN LEE BEFORE.

The livin' is easy.

The look is washdown canvas.



THE BRAND THAT FITS.™

Lee® washdown canvas pants with cargo pockets and relaxed fit.

PLAYBOY GUIDE

FLASH

THE OLD IN-OUT

Lists such as this are always so useful. They make great paper airplanes. You can wrap your gum in them, if you like. Or you may even want to read this and learn something. But hurry. It could all change tomorrow.

IN

Paisley
Five-pocket jeans
Watches
Shaving with a blade
Air Jordans
E. G. Smith baggy socks
Using a fork in a Chinese restaurant
The cowboy look
Patriotism
Longer hair
TV dinners
CD players
Facials
Loafers
Trousers
Cuffs
Shoulders
Buttontowns
Gray
Don Johnson
Beer
Quality
Business class
Cotton socks
Cashmere
Silk
Stirrup pants
Printed ties
Wedding rings
Hard luggage
Tiny TVs
Corduroy
Chinos
Overcoats
Car coats
Loden
Classic leather jackets
C.P.O. shirts
Turtlenecks
Answering services
Blue margaritas
Mhing
Miami
Slow dancing
Cash

OUT

Collar pins
Solid socks
Gimmick jeans
Bracelets
Earrings in either ear
Oversize pants



Regimented rep ties
Vests
Down jackets
Sweats
Heavy, thick-soled shoes
Colorful shoelaces
Unpleated trousers
New Wave
VH-1
Running shoes
Computer paper
Mesquite
Chopsticks
Hair mousse
Tofu
Jazz shoes
Neon
Frankie says...
U.S.F.L.
Yuppies
Spandex
Boxer shorts
Hawaiian shirts
Personal stereos
The rumpled look
Suspenders
Argyle
Trivia
Designer emblems
Betty Boop
Chipwiches
Perms
David Lee Roth
Dallas
Dieting

TIME ON YOUR HANDS

The first wrist watch was invented by John Cameron Swayze. No, that's not right. The first wrist watch in recorded history (who writes down stuff like this?) was made in Nuremberg, Germany, around 1500. The inventor asked a friend to try it on. This became known as the Nuremberg trial.

There is evidence, though, that watches appeared earlier. In 1302, in Italy, a man named Amerigo Dispucci tried to strap a sundial to his wrist. It was a snappy fashion find, but Dispucci eventually gave up on the idea, growing tired of always having to face north.

Watch parts were made by hand until 1850, when machine methods were introduced by American manufacturers, resulting in lower costs, increased precision and easier repairs. For accuracy, bearings were made of jewels (mostly synthetic sapphires or rubies). They were placed at the points of heaviest wear. Mechanical watches used a mainspring to drive the moving mechanism. That was back in the days when watches had to be wound. Remember?

Automatic watches also use mainsprings, but they're wound by an oscillating weight that moves when the wearer moves. The electric watch was introduced in the U.S. in 1957 by the Hamilton Watch Company. It has no mainspring and works mostly on magic.

A few years earlier, a descendant of Amerigo Dispucci had invented his own version of an electric watch in Palermo. It never quite caught on, though. The extension cord just wasn't long enough.

INVESTMENT ADVICE

If you're going to buy only a few items this season, we suggest that you choose from the following.

- An overcoat. This is a great year to get a greatcoat in a longer length.
- A single-breasted suit, with a lower button stance and lower gorge and dressier; charcoal is a good shade.
- An oversize, sportier sports coat to wear over those heavy sweaters—tweedy, with color accents.
- Print-pattern ties—silk Jacquards, paisley or floral prints with an antique-tapestry look.
- A turtleneck sweater. Tough, meaty yarns and lower necks make this a must for jeans, leather jackets or even an oversize sports coat.
- Patterned socks; as in ties, club patterns for work and bolder plaids for sportswear.
- An all-cotton dress shirt. Bold stripes look great with that charcoal suit or tweedy sports jacket.
- A tuxedo. If you've been waiting, buy it this season. The selection shines. Almost anything goes: black cutaways, white vests with white shirts and bow ties. Formal accessories abound, including silver-Jacquard cummerbunds, bow ties and printed vests.

TEN THINGS WE HOPE NEVER COME BACK

Ban-Lon shirts
Leisure suits
Fringe vests

Bell-bottoms
 Nik-Nik shirts
 Wide belts with big buckles
 Earth shoes
 Long sideburns
 Neckerchiefs
 Tie-dyeing

BUTTON, BUTTON, THEY'VE GOT THE BUTTON

Lost your buttons? That doesn't have to mean the end of your favorite blazer. Not, that is, since Waterbury Companies, America's oldest existing button manufacturer, started the Bureau of Missing Buttons. Its 24-kt.-gold-plated-button sets (\$40) come with a registration form identifying the style number and with the address to which to write for a replacement. Should you lose one, Waterbury will be able to come up with an exact match. Button motifs range from tennis, golf and sailing to such historical themes as the Civil War. For information, write to Waterbury Buttons, P.O. Box 1812, Waterbury, Connecticut 06722; 1-800-431-4433.

IT'S ONLY FITTING

You know how you go to a clothes store and the salesman tries to push a suit on you that looks as if it came from André the Giant's closet? "Don't worry," he says, "our tailor is a miracle worker." Well, we suggest you pass. Leave the miracles to Smokey Robinson. Sure, a good tailor can do wonders, but choosing a suit that fits relatively well in the first place is the idea. Here are a few things to keep in mind.

1. While your suit should be a standout, your jacket collar shouldn't. It should lie flush against your shirt, with only half an inch of the shirt collar showing.

2. The shoulders and chest should lie flat, with no wrinkles or upper-arm bulges. The lapels should lie flat—no pulls when the jacket is buttoned.

3. The armholes should be cut to fit into the armpit but should be loose enough to allow for comfort and free movement.

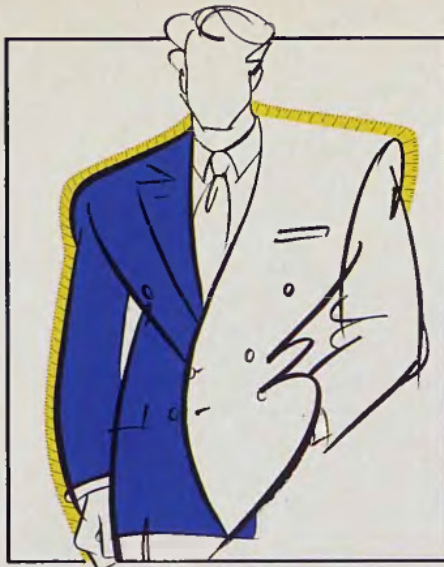
4. The waist should have some shape but should not be tapered too tightly. The vents should stay closed and flat against the body.

5. To what lengths should you go? Here are the rules of thumb and forefinger.

Jacket length: When arms are straight down, the jacket should extend to the bend of your cupped fingers. Your seat should stay covered. (A jacket can often be shortened, but lengthening it is another story.)

Sleeves should just hit the break between your wrist and hand, with half an inch of shirt sleeve showing. Tip: Have both sleeves measured. Arm lengths, even in the best of us, may differ.

Trousers should break only slightly at



the shoe. If you wear cuffs, they should be one and a half to one and three quarters inches wide. When measuring, be sure the trouser waistband is sitting on your waist.

6. The seat of your pants should drape, not fit tightly. Leave that look for jeans. If the pants are pleated, allow enough fullness in the thigh so the pleats won't pull. The pockets should lie smooth.

7. When you're being fitted, stand straight, look straight ahead (not down at the tailor), wear the belt, shoes and type of shirt you'd normally wear and fill the pockets with your usual paraphernalia (keys, wallet, etc.). Any of those items can change the fit. We do, however, suggest losing the roll of quarters.

HOT FLASHES

What's this—Bob Hope joining forces with Bruce Springsteen? Another U.S.A. for Africa benefit? No. It's to help plug the new patriotism in American clothes. The Crafted with Pride in the U.S.A. Council has enlisted Hope and Lena Horne for TV commercials and is negotiating with Springsteen for a sound track, all to plug American-made goods.

The council has released some impressive statistics to back up its pitch. According to a recent Gallup Poll, given the choice of an American or an imported garment, 94 percent of those responding said they would buy American. So three cheers for the red, white and blue. But too bad Gallup didn't ask them if they planned on driving their Volkvos to the shopping mall.

Star designer Perry Ellis is jumping onto the striped band wagon. He has already introduced a line of lower-priced sportswear called America, and now he has come up with a cologne that "captures the spirit of America." Says Ellis, "If what I do reflects the American spirit, it's because that is part and parcel of me." Nice thought. But can you bottle it?

Just when you thought you'd seen every gimmick there was in the making of jeans, Lee has come up with a really offbeat one. It's called quality. Working with Bur-

lington, Lee has developed a unique 100-percent-cotton weaving process that produces an exceptionally heavy and durable denim that's also incredibly soft. The jeans are called V-F and will carry a price tag of close to \$50. At a cost that steep, they won't be stacked in the stores, though. Each pair of jeans will be hand pressed, hung on a hanger and covered with a polypropylene bag. Initial orders will even include a special laundry bag, complete with logo. The company says the laundry bag is "sure to be the newest status symbol." OK, you can throw away your Gucci loafers.

Fitness finally catches up with fashion. Designers are now responding to the workout craze and its pumped-up effect on men's bodies. Pierre Cardin has designed a new man-tailored shape depicting "the Olympic man of the Eighties." It's a V-shape silhouette that's broadly cut and is accentuated with seaming or padding through the shoulders. It then slims down through the hips, which is more than you can say for most of us. The jacket features side-seam vents that allow you to reach into your trouser pockets without opening the jacket. Yves Saint Laurent has designed a similar silhouette. He calls it the Y-shape. Those of you still built like an A-frame will have to settle for K mart.

Now that Georgetown jackets have lost their panache, watch for them to be replaced on campus by satin Jughead jackets. The entire Archie crew (including bountiful Betty and voluptuous Veronica) is about to stage a second coming thanks to New York's Satin Jackets, Inc., which has grabbed the license for Archie jackets, sweat shirts and T-shirts. And you thought college kids were reading *Doonesbury*.

The hot color for fall? Brown. After toying with it in suits for a few seasons, a number of manufacturers are ready to give it a serious push. The top accent color? Purple. It'll be subtly shot through tailored clothing and picked up more boldly in shirts and ties.

European men have always had a fascination with the American buttondown shirt. Italian and French designers have been including it in their collections for several seasons. But this fall, there's a new twist from Armani. Instead of the buttons being placed near the collar tips, they are at mid-collar (right under the tie knot). In addition to creating a very distinctive look, the high buttons do a great job of holding the tie in place.



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PIGSKIN PREVIEW

(continued from page 162)

Paterno must find a new quarterback (it will probably be John Shaffer). Runner D. J. Dozier is a goody, but there is not much depth behind him. Several push-overs on the schedule will help fatten Penn State's won-lost record.

Almost every plague imaginable struck the Pittsburgh Panthers last year, including injuries to key players, inexperience at some of the skill positions, cancerous egos in some players and poor morale in others. Coach Serafino "Foge" Fazio has regained a measure of control over his team and has instituted some discipline—even among his stars. Two key players, quarterback John Congemi and tight end Clint Wilson, have recovered from last season's hobbles. There aren't any big-name superstars among the Panthers, but Pitt's is a deep and solid squad that should make up for last year's embarrassing performance.

West Virginia's defensive unit, with ten returning starters, will be more intimidating than ever before. It will have to be—at least in the early games—because the offensive unit was crunched by graduation. Among the returnees, fortunately for Mountaineers fans, is Playboy All-America offensive tackle Brian Jozwiak.

Defense has been the name of the game the past two years at Syracuse; the Orange attack has fluctuated from merely inept to pitiful. Things will change this season, because starting quarterback Mike Kmetz seems to be the take-charge leader Syracuse has been missing in recent campaigns. Kmetz will have excellent receivers to look for, including Tommy Kane—he's a burner. The defense will be less experienced but just as talented as last year's. Playboy All-America defensive tackle Tim Green is the best of all.

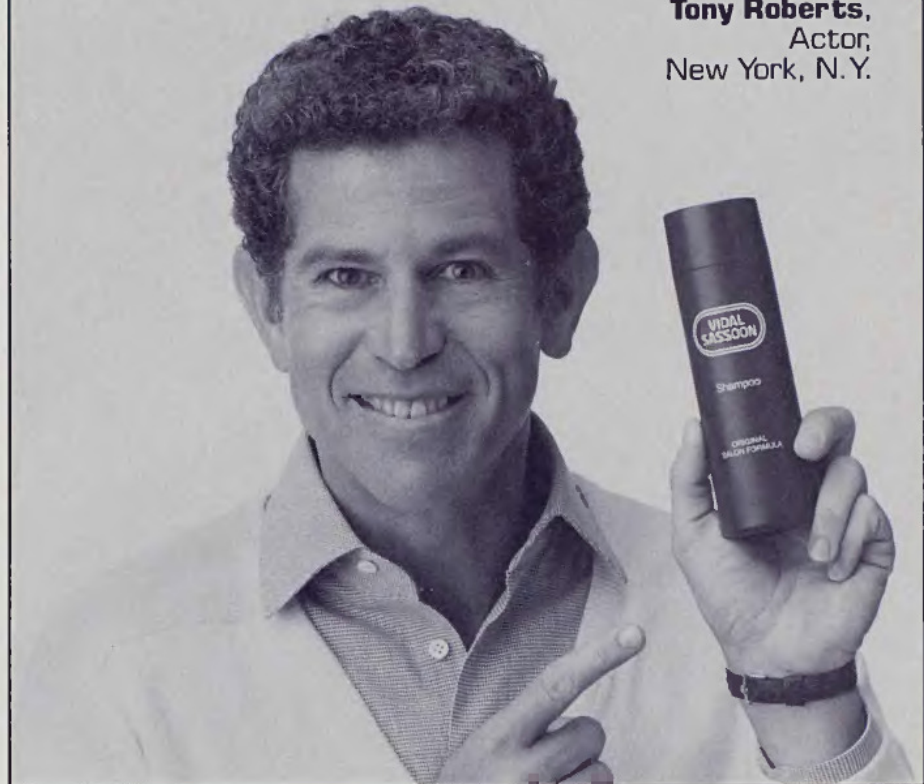
There is optimism at the Naval Academy. Running back Napoleon McCallum returns after missing nine games last season with a broken ankle. Bill Byrne, perhaps the best quarterback in the East, has a fleet of good targets. The defensive unit will be strong, so look for a winning season for the Middies.

Coach Dick Anderson is quietly building Rutgers into one of the most powerful teams on the Eastern Seaboard. This year's progress won't be evident because of a suicidal schedule, but just wait a couple of years—the school that (along with Princeton) invented football will soon be one of the East's top teams. Rutgers' main offensive guns in 1985 will once again be quarterback Eric Hochberg and tailback Albert Smith. Most of the defensive 11—a fierce and gutsy group—is back and should be even fiercer and gutsier.

Army was one of the country's major success stories last year. The Cadets led the nation in rushing and threw the ball rarely. They will have a hard time succeeding this year with the same strategy; graduation wiped out the offensive line

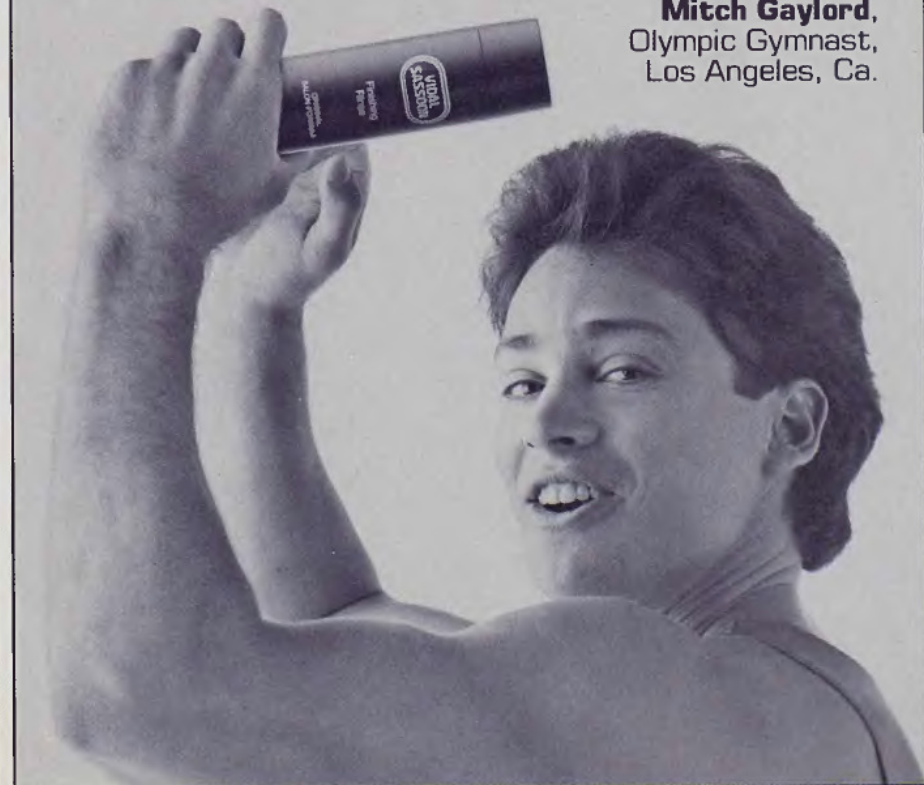
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Tony Roberts,
Actor,
New York, N. Y.



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Mitch Gaylord,
Olympic Gymnast,
Los Angeles, Ca.



"Vidal Sassoon Natural Control Hairspray for men—the art of style."

Andy Warhol,
Artist,
New York, N.Y.



"I wish I could control my fans the way Vidal Sassoon Styling Gel for men controls my hair."

Bill Wadhams,
Lead Vocal, "Animation,"
Los Angeles, Ca.



and most of the defensive unit to boot. The replacements are top quality, however, and fullback Doug Black returns for another assault on the record book.

The most pressing task at Boston College is replacing all-everything quarterback Doug Flutie. Shawn Halloran will probably get the call. He will have the support of a strong offensive line and an excellent group of ball carriers led by tailback Troy Stradford. Except for a questionable secondary, the defense will be deep and experienced. It won't be another miracle year at BC without Flutie, but the Eagles will be respectable.

Temple finished strong in '84, and all the skilled players return, along with the biggest, strongest offensive line in school history. But the Owls face a major stumbling block—a much, much tougher schedule that begins with Boston College, Penn State and Brigham Young and ends with Pittsburgh and West Virginia.

Pennsylvania ruled the Ivy League a year ago, finishing first in both offense and defense. The defense will again be tough, but a new quarterback must be found (Jim Crocicchia is the top candidate) and the offensive line must be overhauled. Three excellent freshman teams in three years, however, have provided the reserve the Quakers need to retain Ivy laurels.

Dartmouth will be the most improved team in the Ivy League. Most of last year's disappointing defensive unit graduated, and the replacements are a notch better. A new quarterback will have to lead the veteran Dartmouth offense. He will probably be Brian Stretch, a born leader.

Harvard's success will hinge on how quickly graduation-depleted offensive and defensive lines can be rebuilt. Runner Robert Santiago will again be the main man in crimson. Santiago may be more than the best all-round athlete in Cambridge—he may be the best in the league.

Princeton's new coach, Ron Rogerson, will have trouble improving on last year's won-lost record; the Tigers' nonleague schedule is a terror. If quarterback Doug Butler can master Rogerson's wing-T offense, though, the Tigers could be 1985's big-news team in the Ivy League.

Brown has a good backfield, but the offensive line is too green. The Bruins' talent pool is a little deeper than in recent years. Still, Brown is more likely to sink than to swim.

Yale will have an unusually strong passing attack, because two quarterbacks and several talented receivers are moving up from last year's undefeated freshman team. They join classy pass catcher Kevin Moriarty. If the leaky Yale secondary can be plugged and if the Elis can repeat a few of last year's theatrical fourth-quarter comebacks, this could be a banner season.

Cornell coach Maxie Baughan will try to stabilize an inconsistent offense that had trouble lighting the scoreboard last season. His best building block is fullback John Tagliaferri—the team's leading receiver,

believe it or not. Another rebuilding job faces Baughan across the line of scrimmage—only two of his defensive starters are coming back.

Last year's Columbia team was disorganized, undermanned and winless. New coach Jim Garrett will try to pick up the pieces. Garrett doesn't have much talent to work with this season, but he's a good recruiter and he'll solve the manpower problem eventually—like maybe in 1988, at the earliest.

THE SOUTH

SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE

Alabama	10-1	Kentucky	7-4
Auburn	8-3	Georgia	6-5
Mississippi State	8-3	Tennessee	6-5
Florida	7-4	Mississippi	4-7
Louisiana State	7-4	Vanderbilt	3-8

ATLANTIC COAST CONFERENCE

Maryland	10-1	Wake Forest	5-6
Georgia Tech	8-3	North Carolina	5-6
Virginia	7-4	State	5-6
North Carolina	7-4	Clemson	4-7
Duke	6-5		

INDEPENDENTS

South Carolina	8-3	Virginia Tech	5-6
Miami	8-3	Southern	
Florida State	6-5	Mississippi	3-8
Memphis State	6-5	East Carolina	3-8
Tulane	5-6		

ALL-SOUTH: Bennett, Hand, Neighbors, Jarvis (Alabama); Jackson, Wallace, Williams (Auburn); Pearson, McKenna (Mississippi State); Johnson, Zimmerman, Bell (Florida); Hilliard, Brooks, Wickersham (Louisiana State); Ransdell, Johnson (Kentucky); Johnson, Little (Georgia); McGee, Robinson (Tennessee); Smith, Austin (Mississippi); Wolford, Popp (Vanderbilt); Badanjek, Maarleveld, Edmunds, Mesner (Maryland); Davis, Dewberry (Georgia Tech); Oombrowski, Ford (Virginia); Franklin, Brooks (North Carolina); Slayden, Terry (Duke); Baldinger, Ramseur (Wake Forest); Milinichik, Cofer (North Carolina State); Reese, Driver (Clemson); Brooks, Hill, Dendy (South Carolina); Testaverde, Highsmith, Smith (Miami); Dukes, Jones, Williams (Florida State); Harris, Fairs (Memphis State); Dent, Route (Tulane); Howell, Webb (Virginia Tech); Ducksworth (Southern Mississippi); Heath (East Carolina).

Alabama had all the tools last year to crack the top ten, but Tuscaloosa became Malfunction Junction, with key injuries, quarterback inexperience and a sputtering offense. By the end of the season, coach Ray Perkins got all the parts working and the Crimson Tide managed a strong finish. The fine-tuned offense should carry over this season; quarterbacks Mike Shula (Don's son) and Vince Sutton will have an added year's experience, transfer Albert Bell will upgrade the receiving corps and spectacular runner Kerry Goode has recovered from a cracked-up knee. The Crimson Tide should roll.

Auburn was the big bust of 1984. The Tigers were picked by virtually everyone (including us) to be the top team in the nation, but 'Bama's longtime bridesmaids were so overwhelmed by national attention that they spent more time reading how wonderful they were than preparing for the season. An early-season injury

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Jeff Baker,
Police Officer,
Charlotte, NC.



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THE SPIRIT OF THE EMPIRE

to Playboy All-America runner Bo Jackson helped precipitate the Auburn fade. Things will be different this year. The schedule is easy. If they get their adrenaline flowing, the Tigers could be a factor in the race for the national championship.

Mississippi State could be one of the nation's most improved teams. Last season was a missed-by-inches year that could have been a huge success. Coach Emory Ballard has devised a new offense to utilize the amazing speed of quarterbacks Don Smith and Orlando Lundie. Ballard's top-secret offense was kept under wraps all spring. If the offense works and if the veteran defense is as good as it was last year, look for the Bulldogs to bite off some big upsets.

Last year was sunny for Florida, but this season the Gators will return to reality. Saddled with the penalties—and the disgrace—brought on by the most severe rules violations in N.C.A.A. history, Florida is headed for the pits. But not this year—enough manpower is left to keep the Gators respectable for now. Quarterback Kerwin Bell is the brightest offensive light, and he has all his receivers back.

Louisiana State's fortunes will once again ride with quarterback Jeff Wickersham and running back Dalton Hilliard. Wickersham will have a few new receivers and Hilliard will be behind a young offensive line, but the LSU talent bank is rich enough to cover the losses.

Coach Jerry Claiborne has done a remarkable reconstruction job at Kentucky, but the project is still in its early stages. The '85 Wildcats are young and thin, but a lot of building blocks are present—Claiborne has redshirted a number of players over the past two years. This year's offense won't be spectacular, but the schedule is very favorable, with enough pushovers to fatten Kentucky's record.

Georgia has offensive problems. The line still lacks depth, six quarterbacks were fighting it out for the starting job in spring practice and the tight-end position—very important in the Dawgs' offense—is impoverished. The defenders are much better prepared this time around, but can they hold the fort while the offense gets its act together?

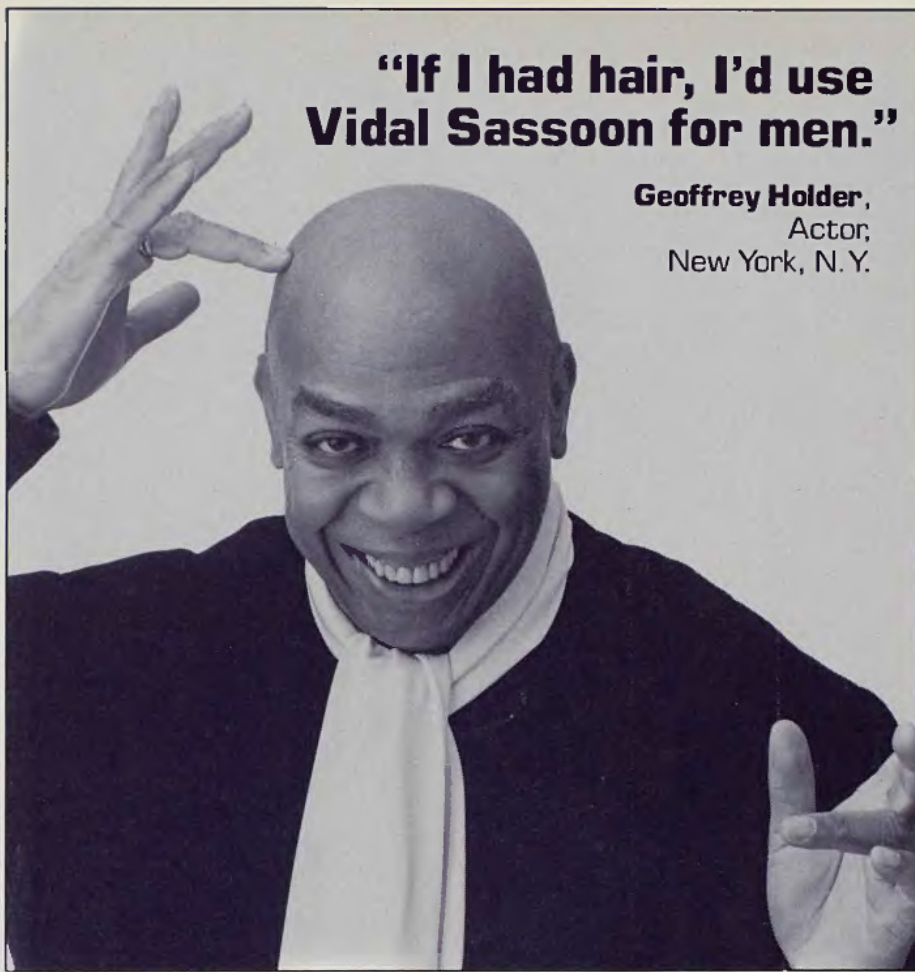
If the blockers can block, Tennessee will have an offense as good as or better than that of last year's record-setting Volunteers. Several gifted runners are available. Tony Robinson is the best percentage passer in school history, and he will be throwing to Playboy All-America receiver Tim McGee. Unfortunately, the defense was leaky last year and could be a sieve this season.

Mississippi returns 17 of its top 22 offensive players, which means—Reb fans hope—that the Rebels will score a lot more points. The defensive unit is green and will have to ripen in a hurry, but if it does, Ole Miss will be a much improved team by November.

The Vanderbilt football program is a

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Vidal Sassoon for men."**

Geoffrey Holder,
Actor,
New York, N.Y.



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small wasteland. After a strong start, the Commodores lost their final seven games last fall—then a devastating controversy over steroid abuse erupted in the off season. It's a good thing the Vanderbilt athletic department is a class operation; the crisis was dealt with swiftly and firmly. This season's crisis is a lack of manpower. Only ten of last year's starters return, and recruiting is always a problem for Vanderbilt—a prestigious school that, unlike most of its S.E.C. opponents, insists that football players be able to read, write and count their toes accurately.

Maryland is loaded. The major feature in the Terps' bright prospects is an offensive line (a hugely important component too often overlooked by fans) with at least two potential N.F.L. starters. Ferrell Edmunds is a top-quality tight end and Rick Badanjek is one of the nation's best fullbacks. The defensive unit was unsettled last season, but 19 of the top 22 defenders return, joined by a host of eager redshirts. Look for a big year in College Park—the Terps will thrive in '85.

Georgia Tech shows signs of returning to the halcyon days of the Thirties and Forties, when the Yellow Jackets were always among the nation's top teams. Now, at last, Georgia Tech is ready to ramble again. Its offensive line is huge and formidable, John Dewberry is one of the South's better quarterbacks and there's a

corps of fleet receivers in his sights. Tech's Achilles' heel last year was an ineffectual pass rush, but that problem will be overcome by the coming of age of a solid defensive unit.

Virginia has a tough act to follow, coming off its most successful season in more than 30 years. The Cavaliers have a veteran offensive unit, led by Playboy All-America lineman Jim Dombrowski and spectacular receiver John Ford, but coach George Welsh will have to rebuild his defensive line and secondary.

North Carolina's so-so '84 performance was largely the result of inexperience, especially in the defensive unit. This year's defenders are smarter, meaner and—most important—better pass rushers. Redshirt sophomore lineman Reuben Davis will become another William Fuller before he graduates. Carolina will offer a more wide-open passing attack, because this year's Tar Heels boast the most gifted group of receivers in school history.

Duke will be the surprise team in the Atlantic Coast Conference by November. It's a very talented, very young squad. The offense was wiped out by injuries last season, but most of the injured return and will be supplemented by a super group of freshman receivers. One more prime recruiting class and the Blue Devils can challenge for the A.C.C. title.

Wake Forest put together a season full of highlights last year by winning the close

ones. If the luck and adrenaline are still flowing, the Demon Deacons can prove last season wasn't a fluke. Deacon hopes are high because graduation losses were low. Runners Michael Ramseur and Topper Clemons will be main offensive weapons. The defense is anchored by monster Gary Baldinger.

The North Carolina State defense was dismal last year, resulting in a 3–8 record (dead last in the conference) for the Wolfpack. Coach Tom Reed put a new face on the team in spring practice. If the defense is merely mediocre this season, the wins will pile up. NC State's offense has everything except a proven quarterback.

A major rebuilding program is under way at Clemson. The Tigers are still suffering from N.C.A.A. penalties that resulted from the destructive cheating scandal of some years ago. The trouble spots now are the offensive line and the defensive backfield. Both are missing nearly all of last year's starters, and few competent replacements have emerged.

Last year's phenomenal 10–1 finish by South Carolina was no coincidence. Coach Joe Morrison's rebuilding job is now complete, and the Gamecocks will again be loaded with talent. The defenders, though young, will be excellent (because of their swarming style of play, they call themselves the Fire Ants). Both quarterbacks return, and Morrison succeeded in recruiting the top quarterback prospect in

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the nation, Todd Ellis. Ellis may be red-shirted, but he's a future franchise.

Each year, we choose our Coach of the Year in recognition of a superb job done in recent seasons. It should be no surprise, then, that our choice this year is Joe Morrison. Nice work, coach.

Almost all football fans think that the departure to the pros of quarterback Bernie Kosar and receiver Eddie Brown will leave the Miami Hurricanes twisting in the breeze. Forget it. New quarterback Vinny Testaverde barely lost the race for the starting job to Kosar prior to 1983's national-championship season. Testaverde can throw long with great accuracy and has much better speed than Kosar. He has an abundance of good receivers, plus a stable of runners led by game breakers Alonzo Highsmith and Melvin Bratton. The defense, last year's weakness, now has a slew of good linemen and should be much improved. Still, the schedule is so loaded with pushovers that the pollsters may not take the Hurricanes seriously.

Florida State had two areas of critical concern as it came out of the pre-season. Its secondary was wiped out by graduation, and the quarterback spot was up for grabs. The offense, led by guard Jamie Dukes, will be the Seminoles' strength.

Memphis State's athletic department is a mess. The resulting psychological fallout may affect the football players—even though most allegations of impropriety

have been made against the basketball program. The problem is that the athletic program has been governed less by the university administration than by wealthy athletic supporters who couldn't care less about academic standards. That was apparent 20 years ago, when those same community honchos tried subtle arm twisting to get particular predictions into this magazine. If the present furor settles down before football season begins, the Tigers will be respectable. Their passing game is excellent, but their schedule may be the toughest in school history.

Tulane is another scandal center, but the effects of the basketball team's embarrassment on the football program have been minimal. Why? Because coach Mack Brown has taken over the athletic director's job and has swept out all the trash—including a number of high-rolling outside supporters. Brown's task in pre-season drills was to establish a running game around freshman redshirt Melvin Adams and j.c. transfer Darryl Bell.

Start all over again, Virginia Tech. Twelve of last year's first-stringers are gone, and a lot of fences need mending, especially on defense. Coach Bill Dooley is still scouring the woods for a sparkplug quarterback to go with his mature offensive line and excellent corps of runners.

Southern Mississippi will have a good air attack, but the running corps—especially at fullback—is thin and unproved.

First-year East Carolina coach Art Baker faces the toughest slate of opponents in EC history. Baker's priorities must be to rearm his passing attack and plug the holes in a porous secondary.

Ohio State's biggest concerns this year are the lines, both of which were gutted by graduation. There are some promising prospects in camp, but freshmen—especially freshman linemen—rarely make big splashes in Columbus. The offense will be productive, thanks to Playboy All-America running back Keith Byars. The new quarterback will probably be Jim Karsatos. An excellent passer, Karsatos will be throwing to one of the best groups of receivers in OSU history. If coach Earle Bruce can find a way to solidify his lines, the Buckeyes will rule the Big Ten.

If Ohio State falls apart, Illinois will pick up the pieces. The Illini offense broke several school records last year. There will be more of the same this time around, with quarterback Jack Trudeau throwing to Playboy All-America receiver David Williams. Coach Mike White's reconstructed offensive line looks promising, but it will have to jell early—three of Illinois' first four games are against Southern California, Nebraska and Ohio State. Keep an eye on redshirt freshman Keith Jones; White says he's the best all-round athlete on the squad.

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Iowa coach Hayden Fry must now rebuild a defensive unit that was the

America linebacker Larry Station, who also happens to be an *academic* All-American. With strong-arm man Chuck Long and seven other starters returning, the Hawkeyes' offense will be formidable, especially if all-conference runner Ronnie Harmon recovers from last year's injury.

Most of last year's Purdue stalwarts are back, including Jim Everett—the latest in a line of great Purdue quarterbacks—and Playboy All-America safety Rod Woodson. This season's Boilermakers will not have the advantage of surprise—which helped them ambush a few opponents last year—but three fine recruiting classes in a row and some judicious redshirting have put talent in the bank. Purdue is going to be one of the most exciting teams in the Big Ten.

The Michigan State Spartans are long on depth and experience. The offensive line, anchored by guard John Wojciechowski, will be MSU's best in several years. Whoever wins the quarterback job will have the pleasure of passing to a fine group of receivers that includes ballyhooed freshmen Maurice Ware and Andre Rison.

Minnesota is vastly improved. The Golden Gophers will be green, but they're not completely inexperienced. A good freshman class and 27 redshirts add a big jolt of talent and muscle to coach Lou Holtz's program. The Gophers' primary offensive threat will probably be an aerial

assault that features quarterback Rickey Foggie and flanker Gary Couch.

This year's edition will be the tamest Michigan team in memory. The Wolverines may be as strong overall as last year's group and will continue to grind it out on offense, but their nonconference schedule is a steel trap. The running game remains intimidating, but Michigan's only real hope for improvement rests on the return from injury of quarterback Jim Harbaugh. The defensive secondary, led by Playboy All-America Brad Cochran, will be one of the land's finest.

Indiana will be better, but that's not saying much. The Hoosiers were winless last season. Their running attack—last year, third and one was long yardage—is improved by the arrival of j.c. transfer Damon Sweazy. Quality quarterback Steve Bradley has an excellent receiver in sophomore Ernie Jones. Where do you go from 0-11? Up—maybe all the way to the middle of the pack.

Last year, Wisconsin had one of the most awesome collections of talent in the country; it's hard to believe that the Badgers didn't finish in the nation's top ten. That storehouse of talent is almost empty, and the Badgers seem destined for an eventual return to the basement.

It looks like another search-and-be-destroyed campaign for Northwestern. Sooner or later, the NU administration

THE MIDWEST

BIG TEN

Ohio State	9-2	Minnesota	6-5
Illinois	9-2	Michigan	5-6
Iowa	7-4	Indiana	4-7
Purdue	7-4	Wisconsin	3-8
Michigan State	7-4	Northwestern	2-9

MID-AMERICAN CONFERENCE

Bowling Green	9-2	Ohio University	5-6
Miami	8-3	Ball State	5-6
Western Michigan	6-5	Northern Illinois	4-7
Toledo	5-6	Eastern Michigan	4-7
Central Michigan	5-6	Kent State	3-8

INDEPENDENTS

Notre Dame	9-2	Cincinnati	3-8
Louisville	5-6		

ALL-MIDWEST: Byars, Tupa, Johnson, Carter (Ohio State); Williams, Juriga, Swoope, Trudeau (Illinois); Station, Long, Harmon, Mitchell, Drost (Iowa); Woodson, Everett, Griffin (Purdue); Parker, Quinn (Michigan State); Najarian, Hobbins (Minnesota); Cochran, Mallory, Miller (Michigan); Bradley (Indiana); Landsee, Howard (Wisconsin); Newell (Northwestern); McClure, White (Bowling Green); Swam (Miami); Offerdahl (Western Michigan); Williams (Toledo); DeBoer (Central Michigan); Swearingen, Mays (Ohio University); Neal (Ball State); Kellar (Northern Illinois); Boone (Eastern Michigan); Nix (Kent State); Scannell, Pinkett, Furjanic, Kleine (Notre Dame); Rubbert (Louisville); Taylor (Cincinnati).

toughest in the Big Ten last year. He starts with a great cornerstone, Playboy All-

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Smoke

please try Carlton.

will have to decide whether to give reasonable support to the athletic program or to get out of the Big Ten. Dennis Green is a good person and an excellent football coach. He deserves better.

The Bowling Green offense was the best in the Mid-American Conference last year. It still is. Quarterback Brian McClure already owns every school and conference passing record, and he'll break Doug Flutie's N.C.A.A. record for career passing yardage this season. The defense will be improved because nine starters return, so, overall, the Falcons' prospects are bright.

Miami of Ohio, after suffering back-to-back losing seasons for the first time since 1941-1942, will return to the M.A.C.'s top echelon. Seventeen of last year's starters are back. This will still be a young squad, but coach Tim Rose's recruiting investments are beginning to pay dividends.

The Western Michigan offense has set school passing records each of the past three years and will be even more productive this season—which should push Western Michigan back over the .500 mark.

The Toledo defense will, as it did last year, have to carry a heavy load. The offensive line is no irresistible force; the Rockets will again have a lot of trouble getting the ball to the end zone.

Central Michigan's roster was wiped out on commencement day, but 20 second-stringers return. The Chippewas will be heard from by season's end.

Ohio University's new coach, Cleve Bryant, will begin rebuilding by beefing up both lines. The Bobcats' strength will

again be the passing game, with quarterback Dennis Swearingen throwing to receivers Mike Siragusa and Bill Seder.

Ball State also has a new coach, Paul Schudel, who'll install a run-oriented offense. His problem will be locating warm bodies to reinforce both lines. Fullback Jay Neal will be the main man on offense.

Another new coach is Jerry Pettibone at Northern Illinois. He favors an option-oriented veer attack to replace the ineffectual pass-happy offense of last year. Marshall Taylor will probably win the quarterback job.

Eastern Michigan will suffer again from an over-all lack of depth. The brightest spot for the Hurons is at tailback, where both Gary Patton and Jimmie Johnson are exhilarating talents.

Kent State is Bleak City. Last place. Period.

This is the do-or-die season for Gerry Faust at Notre Dame. For four years since Faust's arrival, the Irish have floundered despite one of the most talented rosters in the country. Faust has absorbed all the resulting abuse. That is unfortunate—and unjustified—because he is a dedicated, hard-working, unpretentious, highly skilled coach. He is also a very good guy. He was thrown into an impossible situation, given the most prestigious coaching job in the college ranks with zero college-coaching experience. The blame for Notre Dame's football problems must fall squarely on the shoulders of Fathers Heshburgh and Joyce, who hired Faust not for his coaching qualifications but because

he's more Catholic than the Pope. He is not, however, infallible.

Still, this looks like the year the Irish return to prominence. They're a powerful veteran team, and there's no reason to think they will suffer from a recurrence of last season's epidemic of injuries. The defensive unit will intimidate (watch tackle Wally Kleine—he's going to be one of the nation's finest). The skill positions boast abundant talent and the offensive line, anchored by Playboy All-America guard Tim Scannell, is huge and experienced.

Compulsively peripatetic coach Howard Schnellenberger now takes over the Louisville Cardinals—at least for this year. By next year, he may have accepted a tempting financial offer in your town. The Cardinals should be vastly improved if their hatchlings grow up fast. Schnellenberger has brought in a bonanza crop of recruits. Not surprisingly, almost all of them are from Florida.

Cincinnati is undermanned and inexperienced. Again. The Bearcats' best player is running back Reggie Taylor, who stands 5'7", weighs 170 pounds and is as hard to stop as a cannon ball. The Bearcats' defense gave up more points than any other Division I-A team last year, so it's bad news that eight starters return. The Cincinnati schedule is ridiculous; it would be suitable for a top-20 team.

THE NEAR WEST

BIG EIGHT

Oklahoma State	10-1	Missouri	5-6
Nebraska	9-2	Kansas State	5-6
Oklahoma	8-3	Iowa State	3-8
Kansas	8-4	Colorado	2-9

SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE

Southern		Houston	8-3
Methodist	10-1	Texas A & M	5-6
Arkansas	8-3	Baylor	4-7
Texas Christian	8-3	Texas Tech	3-8
Texas	8-3	Rice	3-8

ALL-NEAR WEST: O'Neal, Moore, Hudson, Thomas (Oklahoma State); DuBose, Washington, Lewis, Rathman (Nebraska); Casillas, Murphy, Bosworth (Oklahoma); Pless, Norseth, Williams (Kansas); Clay, Adler (Missouri); Hundley, Jordan (Kansas State); Espinoza (Iowa State); Embree (Colorado); King, Dupard, Ball, Eidson (Southern Methodist); Wyatt, Shibest (Arkansas); Oavis, Tramel, Nix (Texas Christian); Chilton, Teltschik, Ward (Texas); Turner, Hilton, Tate (Houston); Holland, Williams (Texas A & M); Carlson, Everett (Baylor); Hastings, Carter (Texas Tech); Hamrick, Evans (Rice).



"Hey, Bob! Look—now they've got a channel just for dogs!"

Oklahoma State ought to finish the season with the Big Eight's best won-lost record, because of a ludicrous nonconference schedule (too bad the team couldn't get a game with Panhandle State). The Cowboys will be a power even in conference play, however, because this squad is the best collection of athletes in Cowboys history. Two sophomores—quarterback Ronnie Williams and tailback Thurman Thomas—plus a veteran front line pack a potent offensive punch. The defensive unit, anchored by Playboy All-America



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tackle Leslie O'Neal, may be even more impressive.

Nebraska's starting units were nearly wiped out by graduation, but in Lincoln that's no big scare. Nineteen second-stringers return, all of them experienced in battle; by midseason, they could be better than the departees. The Cornhuskers' defense is solid rock. The line will be improved, the linebacking corps could be the best in history and monster back Brian Washington—a terror last year—should soon be the most feared defensive back in the country. The offense, as usual, will be stocked with jet-propelled runners.

Like Nebraska, Oklahoma will pride itself on its defense. That's a situation that may not please the fans, but successful coaches know that dominance begins with D. The anchors of Oklahoma's defensive unit will be two Playboy All-Americans, nose guard Tony Casillas and defensive end Kevin Murphy. Sophomore quarterback Troy Aikman gives the wishbone attack a passing threat, but the Sooners' running game—starring Spencer Tillman—will still be the main attraction.

Kansas will be one of the most improved teams in the country, maybe the most improved. The Jayhawks were inconsistent last year, but that is often a sign of a very young but very talented squad. By now, they ought to have their act together. Quarterback Mike Norseth and runner Lynn Williams will set off the offensive fireworks. The defense—returning in-

tact—will be anchored by Kansas' version of the Terminator, Playboy All-America linebacker Willie Pless.

Last year was a debacle even show-me Missourians who saw it had a hard time believing. Missouri's descent to a 3-7-1 finish resulted in the hiring of a new coach, Robert "Woody" Widenhofer. He faces a steep climb. Only ten starters return, and his defensive unit, woefully porous last season, must be completely rearranged.

Kansas State has been a ground-oriented team the past few seasons; this year, the attack, structured by new offensive coordinator Al Sandahl, will be set free. Strong-armed quarterback Randy Williams will prove a powerful asset.

Iowa State also has a top-drawer passer, Alex Espinoza. He was one of the nation's most impressive last year until an injury ended his season. The offensive line is deep and experienced, but there's no one who can run effectively behind it.

Colorado will improve, but the Buffaloes have a long way to charge after last year's 1-10 finish. On the upside, there were few graduation losses, and an intense off-season weight program has beefed up the returnees. The new wishbone offense will add power to a rushing attack that was dead last in the nation last fall.

With 17 starters returning from a team that won ten games last year, Southern Methodist has the experience, depth, talent and muscle (especially the muscle) to win the national crown. The schedule is

the toughest in several years, but that will work in the team's favor, impressing the post-season pollsters. Quarterback Don King and tailbacks Reggie Dupard and Jeff Atkins are gems. There's a surplus of quality receivers and the offensive line is enormous, averaging about 280 pounds per hulk. The only gray cloud on the horizon is the fact that this year's Mustangs' defense won't be quite as intimidating as last year's, but a reservoir of talent is available to shore up any weak areas.

Arkansas coach Ken Hatfield did a phenomenal job his first year in command. This season, the Razorbacks will be even better, if Hatfield can find an able quarterback to run his flex-bone attack. An experienced corps of runners will be reinforced by frosh phenoms Joe Johnson and James Rouse. Keep an eye on receiver James Shibest, too. He isn't very fast, but he has an uncanny ability to get open and catch any ball thrown within his Zip Code. The Arkansas defense will again be lean, mean and as quick as a rattlesnake.

Texas Christian was one of the most dramatic success stories in the country last year. Coach Jim Wacker took the Horned Frogs from perennial losers to national contenders in one season. It will be tough for them to repeat that performance in '85. Few, if any, teams on the TCU schedule are vulnerable to being buried by offensive landslides, and the offensive line needs rebuilding. Still, the Frogs retain most of last year's explosive weapons, including

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7A		Gold	
8A		Gold	
9A			
10A		Gold	
11A		Gold	
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Playboy All-America runner Kenneth Davis. Their biggest plus could be the defense, one of college football's best.

Texas had two separate and unequal seasons last fall. The team started out like gangbusters, then went belly up in November. It was a case of burnout. This should be a better year for the Longhorns. Their early opponents are softer, the offense had few losses and should be more versatile and the kicking game (with punter John Teltschik and place kicker Jeff Ward) is as good as some pro teams'.

Houston's offensive unit has nine returning starters, including an awesome collection of backs and receivers. Raymond Tate is the best of the runners; Carl Hilton could become the best tight end in the country this year. The defensive line, except for superb tackle T. J. Turner, has manpower problems, but they could be solved if the Cougars find a way to keep gigantic nose guard Eddie Gilmore away from the dinner table.

The Texas A & M defense will be holding on for dear life early this fall while coach Jackie Sherrill tries to put some pizzazz into the Aggies' attack. There is a threatening shortfall of quality runners and receivers in College Station. The line—reliable last year—will be battered

down by transfer Marshall Land, who finished spring practice at 378 pounds, after a weight-reduction program.

Twenty of Baylor's top 22 offensive players of last year return, but the defensive unit should stay home. The challenge in Waco will be to redevelop a depleted defensive line. The offensive skill positions are loaded (transfer runner Randy Rutledge is a budding sensation), so look for a lot of high-scoring Baylor games.

The Texas Tech offensive unit was dissolved by graduation. Coach Jerry Moore will use 1985 as a rebuilding year, installing a new wishbone attack that will at least be less predictable than last year's pedestrian offense. The defense will again be superb. Middle linebacker Brad Hastings is a one-man wrecking crew.

Rice has languished in the pits of the Southwest Conference since your grandfather was a boy. The explanation? The school has rigorous academic requirements and a tiny enrollment by major college standards. Rice also has a massive endowment and a horde of superrich alumni who are sick of football failure. The first step toward converting Rice from outhouse to powerhouse came a year ago, when Watson Brown was hired as head coach and athletic director. Brown's

accomplishments at Rice have been impressive. He has moved talented young players into starting jobs, building for the future. Sophomore Mark Comalander has the tools to become the best quarterback in the conference. He will have several good targets to look for, including j.c. transfer tight end Ken Major.

THE FAR WEST

PACIFIC TEN

Southern California	8-3	Washington State	7-4
Arizona	8-3	Washington	6-5
UCLA	7-4	Stanford	4-7
Arizona State	7-4	California	2-9
Oregon	7-4	Oregon State	2-9

WESTERN ATHLETIC CONFERENCE

Air Force	10-2	New Mexico	5-6
Brigham Young	10-3	Colorado State	5-7
Hawaii	7-5	San Diego State	4-8
Utah	6-6	Texas-El Paso	3-8
Wyoming	5-6		

PACIFIC COAST CONFERENCE

Fresno State	10-2	Nevada-Las Vegas	6-5
Fullerton State	8-3	New Mexico State	4-7
San Jose State	7-4	Utah State	4-7
Long Beach State	7-5	Pacific	4-8

ALL-FAR WEST: McDonald, Bregel, FitzPatrick, Colorito (Southern California); Horton, Zendejas, Durden, Bunch (Arizona); Lee, Taylor, Sherrard (UCLA); Fulcher, Clack, Van Raaphorst (Arizona State); Cherry, Barnes (Oregon); Mayes, Rypien, Porter (Washington State); Kelly, Jackson, Jaeger (Washington); Paye, Muster (Stanford); Nickerson (California); Bynum (Oregon State); Thomas, Maki, Evans (Air Force); Bosco, Kozlowski, White (Brigham Young); Murray, Lopati (Hawaii); Mokofisi, Johnson (Utah); Benedetti, Griffon (Wyoming); Lopez, Turral (New Mexico); Bartalo (Colorado State); Stevens (San Diego State); Russo, Castellanos (Texas-El Paso); Sweeney, Baker, Pacheco (Fresno State); Collins, Stephenson (Fullerton State); Clark, Aimonetti (San Jose State); Hensley, Lockett (Long Beach State); Jones, Drake (Nevada-Las Vegas); Weiler, Rowley (New Mexico State); Tuiasopopo, Mraz (Utah State); Mackey (Pacific).



"Quality time—that's what counts."

Southern California will field the strongest squad in the Pacific Ten by far, but tough nonconference opponents will keep the Trojans from a better won-lost slate than some other Pac 10 teams. The offensive line, featuring Playboy All-America Jeff Bregel, is N.F.L. caliber, and the ground game will be—this is ho-hum at USC—spectacular. Freshman tailback Aaron Emanuel, projected as a future superstar, could steal the show. The Trojans' main problem will be breaking in a slew of new starters on defense. The mainstays of the defensive unit will be nose guard Tony Colorito and Playboy All-America safety Tim McDonald.

Arizona's aggressive renovation program should bear its first fruit this year. Coach Larry Smith reaped a fine recruiting harvest (transfer nose guard Stan Mataele will terrorize quarterbacks), the passing game will once again be excellent and the running attack, puny last year, will be dramatically improved. The best news of all: The Wildcats don't play Southern Cal.

This will be the fourth straight year that UCLA fields a new quarterback. Whether



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he is Matt Stevens or David Norrie, he will have a group of veteran receivers and grade-A runners to help man a high-scoring offense. Sophomore tailback Gaston Green is destined for All-American honors one of these days. When the offense stalls, coach Terry Donahue can call on Mr. Automatic—Playboy All-America kicker John Lee—for three points.

The sunny side at Arizona State is the return from injury of hot-shot quarterback Jeff Van Raaphorst. The downside is that ASU's traditional shortage of top-quality linemen on both units has not been remedied. With a backfield loaded with talent, the offense should be spectacular. The defense's star will be Playboy All-America defensive back David Fulcher.

This could be the best Oregon Ducks team in many years. All the ingredients for an explosive offense are in the mix, including quarterback Chris Miller, tailback Tony Cherry and fabulous flanker Lew Barnes, whose stats don't reflect his excellence. Barnes is such a dangerous receiver that opposing defenses blanket him with coverage, leaving other Oregon receivers wide open. If coach Rich Brooks can find a good tight end and reinforcements at linebacker and cornerback, the Ducks will be the Pac 10's surprise team.

Washington State opens the season with its most potent offense ever. Quarterback Mark Rypien and running backs Rueben Mayes and Kerry Porter are superb. They

will join a deep and talented receiving corps. The defense could be a problem.

Washington lost almost everyone to commencement. Especially hard-hit were the running game and the defensive unit, which dominated opposing offenses last fall. A large contingent of redshirt freshmen is available, however. The most promising of the new bodies is tailback Aaron Jenkins. Quarterback Hugh Millen has one of the country's strongest arms.

Coach John Elway—the star quarterback's dad—is in the second year of his rebuilding plan at Stanford, but the progress he has made won't be evident this season because of Stanford's rugged schedule. Traditionally a passing team, the Cardinals have a glut of good runners who could give this year's offense unaccustomed balance. Best of the ball carriers is fullback Brad Muster—the Cardinals' leading receiver and leading rusher last year. With quarterback John Paye looking downfield, the passing attack will again be looking good.

This will be another gloomy autumn in Berkeley. It's a tough job for California coach Joe Kapp to build a hard-nosed, work-related football program in the middle of Flaketown. We wish Kapp the best of luck. His most pressing concern for the moment, though, is finding a quarterback. The Bears' running game will be excellent if freshman Marc Hicks lives up to his press.

Oregon State coach Dave Kragthorpe faces a long, tedious rebuilding job in his initial season. His first move has been the installation of a Brigham Young-style passing game. He has some good tools in redshirt quarterbacks Shaun Shahan and Erik Wilhelm and receiver Reggie Bynum, who could be the conference's best pass catcher. The defensive unit, except for a thin secondary, should be excellent, but this will be a lean year for the Beavers.

The Air Force's cargo compartments are loaded with talent. The Falcons have humiliated Notre Dame for three years—don't be surprised if they shoot Gerry Faust down in flames this year. Their flex-bone attack features running and more running. The defensive unit will be the Falcons' key to success. Their secondary, featuring safety Scott Thomas, is full of sticky fingers. But a schedule heavy with relatively obscure teams will dilute the pollsters' opinion of Air Force.

Brigham Young will be almost as strong as last year's national-championship edition, but its nonconference schedule is just too tough. Both lines suffered painfully at graduation. The *Star Wars* offense will be intact, however, with Playboy All-America quarterback Robbie Bosco reprising his role as Luke Skytossler.

Hawaii will be a mystery until midway through the season. The Rainbow Warriors have a total of 38 j.c. transfers and redshirts to choose from; a few of them are



certain to be standouts. One thing is sure—the ground game will be fearsome, with fullback Nuu Faola and tailback Junior Lopati starring.

Utah has a new coach, Jim Fassel, and the task of building a competitive team in the shadow of Brigham Young. Fassel's secret weapon is running back Eddie Johnson, who gained more yards last year than any other freshman anywhere.

Wyoming's weakness is a limp defense, which should be strengthened by a contingent of j.c. transfers and a heavy-duty off-season weight program. The passing attack, with quarterback Scott Runyan at the helm, will again be superior.

New Mexico, like most other Western Athletic Conference teams, suffers from a chronic lack of depth. A good recruiting crop has upgraded the over-all quality of the squad, so if the Lobos stay healthy, they could have a winning season.

Minimal graduation losses will keep Colorado State from falling further. Their offensive threat will be fullback Steve Bartalo, the W.A.C.'s leading rusher last season, who'll lead the league again if his offensive line can clear some room.

The San Diego State defense, greatly improved last year, will be even stronger this time. Too bad the running attack, feeble last season, is likely to cough and die this fall. Quarterback Todd Santos, who started as a freshman last season, will be an even more impressive sophomore.

A lack of depth, combined with untimely injuries, has plagued Texas-El Paso for three years, but the return of 18 starters holds promise for better fortunes this year. The feature attraction at UTEP will be quarterback Sammy Garza, who wowed 'em with his passing before he was hurt early last fall.

Fresno State is the most improved team in the Pacific Coast Conference. The passing, super last season, will be even better with the arrival of several top-flight j.c. receivers and tight ends. The defense has been beefed up by transfers. The kicking game is solid. So watch the Bulldogs post some lopsided victories this autumn.

The players, coaches and fans at Fullerton State are still bitter about posting a 12-0 record last season and not getting a single bowl bid. In only two years, the Titans have transformed themselves from perennial losers to conference kings, but Fullerton State is still Rodney Dangerfield. The Titans won't be 12-0 this year. There are iffy situations at the quarterback and linebacker slots.

San Jose State receives a massive talent transfusion in the persons of seven j.c. All-American transfers. The positions with the biggest need for new blood are quarterback and wide receiver. An anemic running attack will see a welcome injection of power courtesy of Donald Stewart, a transfer from Washington State.

This season's Long Beach State team

will be almost identical to last year's. Quarterback Doug Gaynor and receiver Charles Lockett make a spectacular aerial act. Depth is a problem, so key injuries could be disastrous.

Nevada-Las Vegas is currently in the N.C.A.A. doghouse for using ineligible players during 1984, but the biggest problem for the Rebels is a depleted offense. The new quarterback is Steven Stallworth, but the number-one offensive weapon is tailback Kirk Jones.

New Mexico State's rotten record last fall can be traced to inexperience. All those freshmen and sophomores are now grown up. Another plus is a group of j.c.-transfer quarterbacks and receivers who can give a lift to the passing attack.

Almost two dozen j.c. transfers will make Utah State much stronger than last year's 2-10 squad. One major strength will be the offensive line, anchored by Navy Tuiasosopo. Another imposing Aggie lineman is defensive tackle Gary Hulsey—a young giant destined for giant headlines in the near future.

Almost everything about Pacific's offensive unit will be different this year. There will be a new offense (the veer), a new quarterback and a new receiving crew. This season's success will depend on how quickly new offensive coordinator Greg Seamon can get all the cogs in his complicated attack working smoothly.



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SHOOTERS!

(continued from page 98)

until the glass is filled to the desired level. Always pour lighter ingredients on top of thicker ones. Here are 12 shooters to help set you straight.

AFTER EIGHT

Pour:

½ oz. Kahlúa
⅓ oz. green crème de menthe
⅙ oz. half-and-half cream
A perfect finish to a special dinner.

BANANA SANDWICH

Pour:

½ oz. Kahlúa
⅓ oz. crème de banane
⅙ oz. rum cream
This delicious tropical shooter is also known as a monkey's lunch.

BAZOOKA JOE

Shake:

½ oz. parfait amour
⅓ oz. crème de banane
⅙ oz. rum cream
A bubble-gum-tasting drink.

BLACK JELLY BEAN

Pour:

Touch of grenadine
½ oz. anisette
½ oz. parfait amour

CHERRY BOMB

Pour:

⅓ oz. Kahlúa
⅙ oz. crème de banane
⅓ oz. rum cream
⅙ oz. cherry brandy

HAPPY JACK

Shake:

½ oz. Jack Daniel's
½ oz. apple schnapps

AUGUST MOON

Shake:

⅓ oz. triple sec
⅓ oz. amaretto
⅓ oz. orange juice
Top with whipped cream
You can also make this a savory summer cooler by increasing proportions and adding cream before shaking.

LANDSLIDE

Pour:

⅓ oz. crème de banane
⅓ oz. rum cream
⅓ oz. Grand Marnier

NUTCRACKER

Shake:

⅓ oz. Frangelico
⅓ oz. peppermint schnapps
⅓ oz. rum cream

ORGASM

Pour:

⅓ oz. peppermint schnapps
⅓ oz. rum cream

TEST-TUBE BABY

Pour:

½ oz. amaretto
½ oz. tequila
Add 1-2 drops of cream with a short straw.

WATERGATE

Shake:

⅓ oz. Kahlúa
⅓ oz. rum cream
⅓ oz. peppermint schnapps
Dash of Grand Marnier, optional
Supposedly named by Richard Nixon, this is a shooter for early retirements and political pardons.

Remember, shooters can sneak up on you, so go slowly when you take your best shots. Steady! Aim! Fire!



Purloined Panties

(continued from page 120)

confusing them. Lori rides a motorcycle and tends bar at a local club that caters to people who live on the edge, though it's sometimes difficult to tell exactly which edge they are living on. "You go in there and make your own guess," Cindy says with a shrug. "I just go and stare, even though it's not polite. Of course, Lori is about as colorful as you want your friends to get before you don't want to drink out of their Pepsi glasses."

Cindy likes to balance that side of her life with a stable relationship. Currently, it's with Frank, a 22-year-old who lives with his parents and works in the family drapery business.

"He's from Havana, and he has beautiful blue eyes. He really thinks a lot of his mother, and he has respect for his father. Those are really good qualities, and not a lot of men have them, you know.

"I don't ever go out with men and have casual sex. That's gross. Still, I think sex is one of the best things you can do. It's better than money. I'd much rather have a poor boy who was good in bed than a rich one who just bought me things. In fact, if you gave me a choice between an unlimited supply of money or the best sexual experiences, I'd go for the sex.

"To have sex with someone who is on drugs is the worst. It's such a burn to me if a man has been drinking or indulging in anything but my perfume before he makes love to me. I can't stand it."

Cindy's distaste for drugs is so strong that she's been known to leave antidrug messages on her telephone answering machine. Her feelings come in part from watching friends who, like her, came from small towns to try modeling in L.A.

"I have two girlfriends who are here modeling, and they are just wrecks. I can't even talk to them. I want to tell them, 'Don't go out. Don't just drink and party. Stay home, paint, read a book.'"

Because of those women and some of the other things she's seen, Cindy has found herself altering her plans in the year and a half she's been in L.A. "In terms of my career, I don't even want to do movies or anything else I thought I wanted to. What I want to do is have seven baby boys and a huge white ranch house. A successful marriage is one of the biggest accomplishments you can have in life."

Of course, that doesn't mean that Cindy will be phasing such people as bald Lori out of her life. "I can get along with all types," explains Cindy. "That's what you're supposed to do. I think the most important lesson I could ever teach a child would be to accept people. There's really no right or wrong, except for the individual. But some people just don't seem to accept that."



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That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

"The devil term now in vogue is 'secular humanism,' which is akin to 'godless communism.'"

that one reaches heaven. Over this issue, as well as inerrancy, the warlike attitude toward liberal churches has recently intensified. Fundamentalists are also at war with social sciences that promote self-fulfillment. The devil term now in vogue is "secular humanism," which is akin to "godless communism." Fundamentalists charge that it is taught as a virtual religion at nearly every public school. Consequently, thousands of fundamentalist churches have established their own schools. Nannini's tiny Pilgrim Baptist Church in Jaffrey, for example, runs a school of its own for 17 students.

Churches such as Nannini's often name themselves Baptist but are generally unrecognized by any main-line Baptist institution. Yet they are the fastest-growing religious sector in America. An estimated 50,000 such churches thrive in the country today.

Independent and unaffiliated, resentful of society at large, looking down on all outside their circle, these churches and their members develop a mental and often physical isolation. "We have the truth and others do not," said the Reverend B. Myron Cedarholm, one of the founders of Maranatha Baptist Bible College, Nannini's alma mater. Reverend Cedarholm espouses rigid discipline for his students,

including prohibitions on smoking and watching movies. In an interview with *The Milwaukee Journal*, he said, "A person who is born again must not work with one who is not. . . . We reminded Billy Graham of this 31 years ago. We told him if he went down the road he was going, he'd wind up working with Catholics, Presbyterians, Methodists and everything, and that's just what's happening."

McLario is a trustee of Maranatha, and his wife, Lois, became a member of the faculty. Nannini confirms that "Maranatha's views are similar to my views."

This intolerance toward other groups sometimes manifests itself in threats—hinted or explicit—to those the fundamentalists envision as endangering their dogma. Chicago WBBM-TV reporter Phil Walters, who provided the most penetrating broadcast coverage of the Webb/Dotson spectacle, recalls that when he concluded an interview with Nannini in New Hampshire, "Pastor Nannini said that independent Baptists were the majority religion in 45 states out of 50, and I'd 'best be careful' in my portrayal of their religion." Walters says that just before he left for the airport, Nannini surprised him again by saying that "he hoped my plane going back to Chicago didn't crash."

Walters' producer, Ruth Fitzpatrick,

adds that when she told Nannini that Judge Samuels had received death threats over his decision not to free Dotson, the pastor replied, "He asked for it." A shocked Fitzpatrick recalls, "I couldn't believe he had actually said that. I was writing it down and said, 'I'm sorry, I didn't hear what you said,' and he was reluctant to say it again, but he did."

Nannini declined to be interviewed for this article, but persons close to him say he merely cautioned Walters on his journalistic responsibilities and that the remark about an airplane crash "was a joke."

In the context of a religion laced with strong social—and even political—stances, we must consider the two men who guided Cathy Crowell Webb through her recantation ordeal. Carl Nannini is a true believer, a crusading fundamentalist. Had Cathy gone with her confession to any other clergyman, the story might have turned out differently. A priest, a Lutheran pastor—indeed, nearly any other pastor in Jaffrey—would undoubtedly have counseled Cathy to find a lawyer, contact the authorities and humbly own up. As one Lutheran pastor expressed it, "I could have never condoned the media circus that ensued."

Which brings us to the man Nannini called into the case—a man who appears to be very comfortable at the center of controversy.

John McLario received his B.A. in 1950 from the fundamentalist Bob Jones University in Greenville, South Carolina. "McLario is a quintessential product of Bob Jones University," says university spokesman Richard Smith. Indeed, McLario later became a university lecturer and a member of the board of trustees and, at one point, received the university's Alumnus of the Year award from Bob Jones himself.

He went on to earn a law degree from Marquette University and received an honorary doctor-of-humanities degree from Maranatha Baptist Bible College. Some years after he had settled in Menomonee Falls, a working-class suburb of Milwaukee, McLario began putting his legal expertise to work for the Lord and the fundamentalist community.

He first came to widespread public notice in the late Seventies when he represented the parents of Kimberly Cox, the cancer-stricken child of born-again Christians determined to treat her with the debunked drug laetrile. Another McLario project is the National Civil Liberties Legal Foundation, an organization his office incorporated in 1983 to function as the Christian counterpart of the American Civil Liberties Union. A lawsuit by the Milwaukee A.C.L.U. chapter seeking to enjoin the group's "deceptively similar" name was unsuccessful.

But none of McLario's involvements prior to the Webb recantation was as controversial as his connection to the Institute in Basic Youth Conflicts, located in one of



"But who the hell's gonna believe that she won't put out to pay the mortgage?"



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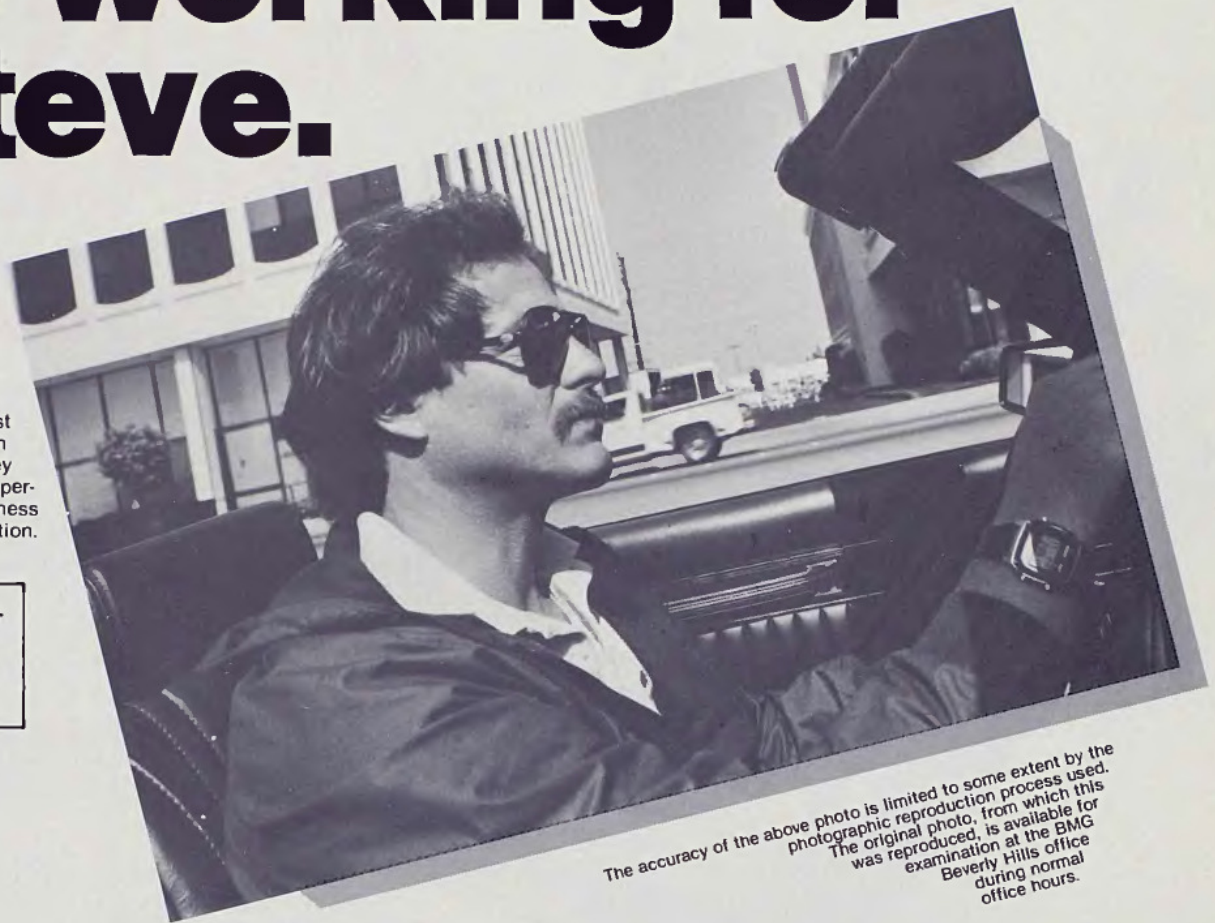
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Chicago's western suburbs. The Institute has been characterized by some in the Christian community as a kind of get-God-quick workshop. Through the sale of high-priced published materials, Institute seminars outline strict codes of Christian conduct and morality based on a literal reading of the Bible.

The Institute has long been troubled by allegations of misuse of funds. But its greatest scandal began in 1980, when news of sexual misconduct came to light. According to reports in the Christian press, founder Bill Gothard's brother Steve, an institute administrator, had had sexual intercourse with as many as seven secretaries. At one point, Bill Gothard issued an open letter to pastors, admitting, "My brother . . . has confessed the sin of fornication with several ladies." With that, he resigned from the board of directors, calling in his friend John McLario to function as acting chairman.

But court documents assert that disaffected Institute staffers who insisted upon moral and management reform were rebuffed by McLario. Within three weeks, after dissident staffers had been fired or had resigned, Bill Gothard was re-elected to his position as corporate president and member of the board. The respected weekly *Christianity Today* reported staff complaints that McLario hadn't been brought in to reform but, instead, had been "brought in expressly to fire or encourage the resignations of staff members critical of Gothard." The staff exodus resulted in a class-action lawsuit—eventually tossed out—against McLario, Gothard and other members of the board, charging "outrageous standards of personal conduct" including sexual mistreatment and a campaign to libel and slander.

McLario was undoubtedly joined to the sexual-mistreatment counts because of his position on the board in trying to clean up after the fact. But other court documents clearly accuse McLario and the board of engaging "in conduct to discredit, libel, slander and malign" the plaintiffs. Although the bitterly fought lawsuit wasn't successful, the facts of the case demonstrated McLario's steel-willed ability to stand up to pressure for his fundamentalist clients—even if the case gets extremely sticky.

Ironically, McLario chose the Institute in Basic Youth Conflicts as the place for Cathy Webb to stay during the April hearings. It was there that she was interviewed by Lupel as he attempted to prepare her. All of it was done in McLario's presence and under his guidance.

Away from the press and ensconced in a posh suite on the Institute's scenic estate of rolling hills and manicured lawns, Cathy was able to reflect on the challenge before her. And if she happened to read the instructive literature that adorned every flat surface of her bedroom, she was undoubtedly encouraged. Using literalist Biblical principles, one booklet explains

the correct verbal and physical behavior for "making an appeal to authority." Another treatise, a proud lion on its cover, instructs its readers on "how to stand alone" in pursuit of Christian principles.

And in yet another booklet, there is a passage that would have been profoundly comforting to Cathleen Crowell Webb: It explains that bodily scars or disfigurements should not be considered a defect as much as a mark of God.

The Webbs' house, adjacent to a large red barn and a lush meadow filled with grazing dairy cows and old tree stumps, is one of the last on the outskirts of Jaffrey. A mile or two farther down highway 137 is Pilgrim Baptist Church, a new, gray wooden structure devoid of traditional New England-church character. The plywood floor is still waiting for church members to raise the cash to purchase carpeting. The congregation sits in chairs, not pews. Simple white curtains, offset by potted plants, cover the windows.

This is the seat of Cathy Webb's faith, the faith she claims is responsible for her recantation, and so it is here we must come to try to answer the questions posed by this strange case. No journalist can solve the crime—the crime, of course, being not rape but perjury. When did Cathy lie and why did she do it? The answers may be known only to her and God. We are left to speculate, given the facts of the case and an understanding of her religion.

One of three things happened:

1. She lied about the rape in 1977 and is telling the truth now;
2. She told the truth in 1977 and is lying now;
3. She was, in fact, the victim of a traumatic sexual encounter in 1977, but it was not rape or it was not with Gary Dotson.

Each scenario has its adherents. Each can be convincing in and of itself. And, ironically, each could have been sparked by the very same religious factors.

SCENARIO ONE

LIE THEN, TRUTH NOW

This is what Cathy claims. In order to accept her story, we must believe two things. First, that as a 16-year-old, she was capable of such skilled deception that she was able to falsely convince parents, friends, policemen, detectives, prosecutors, a judge and, ultimately, a jury of 12 that she had been raped. Second, that such a person could find the strength in her new belief in God to turn her life around, feel remorse and take great risks to repair the damage.

Who was this amazing young woman? What motivated her to plunge into such a monstrous deception?

By the age of 16, Cathy tells us, she was a hardened, manipulative liar leading a double life. A sweet all-American girl while in her foster parents' sight lines, she taught catechism at her Catholic church, accepted responsibility well, maintained

her grades and never failed to do the loving things all daughters do—from buying Mother's Day cards to helping with the household chores. But at the same time, she was sneaking off to the South Side of Chicago to be what she terms promiscuous. At the clemency hearing, she admitted to having had intercourse with two boys by that time and to having "headed with" at least one other.

The origins of Cathy's dual existence undoubtedly go back to her self-described days as an unloved child. Separated from her mentally ill mother and abandoned by her father, she was brought up by an elderly woman named Nellie Landers—Carol Smith's grandmother. During those years, Cathy became street-wise, running in much older circles.

When she was taken in by the Smiths at the age of 14, she found a comfortable middle-class environment. Her foster parents gave her all the love and parental guidance any good parents would give. Cathy says that she didn't want to do anything to jeopardize such a good situation. When she believed she might be pregnant, then, she panicked. Even mature, sexually experienced adults sometimes panic over a suspected pregnancy, so despite Cathy's street savvy, her claims are plausible.

Once her fear of pregnancy was allayed, however, her rape story could have been disavowed at any time. Carol Smith and the police gave Cathy ample encouragement to drop the case to prevent further emotional trauma. And, indeed, at that point, it would have been easier to drop the matter than to pursue it. Yet she persisted for two years—"with a vengeance," as her family recalls. The governor and others have cited that as a major plank of their disbelief, dismissing Cathy's claim that she persisted for fear that to stop at any point would have called her whole story into question.

But attempting to understand Cathy's teenage manipulation and deceit in logical terms is probably a waste of time. From all appearances, she fit the model of what used to be called a sociopathic personality and is now usually referred to by experts as an antisocial personality. She preferred lying to telling the truth.

Specifically, the antisocial personality tells meaningless lies, often without regard for the likelihood of being caught. Cathy's own testimony at the clemency hearing recounted her custom of telling little lies about anything and invariably being discovered. The Smiths confirmed the fact that sometimes she would lie about "little things" for no apparent reason. "Like the time she told us she went to a certain restaurant on prom night," recalls Bernie. "Quite by accident, we learned that she went to a different restaurant. It was of no consequence either way, so we couldn't understand the deception."

Hervey Cleckley, a psychiatrist who studied sociopaths for years, describes

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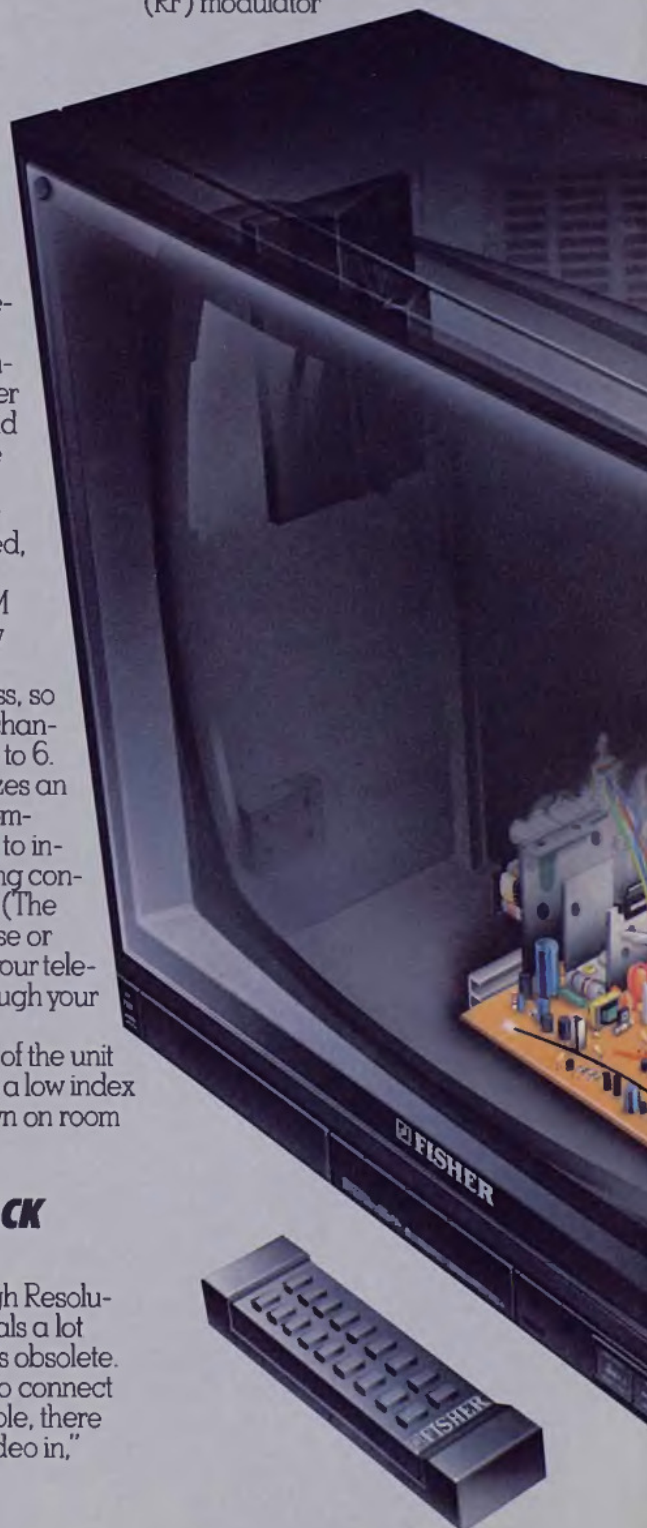
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them in his book *The Mask of Sanity*. According to Cleckley, their perverse and irrational misdeeds are impulsive, unmotivated by any understandable purpose. Possessing only the shallowest of emotions, devoid of love, loyalty or empathy, they leave a string of victims in their wake, generally without exhibiting any remorse.

Typically, says Cleckley, these people maintain a convincing exterior. They can lie with remarkable poise and, ironically, they are far more convincing when they lie than when they tell the truth. That doesn't mean that sociopaths never tell the truth, but when they do, they become combative and irritable if they aren't believed.

According to psychologists who have assessed it, Cathy's behavior also displays a combination of personality disorders, including the histrionic and the narcissistic. Craving the center stage, she was unwilling to relinquish her emotionally gratifying spotlight during the two years of Dotson's prosecution. Equally applicable is a disorder known as borderline personality, causing her to see everything as either all good or all bad. Knotty questions about her memory lapses and unreasoning behavior are, therefore, easily answered by any psychology textbook.

Eight years after the fact, then, when Cathy Webb attempted to give good reasons for faking a rape, she often became flustered, replying with evasive answers and contradictory reasoning. "Of course, she cannot understand the deep-seated motivation for her bizarre actions," says Dr. Andrew Charles, a Chicago psychiatrist who works with troubled teenagers. "If she understood it, she wouldn't have done it in the first place."

Pregnancy panic ostensibly triggered Cathy's lie about a rape, but the underlying reason was more likely a deep undercurrent of good old-fashioned Catholic guilt—not so different from the fundamentalist variety—over her self-defined promiscuity. She describes the Smiths as "morally upright." Steeped in a tradition that emphasizes sexual sin and dwells graphically on Christ's Passion, Cathy had a need to punish herself for unbridled and unconfessed sexual behavior—a need that conforms to the psychological model. "The burden of secret guilt becomes so unbearable, they develop systems that broadcast the problem to others," explain psychologists Mary Jo Meadow and Richard D. Kahoe in *Psychology of Religion*, a standard work on the subject. "Neurotic symptoms are, thus, an involuntary confession of guilt."

Self-mutilation is common in religious behavior and has often earned its practitioners sainthood. Many female saints, particularly during the Middle Ages, fell into spells in which they cut wounds into their flesh to atone for sins real or imagined and in so doing were thought to share Christ's suffering on the cross.

Equally common were reports of being raped by an invisible Devil or his animal

or human manifestation. Such delusions eventually led to the execution of thousands of women for witchcraft in the Middle Ages, as a woman-hating Church enforced the Biblical injunction "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." The witchcraft trials were, at their most basic level, the Church's attempt to punish women for their sexuality. A woman's merely experiencing an orgasm during sexual intercourse was reason enough for her husband to report her to Church authorities, since such an ecstatic reaction could have come only from carnal knowledge of Satan.

On the night of July 9, 1977, then, Cathy's self-inflicted rape and mutilation may well have been a frustrated attempt to purge and atone for her sexual crimes, a virtual self-crucifixion.

Consider the rape story itself. Dr. Charles P. McDowell of the Air Force's Office of Special Investigations is a leading expert on false rape claims. Dr. McDowell has constructed a model of false rape based upon his analysis of 1218 rape reports from 1980 to 1984 involving Air Force personnel, their dependents or their visitors. Of the 1218 cases, 212 were classified false. His standard for declaring a rape false is conservative and hinges on a believable recantation by the victim.

McDowell's model lists 12 factors common to false rape claims. For example, real rapists often disfigure their victims viciously, especially on the breasts, whereas fake rape victims sometimes disfigure themselves superficially to dramatize their claim; moreover, says McDowell, the scratching is often on the abdomen, because it presents a natural writing surface. Additionally, a false accusation generally solves some problem—distress over losing a boyfriend, say, or the desire for revenge, or the fear of pregnancy. Manufactured rape claims frequently specify a "blitz rape," or a fast penile insertion; real rapists generally subject their victims to prolonged abuse, including oral and anal sex. Fake victims also describe their attacks in either of two extremes: utter lack of detail or an astonishing abundance of it.

Each of McDowell's factors standing alone is common to legitimate rapes. But taken together, they outline the model of a fraudulent rape accusation. McDowell has gone on record as claiming that Cathy fits the fake-rape model, that he believes that she lied about her rape charge.

But if we're to believe she lied then and is telling the truth now, what about the evidence? Doesn't it outweigh the factors of Cathy's conduct and personality? Fact: Gary Dotson was convicted on the basis of one thing and one thing only—Cathy's testimony and identification. This much is agreed upon by just about everyone connected to the case, from Samuels to Lupel. The meticulously described automobile was never identified or located. Precisely described clothing the rapist wore was never found. Scratches Cathy said she had made on the rapist's chest were not found

when Dotson was examined just days after the report. He had several alibi witnesses who were disregarded. And the much-hyped forensic evidence, mostly high-tech guesswork, proved nothing more than its ability to mislead. Gary Dotson went to prison because Cathy Crowell was convincing.

Accepting the truthfulness of her recantation, then, hinges largely on the belief that religious conversion can radically reform a person, even the most troubled of personalities. Most psychologists believe that sociopathic or borderline personalities cannot radically change. But Dr. Charles Donnelly, professor of psychopathology and personality disorders at Northwestern University Medical School in Chicago, says that while such a change is rare for a sociopath, it is still possible, because "life experiences throughout adulthood can affect personality." This view is bolstered by Meadow and Kahoe in *Psychology of Religion*. Conversion "involves a sudden sense of illumination or insight," they write. "In a radical shift of life pattern, the center of the person's universe shifts from self to the deity or the demands of the new religious faith."

Conversion begins when God starts to convict the person for his sins. He feels guilty and worthless. Finally, the burden becomes unbearable. Dr. Mortimer Ostow and Ben-Ami Scharfstein describe the

experience in *The Need to Believe* as typically "preceded by morbid feelings, which shade into the apathy of depression . . . doubt, anxiety, internal strife and despair. . . . As the revelatory experience grows more intense, the person may be moved to weep . . . shudder, fall to the ground convulsed, even to lose consciousness; and then it is as if a veil were torn away and the world is transfigured in the light of a warm perception edged with ecstasy." Suddenly, the hopelessly disconsolate individual is filled with "sureness, serenity, peace and optimism."

The outward physical manifestations of the conversion experience mimic the act of birth itself. Preceded by a psychic travail analogous to labor pains, the sudden encounter with light and a new day evokes the description of being born again.

At the same time, the conversion experience follows the pattern of Christ's Passion. The born-again feels the agony and suffering of sin—his own or mankind's—until he finally gives in to death of the old self only to be reborn instantly at God's side. Well-known descriptions of near-death experiences, the warm, beckoning light at the end of a tunnel of darkness, ring strikingly similar.

Cathy's irrational "rape episode" did not satisfy her need for release from the guilt of her promiscuity. Continuing guilt finally led her to be born again. This



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time, she gave in to Christ, allowing his Passion to redeem her. She found release—but not completely.

Three years after her conversion, "God would not let me go," says Cathy. In the highly disciplined world of fundamentalism, the new Cathy was commanded by God to make restitution to those she had harmed. If the sin—the rape trial—was public, the restitution must be public. The Bible also commanded her to tell the truth at whatever cost.

In a Catholic or liberal-Protestant context, Cathy's recantation would have brought her intolerable shame and humiliation. But in the fundamentalist belief, her past is forgiven and, indeed, is detached from her, since she is "a new creature in Christ," as she phrases it. Moreover, her recantation has earned her the respect and admiration of her peers.

"This shy, 23-year-old wife and mother . . . may well demonstrate the radical truths of repentance and conversion to the world more powerfully than all the most renowned Christian scholars and popular leaders of our day," wrote Charles Colson, a Watergate figure and now a leader in the fundamentalist community. After telephoning Nannini with words of comfort and support, Colson wrote in his Prison Fellowship newsletter: "I know what it is to be confronted with such skepticism. My conversion was mocked for years—and sometimes still is."

Born-again believe that every event is part of God's will, God's over-all design. Once the recantation gained attention, then, Cathy and her circle of supporters embraced the situation as a holy mission, an opportunity to spread the Gospel itself. "We're excited about the fact that the Gospel is getting out, but this is God's doing," said Nannini. "Only God would allow the pastor of a church of 80 people in Jaffrey, New Hampshire, to have an opportunity to tell nationwide audiences about Jesus Christ and allow a 23-year-old girl to do likewise. God has a purpose in this."

SCENARIO TWO

TRUTH THEN, LIE NOW

In essence, the public had the chance to sit in as a jury during the clemency hearings and thereby constituted the court of public opinion Cathy sought. According to a CBS poll taken just after the televised hearings but prior to the governor's decision, only 23 percent believed Cathy's recantation.

Her story "simply defied common sense," as prosecutor Frossard put it. Particularly damaging were many witnesses whose testimony flatly contradicted both Cathy's recollection of the events and her stated reason for lying.

Perhaps no piece of physical evidence testifying to a rape was more important than Cathy's panties, bearing an 11" x 3" semen stain from the crotch to the back waistband. Sitting at the clemency hearing before a large-screen projection of the



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panties, Cathy explained that she had had intercourse with boyfriend David Beirne sometime during the prior week and had simply been leaking on the night in question. That explanation was contradicted by a surprise witness, Beirne himself, who testified that their last encounter had taken place at least one week before the rape report. And while it was true that they had practiced *coitus interruptus*, he did not recall an act of completion or any discussion about completion, as Cathy claimed. Nearly every experienced woman at the clemency hearing knew that that much semen couldn't leak one week after the fact. "My God," one woman said, "she was gang-raped."

The endless list of inconsistencies and absurdities convinced most observers that Cathy Webb was, in fact, lying now, that the rape really had occurred. But the governor, the judge, the prosecutors and others could come up with no plausible reason for her to claim otherwise. Considered with Catholic/liberal-Protestant logic, her actions seem inexplicable. But in a fundamentalist context, they can be explained.

The born-again-conversion experience is a catharsis. For countless millions, it is the beginning of a life of inner peace and fulfillment. For many others, that same experience can become the point at which they lose touch with reality and enter a spiraling world of delusions.

In fact, one psychological risk of conversion is that of becoming trapped in the initial period of introspection. Consumed by guilt, the convert focuses on his sins to a point that can only be described as pathological. In essence, he enters into a border-

line personality disorder, viewing himself as either black or white, unable to distinguish his own fine shades of gray.

Some of the most celebrated Christian converts in history, Saint Augustine and Martin Luther among them, became enmeshed in that morbid stage for many years before finding release and forgiveness. Three years after her conversion, Cathy may still be pathologically focusing on her guilt to the point of delusions about exactly how bad she was, creating a sinful past self of monstrous proportions.

Already weighted down with a Catholic consciousness of woman's basic sinful nature as well as of her own sexual permissiveness, she was reinforced in her guilt by her new fundamentalist perspective. She may have tripped into an abyss of guilt so deep that a violent crime against her body became no longer a rape but God's righteous punishment. The rapist was merely the arm of the Lord's retribution.

But was Cathy's denial of her rape a twisted religious rationale? Or was it unconscious, leaving her sincerely convinced that no rape had occurred?

Judith Libby, a staff attorney with a major rape-victim advocacy organization, explains that rape victims go through various stages. The immediate response is either hysteria or disarming calmness. The second stage is denying the significance of the rape. But in extreme cases, believes Libby, a woman may deny that the event had ever taken place. "As I watched the clemency drama," says Libby, who herself testified at the hearings as an expert witness, "I became convinced that Cathleen

was just such a case."

Psychologist Donnelley cautions that victim denial customarily minimizes only the significance of the event; it does not deny the reality of the event itself. "If it happened, it would be rare, going beyond denial to actual repression. And even then, total repression of such an event would be rare."

But in Massachusetts, a sexually abused young woman we'll call Susan, formerly an ardent fundamentalist, found it easy to understand how Cathy might have repressed the rape. Susan learned that the view of women as corrupt in tandem with an authoritarian pastor's teachings can distort reality in the eyes of the victim. Her trauma involved childhood incest. Overcome by guilt, she went to her pastor. As Susan recalls it, the pastor called her parents and then scheduled a meeting with Susan in which he said, "It didn't happen. You are making up this entire story because you are a pathological liar. You must confess your sin to God and stop lying."

Obedient pastoral authority, she confessed to God and for years believed that she had manufactured the incest—until one day years later when her father was arrested for molesting a younger member of the family. At that point, Susan realized she had not lied and left her church. "You have to understand," she says, "Cathy probably really believes she was not raped. She is thoroughly convinced in her mind that she is now telling the truth."

Donald G. Mathews, a professor of history and American studies at the University of North Carolina and an observer of the American fundamentalist movement, adds this view: "Women are . . . the personification of temptation to men. . . . If [Cathy] is in part responsible [for the rape], then she is—from a fundamentalist point of view—guilty. And no actual rape occurred." Still guilt-ridden, desperately seeking relief, Cathy, according to Mathews, finally "works out a plan of action in which she will have to commit a lesser sin to undo a greater one. She must find some way to free Dotson, who has become a victim of her own moral failure. She accepts her role as temptress, the rape as punishment. Through some kind of moral gymnastics known only to Webb . . . she comes to the conclusion that no rape occurred. . . . Dotson did not do it. She has manufactured the whole thing, and the only way to undo the damage she had done is to free Dotson."

As one might expect, the perverse flip side of religious guilt among fundamentalists is a curious pride in past evils that can lead to a virtual magnification of sin. Many born-again Christians believe that the greater one's sin prior to conversion, the greater God's glory in forgiving him. One of the most exhilarating highs a born-again can enjoy is a "testimony meeting." That's when born-again rise to their feet to tell of their conversion experiences, and



BRIAN KOPPELMAN

"I'm invited to a party: The food is forgettable, the drinks are flat, conversation and attempts at wit are stupendously dull. Now, do I have the basis for a lawsuit, or what?"

anyone who has attended such a meeting knows that the stars of the show are pimps, prostitutes and criminals. In the testimonial atmosphere, new Christians wear their past sins as badges of honor.

If Cathy is guilty of magnifying her sin by transforming her unprovoked rape into her personal crime against the man involved, she is not alone. Church annals are filled with such stories, and in a world where transgressors compete for the worst record, magnification of sin is so common that born-again can invent or exaggerate crimes. One ex-fundamentalist, now in the advertising business, recounts his six months of backsliding this way: "Although I was raised in the church, I was born again when I was seven, at a child evangelism meeting. Throughout my teenage years, I always felt a little stupid, because I had no real sins to confess, compared with some of my friends. So I started running with wild kids, drinking and getting into trouble just so I could be a backslider, come back to God and have a dramatic story to tell."

Throughout her public and published testimony, Cathy continually reviled her prior self. In *People*, she depicted herself as a disturbed, unloved child prone to running away and attempting suicide. At the clemency hearing, she claimed that as a promiscuous youngster, she had been "damaged merchandise" by the age of 14. The hatred for women preached by a male-dominated fundamentalist church had obviously found its way into her innermost psyche. Prosecutors who tried to prompt Cathy to admit that as a new Christian, she could not sit in judgment of Gary were off the mark. It wasn't Cathy's unwillingness to judge as much as her determination to be judged that motivated her.

What's more, casting a stone against herself would simply show Cathy's own embrace of church doctrine. Unquestionably, the casting of stones against women and especially women's rights is high on the agenda of fundamentalist groups. One need only to have heard Nannini's Mother's Day sermon, delivered a week late in his Jaffrey church (he had been out of town on Mother's Day), to discern his monumental loathing of so-called women's rights. "I have something to tell the ladies this morning," he began, and then went on to blame most of society's ills on women's liberation.

Later, when asked, Nannini replied, "Do I detest women's rights? If by that you mean equal pay for equal work, no. If by that you mean the disruption of the nuclear family, the answer is, of course, yes. If it's the kind of feminism that is really socialism, yes."

Perhaps the most bizarre aspect of the entire affair was Cathy and Nannini's hidden objective to bring Gary Dotson himself to Christ. Outtakes of an interview with the Christian Broadcast Network reveal the following statement by Nannini: "We would like to see Gary released and



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freed. We would especially like to see him released and freed from his sin through Jesus Christ."

The CBN reporter asked, "Are you optimistic about that?"

Nannini answered, "Yes, I am. I don't think God took us through all this not to do a mighty work."

In an off-tape conversation with that reporter, Nannini repeated that Cathy and he hoped to bring Gary to salvation. A person close to the pastor confirmed his view that such an accomplishment would be the crowning event that might make "all the trauma worth it."

Warren Lupel confirms that "Cathleen always expressed a desire to meet with Gary, once everything was over." That meeting was ultimately facilitated by NBC, which rented hotel rooms and paid air fare to New York for the couple as a condition of their appearance on the *Today* show. Exactly what went on in that hotel-room meeting has been kept secret. But Gary Dotson revealed to PLAYBOY that when he and Cathy finally met face to face, "the first thing she did was try to convert me. She laid a Bible in my lap and started quoting verses on why she came forward

and turned her faith to God and asked how would I feel if I did the same."

Cathy and her pastor would undoubtedly explain that converting Gary was not the reason for the recantation but that perhaps it was the reason God had "allowed" Cathy to undertake her mission. God works in mysterious and wondrous ways. To a fundamentalist, it's worth any trauma to save even one soul from the lake of fire.

SCENARIO THREE

LIE THEN, LIE NOW

A third possibility has haunted nearly everyone. Perhaps Cathy Crowell was, in fact, the victim of a traumatic sexual encounter that night in 1977, but it was not rape, or if it was, Gary Dotson was not involved.

Bernard and Carol Smith were among those who suspected that some important piece of the puzzle was missing. "In her conversation before this whole thing hit, we were left with the impression that it was merely a misidentification," says Bernie. "We wonder if a misidentification was all she ever intended and somehow the whole thing snowballed. In fact, sometimes in the hearings, when she described

the maze of lies in which she'd become caught up in 1977, we wondered if she wasn't really describing what was happening to her now in 1985."

Clearly, the evidence of Dotson's being with Cathy that night is slim. Yet the evidence that she had been involved in a violent sexual encounter is overwhelming. The semen-stained panties, the physical trauma and her vaginal bruising cannot be dismissed. "Something had to have happened to her *that* night," insists Judge Samuels.

It is possible that Cathy has told parts of the truth in both 1977 and 1985. McDowell emphasizes the fact that 85 percent of fake rape stories are based upon consensual acts involving the "victim."

Moreover, Robert Cummins, the polygraph examiner who administered Cathy's lie-detector test, has told us that he is having second thoughts about one area. Although he stands by his professional assessment of the test, he privately harbors doubts about one question: "On July 9, 1977, did you take part in a sex act with anyone?" Cummins originally declared that Cathy was truthful when she answered no. Now he says that on the basis of information given at the clemency hearing, "It seems she was holding something back about that night."

Cummins was asked to re-evaluate his polygraph print-out, subtracting the non-test factors and outside observations he had taken into account, such as Cathy's willingness to come forward and risk shame. Cummins did so and stood by his original report that she had been truthful. But at the same time, he qualified that "a person can pass the test with flying colors and still be lying." As such, he was willing to concede privately that it was possible Cathy had, indeed, had traumatic sex with someone that evening, though not with Gary Dotson. "I see no fault with that scenario," Cummins says.

This very scenario was raised when a former cellmate of Dotson's claimed that Gary told him he had met Cathy at a party, during which she had gone into a bedroom and had sex with at least three guys. The cellmate flunked a lie-detector test, however, and the notion was dropped. State of Illinois investigators interviewed 21 other men who had been Dotson's cellmates, but they turned up no similar stories or leads.

As for rape, even Samuels concedes that "the prospect of Cathy's being raped, but not by Gary, is possible. Maybe someone should look into that."

According to Cathy, for three years after her conversion experience, she was able to live with the terrible injustice she claims to have wrought, allowing an innocent man to continue languishing in jail. She explains this incongruity with a declaration that when she was converted three years earlier, she had been like a babe in Christ's arms, and she needed to mature further. It is possible that her maturation process is still under way. Perhaps she has



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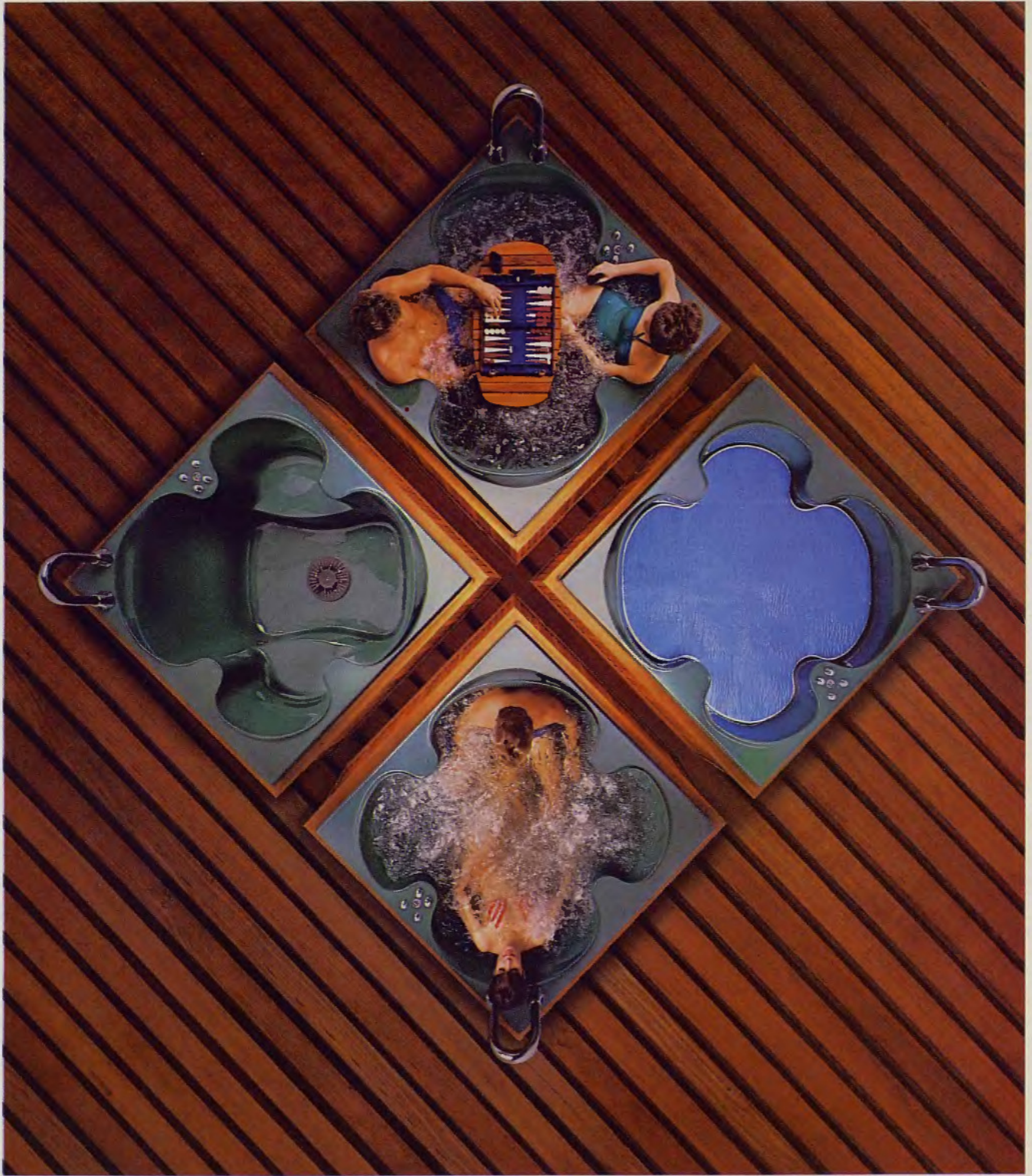
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found sufficient strength from her religion to come forward to clear the man she falsely accused but has not yet been able to free herself from the massive guilt of what she really did that night.

Here we are in the realm of the speculation in which Cathy has forced society to engage, but if 85 percent of false rape claims stem from a consensual act, and if Cathy Crowell was the promiscuous girl she seems to believe she was, perhaps that evening in July 1977 *did* begin with some Saturday-night fun between consenting individuals. Perhaps things got out of hand at the park. Perhaps she was, indeed, in a car with three men. Or perhaps there is an individual involved whose identity is too emotionally punishing for Cathy to admit to. Society has no way of knowing if three years from today, she will resurrect him from anonymity and provide a new version of what happened that night.

If scenario three—lying then, lying now—is true, the answer may rest in psychiatry, not religion. It may be the acting out of deeply ingrained personality disorders simply taking refuge in the shelter of religion. If Cathy was not truly in control in 1977, is she in control now?

Unfortunately, fundamentalists categorically reject therapeutic psychology as secular humanism, the work of the Devil himself. Such labels as borderline or anti-social are arrogant folly. The Bible provides answers to the world's opinions about a Christian's state of mental health. "Hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world?" asked Paul; "Men shall revile you . . . for my sake," said Christ. There is no sickness, only evil. No maladjustment, only sin.

Whether Cathleen Crowell Webb told the truth about the rape, was truthful in her recantation or concocted a story somewhere in the middle, society may never know. But one part of this drama is unmistakable. Whatever really happened, she has acted out a born-again's rite of passage, self-flagellation for past sins. How many times did McLario say "We have offered her as a sacrificial lamb"?

Even as she cries out for her former self to be the object of ever greater revulsion and essentially pleads to be tried for perjury, she re-creates the drama of Christ, who demanded to be crucified to fulfill prophecy and save man. What's at work here—regardless of which scenario is true—is religious masochism. No one can deny that Cathy's plea for scorn on national television and in the courtroom constitutes her own self-crucifixion. One must take into account her insistence on bringing Gary Dotson to salvation with her.

And then recall the Passion of Christ on the cross as he turned to the criminal beside him and in agony said, "Today shalt thou be with me in paradise."



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PL

SPORTSMEN

(continued from page 110)

way they saw things, making us feel we would be crazy to ever cross them. We were sportsmen.

But then, we were lost in our plans. We planned to refurbish a Civil War rifle Jimmy's father owned. We were going to make an iceboat, a duckblind and a fishing shanty. We were going to dig up an Indian mound, sell the artifacts and buy a racing hydroplane that would throw a roostertail five times its own length. But above all, we wanted to be duck hunters.

That August, we were diving off the pilings near the entrance to the Thoroughfare Canal. We had talked about salvaging boats from the Black Friday storm of 1916 when the Bob-Lo steamer passed. The wash came in and sucked the water down around the pilings. Jimmy dove from the tallest one, arcing down the length of the creosoted spar into the green, clear water. And then he didn't come up. Not to begin with. When he did, the first thing that surfaced was the curve of his back, white and Ohio-looking in its oval of lake water. It was a back that was never to widen with muscle or stoop with worry, because Jimmy had just then broken his neck. I remember getting him out onto the gravel shore. He was wide-awake and his eyes poured tears. His body shuddered continuously, and I recall that his fingers fluttered on the stones with a kind of purpose. I had not heard sounds like that from his mouth in the thousands of hours we had talked. I learned from a neighbor that my screams brought help, but I can't imagine what I would sound like screaming. Perhaps no one can.

My father decided that month that I was a worthless boy who blamed his troubles on outside events. He had quite a long theory about all of this, and my hanging around on the lake or in the flat woods hunting rabbits with our .22s substantiated that theory. I forget how.

My father found me a job over in Burr Oak cleaning die-cast aluminum molds with acid and a wire brush. That was the first time I had been around the country people who work in small factories across the nation. Once you get the gist of their ways, you can get along anyplace you go, because they are everywhere and they are good people.

When I tried to call Jimmy from Burr Oak, his father said that he was unable to speak on the telephone. He said that Jimmy was out of the hospital and that he would always be paralyzed. From his father's voice, with its almost-Southern Ohio accent, I could feel myself being made to know that although I had not done this to Jimmy, I had been there, and that there had been villainy, somehow, in my escape. I really don't think I could have gotten out of the factory job without crossing my own father worse than I then dared. But it's true, I missed having that

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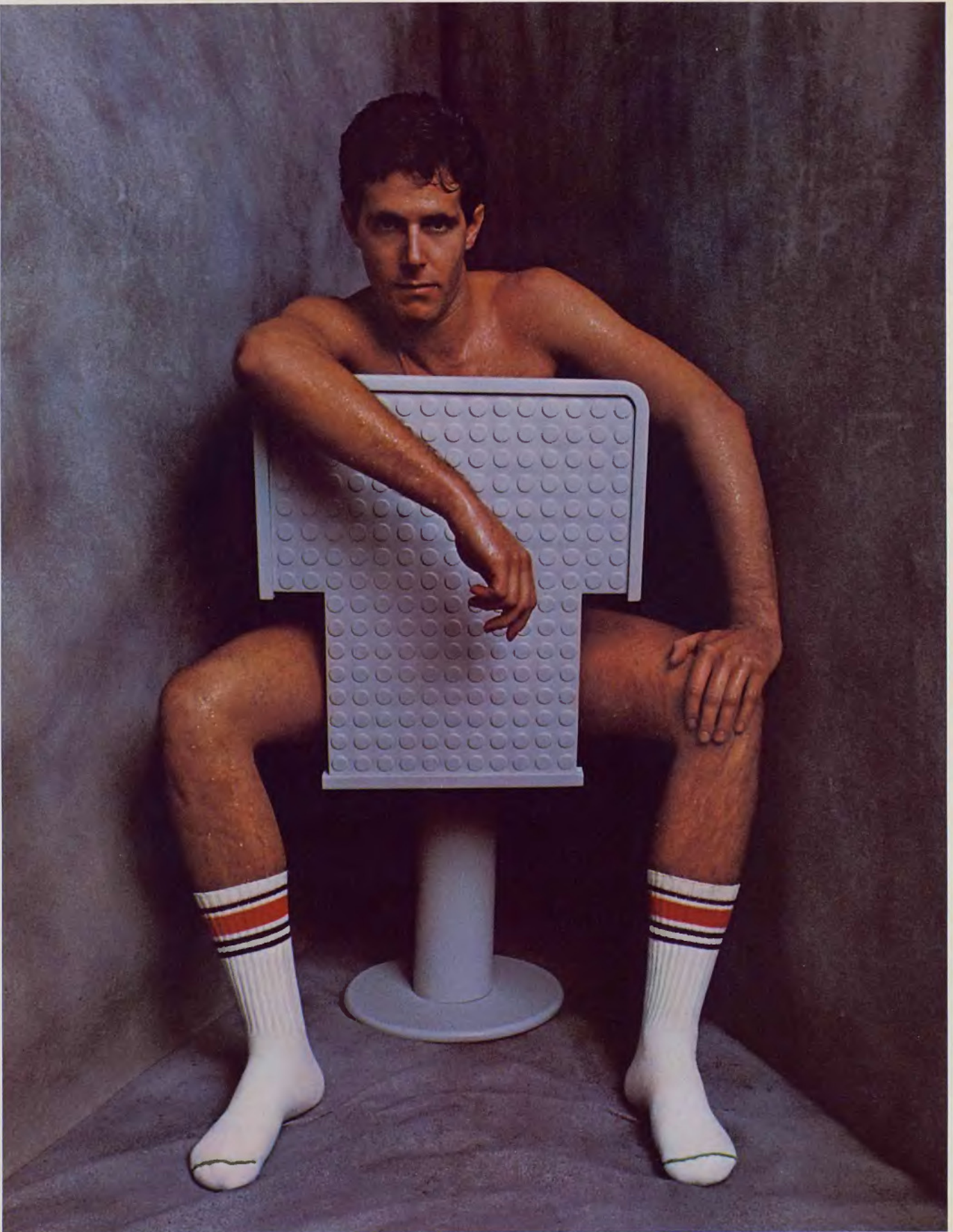
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In Touch with Tomorrow
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accident happen to me in the first place. I still couldn't picture Jimmy not being able to move anything, being kind of frozen where we had left off.

I finished up in August and stayed in Sturgis for a couple of days, in a boardinghouse run by an old woman and her 60-year-old spinster daughter. I was so comfortable with them that I found myself sitting in the front hall, watching the street for prospective customers. I told them I was just a duck hunter. Like the factory people, they had once had a farm. After that, I went home to see Jimmy.

He lived in a small house on Macomb Street, about a half mile from the hardware store. There was a layout duckboat in the yard and quite a few cars around—hot rods, mostly. What could have explained this attendance? Was it popularity? A strange feeling shot through me.

I went through the screen door on the side of the house, propped ajar with a brick. There were eight or ten people inside, boys and girls our age. My first feeling, that I had come back from a factory job in another town with tales to tell, vanished, and I was suddenly afraid of the people in the room, faster, tougher kids than Jimmy and I had known. There were open beer bottles on the table, and the radio played hits.

Jimmy was in the corner, where the light came through the screens from two directions. He was in a wheelchair and his arms and legs had been neatly folded within the sides of the contraption. He had a ducktail haircut, and a girl held a beer to his lips, then replaced it with a Camel in a fake-pearl-and-ebony cigarette holder. His weight had halved, and there were copper-colored shadows under his eyes. He looked like a modernized station of the cross.

When he began to talk, his Ohio accent was gone. How had that happened? Insurance was going to buy him a flathead Ford. "I'm going to chop and channel it," he said, "kick the frame, French the headlights, bullnose the hood and lead the trunk." He stopped and twisted his face to draw on the cigarette. "There's this hillbilly in Taylor Township who can roll and pleat the interior."

I didn't get the feeling he was particularly glad to see me. But what I did was just sit there and tough it out until the room got tense and people began to pick up and go. That took no time at all: The boys crumpled beer cans in their fists conclusively. The girls smiled with their mouths open and snapped their eyes. Everyone knew something was fishy. They hadn't seen me around since the accident, and the question was, What was I doing there now?

"I seen a bunch of ducks moving," Jimmy said.

"I did, too."

"Seen them from the house." Jimmy sucked on his cigarette. "Remember how old Minnow Milton used to shoot out of

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his boathouse when there was ducks?" Minnow Milton had lived in a floating house that had a trap attached to it from which he sold shiners for bait. The floating house was at the foot of Jimmy's road.

"I remember him."

"Well, Minnow's no longer with us. And the old boat is just setting there, doing nothing."

The next morning, before daybreak, Jimmy and I were in Minnow Milton's living room, with the lake slapping underneath and the sash thrown up. There were still old photographs of the Milton family on the walls. Minnow was a bachelor, and no one had come for them. I had my father's 12-gauge pump gun propped on the window sill, and I could see the blocks, the old Mason decoys, all canvasbacks, that I had set out beneath the window, 30 of them bobbing, wooden beaks to the wind, like steamboats seen from a mile up. I really couldn't see Jimmy. I had wheeled him in terror down the gangplank and into the dark. I set the blocks in the dark, and when I lit his cigarette, he stared down the length of the holder, intently, so I couldn't tell what he was thinking. I said, "What fun is there if you can't shoot?"

"Shoot," he said.

"I'm gonna shoot. I was just asking."

"You ain't got no ducks anyways."

To my relief, that was true. But it didn't last. A cold wind came with daylight. A slight snow spit across the dark-gray water, touching and scattering down into the whitecaps. I saw a flight of mallards

rocket over and disappear behind us. Then they reappeared and did the same thing right across the roof over our heads. When they came the third time, they set their wings and reached their feet through hundreds of feet of cold air toward the decoys. I killed two and let the wind blow them up against the floating house. Jimmy grinned from ear to ear.

I built a fire in Minnow Milton's old stove and cooked those ducks on a stick. I had to feed Jimmy off the point of my barlow knife, but we ate two big ducks for breakfast and lunch at once. I stood the pump gun in the corner.

Tall columns of snow advanced toward us across the lake, and among them, right in among them, were ducks, some of everything, including the big canvasbacks that stirred us like old music. Buffleheads raced along on the surface.

"Fork me some of that there duck meat," said Jimmy Meade in his Ohio voice.

We stared down from our house window as our decoys filled with ducks. The weather got so bad the ducks swam among the decoys without caring. After half a day, we didn't know which was real and which was not. I wrapped Jimmy's blanket up under his chin.

"I hope those ducks keep on coming," he said. And they did. We were in a vast raft of ducks. We didn't leave until the earth had turned clean around and it was dark again.



"I just can't understand why a nice woman like you isn't married."

CHILDREN OF LIGHT

(continued from page 128)

going to let him climb on top of you. I've been high on you for five hundred miles and when I get here, you're playing footsie with that big swamp rat."

"Gordon, you just don't understand anything at all. I was fooling him," she said. "They said I had to. They said he'd write about me."

"Who said?"

"Well, Charlie. And Jack and Walter."

"Forget about him. I don't think it matters what he writes."

Standing with Lu Anne in his arms, Walker saw Lowndes appear at the far end of the corridor. Lowndes stood watching them with an expression that appeared vaguely benign. He was uglier upright, slope-shouldered and paunchy, a poor soul. After a moment, he went his way.

They made love for an hour or so. Once, she told him that she had joy in his arrival; her words, while their spell lasted, swept away his weariness and anger. Later, they slept.

When he awoke, the sun was up. He quietly went to his stash for cocaine. He took the drug and his works into the bathroom.

As he was chopping the crystalline powder, the door flew open and she was standing in the bathroom doorway, laughing.

"Aha!" she cried. "Gotcha!"

In a pink bungalow at the top of the hill, the Drogues were whiling away the afternoon watching films in which people walked into the sea and disappeared forever. They had watched Bruce Dern in *Coming Home*, Joan Crawford in *Humoresque* and James Mason in the second *A Star Is Born*. Fredric March and Janet Gaynor were on the outsized screen before them. March stood clad in his bathrobe in the character of Norman Maine.

"Hey," he called to Janet Gaynor, "mind if I take just one more look?"

Old Drogue picked up the remote-control panel and stopped the frame. His eyes were filled with tears.

"Listen to me," he told the others. "This guy was the greatest screen actor of all time. That line—the emotion under it—controlled, played exactly to movie scale. There was never anyone greater."

"Wellman was good," the younger Drogue said.

"The vulnerability," old Drogue said, "the gentleness, the class of the man. Never again a Fredric March. What a guy!" He let the film proceed and settled back. "You see what I mean?"

"Look at the nostrils on Gaynor," young Drogue said. "She acted with her nose."

"Do I have to remind you that she started before sound?"

The younger Drogue studied the images on the screen.

"Her face suggests a cunt," he said.

The old man sighed.

"I don't know why it does," young Drogue said. "It just does."

"You're a guttersnipe," said Drogue Sr.

"Something about the woman's face, Dad. It makes a crude but obvious reference to her genitals."

"Some people are brought up in poverty," the old man said, "and they become cultivated people. Others grow up spoiled rotten and become guttersnipes."

"You look at her face," young Drogue declared, "and you think of her pussy." His brows were knotted in concentration. "Can that be the primal element in female sexual attraction? Can it explain Janet Gaynor?"

On the screen, Fredric March's body double was wading toward the setting sun. This time it was Drogue Jr. who stopped the frame.

"This one was the best," his father said smugly. "Of all the walk-into-the-ocean movies, this one was it."

"In the Mason-and-Judy Garland," his son told him, "the Cukor version, the scene's the same. Frame for frame."

"The scene is conditioned by what's around it. The other one is a Judy Garland film. Entirely different thing."

Young Drogue went pensive.

"Well," he said, "with Judy Garland, now, see, she. . . ."

"Stop," his father said sternly. "I don't want to hear it. Whatever idiotic obscenities you were about to utter—keep them to yourself. I don't want to hear your sexual theories about Judy Garland. I want to go to my grave without hearing them."

They watched Norman Maine's funeral and the end of the film.

The chimes of the main door sounded. Drogue minor rose to his feet and lifted the drawn shutters to peer out.

"It's Jack Best," he said. "But he doesn't look his Jack best, ho, ho."

"Please don't be rude to Jack," his father told him. "He has a job, the same as you. And he's been doing stills for us."

"He's been underfoot with his stills," the young director said, going to the door.

He opened it to Best, who did, in fact, appear ill and unhappy.

"Jack, baby," he said cheerfully, "did you come for a drink?"

Best mastered a slight spasm of his jaw. He took a drink from young Drogue and swallowed half of it.

"So what do you want here, Jack? Where's your camera?" Drogue Jr. asked.

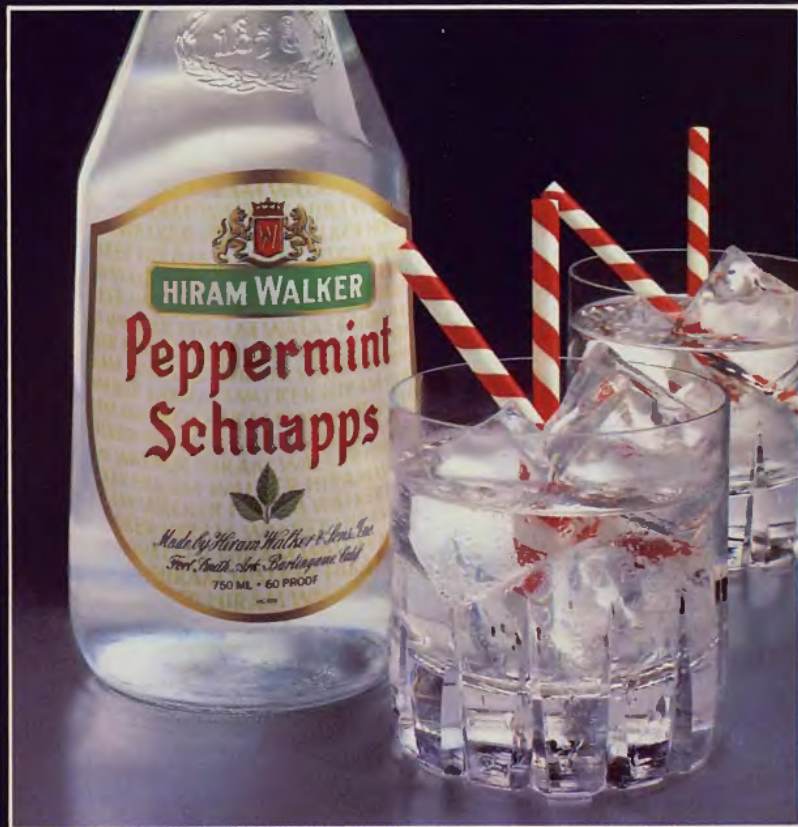
Best finished his drink and looked lugubriously about the room. His eyes were bright with the squamous resentment of an old snapping turtle.

"We got trouble," he said. He was holding a magazine in his hand. He opened it to reveal a photograph that had been inserted between its pages. He put the magazine aside and clutched the photograph to his breast.

(continued overleaf)

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"What's the pic, Jack?" young Drogue asked.

Best looked from father to son in a state of agitation. He showed his teeth like a frightened pony.

"Lu Anne Verger," Jack said. "And Walker. They been shackled up all night and day."

The Drogues exchanged glances.

"Yeah?" young Drogue asked. "So what?"

Best tried to hand his picture to the old man. His son intercepted it.

"Walker been mistreating you, Jack?" young Drogue asked, turning the picture face up. "He's such a troublesome guy."

He looked at the picture for some time.

The photographs were sunlit shots of Lu Anne and Walker naked in bed. Walker was holding a small, shiny rectangle while Lu Anne sniffed at its surface through a straw.

Young Drogue handed the picture to his father. "So what's this, Jack? A handout?"

"They got a whole bunch like this," the aged publicist croaked urgently. "It's a shakedown." He turned rather desperately to old Drogue. "Right, Wally? Like when Eddie Ritz had those pictures of Mitch? That's what it's like."

Drogue Sr. looked from the picture to his old friend. He shook his head sadly, put the print down and walked out of the bungalow.

Finding himself abandoned to the director, Best began to shake. The ice in his glass tinkled audibly.

Young Drogue watched him with a bemused smile. "This is odd; I think these were taken very recently. I think they were taken here. On our very own location."

"It's a shakedown," Best croaked.

"I see," young Drogue said. "What shall we do, Jack? I mean, I've heard of

these things happening in the business. But I've never actually encountered it until now."

Jack cleared his throat. He looked from side to side in a conspiratorial fashion.

Drogue put a cupped hand to the side of his mouth.

"You can talk here, Jack," he whispered.

"Righto. It was Madriaga," Jack told him. Madriaga was the *jefe* of the unit's Mexican teamsters, a vicious, clownish former policeman. "He come up to me. He was a cop, you see. They went to him. The ones that took the shots. He come to me. They want five big ones. Or they put it out. The reporter that's here. They would give it to him. And around. Europe. England and France. World-wide. It's like before. You could ask your father. When Eddie Ritz had those pictures of Mitch."

"Bless my soul, Jack," Drogue said, "I can't understand a word you're saying. What are big ones, Jack?"

"A grand," Jack said urgently. "A thou." His voice rose in panic. "A thousand dollars."

Drogue took Jack's empty glass from his unsteady hand.

"Jack," Drogue Jr. said, "that's blackmail. Who would do such a thing? Not someone on our set. Not one of our own."

Best began to titter and chatter in an almost simian fashion.

"Plenty of them. They don't have any—they don't care anymore. They treat you like dirt. Just look around. They aren't any good, Walter. They'll make bad publicity. Shit where they eat."

"I'm no good at this," Drogue said dejectedly. "I can't even follow you. What do we have to do, Jack? Will it involve telling Charlie? Will I have to give you money?"

"I could tell you," Jack stammered, "if you ask your old man. I can handle them. Shakedown artists. I got ways. Like when they had Mitch's picture."

"The inside of a Mexican jail," Drogue said with hearty indignation. "That's the place for these dirty blackmailers. How about that, Jack?"

"No," Jack said.

"No?" Young Drogue picked up the wireless house telephone on one of his bookshelves and began to dial. "You think not, Jack? Think we should pass on that one? A no-no?"

"No cops," Jack said. "I mean, Mexican cops? I mean, you'd gotta be crazy. You gotta leave it to me. I can handle it."

"Axelrod!" Drogue said into the receiver. "I got this grotesque situation to cope with. You want to give me a hand?" He looked up at Best. "A man's supposed to be an artist," he said ill-temperedly. "Instead, he ends up as a carny boss."

Best could not reply. His face was trapped in the *rictus horribilis* of his own smile. No matter how hard he attempted

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to disengage his features from their merry aspect, he was unable to do so.

A brisk, alarming triple knock sounded against the bungalow door. The sound was muted and urgent and had nothing of good news about it.

Walker had been reading *New York Arts* on the patio while Lu Anne slept. He put the magazine aside and opened the door to Axelrod.

"You're a stupid fuck," the unit manager told him.

Walker was taken aback. Openings like Axelrod's usually presaged a narrative of nights forgotten, and he was quite certain that he could account for the entire period since his arrival.

"Look at this," Axelrod said and handed him the envelope of photographs. When Walker had looked at them, he went back to the patio table where he had been reading and sat back down. Axelrod followed him.

"Taken today, right, Gordon?"

"No question."

"You never heard of shades?"

Walker looked out to sea. A darkening cloud bank hovered on the horizon, supporting a gorgeous half rainbow.

"Basic precautions, Gordon," Axelrod said in an aggrieved tone. "A little discretion. You think you have nothing but friends around here?"

"I thought you got to do everything and

they didn't care anymore."

"Did you, Gordon? I got news for you. Even today there are things you don't do. You don't snort blow in your front window with the shades up. If you do, you can find yourself in a seven-million-dollar production without a dime's worth of insurance. If our insurers, Gordon—you listening to me?—if our insurers had these pictures, they would cancel our insurance forthwith and this thing could close down today."

"That's a worst-case scenario, isn't it?"

"Gordon, Gordon," Axelrod said with a mirthless smile, "this could have been a bad case. Remember Wright's picture for Famous Studios? Coke on the set? The stockholders went apeshit. And it's not only a matter of insurance. There's a theory around that ripped people make lousy movies."

"Lu Anne's asleep," Walker said. He rested his cheekbones on his fists and looked down at the uppermost print. "They're in color," he said. "Far out."

"What did you think, asshole? That they'd have a black border? Look at yourself. You look like a vampire."

Walker found the image troubling.

"The straw came out nice. Like a little barber pole." He looked up at Axelrod. "Who took them?"

"Jack Best."

Walker nodded. "I thought it might have been Jack. Trying to relive his heroic past."

"He used to get pictures back for us all the time. If you wanted pictures back, you went to him. Half the time, he probably set the people up. This time, he claimed his principals wanted five thousand dollars. Depression prices. So I went over and yelled at him and he folded up."

"Didn't Walter believe him?"

"Only an idiot would have believed him. You could see his mind work through the holes in his head."

"It's sad," Walker said. "I mean, he taught me how to read a racing form. Poor Jack. Tell him he can take my picture any time he wants, but I wish he'd leave my friends alone."

"He's finished, Gordon. He's going where Winchell and Kilgallen went."

"A tragedy," Walker said. "Do we have all the pictures back?"

"He says he put one print under Dongan Lowndes's door."

"Do we have to worry about what Lowndes thinks of us?" Walker asked. "He's supposed to be a gentleman. He'll give us the picture back."

"Gordon," Axelrod said, "let me tell you something that's also funny. I just tossed the gentleman's room. I went through his gear as completely as I could without leaving traces. The print's not there."

"Maybe Jack was lying."

"I don't think so." Axelrod took a chair in the shade. "I think Lowndes has it. If

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he was going to give it back, he would have done it by now."

"That's not very nice of him," Walker said. "But then, he isn't very nice, is he?"

"Not in my opinion. In my opinion, he's a smart prick."

"He's worse than that," Walker said. "He's an unhappy writer."

Axelrod mixed himself a drink from the setup on the umbrella table beside him.

"It's not good," he said. "These shots kick around—sooner or later, they end up in print."

Walker watched the sea-borne rainbow fade into blue-gray cloud.

"It wouldn't hurt this picture," Axelrod went on. "It wouldn't help you much. But I wouldn't think it could hurt you much, either."

"People would get the impression I take drugs," Walker turned toward the bungalow's bedroom window. The blinds were closed. "But Lu Anne may be in a divorce court presently."

"Careerwise also," Axelrod said. "If it got around that she had this—you understand me."

"They're such depressing pictures," Walker said, raising one with his thumb and forefinger.

"Some things you do," Axelrod observed, "you don't want to see yourself doing."

Walker stared at the picture and shook his head in disgust.

"She caught me with it," he explained. "It's very hard to say no to Lu Anne."

"I know that, Gordon. I understand."

"It's very irritating, Lowndes's keeping the picture. What a cheap stunt!"

"No class," Axelrod said. "No self-respect."

Walker looked out to sea.

"Of course, it might make a good lead," he said, "if he was writing a certain kind of story."

"You think so?"

"I'm writing for *New York Arts*," Walker said. "Here's my lead: 'On the third day after my arrival at *The Awakening's* Bahía Honda location, a package arrived at my feet, having been slid under my bungalow door. Naturally, I assumed it contained the daily trades . . . ha-ha, jape, flourish, etc. Imagine my—and so forth—when upon opening it I find it to contain a photograph of two of the principal artists naked in bed, apparently in the act of scoffing I know not what, tooting up, coke and the movies, sordidness and blackmail, hooray for Hollywood, movies as metaphor, crazy California, decline of the West, *ad astra ad nauseam!*' You like my lead?"

"It's a colorful lead," Axelrod thought about it. "As a completely blind item," he said, "it might not be so bad. It might even be a little . . . good." He shrugged.

"Man, Lowndes is going to make this location look like Bosch's *Garden*."

"We gotta nudge Mr. Lowndes a little. So he gives us back our print. I mean," Axelrod said, "it would be great not to

have to tell Charlie about this."

"What we have to do," Walker said, "is make him understand he's playing in the wrong league. Make him understand his position."

"Right," Axelrod said.

"We have to make him look down and see where he's liable to fall. We'll tell him how we see the big ones and the little ones fall every day. Like sparrows."

"Yeah," Axelrod said. He smiled. "Let's tell him that, Gordon."

Around sundown, Axelrod walked into the Drogues' bungalow with his envelope full of photographs. Young Drogue was watching a Spanish-language soap opera on their television set. Axelrod set the envelope before him.

"Should I be overjoyed?" Drogue asked. "Is this all of them?"

"All except one print. Dongan Lowndes has it."

"Jack gave it to Lowndes? But that's ridiculous."

Axelrod presented Walker's theory of the picturesque lead with Jack's photograph to support it.

"Somehow," Drogue said, "I find it hard to take this dopey snapshot seriously."

"According to Walker, Lowndes is gonna really dish it to us. He says the *N.Y.A.* story will make this location look like Butch's Garden."

"What's that?" Drogue asked. "Some S/M joint known only to weirdos?"

"He means Lowndes is gonna make us look bad. That's what he thinks."

"Christ," Drogue said irritably. "Does Charlie know about this? He'll make the night horrible with his cries."

Axelrod shook his head.

"I think it's a minor matter," Drogue said. "It would be nice if we could sort it out without bothering Charlie. Can you get the damn thing back?"

"We're gonna suggest to Mr. Lowndes that he do the right thing."

"Don't start bouncing him off walls. Then we'll really be in the shit."

"What I'd like to do," Axelrod said, "I'd like to have the local police athletic league take his head for a couple of laps around the municipal toilet bowl. Except we'd have to pay *mordida* and the pigs would probably swipe the print."

"If he's unfriendly," Drogue said, "be my guest. Put the screws to him. Just don't give him anything to sue about."

"We're gonna make him sweat," Axelrod said. "If he doesn't deliver, maybe we should throw him off the set."

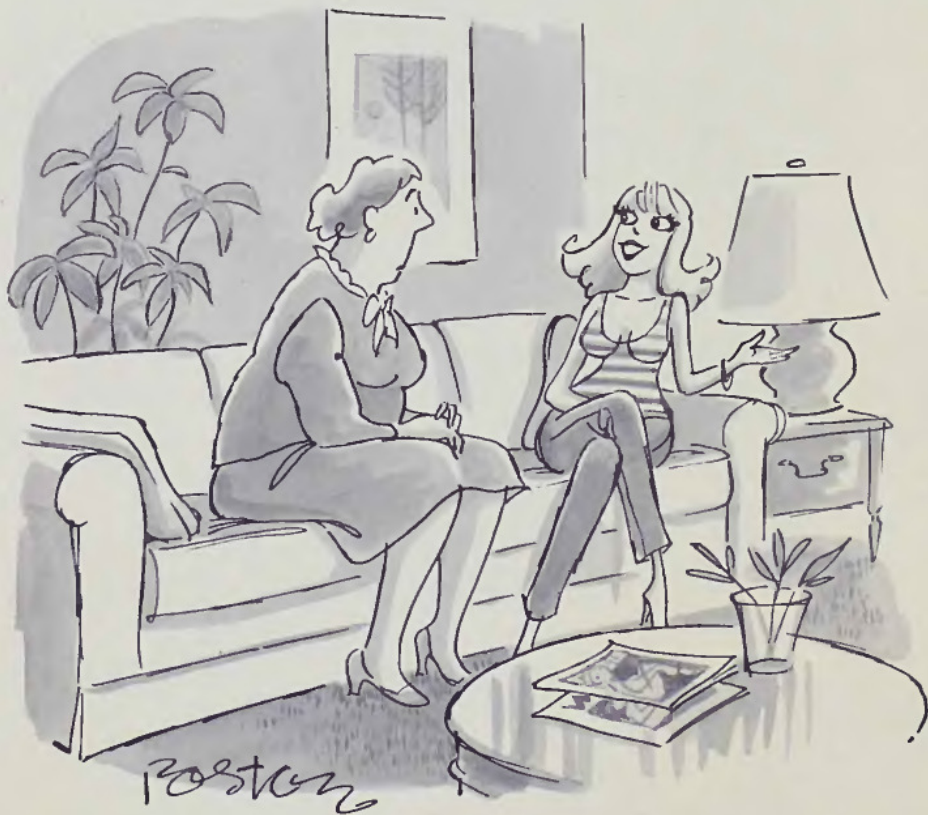
"Let's see how it goes," Drogue said. "Charlie's instinct will be to buy him out. Put him on the payroll. Option his next book. Wait and see."

"You should advise him not to do that."

"I can't advise him," Drogue said. "My father can advise him. Not me."

"What are you gonna do with Jack?"

"I should pour salt down his throat and make him walk to Tijuana. But since he's



"But I'm still a virgin, Mom . . . I only give blow jobs."

Dad's old pal, I guess I'll pay him off and fly him home. For my father's sake."

"That's Christlike."

"Damn right," Drogue Jr. said. He picked up one of the photographs and examined it. "This is a truly ugly picture," he said. "I'll never be able to look at these two turkeys in the same light."

"Walker's into it."

"Walker's a bum," Drogue said. "He's going to end up like Jack."

"A lot of them do," Axelrod said.

"He's got no survival skills," the director said. He looked at the picture again. "Neither of them have."

Bathed, anointed, as cool and clean as chastity, Lu Anne climbed the lighted path. Walker came behind her, walking carefully. They passed a garden bar and lighted tennis courts, following a yucca-bordered path that led to Charlie Freitag's *casita*.

The *casita's* sunken patio was lit by flickering torches, set at intervals along its border of volcanic stone. A party of grim *mariachis* was performing; its music seemed strangely muted to Lu Anne, as if each brass note were instantly carried off on a swift, impalpable wind.

Axelrod appeared from the darkness. He smiled at her and hurried past, approaching Walker.

Across the patio from the musicians was

a walled barbecue pit where white-capped chefs labored over a spitted joint. The air was smoky with roasting beef. A great caldron of boiling sauce stood to one side of the pit and, nearby, a company of men in *toques blancs* sharpened carving knives. The waiters had set up a buffet and a long, well-attended bar.

Axelrod and Walker were conspiring.

"Fuck him, then," she heard Walker say. "Is he here?"

"Not yet," Axelrod answered. He turned to Lu Anne. "How are you, Lu?"

"A little tired," she said. "Is everything all right?" In the patio below, Freitag's guests were mingling, carrying their drinks among the cloth-covered buffet tables.

"It's fine," Walker assured her. "Just. . . ." He paused; both he and Axelrod were watching Lowndes descend into the garden, making for the bar.

"Let's get down there," Axelrod said.

Smiling, unclear of vision, Lu Anne strolled among the guests with Walker. He was conducting her to Charlie.

She went to him in expectation of an elaborate greeting, but he simply took her by the hand. His fondness seemed so genuine that it made her sad. She thought she could feel Walker beside her grow tense with a suitor's unease, as though Charlie were his rival.

"You lovely girl," Charlie said. "You champion." He turned to Walker. "Want to ask me if I like the movie?"

"You like it," Walker said. "Have you spoken to Walter?"

In the grip of his emotion, Freitag turned and sought young Drogue among his guests.

"Walter," he fairly shouted.

Drogue made his way to Freitag's side. Charlie raised his glass. "Like father, like son."

"It ain't over till it's over, Charlie," young Drogue said.

Freitag's eye fell on Lowndes.

"Mr. Lowndes," he said, "you've been lucky. You've seen this business at its best. You've seen a fine picture made by serious people, and it doesn't get any better than that."

"I wouldn't have missed it for the world," Lowndes said thickly.

"Maybe we can get you to come out and work with us someday."

Ignoring Charlie, Lowndes looked at Lu Anne for a moment and turned to Walker.

"Would I like it?" he asked. "What do you think?"

"Well," Walker told him, "it beats not working." Everyone laughed, as though he had said something funny.

"Hey, Charlie," Axelrod asked, putting his arm under Lowndes's, "how long has it been since we had to buy pictures off some wise fuck?"

"What kind of pictures?" Freitag asked.

"Yes," Lu Anne asked, "what kind of pictures?"

"I don't know what you goddamn people are talking about," Lowndes said. "What are you so worried about? Isn't there a clear conscience in the crowd here?"

"Don't follow the counsels of drink, Lowndes," Walker said. "Liquor's not your friend. Tomorrow, we'll have a conference call—you and Axelrod and your people at N.Y.A. It'll work out great. Everybody will make out great."

"What pictures?" Freitag asked. "What pictures have you got, Mr. Lowndes?"

"Charlie," old Drogue said, "let them work it out."

Lu Anne went to Freitag and took his arm. Lowndes watched her hungrily.

"He's a reporter," Lu Anne said. "He must have a hot picture and he wants to be paid off."

The information seemed to depress Freitag utterly.

"How do you like the sound of that, Lowndes?" Walker asked. "He can write the birds out of the trees, this guy. The good fairies brought him insight and invention and sound. But the bad fairy took his balls away."

"Don't provoke him," Lu Anne said.

"So here he is," Walker said. "He's got all this great stuff going for him. He's a first-class writer and a fourth-rate human being. He doesn't have the confidence or the manliness to manage his own talent. He doesn't have the balls."

"But you would, would you?" young



Liberty's head was displayed at the Paris Universal Exhibition of 1878. Visitor admissions helped pay for construction of the rest of the statue.



Culver Pictures

WE'RE PLEDGING MILLIONS TO HELP A LADY IN DISTRESS.

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STROH

We haven't lost the family touch.

Drogue asked Walker. "If you were as good as you claim he is, you'd be one terrific human being. Is that what you're telling us?"

"If I was that good," Walker said, "I would never waste a moment. I'd be at it night and day. I'd never take a drink or drug myself or be with a woman I didn't love."

"Listen to him," old Drogue said. "You try to tell people writers are assholes and nobody listens."

"Lu Anne, you're a sweet woman," Lowndes said. "You don't belong with this pack of dogs."

Freitag gasped.

"All right, fucker," Axelrod said. He tried to take hold of Lowndes, but the writer got by him.

Lowndes had bulled his way past Axelrod and was headed for Freitag and Lu Anne. He had lost his glasses and he staggered.

Her teeth clenched, Lu Anne made a swipe at Lowndes's face.

Lowndes raised his hands to protect himself. Walker stepped in and gently pulled her back.

Lowndes had backed up against an adjoining table. He had lowered his head into something like a boxer's stance, and his fists, only half clenched, were raised before his face. His pale-brown, myopic eyes, tearful and angry like a child's, darted from side to side, trying to focus on the enemy center.

It was enraging to see the man in such a posture, Walker thought. His insides churned with anger and with pity and loathing.

"Get away from me, you bitch," Lowndes shouted at Lu Anne.

Walker was uncertain whether Lowndes had tried to strike her or not. He hesitated for a moment, decided the loose fists were

provocation enough and decided to go, coke confident. He felt drunk and sick and ashamed of himself; Lowndes would pay for it. He heard Axelrod shout something about the picture and Freitag cry that enough was enough. Walker had lived through some dozen bar fights. He was not an innocent and Lowndes was offensive and, he imagined, easy. He was making fierce faces, his right hand floating somewhere back of beyond in the ever-receding future, when Lowndes decked him with a bone-ended ham fist all the way from Escambia County. There was a brief interval during which he was unable to determine whether he was still or in motion.

"You bastards!" Lowndes was screaming. "You bloodsuckers. I'll kill every one of you."

Walker felt the side of his face. He suffered the brief impression of having been shot in the head. After a moment, he concluded that he had not been mortally wounded, but there was blood on his face and not much vision in his left eye. He struggled to stand and after an effort succeeded. No one helped him. He reached into his pocket for his handkerchief; his hand came out glistening with coke crystals. He licked them off.

When he stood up, he saw that Axelrod had Lowndes by an arm and was forcing him to his knees.

"Shake him!" Axelrod was shouting. "Chrissakes!"

Axelrod held fast to Lowndes's formidable right arm; Freitag, trembling with rage, was holding him by the left. Freitag's face was pale and contorted, his teeth bared. It was a side of Charlie that Walker had never seen before. He stared in confusion at the mass of struggling men, trying to clear his head. Everyone seemed to be shouting at him. Lu Anne was backing away, expressionless. Walker started

toward her.

"Walker," Freitag said calmly. "Get it. He's wearing it."

As Axelrod and Freitag held the writer down, Walker ripped open Lowndes's aloha shirt. Axelrod swore in exasperation. "Hey, try his wallet, will you? You think he's got it taped to his ass?"

Walker got Lowndes's wallet and, sure enough, there it was, bent at the edge because it was a little too large to fit into the billfold. He took it out and tossed the wallet aside and rested on one knee. Then he stood up and handed the picture to Freitag without looking at it.

The producer looked at the photograph and then at Walker in the manner of an official inspecting a passport.

"It's us, Charlie," Walker said. "What can I tell you?"

"Europe," Axelrod said. "Some rag like *Oggi*." He was breathing heavily, holding Lowndes by the arm. "They'd eat it up."

"Yes," Freitag said primly. With a shudder of rectitude, he ripped the picture in half.

In the next instant, Lu Anne turned and bolted down the path. Walker hesitated for a moment and went after her. He lost her at the first forking of the lighted stone pathway. When he heard a car engine turn, he sprinted for the driveway.

Racing through the deserted lobby, he saw one of the company's limousines make a turn in the circular driveway before the entrance. Lu Anne was in the back seat. As the car accelerated toward the main gate, Walker overtook it in one desperate rally and pounded on the rear door. She had it stop for him. Panting, he climbed inside beside her.

After they had driven for a while, she leaned against him and closed her eyes. He felt as though her weariness were compounded with his own.

"He had a picture of us, didn't he?" she asked.

"It doesn't matter anymore."

When they passed the gate, another car fell in behind them. Walker asked the driver who it was.

"*La seguridad*," the driver told him.

"Why would he want a picture like that?" she asked. "Of us? He didn't seem like that kind of man."

"He wasn't," Walker said. "He just got drunk and foolish. Anyway," he told her, "he's fucked."

"Gordon," Lu Anne said, "I think I need a rest, you know?"

"We'll drive until it's light," Walker said. "Then we'll go back."

"We'll rest," Lu Anne said in a lifeless voice. "And then we'll pray. We'll have a quiet hour."

"You bet," Walker said.



"Begging the general's pardon, sir . . . but that is not my erection, sir. It belongs to the trooper who is standing in the rank behind me!"



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The world's most civilized spirit

PLAYBOY

ON - THE - SCENE

what's happening, where it's happening and who's making it happen

HABITAT

There's a mighty slick video uprising going on, and it's happening at Hayman-Chaffey Designs, a showroom at 137 East 25th Street in Manhattan. Hayman-Chaffey's high-low TV cabinet once and for all solves the problem of where to hide the one-eyed monster when you're not watching *The Playboy Channel* or *Dynasty*. At the

push of a switch or a remote-control button, the video screen (or computer, stereo system, bar or anything weighing up to 400 pounds) lowers into a sleek cabinet with a superglossy chip-, stain- and alcohol-resistant Vitricor finish that's available in just about any hue you can imagine and some that you can't. It's an uprising we like. You will, too.

RICHARD IZUI



Above: Hayman-Chaffey's high-tech electronic high-low video cabinet measures 66½" x 34½" x 23" and houses everything up to a 25" screen. Add another 30½" of television and you have a unit that finally puts the boob tube at an optimum viewing height, all for \$3950. The TV shown is a 25" Proton 602M, from Thalia Hi-Fi Audio, New York, that's \$1740, including cable-ready tuner and matching speakers. Rise up!

ENVIRONMENT

Just program the pampering," says the promotional leaflet for Kohler's Masterbath, and this is one instance in which the ad is an understatement. Are you tired of having a bathroom that just *sits* there? Has the thrill of the electric toothbrush worn off? Is bathing a bore? No more. For the price of a new car, you can own one of the ultimate luxuries—a bathing environment that responds to

your every whim at the touch of a button. Be Neptune, Apollo or Eros, calling the water or the sun to soothe your muscles or to set up the perfect romantic situation. Wind, rain, sun, sauna, steam—they're all at your command in a setting created by the most recent commingling of high fashion and high technology. The Environment Masterbath is the opposite of a sensory-deprivation tank—there's so



much to do in this self-contained spa that the outside world may soon pale by comparison. The world of the Masterbath has its limits, of course. It won't transport you physically to Tahiti, though you'll be hard-pressed to tell the difference once you're inside. It won't snow, but it won't drop acid rain on you, either. And it won't undress you, but there should be plenty of volunteers for that. (If there

aren't, there will be—right after word on what's waiting in your bath leaks out.) A few years ago, you could be the first guy on the block with a hot tub. This year, Masterbath owners will be showing off their units' teak interiors and gold-plated faucets. You can't be master of your fate, but now you can be master of your bath. And if that's not a reason to celebrate, you've been leading a very jaded life.

RICHARD IZUI



Everybody knows that the Kohler Company of Kohler, Wisconsin, gives great bathroom fixtures. Sexy faucets. Sleek-looking tubs for two. Now comes its latest entry into the world of sensuous bathing, The Environment Masterbath, and anyone laying out \$17,000 to own one should also install a turnstile to control the crowd. While it may not be nice to fool mother nature, the Masterbath does just that, bringing sun, rain, sauna, steam, whirlpool bathing and even a shower into a 91"-high x 82"-wide x 52"-deep unit that can be wall-mounted by an electrician and a plumber in less than eight hours. (Yes, the unit disassembles to fit through doorways.) The six-jet whirlpool (pictured above) is housed under a removable padded deck. Come on in; the water—and the company—is fine.



PUTTING YOUR FANTASIES TO BED

Just when you thought it was safe to crawl back into the sack and *sleep*, along comes *Bedlam*, an adult bed game (is there any other kind?) that includes a fitted multicolored sheet and an oversize spinner that helps you determine what wild-and-crazy position you and your partner will adopt next as you turn fantasy into reality. If all this sounds complicated, there are also *Anything Goes* and *Your Request* spinner stops that are guaranteed to leave nothing to the imagination. Welch Marketing, P.O. Box 3538, Lakewood, California 90711, sells the game for \$35.95, postpaid. Naughty boys.

ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO

In these curious times, it's always nice to have a fall-back position should Reagan's tax-reform plan become reality and pull the financial rug out from under everybody's Yuppie feet. Yes, there is an alternative to deductible lunches and property taxes, and that's the English-made, Victorian-style Hot Potato Handcarts that Pickwick's Victorian Kitchens, 2609 East Broadway, Tampa, Florida 33605, peddles for prices upwards of \$3495. Pushing a pushcart ensures that you get plenty of fresh air; and on cold days, you can even fill your pockets with hot potatoes—just like the famous chestnut vendors in Paris do. And when hot potatoes aren't selling, you can also cook pies, pizzas, chicken and fish in the handcarts. Write for a brochure, you old hot-potato peddler, you.



NEW WINDOW ON WINE

Kevin Zraly, New York's World Trade Center restaurants' wine director, has just written *Windows on the World Complete Wine Course* (Sterling), a hardcover book that pulls the cork on wine snobbery with its solid advice on how to select and enjoy vinos from Almadén to zinfandel. Zraly's wine course has been a sellout, and this

\$18.95 compilation of what he teaches in his class should also be a smashing success.



THRILLA FROM GODZILLA

The next time some heavy breather gives you a call, instead of wasting *your* breath, just set the receiver in the arms of a Godzilla phone holder and let the recorded voice that screams in Japanese, "The end of the world is near! The soldiers have failed to stop Godzilla!" do the talking for you. It's \$52.95, postpaid, from The Afton Toy Shop, 3290 St. Croix Trail South, Afton, Minnesota 55001. And for *serious* Godzilla fans, the table lighter is only \$19.95.





STUFFY COMPANY

Ah, there's Archibald Witherspoon, the faithful family butler, putting the moves on Claudette La Femme, the saucy French maid who never seems to learn. Both are so lifelike—in a kind of soft-sculpture way—that you'd think they were Practically People. And they are—as Practically People!, P.O. Box 3893, Minneapolis 55403, is their parent company. Archibald is 5'9" tall; Claudette, a petite 5'5". Both have flexible arms and hands—as they should for \$1400 each, F.O.B. Minneapolis. Veddy good, Archie.

KING LOUIS

The fellow who coined the phrase "Would you like to come up and see my etchings?" was Louis Icart, a French art-deco fashion artist who also specialized in lovely, leggy ladies. Icart's work is still prized, with originals going for megabucks. Fortunately, there is an alternative, and that's to check out the \$10 catalog of Icart Vendor Graphics, a company at 8568 West Pico Boulevard, Los Angeles 90035, that sells reproduction Icart's such as the 14" x 28" *Illusion* pictured here. For \$22.50, postpaid, it's a smoke dream come true.



GO TELL IT ON THE MOUNTAINS

Mountain Travel, the "adventure company" located at 1398 Solano Avenue in Albany, California 94706, has been offering lengthy, luxe journeys to exotic locales for years. Now the company has introduced a series of economical quickie escapes, and the one we're packing for is The Annapurna Skyline Trek—12 days (including a four-day hike in the Himalayas) for only \$1990 from Seattle, including air fare. And you also get two days in Bangkok. Go!



MASK BALL

Carnival time in New Orleans is great fun, but in Venice, they do it right, with elaborate costumes and masks right out of the Middle Ages. For the first time, signed-and-dated leather Venetian masks are being exported, and Pierro Vergata Interiors, a studio/gallery that's open by appointment only at 36 East 23rd Street, New York 10010, is offering them at prices beginning at \$500 and escalating to about \$1200. Hang one on the wall or wear it to bed the next time you feel frisky.



THE SPY'S THE LIMIT

Avengerniks, *Bondophiles* and even *Man from U.N.C.L.E.* junkies, take note: It's no longer a top secret that a new classy quarterly magazine named *Top Secret*, devoted to the secret-agent genre, has come in from the cold and out to subscribers. A year's subscription is \$14 sent to Caruba Enterprises, P.O. Box 1146, Maplewood, New Jersey 07040, and the first issue, with its interview with Patrick Macnee, alone, should be worth that price. The second issue? Still *top secret*.



French Pastry

This beauty is 18-year-old actress SOPHIE MARCEAU. She has been making movies since she was 14 with some of her most talented countrymen, from Catherine Deneuve to Gerard Depardieu. We caught up with her at Cannes, showing off what makes Frenchmen say, "Vive la différence!"



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Smoking Mary Jane

Here's KIM WULETICH, a.k.a. MAXI, a.k.a. one fourth of the MARY JANE GIRLS. Created, produced and coached by the irrepressible Rick James, the girls started out singing backup for him. Their own album, *Only Four You*, took off this past summer. Whatever they're selling, we're definitely buying.

PHOTO REPORTERS INC.

The Horns of Afrika

The master rapper of electronic dance-hall music is branching out. AFRIKA BAMBAATAA's debut solo effort, *Beware (The Funk Is Everywhere)*, steps out into rock 'n' roll. If that's not news enough, he toured Japan last summer with jazz and fusion musicians. Relax. He's not giving up his hip-hop roots. He's looking for new sources. And are you going to be the one to argue with him?



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Loggins Flips His Noggin

KENNY LOGGINS is doing everything right. His concerts sell out. His albums go platinum. His songs get Oscar nominations. He's durable. He's changed with the times. He's got it made.



© 1985 ROBERT MATHEU

Katrina's Trinkets

KATRINA AND THE WAVES are a very hot new band. Katrina grew up an Air Force brat, which is why being on the road is no sweat for her now. Says Katrina, "I love motel rooms, traveling and motel soap." Ah, the sweet smell of success!



© 1985 ROSS MARINO

Chest Fever

Can we pick 'em or what? The two beauties before you are actresses. On the left, K. C. WINKLER has appeared on *The A-Team* and *Riptide*. On the right, GLORIA DOUSE danced her way through the opening of the latest Bond picture, *A View to a Kill*. Bravo!

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NEXT MONTH



CINEMATIC SEX



MESSAGE RECEIVED



EROTIC DRAWINGS



BRAINY BEAUTIES

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"KLAUS KINSKI AND THE THING"—THE WILD, ANGRY STAR OF *NOSFERATU* AND *FITZCARRALDO* IS WIDELY CONSIDERED THE BEST ACTOR IN THE WORLD. HE WOULDN'T AGREE; HE DOESN'T AGREE WITH ANYTHING—BY **MARCELLE CLEMENTS**

"GETTING THE MESSAGE"—IF WRITING NOTES ON COCKTAIL NAPKINS WERE AN ART FORM, TOM COULD WIN THE NOBEL PRIZE FOR FICTION—BY **PETER NELSON**

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MIAMI VICE'S **DON JOHNSON** AND **PHILIP MICHAEL THOMAS** TALK ABOUT FASHION, SEX-STARVED WOMEN AND LIEUTENANT CASTILLO'S PRIVATE LIFE IN A REVEALING **"20 QUESTIONS"**

"WOMEN OF MENSA"—DISAPPOINTED WHEN YOU DIDN'T FIND THEM IN OUR SEPTEMBER ISSUE? YOU'LL AGREE THESE MEMBERS OF THE SMART SET ARE WORTH THE WAIT

PLUS: **ARTHUR KNIGHT'S** REPORT ON **"SEX IN CINEMA—1985"**; **DAVID OWEN'S** TIPS ON TREND SPOTTING; AND MUCH, MUCH MORE



In 1844, Queen Victoria granted the 5th Duke of Atholl the right to maintain Scotland's only private army. Now, when his successor and great-great nephew, the 10th Duke, retires for the evening, he need never issue the order, "Do not disturb." Would you? The good things in life stay that way.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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