

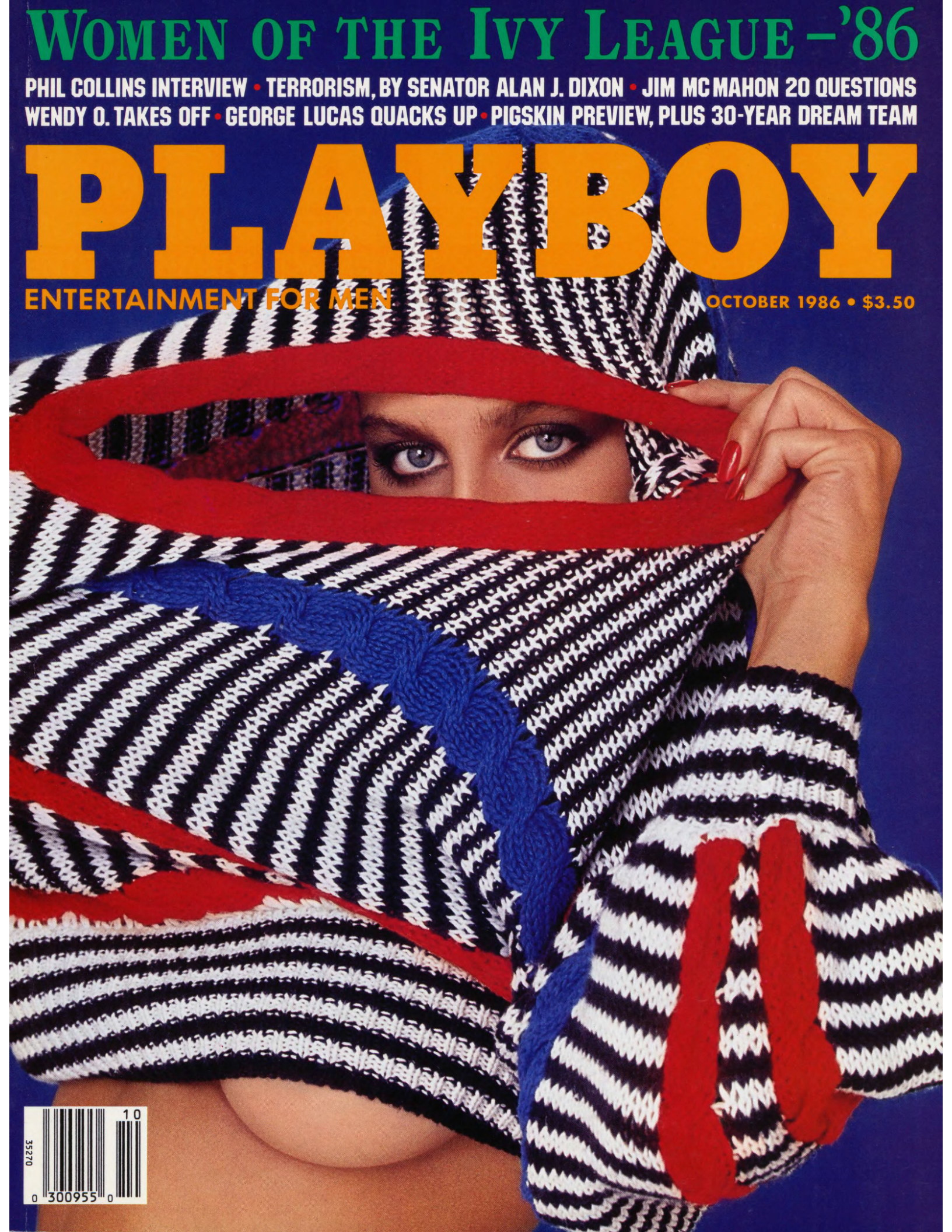
WOMEN OF THE IVY LEAGUE - '86

PHIL COLLINS INTERVIEW • TERRORISM, BY SENATOR ALAN J. DIXON • JIM MCMAHON 20 QUESTIONS
WENDY O. TAKES OFF • GEORGE LUCAS QUACKS UP • PIGSKIN PREVIEW, PLUS 30-YEAR DREAM TEAM

PLAYBOY

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Wild West Collection

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For more than a century, stores like this have supplied cowboys with gear as rugged as the kind of man it takes to buck this wild country.

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We've put together a collection of things which are still used in Marlboro Country.

So take a few minutes to come on in and look around.

Lights Kings & 100's Soft: 10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine—Kings & 100's & Menthol: 16 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb.'85—Lights 100's Box: 11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



Wild West Collection

Everything's made to hold up
under those sunbaked or storm-soaked days
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Dodge City Poker Dice

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Marlboro Range Vest

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Trail Driver Duster

Lined, water-repellent natural color canvas with corduroy collar and pearl snaps. Sizes: small, medium, large, extra large. \$97 each.



The Cattleman

Made especially for Marlboro by Resistol® with granite gray fur felt and a cattleman's crease. Complete with a braided horsehair band. Sizes: 6½ to 7½. \$65 each.

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Made by Tony Lama®. These boots are 15" high roughtop leather with two finger-pull holes, mule ears, and smooth leather lining. Half sizes from 6½ to 11; also 12 and 13. All "D" width. \$105 the pair.



The Bandera

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Wild West Collection

Canvas and brass,
leather and steel—
lasting things from untamed times.



“Rock Crusher”
This famous painting by
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in porcelain enamel with
colors individually fired
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\$30 each.

Dakota Drover Shirt

A 100% cotton workshirt with
traditional western styling.
Sizes: small (14-14½),
medium (15-15½), large (16-16½),
extra large (17-17½). \$34 each.



Remuda Lariat

Thirty feet of
nylon rope tougher than a
string of mustangs.
With a leather saddle strap.
\$25 each.

Bridle Leather Belt

Belt is 1½" wide, straight-stitched.
Sizes: small (30-34), medium (36-38),
and large (40-42). Buckle is
sculptured brass. Both \$27.



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The canvas shell, flannel lining,
snap-out blanket, and water-
resistant ground cover make it
comfortable in 25° to 60°
weather. \$150 each.





Bronc Twister Spurs

Blued steel with nickel-silver ornamentation and star rowels. Limited edition of 500. \$95 the pair.

Line Camp Lantern

Made of polished solid brass. Burns kerosene and can either hang or stand on its own. \$110 each.



Wild West Collection

Cowboys don't have much use for anything that can't be shook, thrown, stomped, or dragged in the dust.

Gunbarrel Chuck Iron

Crafted from browned steel bored at both ends. Complete with gunsights, a striker and leather thong. \$38 the set.

Saddle Slinger Bag

Built with top-grain leather, 100% wool, and solid brass fittings. Complete with detachable shoulder strap and personalized initial tag. \$150 each.

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\$10 each.

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av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb '85



Eye Contact.

"Most guys who get into contact lenses have a very good rationale. And it isn't just looks.

Mine was racing.

I felt glasses were messing up my concentration. I don't need anything in my way while I'm pushing the limits with six things to check out at once.

So at first, I wore my contacts just for driving.

It was like being born with wide-angle vision. I felt like Clark Kent when he turned into Superman. I could see everything. Front. Sides. Every detail.

Then it dawned on me. I can see this way all the time!

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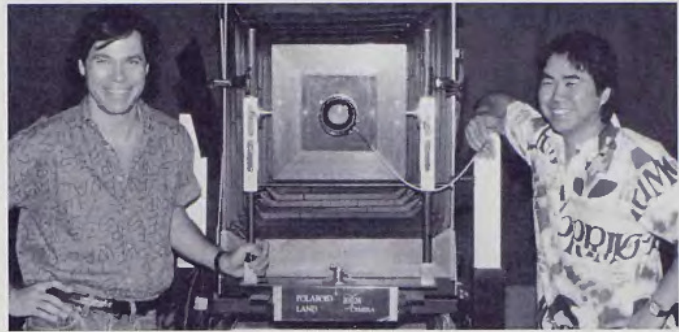
PLAYBILL

AT RIGHT, you see two guys and a gigantic box camera that looks like something Pee-wee Herman would pack for his summer vacation. Meet the 20 x 24 Polaroid Land camera, the state of the art in instant photography from Polaroid. Its prints measure 20" x 24" and develop in 65 seconds. Contributing Photographer **Richard Izui**, with the help of Polaroid consultant **John Reuter**, used the 20 x 24 for this year's really big portrait of the top collegiate football players in *Playboy's Pigskin Preview*. Yes, it's time again for our annual college football forecast, which has been masterminded over the years by our own armchair general manager, **Anson Mount**. To celebrate Mount's incredible accuracy at picking the winners and to give you something special to ponder as we begin that long Saturday journey into the Rose Bowl known as the college football season, we asked Anson to select his personal Hall of Fame for *Playboy & Budweiser Salute the Pigskin Preview*. Good sport **Kevin Cook** helped put together the dream-team package and then briskly turned around to interview Chicago Bears quarterback **Jim McMahon** for this month's *20 Questions*. We asked Cook how to tell McMahon and Mount apart. "Easy," he said. "Anson's the one with the MOZART headband."

Too bad conflicts of the international kind can't be worked out on the football field. There was a movie about that once, wasn't there? Aw, but it's too hard to keep the teams straight, especially in the expansion league of international terrorists. In *The Terror Next Time*, **U.S. Senator Alan J. Dixon** of Illinois, who is cochairman of the U.S. Senate's Anti-Terrorism Caucus, takes a hard look at plans to cope with terrorist attacks right here in the U.S. He says we'd better look out. Senior Staff Writer **James R. Petersen** has other concerns: In *Politically Correct Sex* (illustrated by **Michel Guiré Vaka**), he says that Women Against Pornography, among others, has turned sex into a political crime. It's a good thing that world and sexual politics also have their hilarious sides—and we've got them covered this month. **Paul Slansky** saw an opportunity for some laughs after the Soviet Union's newly named general secretary, Mikhail Gorbachev, became widely acclaimed for his, well, Western ways. While the world's press speculated seriously on the new modernization of the U.S.S.R., Slansky set about preparing his tidy newspaper parody: *USSR Today*. **Bruce Feirstein's** last venture for *PLAYBOY*, *Real Men Don't Eat Quiche* (May 1982), launched a new catch phrase. This time, he concentrates on a universally nerve-racking encounter in *First Dates Now* (illustrated by **Terry Widener**). It's from *Nice Guys Sleep Alone*, to be published by Dell.

Things are tough all over, and **Tony Assenza** suggests the proper automotive remedy, at least, in *Driving in the 4th Dimension*—four-wheel drive. (And while we're talking nuts and bolts, a note to those readers who've sent in orders for weird toys from the Pentagon since we excerpted *The Pentagon Catalog* last July: It's not a *real* catalog. To read all about it, send your orders to the book's publisher, Workman Publishing Company, Inc.)

This month, we introduce the winner of *PLAYBOY's* first College Fiction Contest: **Philip Simmons**, with his short story *Night Vision*. The accompanying artwork represents another first—the *PLAYBOY* premiere of famed New Wave artist **Gary Panter**, who is currently designing sets for Pee-wee Herman's new kids' TV show. Maybe we should have Polaroid send over the 20 x 24. Fiction update: Warren Murphy's short story *An Element of Surprise*, which ran in our August issue, has been included in a new anthology, *Murder in Manhattan*, published by William Morrow. Our team of intrepid *Girls of . . .* journalists has put together another campus winner—*Women of the Ivy League Revisited*, in which an impressive new group of Eastern beauties upholds a *PLAYBOY* tradition with a little help from Contributing Photographer **David Chan** and Staff Photographer **David Macey**, make-up artist/stylist **Sherral Snow** and photo assistant **Gary Hannabarger**. And, oh, yes, don't miss rock rapper **David Sheff's** interview with rock 'n' roll's number-one nice guy, **Phil Collins**, who is living proof that nice guys don't always finish last.



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DIXON



MOUNT



COOK



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PLAYBOY®

vol. 33, no. 10—october 1986

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Ivy Leaguers

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COVER STORY

Once you've outgrown Halloween, the best thing about October is that its cool weather induces great-looking women like Sharon Kaye to wear sweaters. Sharon was photographed by Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda; her make-up is by Pat Tomlinson. Perry/Hollister were stylists and Sharon's sweater is by I. B. Diffusion, Chicago. Senior Art Director Len Willis designed the cover. Where's the Rabbit? Hare today, yarn tomorrow.



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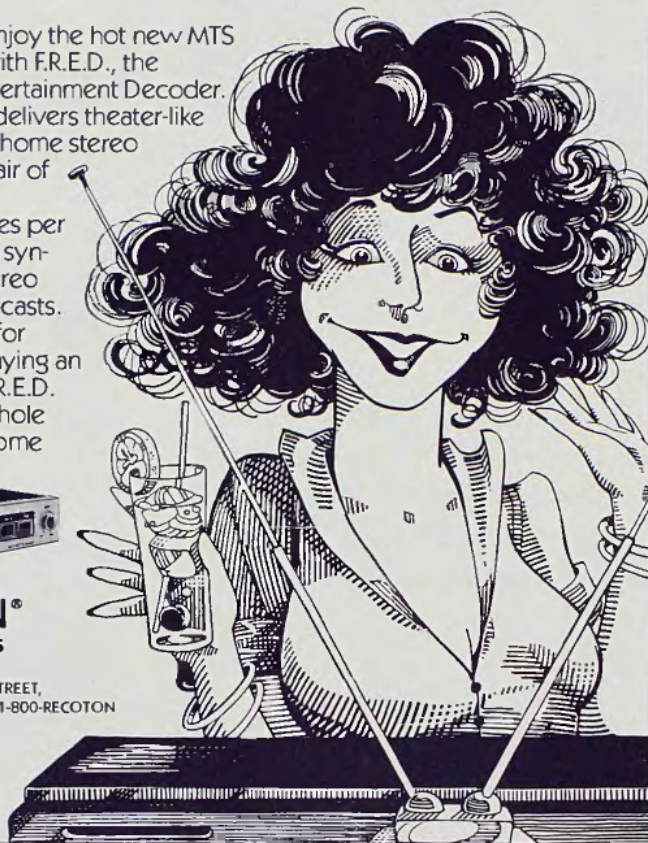


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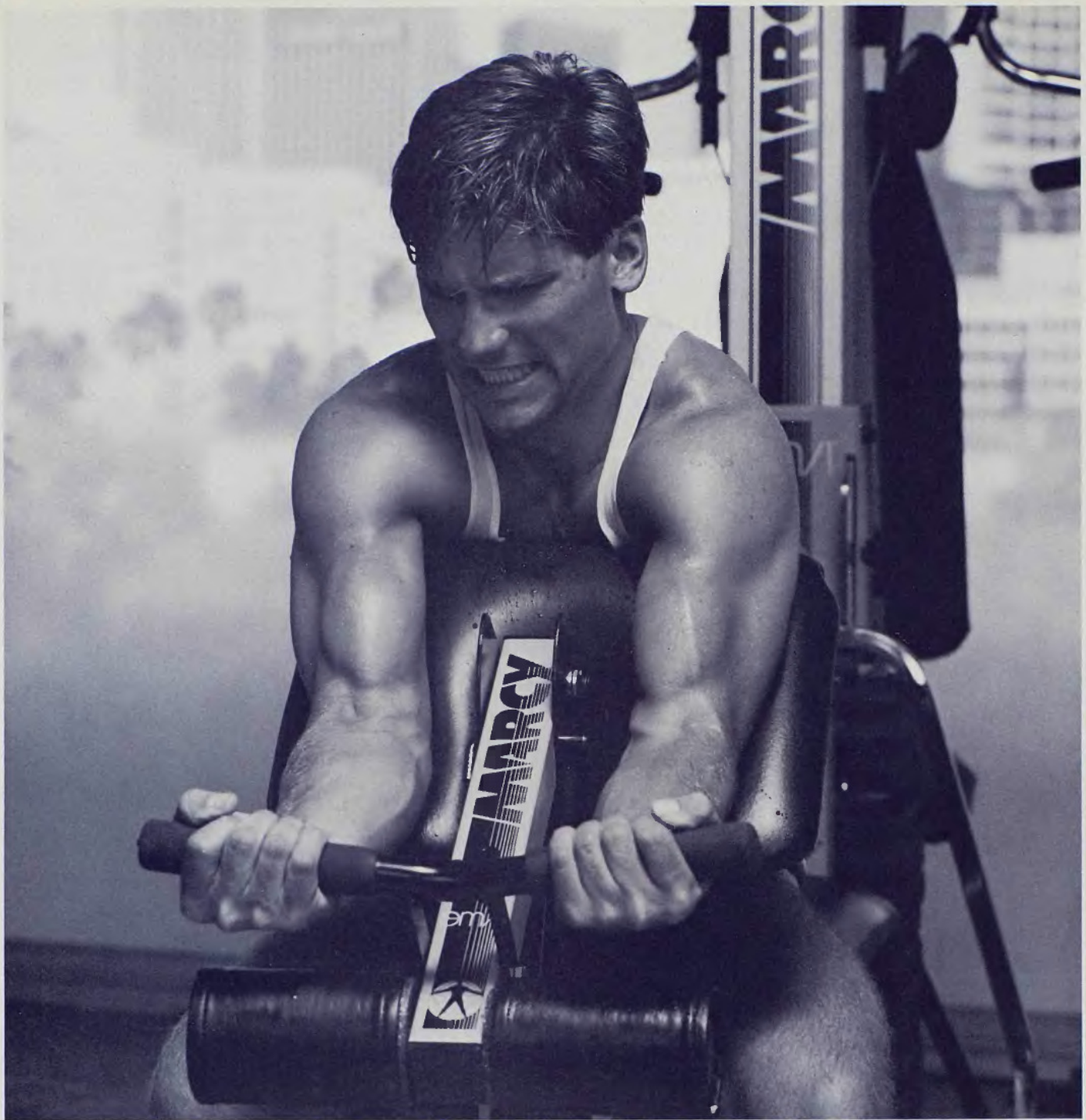


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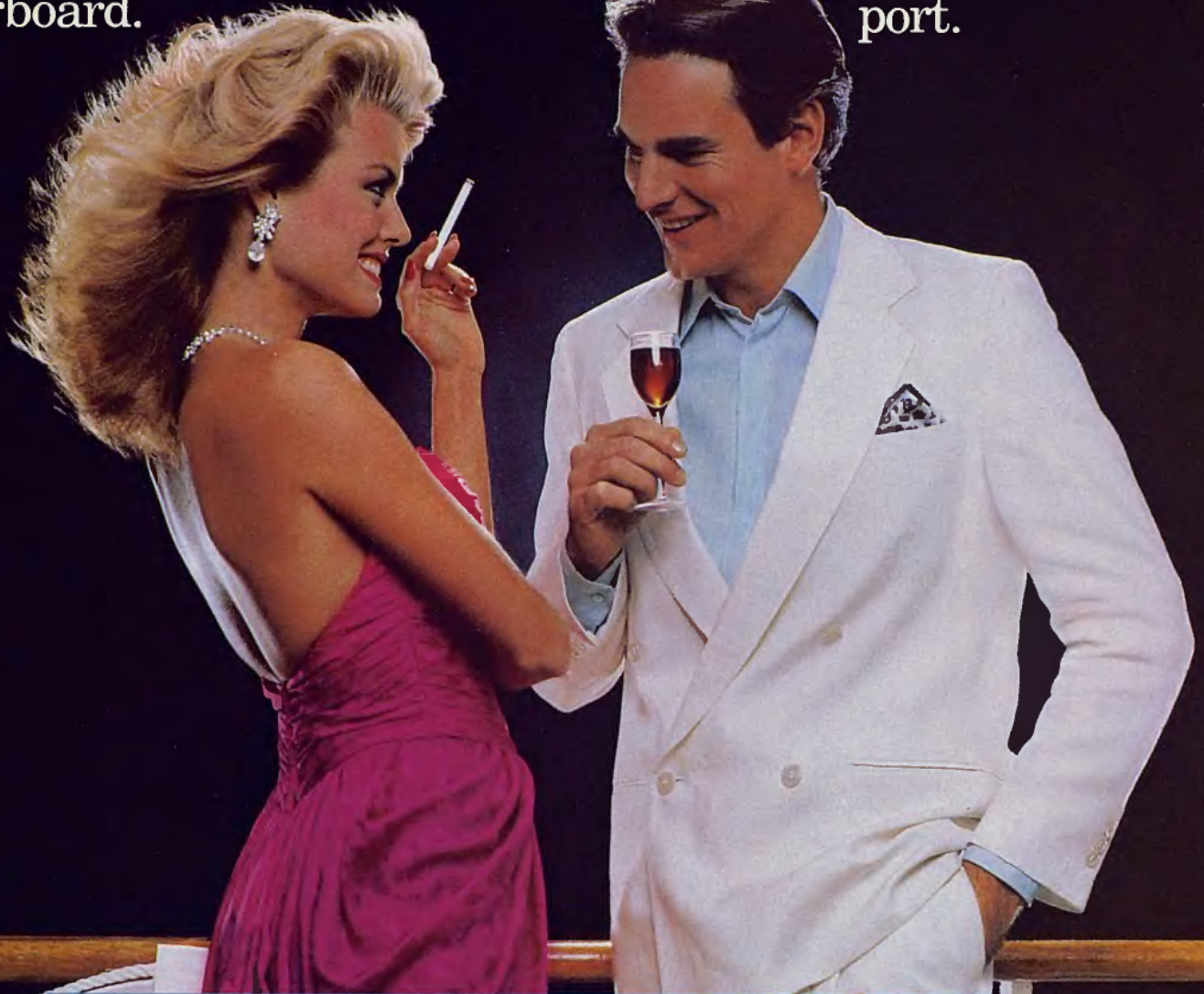
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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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

JAZZ IS KING

The eighth annual Playboy Jazz Festival was held in June at the Hollywood Bowl. M.c. Bill Cosby (upper right), flanked by L.A. mayor Tom Bradley and a few adorable Bunnies kick things off. Below left, B. B. King and Stevie Ray Vaughan wail on guitar, while jazz buffs at the sold-out bash boogie their hearts out to traditional and contemporary tunes for two terrific days and nights with the stars.



MA, THEY'RE MAKING EYES AT YOU

A beautiful and very happy Kathy Shower (below) is accompanied by her two daughters at her Playmate of the Year luncheon. Kathy is using some of her cash prize to buy them a new home.



A FISHY STORY

We took Anson Mount's 1986 college All-America football team for a little R&R at the Sheraton Bal Harbour in Florida. Fishing their brains out (from left) are Tim McDonald (USC), Rod Woodson (Purdue) and Cornelius Bennett (Alabama). Go, team, go!

FROM BEHIND THE BARN

Playboy's *Farmers' Daughters* video is available for \$19.95 at your local store. The *Farmers' Daughters* pictorial is available in your September PLAYBOY. Farmer's daughter Jackie Lorenz (right) takes in the whole back 40 from the barn door.





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BLACKLIST BACKLASH

I read Hefner's editorial *The Blacklist* (PLAYBOY, July), and I agree. This is an epidemic. These religious zealots, who are insulting to the intelligence, are attempting to violate our rights. I resent being classified as a subscriber of pornography because I read PLAYBOY.

G. Reid Lange, Jr.
Carrollton, Texas

When did a multibillion-dollar corporation become so gullible and self-righteous as to take part in censorship? For more than 20 years, I stopped by a local 7-Eleven for that occasional spur-of-the-moment need. But I'll now stop 100 percent of the time at the corner deli run by the nice Vietnamese family for that convenience. They still carry your magazine on the shelves. I guess they know a thing or two about censorship firsthand, and how dangerous it is.

Benjamin Roehr
Bellevue, Washington

I'm in the Navy, keeping America free. Now, I wonder, from what? I thought it was from communism and international terrorism. Now it's the Moral Majority and the "evangelical terrorists" at my doorstep and hanging out in Washington who keep me awake at night.

The large part of America knows that the Moral Majority supporters are slowly pulling a blanket over our eyes, letting us see only what they want us to, when they want us to. Yet everyone is standing around with his thumb up his ass, thinking somebody else will take care of it. Well, I've got a personal message for Jerry Falwell, Jesse Helms, Edwin Meese and all those other bozos who want to tell me how to live: You've pushed me too damn far, and I'll fight you, and what you stand for, till you or I no longer exist.

What's 7-Eleven gonna use for its slogan now? It sure as hell can't be "America likes the freedom."

Finally, could you please republish the

address of 7-Eleven's corporate offices? You would be doing a big service to your readers who want to write in protest.

Dan Monk
Jacksonville, Florida

Thanks for your support, Dan. We received so many letters in response to Hefner's editorial that we can publish only a sampling of them here. Several others appear in "The Playboy Forum." In answer to your request for Southland's address, write to: Chairman of the Board, Southland Corporation, 2828 North Haskell Avenue, Dallas, Texas 75204.

WRITING CLUB

I have neighbors who shun me because I still read PLAYBOY. Understandably, then, I'm delighted to be able to show them David Standish's article *From Club Sandwich to Club Paradise* (PLAYBOY, July) as an example of honest writing and really charming reporting of the new scene: grownupdom, as he calls it. The fact that David once believed everything I said (I was his freshman composition teacher) may prejudice my opinion. In any event, the tables are turned and I now believe everything *he* says.

John A. Weigel
Professor Emeritus in English
Miami University
Oxford, Ohio

CLARKE IN THE DARK?

From the time I could read, many of my ideas on science, the exploration of space and the human condition have been shaped by Arthur C. Clarke (*Playboy Interview*, July). In the 12 years that I've been working at NASA on the shuttle program, I've felt that I've been a part of the human adventure about which Clarke has talked to me all these years, including the one time I talked with him (for 30 minutes!) when I was 17. How, then, do I tell an old friend and teacher that he's wrong?

I'm saddest about your lack of what you've always been best at—perspective. By itself, the shuttle accident does *not* "show how complex the vehicle is, how

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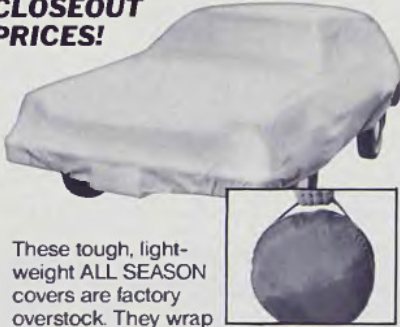
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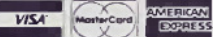
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it has to strain its guts to work." The shuttle's failure rate is one out of 25 (four percent). The failure rate for the most reliable unmanned booster in the world, Delta, is six percent; for the latest version of Titan III, greater than 20 percent. The failure rate for the most modern unmanned vehicle, the European Ariane, is 17 percent—three total disasters in only 17 launches, and that for a vehicle only 1/100th the complexity of the shuttle!

There will be no better *operational* vehicle available for the next 15 years—at least (including the British HOTOL and the American aerospaceplane). The U.S. and the rest of the free world need at least two more Orbiters to permit us to do what we need to do in space until at least the year 2000—yet articles like yours will be used by opponents to human progress to block funding for the necessary shuttles. Those same people don't want to fund HOTOL-type vehicles, either. The shuttle is the DC-3 of the space age, and without a couple more of them, we may never see the jet age of space.

Dave Huntsman
League City, Texas

So Arthur C. Clarke accepts society's stigma rather than his own personal truth when it comes to homosexuality ("I have to keep up certain standards"). Kinda seems self-serving for someone who is "not just a private citizen anymore." Why is it that all too often our heroes are simply hollow reflections of their fears, searching for integrity everywhere but inside themselves?

C'mon, Arthur, your lack of sexual esteem belies your claim to optimism. Isn't it time to put an end to the closets suffocating gays and choking us all? Isn't it time to join the real world?

Garry Doran
Los Angeles, California

SAP RAPS

Robert Rosenberg's article *Tick . . . Tick . . . Tick . . .* (PLAYBOY, July) gives a reasonably accurate description of the atmosphere in which sappers perform the delicate task of defusing car bombs. One should not, however, receive the mistaken impression that car bombings are a routine occurrence in Israel. In fact, there have been no car bombs detonated in Israel during the past two years.

Last year in Israel, there were 16 murders (criminal and terrorist combined) for every 1,000,000 residents. This compares with 45 murders per 1,000,000 residents in France and 200 murders for every 1,000,000 in New York City.

Israel is a safe country, as the statistics clearly prove.

Haim Bar-Lev
Minister of Police
Jerusalem, Israel

I read with interest Rosenberg's article. Its facts and figures are probably correct,

but I cannot help but feel that it gives an entirely wrong impression of Jerusalem. It is a city of flowers and flags rather than bombs and bullets and is surely safer than almost any American city.

Terrorist incidents do take place, but rather infrequently. But it is those incidents that interest the international press, not stories of the peaceful coexistence that is truly the guiding spirit of our city.

I would like to add that while your article will surely be the bane of our chamber of commerce and tourist office, I feel that it does convey the just recognition and gratitude due our sappers, whose courage and bravery can never sufficiently be acknowledged or rewarded.

Teddy Kollek, Mayor
Jerusalem, Israel

CARRIE ON!

I've been getting PLAYBOY for the past 17 years (I am 33), and have therefore kept up with the ladies in Hef's life from Barbi to Sondra to Shannon and now *Carrie Leigh* (PLAYBOY, July). I feel so sad for poor Hef and his predicament. How utterly trying it must be to keep the company of such gorgeous creatures, while at the same time maintaining the ultimate lifestyle in clothes, cars and just plain (hardly the proper terminology) living.

I, therefore, being the magnanimous person that I am, have decided to offer my services to Hefner as a stand-in for some of his more difficult days of excellent living. After all, even God rested on the seventh day. Surely, Hef must have those occasional days when he just feels he can't get out of bed.

My only drawbacks are that I'm a little overweight, ugly and poor. But, heck, I'm offering to do the job without remuneration.

William H. Beck
Raleigh, North Carolina

Hugh, Hugh—you old dog, you. Congratulations on your best-looking girlfriend to date. She knocks my eyes out! If the relationship fizzles, some warm T.L.C. will be waiting for her in K.C. But until that time—enjoy.

Jay A. Wiedenmeyer
Kansas City, Missouri

CRUISE MISSILES

After reading your *20 Questions* with Tom Cruise (PLAYBOY, July), I felt the need to write to congratulate him. It's such a pleasure to see that there are sensitive, considerate and thoughtful men such as he. It's good to know, in this modern day of *machismo*, that sensitivity and romance are still alive!

Nancy A. Leon
Rockaway, New Jersey

I'm that girl that Tom Cruise is looking for. I know I am! Some girls just want his body, but I want more than that. I want the part of him no one can see: the inside.

He's an intellectual guy, and no girl looks at that. I want to be a friend before anything else. I want to be the ear who will listen when no one else will. The similarities between us are good, too. He loves motorcycles, going fast, independence and freedom. I love those same things.

Julie Breder
Bedford, New York

COY COTTONTAIL

Please tell me where the Rabbit Head is hidden on your July cover. I've had six people try to locate it to no avail.

Samuel J. Owens, Jr.
North East, Maryland

Where's the Rabbit Head on your July 1986 cover? I give up.

Mike Keller
Seattle, Washington

I must compliment you on your creative placement of the Rabbit Head symbol on the cover of the July 1986 issue. It took me a record 45 minutes to spot it. Keep up the good work.

Paul Wrentmore
Indianapolis, Indiana

As you can see from the letters above, some readers never found it, Paul. But you spotted it in the pink strands of Carrie Leigh's necklace, just above her left breast, right?

HENRY'S GODDESS OF LOVE

You have finally found the perfect

woman! I am, of course, referring to Brenda Venus. Pompeo Posar's July pictorial has to be the best ever run in any magazine.

Tom J. Sullivan
Gainesville, Georgia

I just want to say that Brenda Venus does more for my 69-year-old arteries than anything I can recall.

Philip Schacca
West Hempstead, New York

WOMEN OF THE BIG O

My highest compliments for your article *Ultimate Pleasures*, especially part two (PLAYBOY, July). Just reading it brought me many new wonderful sensations. Women everywhere should be forewarned about the men who have read it—they may suddenly become incredibly *great* in the bedroom (or elsewhere). Terrific work!

Debbie Kopacz
Plymouth, Michigan

Ultimate Pleasures is an excellent article, interesting and useful reading for women who have not felt entitled to ask for what they need sexually. One minor negative remark: I found the subtitle misleading, suggesting how women select, or screen, lovers. This may draw attention, but it is antithetical to the point of the article: the woman's responsibility for her pleasure.

Dr. Ruth Clifford
Sunnyvale, California

AUSTIN-TATIOUS

Lynne Austin (*Lights, Camera, Austin!*, PLAYBOY, July) is the most dazzling Playmate we have ever seen. Her centerfold will adorn many a bedroom wall in our house for a long time to come. We would like to have Miss July in Columbus to induct her into our fraternity as chapter sweetheart as soon as possible!

The Brothers of Tau Kappa Epsilon
Ohio State University
Columbus, Ohio

P.S. If it isn't possible for her to come to Columbus in the near future, could we have another look at her to hold us over until next year's spring break at the Hooters bar?

We're happy to oblige. But tell us; how



many of you guys can find your way back to campus after spending your entire spring break at Hooters?



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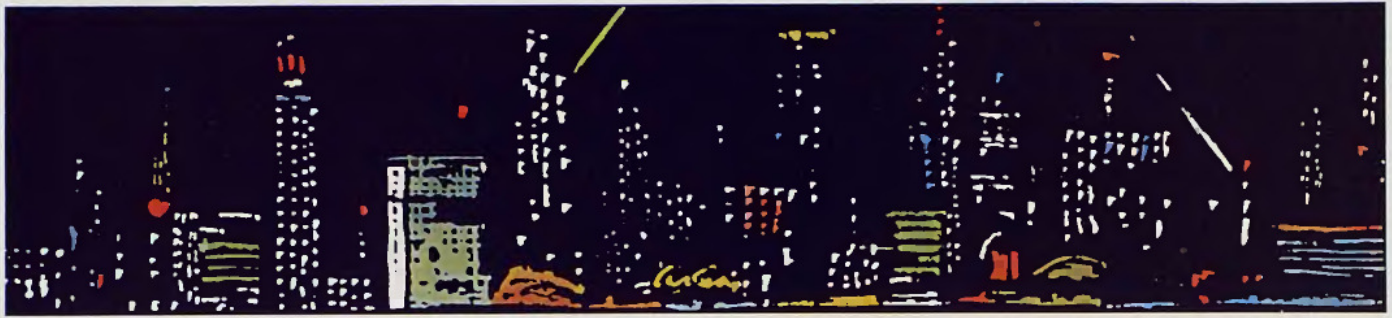
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



NIGHTHAWKS AT THE THEATER

Watch for Tom Waits's off-Broadway production of *Frank's Wild Years*, the year's most intriguing pop/theater hybrid. It's greasier than a short-order cook's T-shirt, with a script by Waits and his mate, Kathleen Brennan, and a score by Waits. Except for the title tune, all the songs are new.

Waits plays Frank, a lounge accordion player who deserts the small-town saloon in which he grew up. He hits the road, aiming to hit the top in Vegas and the Apple, but all he hits is the skids. The story hallucinates its way across the stage in a feverish death dream as Frank lies curled on a park bench in a blizzard of glittery prop snow.

The musical had a test lurch with the Steppenwolf Theater, Chicago's famed highbrow low-life ensemble, last summer and revealed Waits to be a praiseworthy lead performer. The songs are crafted with Waits's usual hepster grace. No surprise about how well they work—that's to be expected from the master of the tubercular epiphany.

TALK TO ME

Computers call us on the telephone. Cars and cash registers talk to us. Machines are enjoying a blabber-mouth frenzy, and lately we've begun to wonder—isn't it time we started talking back, started telling the car to go drive itself, the phone to dial Marie and the cash register to stop paying lip service? With that thought in mind, we checked with IBM to find out just how far away we are from computers that are good listeners.

Our day will come, says IBM, but not until we're well into the 21st Century. Creating machines that understand human speech is extraordinarily difficult. Last spring, IBM introduced the first personal computer that can take slow, word-by-word dictation—this after nearly 30 years of research and development. The "speech-recognition" PC understands

5000 words and prints them out with 95 percent accuracy. It can even distinguish between right and write and knows when period means a stretch of time and not a dot at the end of a sentence.

But so far, the machine is weak at tracking flowing, conversational speech. Words must be spoken one at a time rather than in a freewheeling stream. It takes ten to 15 times as long for the machine to decode flowing speech as for it to decode individual words, which makes it a pretty good conversational match for Clint Eastwood but rather impractical for most of the rest of us.

And there's one more weakness. IBM engineers say that the 5000-word vocabulary can convey about 92 percent of our thoughts and that a vocabulary of 20,000 words would raise that figure to 98 percent. When one stops to think that it takes 5000 words to express 92 percent of our thoughts and another 15,000 to express just six percent more, one can only conclude that the second batch must represent the edge that William F. Buckley, Jr., has

over the rest of us. Maybe we'd all better start learning that extra 15,000 now so we'll know what to say to our computers in 2020.

MISTAKE ON THE LAKE

One might assume that baseball players, given their travel schedules, would have a rudimentary sense of geography. Not Boston Red Sox pitcher Dennis "Oil-can" Boyd.

After a recent Red Sox-Indians game was called because of fog at Cleveland's Municipal Stadium, located near Lake Erie, Boyd observed, "Hey, when you build a building on the ocean, what do you get? You get fog. They should blame themselves for building it on the ocean."

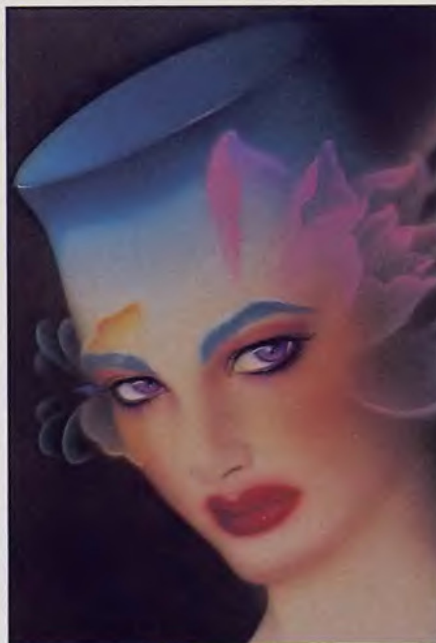
We suppose he thought it was the Indian Ocean.

WHITE PUNKS ON METAL

"From Motorhead we get the speed and energy, and we get the obnoxiousness from The Misfits. But we really like REM, Sade, Roxy Music, U2, Joe Cocker, The Byrds, Blue Oyster Cult, Elvis Costello. . . ." We were talking with Lars Ulrich, the 22-year-old drummer and founder of a growing rock-'n'-roll phenomenon called Metallica. We thought it important to connect with this band, and its fans, since its music has been described as a mating of heavy metal and punk. The two genres share the distinction of having been declared dead by various hopeful members of the more conventional culture. In real life, punks and heavy-metalists have tended to express eternal enmity toward one another, if they express anything at all.

Jason, a 15-year-old punk concertgoer with braces and a Mohawk neatly divided into about six spikes (try gelatin, he says), explained to us why punks and head bangers—named for their tendency to move their heads back and forth at lightning pace while listening to heavy-metal music—come together for Metallica.

"They're fast! And political! They cross



VIDEOSYNCRASY



It's part video, part synchronicity and part idiocy. It's two-two-two movies in one!

After the news, after Letterman, after a few beers, remote-control freak Kevin Cook started switching back and forth between the VCR and the "Late Show." And back. And forth. He found himself following the twisted plots of strange mutant movies—from "Hello, Terminator!" to "Zorro, the Gay Blade Runner." Now you, too, can play chicken with schizophrenia. But beware: Never watch "The Three Faces of Eve" and "Sybil" in this fashion unless you need a quorum. Here are Cook's picks.

Singin' in the Purple Rain—Gene Kelly, Prince, Debbie Reynolds, Apollonia—Kelly's famed rain dance and Apollonia's décolletage are highlights. Don't miss Cyd Charisse and Morris Day's bizarre "Jungle Love" scene. ***

Apocalypse Now, Voyager—Martin Sheen, Bette Davis, Marlon Brando—Francis Ford Coppola's overblown epic of a sheltered spinster (Davis) with orders to kill a maniacal colonel (Brando) during Vietnam war. Surreal odyssey is mesmerizing, but Paul Henreid looks confused throughout. Davis' cigarette sets off napalm fire storm in powerful climax. **

Hello, Terminator!—Barbra Streisand, Arnold Schwarzenegger—Futuristic treatment of smash Broadway musical. Indestructible android from 22nd Century stalks Dolly Levi, matchmaker of future generations. Wedding number—in which runaway truck turns all but groom to skid marks—is masterpiece of action cinema. Walter Matthau miscast as jilted 'droid. ****

My Fair Shaft—Rex Harrison, Richard Roundtree—Delightful perennial. Ultrasmooth linguist Henry Higgins transforms baaad street dude to polished diplomat. Lerner/Loewe/Hayes score features *The Rain in Spain* and *Just You Wait, Motherfucker*. ****

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Mom—Spencer Tracy, Michael Keaton—Yuppie remake of R. L. Stevenson classic. Kindly medic imbibes potion, becomes slaving househusband, trashes supermarket but neglects to bring home two-percent milk. Police burn down comfy suburban duplex—not nice to fool Mr. Nature. *

It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad Max—Milton Berle, Ethel Merman, Mickey Rooney, Sid Caesar, Jimmy Durante, Mel Gibson—Pyrotechnics fill screen as idiotic plot unwinds endlessly. Huge cast hunts for hidden gasoline, but Merman, Rooney et al. tire quickly in arid Australian outback. Grins for the whole family when Feral Kid finally beheads Berle. *

The Good, the Bad and the Miracle Worker—Clint Eastwood, Anne Bancroft, Patty Duke—No one speaks in this lyric horse opera, Sergio Leone's effort to blend the mythic American West and American sign language. Memorable scene of Man with No Name shooting chair out from under Helen Keller stands test of time, but their final gun fight is anticlimax. **

Mutiny on a Streetcar Named Desire—Marlon Brando, Marlon Brando, Vivien Leigh—Twisted Tennessee Williams saga of frustrated lust on a breadfruit expedition, remade from previous remake. Blanche (Leigh) deep-ends on the kindness of sailors; they set her adrift when she hums during poker game. Brando cuts fine figure as Ensign Kowalski, parading around Tahiti in torn waistcoat. **

St. Elmo's Firestarter—Rob Lowe, Ally Sheedy, Emilio Estevez, Drew Barrymore—Crass college grads chat about their psychic hangnails until outcast girl (turned down for gold VISA) develops pyrokinesis. Lowe, Sheedy & Co.'s panic seems real as their chic outfits burst into flame; whole cast immolated when Neiman-Marcus store "goes furnace." Screenplay said to be Stephen King's revenge on "in"-crowd school types who called him fat. ****

Agnes of Godzilla—Jane Fonda, Meg Tilly, Toshiro Mifune—Novice nun gives birth to fire-breathing lizard, leading to much philosophizing about value of religious faith in saving Tokyo from angry dad. Smug psychiatrist Fonda uses hypnosis; theater audiences cheered when she snapped her fingers and Godzilla ate her. Faith-vs.-reason issue, unresolved at end, pales in comparison with Godzilla-vs.-Smog Monster issue. *

Coming soon: *Rosemary's Baby, It's You; Star Trek IV: The Wrath of Gigi; The King and I Married a Monster from Outer Space; Soylent Green Was My Valley; It Happened One Night of the Living Dead; Hang 'Em High Anxiety; Texas Chainsaw Massacre on 34th Street.*

over between thrash and metal. They've got open minds," he declared to the general agreement of his punk companions and of the few head bangers around who could talk and move their heads at the same time.

Metallica dresses in overwashed T-shirts, faded, torn or bell-bottomed jeans and long, scraggly hair. Its music is played very fast and very loud and, Ulrich's classy influences aside, we honestly think that Metallica is a fortunate by-product of a day when a band member played the first Led Zep album at 45 rpm. *Voilà!* Thrash metal lives!

JUST ENOUGH FOR TWO HOTELS ON BOARDWALK

British pilot Robert Grant has been accused of taking a Cessna 172 from its owner in exchange for a money belt containing the agreed-upon price of \$12,750. Where's the rub? The currency happened to be Monopoly money.

ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN

No wonder they call it down under. Physicians at Royal Perth Hospital in Sydney, Australia, are reporting a sharp rise in the number of cases involving men with foreign bodies lodged inside their rectums and attribute the trend to "the increased sexual freedom of many Western societies."

Objects ranging from a crystal vase to a lemon, chicken and chop bones, a large jar of petroleum jelly (not removed from the jar) and a piece of cement have been removed from men's rectums, according to Drs. Christopher Couch and Eric Tan, writing in the *Australian Medical Journal*.

The man who inserted the petroleum jelly said he had done so to relieve itchiness.

A 63-year-old man said he had slipped and sat on a lemon while taking a shower. A 45-year-old man said he had done the same and landed on a plastic bicycle handgrip.

The above story could have been, but wasn't, slugged with the following tasteful headline, which appeared in the *Chicago Tribune*: "STILL NO SUBSTITUTE FOR RECTAL EXAM."

WORST TOY

Spotted in a Los Angeles toy store: Flip Floppers. "This little space shuttle goes for a spin, with an astronaut who pops out and then goes back in" reads the package copy.

VIXEN TRAP

What's more valuable than a prime-quality fox pelt? How about a vial of fresh fox urine? It's selling for about \$25 per gallon. Officials estimate that about 25,000 gallons are sold in the U.S. every year. It's used by fox hunters to hide their human scent.

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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

THE EXTRAORDINARY emotional impact of *Extremities* (Atlantic) tends to blur the inherent flaws of William Mastrosimone's controversial play. Adapted by the author and directed by Robert M. Young, the movie stars Farrah Fawcett as the intended rape victim who miraculously subdues her attacker and decides to kill him for fear of reprisals. The vicious intruder makes her fears seem well founded. He's a maniacal brute named Joe, played with insidious simplicity by James Russo, who starred opposite Susan Sarandon—and, later, Fawcett—in the original New York production. On film, the heroine's plight is spelled out chillingly at the start, when she is abducted from a parking lot by the same snarling predator she's destined to confront again—fighting him off, she escapes but leaves her wallet behind, and thus becomes his easy prey. By the time Joe catches her at home alone and presses a knife to her throat, we're hooked, hanging on every split second of explosive menace. Fawcett's performance is harrowingly true, though somewhat limited in range, with few shades of emotional color between quivering terror and sullen fury.

It's the second half of the movie that brings real problems, when the stunned sex offender has been trussed up in the fireplace and the heroine's housemates (Diana Scarwid and Alfre Woodard, both more than equal to the occasion) arrive home to debate the morality of a woman's vengeance. There's a strong whiff of vigilante justice in *Extremities*, a film likely to inspire rage, scorn, goose bumps, fierce passion, militancy . . . anything but indifference. **YYY**

Everyone must know by now that *Ruthless People* (Touchstone) is the front-running entry as funniest movie of the year. How three guys from Milwaukee go about directing a film together is their trade secret, but Jim Abrahams, with the Zucker brothers—David and Jerry—did it with *Airplane!* in 1980, which they also wrote. *People* is the first produced screenplay by Dale Launer (his next: Blake Edwards' *Blind Date*, with Kim Basinger and Bruce Willis), though the directing triumvirate has plainly marked Launer's work with its own inimitable unzipped zaniness. Bette Midler, of course, plays the wealthy kidnap victim whose husband (Danny DeVito) won't have her back at any price. Happily, she begins to hit it off with her incompetent kidnapers (Judge Reinhold and Helen Slater), who are really swell kids at heart. Anita Morris, as DeVito's mistress, and Bill Pullman, as her favorite stud (the most wonderfully witless male bimbo to hit the screen in



Fawcett, Russo in tense *Extremities*.

Meaty, though contrasting, roles for Farrah, Bette and Sigourney.

years), help scramble the action, which is broad, bawdy and so clearly a triumph of sheer madness over matter that nitpicking would seem churlish. If you've been on an antarctic expedition all summer, let *Ruthless People* welcome you back with a barrel of laughs. **YYYY**

The scorching intelligence of Sigourney Weaver makes *Aliens* (Fox) a sequel well worth a romp in *déjà vu*. If we must be launched on yet another journey to tilt with monstrous blobs in the cosmos, this is the way to go. Author-director James Cameron (who made it big with *The Terminator*) knows exactly how to handle hardware, high tension and the prospect of imminent peril on a dead planet where all those ghastly pods have staged a comeback. As sole survivor of the earlier, singular *Alien*, Sigourney is so feisty and attractive one would never suspect she had been asleep in orbit for 57 years. Most of the astronauts on her new team come to grief, but a viewer is not likely to miss them much, once Weaver takes over as womanhood's answer to Luke Skywalker. *Aliens* has about six more exciting climaxes than a space thriller actually needs, but wretched excess is part of this game, and Cameron plays it with knowing skill and humor. **YYY**

Some youngish-middle-aged professional guys in the Berkeley area make the male sex look pretty hopeless in *The Men's Club* (Atlantic), a pretentious talkathon

directed by Peter Medak from a screenplay that many good actors seem to have misjudged (as did Leonard Michaels, who adapted it somewhat too freely from his own novel). Roy Scheider, David Dukes, Frank Langella, Harvey Keitel, Richard Jordan, Craig Wasson and Treat Williams are the club's members, who end up on a violent food-and-booze orgy after a consciousness-raising session. So much for group dynamics; then off to a brothel. The rest of *Men's Club* is generally disastrous—clumsily orchestrated scenes between guys and dolls that range from deadly dull to downright embarrassing. Only the casting director can claim a coup for this tiresome psychodrama about a bunch of the boys thrashing out their sexual hang-ups *ad nauseam*. They might have done better with a phone call to Dr. Ruth. **Y**

Being gay is a subject usually explored by film makers as a source of misery, shame or scary diseases. *Doña Herlinda and Her Son* (Cinevista), a cheeky comedy from Mexico, of all places, looks at homosexuality sunny side up. Writer-director Jaime Humberto Hermosillo's heroine is a pleasantly plump, well-to-do Guadalajara matron who shows nary a trace of anxiety about the relationship between her doctor son Rodolfo and his lover Ramón, a handsome music student. *Doña Herlinda* doesn't just tolerate Ramón, she invites him to move in and share Rodolfo's roomy bed. She simultaneously oversees her son's courtship and marriage to a young woman named Olga, and before she's through, the unstoppable family planner presides over a *ménage à cinq* in which Momma, son, lover, wife and a new grandchild live in near-perfect harmony. Unabashed about sex and taking nudity for granted, *Doña Herlinda* endorses what might be considered eccentric behavior with a smile and a shrug. Such worldly subversion of the status quo south of the border comes as a mind-tickling surprise, though it's worth a footnote that the movie has not yet been shown commercially in Mexico. **YYY**

Certain actors make a room come alive the instant they enter it. Both Jackie Gleason and Tom Hanks fill the screen with that kind of vitality, which lifts *Nothing in Common* (Tri-Star) several notches above mediocrity. As a father and son who discover their love for each other rather late in life, they manage to swim, heads up, through a sea of sentimental clichés. Hanks is a hot-shot Chicago ad executive with plenty of women for recreational sex. "Your best friend is your dick," says Gleason, himself an aging, ailing swinger whose wife (Eva Marie Saint) has just left him after 36 years. The rift between his parents gives Hanks a new perspective,

but *Nothing in Common* meanders a lot while trying to tie its parallel plot lines. Something about a crucial airline account and an affair with the client's daughter (Sela Ward) is time consuming but irrelevant to the central issue. Do we really need to pause for mocking reminders about the emptiness of TV commercials? Gleason and Hanks are the show, and they give immeasurably more than they get from the material at hand. $\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}\frac{1}{2}$

What does a normal, successful, philandering family man do when he discovers that his wife has been having an affair? In a refreshing German comedy called *Men* (New Yorker), the hero (Heiner Lauterbach) soothes his bruised ego with an ingenious scheme. Pretending to go off on a long solo vacation, he tracks down his rival, an indolent graphic artist (Uwe Ochsenknecht) who just happens to be looking for a new tenant to share his roomy loft. Thus, husband and lover become roommates, and the cuckolded hubby settles in to map strategy behind enemy lines. Remaining incognito (to the point of donning a gorilla mask when his wife drops by for lunch), the businessman slowly but surely remakes the romantic artist into a reasonable facsimile of himself—steadily employed, materialistic, short-haired, dressed for success and far too busy to give the neglected wife (Ulrike Kriener) the attention she's been missing. Farfetched, maybe, *Men* is nevertheless a shrewd, mischievous and inventive prank by writer-director Doris Dörrie, clearly a woman whose feminism hasn't spoiled her sense of fun. $\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}$

Writer-director-editor Spike Lee plays third man in a trio of lovers waiting their turns with the heroine of *She's Gotta Have It* (Island). Lee is the witty one. The *she* of the title is a striking, nonchalant young black woman named Nola Darling, played by Tracy Camilla Johns with very few nuances but tons of natural charm. "It's about control," she says, talking straight to the camera, "my body, my mind. I'm not a one-man woman." Nola's backup beaus are a cocky swinger (John Terrell) and a conventional nice guy (Redmond Hicks) who wants her all to himself. *They* talk to the camera, too. Everyone does. Still, not even grainy black-and-white photography (interrupted by one irrelevant idyl in color) and somewhat self-conscious acting can curb the exuberant comic energy that made *Gotta Have It* a second-string hit at the Cannes festival. Lee's what-the-hell humor certainly merits a passing glance over here. $\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}$

Part pseudo documentary, part oddball autobiography, *Sherman's March* (First Run) is an eccentric and sometimes beguiling comedy by Ross McElwee, a film lecturer at Harvard. Because of his roots in North Carolina, McElwee has



Husband as voyeur in inventive *Men*.

Men offers a new, witty slant on the eternal triangle.

been overpraised as "a Tarheel Woody Allen," yet at his best he shows at least a glimmer of Woody's ingeniously slanted one-man showmanship. Slender, bearded and "sort of lust-ridden," according to his own on-camera narration, he pretends to be at work on a Civil War documentary retracing General William T. Sherman's ruinous march through the South. En route, McElwee keeps being distracted by women—some old loves, some new, including a folk singer, a Mormon teacher, a linguist, an antinuke activist and a would-be actress who fully expects that Burt Reynolds will one day fall in love with her. If all the choicest bits in *Sherman's March* were laid end to end, the movie would be considerably shorter than its present two and a half hours plus. Film editing must rank far lower than lampooning in the Harvard curriculum. $\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}\frac{1}{2}$

The film making is fairly pedestrian, but *Spring Symphony* (Greentree) may score with music lovers. Speaking her native German, Nastassja Kinski expertly shams keyboard virtuosity as pianist Clara Wieck, whose tumultuous romance with composer Robert Schumann (Herbert Grönemeyer) might have gone more smoothly but for Clara's domineering poppa (Rolf Hoppe). *Symphony* is an off-again, on-again love story set to splendid music, with Freudian footnotes. Hollywood had a go at the Schumanns back in 1947, with Hepburn and Henreid costarred. All in all, *Symphony* hits truer notes with its sly implication that what's really happening here amounts to aural sex. $\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}$

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

- About Last Night** . . . Lowe and Moore, singles in Chicago, redo Mamet. $\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}$
- Aliens** (See review) Sigourney in space. You'll want to go with her. $\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}$
- Back to School** Extracurricular comedy starring Rodney Dangerfield. $\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}\frac{1}{2}$
- Big Trouble** Falk abetted by Arkin in a droll spoof of *Double Indemnity*. And that's just for starters. $\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}\frac{1}{2}$
- The Boy Who Could Fly** He went that-a-way, or did he? $\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}$
- Doña Herlinda and Her Son** (See review) Gay games in Guadalajara. $\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}$
- Extremities** (See review) Farrah plots a woman's vengeance on intruder. $\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}$
- Heartburn** Marriage on the rocks in D.C., with Streep and Nicholson. $\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}$
- Legal Eagles** Although Winger and Redford are OK as lawyers in love, Hepburn and Tracy did it better. $\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}$
- The Manhattan Project** Schoolboy builds A-bomb and triggers a crisis. $\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}$
- Men** (See review) Deft German comedy about a cuckold getting even, and then some. $\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}$
- The Men's Club** (See review) Boys will be boisterous. So what else is new? \mathcal{V}
- Mona Lisa** Catch Bob Hoskins as a hood in love with a chic London harlot. $\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}$
- Next Summer** Cardinale is plainly a girl for all seasons. $\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}\frac{1}{2}$
- Nothing in Common** (See review) Except the talents of Gleason, Hanks. $\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}\frac{1}{2}$
- Parting Glances** Another enlightened gay scene, in and around New York. $\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}$
- Psycho III** Tony Perkins back at the Bates Motel. $\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}$
- Rebel** As an A.W.O.L. GI down under in WWII, Matt Dillon faces the music. $\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}$
- A Room with a View** E. M. Forster's filigreed comedy of manners, filmed to perfection by James Ivory. $\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}$
- Running Scared** Two winning Windy City cops, a.k.a. Hines and Crystal. $\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}$
- Ruthless People** (See review) Just try not to laugh yourself silly. $\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}$
- Sherman's March** (See review) Civil War documentary undone by women. $\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}\frac{1}{2}$
- She's Gotta Have It** (See review) And needs three men to give it to her. $\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}$
- Sincerely, Charlotte** A naughty French postcard with Isabelle Huppert. $\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}$
- Spring Symphony** (See review) Schumann's, with Kinski as his Clara. $\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}$
- Top Gun** Air-combat school puts Tom the Cruise missile into upper orbit. $\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}\frac{1}{2}$

$\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}$ Don't miss
 $\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}$ Good show

$\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}$ Worth a look
 \mathcal{V} Forget it

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MUSIC

CHARLES M. YOUNG

PETER GABRIEL likes to display his gift for melody within arrangements that use tempo and mood shifts to jar the song right out of your dance-with-the-reptiles brain stem into your socially conscious cerebral cortex, where the synapses are programed to consider lyrics. Most art rockers who employ this strategy then deliver banality or obscurantism, so your synaptic consideration becomes "Why didn't this weenie just let me dance?" But Gabriel is not a weenie, a high recommendation in itself for *So* (Geffen/Warner). Gabriel is a sharp lyricist who fires all the right synapses of evocation, dealing with the surrealism of dreams (*Red Rain*), love vs. paranoia (*That Voice Again, In Your Eyes*), a tribute to another poet (Anne Sexton in *Mercy Street*), a Randy Newmanesque character study about an entertainment mogul/bozo (*Big Time*) and other cerebrally engaging stuff.

Just two things are lacking in this otherwise beautiful album: street smarts and hormones. There's nothing to be done about street smarts, because Gabriel has none and at his level of education and success, he is unlikely to acquire them. Yet he's got lots of hormones on display in *Sledgehammer*, a non-12-bar blues and one of the few radio singles I like this year. The unrealized hormonal potential of *That Voice Again* (and most of the album) is frustrating when you consider what the song could have been if he'd stuck with the opening nifty riff and forsaken the suckass tempo change. I wouldn't quibble about this, except that I have an intuition that Gabriel has a transcendent party album in him if he'd just dance with the reptiles straight through several cuts. Parties *über alles*, I say, or at least *über art*.

DAVE MARSH

For a while there, it was easy to believe that popular music's roots in rhythm-and-blues and soul had been all but obliterated, as funkless Bowie clones and postsynth Eurobots proliferated. But despite Falco, there's been a resurgence of blues-based music of late, led by English pseudo soulsters Boy George and George Michael of Wham! As a result of their success and the Stax/Motown affection of Yuppies in the wake of *The Big Chill*, Yank roots rockers such as the Fabulous Thunderbirds have been able to garner the biggest batch of commercial attention in their careers.

The Thunderbirds are generally tuff enuf for partying down, but if you want to get serious about your blue-eyed soul, it's time to check out those great lost Jersey-breeds, Southside Johnny and the Jukes. Although they've yet to come up with any-



So says Peter Gabriel.

Genesis rocks,
Eurythmics roll and
a Monkee shines.

thing as hot as the records they made under the direction of Steve Van Zandt, the Jukes' latest album, *At Least We Got Shoes* (Atlantic/Mirage), is solid journeyman rock-'n'-soul music. The biggest advantages the new LP has over recent Southside efforts are more sympathetic production (John Rollo and Southside himself replace the overrated Nile Rodgers) and far better material (all kinds of writers replace the unlamented Billy Rush). There's only one major gaffe, a cover of Dusty Springfield's *I Only Want to Be with You* that neither catches a spark of its own nor recaptures the joyous bounce of the original. But on *Walk Away Renee*, Southside suggests that he's the blue-eyed answer to the Four Tops' Levi Stubbs, and such originals as *Tell Me (That Our Love's Still Strong)* and *I Can't Wait* are as close to an authentic soul groove as you'll come today. No matter what, Southside has always been a great singer, and the improvements here move him back into the top rank of U.S. rockers.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Run-D.M.C. consists of two middle-class young men from the outskirts of New York City who admire Aerosmith and Harriet Tubman. They bill themselves kings of rock, they're certainly kings of rap, and their third album is where you may as well catch on, because they're not going away. Neither a collection of street hits such as their debut nor an attempt to

flatter white radio such as its follow-up, *Raising Hell* (Profile) has the single-minded musical movement of a true album; and while the heavy, staccato percussion and proud disdain for melody may prove too avant-garde for some, the style has been in the air for so long now that you understand it even if you don't know it yet. Do you have zero tolerance for namby-pamby bullshit? Do you believe in yourself above all? Then chances are you share Run-D.M.C.'s values.

Pet Shop Boys are two middle-class young men from the outskirts of London who admire David Bowie and Christopher Isherwood. Dominating the duo is Neil Tennant, who got his pop start puffing pretty boys for the British teen mag *Smash Hits* and soon realized he had the stuff of a pretty boy himself. Pet Shop Boys' debut album, *Please* (EMI America), sounds on the surface like the usual British pap, maybe a little catchier, but Tennant's not a writer for nothing. The yearning

GUEST SHOT



MICKEY DOLENZ, the ex-Monkee, was born again this year via MTV's reruns of "The Monkees," a greatest-hits LP and a sold-out four-month tour. Since his first Monkees incarnation, Dolenz has produced and directed plays, TV shows and music videos. Now he's about to direct his first feature film, with a screenplay by Bruce ("The Killing Fields") Robinson. We assigned him to review *The Butthole Surfers' "Rembrandt Pussyhorse."*

"Great anarchistic punk-metal LP, but a shame about the name, eh? It's cute, but it'll limit their demographics, given the current U.S. climate. Then again, maybe not. My favorite cut is *American Woman*—I'd love to direct a video for that track. Sometimes this sort of stuff can get sloppy and redundant. This doesn't get redundant until the end of side two. That's not bad—it's tough to stay obtuse and contrary for 12 cuts. My biggest complaint: I couldn't understand the lyrics. Oh, yeah, I also really liked *Mark Says All Right*; the Surfers could probably use it to get sound-track work on *Poltergeist III.*"



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OCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Peter Gabriel <i>So</i>	4	8	8	8	8
Genesis <i>Invisible Touch</i>	3	5	6	5	6
Jeffrey Osborne <i>Emotional</i>	5	6	6	5	4
Pet Shop Boys <i>Please</i>	7	4	6	4	7
Run-D.M.C. <i>Raising Hell</i>	9	6	10	7	8

WHAT'S LEFT AFTER PUNK POLKA? The Polish-American community isn't overjoyed by this new musical development. Punk-polka groups have been sighted in L.A., San Francisco and even Detroit. A writer in the *Polish-American Journal* says, "Taking the ethnicity out of polka is like making beef Stroganoff with fish." Take that, you silly kids!

REELING AND ROCKING: We hear that **Keith Richards'** showing up to play backup with **Chuck Berry** one night at the Chicago Blues Fest came about because Keith is negotiating with director **Taylor Hackford** to be musical director for Hackford's upcoming film bio of Chuck. . . . **Michael Nesmith**—the only **Monkee** not participating in the reunion tour—has announced the formation of a film company that will produce five movies a year. The first two are *Square Dance*, with **Rob Lowe** and **Jason Robards**, and *Tapeheads*, about two high school grads who direct rock videos. Nesmith produced *Repo Man* and the music video *Elephant Parts*. . . . **John Doe** of **X** has signed to star as an **Elvis** impersonator in *The King Lives*. . . . A group of San Francisco rock musicians is making *Meet the Rockabys*, a movie about a puppet rock band. Among the performers: **Maria Muldaur**, **Marty Balin**, **John "Marmaduke" Dawson** of **The New Riders of the Purple Sage**, **Dave Jenkins** of **Pablo Cruise** and **Dan Hicks**. Tapped for cameo roles: **Grace Slick**, **Boz Scaggs** and promoter **Bill Graham**. This extravaganza is being produced by **Bob Heyman**, who co-wrote the opera *Rock Justice* with Balin. . . . After a 13-year absence from the screen, **Dylan** is going to make another movie, *Hearts of Fire*, in which he plays a former Sixties rock star turned chicken farmer. Dylan will sing and may even write some songs, as will

his co-star **Fiona**. Director is **Richard Marquand**, who did *Jagged Edge*.

NEWSBREAKS: If you didn't get enough on the news, you can buy video highlights of the "porn rock" hearing on Capitol Hill, featuring all five hours (at \$100 per hour) of **Frank Zappa**, **Dee Snider**, **John Denver** and a cast of hundreds. For more info, write to Corporate Development, C-Span, 400 North Capitol Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20001. . . . **Richards** and **Jagger**, a.k.a. **The Glimmer Twins**, are negotiating with a major American network for a TV special. . . . Touring in the fall: **Pet Shop Boys**, **Steve Winwood** and **George Thorogood**, who is going back on the road after recording a live album. . . . **Little Steven's** next project is the plight of the Navaho Indians in Arizona. . . . Listen for the **Huey Lewis and the News** album any time now. One cut is a song about evangelists. . . . **Seth Justman** of **J. Geils** is producing **Debbie Harry's** comeback record. . . . **Cher** is also going to record again. . . . A TV spectacular featuring top Hollywood and British directors is being planned to celebrate the 20th anniversary of the **Beatles** album *Sgt. Pepper* next year. **Steven Spielberg**, **Robert Altman**, **Ken Russell**, **Nicolas Roeg**, **Julien Temple** and others have been approached with the idea that each would work on one of the LP's 13 tracks. . . . **Motown's Mustang** is the first in a series of minimovies coming from Motown. The 43-minute video, priced at \$29.95, features 11 top hits woven into a story line about the adventures of a 1964 Mustang. The songs are by **Stevie Wonder**, **Marvin Gaye**, **Martha and the Vandellas**, **The Temptations**, **The Four Tops** and **The Jackson 5**. Watch for other releases. Motown could go forever on its incredible catalog. What a deal! —BARBARA NELLIS

cynicism of his lyrics captures something sharp about the ambivalent romanticism of the people who create such product, and maybe consume it, too—before the rot sets in, that is. Do you want a lover for how-ever long it lasts? Do you want to spend more money than you have? Then chances are you share the **Pet Shop Boys'** values.

NELSON GEORGE

Jeffrey Osborne's career hovers in that curious limbo between status as a black star and mass acceptance. On *Emotional* (A&M), Osborne tries to bridge that gap with the aid of producer Richard (Pointer Sisters) Perry. I don't know whether or not this will make Osborne into **Lionel Richie**, but it is clear that the singer's rich tenor/baritone voice has been better served on previous albums. *Emotional* is not bad; it just isn't very exciting, except for the unexpected African protest song *Soweto*.

First there was Genesis. Then **Phil Collins**, solo star (see this month's *Playboy Interview*). Then **Mike Rutherford** and the **Mechanics**. Now there is Genesis again. But it's really not worth reviving. Oh, *Invisible Touch* (Atlantic) will move a few units for Collins, Rutherford and **Tony Banks**. However, the discerning have heard it all before, and very recently, too. *The Brazilian*, an instrumental on side two, recalls the original Genesis of **Peter Gabriel** and almost makes one nostalgic for that band's pretentiousness.

VIC GARBARINI

Eurythmics / Revenge (RCA): File under freeze-dried soul. The more **Dave Stewart** heats up the production, the more I sense the icy void at the heart of **Annie Lennox'** vocals. Still, *Missionary Man's* sledgehammer riff and incendiary harp work thaw her out enough to deliver one of the year's most intense performances.

The Smithereens / Especially for You (Enigma): Beatlesque is the operative word here. And, yeah, they probably do it better than anyone since **The Raspberries**. But without the latter's gut-level exuberance, their studied genericism leaves them trapped in a world they didn't make.

The Black Swan Quartet (Minor): An avant-garde string quartet? Imagine **Bethoven's** late quartets written by **Duke** and conducted by **Ornette**. Angst that swings.

True Believers (EMI America): A stand-out among the recent crop of often overrated West Coast country punkers. **Austin's T.B.'s** loose—**Del Lords** by way of **Neil Young**—attack is given teeth by **J. Escovedo's** stinging slide work.

Velvet Underground / Another View (Verve): Yet another surprisingly upbeat, energetic brace of previously unreleased material from this seminal New York band, circa 1969. And believe it or not, **Lou Reed** actually sounds as if he's enjoying himself here.

BOOKS

EVERY YEAR, we like to give you our suggestions for fall reading. When the days grow short and the nights grow cold, there's almost nothing like reading a book in front of the fireplace. Two Simon & Schuster biographies look fascinating: *On Acting*, by Laurence Olivier, and *Lillian Hellman: The Woman Who Made the Legend*, by William Wright. Other nonfiction to watch for: *The Reckoning: The Challenge to America's Greatness* (Morrow), by David Halberstam, is the story of the crisis in the auto industry and part three of Halberstam's trilogy on power in America; also from Morrow, *Celebrating Bird: The Life and Times of Charlie Parker*, by jazz critic Gary Giddins; *Indy 500: More than a Race* (McGraw-Hill), in which Tom Carnegie, who has called every Indy race for four decades, tells the inside story; and, from Knopf, *The Great American Magazine: An Inside History of "Life,"* told by longtime *Life* editor and columnist Loudon Wainwright. In fiction, the big news is James Clavell's latest novel, *Whirlwind* (Morrow), number five in his addictive Asian saga; there's also a new P. D. James mystery, *A Taste for Death* (Knopf); and finally, from Random House, the long-awaited *Answered Prayers*, Truman Capote's unfinished novel. It's sure to generate as much hoopla now as the original pieces did when they were published. Happy reading!

Sex, murder, power and money are the uplifting themes of Ilie Nastase's *Break Point* (St. Martin's), in which the former *enfant terrible* of superstar tennis displays his wide professional experience of the game and its all-pervading aura of glitz and egomania. An unknown killer stalks the courts in Paris, Wimbledon and Forest Hills against a backdrop of New York Mobsters, ravishing groupies, drugs, media pests, cynical cops and the obligatory Arab billionaire. Nobody seems to know why the killer's out for blood, least of all the reader, who can only read between the lines and search out the naughty bits in the bedrooms, of which there are plenty. Which one of these fictional studs is McEnroe, Connors or Nasty himself?

You can lead a travel writer into the wilderness, but you can't always make him write anything worth reading—which is why we should be grateful to the exceptions, such as Tom Miller. In *The Panama Hat Trail* (Morrow), he offers up one of the most thoughtful and engaging travel books in recent memory, a superlative job of reporting that starts with a simple idea—tracing the origins of the panama hat. The first surprise is that panama hats come from Ecuador. With Miller as our guide and companion, we follow the titfer trail from steamy Ecuadorian villages up



A cornucopia of fall winners.

The best of the fall crop;
King's 16th novel—don't
leave home without *It*.

into the Andes, meeting the straw cutters and weavers whose callused fingers work the magic that later graces the heads of urban men in the outside world. A wonderful book with a rich mixture of native and expatriate eccentrics.

William J. Caunitz pulled in a good number of readers with a great cop novel, *One Police Plaza*. It wasn't a fluke. Back on the beat with a new novel, *Suspects* (Crown), Caunitz shows a good command of police procedure in the kind of story that follows the grubby, gritty ins and outs of an investigation. Lieutenant Anthony Scanlon is a one-legged detective who has to solve the apparently motiveless murders of a fellow policeman and a candy-store owner. *Suspects* serves up good cops, bad cops, kinky sex and more than you've ever wanted to know about prosthetics. Hobble on down to the bookstore and pick it up.

The modern detective novel is a great vehicle for long-form journalism, the kind of story that requires time, care, patience, 120,000 words and a full cast of characters to get across. Jonathan Valin's hero, Harry Stoner, takes on the world of professional sports, with its pressures, agents, illegal drugs and born-again Christians, in *Life's Work* (Delacorte). You get the difference between true athletes and biochemical geeks, between the good guys and the bad guys, between the quick and the dead. Some of the portraits are painfully real and revealing—which is the point of the

detective novel. Valin is in the same league as Elmore Leonard, John D. MacDonald and James Crumley. This is his life's work, and we are better because of it.

It (Viking) is Stephen King's 16th book, and in *It*'s 1000-plus pages, the Dickens of Darkness runs through his entire bag of tricks. There is an evil town, Derry, Maine, possessed by a demon so unspeakable, so awful, so *ecch!* that it can be referred to only as *It*. It is opposed by "Stuttering Bill" Denbrough, a boy of powerful imagination who will grow up to be a horror novelist but whose present mission is to lead five little lads and a lass (Bev, the *It* girl) into cosmic battle with *It*. Along the way, King leads us through a house haunted by a teenaged werewolf, a barren wilderness where bullies armed with switchblades lurk and prehistoric birds peck kids' eyes out, and miles of subterranean pipes leading to *It*'s lair. King is so good at this sort of thing that his fans will forgive the undisciplined sprawl of this book. He's a brand-name novelist now, as rich and secure as any writer can be. What separates him from the other brand names is the fact that he never gives less than his all, never stops trying to top himself and never fails to give his readers a hell of a ride. When you go on vacation this winter, don't leave without *It*.

Tales of Times Square (Delacorte) is a nasty and endlessly fascinating account of life in and around America's most infamous scum pit, which is now in the last stages of its long-predicted demise from bubonic sleaze. Josh Alan Friedman, who writes the "Naked City" ratings column for *Screw*, is just the man for the job. This pungent and often hilarious book is the evidence. You may not like what you read but you won't soon forget the report on the young wife who wanted to set a gang-bang record—83 men, including her husband—or the story of the owner of Plato's Retreat, who wagered he could manage 15 orgasms in a day. The rest of Friedman's cast includes a crowded line-up of strippers, porn brokers, pimps, hookers, cops and Runyonesque old-timers, all of them performing in the longest-running show that Broadway ever saw. It was never a pretty sight but, oh, what a spectacle!

BOOK BAG

Only the Little Bone (Godine), by David Huddle: Wonderful short stories about a young boy's coming of age, written with great skill and humor.


C. Barsotti's Texas (Texas Monthly): PLAYBOY contributor Barsotti's cartoons in a collection can turn a grin into a laugh.





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SPORTS

By DAN JENKINS

This should be the cleanest college football season in history, now that the N.C.A.A. has exposed the poisonous cheeseburger, the corrupt key chain and the decadent T-shirt.

I'm sure you're all aware of the horrid recruiting violations that have been going on in collegiate athletics, so you must also be aware of how the N.C.A.A. has straightened our morals and thus saved the nation from an epidemic of Commie, Nazi, terrorist booster groups. That no college football program could ever survive without boosters is a fact that's been overlooked by the N.C.A.A. but will be dealt with in a later century.

Through its penalties leveled against recent violators, the N.C.A.A. has taught us that a cheeseburger bought for a prospective athlete can lead to a sausage pizza, that a key chain given to an athlete's girlfriend can lead to a neck charm and that a T-shirt given to the brother of a prospective athlete can lead to canned goods for the whole family. And where would college football be then? asks the N.C.A.A.

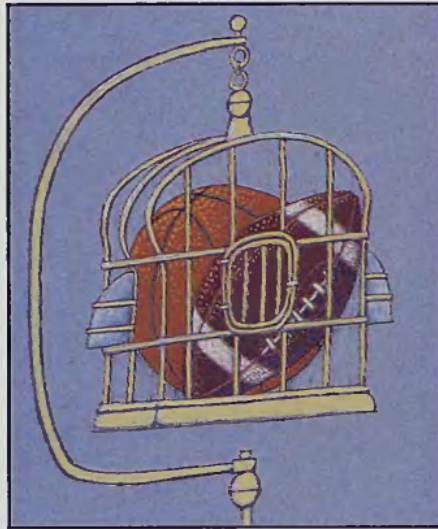
Somewhere back in the Thirties.

Take the case of my old school, the University of Bylaws 1-1-(B). We didn't have a very good football program, but everybody loved us. They especially loved our 2-9 record every season. We were among the most respected members of our conference until our boosters, prodded by our coaches, went on this binge.

Our coaches and boosters decided they wanted the school to get in on some of the bowl money and TV revenue they'd always read about; millions that seemed to be divided up every year among Notre Dame, Oklahoma, Texas, Alabama, Nebraska, Penn State, Michigan and some others. Consequently, our boosters gave so many key chains to the girlfriend of a prospective running back that she collapsed from the sheer weight and must forever walk with a limp. Our boosters gave so many T-shirts to the running back's family that the family opened its own Pic 'N' Save. As for the running back, our boosters fed him so many cheeseburgers, he exploded one night in the parking lot of a Jack In The Box.

We might have kept all these things out of the newspapers and prevented the N.C.A.A.'s investigation if it hadn't been for our head coach.

Coach Morrell Fervor called a private meeting of boosters and said, "Why have you been buying so many cheeseburgers,



BOOSTER SHOTS

key chains and T-shirts for prospective athletes?"

"You told us to," said a booster.

Coach Fervor said, "I didn't tell you to buy more than A&M buys! I'm turning us in to the N.C.A.A. Our self-disclosure will keep us from being punished unfairly, and our actions will clean up college football."

One of our boosters said, "Coach, I don't think you ought to do that. Those guys across the river have been buying T-shirts for years and all the team does is win national championships."

"Yes, they'll have to live with that," the coach said, fondling his Bible.

Another booster said, "Coach, I think you ought to know what one of the kids told me. He says a Big Eight booster bought him a triple-decker at Arby's with salad on the side."

Ignoring that, our coach said, "We're going to clean house and become a model for everyone in the country."

That was when our biggest booster, a man known for his church work, community service and countless gifts to the university, spoke up and said, "Coach Fervor, I don't mean any disrespect, but have you lost your fucking mind?"

The investigation of our football program was the most thorough and intense the N.C.A.A. had ever conducted. An N.C.A.A. investigator said ours was the

worst case of cheating he had ever seen. When our chancellor quite rightly pointed out to him that the N.C.A.A. wouldn't have known a damn thing if our silly coach hadn't shot his mouth off, the investigator said, "So what?"

That was the first hint of how far self-disclosure was going to get us.

Some of our people think the N.C.A.A.'s punishment was too severe. After all, we're barred from bowl games and TV appearances for five years, and we've lost 450 scholarships over the same period. Our program has been wrecked for a generation, while the more flagrant cheeseburger buyers will continue to prosper. But I have to confess that when I read the N.C.A.A.'s summary of violations, even I was surprised at the scope of our evils. I need only quote in part from one case to give you an example; to wit:

1. Violations of N.C.A.A. legislation in the recruitment and subsequent enrollment of Student Athlete No. 1 (A) During the summer of 1984, prior to the young man's senior year in high school, a representative of the university's athletic interests bought a full breakfast at Denny's for his parents; (B) a \$3.27 key chain was given to the athlete's girlfriend, exceeding by \$1.17 the N.C.A.A.'s allowable; (C) two cheeseburgers were purchased for the athlete in the fall of that year; (D) an assistant coach knowingly bought tickets for a movie for the athlete's family; (E) "odd jobs" were provided for the athlete, resulting in his receiving cash payments of \$12 to attend the funeral of his uncle; (F) two T-shirts were accepted in the spring and the student athlete was overheard to ask for—and receive—other cheeseburgers; (G) the athlete accepted an illegal ride in a coach's automobile during a spring thunderstorm, a clear violation of the N.C.A.A.'s two-thunderstorm rule; (H) . . .

It only gets worse. If any good came from the experience of self-disclosure, I think you have to say that Coach Fervor is a changed man.

In a recent letter to our Lettermen's Association, he said, "Piss on cheeseburgers, men; from now on, we're going all the way with sports cars. See you in the Cotton Bowl in '91!"

IT'S ALL A MATTER OF STYLE.

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By ASA BABER

You can't buy a copy of *PLAYBOY* at a 7-Eleven store these days, but you can buy any number of romance novels. That says quite a bit about our culture. Among other things, it says that women's fantasies are acceptable and men's are not.

The next time you are charged with having an abominable imagination and a sexist attitude because of what you read, go buy a paperback romance by Barbara Cartland or Georgette Heyer or Nora Roberts or Anne Mather. You'll probably be bored as you read, but you'll learn something: *Both* sexes retreat to dreams and fantasies as a means of escaping life's trials, and women depersonalize men every bit as much as men depersonalize women.

There may be differences between the sexes, but not in the intensity of fantasizing. Here we are equal. Women make love just as often as men in their fantasies, but since they do it under the cover of so-called respectability, they claim more virtue for themselves. They hunker down with a steady diet of romance novels, and then, after their excitement has peaked and they have had their fill of the tall, handsome hero of their dreams, they come out of hiding and scold us because of our reading and viewing habits. It's a wonderful con that could go on for decades if we didn't point out its hypocrisy.

The paperback-romance-novel industry is enormous. Harlequin Publishing puts out between 75 and 80 percent of the romance titles on the shelves. Last year, it sold 240,000,000 books and had total revenues of more than \$230,000,000. Harlequin and its sister label Silhouette turn out 54 titles *per month*. Some 600 authors are under contract to the firm. Not small potatoes.

Just what is it that millions of women are reading? Take a typical plot, for example. Set it in Regency England. The heroine is always a virgin. She is sensitive, attractive but not gorgeous, and she is misunderstood by her family and friends. She is a woman of high energy and high intelligence, but these qualities are usually underestimated by the world around her. She is one hell of a lot smarter than the men she has to deal with.

Except one. Ah, yes. Call him Cruel Eyes. He's the hero. He sneers a lot. He has had his share of women and has gambled and wenched his way through his careless, inconsiderate life. Jaded, wealthy, titled, a fighter and a lover, he's been in a



THE DREAMERS WHO HATE OUR DREAMS

duel or two and has killed because he had to. Cruel Eyes incurs our virgin's displeasure and wrath at first, because she can't stand the way he has used women to his advantage. Still, he does have a curious effect upon her sensibilities, often leaving her flustered—though, of course, she tries not to show it.

Cruel Eyes gains our virgin's love and respect in two ways: (1) He saves her ass in a crisis (he thwarts a kidnaping, saves her life, gives her his inheritance, becomes her guardian when her parents die at sea—little things like that); and (2) she teaches him to love her for her mind and her presence, and she sees that he accepts her limits on his sexuality. The beast is tamed, and our virgin has done it. Cruel Eyes cleans up his act under the tutelage of our good woman. He remains tall, handsome, gray-eyed, vigorous; but now he is hers, under her control, and the two of them head into the sunset to lead lives of sweet (feminine) fulfillment.

Two hundred and thirty million dollars' worth of romance novels sold by Harlequin in 1985? Ever get the feeling there's something going on and you don't know anything about it?

Fantasies, of course, can always be mocked when they are outlined in cold type and compressed without rhythm. What I am doing is not fair to the millions of female readers who climb into the shel-

ter of their dreams. "ROMANCES MAY BE A NOVEL ESCAPE" reads one recent newspaper headline. The article goes on to say: "Housewives who read romance novels . . . may do so in part because the books are [an] effective way of screening themselves off from the rest of the family."

The point is not that I would disallow romance novels and feminine fantasies. Women have every right to dream as much as they wish to dream. If they like to imagine that some tall, powerful, good-looking male is about to throw a ladder up to their condo window and carry them off, so be it. I'm not tall or particularly good-looking, and I don't have a ladder of exceptional length (OK, you can laugh at that), so to some degree, their dreams don't do me any good. But what the hell, dreams should be free.


Maybe we should put that another way: If we're to stay healthy, dreams *must* be free. Once you start censoring fantasy, you've taken a giant step toward destruction.

Male fantasies are usually more directly sexual than female fantasies. But they are as necessary for wish fulfillment, escape and reverie as female fantasies are. We need our dreams as much as we need to breathe. It's time we gave each other space to do both.

Once upon a time, I was trained in the brutal art of interrogation. I learned how to get information from people when they didn't want to give it. There is a very simple way to do that. You don't have to beat people up or attach electrodes to their bodies or any of the other melodramatic crap you see in the movies. Nope, all you have to do to break a person is deprive him of his dreaming and his sleep. The K.G.B. learned that first; we picked it up a little later. It is a frightening thing to see, over a relatively short time, a human being's energy and will power crumble because the dreams he so desperately needs are denied him.

We need our fantasies. With no imaginary meadow to romp in, no seduction to enjoy, no triumph to celebrate, no secret lover to fondle or instruct, no breast to kiss or eyes to stare into, we are all of us, male and female, made to stay too much in this incomplete world. And without an escape hatch, we die.

Don't judge my fantasies or my harmless means to them, and I promise I won't judge or censor yours.

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 point of this letter. You said, if I got an A you'd buy me a
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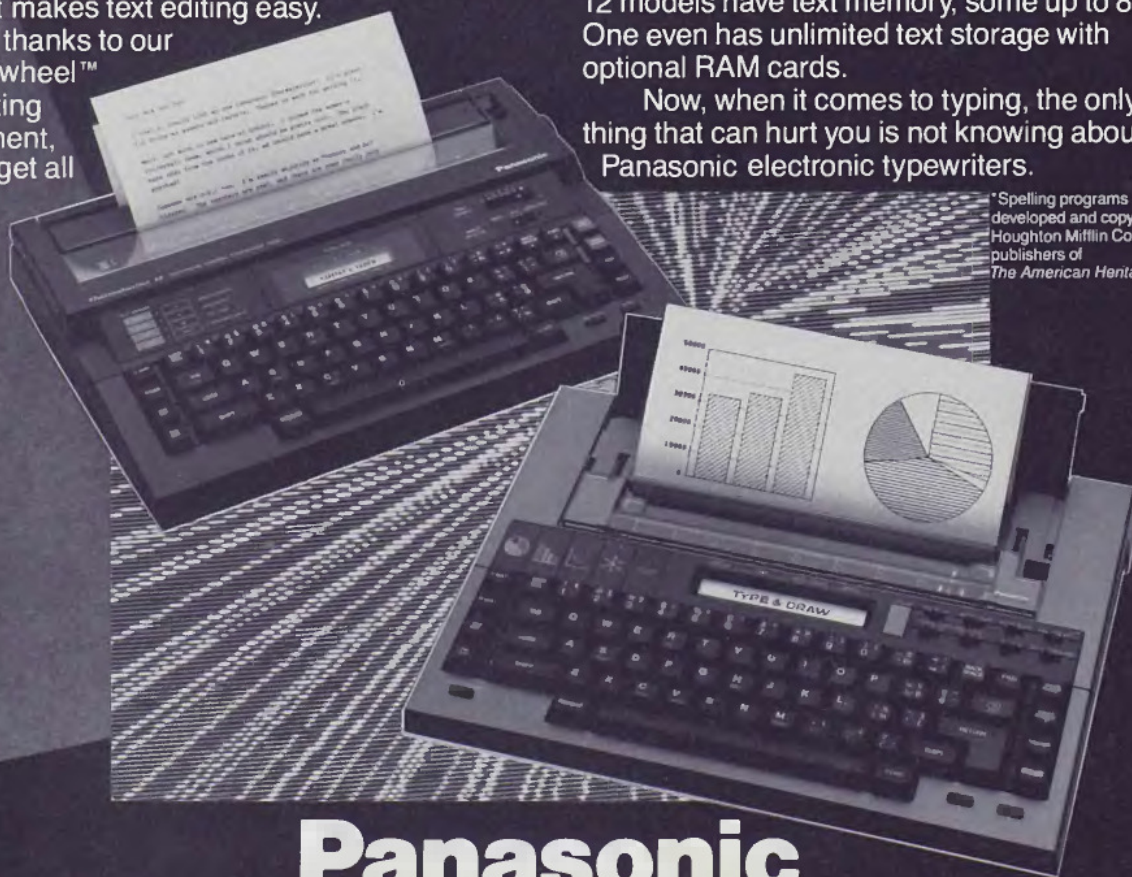
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WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

I found out tonight that a fellow I have my eye on is 45 years old, and even though I'm nearly a decade younger, I briefly thought, Am I too old for him? He's adorable and hilarious; he'll probably want someone around 24. I got this idea from another guy I had an affair with several years ago, who is now 50 and has a new girlfriend, who is 22. I'm getting old! It's a little depressing!

Here's the worst thing: My sex objects are too young for me. I sit on my sofa of an evening and watch the Mets, oft consumed by dizzying lust. It is just slightly possible that Gary Carter is old enough for me, but Dwight Gooden is out of my ball park. Dr. K. would probably call me ma'am and help me across the street if we ever met.

Aging, everybody knows, is the final, irrevocable inequity between the sexes. A man in his late 30s wouldn't have a bit of trouble dating a girl Gooden's age. Men in their late 30s are sexy, just reaching their prime, with interesting lines in their faces that make them look rugged.

Women in their late 30s are kind of sexy, maturely titillating if they've kept their bodies up. But women don't have lines in their faces, they have wrinkles. Wrinkles are deemed the beginning of the end.

Here's what I've decided: The very minute I get a wrinkle, I'm going to stop wearing make-up. Well, OK, not crow's feet; they've become acceptable. But when I have those vertical lines on my upper lip, and when the creases next to my mouth become fixed, I go *au naturel*. Women wear make-up in an attempt to camouflage those wrinkles, and this is debasing; this makes one feel pathetic and embarrassed by one's own face. I am going to make friends with my wrinkles. I am going to call them lines. I will regard each one as a sign of character, my life showing on my face. I want to be rugged.

The rest of my body is changing, too; it wants to thicken. I used to go on a diet once every three years—it took that long for my weight to creep up to unacceptable. Now, every day, I strap weights around my ankles and wrists and jump for half an hour on my trampoline. And I don't drink. If I drink, I get puffy. Well, sometimes I drink. Sometimes I inhale a vat of margaritas because I just don't give a flying fuck; who the hell cares if I'm old and wide and sagging? If people don't like it, they don't have to look at me.

But then I see Dwight on TV or walk down my street, where many very young



AGING: FACT OR FICTION?

men parade by, wearing tank tops. I curse the sexual urge; it makes fools of us all!

I don't blame men for this age inequity. They're helpless. Nature makes sure that humans who can produce children look more sexually riveting than those who cannot. Even an 80-year-old man can father a child, but a woman over 50 would be hard pressed.

But nature fucked up! Men are compulsively horny when they are 17. By 25, they start stabilizing; by 65, they get it up only if they pray a little.

Not so with women. We get hornier and hornier! Some days I wake up moist, and I know that this is going to be one of those days when I start prowling the streets in tight black clothes and high heels, lust driving me into insane and sometimes hilarious frenzies. A friend who saw me slink around a night club one evening phoned me the next morning: "This is the hormone police," he said. "We're getting dangerous readings from your apartment. You are quarantined until further notice." "Perhaps a house call would be in order," I cooed.

Not that I would actually do it with him. Call it age, call it AIDS, but directly proportional to my tidal wave of sexuality is my conservatism. I want to, oh, I want to, but I won't go to bed with anybody. I remember too well what it all means. I am scared, I am gun-shy, I'm afraid, I'm too

damned old to be madly impulsive.

At these night clubs where I prowl, there are many children with smooth, luminous faces who look at me as if I were a schoolteacher as they fall about in each other's arms. I want to say to them, "Be careful! Get it right the first time, or at least the second. Give your innocent heart and soul to someone good for you, someone who likes you, before you get calloused."

And I remember myself as a teenager in a miniskirt, with fish-net stockings and a purple-vinyl trench coat and a floppy felt hat, with a water pistol in my pocket and a boy on each arm, living with a rock-'n'-roll band, careening through my youth. I remember riding on the back of a motorcycle, holding on for dear life to a boy whose body was better than Michelangelo's David, I swear. I remember falling in love with a series of boys with hair flapping in their eyes and skin like milk.

I remember how hilarious it was to walk in summer storms and get soaked to the skin, with my dress clinging to my body and every pore of my being filled with the joy of being a goofy girl. And going back to my first apartment, with the beaded curtains. Smoking pot and panhandling in the park. Meeting my future husband on Avenue C in New York, falling immediately in love and having a baby. It was easy; I could have done it with my hands tied behind my back.

Do you know what? I have spent a full 20 years watching boys play guitars! First it was my rock-'n'-roll band, every member of which was my boyfriend at one time or another. Then it was my husband, then the fellow I lived with and, of course, all my girlfriends' boyfriends. Now my son! "Listen to this, Mom," he says, and I realize he's playing the overture to *Tommy*, the rock opera, and I vividly remember sitting at Roger Daltrey's feet in a nearly deserted rock club while he swung his microphone inches from my nose.

I was at a rock club the other night, very hard-core, and there were all these girls in bits of clothes, all ripped and transparent and sexy. A matronly woman was standing next to me. "See those girls?" she asked. "They're me. I know what I look like on the outside, but on the inside, I'm just like that." And I thought, Not me. I've been there, I've had a good run, but enough is enough.

But wait. I've got a 27-year-old with the body of Adonis chasing me around! Perhaps I'm overdramatizing!

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

A friend from California has told me a sure-fire way to interest a woman in sex, a technique as old as India and as new as the most modern research. He says that the right and left halves of the brain differ in mood control. The right side deals with spatial relations and the left side controls language and mathematical functions. Recent research has apparently determined that each half of the brain is also responsible for different emotional states. The right side is largely the source of negative feelings, including depression, critical attitudes and anhedonia (resistance to experiencing pleasure), while the left side tends to generate positive feelings, such as euphoria, sexual enjoyment and the kind of healthy aggression displayed by enthusiastic athletes. Apparently, researchers have found that the two hemispheres alternate in their dominance of our bodies roughly every two hours. That means that the average person will be better at verbal tasks for two hours and then at spatial tasks for the next two hours. Low key, high key, low key, every two hours. Now, get this: Air flow through a person's right and left nostrils seems to affect the pattern of shifts in dominance from one hemisphere to the other. At any given moment, everyone is breathing more through one nostril than through the other. If you don't believe it, check your own nostrils for an entire day and you'll be convinced. Now, according to my friend, a researcher at the Khalsa Foundation for Medical Science in California has found that when air flows through the right nostril, there is greater activity in the left hemisphere, and vice versa. And he has also found that breathing through the previously congested nostril can help stimulate the less active hemisphere. If you block the right nostril, the person breathes through the left nostril, and there is a relative increase in electroencephalogram activity in the right hemisphere. Now, here is the trick: If your date is moody or generally not in the upbeat, high-key attitude you want for sex, ask her to plug her left nostril for 15 minutes. (She can just stuff some cotton up it.) Her mood will shift to the left, happy hemisphere and you're home free. What does the Playboy Advisor have to say about this?—W. L., Gary, Indiana.

Right. It amazes us that anyone from California is able to reproduce, let alone have a meaningful sex life. Your friend's theory is based on fact—a researcher did find the left-brain/right-brain phenomenon you describe—but the connection between air flow and sex has not been established. But look at it this way: If you can talk a woman into sitting with her finger up her nose for 15 minutes, you shouldn't have any problem talking her into sex. And it's not clear that sex happens in just one hemisphere. If you are talking, that's a right-brain activity, right? Or if you are



calculating how many strokes or how much dinner cost or how many days since her last period, that's math. We prefer the old-fashioned method—we expect sex to drive us out of our mind, not into just one hemisphere.

I've just met a gorgeous woman who seems to be crazy for tennis, high-class vacations and me—so far, in that order. I'm thinking that if I take her to a luxurious tennis resort for a week, she may change her priorities. Got any great destinations to suggest?—K. G., New York, New York.

Hey, would we string you along? Courting favor is one of our favorite rackets. So is inventing tennis puns for questions like these. In our opinion, you can't go wrong at either of John Gardiner's Tennis Ranches (Carmel Valley, California; Scottsdale, Arizona). Carmel Valley is absolutely gorgeous; but with just 14 rooms, it can be a bit tough to get into. Scottsdale would be our second choice. And there are some worthy alternatives: La Quinta Hotel Golf & Tennis Resort, near Palm Springs, California, has 30 courts, including grass, clay and hard surfaces. The setting and accommodations are also first-rate. In the Southeast, Sea Pines Plantation on Hilton Head Island, South Carolina, and The Colony Beach and Tennis Resort on Longboat Key, Sarasota, Florida, are hard to beat for luxury and all the tennis you can eat. In New England, Topnotch at Stowe is a Vermont tennis enclave that lives up to its name.

Recently, a friend and I were discussing rubbers. They are the only birth-control device he and his girlfriend use. He is so worried about how effective they are that he'll withdraw his penis from her right before he comes to further ensure that he

won't get her pregnant. I told him that withdrawal really isn't necessary, because the main function of a rubber is to prevent spillage of semen into the vagina. I also told him he would have a better orgasm if he stayed inside her when he came. He is still somewhat skeptical about the reliability of rubbers and would like to know what he and his girl could use in case semen were to enter the vagina due to breakage or loosening of the rubber. Could you please provide some advice about their reliability?—K. K., Youngstown, Ohio.

Tell your friend that the safest way to use condoms is with contraceptive foam. That way, there is added protection in case of any leakage or breakage. Withdrawal while using a condom is unnecessary.

The latest status symbol in my circle seems to be cellular car phones. How much better is cellular than the old mobile-phone system, and is it worth the cost?—J. B., Los Angeles, California.

We wouldn't invest in one purely as a symbol, and how much it's worth depends on the value of your time and how often you would use it. But cellular mobile phones certainly are far superior to the old type, which, besides other disadvantages, offered so few channels that only a handful of simultaneous conversations were possible even in large metropolitan areas. Cellular service, by contrast, divides large areas into small cells, each served by a low-power transmitter that can handle as many as 666 calls at once. A cell may cover as much as 16 miles across, or it can be subdivided into smaller cells to handle increased demand. Calls are normally placed without delay, transmission is surprisingly clear and calls are electronically "handed off" from one cell to the next without interruption as you drive. All this technology doesn't come cheaply, of course, but prices have come down as demand and competition have increased. You can lease units for a reasonable cost per month, but don't forget to budget fairly steep monthly and per-minute charges for the service itself. There's a wide variety of equipment and features available, including portable and briefcase-type units for use outside your car or in more than one car. Be sure to get a unit with automatic dialing and, if possible, a "hands-off" system with separate speakers and a microphone on the sun visor for minimum distraction from your driving. Completing a call from the back seat of the car ahead could ruin your day.

Several years ago, I discovered that I had herpes. After one or two outbreaks, however, it seemed to go away, and I have not had one for almost two years. I used to warn partners that I had herpes. I would abstain from sex during outbreaks, and none of my partners ever caught the disease. Now I wonder if I should even

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bother to tell new partners about something I haven't had in so long. What do you advise?—D. C., San Antonio, Texas.

Honesty is still the best policy. There is now evidence that in some instances, the herpes virus can be transmitted even when the person has no visible sores or other symptoms. This is the kind of information that makes for those "OH, NO! WE TOLD YOU SO!" headlines, but the researcher who broke the news story was not hysterical. Dr. Stephen Straus documented one such case, saying, "We've suspected that was true for some time, but nobody was ever sure." He added that the likelihood of such transmission was not great because of the small amount of virus shed by asymptomatic patients. So, as difficult as it may be, we suggest that you tell prospective partners.

I want to redesign my home-entertainment center. I've visited several audio shops and am unimpressed by the quality of the furniture intended to house stereo systems. I am allergic to veneer and vinyl. Any suggestions?—J. P., Chicago, Illinois.

If you want real wood, you will have to go the custom-furniture route. There are companies that specialize in stereo housings. Bush Industries (One Mason Drive, P.O. Box 460, Jamestown, New York 14702) offers high-end furniture in real oak. Custom Woodwork & Design (7447 South Sayre Avenue, Bedford Park, Illinois 60638) has a modular system that lets you put together an

interesting variety of walls. Check with your local store to see if there are area craftsmen who do the same thing. Buy a tape measure. Take the time to sketch out alternatives. If you want to see how a system will look in your room, try moving cardboard boxes to simulate it. Those speakers that looked great in the showroom may end up looking like Stonehenge in your living room. If that's the look you want, fine. But we've found that preparation is one assurance of quality.

Could there be a link between penis size and blood pressure? It seems that a person with high blood pressure would tend to achieve a higher penile blood-pressure level during erection than one with low blood pressure. If that's true, then wouldn't that cause an increase in one's penis size over the years? This would also seem to confirm the stereotypes of blacks' (who, on the average, have higher blood pressure) being more amply endowed and Orientals' (who, on the average, have lower blood pressure) being less endowed.—D. L., Phoenix, Arizona.

It's an attractive theory, but we're afraid we're going to have to shoot it down. The size of an erection is dependent on a number of factors; blood pressure is of negligible importance. The most significant factor is the nature of the penile tissue itself. During erection, the increase in size is a function of how much blood fills the erectile tissue and how

much is retained by the surrounding vascular muscles. Obviously, the capability of the organ to expand is also contingent upon inherent, highly individual limitations. Sorry about that, but perhaps we've prevented the surfacing of another trendy self-help book: "The Cocksure Diet: How High Cholesterol Can Increase Your Manhood."

What is the preferred position of the points on a wing collar in relationship to the bow tie (silk, hand-tied, of course)? I haven't been able to find anything definitive on this "point" of formal attire.—A. S., Toledo, Ohio.

Normally, the bow of the tie should cover the points of the collar. The only exception is at weddings, where the bridegroom sets the fashion tone. Whichever way he wears his tie in relationship to the collar, the rest of the groomsmen are supposed to follow suit.

My girlfriend and I have a great relationship, but our sex life has been suffering. When we are in bed, waiting to make love, I get aroused but have trouble getting an erection. She tries to help me get it in, but she is pretty small. I've gotten it in before; but when I got out of bed to get some protection, I lost my erection and couldn't get it back. It has happened several times, once with another girl. I was very nervous, but after that first time, I calmed down—and it still won't happen.

When I'm just playing with my girlfriend, I get a good erection fairly easily. At first, I wasn't ready, but it's been a while and I feel ready. Can you help me with this problem?—D. K., Detroit, Michigan.

As you've noticed, your body will often do what it's supposed to do if you just forget about it. You should also avoid making your erection the focal point of the evening. Try different things to see what works for you: Have your partner stimulate your genitals, or try putting off lovemaking and concentrate on the way your partner feels. Indulge in some unhurried mutual caressing and exploring. If at first you don't succeed, don't worry about it. Simply go back to your sensuous touching and see what happens. And don't forget that you can please your partner orally and manually—and as you get more comfortable with each other, your problem should solve itself.

I was talking with a friend recently and he told me about cunnilingus and Life Savers. He explained how his girlfriend would put a Life Saver in her vagina before a date; it would melt, creating a tasty treat to be savored later on. This sounds like a great idea that I would like to try with my girlfriend. My question is, Does this have any adverse effects on a woman's anatomy?—M. H., College Park, Maryland.

We can imagine the look on a guy's face when he comes across a half-dissolved Life

Saver. Why not wait until retiring to the bedroom to order up the appetizers? Cough drops work as well as Life Savers, by the way.

I've heard that there is a genuine aphrodisiac, called yohimbine hydrochloride, that restores sexual vigor and lets you get it up when the going gets tough. What can you tell me about the stuff? And where can I get some?—D. S., Dallas, Texas.

A trio of researchers at Stanford University's department of physiology have produced evidence that yohimbine is a genuine aphrodisiac for males. John Clark, Erla Smith and Julian Davidson applied a local anesthetic to the genitals of some lab rats, then injected them with yohimbine. They figured that if a rat couldn't feel anything and couldn't really do anything and still wanted to anyway, then something was making the rodent horny. Male rats injected with yohimbine tried to mount female rats in heat twice as frequently as did sexually vigorous rats of approximately the same age and weight that hadn't received yohimbine. Furthermore, despite the lack of genital sensation, most of the treated rats managed to work up an erection and have intercourse. Yohimbine also seemed to induce sexually inexperienced rats, which normally are slower to get it on than experienced rats, to mount and ejaculate, often more quickly than control rats. (Premature ejaculation in rats? What next?) The researchers concluded that "yohimbine may be a true aphrodisiac,

since it increases arousal in sexually experienced male rats, facilitates copulatory behavior (including ejaculation) in sexually naïve males and induces sexual activity in males that were previously sexually inactive." Preliminary data suggests that it has a similar effect on human males. You take it and find some female rat in heat, and yee-hah! Just kidding. There are some things to consider before you do tree bark (yohimbine comes from the bark of the African Corynanthe johimbe tree). Yohimbine does not mix with certain medications—particularly antidepressants. And some of the side effects (headache, tremor, irritability, dizziness, nervousness and nausea) aren't exactly conducive to great sex. Horny, hung over and throwing up is not our idea of a good time, though it describes four years of college. Yohimbine is not yet a controlled substance and can be purchased at many health-food stores—at least until this appears.

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:

Who are emotionally stronger, men or women?

It all depends on the situation and on which person, the man or the woman, is more involved. I can be very strong when I have to be. If someone I love is falling apart, I have to be strong. At the same time, I want to feel that I can release my tension and show my own feelings, too. The other person has to be in tune with me to know when I need the release. When I fell in love, we were equally excited about it. If either of us hurt the other, it damaged us both. Neither of us was stronger or weaker. We were equals.



SHERRY ARNETT
JANUARY 1986

Women. It's the way we're brought up. We have the babies. Some men are sensitive, but that alone doesn't make you emotionally strong. Women have to go through a lot more. They have more to worry about. Like finding and keeping a man. I felt terrible when my boyfriend left me. Women get stronger with practice, by having to deal with emotionally hard things. Men have more practical worries—making a living, supporting a family. Me, I worry about not having a man in my life. I don't want to be without one. I don't like dating around. And now I don't want people to come up to me just because I'm a Playmate.



CHRISTINE RICHTERS
MAY 1986

Women are emotionally stronger. It starts in childhood. Boys are conditioned to fix things, to keep a stiff upper lip. Girls are conditioned to show their feelings. The more emotional you are, the stronger you get. I can handle a lot now. I see men run from things that I take in stride. I've been conditioned from the beginning to handle everything and taught that men can't handle anything. My mother is the strongest woman I know—stronger than my father. Stronger than I am.



LYNNE AUSTIN
JULY 1986

I think men are more sensitive than women, and that makes them emotionally stronger. Of course, some men hide that part of themselves behind drugs, alcohol, women or their work. Some may use drugs or alcohol to hide their emotions, so that they won't have to face their feelings. On the other hand, women may listen to themselves a little better than men do. Also, women have been prepared from the beginning to interact with men, so maybe we're more aware of people's feelings. One other point I want to make about male emotional strength: Breaking down is not necessarily a sign of weakness. It can mean that a man is not holding anything back. Of course, there are men who would use that to manipulate women, just as a woman might use it. I guess the real answer to this question is that each sex can be emotionally strong, but men are stronger.



CHER BUTLER
AUGUST 1986

I'd say women. I think most men are so picky about the kind of woman they want, and so possessive, that if a woman leaves for any reason, a man is more likely to fall apart. He'll think he won't find anyone else. Men are still more aggressive when getting to know women, but I think women get over a failed relationship more easily. Women are more sentimental, but that's different. They keep stuff like pressed flowers or cards. But to me, those are reminders of good memories. I used to get my heart broken when I was younger, but now I don't get too emotional about the past.



JULIE MCCULLOUGH
FEBRUARY 1986

Neither of us is stronger or weaker than the other. We just handle things in different ways. Men like to think they are stronger, that they can deal with anything, that they can get out of a relationship easily if it isn't working, that women need them more. I think we react to different things and get hurt in different ways. That is why it's so difficult for men and women to live together. It keeps it interesting, our differences, but makes it complicated. I don't think either sex has the emotional upper hand.



CAROL FICATIER
DECEMBER 1985

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.





It's Unanimous

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It's easy to see who sets the pace in radar warning. Just read all the detector ads. Most of them claim to be as good as ESCORT. A few say they're better.

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A modern classic

ESCORT was a radical piece of electronic engineering in 1978 when it was introduced, the first practical use of superheterodyne technology to warn of police radar. *Car and Driver* magazine said, "...the radar detector concept has finally lived up to its promise."

Since then, our engineers have never stopped refining that technology. ESCORT may look the same on the outside, but it never stops getting better on the inside.

Standard of comparison

Now, when experts refer to the high-water mark in radar protection, they automatically turn to ESCORT. In March of this year, *Car and Driver* published its latest detector test, this one comparing remote-mounted models. ESCORT is designed for dashtop or visor mounting. But the magazine included ESCORT in the test anyway, as the reference against which the performance of the others would be measured. ESCORT scored 412 points in the final rating, compared to 274 for the highest-finishing remote. You might say the comparison showed that there is no comparison.

A gilt-edged reputation

Seven years is a long time in the radar warning business, but there is no shortcut to a good reputation. *Car and Driver* said, "The ESCORT radar detector is clearly the leader in the field in value, customer service, and performance..."



These excerpts were taken entirely from advertisements for other radar detectors.

So it's easy to understand why other detectors would try to stand in our limelight. ESCORT has seven years worth of credibility, the one quality that money can't buy in this business.

Check our references

Credibility doesn't come from extravagant claims. It comes from satisfying customers. You probably know someone who owns an ESCORT (nearly a million have been sold). So ask about us.

ESCORT pioneered superheterodyne receiving circuitry. Ask if our radar warnings always come in time.

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

Don writes:

"Recently, in a small city, 110 ministers were invited to a seminar dealing with pornography. Of those invited, 15 attended. When the seminar was over, those interested in working to do something about the problem were invited to stay following the break. Only one minister stayed."

Paul Tanner writes:

"During a recent trial, the judge turned to the jury-panel members and asked: 'How many of you are members of any organized religion?' Forty percent responded affirmatively. 'How many of you have ever seen a sexually explicit motion-picture film or video tape?' Seventy percent raised their hands. . . ."

Don is the Reverend Donald Wildmon, writing his personal column in the *National Federation for Decency Journal*. Tanner is on the management team of a group calling itself the National Consultation on Pornography, Inc. Both are complaining—if you want to look at it the way they don't intend—that their positions on pornography do not meet the "community standards" test.

Tanner says that "there are enough pornographic magazines printed each year to pave—with the covers alone—a two-lane highway from San Francisco to Washington, D.C." Regardless of where he gets that interesting figure, this would seem to be a pretty forthright admission that community standards are not what he would like them to be.

The community-standards concept was the U.S. Supreme Court's way of dodging the issue of what constitutes obscenity when the issue arose in 1973. It sensibly recognized that what outrages the citizens of some Bible Belt community might not raise an eyebrow in New York. But that,

"The antiporn proposal was the hottest issue on the ballot, and voters blew it out of the water by more than three to one."

unfortunately, only invited Federal prosecutors to find some technical interstate aspect of distribution that would permit them to haul a metropolitan smut king to that Bible Belt community for trial and, if possible, financial ruination, even in the event of acquittal.

So how does anyone establish community standards? Ohio's Lawson Company, which operates some 700 convenience stores that were being picketed for selling men's magazines, decided to ask its customers instead of giving in to a Wildmon colleague, Bishop Anthony Pilla. More than 430,000 votes were cast, with the following result: 35 percent disapproved of Lawson's selling the magazines, 55 percent wanted them back on the shelves and ten percent didn't care.

That 55 percent doesn't represent the

number of customers who buy the magazines, by any means; some stores don't sell more than a dozen or so copies of all the titles involved. What it represents is the objection people have to being told what they can and cannot buy. That was made clear in an even more unusual exercise in democracy that took place on a state-wide basis.

In Maine, something called the Christian Civic League collected enough signatures to place on the ballot a referendum that would ban the sale of "obscene" materials and provide fines and jail terms for violators. Here, the issue wasn't men's magazines in convenience stores; it included anything sexually explicit and/or hard-core pornographic—material that most people probably find off-putting. The antiporn proposal was the hottest issue on the ballot, and voters blew it out of the water by more than three to one.

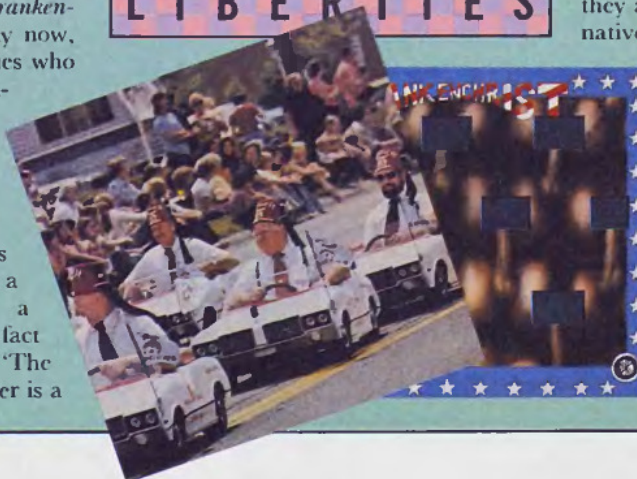
It's obvious that the Wildmons and the Falwells and the Swaggarts can't look to community standards in their censorship campaigns—not if those standards are established democratically. But imposing a minority's standards on others can still be done by fundamentalists, who only too well understand the politics of disapproval.

Playboy Enterprises president Christie Hefner has challenged other convenience-store chains to follow the Lawson example and let their customers decide for themselves.

What punk rock couldn't do with sexually explicit lyrics it has managed to accomplish with a sexually explicit poster—get a record-company owner busted for "distributing harmful material to minors." The poster, by H. R. Giger, is titled *Penis Landscape* and comes—or came—folded inside the Dead Kennedys' 1985 LP *Franken-christ*. It doesn't come that way now, thanks to Los Angeles authorities who brought charges against Alternative Tentacles Records owner Eric Boucher, better known as the D.K.s' lead singer, Jello Biafra.

"The way the poster relates to the record," Biafra says, "is that it is the record. It's not a matter of pornography, it's a matter of censorship, and the fact that there is a label—reading, 'The inside foldout to this record cover is a

DEAD
LIBERTIES



work of art by H. R. Giger that some people may find shocking, repulsive or offensive. Life can sometimes be that way—is like so much balsa wood being whittled away."

Biafra will continue to make the poster available to all who send 50 cents and their signature, swearing that they are at least 18 years old, to Alternative Tentacles Records.

If found guilty, he and the others face a maximum fine of \$2000 and/or a year in jail. Meanwhile, Biafra will continue to fight the charges.

"My livelihood is on the line. I like listening to good music and I like reading good words. Just let everyone know that Big Brother—no, Mr. Ed—is watching us."

—MELANIE DOAN

F E E D B A C K

HAZARDOUS TO MENTAL HEALTH

The Washington Wives (as I've come to think of them) have asked Congress and record companies to place warning labels (not unlike Hester's scarlet letter) and age restrictions on certain rock records. They claim some songs have a "destructive influence" on children and promote everything from drug addiction and—horrors!—rebellion to violence, rape and Devil worship. ("Occult" records really bother them, yet my dictionary defines occult as a belief in the supernatural, and that includes God, heaven, Christ and angels, thus making Gospel records as much occult as any secular rock song.)

These would-be censors trot out stories of thrill killers and druggies who, coincidentally, listen to certain kinds of rock records, and then draw warped conclusions. I can play that game, too. Did you know that strong religious beliefs can cause murders? First, the "evidence."

• *The New York Times*, February 1, 1984: Joseph Kallinger is convicted in two slayings. He was quoted in a book (*The Shoemaker*) as saying he killed two young boys, including his own son, "under orders from God."

• *Los Angeles Times*, February 17, 1984: Sheriff's deputies arrest Frank Alfaro for trying to cut the "Devil" out of a baby boy.

• *The El Paso Times*, March 29, 1985: "(A.P.) Lawyers Thursday requested a psychiatric examination of a La Porte woman who said she stabbed her five-month-old baby to protect him from the Antichrist and save the world." The infant was stabbed twice in the heart with a 12-inch butcher knife. (An August 28th report said it was a 15-inch knife; the difference probably would have been unnoticed by the victim.) The woman was released from custody a year later.

• *El Paso Herald-Post*, September 27, 1985: "(U.P.I.) A woman who declared a man possessed by the Devil smashed



EASY, DEANNE

"It's sort of like being in the trenches for a year. If I were to describe my emotional reaction all year, it would be a chronic state of anxiety over not being able to review all the material and make a credible assessment of it."

"Watching this material for a year did not create deviant behavior on the part of the commissioners. At least I don't know of any of the commissioners' being arrested for sex crimes. I certainly haven't been."

—Meese commission member Deanne Tilton in *The Washington Post*

his skull and dragged his body into the river, investigators said. . . . Deputies believe [Martha] Braly came to Louisiana to seek the help of television evangelist Jimmy Swaggart in shaking what she believed was possession by the Devil." (The Devil made her kill the Devil?)

• *The Houston Post*, March 28, 1986: "Hours after praying with neighbors, a 31-year-old Baytown woman stabbed three of her four children to death, then took her own life early Thursday because 'she was sending her kids to Christ,' police said. . . .

"She had been having a lot of mental problems," Jackson said. 'She was reading the Bible a lot, and she left a note saying she wanted to give her children to Christ.'

"[The woman] visited with two of

her neighbors Wednesday night . . . asking one whether God would forgive her if she killed her children.

"In an unusual coincidence, the Warren stabbings took place exactly one year after Terri Ann Spradlin, who thought her son might become the Antichrist, killed her infant boy in La Porte. . . .

"Both Spradlin and Warren had been reading the Bible heavily, left open Bibles in their homes and believed they were killing their children in the name of Christ. . . .

"Spradlin, found innocent by reason of insanity, was released from the Austin State Hospital a week ago."

I ran across these while researching another topic, violence in the workplace, and kept seeing references to religion-related murder. So, unless the Washington Wives and their supporters want to admit that unbalanced people can be "influenced" by more than rock music, or porn, or bad language in books, and can, in fact, be driven to bizarre murders by being too deeply immersed in and obsessed with religion, there can be only one logical remedy: warning labels on all Bibles, Gospel records and evangelical TV programs, so as not to appeal to the unstable. A typical label:

WARNING: The contents of this religious/occult book, record and/or program may be hazardous to one's sense of reality if placed before an impressionable mind and could lead to deranged behavior, such as the desire to censor everything or kill one's children.

Amen.

Leo N. Miletich
El Paso, Texas

MEESE COMMISSION

In the February issue, you comment that the only thing more dangerous to our criminal-justice system than Attorney General Edwin Meese would be an Attorney General who held Meese's positions but was smart enough not to admit it. This reminds me of a quote

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

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The Chesapeake & Potomac Telephone Company has explained to the D.C. Public Utilities Commission that it has to depend on profitable dial-a-porn services to keep its rates down. It admitted that it didn't follow



Federal rules aimed at reducing calls from children for the simple reason that revenue from the sex lines was necessary to maintain vital services. Without coming up with an altogether satisfactory solution, the commission conceded that kidproofing the lines would seriously cut into the \$1,700,000 a year brought in by 976 numbers, which are leased to companies that sell recorded messages.

HEAR NO EVIL

At least 12 state legislatures are considering laws that would make it a crime to sell "obscene" records to minors. In various forms, bills outlawing "porn rock"—for either offensive lyrics or offensive packaging—have been introduced in Alabama, Arizona, Florida, Hawaii, Maine, Massachusetts, New Jersey, New York, South Carolina, South Dakota, West Virginia and Wisconsin. Mississippi already has an anti-pornography law that might be applied to records, and in some states, existing obscenity statutes would be expanded to include them. Such legislation is opposed by the Parents' Music Resource Center, whose legislative hearings raised the issue in the first place. According to P.M.R.C. cofounder Tipper Gore, her organization recognizes certain problems with such laws and instead advo-

cates the use of warning stickers or printed lyrics to alert parents to lyric content, a plan grudgingly sanctioned by the Recording Industry Association of America.

TEARS FOR SEARS

Our sympathy to Alan Sears. As executive director of the Meese commission, he wrote such tactlessly threatening letters to convenience stores that he was among the defendants in lawsuits brought by publishing interests ranging from PLAYBOY to the American Booksellers Association—and the object of outrage from every editorial writer to the left of the Ku Klux Klan. So where does he go for a kind word? To the Atlanta convention of the Southern Baptist Church, whose moderate leadership has just lost to the fundamentalists. As chairman of the convention's resolutions committee, he was able to pass resolutions rejecting "secular humanistic" sex education and condemning "censorship" of Judaeo-Christian teachings in schoolbooks. Oh, yes—and praising the work of the Meese commission.

BITCH, BITCH, BITCH

Women's-rights advocates are protesting proposed changes in the American Psychiatric Association's technical manual that would label severe premenstrual syndrome a psychiatric disorder and would categorize some battered women as having "self-defeating personalities." One opponent of the changes said that "these new diagnostic categories are an attempt at new weapons to be used against women. They encourage and perpetuate myths about women . . . so you can blame [them], victimize [them], diagnose [them] as crazy and lock [them] up somewhere." The A.P.A. is also under fire for a proposed diagnosis of some rapists as suffering from a "paraphilic coercive disorder," which critics say might help provide the basis for an insanity defense.

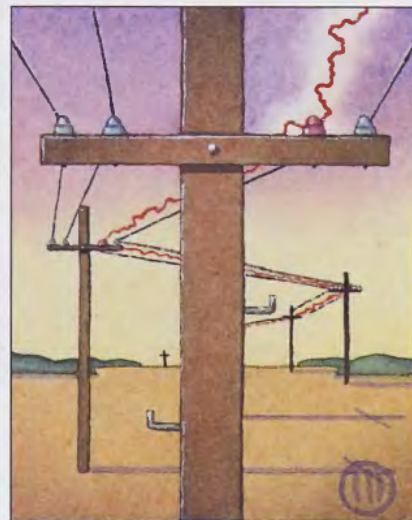
PLAN AHEAD

SAN FRANCISCO—By refusing to hear an appeal on a fine point of law, the California Supreme Court has let stand a state appellate court's ruling that a woman may not consent to sexual intercourse and then charge rape if later she changes her mind but the man refuses to stop. In agreeing with the decision, which makes the ruling binding on lower state courts, Justice Hollis Best wrote that the law recognizes rape

in cases where an unwilling victim changes her mind and consents to continue the act, so "it follows that if consent is given at the moment of penetration, that act of intercourse will be shielded from being a rape even if consent is later withdrawn," though other crimes, such as assault, might still be charged. He acknowledged that "the female may certainly feel outrage because of the force applied or because the male ignores her wishes, but the sense of outrage to her person and feelings could hardly be of the same magnitude as that resulting from an initial nonconsensual violation."

HARD TIMES

LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA—The Reverend Jerry Falwell is blaming concerted opposition from homosexuals for a cash crunch he says has forced him to lay off 225 members of his staff and shut down his toll-free telephone line. The president of the Liberty Federation, successor to the Moral Majority, told the congregation of his Thomas Road Baptist Church that gay newspapers have advised their readers to call the 800 number for information on his weekly television program, "Old Time Gospel Hour," and tie up the lines so that contributors cannot get through. As reported in the June "Playboy Forum,"



one contributor was the invalid mother of a computer-program-systems analyst who avenged himself on Falwell by setting up his modem-equipped computer to dial the toll-free number every 30 seconds. His revenge lasted nearly nine months, until he was caught.

MEDIA ON MEESE

When the Meese commission tried to blacklist corporations deemed pornographic by the Reverend Donald Wildmon, the reaction of the nation's press was one of outrage. The following are excerpts from editorials around the country.

When governments appoint commissions, it's generally because they want a problem to be studied long enough for everybody to forget about it. It usually works.

In the Age of Ronald Reagan, things work differently. Attorney General Edwin Meese's Commission on Pornography . . . has already created a new problem far more severe than the one it set out to study.

The commission has notified major retail outlets for magazines that they would be identified as "involved in the sale or distribution of pornography" because they sold *PLAYBOY* and *Penthouse* magazines. . . .

This is the equivalent of a letter from the Government notifying you that if you don't force your children to join the Young Republicans, you will be identified on milk cartons as a child molester. It effectively revokes great chunks of the Constitution merely on the word of the flinty-eyed band of right-wing censors with which the Reaganists have packed the commission. No proof was required to declare publications obscene.

—editorial in the *Philadelphia Daily News*

Freedom-of-expression battles invariably have to be fought over unpopular causes. It's a quick step from Meese's bluenoses in the porn shops to banning, as many fundamentalists advocate, such important literature as *The Diary of Anne Frank* and *Catcher in the Rye*.

—Jim Fain in the *Akron Beacon Journal*

We don't believe that *PLAYBOY* is pornographic, and we certainly don't believe that indulging one's taste for highly aesthetic erotic photography is the first step down a slippery slope that leads inevitably to increasingly salacious desires and ultimately to child molestation and/or rape. Nonsense! You undermine your credibility when you seem to be espousing such spurious notions: It's like beating the drums for Prohibition on the ground that anyone who drinks is bound to end up a depraved sot.

—Henry Clark, professor, USC, in the *Los Angeles Times*

The archbishop's call to arms against pornography is at once both misguided and uninformed. Misguided because *PLAYBOY* is not pornography. Pick up a copy. Interviews, articles, photos of nude women, yes, but nowhere near as explicit as you might expect; no sexual acts pictured or pretended. No pornography. Mahony's uninformed because there is no evidence that looking at pornography leads to violence. That claim's been made for years, and studied for years, without turning up any evidence to support it. In 1970, in fact, a Presidential commission concluded there is no connection between porn and violence. And yet, misguided and uninformed, Archbishop Roger Mahony nonetheless joins Jerry Falwell in urging an unholy and a dangerous alliance between religion and government to censor and to suppress pornography. That may be the role of the church; it's not the role of the state.

—Bill Press, commentator, KABC-TV (ABC), Los Angeles

A religion can lay down any rules it pleases for the faithful who wish to adhere to the tenets of that religion (though . . . I am shaky when it comes to rattlesnakes and cyanide). But there must be an accommodation (in America) with the secular law, as spelled out in the Constitution and the body of court decisions, that governs all citizens, whether religious or not.

—Henry Mitchell in *The Washington Post*

The only intelligible definition of pornography is verbal or pictorial material, usually relating to sex, of which someone disapproves for some reason.

—editorial in *The Orange County Register*

On a more serious note, the commission's conclusion will inevitably lead to a new "Twinkie"-type defense. The killer of San Francisco mayor George Moscone and city official Harvey Milk argued, with some success, that his crimes were caused by eating too many Twinkies. Now brutal rapists are sure to claim that it wasn't their fault. "The devil—porn—made me do it!"

—Alan Dershowitz in the *Los Angeles Times*

These conclusions seem bizarre to me.

—Edward Donnerstein, University of Wisconsin, in *The New York Times*

found in *The Army Officer's Guide*, attributed to an old German army general:

I divide my officers into four classes, as follows: the clever, the industrious, the lazy and the stupid. Each officer always possesses two of these qualities. Those who are clever and industrious I appoint to the general staff. Use can under certain circumstances be made of those who are stupid and lazy. The man who is clever and lazy qualifies for the highest leadership posts. He has the requisite nerves and the mental clarity for difficult decisions. But whoever is stupid and industrious must be got rid of, for he is too dangerous.

There's more than one man in public office who meets that description, but none matches it better than ol' Edwin.

(Name and address withheld by request)

The late Senator Joe McCarthy's bust is in our courthouse and his birthday is honored with a rifle salute over his grave.

With a certain knowledge of McCarthyism, I have kept my eye on Jerry Falwell and watch his show every Sunday—not because I enjoy it but because he scares the hell out of me.

Edward C. Brandan
Green Bay, Wisconsin

I've been following the antics of the Meese commission for a while now and am getting more and more upset. Today I wrote to both U.S. Senators from Georgia (Nunn and Mattingly) and my Fourth District U.S. Representative (Swindall—sadly, a New Right person).

In all of those letters, I lambasted the Meese group and said how offended I was as a *PLAYBOY* subscriber to have the magazine called pornography. *I am angry!*

Please send me names and addresses of the heads of retail chains that have stopped selling *PLAYBOY*. I'll write and ask them how they got to be such wimps—but I'll put it in gentlemanly terms.

You might mention that others offended by what is going on can join such organizations as the American Civil Liberties Union and The National Coalition Against Censorship (132 West 43rd Street, New York, New York 10036), as I have done during the past few years.

Steve Frenkel
Boswell, Georgia

Hugh Hefner's *The Blacklist* (*PLAYBOY*, July) added fuel to the already burning anger I feel for those who are trying to tell me what's best for me. I seriously doubt that Falwell has actually sat down and read a *PLAYBOY* from cover to cover. If he
(concluded on page 54)

SEX AND THE STATE

By HUGH M. HEFNER

For the past few years, it has been common for the media to denigrate the sexual revolution. *Esquire* proclaimed "The End of Sex" with a wreath on its cover. *Time* not only declared the revolution over, it ran a cover story on herpes as "The New Scarlet Letter." The *Los Angeles Times* ran a major story on "sexual addiction" with a straight face. Feminists and fundamentalists united in a campaign against sex, under the guise of an antiporn crusade, and received sympathetic treatment from the press.

The media seemed to cover their stories on human sexuality with no reflection or perception. The Meese commission's yearlong cross-country witch-hunt made it seem as though the sexual revolution were actually about X-rated movies, dial-a-porn and PLAYBOY. Sex was being defined by its enemies: Radical feminists called it exploitation; fundamentalists called it immorality. When the media said that the sexual revolution was over, no one stopped to reflect on what that might mean. Did it mean sexual freedom was a fad?

It took two events—the flagrant excesses of the Meese commission and the Supreme Court ruling on sodomy—to wake up the media. For the first time in half a decade, the American mainstream press reacted as though it realized that the sexual revolution was about personal freedom. And if we are not free in our minds and bodies, on a subject as personal and private as human sexuality, then how can we suggest that this is a free society?

The New York Times responded to the Supreme Court decision with an editorial titled "Crime in the Bedroom":

A narrow Supreme Court majority, taking a narrow view of the rights at stake, has given states renewed license to regulate sexual conduct they deem deviant. In a five-to-four ruling endorsing Georgia's right to declare sodomy a crime, the Court crudely rejects as "facetious" the argument that such a law invades privacy and strikes at deeply personal basic liberties.

Though many states and cities have lost interest in searching bedrooms, all are again free to pry into the private lives not only of homosexuals, as in the case at Court, but also of heterosexual partners and even married cou-

ples. This was a gratuitous and petty ruling, an offense to American society's maturing standards of individual dignity.

The *Chicago Tribune* wrote:

By treating this as a homosexual-rights case, the Court was able to obscure its implications. And it was also able to act as though this were simply a matter of a political majority deciding to set moral standards for a sovereign state. If it had acknowledged the heterosexual aspects of the law, this argument would have sounded pretty hollow. It is hard to believe that a majority of any state, including Georgia, would pass such a law if it believed the law would be enforced as written.

Columnist Carl T. Rowan: "The Reagan Administration has fostered a climate in which a barest majority of the Supreme Court caters to the passions and hatreds of the American mob, stripping away the constitutional shields outside our bedrooms. . . . How tragically ironic that an Administration that promised to get Government 'off our backs' is now so active in draping Government gumshoes over every part of our anatomies."

Columnist Mike Royko, in a piece titled "Is Your Neighbor a Sex Criminal?" had an immodest proposal: "Something should be done. First, any public officials involved in law enforcement in these states—judges, prosecutors, policemen, sheriffs, constables—should be required to take a lie-detector test to determine if they have engaged in this act [of sodomy]. After all, we can't have sex fiends enforcing the sex-fiend laws, can we?"

The Washington Post commented:

What possible interest can the state have in prohibiting this victimless intimate conduct?

What now? Can we expect an army of police to be assigned to peeping patrol, instructed to barge into bedrooms and arrest anyone who deviates from the most conventional sexual practice? That's preposterous. . . . The sodomy laws are an anachronism and an embarrassment, and if the courts won't strike them down, the legislatures must.

The idea of sex police struck most

journalists as preposterous. But that's exactly what members of the Reagan Administration were suggesting. In the same week the Supreme Court upheld Georgia's antiquated sex laws, the Meese commission was recommending that "groups [of citizens be organized to] communicate with enforcement officials about the pornography in their jurisdiction and alert them to obscenity and unlawful sexual practices." Actually, the Attorney General's hand-picked commission takes the idea of sex police one step further—sex vigilantes. Jerry Falwell said that the Court had given a big "Amen" to his brand of repressive politics. Donald Wildmon, the Mississippi smut spotter, rubbed his hands with glee. Two men who used to get their jollies standing outside 7-Elevens had just been given official permission to stand outside your bedroom window.

And you thought the sexual revolution was over. Perhaps the most eloquent call to arms came in the dissenting opinion of Justice Harry A. Blackmun. Joined by Justices William J. Brennan, Jr., Thurgood Marshall and John Paul Stevens, he described the very heart of the sexual revolution:

This case is about "the most comprehensive of rights and the most valued by civilized men"; namely, "the right to be let alone."

Only the most willful blindness could obscure the fact that sexual intimacy is a "sensitive, key relationship of human existence, central to family life, community welfare and the development of human personality." . . . The fact that individuals define themselves in a significant way through their intimate sexual relationships with others suggests, in a nation as diverse as ours, that there may be many "right" ways of conducting those relationships. . . .

The Court claims that its decision today merely refuses to recognize a fundamental right to engage in homosexual sodomy; what the Court really has refused to recognize is the fundamental interest all individuals have in controlling the nature of their intimate associations with others.

Welcome back to the revolution, boys and girls.

FEEDBACK continued

WAY TO GO, GUYS



When Southland Corporation announced that it was going to stop selling PLAYBOY, students at Texas A&M staged a counterprotest outside their local 7-Eleven store.

feels offended by the artistic photos of the beautiful bodies God has given women, then he should be able, as a rational adult, to examine the rest of the magazine. Is the July interview with Arthur C. Clarke pornography? What about *Fidelity Wars!* by Robert E. Carr and David A. Wilson, or *The Bottom Line on Exercise*, by Ben Yagoda? I challenge him to show me one example of true pornography in PLAYBOY and defend his claims. Or, better yet, have him publish an article or interview in PLAYBOY so that he can challenge you one on one. After all, Jesus visited hell, didn't he? Let's see Falwell fight a clean fight where his claims can be answered and challenged by those at whom he's so viciously pointing an accusing finger. If his claims are true, he has nothing to worry about. If not, he's in trouble.

And one final note. I'm sure that I'm not the only one who wishes to support PLAYBOY in whatever way possible. Getting angry about censorship is one thing, but actually doing something about it is another. Any information you can give on how I can help would be greatly appreciated not only by me but by everyone else who supports your magazine.

Curt Dixon
Fort Worth, Texas

Why not strike back where Meese's hair is the shortest—or, should I say, where his fat hangs the longest? Yes, the moderately obese Meese is very probably guilty of gluttony, one of the seven

deadly sins! How can he, in all righteousness, beat the morality drum so loudly against something as ill defined as pornography? He should actually be taking pot shots (pardon the pun) at the well-advertised food business, leaving the lean, sexually oriented folks to their own foibles.

Richard Zacher
Oceanside, California

Bravo for Hugh Hefner's *The Blacklist!*

When PLAYBOY began vanishing from stores in Northern California, I visited numerous 7-Eleven, Thrifty Drug and other retail outlets. I asked managers why their stores had stopped selling sexual magazines but continued carrying *TV Guide*, which advertises violent TV shows, *Black Belt*, which glorifies violence and deadly weapons, and *Newsweek*, which publicizes terrorism.

Some of the employees were embarrassed by their corporate policy. Others were bewildered by my questions.

Let's be very clear. New Right censors are repelled by sex, not violence. A beautiful nude body in PLAYBOY upsets the immoral minority much more than bullet-filled corpses in South Africa or Chicago.

Thanks for teaming up with The American Booksellers Association to fight the blacklist. In these dark days, your courageous light shines brightly.

André Bacard
San Rafael, California

I feel it is *past* time for those of us who enjoy the freedom granted us by the Constitution to speak out—no, scream out—against an unjust and illegal act being committed by a small, vocal minority in this country.

Yes, I'm talking about those rabid animals who look human and call themselves Christians, better known, by various names, as television evangelists. What finally galvanized me to

action was something I saw on Ted Turner's television network last night. One of those so-called guardians of morality, Jimmy Swaggart, already foaming at the mouth, was spouting an entire load of nonsense. According to his data and statistics, the mandatory sex-education classes in the Scandinavian countries have caused a 200 to 300 percent increase in sexually oriented crimes and an increase in teenage pregnancies. Now, we all know that you can prove anything with statistics, but what I want to know is how this maniacal fanatic thinks he's going to make an intelligent, investigative adult believe this tripe. I have seen data from European countries that have legalized the sale and distribution of sexually explicit materials. These data show no increase of sexually oriented crimes; in some areas, there was a drop.

Anyone and everyone who enjoys his or her sexuality should take Hefner's editorial as a warning. If these "moral morons" can get their way, there will be cameras and monitoring devices in every bedroom in America, Orwell's prophecy of an all-seeing Big Brother will come true and the sexual understanding that has developed over the years will be flushed down the toilet.

Daniel Zaveson
Anaheim, California

I believe that most organized religion has its roots in superstition, fear and ignorance. The more dogmatic the religion, the more it requires ignorance and the more it uses fear and superstition to control and manipulate.

It would be interesting to pick a random sample from the flocks of the Falwells, test their intelligence and compare it with that of the general population.

(Name withheld by request)
South Gate, California



PLAYBOY 1; MEESE 0

The Government's antiporn commission has been ordered to stop intimidating merchants and otherwise attempting to suppress the sale of PLAYBOY and other popular men's magazines. Hearing a suit by PLAYBOY, the American Booksellers Association and others, Washington, D.C., Federal District Judge John Garrett Penn ruled that the Attorney General's Commission on Pornography had exceeded its charter and had violated the Constitution by threatening to list sellers of such magazines in the commission's final report as dealers in pornography.

In handing down a preliminary injunction against the commission, Judge Penn wrote, "It is clear that something has happened in the market place. A deprivation of a First Amendment right—that is, a prior restraint on speech, a right so precious in this nation—constitutes irreparable injury."

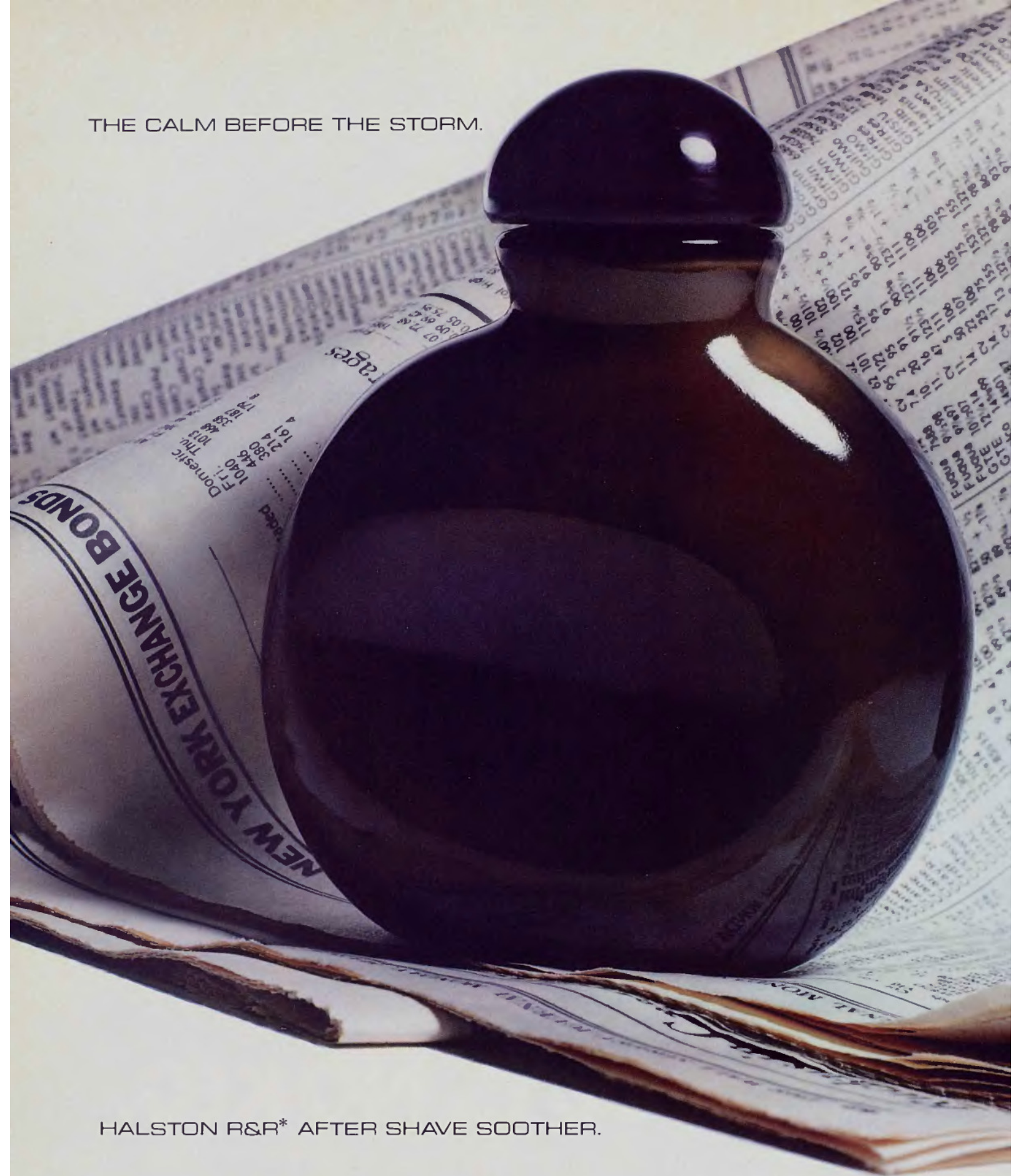


LOOK GUYS, NO KEG.

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New Miller Genuine Draft® is real draft beer in a bottle. It's not heat-pasteurized, like most bottled beers. It's cold-filtered to give you the smoothness and freshness of draft beer from a keg.

No way, you say? Tasting is believing.

THE CALM BEFORE THE STORM.



HALSTON R&R* AFTER SHAVE SOOTHER.

*REVITALIZE AND RETEXTURIZE. © 1986 HALSTON

bloomingdale's

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: PHIL COLLINS

a candid conversation with the singer, drummer and chart topper about his music, his looks, his peers and his reputation as "mr. perfect"

Give me just one more hit. . . . That's not quite the refrain of the song that took over the airwaves a couple of years ago, but it may as well be. Turn on the tube and there he is, doing weird stuff on MTV videos—in one he was Diana Ross and all the Supremes. Switch channels and there he is, being nominated for one award or another, here a Grammy, there an Oscar. Turn on the car radio and he's there, singing or drumming; hit the button to switch stations and he's there, too, and there—and there. Yes, it's safe to assume that there is always a Phil Collins song being played somewhere in the world.

Although this would get an argument from fans of Sting, Bruce Springsteen, Prince or Lionel Richie, Phil Collins is arguably the hottest singer in pop music. Besides the awards, his three solo albums have sold well over 10,000,000 units; and as a member of the band Genesis, with whom he has recorded 16 albums, he has sold 5,000,000 or so albums. Yet unlike Sting, Springsteen or Prince, Collins seems to have appeared from nowhere, quietly, without flash. As we summed up when we inducted him into the Playboy Hall of Fame last year, "His greatest talent is that of being able to speak to the average listener. Collins is among the few genuine adult rock stars, someone whose

songs go beyond teen-beat banalities to zero in on the problems of contemporary romance. It's music to live with, not merely listen to, and that's why Phil Collins is one of the major voices of the Eighties."

We've been humming his songs for years, but he probably became an international star when the world saw him on the Live Aid telecast. Collins got the lion's share of the star-studded publicity by appearing on both sides of the Atlantic for the same concert: He sang on his own and with Sting in Britain, then hopped a Concorde to the States for another solo slot in Philadelphia, then ended his exhausting day as drummer for a reunited Led Zeppelin.

Although controversy is hardly what one associates with Collins, he had his share of that when his song "Against All Odds (Take a Look at Me Now)" was nominated for an Oscar last year. He offered to sing the song on the Academy Awards telecast, but the Academy sent him a letter, addressed to "Mr. Phil Cooper," declining his offer. Ann Reinking, the dancer, sang the song instead and Collins erupted in anger to the press. Shortly afterward, he made more news in the time-honored way—by charging after a pushy paparazzo. Still, aside from cracks about his appearance—the occasional snide comments about

his height and receding hairline—both critics and friends agree that he is a genuinely affable, easygoing man, rarity enough in the music business. There is not much in the rumor mill about Collins. Oh, yes: Robert Plant says that it is tough to get him to cough up for a round of drinks.

Collins was raised in Hounslow, a suburb of London. His father was an insurance man and his mother ran a toy store and then became an agent for child actors. His brother, Clive, is a cartoonist (whose work has been featured in PLAYBOY) and his sister, Carole, is a theatrical agent. Phil got his first toy drum when he was very young, his first full kit at five and began performing in shows at his parents' boating club.

He played in a few bands and stumbled into a session with George Harrison, Ringo Starr and others during the recording of "All Things Must Pass" at Abbey Road Studios. Things continued in the slow lane until 1970, when Phil read about an audition for a band called Genesis, which was looking for a drummer.

Genesis slowly began to build a reputation, first in England, then in the States, for "art rock" in the vein of Procol Harum and Traffic. Fronted by flamboyant Peter Gabriel, the band became known for its theatrical shows,



"A video ties up someone's image of what the music is. In the old days, you used to buy a record and use your imagination. TV takes that away from you. Most of the time, the image isn't even the band's idea."



"It's a shame my dad never saw me successful at this—music. He died before any of this started. I wish he could have seen that I didn't become a drug maniac or anything. That the music led somewhere."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVIES AND STARR

"Listen: I'm gonna clear up a few things here: One, I'm not short. I'm 5'8". I'm not Abdul Kamal, or whatever his name is, but I'm not short. Two, I'm not bald. I have had this hairline since I was a kid."

which utilized costumes, pantomime and props. Collins was just the drummer boy. In 1975, Gabriel left to pursue a solo career and Genesis auditioned more than 400 singers before deciding that the man in its own backyard—Phil—had the vocal cords for the job. Collins' soulful voice, until then used on a few tracks as background, redefined Genesis' sound, and the band took off. With Collins behind the mike, Genesis is now in the middle of its biggest American tour ever and its 16th album, "Invisible Touch," shot into the top ten three weeks after it was released.

It wasn't until 1977 that the songwriter in Collins emerged, and some of his songs tell a personal story that he is reticent to discuss. Apparently, his first wife, Andrea, took up with another man because Collins was too involved with his career. In "In the Air Tonight," he sang: "I was there and I saw what you did./I saw it with my own two eyes./So you can wipe off that grin,/I know where you've been,/It's all been a pack of lies." Whatever the details, Collins poured out his feelings in songs that became his first solo album, "Face Value." It was a raw emotional testament; the other songs were about being abandoned, about missing his two children—yet they were wrapped in infectious melodic beats and up-tempo productions. The hits began rolling out.

Genesis was coming into its own, as well, with the release of "Abacab," its first platinum record. All around Collins, things were poised for explosion. On a personal level, he met and soon married Jill Tavelman, a schoolteacher, who, as he sang in "This Must Be Love," brought him out of the gloom of his divorce. He and Jill today live in Guildford, outside London, a short hop from Fisher Lane Farm, the Genesis recording studio. And he now sees his children regularly.

On a professional level, two solo albums followed: "Hello, I Must Be Going!" and "No Jacket Required," each a bigger hit than the last, fielding a total of six top-ten singles and including the monster hit "One More Night." Sales of "No Jacket Required" have now topped 7,000,000.

Adding a few more strings to his bow, Collins also became a highly sought-after record producer. He collaborated with Philip Bailey on a number-one song, "Easy Lover," and went on to produce records for Frida, from the group ABBA, John Martyn and Adam Ant. He has been asked to produce for artists as diverse as Buddy Rich and Julian Lennon. In fact, Collins was hard at work on his second producing job for guitarist Eric Clapton when Contributing Editor David Sheff caught up with him in the Genesis studio. Sheff, whose previous interviews for PLAYBOY in the music field have included those with John Lennon, Billy Joel and Sting, reports:

"In preparing for an interview, it is routine not only to research the person through previous newspaper and magazine articles but to talk with a wide variety of people who may have insights into him, whether critics, friends, family or peers. The process of preparing for this interview was frustrating: Damned if I could find one person who didn't

end up telling me what a nice guy Phil Collins is. Throughout our sessions, I looked hard to see if I could find evidence that he was really a conniving, manipulative guy who had ordered everyone to say he was nice. No such evidence, folks.

"He was completely professional. Collins would tell me that he would call at 11 in the morning to schedule an interview session and he would actually call ten minutes early. Anyone who has covered rock 'n' roll knows that this just doesn't happen.

"At Fisher Lane Farm, Phil's assistants were cooking breakfast. It was thoroughly English: sausage, bacon, eggs, mushrooms, grilled tomatoes, baked beans. Phil, meanwhile, was going over tracks recorded the night before with coproducer Tom Dowd. After wolfing down his first meal of the day, he issued instructions to one of the assistants: 'Would you please bring my car in to have the tape deck replaced? And, while you're at it, it needs a tank of gas.' The assistant replied, 'No.' Phil shrugged, 'OK. You're fired.' The assistant cheerfully jumped into Collins' BMW and sped off. Later, he told me how much Phil had done for him. 'Phil is the nicest guy you'll ever meet,' he said. I sighed.

"I was staying at a 13th Century inn

"I've been taken less seriously because I've been more popular—I'm cast aside as some sort of Barry Manilow."

called The Crown in the tiny town of Chiddenfold, where the proprietress asked me if I were visiting on holiday. When I told her that I was there to interview Phil Collins, she broke into a wide smile. 'Such a nice boy, that,' she said. Well, the topic to start the interview seemed inevitable."

PLAYBOY: Phil, we've all heard the rumors; are they true?

COLLINS: You mean about me—

PLAYBOY: Yes. About your being the so-called nicest person in rock 'n' roll.

COLLINS: Well, it's true that I always end up apologizing for being a nice guy. I don't understand why I have to. I do interviews and then the writers come back and say, "My editor doesn't believe you're like this and he wants more to make the story better." Like what? Sex? Drugs? Sorry. This is me. A writer in England went up to my mom and asked her what my faults were. She said, "I can't think of any of his faults." So the headline was: "FAULTLESS PHIL. MR. PERFECT, BY HIS MOM." She read it and went berserk. She doesn't need that at 73.

PLAYBOY: Then it's not true? You deny the charges?

COLLINS: I'm nice until I have a reason not

to be. I work hard and people sense that. But I'm different things to different people. To the middle-aged housewife, I'm someone who looks like a "little boy lost"; to the people who know only *One More Night* and *Against All Odds*, I'm probably this sweet and sensitive guy. But there are many other songs, many other sides. I don't like that sickly sweet image.

PLAYBOY: We've remarked that your biggest talent is being able to speak to the average listener. Do you agree?

COLLINS: I don't know about biggest, but it does seem that people relate. There's a tendency for people to be cynical about popularity, like you're appealing to the lowest common denominator, which is another term for trash. It's an insulting attitude—insulting to the audience. I mean, sometimes I feel it. Like, God, I wish I were David Byrne, with this small, tight group of fans. The critics would like me. Instead, I've been taken less seriously because I've been more popular—I'm cast aside as some sort of Barry Manilow. I find it frustrating.

PLAYBOY: How is a Barry Manilow song different from some of your ballads—*One More Night*, for example?

COLLINS: It has a heartfelt thing in it, it comes from someplace deeper, and that comes through in the songs, I think. It hits the chord of truth. People understand it because they have felt it, too.

PLAYBOY: Manilow might say that people respond to his songs for a similar reason.

COLLINS: He might, but I still believe there is an important difference. People are living with the problems that have to do with their homes, their day-to-day lives, their relationships. There are obviously more substantial problems in the world; but from the feedback I get, I think they find compassion for their situations in my songs. Understanding. That's different from gay little love songs. People use music for solace. Somehow, when people are miserable, they put on a miserable song; they want empathy or something. Stephen Bishop writes some of the best love songs because he loves being miserable.

PLAYBOY: We may have caught you being less than nice right at the start. Why the sensitivity over Barry Manilow's sort of music?

COLLINS: Well, it defines a certain area of music to me: soft, spineless music. I never met Barry, so I don't know what he's like, but though the music may be very well produced, polished, smooth and glossy, it has no spine, no edge, no backbone.

PLAYBOY: Critics have been tough on you for not having enough of an edge. How do you react to bad reviews?

COLLINS: If you don't want to believe the bad ones, then you can't believe the good ones, but I don't have to accept the critics who obviously just don't like me. Robert Hilburn [of the *Los Angeles Times*] just doesn't like me. He wrote a review of *One More Night*, complaining about how many times I use the line "One more night" in

the song. How many times does Bruce Springsteen say "Born in the U.S.A." in *Born in the U.S.A.*? Well, Hilburn is a huge Springsteen fan. And the point is irrelevant. There was a whole page of letters in the paper from his own readers angry with him. Anyway, some critics just respond to ballads and love songs. They think it's a little soppy to write about those things. But the stuff that really gets me is the comments about my physical appearance. I guess it's easier to write about than the kind of songs I play. I mean, I was called the ugliest man since George Orwell. What's that got to do with the music? And, by the way, how ugly was George Orwell?

PLAYBOY: Isn't that just a reaction to the stereotypical image of rock stars?

COLLINS: Yeah, I think a lot of critics saw the fans who show up for my concerts, these screaming girls in the audience, and just didn't understand it. I didn't ask for it, but it ends up with me getting all this "short, slightly bald, overweight, middle-aged pop star" kind of thing. And it does hurt.

PLAYBOY: *Rolling Stone* called you a "Cabbage Patch Kid for the pop audience."

COLLINS: Yes, and after that came out, people started to throw Cabbage Patch dolls onto the stage. Listen: I'm gonna clear up a few things here: One, I'm not short. People keep saying I am short. I'm 5'8", which in England is the average height, OK? In America, OK, so I'm not Abdul Kamal, or whatever his name is, but I'm not short. Two, I'm not bald. They all talk about the balding rock star. I have had this hairline since I was a kid, right? Of course, I am losing it gradually, but I started off with less than everybody else. Three, I'm only a little bit overweight, and that's because I have lived in the studio for the past six months and studio work is tedious. There is a lot of sitting around. I get fit on the road. I lose a lot of excess pounds when I'm on stage. On this tour with Genesis, since I'm playing drums more than when I tour myself, I really burn a lot of calories. So there. That's cleared up. But I understand the point. The traditional pop star is more glamorous. Lifestyle, clothes, a bit of arrogance. I'm not going to apologize for not being like that.

PLAYBOY: You've said, "I'm so unfashionable it's embarrassing."

COLLINS: Yes, it's true, I suppose. The other day, my friend Eric Clapton said he was going to London to buy some stage clothes and asked if I wanted to go. I said, "If I bought some nice clothes, the last place I'd wear them is on stage. I just sit there and sweat in them." I don't own a pair of jeans, so it's not that I dress like a slob. And if I did, they wouldn't be tight, because I just don't look great in them. So I like baggy suits. They're comfortable to wear. Sneakers are comfortable. They are the only thing I can play drums in.

PLAYBOY: Do you own a tuxedo?

COLLINS: I bought a tuxedo because of being involved with the Prince's Trust [a

charity sponsored by Prince Charles]. Until then, I was just wearing my wedding suit, this black wedding suit, any time I was supposed to get dressed up. I just couldn't keep wearing it. Now when I go to the Grammys and the Academy Awards and stuff, I've got something to wear. Anyway, all this has meant that I think about what I look like now. I never used to care. At least now I try to look a bit smart. It's about time, I suppose. I'm 35.

PLAYBOY: You have a thing about jackets. Your third solo album is called *No Jacket Required*. Where did the title come from?

COLLINS: I was on tour with Robert Plant and we were staying at the Ambassador in Chicago. We had maybe 30 rooms in the hotel and were paying these exorbitant prices. The second night I was there, I went to the bar dressed fairly smart—proper trousers, not jeans, and a nice leather jacket—and I was told, "Sir, you can't come in here without a jacket." I said, "I'm wearing a jacket." So Robert just pushed the guy aside and walked through. I wasn't going to do that, I was going to stand and argue with the guy. He said, "It's not a proper jacket." To make a long story short, I was livid. I've never been so mad in my life—well, maybe once.

"If I bought some nice clothes, the last place I'd wear them is on stage. I just sit there and sweat in them."

I thought of different things to do. Like maybe going down there wearing the right kind of jacket and ordering a drink and just pouring it onto the floor and saying, "Well, I've got a jacket on! You can't do anything to me." Maybe I should smash a few photographs on the wall, a bit of the Robert Plant attitude. But I did nothing, of course. I just moaned about it.

PLAYBOY: We're on a roll here; what was the other time you got that mad?

COLLINS: I'm a nice guy. We've established that, right? [Laughs] OK. We had a party at this Chinese restaurant in New York. I was leaving, walking with our security man, Ron, with my wife and two children coming behind me, and as we left, there was a pack of *paparazzi* waiting there. This one guy wouldn't get out of the way. The security man said, "Excuse me," and the guy screamed, "Don't push me, man." Ron said something about if the guy talked to him that way, he was going to have to do something, but we just sort of kept going. Then, from behind, I heard my wife say, "Do you mind? Excuse me. I'm his wife!" I thought, My kids! My wife! This guy is pushing my wife and kids around. I just flipped. I went after him like a rocket

through the street. I was held back or I don't know what I would have done. I was running down the street after this guy, swearing at the top of my lungs. They pushed me back and I got into the car and Jill and the kids were looking at me, scared stiff. They had never seen their dad like that. And then I started laughing. I said, "I feel fantastic." It was such a wonderful rush. This is the same photographer who was involved in a similar altercation with Ryan O'Neal a few years ago. It's one thing for him to try to do that to me, but when it was to my wife and kids, I went crazy. Anyway, it was wonderful.

PLAYBOY: You get your share of criticism, but you also get a lot of favorable reactions—including accolades and awards. You've led the Playboy Music Poll as top pop drummer for three years and were inducted into its Hall of Fame. Your song *Against All Odds* was nominated for an Oscar in 1985. There was a controversy when you weren't asked to perform it at the awards ceremony, wasn't there?

COLLINS: Well, it's been blown out of proportion. *Entertainment Tonight* had run a few things about it. In fact, I was a bit peeved, but that's life. That night, I was sitting in my seat and poor old Ann Rein-king, who was singing the song, came in. She knew I was there and knew about all the fuss that had gone on about it. And . . . well, she may be a dancer, but she can't sing. She was awful. I felt sorry for her. Kenny Loggins was sitting behind me and he said, "I can't believe what they did to your song." He wasn't performing his, either, so all I could say was, "You've got yours to come, mate." There was politics behind it.

PLAYBOY: It wasn't your night. You lost to Stevie Wonder.

COLLINS: And then, to make things worse, the next day, I talked to a *Rolling Stone* reporter, who asked me about it. I said, "I can't fight Stevie Wonder. He's been around too long. He's black. He's blind and he does a lot for human rights. He gets the sympathy vote, anyway—and he's from L.A." It's all true, but there was a fuss about that, too. Larry Gelbart wrote a scathing letter to *Rolling Stone*, saying that I was a bad loser and blah, blah, blah. . . . But after the whole thing, they sent me an application for membership. I thought it was a joke. So now I'm a fully paid-up member of the Academy.

PLAYBOY: And an actor; to boot. One of the highest-rated *Miami Vice* episodes featured you playing a game-show host. How did you make that turn in your career?

COLLINS: Well, I actually started out acting as a kid. But *Miami Vice* was great fun. The script was written for me after the writers saw this bit I did on stage introducing the members of the band. I was a game-show host. They tried to write all the English expressions I might say, and at one point, they wanted me to say, "You must take me for a right wanker." They had heard British people use the word

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wanker, but they didn't know it was a word for masturbator.

In another place in the script, they wanted me to hang up the phone and say, "I hope he dies impotent." I thought it wasn't the kind of thing I would say, so I told them I should hang up and say, "I hope his ghoulies fall off." Meaning his balls. When some producer came in from L.A., he heard that and told me I couldn't say that. Even though wanker was OK.

PLAYBOY: Important question: Did you get to keep any of the clothes you wore on that episode?

COLLINS: I got a suit, actually. I was expecting maybe I'd end up with all those hip Don Johnson clothes; but the problem was that I was playing this tasteless cad who had terrible clothes, so apart from the suit, who would want any of the stuff? Anyway, the experience was a real breath of fresh air, to realize there is something apart from the music that I can do.

PLAYBOY: Why do you still sing with Genesis? Most singers with your solo success have long since left their groups.

COLLINS: We all find it interesting to sustain this chemistry that we have. It is a completely different experience from writing and performing solo. You see, Genesis began with this whole art-rock thing, and at one point, its success had as much to do with Peter [Gabriel]'s arty stuff—the costumes and other theatrics—as with anything else. The other members and I became frustrated because people were talking about what Peter wore rather than the music. It was a little bit of a step back to try to get people to realize that the band was a band, and it was around then that I began singing. I have ever since.

PLAYBOY: But now that three of the band members sing solo, isn't Genesis sort of a stepchild, getting your leftovers?

COLLINS: Genesis fills a specific role. If someone told me I had to choose between Genesis and my solo career, I'd choose my solo career; I'm totally responsible for it. But I don't have to choose. I have a mind to work with Genesis now and we made the album and we'll tour for nine months, and then we won't do it for a couple of years. In that time, I'll work on my own stuff. It's good fun to have both. I also feel a loyalty to the band. I certainly wouldn't want to be the one to say I don't want to do this anymore. But that's not the real reason I'm still in Genesis. It's because of the experience of writing with Tony Banks and Mike Rutherford, playing with them.

PLAYBOY: You also produce the records of a number of other singers and have toured with most people in your business. With that experience as a base, and since you're in a candid mood, will you give us thumbnail assessments of some of your peers?

COLLINS: I'll give it a go.

PLAYBOY: Sting, and his old partners The Police.

COLLINS: A great band. That is, I *think* they're still together. They have a love-hate relationship. Depending on who you

talk to, one of them is always leaving the band. Stewart Copeland is an amazing drummer. I just wish he didn't think he was amazing. Sting is a lovely bloke. We've become friends. I felt honored to be on stage with him at Live Aid.

PLAYBOY: Prince.

COLLINS: I'm a big fan. I just wish he weren't quite like he is sometimes. I mean, he came to some British awards here and made his way up to the stage to get his awards with a huge bodyguard who stood there while he said, "Thanks a lot." I just think it's funny to pull that kind of thing off in this business. If you're in front of 10,000 kids screaming at you, it's one thing; but inside the business, it's strange. Musically, Prince is great, though. I love his attitude. *Little Red Corvette* is a fantastic song. *Take Me with U. Purple Rain*.

PLAYBOY: Bruce Springsteen.

COLLINS: I've always liked the idea of Springsteen—everyman's music for everyman, you know; it captures the imagination of the workingman. Chuck Berry did the same thing. I don't know that much about Springsteen's older songs, but I like what he stands for. *Born in the U.S.A.* is just fantastic. It has great atmosphere and it's a great song.

"I've got a soft spot for Madonna. Maybe it's that little innocent voice and the underwear she wears."

PLAYBOY: Madonna.

COLLINS: I've got a soft spot for Madonna. She has a lot of intensity. Maybe it's that little innocent voice and the underwear she wears.

Funnily enough, I met them—Sean Penn and Madonna. I went to see John Cougar in Los Angeles when I had my kids out with me. They are fans of his, so I took them backstage after the gig and there in the corner was this couple. Simon, my son, said, "Dad, that's Madonna!" I said, "Naaaa." He said, "Da-a-ad, it is, it is, it is. Get her autograph for me! *Please*." I collect autographs for them—I got Lionel Richie, Michael Jackson. I finally went over to Sean and said, "Hello, I'm Phil Collins." He said, "I know who you are, man." I thought he was going to hit me. I said, "Is it possible, Madonna, that you could give my kids autographs? They won't speak to me if I don't ask." So she quite nervously, embarrassed, gave me her autograph. She didn't seem to be able to deal with it very well.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned Michael Jackson. What about him?

COLLINS: I'm a fan of Michael's. It's extraordinary that he's lived as he has lived, to have been a huge star since he was five or six. We can't have any idea of what he

thinks like, because he's never lived a normal life. I met him. He was very nice, but it was like you didn't want to touch him, because he would break, you know. His story is probably a little tragic. Now he's going around with his white surgical mask on. I can't understand that at all. He doesn't want to be recognized, so he wears a white surgical mask, so everybody says, "There's Michael Jackson wearing a white surgical mask."

PLAYBOY: You're being pretty direct.

COLLINS: I'm going to lose a lot of friends after this, aren't I?

PLAYBOY: How about Paul McCartney?

COLLINS: When McCartney has balls, he's great. There was some talk of my producing him. I liked the idea. I thought, Just to get a bit of balls into the production. I'm sure he's got it in him. It's just that someone's not bringing it out. Everyone looks at McCartney and wants the Beatles, which is impossible. The Beatles were probably the best band ever. Now he wants to do what he wants to do and, unfortunately, that may not be what the public wants to hear from him.

PLAYBOY: You're younger than McCartney. Do you have a theory about where music is going today?

COLLINS: Well, we are moving away from electronic music. There were very few real musicians playing on records for a while. It was all synthesized stuff and machines and computerized sequences. Like everything, a trend comes in, everybody uses it to death, and then it fades away and you keep the good stuff.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of synthesized stuff, don't you use drum machines extensively?

COLLINS: I resisted them for a long time, but sometimes their insistence, the fact that they never change, makes them work in a way real drums don't. In a sense, it freed me. It changed the way I wrote. Also, the sounds you can create are almost infinite. The atmosphere on *In the Air Tonight* is from the drum machine. So, yes, I love drum machines.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of the influence of MTV on music?

COLLINS: Well, records that otherwise were average have been coupled with good visuals and given a lot of exposure, so some mediocre records have sunk in and become hits. Also, I don't like the idea that a video ties up someone's image of what the music is. In the old days, you used to buy a record—the old days; I mean a few years ago—and you'd listen to it, maybe look at the sleeve while you were listening. Your imagination was working. Television takes that away from you. Worse, most of the time, the image isn't even the band's idea. But videos are a necessary evil now. If you don't make a video, it cuts into your sales.

PLAYBOY: You made a huge splash on television with your appearance at the Live Aid concert last year, when you flew 6000 miles by Concorde to appear in England and America. How did that happen?

COLLINS: It all happened sort of by accident.

When I was asked to do the gig, I didn't know what to do. I told them, "Listen, I'll play drums with anybody." Sting rang me up and said he thought we should do something together. Then, somewhere along the line, it was worked out that it was possible for someone to get on the Concorde and perform at both gigs. Originally, Duran Duran was going to go on in England, and then—since the members are the same—Power Station was going to be on in the States. They all chickened out. By default, I was the only one who did it. I didn't just want to go over and play my songs again. I had bumped into Robert Plant and he had asked me, "Do you think that you could get me on the Live Aid thing? Wouldn't it be fun if I got Jimmy Page to do it and you could play drums and we could do the old Led Zeppelin songs?" I told him to call Bill Graham. The answer was yes. They wanted me there early to rehearse the old Zeppelin songs, but I couldn't make it and I told them, "Listen, I know the songs. I know them backward and forward." Well, that day the tempos were all over the place, and it may have seemed like it was my fault, because I was the one who hadn't rehearsed, but I would pledge to my dying day that it wasn't me. In fact, it was Tony Thompson who was racing a bit; he was a bit nervous, I guess. It came off because of the magic of being Zeppelin; but I remember in the middle of the thing, I actually thought, How do I get out of here?

PLAYBOY: What was the point of the Concorde trip?

COLLINS: It was like threading the two events together, which, in retrospect, I think it did. On the plane, all these elderly Americans were going back to New York for the weekend, saying, "What's going on here?" Before we landed, they were all caught up in the thing. Cher was on the plane, wondering what all the fuss was about. She thought it was for her [laughs], so she apparently locked herself in the bathroom, put on her wig and tarted herself up [laughs] and came out, and I went up to her halfway through the journey and said, "How are you doing?" I explained the Live Aid thing and said, "Why don't you come?" She said OK and later that night, she was on television singing *We Are the World*.

In New York, they got Immigration on the plane—something they apparently don't do even for royalty—and I was in a helicopter and arrived in Philadelphia about half an hour before Eric was on, then I was on, and then Zeppelin. It was an amazing day. At the end of it, I was back in New York and I was thinking, What's been going on today? I was in London this morning and performed with all those people and Eric just introduced me to Dylan and Keith Richards and Ronnie Wood and I performed in America, and then I played with Led Zeppelin doing *Stairway to Heaven*, and now I'm back in New York and tomorrow I go back home

again. It was extraordinary.

PLAYBOY: This all started with Bob Geldof's *Do They Know It's Christmas* session in London, the first Band Aid event. How did that one trigger this new wave of political concerts?

COLLINS: There was a report about famine in Africa that was on British television. It shook people up here. People were in the middle of eating dinner and suddenly there was this mass starvation on television. Everyone was up in arms about it. Geldof rang up the next day. He said, "It's disgusting. We have to do something. I want to make a record and we need a famous drummer." Two weeks later, I went to the studio for the session. It was phenomenal. There were about 60 bands there. I think I was the oldest one there. Youch. . . . So we were all just waiting to do our bit. When it came time for the drums, it was embarrassing, because I had the drum kit set up in the middle of the room and everybody was, like, standing there, watching. It took two takes. At the end, everyone stood up and applauded and it was all over so quickly. The best moments happen like that, I think. They mixed it that night and the next morning, it was on the radio; the next week, it was number one and the rest is history.

PLAYBOY: How did you feel about the controversies around Band Aid—the warring factions, the questions about the money's getting through?

COLLINS: The events have had such a high profile that it is obvious that the money is being carefully controlled and dispersed. Unfortunately, the governments in Africa are putting barriers up. The only thing that annoyed me was the difference between the American version of Live Aid and the British one. In England, if you wanted a cup of tea, you made it yourself. If you wanted a sandwich, you bought it. In typical American style, at the American concert, there were laminated tour passes and champagne and caviar. I don't doubt anyone's moral commitment to the cause, but the caviar and the cause just didn't jibe for me.

PLAYBOY: Yet you've never written overtly political songs.

COLLINS: Generally, that's true, though a song like *A Long Long Way to Go* is a political statement. It just doesn't come naturally for me to write like that. I feel that my music is helping in another way—helping people understand more about other people. That's really what I do best. I'm not politically motivated. I don't even vote. I have pretty strong views of what's right and wrong, though. There's so much to do, but for me that doesn't mean writing political songs. I write personal songs.

PLAYBOY: In *In the Air Tonight*, you're confessing that the person to whom you're singing left you for someone else.

COLLINS: People ask me, "Aren't you embarrassed? You're putting your private

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life out for all the world to see." It's like I oughtn't to let people see that I was hurt, that I cry, that I do unmanly things. But I'm not embarrassed by it.

PLAYBOY: The lyric goes, "It's all been a pack of lies." How autobiographical is that?

COLLINS: I don't want to talk about details. All of that was reflecting on the split-up of my first marriage, but that's all I want to say about it. It's not fair to my ex-wife, who has her own side to all of this and now has a life of her own and is very happy, and it's not fair to my wife, Jill, who has been living with me for six or seven years now. We have our own life now and we're very happy.

PLAYBOY: OK, but the pain of splitting up, of loss, is a theme in a lot of your music.

COLLINS: There's more to write about, obviously, when you've been through something that affects you deeply. I can say that much. It opens you up; your spectrum becomes wider. It's a big step for me to be able to express it.

In a lot of my most personal songs, I am saying I had no way of getting in touch. They are like letters. A lot of the songs, particularly on *Face Value*, obviously come from that experience of loss, as do some songs from the other albums: *Why Can't It Wait Til Morning*, *It Don't Matter to Me*, *I Cannot Believe It's True*. That last song is specifically about after the emotional thing has died down, and he has to start dealing with the reality of the situation; he's frantically trying to dig himself out of a hole. *Do You Know, Do You Care* has the same theme, but it was actually written in broad, general terms: "You said you did, but you didn't./You said you would, but you couldn't./Do you really care or what?" But as for *In the Air*, that was the opposite; it was born of passion. I honestly don't know where it comes from, exactly what it's about.

PLAYBOY: How do you begin a song?

COLLINS: Usually with a rhythm. These days, I always use a drum machine, as you point out. The rhythm can set the whole thing up for me, set the mood. I just put on the drum machine and start mucking about. For instance, I had a tempo in mind—I was thinking of one of the Jacksons' songs, actually—when I strung a chorus on it. The line "One more night" just fit what I was playing. The rest of the song was written very quickly.

PLAYBOY: Besides your writing and singing—and the occasional foray into acting—you've made a mark as a producer of other artists' work, from Eric Clapton's to Adam Ant's. What's the attraction of working behind the scenes when you've had so much limelight?

COLLINS: At heart, I'm still a fan of people. If someone like Clapton or Philip Bailey asks me to produce him, I'm completely flattered. It's like I couldn't say no. I learn a lot, too. There's another aspect, particularly for the lesser-known performers. I

really liked John Martyn, an English blues musician, who was going to make a record. I sort of felt I understood his music. So I wanted in there basically because I didn't want anyone else in there, fucking it up. With Clapton, well, Eric has been one of my best friends for some time, and one day he just called me up. I was blown away by it. "My God, Eric Clapton wants me to produce him." Even though we're best mates, he's still Eric Clapton. I used to play Cream songs in my school band. Anyway, the fashion of music keeps changing, and people like Eric sort of get left behind a bit in people's minds, if nothing else. I saw producing his records as an opportunity to make people realize that this guy is still a fantastic guitar player and he's got a great voice.

PLAYBOY: You not only produced Philip Bailey but also co-wrote and sang on his hit *Easy Lover*. It's interesting that a white Englishman could become a producer for a black musician.

COLLINS: It was a real struggle. Bailey got a lot of flak for being produced by someone who is white. There was this paranoia that the album would not be played by black stations. In this business, you find out that there is more racism on the black side of

"In this business, you find out that there is more racism on the black side of the fence than on the white."

the fence than on the white side. They didn't want to know about me, because I'm white. We did it, though, and broke down some of those walls. *Easy Lover* was a black hit and a pop hit and my song *Susudio* was a number-three record on the black charts as a result of the thing's being opened up by *Easy Lover*. The race thing is not great on either side. If you're Prince or Lionel Richie, you can get played on MTV, but not many other black artists can. The reason I was on the video for *Easy Lover* was that I knew it wouldn't be shown if it was just Phil Bailey. Barriers will break down as there is more crossover, but they are slow to break down. Bailey and I working together, McCartney and Stevie Wonder or Michael Jackson. . . .

PLAYBOY: Are there others you would like to produce?

COLLINS: I've been asked to produce Tony Williams and Buddy Rich, each a very interesting project. I'd like to produce Aretha Franklin; I love her voice. And Steve Winwood for the same reason. Julian Lennon asked and I'm interested in that, as well.

PLAYBOY: But your first love—

COLLINS: Is drumming, right.

PLAYBOY: What drummers influenced you?

COLLINS: Everyone from Charlie Watts to Ringo to Keith Moon to Buddy Rich, Tony Williams, Steve Gadd. All those are influences. Especially Ringo.

PLAYBOY: What about Ringo?

COLLINS: He's very happy just to do whatever's right for the song. Some of the drumming on things like *Strawberry Fields Forever*, *Ticket to Ride*, the whole *Revolver* album are just great. Right now, I'm more interested in the sound of the drums and in playing what's right. I listen to some of the old songs that I played drums on and I can't believe the stuff I used to do. I'm less interested in playing as fast around the drum kit as I was; I just want to do whatever is right for the song, rather than get in as much fancy drumming as I can.

PLAYBOY: But it was Ringo's Beatle mate George Harrison who was indirectly responsible for one of your first breaks, wasn't it?

COLLINS: Yeah. When I was 17, I met him—he was recording *All Things Must Pass*. I got a call one night from the manager of the band I was in at the time, Flaming Youth. He asked me what I was doing and if I wanted to do a session. I said, "I just got out of the bath, man. I'm watching TV." He said, "Well, it's for George Harrison. They need a percussion player at Abbey Road." So I'm screaming at the cabdriver, who wants to give me a tour of north London, "Get me to the bloody studio!" I got there and Ringo's chauffeur let me in. I was totally starstruck. Ringo was playing drums; Harrison, guitar; Klaus Voorman, bass; Billy Preston, piano; Badfinger, guitars; Maurice Gibb, keyboards; and Phil Spector was producing. Mal Evans, the old Beatles road manager, was sitting in the corner. This was like a dream, you know.

PLAYBOY: So you're on the album *All Things Must Pass*?

COLLINS: Well, Phil Spector kept saying, "Just drums and guitar," and "Just drums and piano." Every time he said "drums," I thought he was talking about me. I'm not a conga player; my hands were getting red and blistered. I'm thrashing away about an hour later, after having gone through all the combinations of instruments, and he says, "OK, let's have the percussion playing this time as well." My hands at this point were completely shot and they didn't even have my mike on. Ringo caught what was going on and he turned around and sort of smiled. Anyway, they didn't even use that version on the album.

PLAYBOY: You go back in British rock-'n'-roll history, don't you?

COLLINS: Yeah, I was born at a very early age. [Laughs] Sorry. I'm from Hounslow, which is in London. It's a commuter town. The stations are always full every morning with people going to the city.

(continued on page 174)



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Politically Correct SEX

What overwhelmed him in that instant was admiration for the gesture with which she had thrown her clothes aside. With its grace and carelessness it seemed to annihilate a whole culture, a whole system of thought, as though Big Brother and the Party and the Thought Police could all be swept into nothingness by a single splendid movement of the arm.

—GEORGE ORWELL,
“Nineteen Eighty-Four”

FORGET BIG BROTHER. All those years we were on the lookout for Orwell's police state, we were fooling ourselves. Over the past decade, a new threat to personal freedom and the kind of sex that can annihilate a whole culture by a single splendid movement of the arm has arrived on the scene. Her name is Big Sister, and she is watching you.

Orwell had his Junior Anti-Sex League. We have Women Against Pornography. Where Orwell tried to twist reality through Newspeak, with such phrases as Ignorance Is Strength and Freedom Is Slavery, the antiporn feminists have their own brand of mercurial language: Sex Is Rape. Desire Is Degradation. The Personal Is Political. The Public Is Private. Pleasure Is Oppression. Porn Is Thought Crime.

The rhetoric fit perfectly with the fire-and-brimstone bombast of fundamentalists such as the Reverends Jerry Falwell and Donald Wildmon. The feminists gave the Meese commission the “damsel in distress” metaphor it needed to work its repressive deed. Even though there was no evidence to prove the claim, porn “harmed” women. The Meese commission called women who would support that charge and ignored women who tried to defend their right to erotica.

There is a hidden agenda to the rhetoric, conservative, cruel and coercive. In the interest of protecting women, many W.A.P. members deny female sexuality. What they have to say about male sexuality is a greater horror story:

**long before
ed meese got
into the act,
a couple of
wild-and-
crazy
feminists
formed their
own pleasure
police**

The Party was trying to kill the sex instinct, or, if it could not be killed, then to distort it and dirty it.

—*Nineteen Eighty-Four*

Thought crime one: First they tell us that pornography is violence to women. Covering the antiporn hearings in Minneapolis, reporter Tim Campbell wrote, "The [Susan] Brownmillers of the world have got a lot of women convinced that dirty, rotten, awful things pass through men's minds when they look at porn." Whatever it is men do with erotica is part of a criminal conspiracy that ends in violence to women.

Feminist Pooh-Bah Robin Morgan issued the call to arms: "Pornography is the theory, rape is the practice."

The politically incorrect act at the center of this debate is male masturbation. That, and not rape, is the unspoken crime. Women who trooped off to sex guru Betty Dodson's house for group seminars in clitoral aerobics, who elevated the personal act of autoeroticism to a political act of liberation for women, object to the same practice in men. They object to the ease of access to pictures of beautiful women. They object to our power to arouse ourselves. They ridicule male fantasy as immature—the same word Freud used to describe clitoral orgasms. If Freud was patronizing, Women Against Pornography is matronizing. There is an analogy to be made to handgun control. Handguns don't kill people, people kill people. Ignore the tool. The act is the crime. People are punished for their actions. Porn doesn't rape people, people rape people. Images are not acts. Punish the crime and the criminal, not the image, which more often than not is innocent. What most men do with porn could be rephrased: When intercourse is the theory, masturbation is the practice.

Even feminists who oppose censorship have noted that W.A.P. members use language that is right out of *Nineteen Eighty-Four*. Edmonton journalist Myrna Kostash writes, "We talk about deprogramming the male sexual imagination by offering masturbatory fantasies from the women's movement, as though pornography were only about sexual immaturity."

In an essay called "Political Precedents and Moral Crusades: Women, Sex and the State," feminist Varda Burstyn blames porn on the economy: "Like other forms of sexist culture, pornography will go away when women no longer need to sell their sexuality and when men no longer need or want to look to sexist pictures to find out about sex, to learn what they are supposed to want and be as men and to support their need to feel superior to women."

Another feminist tries to tell me that my taste is a sign of weakness: "Pornography exists to assuage men's insecurities and fears."

It also exists to satisfy male curiosity, an attribute that is essential to my being. I

cannot imagine a time when I would no longer want to look at pictures to find out about sex, nor can I imagine letting someone else make that decision for me.

Let's examine this thought crime.

When I see porn, I see objects of wonder, objects of contemplation, objects of delight, objects of obscure and not-so-obscure desire. An occasional come shot. The antiporn feminists roll out the canonade of loaded terms to describe visual erotica. (Try, for example, to have a conversation about sex without using the words object, humiliate, subordinate, degrade or devalue. Those who speak cant can't.) I could rebut them point by point: When they masturbate to an image of the Soloflex poster, when they seep into theater seats and lingerie while watching Al Pacino, then attack us for admiring Miss August, are they hypocrites or something worse? If they *don't* masturbate, are they politically correct or tragically repressed? I do not deliver my sexuality into the hands of hypocrites or neurotics.

OK, you say. W.A.P. members are extremists. Most feminists are more moderate. Let's take Gloria Steinem. She tries to distinguish between "porn (pictures of prostitutes) and erotica (pictures of two people in love, a mutually pleasurable sexual expression between people who have enough power to be there by positive choice)." Couples depicted in erotica would be making the same salary. Their jobs would be of equal interest. The thought of jerking off to pictures of Yuppies in love sort of misses the point. Of course, when Steinem puts her notions of politically correct and politically incorrect into motion, the result is a travesty. Last year, she complained that the editing of the movie *The Postman Always Rings Twice* concentrated too much on the orgasmic reactions of Jessica Lange. In the sex scenes, we did not look upon the face of Jack Nicholson, only that of Lange. Steinem turned an erotic encounter into a paid political announcement, with equal-time provisions for the candidate from Peoria. If her position weren't so pompous and tyrannical, it would be silly.

The yardsticks our culture uses to measure sexual correctness are an affront to dignity. One of my favorites is the notion of wholeness. Sara Diamond argues that pornography "concentrates on fragments of the female form: a breast, foot, mouth. This allows the viewer to distance himself from the real person to whom the fragment belongs, avoiding the demands of relating to a whole, intelligent, emotional and active woman." Before you may turn to the Playmate, boys, you must read the Data Sheet. For erotica to be politically correct, we must know as much about the person depicted as Walter Mondale knew about Geraldine Ferraro. We have to read her résumé, do her taxes, proofread her Ph.D. thesis on "Fat Is a Feminist Issue."

There is justice. When *Ms.* ran a Calvin Klein ad for Obsession, politically correct letters came pouring in: "If nothing else, surely you could not fail to notice that the face of the seminude woman in the photograph is not shown. What better way to objectify women than to render her faceless? Truly, she is the *object* of this man's sexual obsession. *Ms.* magazine should not be a party to this kind of exploitation."

The editors of *Ms.* covered their rhetorical asses with the following:

Sex and nudity in advertising are often inappropriate. At their worst, they are used to depict men's dominance and their violence toward women. This ad is intended as a sensuous ad for a sensuous body product. Instead of a nonemotional, dominant man and an emotional, vulnerable woman, it's the man in this ad who is emotional and vulnerable. Now that we've begun to untangle sex from violence and inequality, women are ready for a mutual, freely chosen sensuality of our own.

Nevertheless, as many readers point out, the woman's face is not shown in the image. The next step will be to show a whole woman, face and all, who is also equal and sensuous. We thank you for your thoughtful letters, and we are making them available to the advertiser.

Other women try the tack that erotica creates false illusions. Feminists at the University of Chicago, for example, protested PLAYBOY, claiming, "PLAYBOY sets an unreal standard for sexual attractiveness that many of the models themselves could not attain were it not for airbrushing and other photographic techniques. Women are taught to identify their worth with their sexual appearance and desirability and to feel less of a woman, less valuable for any deviations they may have from this artificial standard." They fear comparison. The members of the Junior Anti-Sex League want solidarity, sisterhood, conformity. It's not a new approach. According to sociologist Murray S. Davis, in a book called *Smut*:

Certain primitive tribes sacrificed their most sexual attractive members, ostensibly to honor their gods but (cynics believe) actually to equalize the erotic ranking of those remaining. We moderns are not so savage, but some have suggested taxing the attractive to compensate the repulsive for their sad lot in life, continually condemned as they are to collapsing the erotic reality of nearly everyone they encounter.

Andrea Dworkin, the high priestess, poet and prophetess of the antiporn movement, has a simple definition of politically correct sex: "Sexual relations between a
(concluded on page 85)



Rowland
Wilson

*"But, sir, will not such aggressive actions trigger retaliatory measures;
and should we not, instead, consider conciliatory diplomacy?"*

“OH, WENDY O.!”



“I’m an urban guerrilla who loves raarin’, wailin’ and rattlin’ my insides,” says Wendy (pictured here, very live, on stage). “But when it comes to my band, I’m a dictator—a real ball buster. So I hire only people who put their music before everything else.”



wendy o. williams, leather-clad queen of heavy metal, out on a wing and a prayer

JEFF COHEN was getting exasperated. AS PLAYBOY’s Managing Photo Editor, he’d trained himself to keep an eye peeled (and a lens polished) for all things sexual, sensuous and exotic. And Wendy O. Williams seemed to fit the bill. Formerly of the group The Plasmatics, now a soloist who has been alternately called “the high priestess of metal,” “the dominatrix of the decibels,” “the Evel Knievelette of shock rock.” Wendy was flattered when Cohen brought up the subject of posing for PLAYBOY but not too interested. Maybe I should appeal to her musical sense, thought Cohen. After all, she’s a rock star. She’s even been nominated for a Grammy. So he suggested that she do a special shooting for PLAYBOY’s *Girls of Rock ‘n’ Roll* pictorial (January 1985). Again, Wendy felt honored; but, again, she declined. So Cohen gave it one last try: “All right,” he said to Wendy. “If you do a pictorial for us, we’ll make sure that we have you doing something truly outrageous. How’s that?”

Now, you’ve gotta be careful when you say “outrageous” to Wendy O. Williams. See, she’s the one who sledge-hammers her equipment on stage. She’s the one who drove an exploding school bus through two walls of television sets. She has tangled with female pro wrestlers (pre-Cyndi Lauper), bailed out of a souped-up Caddy seconds before it plowed through a stage and into the Hudson River and even blown up a car on Tom Snyder’s *Tomorrow* show. A Milwaukee cop once called her “an incarnate of the Devil.” And Jeff Cohen is pitching outrageous to her?

Ten hours later, Williams called Cohen. “I’d love (text continued on page 178)





"I like old planes," says Wendy. "They're handmade, they're light, there's nothin' to them." Pictured above, mid-stunt in mid-air, Wendy insists she wasn't at all afraid. "But I must admit," she adds with a laugh, "I was freezing. Now I finally know what it's like for those girls who model swimwear in the snow."






"When I get up in the morning," Wendy says, "I say to myself, 'I wonder what I can do today that'll really get me off.'" And as for getting off, when the time came for the wing-walking stunt to end, Wendy signaled the pilot to take the plane to altitude, where she proceeded to take yet another plunge (above).





G. PANTER 86



dupree said this was
a nonlethal exercise.
but it had me worried

**PLAYBOY'S
COLLEGE FICTION
CONTEST WINNER**

NIGHT VISION

By PHILIP SIMMONS
Washington University
St. Louis, Missouri

MY FIRST APARTMENT: clothes on the floor, dishes in the sink, I don't hear word one from anybody. I knew from the mailboxes that somebody name of Leonard DuPree had the unit next to mine; my first day, I went over to say hello. I could hear that the baseball game was on, but when I knocked, he killed the volume. I knocked again. Nothing. Dirty linoleum hallway, humming fluorescents, stink of a cigar—I stood there and counted the locks on Leonard DuPree's door: one, two, three, four.

I had made the big move to Boston, left my mother and everything else back in Kansas City: I want to meet people, right? A man wants to know his neighbors. Now, if you don't meet a neighbor right away, it's hard to do it at all. I mean, the man lived right *next* to me. I could hear when he took a shower. In the hall, I smelled what he was eating. Once you get past a few days, maybe a week, it gets embarrassing. What would I say? A few times I heard him working his locks just when I was about to go out, and I'd wait until the hall was quiet. I didn't know what the man looked like.

Of course, I could read his mail. The magazines, at least: They get left out on

the steps for anybody to see. I know, for example, that Riggins in 302 gets *Oölogist* magazine. Eggs. I've seen Riggins in the hall a few times, a little guy, fingers like a baby's. I picture him with his folding aluminum ladder (they show these in the ads) sneaking up into a tree to snatch eggs out of a nest.

Not that I'm a thief. I put everything back when I'm done reading it. But this is what got me onto DuPree in the first place. Now, I like to look at the rod-and-gun magazines as well as any guy, but this was no *Field & Stream* man. I read articles on "The Home Defense Perimeter" (think of trip-wire flares in your shrubbery), "Consumer's Guide to Assault Rifles," you name it—radiation burns (disgusting, even if the pictures were faked). Bomb-shelter design. Communist guerrillas in Des Moines. He gets a newsletter from a group called Apocalypse Commandos.

Now, I'm not much of a mixer: I don't bowl or play golf; too clumsy for dancing. Like anybody, I was after some guys to go to a ball game with, have a few beers. I have no objection to a new outlook—a man has to have interests, after all. I'm not a man who shuts his eyes. I figured maybe this stuff DuPree was into would be my angle.

Of course, there were people at work. My first real job after I got my B.S. in communications: It's a direct-mail firm. If you have a credit card, you know what I mean: Could be an oil company, a department store, what difference does it make?—they send you whole bundles of fliers advertising stuff they want you to buy on credit. These people hire us to put together the whole package: select the products, write the ad copy, print the fliers, do the mailing, everything. Comprehensive.

There are some attractive girls in the office. Take Yolanda, by the bubbler. I haven't gotten up the nerve to talk to her. She has this strawberry-blond hair down her back and comes in wearing these tight skirts that make my toes curl. I go over for a drink five or six times a day. Just one or two gulps and then you crush the cup in your palm. Yolanda Hiss. I picture us back at her place after work, on the couch, a samba playing on the stereo and my hands up under one of her fuzzy sweaters, nothing between her skin and cashmere. She lies back so her hair spreads out on the cushions. Her lipstick is smudged on her upper lip, and when she smiles, I see it on her teeth; but would you care? She's just reaching down to pull her sweater over her head when there's a noise at the door, and then, "Hey, Chico," she says, "what's going on?" And then my luck would be to turn around and see some guy in a leather vest and metal-studded wristbands, hear the quick snick as he opens the black-chrome handle of his butterfly knife and moves toward me, making practice slices through the air.

You could see there wasn't much chance of real movement on that front. Which is why I sent off for the starlight night scope. Here's a simple thing I don't understand. I read the entire *Time/Life* World War Two series without paying a cent. Last month, I checked my blood pressure and pulse every day—free. Electronically! I had to send the gizmo back, of course, but I have all the numbers written down. Free-trial offers. Why more people don't take advantage, I don't know.

Now, the upscale end of the Leonard DuPree market, as I like to call it, is in high tech. Your laser rifle sights, biotelemetry equipment, infrared cameras, what have you. The starlight scope, for example, is light enhancement. Takes available light and magnifies it so you can see like it was daytime. Looks like binoculars except bigger and you strap it to your head. This stuff was all there in his magazines: *Fighting Man*, *Survive!*, *Shooting Monthly*.

I kept an eye on outgoing mail. People leave letters sitting out for the mailman to pick up. I tried holding them up to the light, like anybody would, but you can never quite make anything out. So I wrote down the addresses and then went through the magazines, matched them to the ads. This was how I knew DuPree had gone for the night-scope offer—an expensive piece of equipment, the best thing to come along in a while. I had my order in the next day.

Of course, I had my eye on incoming mail, too. Peeked through the little air holes on the front of each box. Funny how some people leave their mail in the box two, three days at a time. Don't they know it's dangerous? I had seen a free-trial offer in a hobbyist's catalog for a battery-powered drill, small and lets you drill at right angles in tight places. I saw how the locks worked. I figured I open my box, reach up and put two small holes through the wall between DuPree's box and mine; then I jam my arm up my box, work my tools through the holes to pop his lock and I'm in. It would be easy.

A few days after I sent off for the night scope, I saw him. I had guessed which one was DuPree's truck all along: two-foot clearance under the axles and a gunrack in the cab. In fancy script just above the front grille, it said, *ONLY THE STRONG SURVIVE*. Back home, you might not have noticed a truck like this. One day after work, it was parked right in front, with the doors open and no one in it. There was a kayak lashed to the top; in the bed were a cooler, a backpack and a pair of boots. I was starting up the walk when he came out—plain white T-shirt and camouflage pants. Couldn't have been more than 25. In one hand, he held a hunting bow—wicked curves and counterweights on stalks. He walked kind of funny, a long stride with a hitch in the middle, a little bounce up onto his toes. Going off to

kill animals. There was a strap across his chest; when I passed him, I saw the brass arrowheads poke out of the quiver. His head seemed too small for his body, patchy hair like mold. He kept his eyes turned away. I couldn't think of anything to say.

When I got inside my door, my heart was racing. I pictured him stopping me on the walk, blocking my way. He would do some karate thing, make his hand like a knife and tap me with his finger tips on my breastbone.

"I seen you," he says.

"What's that?"

DuPree smiles without showing his teeth.

"Your hand up the mailbox like you was checkin' a cow's ass." He says everything real slow. "One pretty clever fellow."

"No," I say. "Not really." I look down at my shoes, thinking about running, but he's faster.

DuPree raises my chin with his forefinger. His eyes are like smoked glass. He shows me the fingers of his right hand, held together like a wide blade. I see muscles flex between the knuckles. His breath is sweet with mint.

"Touch my mail," he says, "I wave your lungs like flags."

But this was not the way it went, and I stayed out of the mailboxes, and it was two weeks before I saw him again. I had come home from work and gone into my usual routine: put on the TV, took out the frozen broccoli, made a hamburger, tried to relax. I live simply: one pot, one pan. My mattress is on the floor. I turned to the educational channel to look at one of the animal programs. Zebras. Why not? I like the outdoors as much as the next individual. Later, I got undressed and went to bed but couldn't sleep. I was thinking about DuPree. I imagined maybe going along with him one time, up to Maine or wherever, out in the woods doing hot dogs over a fire, and maybe I take along a bottle of schnapps. The fire lights up his face, makes his eyes look bugged out of that round head of his; there are night sounds all around us.

"You shoot?" he asks me.

"No, my father—" I was going to tell him I never got much of a chance because my father died before he could show me.

"Tomorrow, you're gonna shoot," he says.

"Bear," I say.

"You bet," says DuPree. Bear season is why we're up there, and DuPree's brought along a rifle for me to use.

But what if I don't get the chance, because that night, zipped into a mummy bag in the tent, I hear pawing and snuffling outside and barely have time to curse my luck before the claws slice through the wall of the tent like razors? I've heard of this happening.

(continued on page 90)

SPORTS FINAL

BIATHLON MAY NOT HAPPEN
No bullets, 4
CHESS DOME IS BEING BUILT
Will be big, 4
LARGE WOMEN
They are very much like men, 4



FISCHER: Not invited to Chess Dome

USSR TODAY

PARODY BY PAUL SLANSKY

POTEMKIN II
Sequel to very old movie, 5
BIG THINGS AHEAD
Electronics show is open in Moscow, 3
ARE YOU SAD?
Take this test and see, 2

AUTUMN EDITION



BLOV: Plays a drunk in new film

NEWSLINE

THIS NATION: No plane crashes. The severe weather again grounded all Soviet air traffic yesterday, for the 43rd straight day.

***Popular slogan.** The favorite slogan of the Soviet people for 1985, as measured in the sales of T-shirts and stickers for automobile bumpers, was "Lift high the banner of proletarian internationalism."



STALLONE: Not smart

The next most popular was "A wife is not a jug—she will not crack if you hit her a few."
AMERICA: Thousands die. Shootings, fires, automobile accidents, things falling off buildings, diseases, stabbings, beatings, poisonous fruits, explosions, and, of course, suicides claimed the lives of thousands yesterday.

Down with Rocky. Riots were reported across the nation as millions of fans stormed out of theaters showing *Cobra* and demanded their money back. As one customer put it, "This stinks. Sylvester Stallone is a cretin."

USSR SNAPSHOTS

A look at the statistics that shape the nation

We love our pie



The different kinds of pies that Soviet citizens ate in 1985.

Source: The Soviet Bakers Collective

OUR LIVES ARE DULL



NO DISTRACTIONS: Much time for introspection

Drinking ourselves senseless is what we like to do

We enjoy getting very drunk more than we like doing anything else, says a government study of Soviet men.

The extremely ambitious survey asked its subjects the favorite thing that they liked to do. This is what it found:

*71 percent of the men said drinking themselves into a stupor.

*24 percent of the men picked beating up their wives.

*5 percent of the men could not think of anything.

Dr. Anatoly Magamodov explained why this is good. "In America, 83 percent of the men said they enjoyed 'shooting people for no reason,'" said Dr. Magamodov. "We are better off here."

There is nothing on his head

Not everybody has good things to say about Mikhail Gorbachev.

The Western press is spreading ugly rumors that his head is disfigured by a large purple birthmark in the shape of an undiscovered continent.

Doctored photographs of him with this deformity appear often in American publications.

Zhenya Popov, the Kremlin barber, says, "I look at his head up close. I would notice if there were some kind of big, splotchy thing up there. Believe me, there is not."

COVER STORY

American President Talks with General Secretary



GORBACHEV, REAGAN: See? No blotch

Ronald Reagan, 75, a television and motion-picture performer, became President of the United States on January 20, 1981. He is the oldest man to serve as a U.S. President and the first to

call his wife Mommy. During the summit in Geneva last November, he held several private talks with General Secretary Gorbachev. The following are excerpts released by the Politburo.

GORBACHEV: You have been one of the toughest-talking Presidents of recent times. You are always going on and on, attacking our wonderful economic system. Do you even know where the Soviet Union is?

REAGAN: You mean, could I draw it for you on a map? Probably not; but then, I couldn't draw all 50 states for you, either. I'm still not sure which of those square states is Wyoming and which is Colorado. But that doesn't mean that I can't tell you about them. Some people think I can remember when there were just 13. [Laughs] Please see COVER STORY page six.

OUR OPINION

Our cheese is coming from other places

The Soviet Union is now importing 62 percent of the cheese it is eating. This is up from 41 percent five years ago. More and more of the lunch and dinner cheese that is found at the center of every Russian table is having to cross a national boundary before it gets there.

This is not to say that there is something wrong with this other cheese. The popular "holed cheese" from Poland is very tasty, as an example. But if the first cheese eaten by our children is not made by our own country, how will we convince them that they should buy anything made by us?

How can a country that sent a man by the moon and back not be producing our own cheese?

If we were short on the raw materials, then we could understand it. But the cheese-making potential for our great country is without limits. The cows are willing. The humans are asleep.

ONE LINE ON THE NEWS

The G.U.M. department store in Moscow has announced its own five-year plan to hire 20 more cashiers. This is to help reduce the amount of time customers have to wait to pay for their purchases.

That is good news.



"Maybe we should move to Warsaw. I think we would get milked there."

Test your feelings

- | | True | False |
|---|------|-------|
| 1. I feel as depressed in the spring and the summer as I do in the fall and the winter. | ___ | ___ |
| 2. I am eating too much. | ___ | ___ |
| 3. Sometimes I find myself crying for no reason. | ___ | ___ |
| 4. I am sleeping more than 16 hours a day. | ___ | ___ |

For each statement that you answered "true," score one point. If you have more than two points, you may have Sporadic Attitudinal Dysfunction, or SAD.

DEAR BABUSHKA

"My wife has gotten her hands on some of these articles about women and their rights. Last night, when I got home from work, if you can believe what I am telling you, she asked me to defrost the vegetables for my dinner. I hit her very hard in the face. Now she has left the home, and I wound up defrosting them, for I had to eat. I am truly mixed up."



VERY CONFUSED

If she was asking you to make the entire meal, then maybe you would have a point; but to defrost one course, I think I must side with her. I hope she is not hurt badly.

"I am an 18-year-old girl who is concerned about her virginity. My father has told me that if I sleep with a man, even if I am married to this man, my father will be greatly upset, and he will hit me. I am at the point in my life where I must have sex soon, but I also feel that I must not lie to my father. What should I do?"

NINA BERKOVICH

You should know that if you tell your father that you have had sex, you will be hit. My father hit me, and the father of my mother hit her. You almost wonder if they love you when they do not.

"My husband tells me I am too fat for him to be sexually interested, and yet to look at him, this remark is laughable. Trust me; he looks like two or three men walking together. Why am I gaining all this weight? Is it glands? Or the fact that we have gravy with everything we eat? It is the gravy, is it not?"

BIG WOMAN

Yes, I am afraid it is. If your husband does not find you sexually attractive, ask him this: Who would find him sexually attractive? Or maybe, reflecting on my other letters, you should not ask him this, for he could hit you and hurt you very much.

VOICES FROM ACROSS THE USSR/How do you feel about waiting in line?



NATASHA GORKY, 55, factory worker, Moscow

"I hate waiting. Sometimes I forget what I am waiting for, and yet I am afraid to leave, because it might be something I need. In most cases, it is. Yesterday, I waited for cheese, but it never came."



BORIS VOLKOV, 41, factory worker, Moscow

"It is something that you get used to, like an incurable illness. The good part is, it gives you a good excuse at work. You are always able to say to your boss, 'I was in line. That is the reason I am late.'"



NIKITA LENIN, 32, baker, Moscow

"I am answering this only because I want to see my picture in your newspaper. I have no opinion. My wife hates it, but she is not here. We are divorced. You should ask about divorce. That I have many opinions of."



YURI TYUTCHEV, 34, government official, Moscow

"I like waiting in line. It is a safe place to gather. Everyone is there with the same purpose. You already have something big in common. For one thing, you're all cold. But there are also other things."



IGOR BLOV, 39, comedian, Moscow

"You will have to wait in line for my answer."



Money

FALL 1986



VIL... a new magazine for followers of Lenin—is coming out soon. The editor, Georgi Kamensky, says the monthly publication will be filled with "everything about Lenin."

Chinese rugs may be... coming to store number 38 as early as next Thursday. You should hurry, because the line is already six kilometers long, and people who work in the store will probably buy most of the few rugs the store will get.



AND IN AMERICA: Hordes of people are starving in front of the White House, where the President nightly stuffs himself with macaroni and cheese

MONEYLINE

NEW SERVICE: Do you wonder what we will be running out of next? Will it be tooth paste, or butter, or socks? Now you can be the first one to know, if you call the new service of the Soviet telephone system, Dial-the-Shortage. Unfortunately, there are very few operators working on this, so you should be prepared to wait for a while before your call is answered.



GAGARIN: Not really, but almost

The Borscht Belt is bringing back its mascot, Boris Beet. Business was down quite a bit since the 12-foot rubber figure was removed from the front of the restaurant. "We were surprised," said Petya Gorodin, the manager. "We thought people were sick of Boris, but they were not. We did not know."

YURI WELCOME: Your parties and other social occasions can be made livelier with the hiring of a Yuri Gagarin look-alike from Cosmonauts for Rent. They have only two, so if you want one, call early.

USSR SNAPSHOTS

A look at the statistics that shape your finances

Our VCRs do not work

VCRs purchased 6273
VCRs brought in for repair 6273

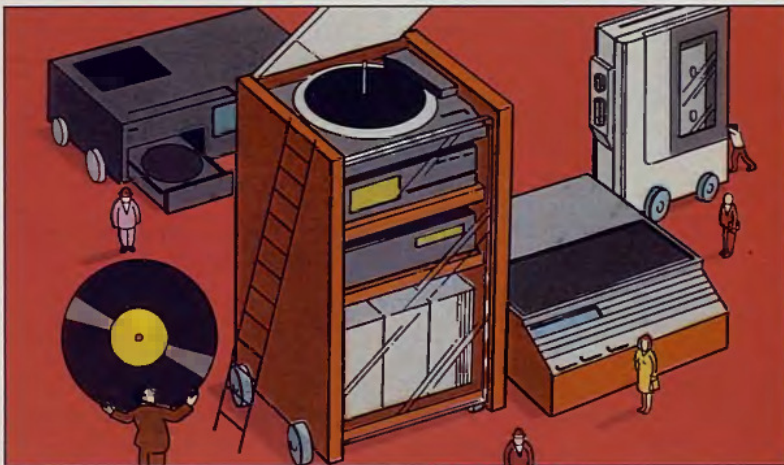
Source: Insane Yun Electronics

The Electronics Show is making it big

While the manufacturers of the world are for some reason making smaller and smaller units, the good news from the 1986 Consumer Electronics Show in Moscow is that the latest models are larger and more impressive-looking than ever.

The show, which will run until next week, is shining the spotlight on several new systems. Among the developments are these:

Compact discs. The Gargantua 17K by Granovsky is without a doubt the hugest compact-disc player in the world. After consumers failed to purchase the equally enormous 16K model from last year, the maker has added a significant new feature: wheels. This will allow for easy cleaning behind the



SOVIET TECHNOLOGY: Reaching New Heights

unit. It sells for 9000 rubles.

Portable stereos. The Walkmass 2 by Volta is the same as the original Walkmass 1, except for one important difference.

It now comes with wheels to make it even more portable; 6500 rubles.

Telephones. Telekom has entered the call-retrieval market with the Message Taker. This is the first

answering machine sufficiently large to allow you to keep your telephone inside it instead of on top of it or next to it. The lack of wheels could be a sales negative; 5800 rubles.

THE MONEY BEST SELLERS

These are the top ten industry and agriculture books:

1. "I Was in Line"—The Book of Lateness Excuses, by Igor Yorby
2. Fix Your Tractor in Ten Minutes or Less, by Mikhail Dedko
3. Female Farmer, by Marina Kobov
4. So You Want to Buy an Automobile, by Viktor Maximovich
5. How to Fix Your VCR, by Nikolai Somanov
6. Here Comes Our New Five-Year Plan, by the editors of USSR Today
7. Color Me Brown: The Book of Soviet Soil, by Georgi Bykov
8. The Cabbage Book, by Leonid Leonovov
9. "I Was Hitting My Wife"—The Book of Lateness Excuses, Volume Two, by Igor Yorby
10. More Color Me Brown, by Georgi Bykov

Source: Ministry of Industry

FUNNY BUSINESS WITH IVAN

"Wait until they find out that we have nothing to sell."



Sports

FALL 1986



Today's Tip-off
A series of ... postage stamps honoring the great domino players of the nation will be issued on October 12. The stamps of shot-put champions that came out last year were all bought in five hours.

Mud Day ... is coming on March 29. Everyone who attends a professional sporting event in the Soviet Union on that day will receive a coupon for a free mud bath at any participating Mud Pit outlet.



AND IN AMERICA: Disturbances at sporting events take place not only outside the arenas and stadiums in the streets and parking lots but also inside

SPORTSLINE

PUCK SHORTAGE THREATENS THE HOCKEY SEASON:

An unfortunate manufacturing problem has resulted in the possibility that much of the hockey season for this year will be canceled because of no pucks. The combining of the current rate of usage and the number now on hand



PUCK: No game without it

makes it seem likely that the games of this weekend will be the last for some time. "The sticks we have," said Georgi Arkadov, a league spokesman. "But without the pucks, they are not worth that much."

AMMUNITION SHORTAGE THREATENS THE BIATHLON:

Once again, there is a chance that the biathlon will not be held, and the reason is that the military forces are using up the bullets that would normally be used for play. Last year, there also was no biathlon. Bullets were plentiful then, but unfortunately, there were very few skis.

USSR SNAPSHOTS

A look at the statistics that shape the nation

The mustaches of our women athletes are getting thicker



Source: Soviet Electrolysis Magazine

Our women are big

And drugs or steroids have nothing to do with it



FIND THE SOVIET WOMAN: Can you?



STERIODS? No.

A new report from the Institute of Physical Culture reveals that the new generation of our female athletes is very much larger than the other women of the world.

And this has been

achieved, according to a spokesman, "without the use of drugs or steroids."

"These women are unbelievably large and strong," the spokesman said, "and it is completely natural. They have not

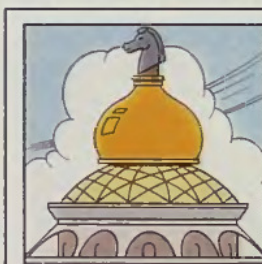
been injected with drugs or steroids of any kind.

"Other countries are jealous and upset and so they spread rumors about drugs and steroids—I can tell you for sure, are definitely not

true.

"Besides, it is not necessary.

"Our women have the strength and size of many men, and they are that way without the use of drugs or steroids."



BUILDING THE CHESS DOME:

Construction has begun on what will be the largest sports stadium in the world, the Chess Dome in Moscow. When it is completely filled, it will hold 500,000 chess fans. The Dome is expected to be ready in 1989, by which time the unfortunate rook, bishop and pawn shortages will most certainly be over.

THE FUN HOUSE By Andrei



"Do you want to hear something funny? I have forgotten whose turn it is."

LISTS

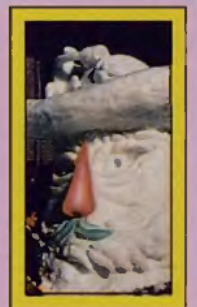
Chessmaster Gary Gurevich tells the things that make him not want to go back to a restaurant again:

1. Big bugs
2. Slow service
3. No stove
4. Not enough chairs
5. Waiter apita in the soup



A snow job

Fans of wrestler Sergei Sorsky made a model of his head out of snow. "I would think it was actually him," said a man in the crowd, "except that it is so big. Sergei is big, but not that big."





Life

FALL 1986



If you like low ceilings . . . you are going to be glad, because the Ministry of Housing says that they are getting lower than ever in the homes that are being built now.

Fans of Trud, the . . . Soviet trade-union newspaper, should be on the lookout for the documentary "This Is Trud." This riveting inside look is six hours long and it will be on television this fall. It may even be in color.



AND IN AMERICA: Americans are escaping from their terrible country every day, and they are obviously very happy when they arrive in the Soviet Union

LIFELINE

FIST ART: The Fist Museum in Moscow will begin its third annual Revolution Retrospective on May 23. The museum is the largest in the world devoted entirely to paintings, photographs and sculptures of upraised fists. The exhibit is just back from a gallery in San Francisco, where it was received with very much pleasure.



FIST: A popular shape

BEST-SELLER HOAX: By using yet another clever title, author Mikhail Dedko is fooling his fellow citizens again. Last year, Dedko sold hundreds of thousands of copies of

a book called *Fix Your Tractor in Ten Minutes or Less*, which turned out to be only blank pages bound together. Now his new collection of empty pages, *This Book Was Dipped in Vodka and If You Lick It, You Will Become Drunk*, is about to be published and will surely be on the best-seller list. And Dedko is not stopping. He is working on his next book, *Where to Buy an Automobile Tomorrow*.

TELEVISION



MARCH IN MAY: A long-overdue look back at the 1982 parade

Evening Highlights *Movie: 20-Hour Day*, 6:30 P.M. A heart-wrenching portrait of a divorced young woman who gives birth to an emotionally disturbed child in the gutter, a scene that is especially graphic. She then raises her son while holding down two jobs and getting involved romantically with a man who beats her—beatings that are particularly graphic. Katrina Kiev has never been better.

Great Parades, 11:15 P.M. A rebroadcast of the 1982 May Day Parade. **Tomorrow Morning** *I Am Russian, I Am Up*, 6:30 A.M. Yelena Badlovich shows exercises to lose weight in the neck. Georgi Dolgikh talks about his play *Comrade Hello*. Jew Sidney Abramovich shows how to hide a *talis*, as described in his new book, *Assimilate and Live*.

THE SCREENING ROOM

Ratings: ****excellent, ***good, **fair, *poor

Embargo!: Have you ever wondered what would happen if the madmen in America decided to close off the Bering Strait? According to director Oskar Aleksandr, what would happen is that there would be a nuclear war. The final holocaust may be a bit too intense for younger viewers. **

He Is Here to Hurt You—Part 3: Are you ready to be scared again? Pavel Voronov is back, and this time he is a quadriplegic American veteran bitter about the injuries he received in the stupid and obscene Vietnam war. He gets so mad that he decides to kill his entire high school graduating class. Somehow these keep getting better and better. ****

In Minsk They Weep Openly: A disturbing look at a trio of aging women



U.S. COP: Pathetic

who move to Minsk and get jobs in a tractor factory. Disturbing. ***

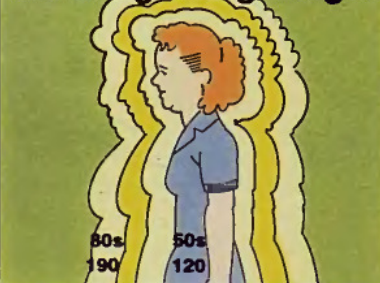
Police Academy: A serious look at the decrepit state of law enforcement in America. There are very serious documentary glimpses of how the men are actually trained. With Steve Guttenberg. ***½

Potemkin II: A sequel to the 1925 Eisenstein classic. This generally inferior comedy stars Bluk and Blov as a pair of inebriated seamen who get into all kinds of adventures on their weekend ashore. The 12-car pile-up on the Odessa steps, coming as it does after the bathroom food fight, is a small gem, though. **

USSR SNAPSHOTS

A look at the statistics that shape our lives

We are gaining weight



Source: The Ministry of Health

KORCHNOI'S COMPLAINTS

Club me on the head for asking, but why should our condoms be thicker than the soles of our shoes? . . . Give me diphtheria for wondering, but are they really trying to tell us that Raisa Gorbachev is good-looking? . . . Blind me for thinking this, but would it not be a good idea to use anesthetics on women who are giving birth? . . . Set fire to my shirt for pointing this out, but is it not infuriating when you go into a restaurant and order something and they tell you they do not have it, and then you order something else and they do not have that, either, or the next thing you order? . . . Crush my fingers with boulders if I am offending you, but does Igor Blov ever truly make you laugh? . . . Feed me to the sharks for doubting this, but does it not seem unlikely that the body of Lenin could have been preserved for more than 60 years?

Editor's Note: Lyosha Korchnoi, 27, died last night of natural causes. This is his final column.

WEATHER MAP

HOW TO USE THIS MAP

The color key at the right shows the range of temperatures on the big map. The numbers below the names of the cities are the highs and lows forecast for today.

Colored Temperature Key

Below 10s 20s 30s 40s 50s 1000s



We are cold again

The weather pattern of the last several weeks in the Soviet Union seems certain to stay on for the next several.

What this means is:

- More record low temperatures in

the eastern half of the nation.

- More record low temperatures in the western half of the nation.
- More record snowfalls across the nation.

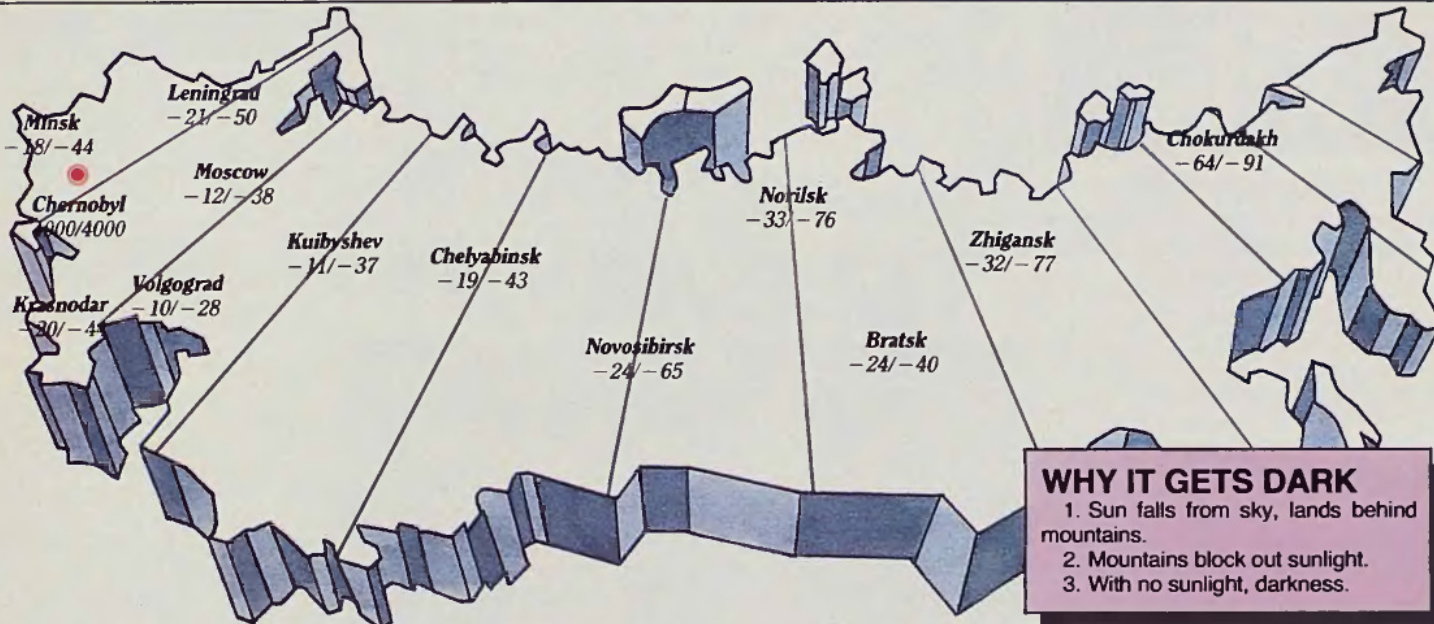
"This is a good time of year for indoor

activities," said Dr. Petya Alyonya of Moscow University. "If people stay in their homes, their chances of surviving are that much greater."

At least 412 record lows were broken or tied yesterday, and the new record of

26 straight days with almost no city in the nation having a temperature above zero.

"I love this," said farmer Ilyich Kharpov. "I hope summer never comes."



WHY IT GETS DARK

1. Sun falls from sky, lands behind mountains.
2. Mountains block out sunlight.
3. With no sunlight, darkness.

CLASSIFIED ACROSS THE USSR

Personal Ads

HI, BEAUTIFUL! How about a homely, short and fat man for you (64 inches, 260 pounds)? It will take a special woman. Are you she? Omitn, USSR Today, Box 33.

ALWAYS TIRED, overweight woman with asthma looking for a soul mate. You must hate sports. I am not interested in Jews. Write to Yekaterina, USSR Today, Box 26.

INCARCERATED MALE is seeking a female to marry upon my release from prison in three years. I am taking applications. Box 324, Leningrad Prison. No smokers, please.

NADIA: I hope you are having a good time with my best friend. I am slitting open my wrist and writing this in blood. Anatoly.

TO MY FURRY FACE: I am taking this space to let you know that on a date we should go. We will eat food and see a show, so please say yes and do not say no. Love, Vasily.

IDIOT IN APARTMENT 57: Turn that noise down! Apartment 47.

SVETLANA: Caviar for dinner and then a Bluk and Olov film. What a fine way to spend an evening. We must do it again very soon. Y.P.

YOUNG DOCTOR is looking for a nurse who can take a great deal of stress. I yell, but I do not hit. Must have low blood pressure. Doctor Gagarov, USSR Today, Box 9.

I MISS ANOROPOV. I have five of his autographs and will trade four of them for something he wore. Reply to: Box 3586, Bobruisk.

I HAVE A three-room apartment. Also, an automobile. Will you sleep with me? Alexei, USSR Today, Box 214.

TO THE MYSTERY WOMAN: I was marching in the parade in Red Square in 1982 and you looked at me. I am the one with the tuba. You had a large purse. I will check the box every day. USSR Today, Box 63.

I WANT TO detect. Of course, I am unable to give my address, but look at everyone. You will see it in my face. N.B. (Not my real initials.) (Not mailed by me, either.)

COVER STORY

Continued from page one

GORBACHEV: Do you have any plans to visit the Soviet Union? It is the largest country in the world, you know. I would like to invite you.

REAGAN: I'm just wondering . . . I've never been there? You're sure?

GORBACHEV: Yes.

REAGAN: Well, there's a lot of places I've never been to, and Russia is high on the list. I did see *Gorky Park*, though.

GORBACHEV: What about your trillion-dollar lunacy, Star Wars? Do you really believe such a thing could work?

REAGAN: You know, John F. Kennedy sat in a room in 1960 with people who knew nothing about the moon, and told them he wanted a man walking around there in ten years. And they did it in seven. So that should tell you something. Wouldn't you think that would be harder than this?

GORBACHEV: Don't you think it's dangerous?

REAGAN: Driving to work is dangerous. Eating shellfish is dangerous. And, I might add, invading Afghanistan is dangerous, too. Our freedom is very precious to us, and

if we have to spend a trillion dollars, or even a billion dollars, to keep it, well, that's cheap at half the price.

GORBACHEV: Your Vice-President, George Bush, has become something of a laughingstock in your country. Will you be supplanting him?

REAGAN: I can't look that far ahead. Right now, we're just going to keep on doing what we're doing. We'll be concentrating on lowering the national debt and looking for areas where we can provide even more freedom. And forgive me, but I think that's what you should be doing, too.

GORBACHEV: What do you think it would take for our two countries to live in peace?

REAGAN: Well, for one thing, you could allow your citizens to travel to America and judge for themselves. They could see some of our movies, and then if they didn't want to go back, you wouldn't get

mad at them. And vice versa. If any American could sit through one of your movies, I say let him go live there. Imagine if Soviet black children could watch *Webster*, or if Soviet artists had access to *Etch a Sketch*. What would it be like if Soviet intellectuals could play *Trivial Pursuit*, or if Soviet dogs could



REAGAN: Likes to sleep

taste *Gravy Train*? And we'd like to get more of your animals in our zoos. I've always said that the world's problems come from people talking about each other instead of to each other and, if we could do that, well, we could stop worrying about nuclear war and things of that kind.

Correct Sex (continued from page 68)

"For Andrea Dworkin, 'Sexual relationships are politically acceptable only when the man has a limp penis.'"

man and a woman are politically acceptable only when the man has a limp penis." Robin Morgan has an equally incendiary definition: "I claim that rape exists any time sexual intercourse occurs when it has not been initiated by the woman out of her own genuine affection and desire." The feminists have reduced sex to a game of Mother, May I? or worse. The only politically correct sex is sex initiated by a woman, the only sanctioned acts those that a politically aware woman does not find degrading.

In the not-too-distant past, there were nice girls and sluts, Madonnas and whores. Women Against Pornography has betrayed the very revolution that allows it to exist. In an essay called "Politically Correct? Politically Incorrect?" anthropologist Muriel Dimen summarizes the early part of the feminist revolution:

Feminism demands sexual freedom for women. In this way it becomes politically correct for women to be sexual explorers, visiting, if not settling down in, homosexuality or polysexuality, experimenting with cocksucking or anal intercourse or tantric sex, trying out orgies or perhaps even celibacy. . . . Sexuality is by its nature an experience that benefits from a stance that anything goes, that any avenue may (but not must) be explored. Erotic pleasure mushrooms when there are no musts. But this accessibility means that sexual experience can be affected by anything. Sexual intimacy is too generous an experience to exclude anything, including the forces of the unconscious and the forces of hierarchy. When you get into bed with someone you bring all of you: your past, remembered or forgotten; your present, including parts of it which you think your rational mind can keep out; your hopes for the future. Sexual intimacy is therefore particularly resistant to rules of political correctness—or, rather, when it succumbs to rules, passion disappears.

Say amen, somebody.

The antiporn wing of the feminist movement, however, is not happy with sexual adventurers. It views permissiveness as an extension of male privilege. In an essay called "The Taming of the Id," feminist Alice Echols writes, "To curb the promiscuity and rapacity spawned by the sexual revolution, cultural feminists propose that

we impose upon the culture a female sexual standard"—a standard that seems to correspond to their understanding of their mothers' sexual values.

The main weapon in this attempt has been the antiporn legislation proposed by Catharine MacKinnon and Dworkin. Their Indianapolis ordinance stated that porn harmed women as a class and that any woman could bring suit against any material that offended her. Two feminist lawyers, Nan Hunter and Sylvia Law, opposed it, arguing that "the ordinance vests in individual women a power to impose their views of politically or morally correct sexuality upon other women by calling for repression of images consistent with those views. . . . It would require the judiciary to impose its views of correct sexuality on a diverse community. . . ." The judge who overturned the Indianapolis ordinance was adamant: "This is thought control. It establishes an approved view of women, of how they may react to sexual encounters, of how the sexes may relate to each other. . . ."

In an address at Harvard, MacKinnon presented witnesses and evidence that portrayed deep throat as a politically incorrect act that no self-respecting woman could perform. It was never an act between consenting adults. Before a woman could perform it, she had to give up her will via hypnosis. Said MacKinnon, "Most concretely, before 'Linda Lovelace' was seen performing deep throat, no one had ever seen it being done in that way, largely because it cannot be done without hypnosis to repress the natural gag response. Yet it was believed. Men proceeded to demand it of women, causing the distress of many and the death of some." (We let that stand—as she did—without supporting evidence.)

This was an opening salvo of the argument that porn puts ideas into men's heads, endangering women with expectations. MacKinnon introduced a letter from a distraught woman:

Linda was so convincing that she enjoyed what she was doing that our husbands began to think they were cheated in life with us upper-middle-class wives. "I'm not satisfied. You don't know how to be a woman." And every young girl was brainwashed to show our husbands that they could be a better Linda Lovelace than the wife they had at home. . . . I saw a lot of heartbreaks, nervous breakdowns in

women who were being coerced in sex—many tranquilizers were taken because they had to keep up with the times or else. Being forced to do something they don't enjoy, or "Someone else will gladly go out with me." I even saw a business fail because the husband was so preoccupied with this type of sex.

The woman concluded by urging her sisters to avoid wrecking their lives by letting their boyfriends and husbands force them to be "recepticals [sic] instead of cherished wives."

In the old days, he thought, a man looked at a girl's body and saw that it was desirable and that was the end of the story. But you could not have pure love or lust nowadays. No emotion was pure because everything was mixed up with fear and hatred. Their embrace had been a battle, the climax a victory. It was a blow struck against the Party. It was a political act!

—Nineteen Eighty-Four

One can compose a list of politically correct/incorrect sex acts by studying the various ordinances. In a study called "False Promises: Feminist Antipornography Legislation in the U.S.," authors Lisa Duggan, Nan Hunter and Carole S. Vance looked at the MacKinnon description of *Deep Throat* and argued, "These descriptions are very revealing, since they suggest that multiple partners, group sex and oral sex subordinate women and, hence, are sexist. The notion that the female character is used by men suggests that it is improbable that a woman would engage in fellatio of her own accord."

The politically correct sex of the antiporn movement is every bit as coercive, as orthodox, as sex in a police state. It extends the power of the state into your bedroom. Law and Hunter, in a brief to the Indianapolis judge reviewing the MacKinnon-Dworkin ordinance, described the extent of its tyranny:

It . . . makes socially invisible women who find sexually explicit images of women "in positions of display" or "penetrated by objects" to be erotic, liberating or educational. These women are told that their perceptions are a product of false consciousness and that such images are so inherently degrading that they may be suppressed by the state. At the same time, it stamps the imprimatur of state approval on the belief that men are attack dogs triggered to violence by the sight of a sexually explicit image of a woman. It . . . makes socially invisible those men who experience themselves as gentle, respectful of women or inhibited about expressing their sexuality.

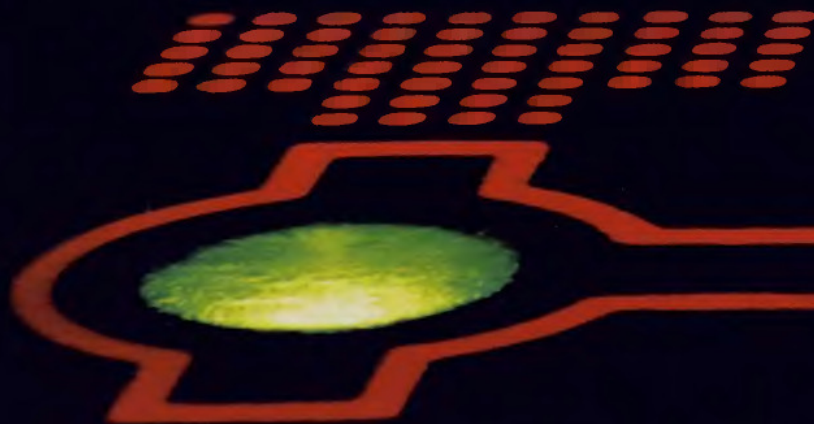
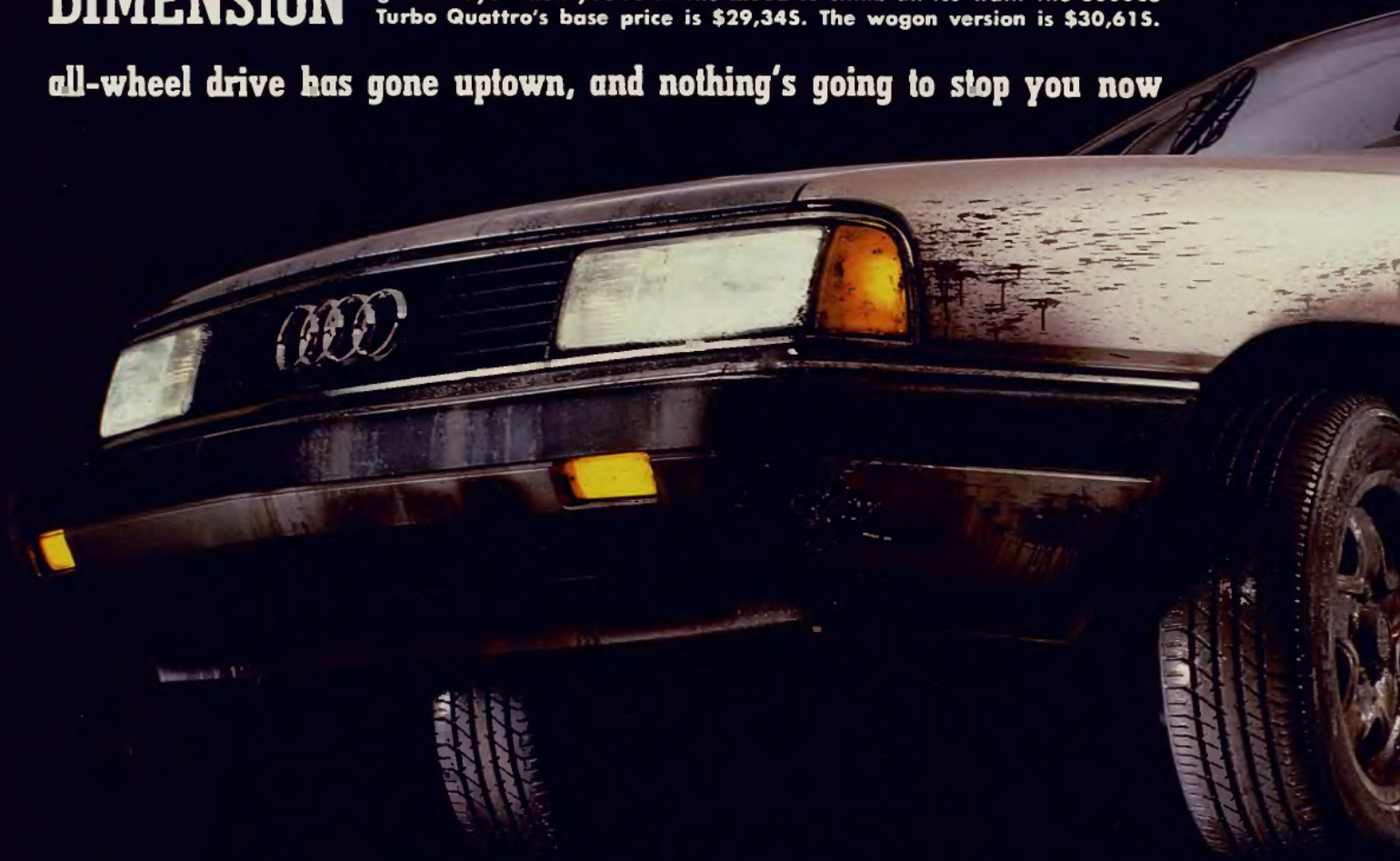


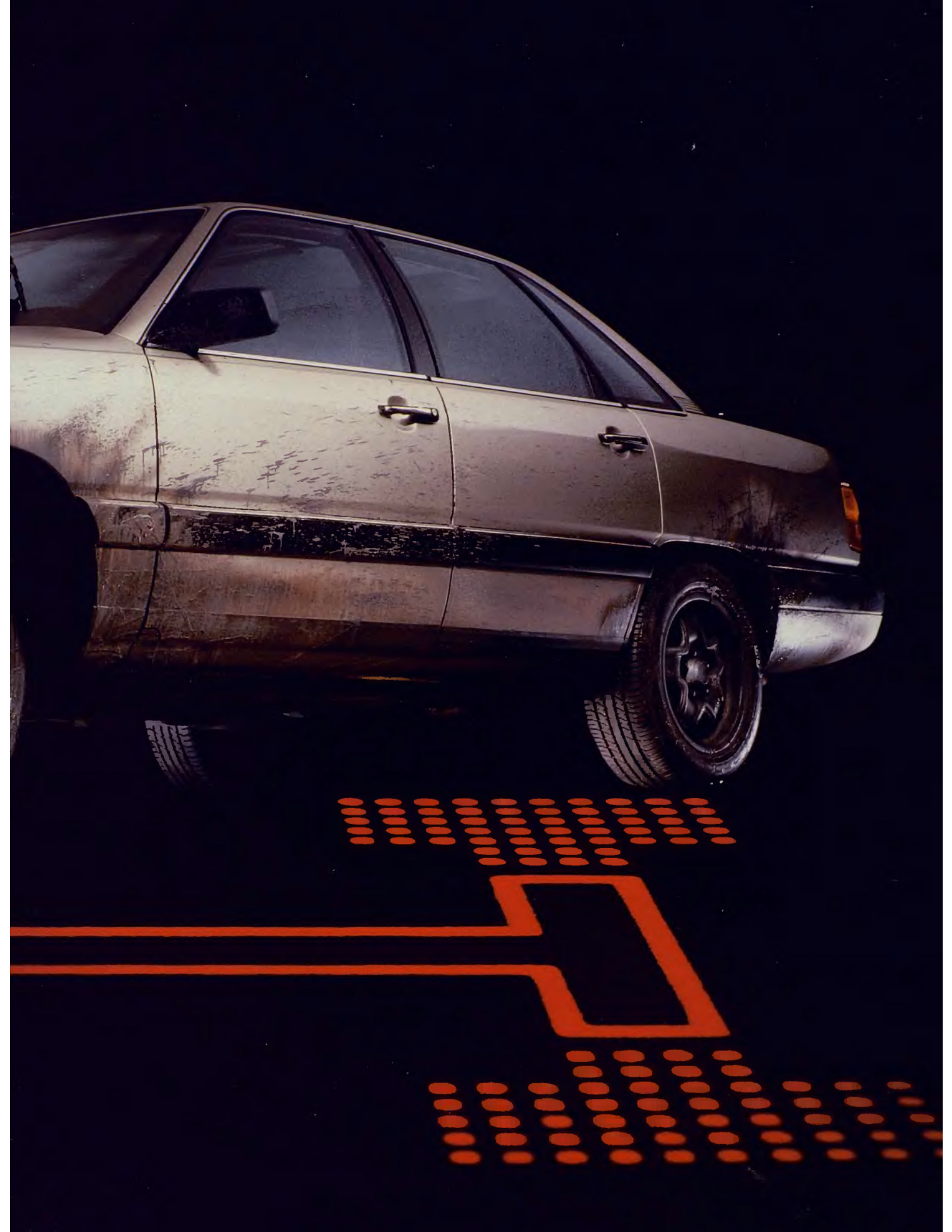
DRIVING IN THE 4TH DIMENSION

article By **TONY ASSENZA** FOUR-WHEEL DRIVE, as we know it, started around the time that Hitler got some bad advice from his astrologer and decided to see Paris in the spring. In response, we sent an entire generation of males to Europe, along with several million jeeps, so our boys could drive to the V-2 launch pads and bring back all those German scientists who had terrific jobs waiting at places such as Lockheed and General Dynamics. The

Below: Neither rain nor snow nor just about anything else is going to keep Audi's four-wheel-drive 5000CS Turbo Quattro from getting you to where you want to go—at speed. And there's even a switch (superimposed just below the car) that can lock up the center or front differential. That's for gonzo days when you're in the mood to climb an ice wall. The 5000CS Turbo Quattro's base price is \$29,345. The wagon version is \$30,615.

all-wheel drive has gone uptown, and nothing's going to stop you now





jeep our soldiers drove during the last big one is the grandfather of virtually every civilian 4x4 vehicle built since. Modern methods and technologies have made tremendous improvements and elaborated on the idea, but, until recently, the basic 4x4 concept remained the same. The salient characteristics were lots of ground clearance, lots of wheel travel, engines with lots of low-end torque but little high-end horsepower, tires the size of millstones, interiors as Spartan as a K.G.B. holding cell, mechanical components that could survive a nuclear attack and minimalist exteriors that looked as if they had been designed by Charles Bronson.

In the late Seventies, A.M.C. and Subaru slowly began to change the concept of four-wheel drive when the Eagle, SX/4 and various Subaru wagons and notchback coupes were introduced. Both Subaru and A.M.C. marketed these cars as safety vehicles, passenger sedans and wagons with the ability to plow through rain, mud and snow without any more effort on the part of the driver than merely pressing the gas and turning the wheel. They didn't have off-road capability and you didn't need nine shift levers on the floor and the arm power of an ape to shift into four-wheel drive. They were cute, very useful and more livable than the traditional off-road cars, but they were exciting to drive on the highway only if you were being chased by a Libyan death squad. Then, in 1982, Audi introduced the Quattro—a car that did for all-wheel drive what Don Johnson did for clown-size sports coats. Suddenly, they were legitimate and everybody wanted one.

Here was a real car, not some quirky hybrid between a car and a truck, that had the power, looks and handling ability of a sports car. It was also obscenely expensive (35,000 big ones) and Audi imported only about 600 of them. They didn't sell very well, but, frankly, Audi didn't care. Audi, you see, wanted to win the world rally championship in a big way. In Europe, a lot of prestige is attached to that title and the winner usually gets the kind of press coverage that generates traffic in the showrooms. The racing version of the Quattro was the car to do it for Audi. Under the rules, however, a car maker has to have a street-ready production version of the race car in order to qualify for competition. So Audi built the street version and hoped to sell enough of them to at least break even. Although it didn't sell many street Quattros, Audi dominated the rally championship for years afterward.

Audi currently has two models with all-wheel drive, the 4000CS Quattro and the 5000CS Turbo Quattro. The 5K is available as a sedan or a wagon. The system they use is full-time. That means you don't have to switch from two- to four-wheel drive. Audi also offers an antilock braking system as standard equipment on the 5000CS Turbo Quattro. No matter how hard you nail the brakes, the wheels never lock up and you retain full steering control.

At this point, you may be asking yourself, Just what is the big deal with four-wheel drive? Didn't all the car makers tell us a few years back that front-wheel drive was the superior arrangement? Absolutely. Back in the dark days of the alleged fuel crisis, front drive was the logical way to package a fuel-efficient motor and drive train in a light car and still have room left over for people and luggage. When the crisis evaporated, the buying public began demanding more horsepower and the car makers responded by squeezing more horsepower out of the wheezy, fuel-



A view of the Audi 5000CS Turbo Quattro's console-mounted differential lockup. With a fully locked-up differential, both wheels on the same axle are locked in the same orbit. If one is slipping on ice, the other one turns as well, pulling you out of whatever you've gotten yourself into. Right: Six of the sportiest all-wheel-drive machines for you to dream of and drool over.

efficient four-cylinder engines in order to satisfy the demand.

That's when they ran into problems. Putting a lot of power through the two front wheels overburdens them. The front wheels are being asked to do everything: turn, stop and provide the driven traction as well. Those front wheels are working their rubber hearts out, while the rear wheels are just along for the ride. A number of approaches were considered to ease the burden on the front tires, including different geometries, very wide tires and various suspension designs. The best solution, however, appears to be to give power to all four wheels.

Just like Audi, which developed the Quattro to go racing, Porsche is about to launch the 959, a car whose sole purpose is to put Porsche at the top of rally competition.

Unlike most of the all-wheel-drive performance cars, the 959's twin-turbocharged, 450-hp engine is positioned in the rear. It drives all four wheels through a sophisticated drive-train arrangement that uses viscous clutches. The power delivery is controlled by a microprocessor that takes constant readings of wheel slip and delivers power to the wheels that need it most. In other words, the power goes to the wheels that have the best traction.

The computer also controls ride height and shock-absorber rates. For town driving, the computer raises the car's ride height and softens the shocks, allowing you to easily negotiate high driveways and soak up bumps and potholes. When you nail it in on an interstate or when you're carving up a mountain road, the computer lowers the ride height and sets the shocks to maximum-effort hard for all-out capability.

As with the original Quattro, only 200 street copies of the 959 will be built to qualify it for racing. Porsche doesn't plan on selling any in the U.S., but we will get the inevitable trickle of gray-market cars. Don't be shocked at a price tag of around \$175,000 for this 195-mph puppy.

While not quite in the same league as Audi and Porsche, Subaru last year offered its version of a sport-oriented 4x4, the XT Coupe. This Sube features a horizontally opposed, turbocharged four-cylinder engine.

Nissan's approach is a little less radical than Porsche's. Its running all-wheel-drive prototype is called the MID4, which stands, natch, for mid-engine, four-wheel drive. The engine is a four-valve-per-cylinder, quad-overhead-cam V6 that produces "only" 227 horsepower. Like the Porsche system, the MID4 is equipped with viscous couplings that allow the power to be delivered to the wheels that have the best traction. Nissan, however, has gone Porsche one better. The MID4 also features four-wheel "steering." Hydraulic actuators allow the rear wheels to turn in and out. This provides outstanding handling and response. Since Nissan isn't as elitist as Porsche, this car, or something very similar to it, will be sold in sizable numbers in the U.S.

Volkswagen is making no secret of the fact that it wants to be known as the Audi for gonzo drivers on a budget. To that end, it recently introduced the Quantum Syncro, an all-wheel-drive version of the Quantum wagon. Just like the Audi, the Syncro uses a locking center differential. It also uses the Audi 4000CS Quattro's engine. The 115-hp Quantum Syncro sells for about \$16,000. It will eventually be joined by all-wheel-drive versions of the Golf and the Jetta.

The all-wheel-drive phenomenon is so hot that everyone wants to get into the race. Mazda has a show (concluded on page 178)

SUBARU 4WD TURBO XT COUPE

Robert B. Parker's macho fictional detective Spenser (the one you read from left to right, not the one you watch on TV) owns a four-wheel-drive turbo coupe. Its specs are about as tough as he is. **Engine:** 110-hp, 1.8-liter power plant with front-wheel-drive or on-demand four-wheel-drive drive train and five-speed or automatic transmission. **Performance:** 0 to 60 in 9.5 seconds; top speed 115 miles per hour. **Suspension:** The Turbo comes with a height-adjustable, self-leveling air spring suspension. **Base price:** \$14,574, including dealer prep and the nifty mag wheels shown at right.



TOYOTA TERCEL 4WD SR5

The roomy, rugged Tercel combines comfort with four-wheel-drive tenaciousness. **Engine:** 1.5-liter, single-overhead-cam four-cylinder linked to either a six-speed manual overdrive or a three-speed automatic transmission. **Drive train:** front-wheel drive that can be shifted to four-wheel drive while you're moving. **Performance:** 0 to 60 in 14.7 seconds; top speed is about 100 miles per hour. **Dimensions:** wheelbase 95.7 inches; over-all length 169.7 inches; over-all width 57.1 inches; over-all height 54.5 inches; cargo capacity with rear seat folded down 59.8 cubic feet. **Base price:** \$9018.



VOLKSWAGEN QUANTUM SYNCRO STATION WAGON

VW's four-wheel-drive vehicle boasts some mighty impressive specs. **Engine:** a 115-hp, 2.2-liter, five-cylinder power plant coupled to a close-ratio five-speed manual transmission. The Syncro is full-time four-wheel drive, thanks to three differentials, one for each drive axle and one between front and rear axles. **Performance:** 0 to 60 in 9.7 seconds; top speed 113 miles per hour. **Brakes:** discs on both front and rear. **Dimensions:** wheelbase 100.4 inches; over-all length 178.9 inches; over-all width 66.7 inches; cargo capacity 71.9 cubic feet with rear seat folded down. **Base price:** about \$16,000.



NISSAN MID4

If all goes well, the full-time four-wheel-drive and four-wheel-"steering" MID4 may be over here in 1987. **Engine:** a 227-hp, 3.0-liter, 24-valve, six-cylinder mid-engine coupled to a five-speed gearbox. **Brakes:** ventilated discs front and rear combined with an anti-lock braking system. **Dimensions:** wheelbase 95.9 inches; over-all length 163.4 inches; over-all width 69.7 inches; over-all height 47.3 inches. **Special feature:** four-wheel "steering" that acts upon the rear wheels, thus giving the driver an exceptionally tight turning radius. **Estimated base price:** about \$30,000; but keep your fingers crossed.



BMW 325ix

In 1988, the Bavarian Motor Works will be off and running on all fours over here with the 325ix, featuring an antilock braking system and power-assisted steering as standard equipment. Other specifications: **Engine:** a 171-hp, 2.5-liter six-cylinder coupled to a five-speed gearbox. **Performance:** 0 to 60 in nine seconds; top speed 131 miles per hour. **Special feature:** BMW distributes 37 percent of the engine power to the front axle and 63 percent to the rear axle, "which keeps the car easy to control when driving to the limit." **Estimated base price:** \$30,000—but who knows?



PORSCHE 959

This Wundercar is the stuff that four-wheel-drive dreams are made of. **Engine:** a 450-hp, 2.85-liter six-cylinder equipped with twin turbochargers and coupled to a six-speed gearbox. **Performance:** 0 to 60 in 3.9 seconds; top speed about 195 miles per hour. **Brakes:** four piston calipers and four ventilated discs that adjust to the conditions of the car's all-wheel operation. **Other features:** a ride-height control system that lowers the car at high speeds; four-wheel drive with a power split ratio that can be altered to suit driving conditions. **Base price:** about \$175,000 on the gray market.



"When his hand came toward me, I thought he was going to take a fistful of my shirt."

Across the street from my window is a parking lot; I heard someone running out there. I listened to sneakers on the pavement, echoing off the buildings all around, a soft, firm patting sound. I listened for a while before I got up on my knees on the bed. I raised the shade a foot and looked out. It was DuPree, all by himself, running laps around the parking lot just inside the chain link fence like he was in his own private compound. Just the one man out there under the streetlights on the asphalt. He wore a sweat suit that could have been gray or white. He ran for a while more and then picked up a jump rope. He went for ten minutes straight, the rope ticking the pavement and up on his toes, pumping. After that, he started on the wind sprints. He got down in a lineman's crouch, then lunged forward. Down low for the first few strides, then his chest up and out, arms making tight uppercuts as he busted it diagonally across the lot. When he finished with that, he ran twice more around, then jumped the fence and walked away down the street.

I lay back down on the bed and shut my eyes. I followed DuPree. In my mind, I went with him down the street and around the corner, past the broken benches at the bus stop and east, across the city, walking those long strides with the hitch, the bounce up on the toes, down the long streets, to another building across town, up the stairs, hand on the banister, clutch and slide, one flight, two flights, three, and I'm there. I open the door to Yolanda's apartment. I don't need to turn on a light. Walk softly to her bedroom, and inside, there's a streak of light that's gotten in under the shade, fallen across her bed. She's asleep on her side, turned away from me, knees drawn up, and I slide in under the covers to nestle against her, feel her warmth, my legs behind hers, shins against her calves, my belly against her soft rear, chest against her back. I reach one arm around and without waking, she takes my hand between her warm palms and holds it against her chest. I lie still, feel her slow rise and fall, let her breaths become my breaths, and that way I get to sleep.

When I got home from work the next day, there was a package on the steps. I got it inside on my eating table and slit the packing tape with a jackknife. Styrofoam pellets all over the place, but it was there. The starlight night scope, heavier than I expected—three or four pounds, easy.

I took it into the bedroom closet, got down on the floor with my back against

the wall. I slipped it on over my head, fit my eyes against the rubber sockets and tightened the straps. I pulled the door shut. Nothing. Not a goddamn thing. Then I remembered it was light enhancement; you had to have a little light to begin with. So I opened the closet door a tiny crack and, sure enough, I could see my shirts. I could see a ways up inside the sleeves. A \$1200 piece of equipment. I picked up a shoe and looked down inside the toe.

There was only one person to show this to. I figured I was ready.

There was a sound like tearing strips of cloth. I banged on his door. The sound stopped and I banged again. Nothing. I waited a minute, then hit the door harder.

"DuPree!" I yelled. I hadn't meant to yell so loud. "Open up," I said.

I waited, and then there was the snick and clack of the four locks.

The door opened a crack, and Leonard DuPree looked at me above a length of chain. He had gray eyes. He kept his mouth shut.

"I'm the guy from next door," I said.

I held up my night scope, and his eyes narrowed.

"You been readin' my magazines," he said.

"No," I said.

"I seen you," he said.

The door shut, then opened all the way. Somehow, when his hand came toward me—you see something in the movies so many times—I thought he was going to take a fistful of my shirt at the throat and hoist me up so that my toes danced on the floor. I was moving back when his hand stopped, fingers pointed at my stomach.

"Lenny DuPree," he said.

"I live next door." We shook.

DuPree was broad-shouldered but lean. Had a two-day beard and that butch cut, thin fuzz all over his head. A round face, but the skin was tight; muscles moved when he talked.

"Some stunt, reading people's private mail." He smiled without showing his teeth.

I shifted my weight to my other foot. "Not really."

"Oughta get your own subscription sometime." His smile got bigger. "Come on in," he said, and stepped back.

I wasn't sure what to do.

"Aw, come on," DuPree said, waving me in. "I don't give a shit about that."

It was dark in DuPree's apartment, but I knew the layout, same as mine. I walked

past the kitchenette—smell of hamburger and onions—into the one big room, DuPree behind me. The shades were drawn and the baseball game was on the TV.

"I didn't read anything personal," I said.

DuPree opened his mouth and laughed without moving his head.

"But you would have, right?"

I didn't say anything to that.

"That's all right, good buddy. I don't give one shit. Fact is, I knew you was gettin' that scope, 'cause I checked your mail." DuPree made a wheezing sound, took me a second to know it was another kind of laugh. "Bet you didn't figure on counterintelligence, huh?"

DuPree seemed relaxed; his arms swung loose as he walked to the other end of the room to switch off the television. I couldn't let my hands hang, put them in my pockets.

He had picked up a roll of duct tape.

"I was just doing a little experiment," he said. "Oughta be up your line."

DuPree made the ripping sound, peeled a strip of tape off the roll. He went to a window and taped the shade shut around the edges, so that no light got in. I saw that most of the windows were already done.

"Here you go," he said, and tossed me another roll of tape.

I turned it around in my hands.

"You got your scope already?" I asked him.

"You bet," he said.

I went to work with the duct tape, and we did the rest of the windows without talking, the room getting darker. My heart was beating fast when he stuck on the last piece of tape. The apartment was as dark as it could be, a little light leaking in under the door to the hallway. I could just make out the outline of my hand in front of my face and, across the room, DuPree, moving.

(continued on page 95)

THE PLAYBOY GALLERY

This month features Bruce Willis, co-star with Cybill Shepherd of television's hot series *Moonlighting*. Willis, whom *People* magazine nominated as one of 1986's most eligible bachelors, is having a four-star year. His appearance in Seagram's wine-cooler television commercials elevates celebrity endorsement to the level of minitheater, and he stars with Kim Basinger in Blake Edwards' film *Blind Date*, due for release this Christmas. Our illustration this month is one of our favorite works by the late, legendary illustrator Pat Nagel. When this first appeared in the January 1985 *PLAYBOY*, we wrote of Nagel, "He created a look for the Eighties, one that combined the free-and-easy openness of West Coast design with the classical style of art deco . . . sophisticated, simple, stark and ultimately seductive."





THE PLAYBOY GALLERY





“Sure, I got ideas,” he sneered, slicing an X in the air. “My big idea is how about we go kick some ass?”

I picked up my night scope, slipped into the headband, tightened the straps.

“How about that,” DuPree said.

I could see plain as day. DuPree had nothing on his feet, camouflage pants, white T-shirt, hands on his hips. The scope covered half his face, the lenses like huge eyes. The main feature of the room was the king-size water bed with vinyl-clad padded frame and digital heat control. Never seen a girl around his place, but I guess he was prepared. On a dolly near the bed, he had the 19-inch color console rigged up with a VCR. Above the bed, he had a framed poster advertising bird shot, the grouse flushed and rising, the rifle aimed. On another wall was a poster where you looked through a rifle sight, cross hairs in the form of a peace sign trained on an advancing soldier: PEACE THROUGH SUPERIOR FIREPOWER. One corner of the room had a mat on the floor for his weights: He had a bench-press set complete with leg lifts, grip squeezers, a rack of dumbbells and, next to it, an exercise bike with digital mileage and heart-rate readouts. On the wall above the bike was a piece of paper that said, WORK HARD OR DIE. Over his sofa was a pretty nice picture of a waterfall and some mountains on black velvet, and there were other things on the wall: old swords and helmets and more sheets of paper stuck on with tape. Words in black marker: The one nearest to me said, GOOD POSTURE SAVES LIVES.

Below the scope, I saw DuPree’s mouth crack into a smile. “A little tired of bein’ stuck in this shithole building, am I right?”

I was smiling, too. “You got ideas?” I asked.

“Hoo! A dude who’s after *ideas*.” DuPree shook his head and took two loping steps over to his dresser, picked up some kind of short curved sword, might have been Turkish.

“Sure, I got *ideas*,” he sneered, slicing an X in the air. “My big idea is how about we go kick some ass?”

A little later, we were in DuPree’s truck, headed for the South End. DuPree had provided the paraphernalia. We both wore black turtle-necks covered with lightweight black jackets that hid the shoulder holsters. As we drove, I practiced reaching under my left arm and pulling out the expanding steel whip: Press a button and the thing zips out to a flexible 18-inch baton with a heavy knob on the end. I slipped my hand through the wrist strap, gripped

the handle and tapped the knob against the dashboard.

“I like this,” I said. “Only twenty bucks?”

“You bust somebody’s skull, you’re not careful,” DuPree said.

DuPree’s holster held a Browning nine-millimeter automatic. “Now, I’m not gonna use this,” he had said. “This is just a friendly fight.” In his boot was a trench knife with knuckle-duster handle and black Teflon-coated blade, good for the night work.

“This is a nonlethal exercise,” DuPree said.

The jackets had shoulder patches, insignia of the Apocalypse Commandos: the letters A.C. with a lightning bolt through them and a skull and crossbones beneath. Apparently, a member name of Stick had been put in the hospital by some people in the South End. “Dominicans,” said DuPree. “Baseball fans.” We were going to pick up Stick’s brother and the three of us go pay a visit.

“Don’t worry,” DuPree said. “We’re just gonna put a little scare into some people.”

“I’m not worried,” I said.

The truck was set up high on stiff shocks that took the potholes hard. Cars got out of our way. I had the window down and my arm hanging out to feel the night air. It was cool, late August.

“Nice truck,” I said. Turned out DuPree was from Iowa, so there was a whole lot that didn’t need to be said about trucks and driving with your arm hanging out, looking for something to do. “Good to get out,” I said.

“Get out, have some fun,” said DuPree.

“Nothing wrong with that.”

We pulled alongside the plaza of the Christian Science Mother Church, where there’s a reflecting pool couple of football fields long and half a one wide. That’s where we saw him: a big black guy up on the rim of the pool, gliding along on roller skates.

“Dumbass gonna get hisself wet, he slips off,” said DuPree. He whistled out the window and the guy hopped down off the rim and skated over. He was a good skater, did a couple of spins on the way. He had the jacket and the night scope on a strap over his shoulder, same as us.

“Meatlux,” the man said. I was looking for some kind of fancy handshake, but he gave it to me straight. I figure Meatlux was 6’8”, not counting the skates. Built like

a Buick.

“Call me Meat.” His hands were the size of dictionaries. “Pleasure to make your acquaintance,” he said.

“Nice skates,” I said.

He didn’t take his eyes off me. “They serve.”

We drove Mass. Ave. toward the South End. I was in the middle, my leg pressed against Meatlux’, like sitting next to a warm rock. You could see muscles through his clothes like potatoes through a sack. Meatlux had to bend his head forward in the cab, and there was a bead of sweat running down from his temple to his jaw.

“Are the police in on this?” I asked. “I mean, are they looking for the guys who got your brother?”

Meatlux snorted and looked away out the window.

“Ain’t exactly police kind of work,” said DuPree.

“Allow me to edify my man here concerning some of the rules of justice,” Meatlux said. “By which this great society of ours operates.”

“Don’t get huffed up,” DuPree said.

“Rule number one: Do unto others as they do unto you.”

“Be cool,” DuPree said.

“Rule number two: Terrify the mothafuckers in the process.”

“Always gotta open his mouth before a fight,” DuPree said.

“Don’t know why we have to have a new man with us,” Meatlux announced loudly to the windshield. “Just another body for yours truly to watch out for.”

“You just watch out for yourself,” I said.

“Ooh, I like that,” Meatlux said. “Bad man.”

“Dude’s all right,” DuPree said. “He’s got resources.”

“Bad little dude with resources, is that right?”

“They serve,” I said.

Meatlux shook the seat with his laugh. “Ooh, I like that.”

“Dude just got thrown over by his old lady,” DuPree said.

I had told DuPree about Yolanda, at work, and he had made more out of it than I intended.

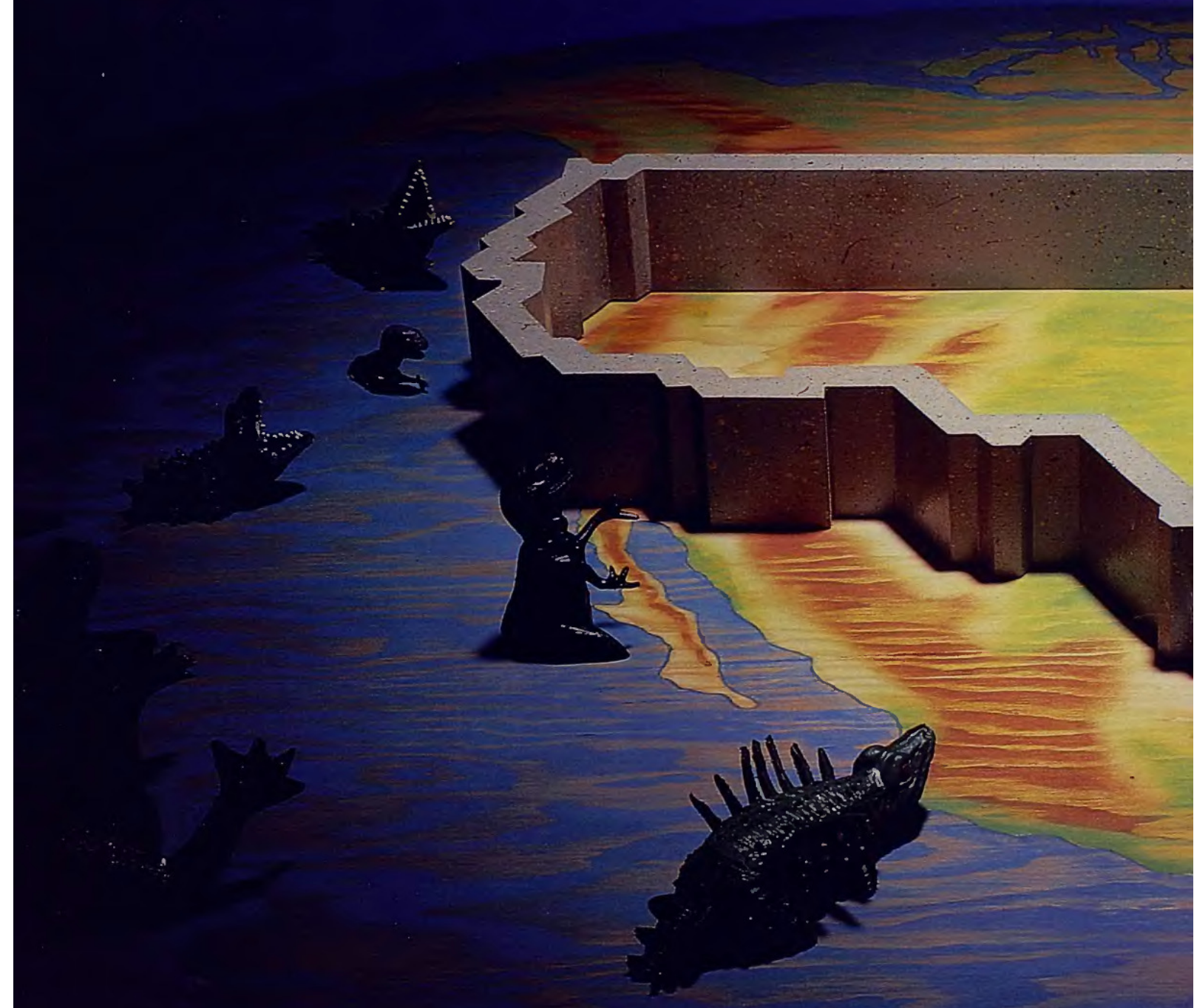
“I hear *that*,” Meatlux said. “Need to swing out a little, am I right? Stir up the holy hormones a little bit. You’re talking to a man who *knows*.”

We crossed a bridge over the train tracks and right away, whole blocks of old brownstones are burned out, windows gone, air-raid territory. DuPree decided to leave the truck out of harm’s way, so we parked and headed on foot down Columbus Avenue. There was glass all over the street, but Meatlux skated right down the middle, anyway, doing fancy spins and little hops.

(continued on page 162)

SCULPTURE BY MICHAEL O'BRIEN

THE TERROR



THE EIGHT MEN huddled in a slowly moving post-office truck on Constitution Avenue and checked their machine guns, nervously pulling at their hoods. The thought that they might not survive was sobering, but they knew how important this raid was. The Americans would learn a lesson they would never forget.


Inside the U.S. Capitol, the Senators were gathering for an evening session. The Majority Leader was eager to get the revenue bill passed. Several Democrats were threatening a filibuster. No matter how it turned out, it was going to be a long night.

In the cloakrooms, Senators were cheerful. The "club" was forming. Old, familiar faces beamed as lawmakers chatted in groups of three and four. Some dropped into easy

NEXT TIME

article by **Senator Alan J. Dixon**

the cochairman of the senate antiterrorism caucus argues that a major attack in the u.s. is inevitable



chairs to watch the end of the evening news. Some scanned the newspapers.

Inside the truck, the terrorists' leader peered through a slit for the fifth time in a minute. The large, heavy trucks typically blocking each entrance to the Capitol grounds on weekends were absent this Thursday evening. There were guards about, but very few of them, and they carried only revolvers. Nowhere could the leader see any kind of automatic heavy-caliber weapons. He shook his head. How smug they were.

The traffic began to thin out. The leader whispered into his hand-held radio. The reply from the lookouts came back. There were no troops nearby. Several U.S. Capitol Police squad cars gathered in front of the Capitol. That was all. Despite the months of

training he had put in with his team, the leader couldn't suppress a twinge of apprehension. Could it be this easy?

The truck's engine roared. The vehicle raced up the driveway. In a well-rehearsed series of motions, the terrorists jumped out of the rear of the truck, killing several police officers at an identification check point. Bursts of machine-gun fire downed two charging Capitol guards. The terrorists ran over the bodies into the building, screaming, shooting everyone in sight. Indiscriminate slaughter was part of the plan. The deaths would show how serious they were. The confusion they caused was their ally.

In seconds, the terrorists burst into the cloakroom. One Senator who rose to face them was shot down by one of the younger terrorists. Another was wounded before the leader could reach the cloakroom and calm his seven nervous comrades. They covered the doors and windows. The captive Senators were forced into one corner of the room, while three hooded terrorists entered bearing a large wooden crate. The leader smiled. It had been so easy.

News of the events on Capitol Hill was slow in coming. Reporters had been just a few steps away, in the Press Gallery, when the shooting started. One went to the door and looked quickly into the Senate chamber. Closing the door, he ran to the telephone to call his newspaper. "It sounds like shooting in the Senate cloakroom," he said. The editor at the other end of the line called the police.

The FBI didn't find out for four minutes. The call came into the Emergency Operations Center, on the sixth floor of the FBI building. The duty officer was alone in the three-room complex. There were immediate links, through the computers and telephones spotted throughout the center, with the White House, the Departments of State, Defense and Justice, the Federal Aviation Administration and all U.S. security agencies. But not with the U.S. Senate. During the Los Angeles Olympics, the Emergency Operations Center had been staffed with the best agents the FBI could muster—tonight was a different story.

The duty officer made a decision. He would make two calls.

"We have a report that some group has forced its way into the Senate," he said tersely. "There has been shooting and hostage taking."

At the other end of the line was an operations officer with the National Security Council at the White House. During the next three minutes, the President's Chief of Staff and the Advisor for National Security Affairs were alerted.

A second, identical call was placed to the agency's hostage-rescue team. The Pentagon's military counterterrorism team in Fayetteville, North Carolina, was also engaged.

The duty officer knew that this crack team had been secretly sent abroad several times to carry out defensive counterterrorist missions, as well as man hunts. The Italian government had worked with it in the operation that had led to the release of Brigadier General James L. Dozier in 1982. It had been flown to Malta during the Achille Lauro hijacking. But the terrorists had been forced down on Italian soil, and the Italians had indignantly taken custody of the murderers when the Americans had wanted them.

U.S. Capitol Police were already on the scene when the duty officer completed his call. They surrounded the Capitol building while a SWAT team determined the exact location of the cloakroom within the Senate chambers, the number of terrorists and hostages and the type of firepower with which the authorities were dealing. The military group was airborne, its arrival expected in 40 minutes. The FBI had gathered a scratch team, and it arrived at the building within 20 minutes. All those efforts, of course, came too late—much too late.

The terrorists sent out a message. They intended to kill a U.S. Senator every hour until their demands were met. . . .

But even worse news was to come. The Government had sent out its Nuclear Emergency Search Team (NEST) in a helicopter. The sensitive radiation-detection equipment aboard registered the presence of two and one half pounds of plutonium. The crate the terrorists had brought with them contained a crude but effective nuclear device. If the FBI or the SWAT team rushed the Capitol, the terrorists announced, they would set off the bomb. . . .

Stop.

All of the above, of course, is fiction. But it could easily happen. The ingredients for this terrorist attack are present in today's world.

Ten years ago, members of Congress moved easily about their business. Today, strict security precautions constantly remind members and visitors of the risks of terrorism. Congress, through its physical accessibility and its open-door approach to doing business, has always reflected the public nature of our political system. Traditionally, our national Government buildings have been public places.

Today, that tradition is under siege. Any visitor to the Capitol or to a Senate or House Office Building now must pass through metal-detection equipment. Any package, purse, briefcase or handbag is placed under an X-ray scanner. Armed U.S. Capitol Police monitor this equipment, which is located at every public entrance. Visitors find their access to various rooms and halls severely curtailed. A system of identification for Congressional staff has been instituted, and special entrances exist for members and staff who

have the proper I.D.

Active American defenses against terrorism have also grown. In recent years, a counterterrorism command post has been established by the Federal Bureau of Investigation. In the event of a significant threat of attack or an actual terrorist operation against the United States, FBI counter efforts will be coordinated from this control center.

Another arm of the American counterterrorism apparatus is the FBI's hostage-rescue team, an elite corps of approximately 50 agents. This team was in place in Los Angeles as the Olympic games began and was on alert during the Democratic and Republican conventions, as well as the recent Statue of Liberty celebration. FBI director William H. Webster describes this force as a "civilian-response alternative" to calling on the armed forces in the event of a terrorist attack demanding a quick, armed response.

Without question, the most dangerous and unsettling terrorist crisis would be nuclear blackmail here in the United States, forced upon our Government by a group of terrorists with a crude nuclear device. In that event, NEST would be activated. Utilizing sensitive radiation-detection equipment, NEST helicopters and ground vehicles would comb the area suspected of containing the nuclear device.

Internationally, America's Special Operations Forces remain on constant alert. Key units are at the disposal of the Army and Navy and are located throughout the United States, as well as in Germany, Scotland, Puerto Rico and the Philippines.

With a few exceptions, the terrorist threat here in the United States has come from U.S.-based groups, some of which have foreign connections. Organizations such as the Posse Comitatus, the Aryan Nations, the Ku Klux Klan, the Weather Underground, the F.A.L.N., the Armed Resistance Unit and the Armenian Secret Army for the Liberation of Armenia have been responsible for bombings and shootings that have resulted in death and injury to Americans. The Jewish Defense League, whose philosophy and methods are opposed by all responsible Jewish organizations, has also committed a number of terrorist acts here at home. The FBI has made significant inroads against these groups. F.A.L.N. operatives in the Chicago area were apprehended several years ago through an unlikely event. An Evanson woman noticed a group of joggers smoking cigarettes while standing around a van. She thought it suspicious for joggers to be smoking and called the police. Her call led to the arrest of ten members of the F.A.L.N. and the uncovering of evidence of further terrorist plans.

FBI sources maintain that there were seven terrorist incidents in the United

(continued on page 122)



"Don't bother to change, Milton—come just as you are."



MISS OCTOBER studies Japanese art, archaeology, *shōu-shū*—an Eastern style of self-defense—and *shiatsu* massage. At *shiatsu* school, they call her Sachiko, Japanese for “happy child.” The name fits. Since she was 11, when she came across a pile of PLAYBOYS, she has been happily engaged in the pursuit of Playmatehood. Katherine Hushaw pursues almost everything, in fact. She’s a helicopter pilot, an actress with two feature films to her credit, a model (hers were the beautiful buns in the first California Cooler ads), a TV-commercial actress, a radio voice-over artist and a collector of Japanese miniatures called *net-suke*. She can be found, for now, at Playboy Mansion West, with her fellow Playmates. “Julie McCullough is silly like me,” she says. “We laugh about our well-separated breasts.”



At Utah’s Lake Powell (above left), Katherine wows the local boys. With Mel Blanc, the man of 1000 voices—Bugs Bunny’s included—she records a radio ad (center left); and at home in Lodi, California (left), she strikes a pose at the Lodi Arch. “I can’t believe I’m Miss October,” she says. “For half my life, I’ve wanted to be one of those naked ladies.”





SACHIKO

*playmate katherine
mushaw has an eastern
turn of mind—and
all the right moves*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA
GATEFOLD PHOTOGRAPHY BY KERRY MORRIS



"Everything I ever learned I've incorporated into what I am," says Katherine. "I'm a very silly girl, but I am serious about archaeology, Eastern art, shiatsu and shou-shu, my work—anything I'm not laughing about at the moment. Now that I'm a Playmate, I'll sign as many autographs as people ask for and say, 'Be yourself and check your ego at the door.'"





"Posing nude was, for me, a very sensuous experience. Also painful. You have to hold that gatefold pose for a long time, and here I was, twisted sideways. I was thinking, You want this! You want this! Twelve girls a year! I was psyched. I felt pretty. Sexy, too. Sex is great. It's that spark that keeps you going. It's the animating factor in this world."





"Five years from now," Miss October says when pressed to talk about her plans, "if our governments have been wise and haven't let things get nuclear, I want to go to China and dig things up. I want to do things. I want to continue working with PLAYBOY. But I don't spend much time thinking about the future. The present is interesting enough."



MISS OCTOBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Katharine Hubbard

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: KATHERINE HUSHAW

BUST: 35" WAIST: 23" HIPS: 34"

HEIGHT: 5'6" WEIGHT: 107

BIRTH DATE: 10/23/63 BIRTHPLACE: ANAHEIM, CALIFORNIA

AMBITIONS: TO MAINTAIN A FRESH OUTLOOK ON AND APPRECIATION OF LIFE BY CHERISHING EACH MOMENT AS IT HAPPENS.

FAVORITE THINGS: LAUGHTER IS MY FAVORITE NON MATERIAL THING; MATERIALLY SPEAKING, I LIKE FOOD 😊, ITEMS OF ANTIQUITY.

PET PEEVES: EGO (WHEN IT'S WORKING OVERTIME).

EXTRACURRICULAR ACTIVITIES: ANTIQUE HUNTING, READING, WRITING SHORT STORIES FOR CHILDRENS' BOOKS, GARDENING, RIDING HORSES, CAMPING, CUDDLING.

FAVORITE COUNTRY: I AM FASCINATED BY THE FAR EAST, AND I HAVE THIS INCREDIBLE INSTINCT OR YEARNING TO GO TO CHINA.

FAVORITE AUTHORS: SHEL SILVERSTEIN, GERALD JAMPOLSKY, SPENCER JOHNSON, DR. SEUSS, MYSELF (WITH REAL MODESTY!) (?)

FAVORITE FILMS: "THE GREAT RACE," "THE AFRICAN QUEEN," "AIRPLANE!"

SPIRITUAL INFLUENCES: I'VE ALWAYS BEEN SORT OF A SPIRITUAL PERSON. I TEND TO SEE BEYOND THE SURFACE ASPECT OF SOME THINGS.



TAKING THE CAKE - AGE 10



AGE 17



BAD MODELING ASSIGNMENT
AGE 19



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A man bought a couple of drinks for a woman in a bar and, after some great conversation, asked her if she would like to go to his apartment to continue talking.

"Sure," she replied, "but it won't lead to anything."

As they entered his apartment, she reminded him, "Don't waste your time with any fancy moves."

"Hey, what do you think I am, a one-night stand?" he protested. "I want you for my wife."

"OK," she said, peeling off her jacket. "What time will she get home?"



"I'm sorry," Saint Peter said to the applicant, "you don't get into heaven for just being good anymore. You have to have done something really great. Have you done anything in your life that may qualify you?"

After thinking it over for a few minutes, the man said, "I saw a group of Hell's Angels harass an old lady, so I kicked over the leader's bike, insulted his girlfriend and spit in his face."

"That's great!" Saint Peter exclaimed. "When did you do that?"

"Oh . . . about three minutes ago."

"Make it a double, Joe," the dejected man told the bartender. "I just got the shock of my life. Caught my wife screwing my best friend."

"Paul, that's awful. What did you do?"

"I hit him in the nose with a newspaper and sent him to bed with no Kibbles N Bits."

Colonel Smedley of the Queen's Hussars waited in his headquarters for the arrival of his newest officer. At the appointed hour, a young lieutenant marched smartly in and saluted. "Lieutenant Smyth reporting, suh."

"Lieutenant," the colonel began, "allow me to give you a brief of our weekly schedule. On Mondays, we march and we drill."

"No, suh," the lieutenant said. "I don't march and I don't drill, suh."

Raising an eyebrow, the colonel continued, "On Tuesdays, we practice the charge and groom horses."

"No, suh, I don't practice the charge and I don't groom horses, suh."

"Really, now?" the unflappable colonel replied. "Well, Lieutenant, on Wednesdays, we drink and we wench."

"No, suh, I don't drink and I don't wench, suh."

"Good God, man!" the colonel finally exploded. "Are you queer, then?"

"No, suh!"

"Well, you won't much like Thursdays, then, either."

The latest medical term making the news is Waldheimer's disease. It's when you can't remember you were a Nazi.

A woman in New York was so desperate to get to England to visit her seriously ill mother that she went to the waterfront hoping to meet a sailor who would help her stow away.

One of the seamen she met said he was the first mate on a large ship. He would help her stow away, he said, if she would let him take the favor out in trade. The woman agreed, so the sailor hid her in a lifeboat. Each night, he took her food and received his payment.

A week later, the captain, noticing movement under a tarpaulin, pulled it back and found the woman. The frightened stowaway explained how desperate she was to get to England.

"Does the first mate know about this?" the captain asked.

"Oh, yes," the woman replied. "In fact, he's been bringing me food and fucking me."

"You can say that again, lady," the captain said. "This is the Staten Island ferry."

Our Southwestern correspondent reports the emergence of a local social phenomenon: migrant Yuppies. They're guys who pick lettuce at a salad bar.



Wally Neiman

When two sky divers had tired of all the ordinary stunts, they decided to set a world record by free-falling to within 100 feet of the ground before opening their chutes.

Having jumped from 8000 feet, the two came plummeting toward the earth. When his altimeter read 100, Bud shouted to Rocky, "Now?"

"No, not now!"

"Now?" Bud screamed at 50 feet.

"Not yet!"

"Come on," Bud shrieked, "it's only ten feet!"

"For God's sake, Bud," Rocky yelled, "haven't you ever fallen from ten feet before?"

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.



GETTING DOWN WITH GEORGE LUCAS

yes, it's true: the creator of *star wars* has a sexy starlet in his new film who looks vaguely familiar to us. god, what next?

W

ED HEARD a rumor that George Lucas' *Howard the Duck*—the new, \$30,000,000 comedy/adventure about a cantankerous, cigar-chomping duck who's sucked

from his planet far, far away into an alley in Cleveland—had a featured role for PLAYBOY, but we weren't sure what *kind* of role. So we waddled on over to the set.

The first thing we saw was the star. Surrounded by his entourage—a top team of engineers whose job it was to protect the creature's webbed feet, style stray feathers and cool his insides with a blow drier through the beak—was Howard the Duck. He quacked us right up.

Next, we spotted Lea Thompson (Michael J. Fox's *Back to the Future* co-star and Howard's leading lady) and asked what attracted her to the duck who was hovering just behind her. "I love Howard," she said, "because I've *always* adored crotchety old men." Suddenly, she let out a yelp. Lea, it turned out, had just been goosed by a duck.

Finally, we found what we'd been looking for. In Lucas' Creature Shop, a woman was contemplating a 12-inch model of a duck clad in slinky lingerie. The woman, a LucasFilm artist, was fitting a triangle of orangish pubic hair to the duck's lower regions. She wasn't sure if she liked the kinky hair and stared at the model intently. See, in the movie, Howard is the sort of duck who reads PLAYBOY—er, PLAYDUCK. And Lucas, it seems, has taken a feather from Hef's cap by sparing no expense to get his Playmate right. We give George an A. Hmm. Wonder what the Geese commission will say. —DAVID SHEFF



RETURN OF THE GENTLEMAN

playboy's
wardrobe
guide
for fall
and winter
'86

fashion By HOLLIS WAYNE

WHILE IT HAS never really faded from glory, the English-gentleman look in clothes has re-emerged this fall in all its traditional splendor. Subtle combinations of patterns, and suit coats and sports jackets with a slightly suppressed waist combined with spread-collar shirts and paisley and foulard ties characterize this timeless approach to tailoring. Casualwear, on the other hand, has a decidedly American influence. Hand-knit sweaters, sheepskin jackets, wide-wale-corduroy and cavalry-twill slacks give a touch of the West that's an interesting counterpoint to the aristocratic look of today's coats and ties.



Left: The easy elegance of a wool all-over pin-dot six-button double-breasted suit with notch lapels, ventless back and double-pleated trousers, \$1025, worn with beige cotton spread-collar dress shirt, \$90, silk jewel-tone tapestry-print tie with diagonal stripes, \$48, and paisley cotton pocket square, about \$18, all by Ermenegildo Zegna. Right: Our man in the charcoal-gray wool glen-plaid suit with subtle multicolor overplaid and notch lapels and pleated trousers, about \$795, also has on a spread-collar multistripe dress shirt, about \$55, silk tie, \$37.50, and silk pocket square, \$24, all by Alexander Julian.

PHOTOGRAPHY
BY JOHN GOODMAN
AND JAMES IMBROGNO





Dresswear and accessories—by the numbers: 1. Cotton spread-collar shirt with burgundy and white stripes, by Lazo, about \$95. 2. Striped dress shirt, by Valentino Uomo, \$48.50. 3. & 4. Cotton pinpoint oxfordcloth shirt, by Cesarani, \$50; and navy braces with duck-decoy motif, by Trafalgar, \$25. 5. & 6. Cotton tattersall buttondown shirt, by 417 Van Heusen, \$26; and silk paisley tie, from Colours by Alexander Julian, \$18.50. 7. & 8. Chevron wool/nylon socks, by Burlington, \$6; and wing-tip oxford shoes, by Walter Steiger, \$230. 9. Paisley wool/silk scarf, by Hugo Boss, \$75. 10. & 11. Alligator belt with sterling-silver buckle, by Kieselstein-Cord, \$950; and another one with brass buckle, by Trafalgar, \$185. 12. Wool-tweed herringbone double-pleated slacks, by Norman Hilton, \$98. 13. & 14. Silk foulard bow tie, from Polo by Ralph Lauren, \$20; and another one, by Ferrell Reed, \$16.50. 15. Leather gloves, by Stetson, about \$25. 16. Black wire-frame glasses, from Polo by Ralph Lauren, \$75. 17. & 18. Silk striped tie, by Calvin Klein, \$32.50; and silk paisley tie, from Colours by Alexander Julian, \$18.50. 19. & 20. Two silk paisley-patterned pocket squares, \$12.50 each, both by Christian Dior. 21. & 22. Two wool scarves, about \$20 each, both by Stetson.

Above: Silk/wool/alpaca sports jacket, \$625, and flannel slacks, \$125, both by Cerruti 1881; cashmere sweater, by Ermenegildo Zegna, about \$600; paisley scarf, by Hugo Boss, \$75; silk pocket square, by Imperial, \$11; and leather tassel loafers, by Cole-Haan, \$140.



Casualwear and accessories—by the numbers. 1. Lamb's-wool scarf, by Reporter, about \$55. 2. Cashmere scarf, by Ermenegildo Zegna, about \$150. 3. Multicolor lace scarf, by Bianculli, about \$90. 4. Tassel loafers, by Reporter, \$135. 5. Wool-blend socks, by Gant Mens Hosiery, \$9. 6. Cotton/silk socks, by E. G. Smith, \$7.50. 7. Acrylic/wool socks, by Head Phones, \$9. 8. Cotton Argyle socks, by Gant Mens Hosiery, \$8. 9. Hand-knit turtleneck, by Calvin Klein, about \$175. 10. Wool/cashmere/rayon-blend crew-neck, by Telegraph, about \$100. 11. Hand-knit crew-neck, by Jhane Barnes, \$195. 12. Lamb's-wool/Angora sweater, by Gianfranco Ruffini, \$70. 13. Deerskin gloves, by Stetson, about \$25. 14. Leather-frame glasses, from Ray-Ban by Bausch & Lomb, \$129. 15. Italian cashmere turtleneck, by Malo Tricot, \$650. 16. & 17. Ostrich belt, by Trafalgar, \$175; and stamped elephant belt, by Al B. Arden, \$85. 18. Wool-tweed ribbed turtleneck, by Mary Jane Marcasiano, \$280. 19., 20. & 21. Wool hand-knit crew-neck, \$170, rayon/wool herringbone-plaid shirt, \$95, and jewel-toned crew-neck, \$160, all from The Heartland Company, Ltd. 22. Cotton plaid button-down shirt, from Castile by Jeff Rose, \$32.50. 23. Wool/silk reversible crew-neck, by Bianculli, \$290. 24. Wool crew-neck with embroidered motif, by Robert Stock, \$185. 25. Corduroy slacks, from Castile by Jeff Rose, \$65. 26. Woven-leather belt, by Cole-Haan Accessories, \$37.50. 27. Brushed-cotton slacks, by The Heartland Company, \$75.





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Opposite page: The fellow at far left likes a suede reversible hunting jacket, by Massimo Osti by C.O. Company of Italy, \$770; wool sweater, by Valentino Uomo, \$175; and gingham sport shirt, \$50, and wool tie, \$35, both by Sal Cesarani. His friend wears a matted-cotton *blouson* jacket, \$750, cotton shirt, \$200, wool V-neck sweater, \$350, corduroy jeans, \$150, all by Giorgio Armani; and scarf, by Ron Splude, about \$90. Above: For casual-wear, this great-outdoorsman has chosen a leather car coat with shearling collar, by Hugo Boss, \$1400; multicolor wool cardigan, \$125, and corduroy slacks, \$75, both by Sal Cesarani; wool/Angora crew-neck, by Roger Baugh, \$100; wool scarf, by Reporter, \$65; cotton socks, by E. G. Smith, \$9; and a pair of waterproof leather hiking boots, by Timberland, about \$120.

TERROR NEXT TIME (continued from page 98)

"The FBI is experiencing manpower difficulties in identifying sleeper agents already in place."

States and Puerto Rico in 1985. Bombings in Northridge and Santa Ana, California, Paterson, New Jersey, and Brentwood, New York, were credited to the Jewish extremists. Two others—the January 25, 1985, attack with a light antitank weapon on the United States Court House and a similar attack against FBI headquarters, both in San Juan, Puerto Rico—were carried out by Puerto Rican revolutionaries. Another bombing was carried out by the Red Guerrilla Resistance in New York City on February 23, 1985.

The President said in a 1986 news conference that the United States had prevented about 126 terrorist incidents during 1985. Of these, 23 were in the United States, according to the FBI. State Department officials indicate that the rest of the incidents had occurred abroad and were aimed at American citizens, U.S. embassies or our diplomatic personnel.

Most of those 23 planned acts of terrorism in 1985 involved domestic groups. In the Northeast and Washington, D.C., 14 bombings were prevented through seizure of explosives. The FBI had significant success in foiling an elaborate plot to assassinate Indian prime minister Rajiv Gandhi during his June 11, 1985, visit to the United States, uncovering a training program designed to acquaint Sikh extremists with the use of firearms and explosives. Our Government also located the mercenary training camp in Alabama where two Sikhs had received instruction. New Orleans police ultimately arrested seven Sikh extremists on conspiracy charges related to explosives and firearms, as well as solicitation to assassinate a foreign official.

Another assassination plot involving foreign nationals on American soil was broken up in late 1984. Eight Hondurans were arrested in Miami for planning the murder of Honduran ex-president Roberto Suazo Cordova. The FBI also found evidence of a planned *coup d'état* against the government of Honduras, involving former Honduran general José Bueso Rosa.

The Libyan connection in this country has been evident for some time now. In December 1983, a Libyan national sought automatic weapons and silencers from an FBI agent posing as a supplier. The Libyan later admitted his intention to carry out an assassination with the weapons.

On May 9, 1984, Bashir Baesho and Mehdi Hitewesh, two Libyan students, were arrested in Philadelphia after purchasing handguns with silencers. They were fined and sentenced.

In January of this year, the Mexican

government intercepted four Libyan nationals after a tip-off that they were headed for the United States. Following that incident, authorities in El Paso apprehended three suspected terrorists. Their nationalities remain undisclosed.

The reform of American immigration laws is increasingly becoming a genuine national-security concern. Dr. Ray Cline, of the Center for Strategic and International Studies at Georgetown University, believes that the present flood of immigration brings us a number of good American citizens. But, regrettably, "sleeper agents" are also gaining entry into the United States, he says, and these individuals are prepared to develop the cell system necessary to carry out a concerted terrorist attack against the United States.

Colonel Muammar el-Qaddafi has referred to this type of Libyan hit-squad activity on numerous occasions. Fortunately, U.S. authorities were able to prevent one such incident in June 1985, when 16 individuals known to be planning terrorist attacks on American soil were refused entry into the United States by the FBI, in cooperation with our border authorities. Generally, however, once these individuals enter the country, preventing the development of terrorist groups is difficult.

One counterterrorism policy that has shown some success is the collecting of intelligence on underground terrorist groups from anti-Qaddafi or anti-Khomeini factions within Libyan and Iranian communities in America. FBI director Webster, in describing these efforts, said recently, "We are developing a significant informant base. It's difficult to penetrate terrorist organizations. They are small. They're cellular. But by using informants, we are able to gather additional data."

Both Libya and Iran have established contact with extremist groups in the United States. Iran, particularly, has links to the Islamic Guerrillas of America, a group involved in the 1980 Bethesda, Maryland, murder of Ali Akbar Tabatabai, a former Iranian diplomat.

Libya's brand of state-sponsored terrorism extends into the United Nations. Farhat Tebar, a Libyan representative to the UN, was essentially declared *persona non grata* by the Department of State. FBI agents uncovered his involvement in a plot to assassinate opponents of the Qaddafi regime living in the U.S.

We face a different kind of battle when our Government confronts international terrorism. Many domestic terrorist groups do not have the resources or the sponsors

to mount the deadly attacks our allies in Europe and the Middle East experience regularly. International terrorists, however, such as Mohammed Abbas and Abu Nidal, with their strong links to Libyan, Iranian, Syrian, Cuban and, ultimately, Soviet support networks, are professionals. They have the greatest access to logistic and financial assistance from their state sponsors.

Several of the Islamic Shiite groups, such as the Jihad and Hizbollah, have repeatedly declared their intentions to "bring the battle to America." As terrorist attacks on Americans abroad continue to increase and terrorist "successes" continue in the absence of an effective international defense, we must consider the possibility of dealing with international terrorists here in the United States.

Robert Kupperman, of Georgetown University's Center for Strategic and International Studies, acknowledges FBI successes in weakening the domestic terrorist networks of the Ku Klux Klan, the Aryan Nations, the Posse Comitatus and the F.A.L.N. But when serious international terrorism comes to American soil, *as it inevitably will*, Kupperman says, we are unprepared to deal with it.

Kupperman believes that the United States has an intelligence problem. A terrorist infrastructure, tightly organized and extremely difficult to identify or keep under surveillance, exists in this nation today. With hundreds of individuals currently under FBI surveillance, the bureau is experiencing manpower difficulties as it works to identify an intricate cell system organized by sleeper agents already in place.

Statistically, the international-terrorist threat is growing. According to the State Department's Office of Counter-Terrorism, there were more than 800 international-terrorist incidents in 1985, with 2223 casualties. Ambassador Robert Oakley, who directs the State Department's antiterrorism effort, says that these figures represent a 60 percent increase over the 1978-1983 yearly average.

The trend is clear—and disturbing. Efforts at improving security in many foreign countries are well under way. However, as West European governments increasingly improve their own security against terrorism, and as the United States is able to follow through on security enhancements for our embassies abroad, Dr. Cline and Kupperman believe that international terrorism may be deflected toward the United States itself. Unfortunately, America is not as well prepared for dealing with this type of threat as many other countries are.

Once an attack occurs, U.S. defensive measures must complement one another smoothly. Dr. Sam C. Sarkesian, at Loyola University of Chicago, has looked closely at our ability to defend ourselves against a professional, well-financed

(continued on page 156)

humor by **BRUCE FEIRSTEIN**

IT'S BEEN 17 years since Willard (Martin Sheen) went up the Nong River to deal with Colonel Kurtz in "Apocalypse Now." Following his mission in Vietnam, Willard took part in the ill-fated 1980 Iranian rescue attempt, received an honorable discharge, then returned to the United States, where he purchased an Athletic Attic franchise in a Marina del Rey shopping mall.

As we pick up the story in 1986, Willard has just gotten out of bed in his studio apartment and is doing aerobics in front of a large mirror to *The Doors'* "The End." A ceiling fan chops the air. He accidentally smashes the mirror and:

Single.

Shit.

It's Wednesday and I'm still single.

When I was with somebody, I only

FIRST DATES NOW

wanted to be alone. And when I was alone, I only wanted to be with somebody.

"You have to make friends with horror," Kurtz told me in the jungle. "Horror has a face, and a name."

He was right.

Its name was Janice Greenblatt.

Its face was courtesy of Dr. Stanley Schofield, Beverly Hills plastic surgeon.

The two of us didn't say a word for six months, until I finally said. "Charlie don't surf. And Charlie certainly don't make commitments."

That was a year ago.

And now I sit in this apartment, getting lonelier every day.

Getting softer.

Getting weaker.

I need more than a mission.

While she's out there getting laid.

I need a date. *(continued overleaf)*

oh, the horror, the horror of traveling once more into the heart of saturday night



ILLUSTRATION BY TERRY WOENER

I miss the action. I miss the adventure. I miss the sheer adrenaline of it.

Maybe it has something to do with 'Nam.

Thursday, ninth December, 0900 hours. Willard meets the general (G. D. Spradlin) and his assistant, Jerry, at their Popeye's Fried Chicken franchise in downtown L.A. After the war, the general and Jerry became lovers, during which time the general was placed in charge of weapons procurement at the Pentagon. He resigned in 1985, following a Senate inquiry into a \$16,000 motel bill he'd charged to the development costs of the Sergeant York defense gun.

Willard enters, salutes and:

"Captain Willard, Special Forces, retired, reporting as requested, sir."

Jerry appeared from behind the fryer, carrying my dossier and a bag of chicken.

"Captain Willard," he began, "is it not true that in the spring of 1984, you once dated a Colleen Holden and never asked her out again because she used the word we 61 times during your first date—as in 'We should make plans for Christmas' or 'We have to get tickets to see Culture Club'? Is it not true that at the end of the date, you stood up and said, 'I don't know about we, but I am going home'?"

Yes, it was true. You learn never to trust anybody who uses the word we too soon—unless it's to say, "We'll jump off that bridge when we come to it." It's the same way you never trust anyone who refers to old girlfriends or boyfriends as lovers—as in "My last lover took me skiing in Gstaad." These are people you don't want to be in the same country with, let alone the same bed.

I faced Jerry.

"No, sir. I have no knowledge of any such date with a Colleen Holden . . . nor, if such a date had taken place, would I be inclined to discuss it."

The general moved over from the cash register. "I thought we might have a bite to eat before we talked, Willard."

The three of us sat down at a large Formica table with an order of extra-spicy chicken. The general pulled out an 8" x 10" glossy of a pretty young woman and slid it across a grease slick to me.

"Have you ever heard the name Katherine Kurtz?"

"You mean Colonel Kurtz's daughter?"

The general bit his lower lip. "She was a fine woman. Spence. Harvard. University of Virginia Law. But sometimes, you get out there, playing the field . . . your dating methods become . . . unsound."

"Unsound, sir?"

"Play him the tape, Jerry."

He popped a cassette into a stolen BMW Blaupunkt. The machine whirred, and I heard a cheery, kind voice:

"Hi. I'm not here right now, but if you leave your name and number after the tone, I'll get back to you as soon as I can."

So far, she didn't sound particularly strange. I'm always suspicious of anybody whose answering-machine messages are too cute; it's usually a sign of desperation—not unlike using "we" on first dates.

"This next tape," the general said, "was made during one of Miss Kurtz's last dates. I think you'll find it rather interesting."

The machine whirred again. I heard the clink of wineglasses and the clatter of silverware on china. Her voice was like nothing I'd ever heard before—she sounded eerie and detached, as if she were talking over a long-distance phone line on Valium.

"I see a married couple . . . walking beside a white-picket fence . . . with a baby carriage . . . in Stamford, Connecticut. This is my dream. This is my nightmare."

The general and I stared at each other, saying nothing.

Somehow, I couldn't match the face with the voice. She looked so sweet and innocent, and yet. . . .

Why do people always put their worst foot forward on a date? Why do they always show their greatest insecurities?

Maybe it was nerves. Maybe it was 'Nam.

"I don't know why people act like that," the general sighed. "But we're worried about her, Willard." He hesitated. "It should be obvious that because of all the dating, all the pressure . . . Miss Kurtz has gone insane."

Her voice echoed in my head: "*This is my dream. This is my nightmare.*"

"Yes. Obviously, sir. Quite insane." I took a deep breath. "What would you like me to do about it?"

The general shifted uneasily in his chair. Jerry handed me a chicken leg. The pronouncement was swift and fast, falling on me like napalm from an F-14:

"Take her out," he said.

Shit.

We all knew what that meant:

Drinks after work.

If we liked each other, dinner.

I'd wanted a date and now I'd gotten one.

The only problem was which night to ask her out.

Friday night is the weekend. Too much pressure.

Saturday night is worse.

Sunday is a school night, Monday everybody's tired and Thursday is too close to Friday.

But . . . shit.

Here it was Thursday and I was still single.

It would have to be Friday night.

I took the date.

"Remember the one rule of all first dates, Willard," the general warned me as I walked toward the door.

I had no idea what he was talking about.

(continued on page 159)

The Real Man's Guide to Dating Dos and Don'ts

Why there is nothing more terrifying than a first date

No catastrophe, natural or man-made, is cumulatively more stressful. Consider the following:

- You don't have to dress for a hijacking.
- You don't have to be on your best behavior during an earthquake.
- You don't have to be funny and charming during a plane crash.
- You don't have to be punctual for a mugging.

And let's face it:

- All of those things happen by surprise; folks don't call you up a week in advance and invite you out to an apocalypse, now, do they?

Creating the wrong impression: How to make sure your first date is your last

For women:

1. Describe, in great detail, your problems with your ovaries, your diet, your thighs and your mother.
2. Leave a copy of *Modern Bride* on your coffee table.
3. Say things like "I love Lamborghinis," especially if your date is driving a Pinto.
4. Put on your make-up at the table. (Yes, the natural look is in—tons of it.)
5. Say hello to 36 men in the restaurant.
6. Sneer if he holds a door open for you. (This is always an attractive way to let him know you're an independent woman.)
7. Describe everyone you've ever gone out with as being either crazy or insane. (Don't worry. Never in a million years will anyone begin to suspect that maybe

your behavior played a part in these matters.)

8. Take a friend.

For men:

1. Have your secretary call and say you're going to be 20 minutes late. (It's always a wise idea to let her know just how important you are.)
2. Within five minutes of meeting, impress her by revealing how much money you make. (Be subtle. Walk into the kitchen and say, "Oh! I see you use Wesson oil. Have I told you about my oil-rig tax shelters?")
3. Point out every attractive woman who walks into the restaurant.
4. Casually mention that your last girlfriend was a model.
5. And that she appeared in *Sports Illustrated's* swimsuit issue.
6. And then remark, "But I'm not into looks anymore."
7. Let her know how sensitive, yet experienced, you are by complaining about how many strange beds you've awakened in during the past six weeks.
8. Forget your money, be overdrawn on your credit cards and announce, "You get this one. I'll get the next."

Why you should always check out somebody's apartment on a first date

It's called the furniture test.

There's almost nothing more important than seeing how somebody lives.

Is the apartment still decorated like a college dorm?

Is he or she still sitting on Mom's hand-me-down sofa?

Are the records still stocked in blue-plastic milk cartons and the bookshelves made of cinder block?

If this is the case, get out quickly.

Punt.

If somebody hasn't been able to grow up without you, the prognosis for making him or her grow up with you is not good.

And if your own apartment looks like this, keep one thing in mind:

Middle-aged adolescence is not an attractive sight.

Never on a Sunday or a Monday: the pet rule

Beware of anyone with animals. Cats, dogs or zebras—the only thing worse than a person with one pet is somebody with two.

Why?

It has nothing to do with mankind's love of animals.

A guy buys a dog because he thinks it'll help him pick up girls.

A woman buys a dog because it gives her an excuse to get home early.

In either case, you can't win:

If the relationship works, in three weeks you're going to be walking the animal in the middle of the night; and if the relationship fizzles, you're going to be home alone while they have a worm, loving animal that idolizes them to commiserate with.

Plus, there's one other thing:

In the short term, who needs to compete for somebody's affections with a canine?

The greatest lies of first dates

1. "It happened a long time ago, and I'm over him/her."
2. "My apartment never looks like this."
3. "She's your daughter? My God! I could have sworn you two were sisters."
4. "It's up to you. I don't care where we eat."
5. "I've never been here before."
6. "I don't usually act like this."
7. "Don't worry. Everybody mispronounces words in a French restaurant."
8. "You're not fat."
9. "No. Really. You look fine."
10. "I've never told this to anybody before."
11. "I never listen to my mother."
12. "Money doesn't mean that much to me."
13. "I'm 29. I skipped two grades in grammar school."
14. "Has anybody ever told you that you're beautiful?"
15. "No, you're the first."
16. "I really do like sleeping alone."
17. "I'd love to stay over, but I have a meeting in the morning."
18. "I had a great time."
19. "I'll call you."
20. "I never sleep with anybody on a first date."
21. "When I meet somebody, I'll stop smoking."

Read between the lines

On first dates, everyone speaks in tongues.

When people say "I need time," it usually means they need time to find somebody else.

If somebody says "Go slow," it usually means go away.

If a man says "I can't get involved right now," this generally means he isn't interested in getting involved with you.

If a guy says "My wife and I are going through a trial separation," this inevitably refers to a separation that will end in a trial.

And when a man says "I really think two people should get to know each other before they sleep together," this usually means: (A) he hopes three and a half hours of dinner is enough time to get to know each other, (B) he's going to try to sleep with you at the end of the date and (C) you'll never hear from him again if you don't.

Then there are the code words for women—usually used in reference to an old boyfriend:

"We date." I sleep with Murray occasionally.

"We have an understanding." I want to sleep with Murray all the time, but he wants to fool around.

"We're about to break up." Murray and I still sleep together, and I'm out testing the waters—but I'll probably sleep with you just to make Murray jealous.

"I'm best friends with my ex." Murray and I still sleep together when we're horny.

How to tell if there's a chance for a relationship

• You're not upset about missing *Miami Vice*.

• You both love the way Springsteen sings about the working class but think there's something a little strange about people who go to his concerts in limousines.

• Your shoes seem to fit better.

• You order chicken but don't realize until halfway through the meal that you're eating veal.

• Instead of thinking about getting laid, you start thinking about making love.

The waiter rule

As you sit down to your first dinner together, observe carefully how your date treats the waiter.

Does he or she sneer, "Get me this; bring me that"?

Does he or she wince at the way the waiter places dishes on the table and nitpick about unimportant details?

Does he or she treat the waiter like a hand slave?

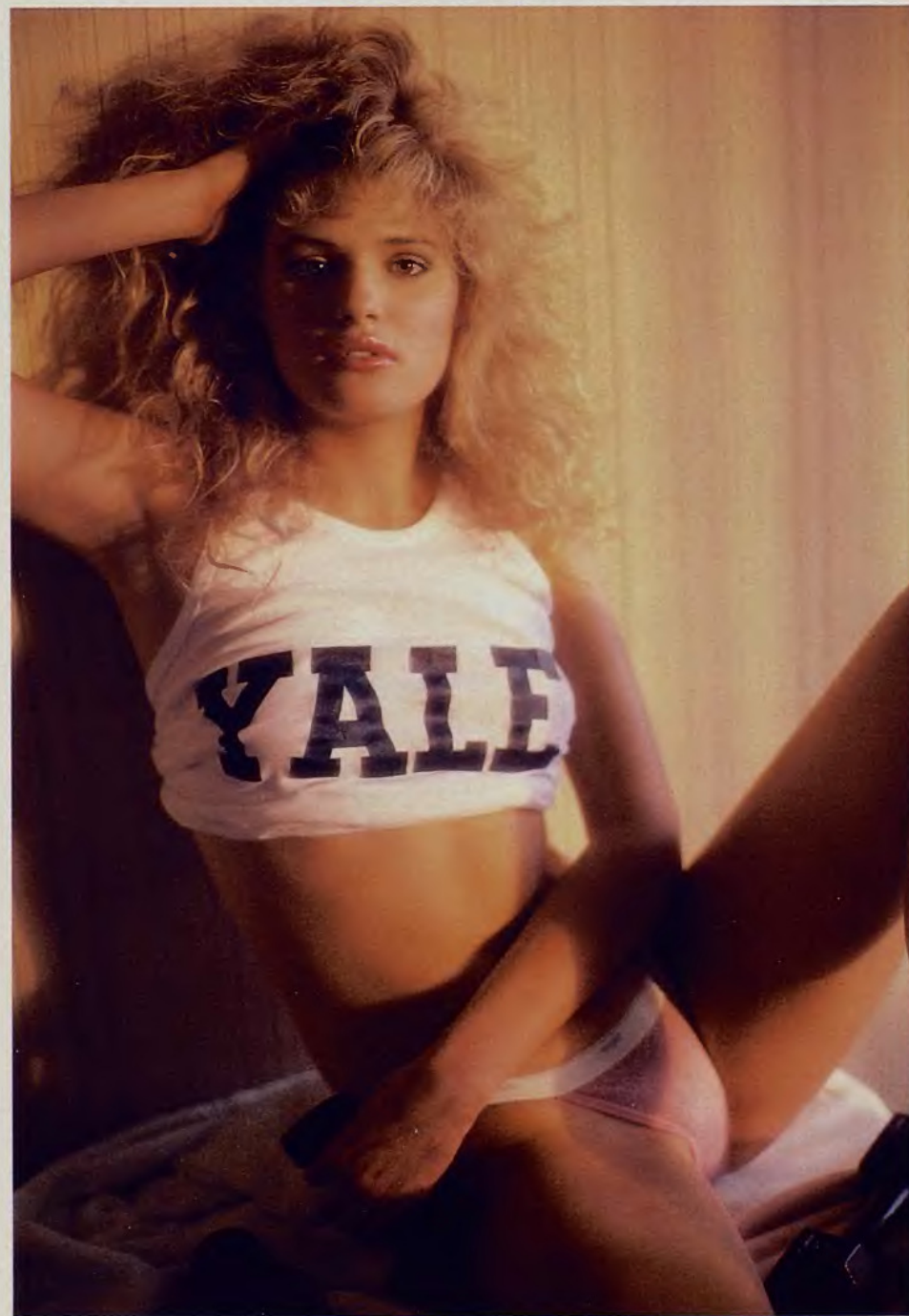
And when the check comes, is he or she immediately distrustful, questioning every item?

Yes, keep a very close eye on the way someone treats the waiter on the first date.

Because this is exactly the way he or she is going to be treating you in six months.

W O M E N

OF THE IVY LEAGUE REVISITED



Living in New England hasn't taken the stubborn out of lawa-barn Yalee Sarah Miller (above): "I have no patience with men who won't spend the time to get to know me." A dedicated environmentalist, Sarah can usually be found backpacking with her family in the desert near their Arizona home. Opposite is Princeton's Renée Galka, a native of Evanston, Illinois. Headed for the political arena, Renée likes to boast that her attorney father is "an excellent biker."

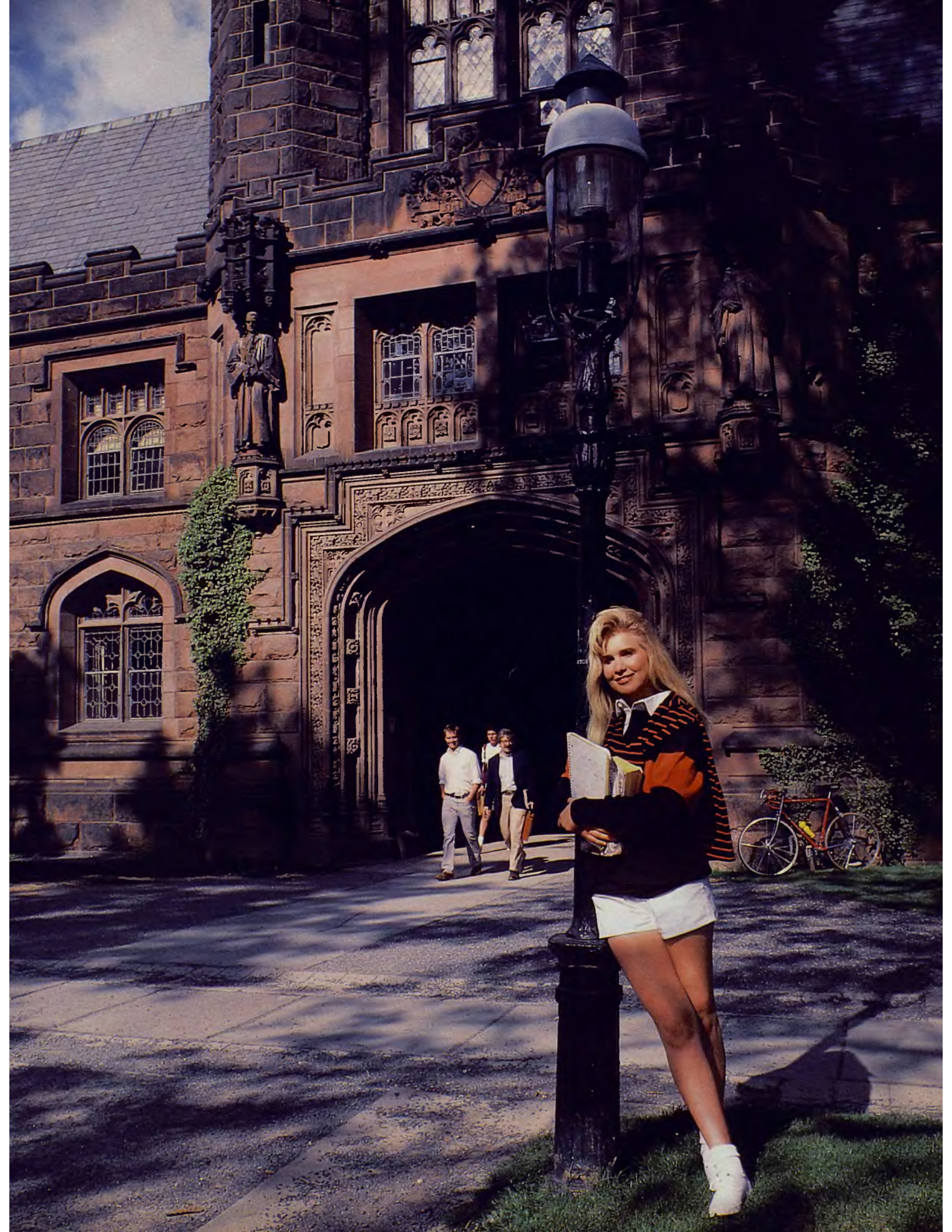
seven years ago,
we paid a
visit to the ivies
and wound
up making waves.
that's why we
decided to go back

DAVID CHAN, PLAYBOY Contributing Photographer, standing in a stone gazebo just behind the Philadelphia Museum of Art and focusing his Nikon on a University of Pennsylvania coed, was unaware that he was only yards from the steps a boxer named Rocky Balboa had sprinted in his first film. Instead, Chan was mesmerized by the way in which the sunset created pillar-shaped shadows that danced across his model's face. Balboa wouldn't have noticed the shadows. Neither would most of us. But Chan, celebrating his 20th anniversary with PLAYBOY, was concentrating once more on the back-to-school circuit, this time reprising his famed 1979 *Girls/Women of the Ivy League* pictorial. With a small cluster of assistants in his slip stream, he was bouncing up the Eastern Seaboard, pitching tent in hotel rooms and interviewing women from what some consider to be the nation's most respected campuses.

Back in 1978, when Harvard's newspaper the *Crimson* refused to run Chan's ad soliciting models—but kept his check—*Time* gave the gaffe a full page. Coeds—not just from Harvard but from *all* the Ivies—showed up in droves. But this is 1986—the year of Jerry Falwell and Edwin Meese III. The year of 7-Eleven. So we expected some controversy. What we witnessed, however, was a keen and coherent dialog about morality, sexuality and freedom, conducted by some of our nation's most intelligent individuals: the Ivy Leaguers.

Because it had given us such momentum the last time around, we began at Harvard University in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Again, the *Crimson* refused Chan's ad, though its rival, *The Harvard Independent*, ran it, as did *The Boston Globe*, *The Boston Phoenix* and the *Boston Herald*. Almost immediately, students sent off a flurry of letters to the *Crimson*, both supporting and challenging the paper's editorial judgment. But perhaps the most interesting observation came from within the *Crimson* staff itself. (text concluded on page 166)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID CHAN AND DAVID MECEY







Columbia's Veronica Smith (top left), a native of Montreal, insists that sipping white wine on a bearskin rug is the perfect study break. Although she digs archaeology, her ambition is to market her own bathing-suit line. Jocelyn Morin (bottom left), a junior of Harvard/Radcliffe, is a self-proclaimed rock-'n'-roller who likes "good times and good music." In discussing men, both women are Ivy League frank: While Veronica prefers a guy with "a nice ass," Jocelyn likes 'em "dumb and good-looking."



Moryonne Newton (above) went to Cornell all the way from Fort Rucker, Alabama. An archaeology student, she proudly defends her appearance here: "All women should use their bodies exactly as they choose." At right, climbing the stairway to higher education of Penn's Phi Kappa Sigma house are (from left) Notosha King, an entrepreneur-to-be who makes no bones about hating calculus; Belle Aviva Dordik (more on her later); Debbie Sarlls, an honor student who's also Chug Team captain of Phi Sigma Sigma sorority; and (in front) Deborah Gubb, a future foreign correspondent who's pounding the beat for the campus TV station.





Pinceton's Jennifer O'Kieffe (left) wants one day to edit or write for an established magazine, preferably a literary publication; Penn's Jacqueline Varoli (top) plans to be "rich and famous"; Yale's Laura Wheeler (above) won a scholarship in mechanical engineering; and Penn track champ Tara Frayne (right) is aiming for a three-year stretch in law school.







Princeton film maker Kimberly Sever (left) is a bit of an Ivy League eccentric: She believes in creative anarchy, likes "scrawny, pale boys" and has a dyed-blue pet rat named Jason. She lists among her dislikes "Jerry Folwell and Cabbage Patch dolls." At right is Dartmouth's Ashley Benet, a singer from Cleveland who confesses a weakness for hot tubs and whipped cream (hmm, does that mean together or separately?). Her ambition is "to have a face that would launch a thousand ships." We think she has a good start.



After graduation, Penn's Belle Avivo Dardik (above right, previously pictured on the froth-house stairs) will head for law school in Washington, D.C. Traveling is nothing new for Belle: She journeyed world wide with her dad, who was founding chairman of the Olympic Sports-Medicine Council. Cornell's Patricio Niewisch (above) and Kathleen Gallinger (right) are studies in opposites: Kathleen, a diehard sun bather, gets annoyed with Ithaca's often unpredictable weather, but Patricio likes to jog in the rain.





Dartmouth cheerleader (and genuine Jersey girl) Amonda Hanson (below) intends to stay atop the crowd after graduation: She plans to open her own restaurant. Meanwhile, at Columbio, Russian-born Tanya Pavlova (bottom) is aiming for success the American way: on Wall Street. She frankly confesses a dislike for "stupid American movies" and chooses instead to fill her leisure time with classical art, classical music and political economy.



Although Harvard's Kelsey Blake (top) and Brown's Alexandra Wild (above) both plan to write the great American novel, that's where the similarity ends: Kelsey is an Easterner with a passion for fast cars and good arguments, while Michigan-born Alexondro would just as soon hide out on a secluded country estate. Harvard's Liso Ryan (far right) was once a competitive figure skater. "My photo session with Mr. Chan was a dream come true," she told us. Other things that tickle Lisa's fancy: dancing and—sorry, guys—"cuddling with my boyfriend David."





Miami quarterback Vinny Testaverde will lead college football's most explosive attack as the Hurricanes try to gun down Michigan in the race for the national championship.

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** College football is going through a revolutionary upheaval, and the result will be a much better game for both fans and athletes. The people most disturbed by the changes are those rich but bird-brained alumni supporters who will no longer be able to brag about buying a star player for their local university.

It all began two years ago, when N.C.A.A. schools approved legislation called Proposition 48. It requires, among other things, that incoming freshman athletes make a combined score of at least 700, a modest score, on the Scholastic Aptitude Test in order to play—or even practice—during their first year in college. That rule takes effect this year. When parents, players and high school sports fans realize their sons can't go to college unless they can read and write, there will

be a lot of hell raising with high school teachers and administrators. And a lot of class-skipping athletic studs will be forced to get their asses in academic gear. Everyone will benefit.

The harshest criticism of the new regulation has come from minority groups who insist that requirements for even moderate academic skills are unfair and discriminatory. Kids from ghetto schools, they claim, don't have the scholastic advantages of white middle-class players.

Others argue that if a student can go to college to learn how to be a lawyer, doctor or engineer, another should be able to go to the same school to learn how to be a professional athlete. Hard reality negates both arguments. In an average year, not even four percent of all college football players make it to the pros. For those who do, the average professional (text continued on page 142)

TOP 20 TEAMS

1. Michigan.....	10-1	11. Ohio State.....	9-2
2. Miami	10-1	12. Brigham Young	9-2
3. Alabama	10-1	13. Arizona State	9-2
4. Oklahoma	10-1	14. West Virginia.....	8-3
5. Penn State.....	10-1	15. UCLA.....	8-3
6. Texas A&M	10-1	16. Michigan State.....	8-3
7. Nebraska.....	9-2	17. Maryland.....	8-3
8. Louisiana State	9-2	18. Arkansas	9-2
9. Baylor	9-2	19. Auburn.....	8-3
10. Florida State	9-2	20. Fresno State.....	10-1

Possible Breakthroughs: Oklahoma State (8-3), Syracuse (8-3), South Carolina (8-3), Iowa (8-3), Arizona (8-3), Tennessee (8-3), Texas (8-3), Air Force (8-3), Stanford (7-4), Notre Dame (7-4), Clemson (7-4), Pittsburgh (7-4).





THE 1986 PLAYBOY ALL-AMERICA TEAM



DEFENSE



OFFENSE

DEFENSE: The guys offensive teams will most dread facing in the upcoming season are, from left to right, top to bottom: Rod Saddler (99), defensive end, Texas A&M; Bill Smith (10), punter, University of Mississippi; Dale Jones (54), linebacker, University of Tennessee; Tony Woods (90), defensive end, University of Pittsburgh; Cornelius Bennett (97), linebacker, University of Alabama; Mark Moore (44), safety, Oklahoma State; Tim McDonald (6), safety, USC; Jerry Ball (34), nose guard, SMU; Michael Brooks (94), linebacker, LSU; Garland Rivers (13), cornerback, University of Michigan; Brian Bosworth (44), linebacker, University of Oklahoma; Rod Woodson (26), cornerback, Purdue.

OFFENSE: The players we've picked to stand out in 1986-1987 are, from left to right, top to bottom: Bill Harris (95), tight end, University of Texas; Dave Croston (61), tackle, University of Iowa; Gregg Rakoczy (74), center, University of Miami; Jeff Zimmerman (74), guard, University of Florida; Jeff Bregel (79), guard, USC; Vinny Testaverde (14), quarterback, University of Miami; Jeff Ward (23), kicker, University of Texas; Cris Carter (2), receiver, Ohio State; John Clay (77), tackle, University of Missouri; Roger Vick (43), fullback, Texas A&M; Doug DuBose (22), running back, University of Nebraska; Coach Jimmy Johnson, University of Miami; Lorenzo White (34), tailback, Michigan State.

OVERLEAF: After standing still for nearly two hours while posing for the "formal" photos, the players were, naturally, restless. So we said, "OK, guys, let's take one for you." The result is probably a more accurate reflection of how they felt after spending a weekend swimming, golfing, deep-sea fishing and doing some heavy partying during the Playboy All-America Weekend in Bal Harbour, Florida. Despite appearances, Anson Mount describes this crew of Playboy All-Americans as "well-balanced, polite, clean-cut, fun-oriented young gentlemen." Photography Director Gary Cole saw them a bit differently: "It's a good thing these guys have football to express their aggressions."

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: John Paye (Stanford); Kerwin Bell (Florida); Kevin Sweeney (Fresno State); Mike Shulo (Alabama); Kevin Murray (Texas A&M); Todd Santos (San Diego State); Chip Ferguson (Florida State)

RUNNING BACKS: Thurman Thomas (Oklahoma State); Gaston Green (UCLA); Gene Jelks (Alabama); Kenny Flowers (Clemson); Jomie Morris (Michigan); Brad Muster (Stanford)

RECEIVERS: Tim Brown (Notre Dame); James Shibley (Arkansas); Albert Bell (Alabama); Mark Bellini (Brigham Young); Charles Lockett (Long Beach State); Gerald Boyless (Bowling Green); Scott Schwedes (Syracuse)

OFFENSIVE LINEMEN: John Elliott (Michigan); Jeff Zimmerman (Florida); Bob Maggs (Ohio State); John Davis (Georgia Tech); Rony Dixon (Pittsburgh); Tom Welter (Nebraska)

DEFENSIVE LINEMEN: Jason Buck (Brigham Young); Jeff Drost (Iowa); Jerome Brown (Miami); Darrell Reed (Oklahoma); Robert Bonks (Notre Dame); Rolond Borbay (Louisiana State); Scott Davis (Illinois)

LINEBACKERS: Mike Kovaleski (Notre Dame); Mike Junkin (Duke); Shane Conlan (Penn State); Chris Spielman (Ohio State); Johnny Holland (Texas A&M); Fred Strickland (Purdue); Ken Norton (UCLA); Hordy Nickerson (California)

DEFENSIVE BACKS: Brian Davis (Nebraska); John Little (Georgia); Alvin Horn (Nevada-Las Vegas); Thomas Everett (Baylor); Mark Moore (Oklahoma State); Lovance Northington (Oregon State); Erik McMillan (Missouri)

KICKERS: Van Tiffin (Alabama); Bob Hulberg (Nevada-Las Vegas); Mike Cofer (North Carolina State); John Dietrich (Boll State); Pete Stoyanovich (Indiana); Scott Hogler (South Carolina); Mike Schuh (Arizona State)

FIRST-YEAR PHENOMS

(Incoming freshmen and transfers who should make it big)

Sal Genilla, quarterback	Pittsburgh
Tony Boles, running back	Michigan
Greg McMurtry, receiver	Michigan
Mike Showalter, defensive tackle	Ohio State
Mark Hill, center	Michigan State
Eric Hickerson, defensive back	Indiana
Jeff George, quarterback	Purdue
Terry Morris, quarterback	Miami (Ohio)
James Joseph, running back	Auburn
Al Baker, running back	Kentucky
Todd Ellis, quarterback	South Carolina
Derrick Wilson, defensive end	Houston

football career is four years. The result: Thousands of young men of every race have gone through college on athletic scholarships without learning any marketable skills and soon find themselves unemployable. Some can barely read or write. The universities for which they played, however, made hundreds of millions of dollars in television fees and ticket sales. So who has been exploiting whom?

Fortunately, the university presidents have taken control of their athletic programs and are cleaning up the mess. In the long run, the principal benefactors will be the athletes with substandard educational backgrounds.

While we're waiting for these changes to take full effect, let's take a look at the teams around the country.

THE EAST

INDEPENDENTS

Penn State	10-1	Temple	6-5
West Virginia	8-3	Rutgers	6-5
Syracuse	8-3	Navy	5-6
Pittsburgh	7-4	Army	5-6
Boston College	6-5		

IVY LEAGUE

Yale	8-2	Princeton	5-5
Pennsylvania	7-3	Brown	5-5
Harvard	6-4	Dartmouth	2-8
Cornell	5-5	Columbia	2-8

ALL-EAST: Oozier, Conlan, Bauer (Penn State); M. Smith, Grant (West Virginia); McPherson, Schwedes (Syracuse); T. Woods, Dixon (Pittsburgh); Martin, Trapilo (Boston College); Palmer (Temple); Stowe (Rutgers); Byrne (Navy); Crawford (Army); Labissiere (Yale); Comizio (Pennsylvania); Murray (Harvard); Raich (Cornell); Elton (Princeton); Bigby (Brown); Matonis (Dartmouth); Riga (Columbia).

This was the year that Penn State coach Joe Paterno had been targeting for a run at the national championship, but an unexpected development occurred last year—everything fell into place and the Lions were nearly omnipotent. Nineteen of last year's top 22 players are returning this fall, along with an abundance of quality backups. The schedule is also a big advantage; eight of the Nittany Lions' opponents are pushovers.

West Virginia will be one of the top 20 teams if coach Don Nehlen can find an effective quarterback; Mike Timko has the best chance for the job. The Mountaineers will be impressive defensively.

Defense has been the primary asset the past three years at Syracuse, but this fall the offense will be the Orangemen's strength—if an adequate line can be built to protect premier quarterback Don McPherson. Receiver Scott Schwedes will be outstanding.

Last year was a disaster at Pittsburgh, but under new coach Mike Gottfried, the Panthers' offense could come alive. The passing will improve and runner Charles Gladman will be one of the nation's best by season's end. The defense, led by

Playboy All-America lineman Tony Woods, could be awesome.

The major—and possibly critical—problem at Boston College is the offensive line. In almost all other areas, the Eagles are deep in talent. Runner Troy Stradford, if he gets decent blocking, will be the Eagles' all-time ground gainer.

Temple also has a thin offensive line but a great runner, tailback Paul Palmer. The Owls' passing attack and defensive unit will both improve, but the schedule they face is suicidal.

Injuries played havoc with the Rutgers team last season, but with better health, the Scarlet should be a better squad this fall. The main man will be quarterback Joe Gagliardi.

Navy suffered severe graduation losses, but by midseason, the backup reserves should be capable first-stringers. Another plus is a much easier schedule.

Army was also hard hit by graduation; the Cadets' hopes for a decent season rest with quarterback Tory Crawford and half-back Clarence Jones.

It will be a tight race between Pennsylvania and Yale for the Ivy League championship, but we think the Elis will take it, because they have a veteran offensive unit that should improve. The defensive backfield is their only problem area.

New Pennsylvania coach Ed Zubrow must rebuild a graduation-depleted defensive unit. The offense, with superrunner Rich Comizio, will be excellent.

Harvard can be the Ivy League's dark horse if an adequate new quarterback can be found. Another problem for coach Joe Restic will be locating four new defensive backfield starters.

Cornell's passing game, with Marty Stallone at the controls, will be much better. The defensive unit returns almost intact. Four of last season's losses were by four points or less, so another year's experience could make a big difference.

First priority for Princeton will be developing a quarterback. Only eight starters return, but last year's second-teamers should be capable replacements.

Brown and Dartmouth could both be contenders for the Ivy League championship in the near future. This year, Brown's main asset will be the defensive unit. Dartmouth's principal offensive weapon will be quarterback Dave Gabianelli.

The recent past has been bleak at Columbia (the Lions have lost their past 21 games), but new coach Larry McElreavy had a good recruiting year, so the future may be brighter.

Alabama will be one of the top contenders for this year's national championship. The Tide is loaded with talent, and almost all of last season's players have returned. Quarterback Mike Shula has matured dramatically and receiver Albert Bell is sensational. Gene Jelks could be the best

runner in the South. The defense, with nine veteran starters, will be fierce, and Cornelius Bennett is the best linebacker in the country.

If Alabama falters, Louisiana State will be waiting in the wings. Last year's entire starting backfield must be replaced, but the candidates are top quality. The defensive unit, intimidating last season, is back virtually en masse and should again be one of the nation's best. Linebacker Michael Brooks will be the key man.

Tennessee must find a new quarterback (it will probably be Jeff Francis) and some new starting receivers, but everywhere else the Vols are set. The defensive unit will be outstanding. Playboy All-America linebacker Dale Jones is a charismatic leader whose enthusiasm infects everyone.

Many people believe the graduation of

THE SOUTH

SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE

Alabama	10-1	Florida	7-4
Louisiana State	9-2	Kentucky	5-6
Tennessee	8-3	Vanderbilt	5-6
Auburn	8-3	Mississippi State	5-6
Georgia	7-4	Mississippi	4-7

ATLANTIC COAST CONFERENCE

Maryland	8-3	North Carolina	
Clemson	7-4	State	5-6
Georgia Tech	7-4	Wake Forest	5-6
North Carolina	6-5	Virginia	5-6
		Ouke	4-7

INDEPENDENTS

Miami	10-1	Virginia Tech	5-6
Florida State	9-2	Tulane	3-8
South Carolina	8-3	Memphis State	3-8
Southern		East Carolina	3-8
Mississippi	7-4		

ALL-SOUTH: Bennett, Shula, Bell, Neighbors (Alabama); Brooks, Barbay, Thomas (Louisiana State); Jones, Reveiz, Wilkerson (Tennessee); Tamburello, T. Powell, Fullwood (Auburn); Little, H. Harris (Georgia); Bell, Zimmermann (Florida); Logan (Kentucky); Woods (Vanderbilt); O. Smith (Mississippi State); B. Smith (Mississippi); Mesner, Faucette (Maryland); Flowers, J. Riggs, Hall (Clemson); Davis, G. Lee (Georgia Tech); Barton (North Carolina); Cofer (North Carolina State); Brim (Wake Forest); S. Scott (Virginia); Junkin (Duke); Testaverde, Rakoczy, J. Brown, Mira (Miami); Berry, McGowan (Florida State); Hagler, Philpot (South Carolina); O. Henry (Southern Mississippi); Roane (Virginia Tech); Zeno (Tulane); Brandon (Memphis State); Autry (East Carolina).

Bo Jackson will greatly weaken Auburn's running attack, but don't bet on it. There are several top-grade runners in camp, including premier tailback Brent Fullwood. However, a passing attack, almost nonexistent last year, must be built up. The defense is a notch better and linemen Tracy Rocker and Benji Roland are future superstars.

Georgia's success will depend on how much its passing game can be upgraded. The defensive line must also be repaired, but the running attack will again be impressive. Fullback Keith Henderson is

(continued on page 181)

THE CHEER LEADER.



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THE PIGSKIN PREVIEW

a toast to anson mount for 30 years as america's foremost football forecaster

WHEN we launched *Playboy's Pigskin Preview* in 1957, we had no way of knowing it would become a 30-year phenomenon. We didn't know that selection to the Playboy All-America team would become one of college football's most dreamed-about honors, that the Playboy All-America team would one day influence the Heisman Trophy balloting or that future football heroes would take their first three-point

stances with visions of Playboy All-America Weekends dancing in their heads. If we had anticipated the success Anson Mount would have as a football forecaster, we might have become gamblers.

But Anson, the mastermind of our annual football preview, frowns on betting. He follows football for the fun of it, for the color, for the spectacle and for the challenge of predicting each new season's surprises.

Anson Mount is the most famous citizen of tiny White Bluff, Tennessee. Years ago, when Hef needed a volunteer to write *Playboy's Pigskin Preview*, Anson raised his hand. He has been a football forecaster ever since, and has now been picking All-America teams longer than Grantland Rice did. He is too modest a man to brag, but, as other football experts will tell you, his career specs are unsurpassed.

"Anson Mount has given PLAYBOY the



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IN THE UNITED STATES
FOR 1976

best prediction record of any publication, even outfits like *Sports Illustrated*, A.P. and U.P.I.," says W. Judd Wyatt, whose annual Wyatt Summaries are the Nielsen ratings of football forecasting. "Since 1962, when the Wyatt Summary began, Anson has finished first five times and second six times. That's the best record of anyone in the country."

How does he do it? "Anson Mount is the most thorough collector of information I've ever met," says Dallas Cowboys vice-president Gil Brandt, whose own reputation as a numbers cruncher is the stuff of N.F.L. legend. "That's why he does so well with his predictions."

Anson has developed a network of friends, scouts and informants throughout the game, but when it's time to get down and sift through the mountains of scouting reports he uses to compose his *Pigskin Preview*, he still relies on the attention to detail that so impresses Brandt. Each year, he surveys more than 150 colleges, pores over thousands of pages of reports and burns up (concluded on page 171)

The stuff of greatness. Left to right: Randy White's jersey and helmet from his Terrapin days; an old photo of Dandy Don throwing leather for the Mustangs; Dave Butz's Boilermaker jersey; Tony Dorsett's Heisman Trophy and a bronzed shoe recalling his dashes for Pitt; a real rarity—an Illini jersey from Dick Butkus with no blood on it; a game ball Joe Greene took the air out of at North Texas State.



ANSON MOUNT'S 30TH-ANNIVERSARY DREAM TEAM

OFFENSE

Quarterback	DON MEREDITH	SMU	1959
Center	DAVE RIMINGTON	Nebraska	1982
Linemen	DAN DIERDORF	Michigan	1970
	JIMBO COVERT	Pittsburgh	1982
	ANTHONY MUÑOZ	USC	1979
	BILL FRALIC	Pittsburgh	1983 & 1984
Tight End	CHARLES YOUNG	USC	1972
Wide Receiver	ANTHONY CARTER	Michigan	1981 & 1982
Running Backs	HERSCHEL WALKER	Georgia	1981 & 1982
	TONY DORSETT	Pittsburgh	1974 & 1976
	O. J. SIMPSON	USC	1968
Place Kicker	TONY FRANKLIN	Texas A&M	1977 & 1978

DEFENSE

Linemen	DAVE BUTZ	Purdue	1972
	RANDY WHITE	Maryland	1974
	JOE GREENE	North Texas State	1968
	ROBERT LILLY	TCU	1960
Linebackers	DICK BUTKUS	Illinois	1963 & 1964
	MIKE SINGLETARY	Baylor	1980
	CORNELIUS BENNETT	Alabama	1985 & 1986
Backs	KENNY EASLEY	UCLA	1979 & 1980
	JAKE SCOTT	Georgia	1968
	GARY GREEN	Baylor	1976
	RONNIE LOTT	USC	1980
Punter	RAY GUY	Southern Miss.	1972
Coach	ARA PARSEGHIAN	Northwestern	1959 & 1963
		Notre Dame	1971

inside secrets on mixing the top drinks of a dozen great bars and restaurants

drink By EMANUEL GREENBERG

BEST OF THE HOUSE

WHILE WE HAVEN'T seen any official tallies on the matter, astute trend spotters agree that the cocktail is making a comeback. The renewed interest is evident on both sides of the bar. It's a symbiotic relationship—the enthusiasm of patrons serves as inspiration for bartenders, and they, in turn, compete with one another to see who can create the best renditions of various drink types: the crispest martini, the smoothest old fashioned, the tangiest margarita. Customers play a hand in the cocktail game, too, ferreting out the best of the best in bars, restaurants and cafés. Word of these winners spreads quickly through the cocktail underground, conferring instant popularity on the place of origin. As a result of



BARRACUDA: LE RUTH'S, GRETNA, LOUISIANA



GOLDEN MARGARITA: SU CASA, CHICAGO



RITZ COCKTAIL: AURORA RESTAURANT, MANHATTAN



THE BURNING BUSH: KITTY O'SHEAS, CHICAGO



MARTINI ROYALE: FELIDIA RISTORANTE, MANHATTAN

this attention, we're seeing a spate of captivating new drinks and clever variations on the golden oldies. Such potions, often designated house specials, are directed toward the educated palate. For example, Felidia Ristorante—a hot Manhattan restaurant—is renowned for its spectacular martinis. Bartender Šime Peroš uses a high proportion of gin to vermouth, with a special method of mixing. He neither shakes nor stirs but *swirls* the liquid in a mixing glass with large ice cubes, holding his *palm* flat against the glass. That, he says, registers the optimal moment when the drink is properly chilled yet not diluted (continued on page 172)



HARD ROCK SPECIAL: HARD ROCK CAFÉ, LONDON



LA FLDRIDA DAIQUIRI: TRADER VIC'S, CHICAGO



APRICOT SOUR: THE STANFORD COURT, SAN FRANCISCO



MARKET SOUR: MARKET BAR, MANHATTAN



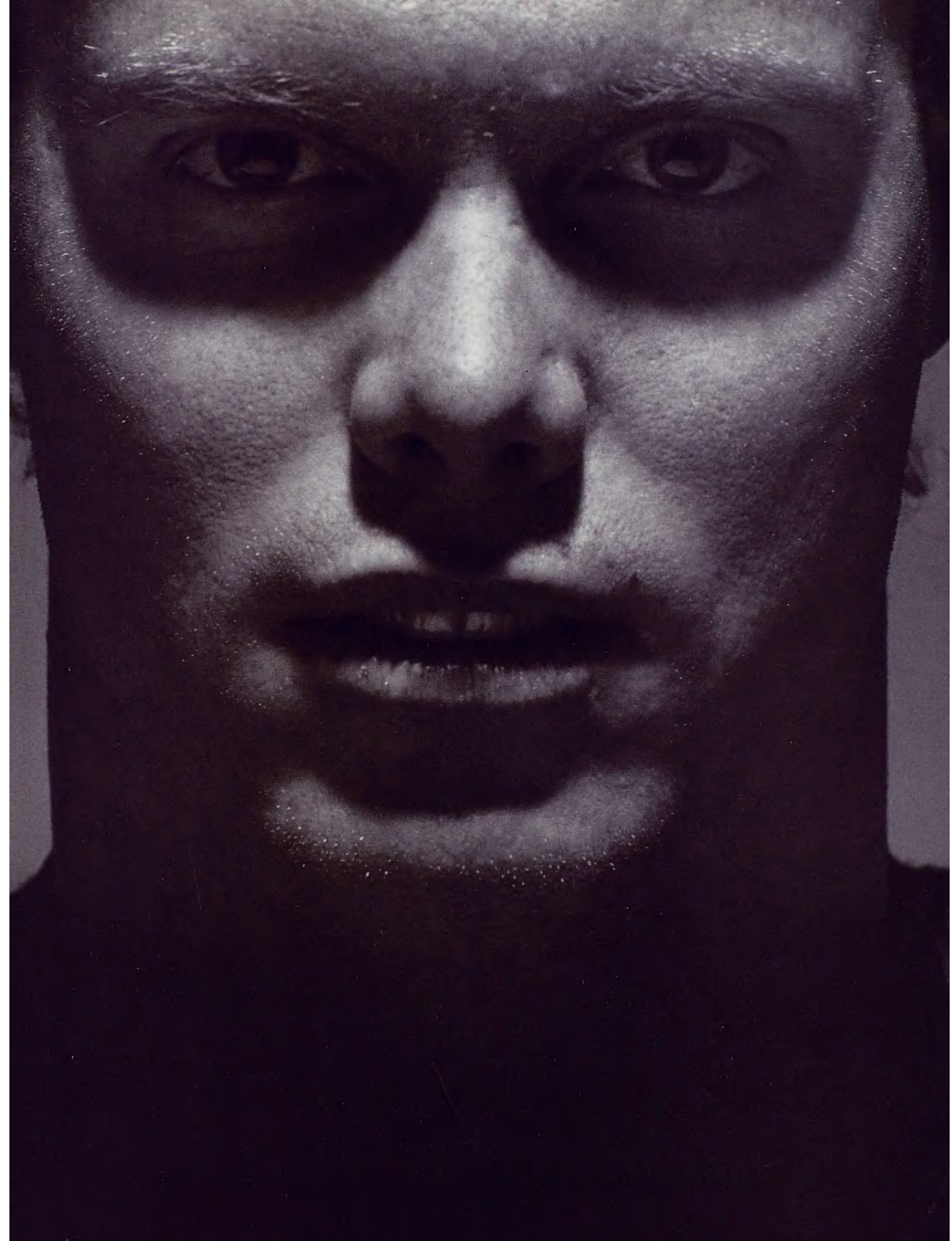
BANANGO: THE BEVERLY WILSHIRE, BEVERLY HILLS



OLD FASHIONED: THE FOUR SEASONS, MANHATTAN



RITZ FIZZ: THE RITZ-CARLTON, BOSTON



20 QUESTIONS: JIM MCMAHON

the n.f.l.'s wild card goes audible on getting blitzed, getting even and the fine art of drinking a beer

Number nine came by his goof ball rep honestly—wearing wrap-around shades and a Mohawk, hanging from a 25th-floor balcony in Hawaii, inventing ROZELLE sports-wear as a way to flip the bird to the N.F.L. commissioner—but Chicago Bears quarterback Jim McMahon is not a cartoon character. He's just a spontaneous guy.

The ever-present sunglasses hide a right eye that can't adjust to light. He stuck a fork in it when he was six. The Mohawk was teammate Willie Gault's attempt to salvage a self-service trim the quarterback had botched. His balcony-hanging days are over; that Spider Jim act left McMahon with a mild case of acrophobia. And the ROZELLE headband was simple civil disobedience—a shot in the eye for a shot in the eye.

The gonzo Q.B. is a solid, suburban family man with a fierce drive to win and an unusual love for the fun in football. He's a flea flicker in a league full of draw plays, Huck Finn in pads and a helmet. Kevin Cook huddled with him during Chicago's Super Bowl season in a Bears locker room dominated by a banner reading, EITHER BE A LEADER, BE A FOLLOWER OR GET THE HELL OUT OF THE WAY. Soon after they settled in, Bears guard Kurt Becker, McMahon's road roomy, butted in.

BECKER: Can I ask him a question? Jim, what do you and your roommate do the night before a game?

BECKER and MCMAHON: Jack off!

MCMAHON: Don't write that.

BECKER: I got you! I knocked your number nine.

1.

PLAYBOY: When did you and Becker start butting helmets after touchdowns?

MCMAHON: Walter Payton scored on a run, and Becker was the guy pulling around to let him in. Kurt stuck his arms up. I stuck mine up. We slapped hands, looked each other in the eye and just butted heads. From then on, that's what we did after a score. It got to the point where we'd talk about it the night before a game: "I'm gonna knock your fuckin' ass out tomorrow." "No, I'm gonna knock you out." Some of those hits hurt—he's got a lot of power, a big man like that. But after a score, you're all pumped up. You've got to do something. Finally, the coaches told Becker to stay away from me.

2.

PLAYBOY: Tell us something we don't know about Payton.

MCMAHON: He's the biggest jokester on the team. He'll walk out the door and throw cherry bombs back into the room. Or we'll be sitting in a meeting and he'll be real

quiet, watching films, and then he'll scream, just yell at the top of his lungs. Scares the shit out of everybody.

3.

PLAYBOY: What happens during a game that the fans can't see?

MCMAHON: Stuff goes on at the bottom of a pile-up [fakes punches]—guys will be giving you one or two. Grabbing your nuts. You get a lot of shit at the bottom of a pile. And spit—a lot of spit.

There're some sick people on this team. I ran a quarterback sneak one game, and Becker was the right guard. He was just lying there. So I said, "I'm gonna shove this ball up your ass, Beck." He said, "Fuck you," and the ref was going, "Hey, you're on the same team." Becker said, "Fuck him, he hasn't done nothing all day." I don't know what the other teams think of us. Three years ago, we were down in Tampa Bay. The play was over and I was walking back to the huddle. All of a sudden, boom! Becker clubbed me in the side of the head. I said, "You son of a bitch" and kicked him right in the ass. The Tampa Bay guys were just looking at us—"What the fuck? You guys are on the same team."

4.

PLAYBOY: Why do you spit on your own guys?

MCMAHON: We enjoy it. They spit on me, I yell at them and spit back. It's a good time.

5.

PLAYBOY: You suffered a lacerated kidney in a game with the Raiders. What colors do you get in the toilet bowl after something like that?

MCMAHON: Purple. You don't want one of those. I've blown my knee and hurt my shoulder, but nothing felt like that. Straightened me up. The guy hit me from behind, turned me around, and another guy hit me in the side. After it happened, I got up and threw an interception. At half time, I couldn't sit down. I thought I'd just bruised something, but the pain was getting worse. I tried to play the second half but couldn't even call the play in the huddle. Finally, I took myself out of the game, sat on the bench for about five minutes. By then, I was cramping up, bending over. So I went to the locker room and tried to piss. Nothing but blood. I freaked out: "Hey, get my ass to a hospital!" But then I thought, Well, shit, if I don't shower now, I won't shower for a week. It took me an hour to take a shower; then they got me

to a hospital. That thing was torn in two places, and the bottom piece of it was torn off. I don't know why it didn't just erupt.

6.

PLAYBOY: It takes about two and a half or three seconds for you to get off a play. How long does that seem?

MCMAHON: One second. I get the ball from center, drop back, take a quick peek at my blind side. Then I'll go back to looking at the field.

If it's a basic pass play, you have an idea who you want to throw to when you call the play. Once you get to the line of scrimmage and see what kind of defense they're playing, you know if this is a good play for that defense. That's a presnap read. On your first or second step back, you're finding out if what you saw before is actually what they're playing. A lot of teams try to disguise it, so you're watching the secondary to see if they tried to fool you.

Certain defensive backs will tip off the blitz. If they're going to blitz you, somebody has to be responsible for the guy who's blitzing. Somebody else has to pick up his receiver. And a lot of times, defensive backs will take a look at the guy they've got to cover. There was a perfect case in a game in Washington. I knew the strong safety was coming. When I went up to the line, I was looking at the weak safety, and he was looking at the tight end. So I switched my attention to the strong safety, who's supposed to cover the tight end, and he was jockeying back and forth. I knew right then that he was pulling my chain, trying to jerk me off. I knew he was coming. So I called an audible and we got a touchdown. Our receiver asked me after the play how I knew they were blitzing. I said, "Well, shit, I saw his eyes."

You can pick those things up. The more you do it, the easier it gets; but you've got to see everything that's going on out there.

7.

PLAYBOY: You were known as a wild man at Brigham Young University. What's a wild night there, and what's the strangest rule?

MCMAHON: For most people? A wild night is cake and ice cream. That's the mystique about Brigham Young. Everybody's got to live a certain way, and it's tough. Some guys can't handle it, and they leave. I almost left. But I knew that if I stuck around there, I'd be where I am today. I'd go through all the bullshit just to learn what I learned—not only about football but about life in different places. It's not a bed of roses. As for the rules, they're all

The Man's Diamond.



It finally happened. We faced each other in court. I told the judge my case was airtight. She told him it didn't hold water. She won. I told her I was glad she was on my side in everything else. I said, "How about a partnership?" She said, "We already have one." Then she handed me a man's diamond. Well, counselor, win or lose, I guess it's how you play the game.



The diamond rings, cufflinks and tie tack shown here are just a few of the exciting new designs in men's accessories.

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strange. The one I thought was interesting was that every other Sunday, girls could come into your room and you could go into their rooms. But you had to leave the doors open and keep one foot on the floor at all times. I thought, *Shit*, that's kind of weird. You can get pretty kinky with one foot on the floor.

8.

PLAYBOY: In the 1980 Holiday Bowl against SMU, your BYU Cougars were behind by 20 with four minutes left. You wound up winning 46-45. Have stranger things happened?

MCMAHON: I had a terrible first half or it would never have come down to the last four minutes. In the second half, I started playing the way I had played all year. I wasn't forcing balls, just taking what they gave me. Most of the fans had left, but the clock was still running. We were driving. We got stalled about the 50 and the coach [LaVell Edwards] sent the punting team on. It was fourth and two—at that point in the game, if you punt the ball, you lose. So I told the guys to huddle up. But the punting team came on. I told them to get the fuck off the field. LaVell started yelling for me to come off, and I wouldn't do it. So we called time out and had a few words. Basically, I said, "You're giving up. Why don't you just throw in the towel right now?" The coordinator looked at him and he looked at the coordinator, and he said, "Go on, call the play."

We made the first down. Went down to score and got an on-side kick. Scored again. Stopped them and blocked the punt. I told the guys in the huddle, "Look, we've come this far. Somebody catch this son of a bitch." I took a deep drop and threw it as far as I could. And Clay Brown made one of the greatest catches I've ever seen. Clay went up and caught the ball with five guys around him. No flag. We went kind of crazy.

9.

PLAYBOY: Do you remember every touch-down pass?

MCMAHON: No, I remember interceptions. I'd rather get hurt than throw one. Most of the time, it's stupid judgment on my part. You have a guy open and you throw the ball to the defense. I remember playing baseball—I've got two strikes on me and I see the ball coming right down the middle. I know it's a strike, and I fucking don't swing. Vapor lock. That really irritates me. If a guy makes a great play, that's one thing. But not too many of my interceptions have been on great plays.

10.

PLAYBOY: You carry an expensive briefcase. What's in it?

MCMAHON: My wife bought that for me for my birthday. She said I had to start acting and dressing like a businessman. I said, "Why? I don't plan on working." All I have in it is my lunch. Sometimes I'll take

my playbook home. Other than that, it's just messages and lunch—a couple of sandwiches, vegetable, chips, cookies, candy bar. Well-balanced meals. My wife's a good cook. She takes care of me.

11.

PLAYBOY: What's the McMahon method for drinking beer?

MCMAHON: Just enjoy it. I was weaned on Coors, but it doesn't matter, as long as it's cold. Nothing tastes better after a win than three or four or five cold ones.

12.

PLAYBOY: Coach Mike Ditka said of you, "He shocks the shit out of me sometimes." Give us an example from a game.

MCMAHON: In my rookie year, I made an audible that wasn't in the game plan. We were gonna run a sweep to Payton, but their whole defense was shifted to the side we wanted to run on. All they had on the weak side was a defensive end and a linebacker. So I audibled a weak-side run to the fullback: "Two, thirty-four," or something. And Noah Jackson, who was our left guard at the time, said, "Thirty-four? What the hell is thirty-four?" I said, "We're gonna run right at you. Block somebody." And the defense was listening. They were looking around like we were trying to mess with their heads.

So we ran the play. The guard and tackle took care of the end and the linebacker. Wally led Matt Suhey through the hole, nine yards for a first down. After that, Mike said, "Do you have any more surprises for me today?" I said, "Make sure you're alert. I could call anything."

13.

PLAYBOY: Do you study on game day?

MCMAHON: No. If you don't know the game plan by Sunday, you're in trouble. I like to relax before the game. I read *PLAYBOY*.

14.

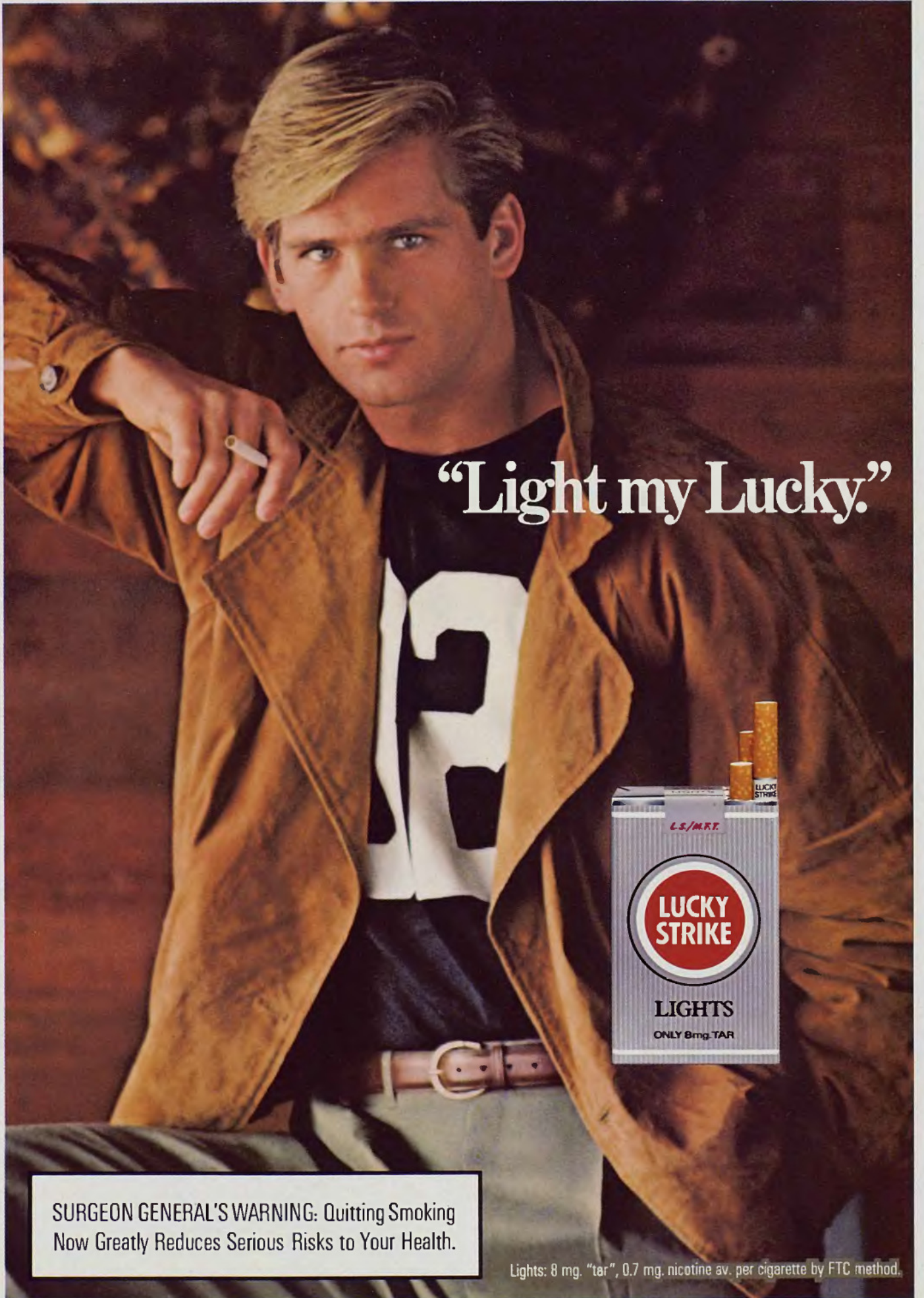
PLAYBOY: You're in the pocket and it's starting to break down. How do you sense that? You don't have eyes in the back of your helmet.

MCMAHON: The thing most quarterbacks fear is the blind side. That's the one thing that can really hurt you—whiplash and everything else. But ever since I can remember, I could feel what was going on. I can't explain it. I can sense a guy coming from my blind side and spin out on him, the way Fran Tarkenton used to do all the time. The more you do it, the easier it gets to feel the rush.

15.

PLAYBOY: Football players are supposed to be dumb. How dumb are they?

MCMAHON: Football players have a bad rap. There are guys who really don't have a lot of smarts as far as the outside world goes. You can be very football smart and still be an idiot. But then you can be a brain and have no football smarts. We've got a lot of



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great athletes who have good football sense on this team. That's why we're good.

16.

PLAYBOY: When you watch *Monday Night Football*, what do you look at that the rest of us don't?

MCMAHON: Depends on who's playing. If it's a team we've got coming up, I like to watch what they're doing on defense. Try to pick up something. All you can see is the linebacker on some of those side-line shots, but you try to pick something up. You try to get an idea of what they'll do in certain situations. But then, during the week, you're gonna watch the film, anyway. Also, you look for guys you know—see how they're doing.

17.

PLAYBOY: Care to give us a few words about your competition—Joe Montana, Dan Marino, Dan Fouts, John Elway?

MCMAHON: Montana's proved to be one of the best quarterbacks who ever played the game. Very innovative. I think the 49ers have a great system, offensively. They use their guys a number of ways. They figure they've got a great offense, but he makes it work. He's a hell of a player.

Marino's got a rocket and he's getting better. As far as reading coverages goes—sometimes you wonder. But it seems their guys always come up with the ball.

I asked Cliff Thrift, who played with Fouts in San Diego, if Fouts ever lifted weights or anything. Cliff said, "If you ever saw his body—he's got the *worst* body." But he's got tremendous ability. I'd love to play in that offense. It's very similar to the offense I played in college. They talk about its being complicated. Well, it's not. You send five guys out, one of them is going to be open. And if you're smart enough, like Dan is, to read the de-

fense and know who to go to in a hurry, you get a lot of yards.

Elway's been playing good football. His stats aren't overwhelmingly great, but he's winning. That's how I like to judge Q.B.s. Say I was with San Diego. You can't tell how many yards I could throw. Or say Marino was with Atlanta. It's tough to picture guys with different teams. It's tough to judge guys on statistics. I like to judge them on wins and losses. People remember the guys who win the big ones.

18.

PLAYBOY: Your thoughts on place kickers?

MCMAHON: All the ones I ever ran into were weird, kind of in their own little world all the time. Most kickers aren't great athletes. Except, I think, for Rafael Septien and our guy, Kevin Butler. The Bears made a good choice when they kept Kevin. Butthead's a hell of a kicker and a good guy. Nothing really fazes him. He likes to have a good time, a few drinks. Gotta have people like that.

19.

PLAYBOY: Did BYU offer you anything to play football there?

MCMAHON: Not a thing. There were offers, but not from BYU. I know what went on at other schools, because I had friends at other schools. Some guys take a pay cut when they come to this league. If I'd gone to this one school, I could have been a rich man by the time I left. All the extras—not just the cash but different odd jobs. They'll pay you good money.

20.

PLAYBOY: What are your hair-styling plans? Will we see the Mohawk again?

MCMAHON: Not unless I want a divorce.



TERROR NEXT TIME

(continued from page 122)

international terrorist attack in the United States. He believes that American defenses must improve. The range of agencies charged with counterterrorism is fragmented and lacks coordination.

Many specific local units, such as the New York and Chicago police departments, are prepared for counterterrorism. The difficulties begin, Dr. Sarkesian says, when our defenses against a terrorist attack require harmony within the chain of command. Responsibilities and command become fragmented when counterterrorism efforts enlarge in scope, as they inevitably will in response to a major attack.

Sarkesian would create a single point of authority against terrorism, with direct access to the President and the National Security Council. A clear national-command authority, he says, offers the coordination and flexibility crucial to fighting terrorism successfully. It also represents the high priority the United States must attach to fighting terrorism.

The Vice-President's Task Force on Combating Terrorism has taken positive steps. The creation of a full-time National Security Council position to deal solely with America's counterterrorism efforts is a good idea and is long overdue. The task force has also recommended necessary steps toward improving our abilities in the intelligence field.

Sarkesian would like to see policies that offer American intelligence agencies more flexibility in identifying and uncovering terrorist plots before they become a reality. Congressman Henry Hyde of Illinois has urged the creation of a single, joint Intelligence Oversight Committee in Congress. A streamlined, effective Congressional intelligence body could play a key role in increasing the ability of our intelligence agencies to combat terrorism.

The American public lacks a sufficient understanding of the terrorist threat. As Sarkesian has pointed out, a lack of general public knowledge plays into the hands of terrorists.

U.S. interests abroad represent the prime target for terrorist attacks. However, a calculated international attack against the United States at home would wreak havoc. America is not psychologically prepared for a major bombing in Washington, New York, Los Angeles or Chicago. As Brian Jenkins of the Rand Corporation has pointed out, a Middle East-based terrorist group, well financed and well organized, would not risk coming to American soil simply to blow up a few pipe bombs. An attack of this type would necessarily be a major one, and it would shock our nation's leaders and citizens far more than any attack on Americans abroad.

A successful counterterrorism policy requires cooperation. During the May summit in Tokyo, the allies pledged further



"You lower your eyes at caliphs. You glint at Americans."

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Introducing Pierce's
Impeccably Sophisticated
Yet Refreshingly Casual
Cuervo Gold Sunset.

To Pierce Brosnan a Sunset without Cuervo Gold is only the end of the day. Pour 1½-oz. Cuervo over ice; fill the glass with grapefruit juice, and tell everyone it's easy if they know how. But be sure to use Cuervo Gold, for the uniquely smooth taste of the premium tequila.

Rethink your drink.

Cuervo

Mix with Cuervo tequila.



IF YOU CAN ANSWER THESE TEN QUESTIONS, YOU AREN'T JUST A BEER DRINKER. YOU'RE A BEER EXPERT.

Sound business practice dictates that a company understand its customers as fully as possible. It is therefore necessary that we spend a great deal of time in those establishments where our product is sold and our customers gather.

In the course of this research, we have been gratified to find that tavern conversations frequently revolve around the subject of beer. At the same time, we are somewhat dismayed by the amount of misinformation those conversations often contain. Since our success depends on the beer drinker's ability to differentiate between a superior product and a lesser one, we thought it worth the cost of this advertisement to correct some of the misstatements you're likely to hear from the next barstool.

So we've chosen ten of the most commonly asked questions about beer, along with the right and wrong answers. If you get five answers right, your knowledge is about average. If you score eight or more, you obviously didn't need to read this in the first place.

1. HOW LONG DOES IT TAKE TO PRODUCE A BOTTLE OF BEER?

- A. Ten days
- B. Three weeks
- C. Three months

If a brewer turns to modern technology rather than traditional methods, he can produce beer in just ten days. In fact, one of America's leading brands was once made in this fashion. (It is no longer one of America's leading brands.) Although the answer is A, our old-fashioned approach to brewing and ageing Henry Weinhard's takes approximately 36 days.

This plant was first cultivated in America at the time of the Pilgrims. To find out why, see Question 2.



2. WHY ARE HOPS USED IN BREWING?

- A. To make the beer stronger
- B. To add flavor
- C. To preserve the beer

A trick question. In the 17th century, long before refrigeration, hops were used as a preservative. Today, however, they are added as a flavoring agent, to give beer its characteristic bite. So both B and C are correct, depending on the period of history being discussed. (Incidentally, we have tasted beer without hops. Beer with hops is better.)

3. A BOTTLE OF BEER WILL IMPROVE WITH AGE.

- A. True
- B. False

In the cold darkness of a brewery's ageing room, beer mellows, matures, and grows better. That's why



Most beer drinkers are willing to bet they can identify their favorite brand blindfolded. But we suggest you read question 5 before you back your taste buds with hard cash.

Henry Weinhard's is aged far longer than most beers. But once beer is bottled, time becomes the enemy. As weeks pass, light filters into the bottle, increasing oxidation and destroying flavor. The statement is false, which is one of the reasons we number the bottlings of Henry Weinhard's Private Reserve, thus permitting a constant check for freshness in stores and taverns.

4. WHAT MAKES EUROPEAN BEERS MORE EXPENSIVE THAN AMERICAN BEERS?

- A. The cost of ingredients
- B. The cost of ageing
- C. The cost of diesel fuel

While there is, of course, no diesel fuel in European beers, a great deal is needed to power the ships that bring it to our shores, and this accounts for most of the difference in price. Though C is the right answer, you get partial credit if you chose A; the extra hops in most European beers add approximately 1/100th of a cent to the cost of brewing.

5. IN A BLIND TASTE TEST BETWEEN TWO LEADING AMERICAN BEERS, WHAT ARE YOUR CHANCES OF CORRECTLY IDENTIFYING EACH?

- A. 100%
- B. 75%
- C. 50%

According to scientific tests, you have about a fifty-fifty chance of telling one beer from another, even when one of them is your regular brand.

Among collectors, a Henry's Bottling No. 1 commands an impressive price. Investment value is not, however, our purpose in numbering bottlings. What is it? See Question 3.



Mount Hood, the crown of the Cascade range, can be seen from the roof of our brewery in Portland. But its contribution to the quality of Henry's is more than inspirational. For details, see Question 10.

While C is correct, Henry Weinhard's drinkers fare somewhat better in these tests, due to the beer's remarkably distinctive taste.

6. IMPORTED BEERS HAVE A HIGHER ALCOHOL CONTENT THAN AMERICAN BEERS.

- A. True
- B. False

In Europe, beer often has a

higher alcohol content than in the United States. But a European brand *sold here* has about the same alcohol level as American beers. (Approximately three to four percent, by weight.) Although widely believed, the statement is false.

7. THE WORD PREMIUM, WHEN ORIGINALLY APPLIED TO BEER, REFERRED TO:

- A. Superior ingredients
- B. Superior taste
- C. Higher shipping costs

To pay a premium is to pay more than normal cost. In the late 19th century, the term referred to higher prices charged for beer shipped from brewing centers like Milwaukee to distant cities. The answer is C, but since most large beer companies now have breweries in many locations, the term has lost its original meaning.

8. ALL THE BEST HOPS ARE IMPORTED.

- A. True
- B. False

Although many fine hop varieties are grown in Europe, it is false to say

that all the best hops are imported. Beer experts rank the Cascade hop, developed by Oregon State University, among the finest in the world. The small quantities available make the Cascade hop impractical for most large brewers to use. But perfect for us.

9. ALE DIFFERS FROM BEER IN THAT ALE IS:

- A. Stronger
- B. More bitter
- C. Heavier
- D. All of the above
- E. None of the above

The correct answer is E. Although ale is thought of as being stronger, heavier, and more bitter than beer, this isn't necessarily so. A case in point (so to speak) is our Weinhard's Ireland Style Ale. Is it bitter? No. Is it heavy? No. Is it smooth? Absolutely. Are we bragging? You bet.

10. THE WATER USED IN BREWING MAKES A GREAT DIFFERENCE IN THE FINAL PRODUCT.

- A. True
- B. False

If you ask the brewmaster of a brewery near a source of pure water this question, you will be told that the water is important. But if you ask the brewmaster of a brewery which must clean, filter, purify, and balance its water, you'll be told that the water source is of little consequence. So perhaps A and B are both correct. We, however, incline toward the former view. That is why we cherish our brewery's location in Portland, Oregon, where the water source is one of the purest in America.

Just as beer and driving don't mix, neither do beer and sunlight. For further illumination, read Question 3.



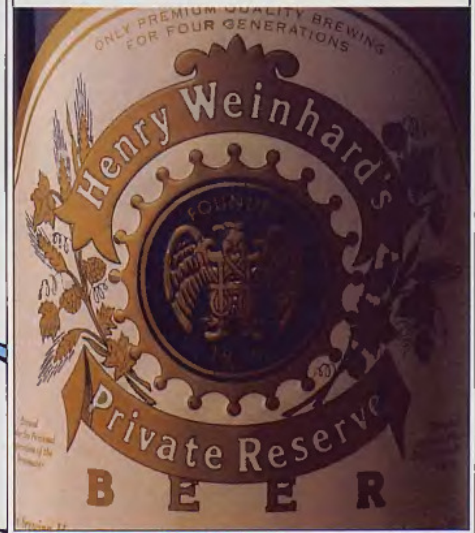
We sincerely hope you have enjoyed our brief examination, and that it has contributed to your knowledge about beer. Feel free to use the facts found here in future tavern conversations. For our part, we will continue our diligent research efforts wherever people are enjoying Henry Weinhard's Private Reserve. In so doing, we will keep a hopeful ear open to discover whether the amount of misinformation bandied about concerning beer has decreased. In the event it has not, you may expect another advertisement similar to this one at a future date.

HOW WE MAKE BEER

The basic process of producing beer is more or less the same all over the world, and it is so simple that it can be done in one's own kitchen. Yet there are profound differences among beers which result from the subtle skills that make up the brewer's art.

In the case of Henry Weinhard's Private Reserve, quality and taste derive from several factors. First, the beer is made by following, as closely as possible, the methods used by our founder in the 19th century. These require that much more time be taken in brewing, fermenting, and ageing than is usual within the brewing industry. Second, we insist on the finest ingredients obtainable, including rich, two-row malting barley and scarce Cascade hops. Both are grown only in a few areas of the Western states, harvested in limited quantities, and available only at a premium price.

Not surprisingly, beer brewed in this fashion is more costly than ordinary beer, but we believe this consideration will not deter those who appreciate quality from enjoying Henry Weinhard's Private Reserve.





Dr. Bosley
explains

Why Hair Transplantation Works.

A natural solution to hair loss using your own living and growing hair

Living hair from the back and sides of the head is relocated and meticulously distributed over bald and thinning areas, where it quickly takes "root." After a short resting period it GROWS and continues to grow for life.

Hair Transplantation results improved by NEW medical advances

Male Pattern Reduction (MPRSM) developed by the Bosley Medical Group greatly reduces bald or thinning areas, allowing successful hair transplants upon patients formerly rejected as "too bald." MicrograftSM is another BMG development that creates a softer, more natural hairline.

Integrity and Professionalism

All our physicians are members of the American Medical Association (AMA), and are highly skilled in the science and art of Hair Transplantation. More hair transplant procedures and MPRs are performed at our Group's outpatient facilities than at any other single medical center in the world.

It's working for Dan.

Dan Buckley, movie and commercials actor, is just one of thousands of men who have found a permanent solution to baldness through hair transplantation.

MPR, Hair Transplantation and related procedures are 100% tax deductible as medical expense.

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Most men are good candidates for Hair Transplantation and MPR. Your eligibility will be determined by one of our physicians during your no-cost consultation.

Bosley Medical Group

L. Lee Bosley, M.D. *Founder and Director*
Certified Diplomate of the American Board of Dermatology



Beverly Hills:
8447 Wilshire Blvd.
(at La Cienega)
213/651-4444

La Jolla:
8950 Villa La Jolla Dr.
(at La Jolla Village Dr.)
619/450-3222

Newport Beach:
1400 N. Bristol St.
(at Spruce)
714/752-2227

San Francisco:
1700 Montgomery St.
(at Chestnut)
415/433-3434

AND

in consultation with
Bosley Medical Group:

**Hair Transplantation Center
of Texas**
Highland Park Village - #37
Dallas, TX
214/559-4447

Your next step

Educate yourself on NEW, IMPROVED techniques of Hair Transplantation, MPR, Micrografts, cost information, tax benefits. Simply telephone us—ask for our FREE Hair Transplantation information package, including exciting color brochure with more than 40 before/after photos of our actual patients. Also ask for complete information regarding our special reimbursement plan to cover your air travel to BMG.

**Call Toll Free
(800) 352-2244**

Or write to the office nearest you

cooperation against terrorism. Leaders of the seven industrial nations agreed to suspend arms exports to nations that support terrorism and to limit the size of diplomatic and consular missions such as Qaddafi's People's Bureaus, improve extradition procedures, tighten immigration laws and promote multilateral cooperation among police and security organizations.

The United States went to great lengths in soliciting European economic and political cooperation against Libya. But effective, multilateral cooperation did not result, and we essentially acted alone by declaring sanctions against the Qaddafi regime. As Libya's blatant support for terrorism continued, American appeals for cooperation and assistance continued to be ignored.

The Libya raid was not precipitate. I supported this decision to attack terrorist-related targets in Libya. In the short term, the world will certainly observe a vengeful Qaddafi. We have already heard his rhetoric. U.S. actions, however, have demonstrated that continued support for international terrorism will have costs.

Qaddafi has placed himself in the unenviable position of the easy mark. His actions and rhetoric have alienated Libya's Arab neighbors. He is a loose cannon in the region. Libya is the Soviet Union's largest trading partner in the Arab world and one of its largest military client states. Yet the Soviet leadership has kept Qaddafi at arm's length. Indeed, Soviet naval-intelligence ships in the Mediterranean evidently failed to warn him of the impending U.S. attack.

Several West European nations have strong financial and commercial ties to the Qaddafi regime. Unfortunately, those connections go even deeper. It was reported that throughout the Seventies, France and Italy made secret deals with Libya to insulate their citizens from Qaddafi- and P.L.O.-sponsored attacks. The result of these arrangements was that known terrorists passed through French airports under the watchful eyes of French security personnel. It was claimed that Italian and Libyan intelligence officials cooperated as well, though an Italian-embassy spokesman in Washington denies that that government has ever dealt with terrorists.

The Tokyo summit was a disappointment. We succeeded only in labeling Qaddafi a terrorist, but we clearly need more than labels to combat terrorism. I have introduced legislation in the Senate urging the President to convene an International Congress of Terrorism to develop cooperative, multinational programs for locating, apprehending and bringing to justice those responsible for the deaths of thousands of innocent people. On a broader level, America must develop with its allies strategies to isolate state sponsors of terrorism, strategies to cut financial and commercial ties with terrorist regimes.

At home, we need three things: aware-

ness, confidence and determination.

• The American public, Government leaders and Government agencies must develop an awareness that terrorist attacks within the United States are inevitable and extremely dangerous. Intelligence operations to identify and prevent terrorist plots must be implemented. We must also develop a system of coordination among all agencies involved to ensure that this preventive program works.

• We must maintain our confidence that we can, indeed, combat terrorism. In Washington, there is talk of erecting a barricade around the U.S. Capitol grounds. I think this would be a mistake. It would send the wrong message to terrorists. An antiterrorist barrier around the greatest institutional symbol of democratic rule would represent not strength but capitulation and defeat. The goal of a terrorist is to

create fear, and by sealing off the Capitol grounds, we confirm that fear.

• Our determination to prevent terrorism must not waver. Whether terrorists are plotting violent acts abroad or at home, we must resolve to find out about them and thwart them.

Our democratic way of life, in short, must never take a back seat to terrorism. A firm, consistent posture against those guilty of it, combined with active defenses against its perpetrators, should form a basis for an effective antiterrorism policy.

If we are successful in our efforts, then my scenario in the U.S. Senate cloakroom will very likely never occur. Our goal should be to make certain that such a scenario will not take place anywhere in America—ever.



THE TERRORISTS

NAME	ENEMY	METHODS	SPONSOR
Al Fatah	Israel	bombing, assassination, kidnaping	Arab states, Soviet bloc
Palestine Liberation Front	Israel, the West	bombing, assassination, kidnaping	Iraq
Fatah Revolutionary Council	Israel, the West, moderate Arab states, P.L.O.	bombing, assassination, kidnaping	Syria, Libya
Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine	Israel	rocket attacks, assassination	Syria, Libya, Soviet bloc
Red Army Faction (a.k.a. Baader-Meinhof Gang)	U.S./NATO/Germany	bombing, murder	Self
Direct Action	U.S./NATO/France	bombing, murder	Self
Communist Combatant Cells	U.S./NATO/Belgium	bombing	Self
Red Brigades	U.S./NATO/Italy	bombing, kidnaping, murder	South Yemen, Lebanon
Japanese Red Army	U.S./Japan	bombing, kidnaping, murder	Self
Popular Forces of April 25th	U.S./NATO/Portugal	bombing, kidnaping, murder	Self
F.A.L.N.	U.S./Puerto Rico	bombing, rocket attacks	Cuba, Nicaragua
Weather Underground (inactive)	U.S.	robbery, bombing	Self, Cuba
IRA Provisional Wing	U.K.	bombing, murder	Self, P.L.O., Libya
Hizbollah	U.S., Israel, moderate Arabs, France	bombing, kidnaping, murder	Iran
Islamic Jihad	The West, moderate Arabs	bombing, kidnaping, murder	Various Mideast extremists
Sikhs	India	bombing, murder	Self

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For treasured moments, Red stands out.
YOU WILL ALWAYS BE DISTINGUISHED BY YOUR
TASTE IN SCOTCH. AFTER ALL, IT'S THE WORLD'S BEST SELLER.
JOHNNIE WALKER® RED



“There are times when a guy should be the guy—and I wish this weren’t one of them.”

“All first dates are like being on Adam-12. Everything you say can and will be used against you.”

Outside, I fired up the 280-Z. As I drove away, her voice still haunted me. I slipped *The Ride of the Valkyries* into the cassette deck.

Friday, tenth December, 1900 hours (seventh, in civilian terms). Coming in low, out of the sun, Willard drives his 280-Z to Katherine Kurtz’s apartment in West Hollywood. Following her participation in the 1969 Days of Rage antiwar demonstrations as a member of the Weather Underground, Miss Kurtz briefly toured the country with the Grateful Dead as a photographer for Rolling Stone, then returned to Berkeley, where she shared an apartment with Patty Hearst and Steven Weed. Suffering a concussion during the heiress’ abduction, Miss Kurtz coined the term urban guerrilla and then experienced a case of total amnesia from which she never recovered. She graduated from law school in 1980, bought a co-op, turned Republican and currently represents landlords’ rights in tenant-eviction cases concerning a large gentrification project in downtown L.A.

Not wanting to appear too eager, Willard has circled the block a half dozen times to make sure he’s seven minutes late. He gets out of the Z, carrying a bouquet of lilies, climbs the steps to her door and. . .

“The horror. The horror.”

Kurtz’s voice in the jungle kept coming back to me.

His daughter’s voice on the phone was worse: “Let’s meet for lunch,” she said.

We both knew the game: Lunch is less dangerous than dinner. It’s got a time limit. You can always cut it short by claiming you have to be back at the office—to fix a breeder reactor, recall Chevys or maybe just have a meeting with Don King.

“How about dinner?” I countered, trying to make light of it. “I don’t know about you, but I can’t take a date seriously unless it starts after sundown.”

“Fair enough,” she laughed.

For a moment, I debated asking where she wanted to eat.

I was going to ask out of courtesy.

I was going to ask because these are the Eighties, and women should have equal say in how they spend their time.

But somehow, these things always get turned around.

You come off as weak.

And indecisive.

And although nobody’s masculinity should rise and fall on such things as who chooses the restaurant or who makes the dinner reservations, I’ve learned one thing:

There are times when a guy should be the guy.

And this was one of them.

“We’ll eat at Eddie’s,” I told her. It was a small place on Sunset. Not too cheap, not too expensive. The last thing you want to do is take somebody to one of those seven-course expense-account extravaganzas with a fake-French *maitre d’*, a menu that features things like braised-ribs-of-baby-baboon pizza *en croûte* and prices that could break a Swiss bank. There’s already enough pressure on a first date; putting your life’s savings on the table is only going to make the woman feel as though you expect some kind of tangible return on your investment at the end of the night.

“Eddie’s is great,” she said. “I’ll meet you there.”

“Negative,” I told her. This was another game we both understood: separate cars. Separate destinations when dinner is over. An easy way to avoid those awkward late-night scenes in front of somebody’s house at midnight.

“I have a better idea,” I told her. “There are only two of us. So why don’t we take three cars? Or four?”

If a smirk can travel over the phone wires, hers did.

“You win,” she said.

“I’ll pick you up at eight o’clock.”

That was yesterday.

And now I stand here, outside her door, ready to ring the bell.

The only problem is that it’s only seven.

And now I have to circle the block for another hour.

Shit.

There are times when a guy should be the guy—and I wish this weren’t one of them.

Friday, tenth December, 2010 hours. Willard has cruised the neighborhood for an hour. In the interim, he stopped at a McDonald’s, accidentally spilled a large Sprite on his tie as he observed that every 280-Z—all 12,000,000 of them—seems to have personalized license plates (Willard’s own tags read Z-HORROR, though his first calculates that it cost him \$20,000 a year to keep a car in Los Angeles—\$4000 in car payments and another \$16,000 to buy it back from valet-parking attendants at two bucks a throw.

The hour passed; Willard parks the car, takes the flowers and moves to her door. He rings the bell and:

“Coming!”

Shit.

It was now eight o’clock on Friday and I was still single.

I’d asked for a date, and I’d gotten one. And now I was sure I wasn’t dressed right.

I wasn’t tall enough.

My pants were too short.

My shoes were wrong.

My tie was stained.

And Lord only knew what kind of horror lurked on the other side of that door.

“Coming! I’ll be there in a sec!”

I wanted to terminate the date right there and then—with extreme prejudice. But there was no turning back.

“It’s nice to meet you,” she said, opening the door.

Somehow, she wasn’t what I expected. She was tall, with wavy dark hair, baby-powder dimpled cheeks, hazel eyes and the faintest of two beauty marks just in front of her left ear.

She was pretty.

And at the first glimpse of her, my worst suspicions were confirmed:

I wasn’t dressed right. I wasn’t tall enough. My pants were too short. And I was going to burn those damn shoes as soon as I got home.

Exposing my tie, I handed her the flowers.

“These are so sweet,” she said.

“Chivalry isn’t dead,” I joked. “It’s just been in a coma.”

She laughed and took me into the living room with a wave of her hand. “I’ll be ready in a minute,” she said. “Make yourself at home while I finish up in the bathroom.”

Had she noticed my tie?

I didn’t think so.

Left alone, I began to survey the apartment: No, there were no copies of *Modern Bride* on the coffee table; the bookshelves were filled with real books, not just a Janson’s *History of Art* left over from college and a Coppertone-stained paperback of *Hollywood Wives*. There was even a copy of *Time* on the end table. I took all of this as a good sign. It’s always more interesting to spend time with someone who expresses a passing interest in the world around her; it gives you something to talk about while you’re waiting for the valet to bring your car.

“There’s Stoly in the freezer,” she called out.

I smiled, trying to avoid looking at my tie in the mirror. I started to contemplate some of the truly great mysteries of 20th Century society:

- Why is it that you can give a woman six weeks’ notice for a date, and she’ll still only be putting on her make-up when you arrive?

- Why is it that you can give a man a year’s notice for a date, and he still won’t begin to get dressed until six minutes before it’s time to leave?

- Why can’t I have money for nothing and chicks for free?

“I’m ready,” she said, walking out of the bathroom.

She looked more than beautiful: She

was stunning.

Katherine took my arm and we walked into the twilight.

The city lights twinkled.

The air was magnolia.

A helicopter hovered in the distance.

As I started the car, I knew we were into the hardest part of the journey.

Friday, tenth December, 2200 hours (ten P.M. civilian time). Katherine and Willard are finishing their first bottle of wine. They both avoided ordering anything with garlic or onions—though Willard did stare in disbelief as the waiter announced that the day's special was braised-ribs-of-baby-baboon pizza en croûte. At the next table, Francis Ford Coppola has arrived and is having dinner with Robert Duvall. There's a flicker of recognition—but no . . . it couldn't be. The waiter brings another bottle of wine and. . .

"I hate dating."

"No. I hate dating."

"I hate dating more than you do."

"Nobody could hate dating more than I do."

"I hate dating more than anything in the world."

"I'd rather have a root canal than go on a date."

The date was going wonderfully.

We'd hit it off.

The food was perfect, the wine vintage.

Neither of us started making plans to spend Christmas together in Khartoum; she didn't notice the stain on my tie until I pointed it out to her.

"I'm sorry I sounded so crazy on the phone," she said. "It's just that I've been out on so many dates. . . ." She ran her finger around the edge of the wineglass, groping for the words. "I think the biggest problem is trying to come to terms with the Ms. ethic we learned in the Seventies and the Mrs. ethic that our mothers taught us when we were growing up. If you're too strong and independent, it scares guys off; and if you play it the other way, they think you're too needy." She drank from her glass. "I suppose it all comes down to one question: Do you want the house with the white-picket fence in Connecticut or the big office on Wall Street?"

I looked at her through the candles. "Is that your dream or your nightmare?"

She lowered her eyes to the tablecloth. "There's a conflict in every female heart," she said. "Between good and evil, a vice-presidency and children. . . ." She stared

out the window. "And good does not always win. They say you can have it all, but nobody told us how to do it."

I sympathized with her. "The basic problem is that anybody born after 1945 is screwed," I said, and she laughed.

"What's your dream and nightmare?" she asked.

I put my fork down. "I picture a massive French restaurant, the size of an aircraft carrier. I walk in with a date, and the maitre d' looks at me, looks at a thousand empty tables and says, 'I'm sorry, but there's a forty-minute wait.'"

"Would you like coffee?" the waiter asked.

"Yes, please, thank you," she said and then excused herself. "I'll be right back. I have to go to the ladies' room."

As she walked away, I couldn't quite remember why women habitually visit restaurant bathrooms in twos—though I did recall something that went "Cover me while I make a break for the stalls. . . ."

"Your check, sir."

She reached across the table for it, but I got there first.

I took the check.

I took her hand.

"I'll take you home," I told her, and the two of us walked into the balmy night.

"What a beautiful evening," she said, pulling close.

Yes, I thought. It reminded me of what Saigon might have been like—if only we'd won.

Saturday, 11th December, 0130ish. In the cool, inky blackness of postmidnight Los Angeles, Willard quietly slips the 280-Z onto the Santa Monica Freeway, easing into the darkened stream of asphalt, letting the current pull him along as he drifts into the night.

As his date and the lights of West Hollywood slowly recede behind him, he turns down his radio and:

Saturday.

Shit.

It's Saturday and I'm still single.

But then, maybe not.

Before I went on the date, I only wanted it to be over. And now that it's over, I only wish it had never ended.

She was not insane.

I was not crazy.

"I hope I can see you again," I said in the pale-yellow light outside her door.

"That would be nice," she sighed, and I looked into her eyes.

She was the kind of girl who loved the smell of Old Spice in the morning.

Kissing her softly on the cheek, I walked down the stairs and started my car.

And now, as I drive home on the freeway, our final words keep coming back:

"Someday, this dating is going to be over," I told her.

Yes.

Someday, this dating is going to be over.



"I'll have a turkey sandwich."
"Naturally!"

Alive with pleasure! **Newport**



*After all,
if smoking isn't a pleasure,
why bother?*



**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking
Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.**

Kings: 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report February 1985.

"My opinion is surprise," he was saying. "Way I see it, you give 'em terror and surprise the same time."

There were some guys hanging out on the stoops, but they all stopped to watch Meatlux skate.

"Damn showboat," DuPree said to me. "Stay away from the doorways."

We kept off the sidewalk, walking near the curb, the street getting darker as we went, with most of the lights busted. Metal grates were pulled down over the shop fronts; signs in Spanish: NO TOCAR, AQUÍ SE COME BIEN. Meatlux was making a spectacle, flapping his arms like a bird and screeching so it echoed down the street.

"Way he's trained," DuPree said. "Black belt. You terrify the enemy."

There were little boys running ahead of us on either sidewalk. They ducked in and out of buildings quick as goats. There were girls, too, their braids flapping.

"Kids should be home this time of night," DuPree said.

When we passed open doorways, you could hear people running up and down stairs. I heard ringing telephones and women's voices through upstairs windows. They seemed to be saying urgent things, but of course I don't understand Spanish. There were men looking serious in the

doorways, arms folded, dark shirts with the collars wide-open, a little gleam of gold at the neck. I almost wished I could say something they'd understand. I had one quarter of high school Spanish, but the only words I could remember were for fork and airplane. "Tenedor," I said to myself. "Avion." That was about the extent of it.

"Yankee, go home," I heard somebody say, and there was raw laughter in one of the doorways.

DuPree walked with that stride of his, up on his toes. He wasn't even looking at the people on the sidewalk.

"My opinion is surprise," he was saying. "Way I see it, you give 'em terror and surprise the same time. But this is his show. We're just support on this one."

"Is he armed?"

"Shit," said DuPree. "I seen him break guys in half almost by accident." DuPree whistled and Meatlux rolled up beside us, smiling.

"Show him those things you got," DuPree said.

I had seen the eight-pointed Ninja throwing stars in DuPree's magazines. Meatlux held one out, shiny in his big palm.

I was starting to feel a little queasy. "You said nonlethal."

"Fear thee not, my man. I'm just going to sit some people down, is all."

"We just show the flag a little," DuPree said. "Nothin' serious."

"Sweet, sweet is revenge," said Meatlux.

My stomach was tight as a nut when we finally reached the place. Steps led down from the sidewalk to a basement door. Back home, steps like these are covered up with a bulkhead and used to store old garden tools. But here were the words EL CLUB SPORT painted on a wooden board above the door. No windows on the place at all.

"I'm trusting you guys," I said.

"Be cool," DuPree said.

Meatlux had his eyes on the door like he was seeing through it. He spoke softly. "Be cool and terrible."

"You got the fuse box," DuPree said.

Meatlux nodded. "Mine."

"I got the door," DuPree said.

"Me?" I asked.

"Keep thee by my right hand, my man, and witness my wrath." Meatlux crouched down and locked the wheels on his skates. All three of us put on our night scopes.

"Ready," said DuPree.

"Check."

We went through the first door and were in something like an alcove, facing another door. Meatlux moved to his left and opened the fuse box on the wall. "Lights out," he said. DuPree kicked open the inner door and we went in.

"Greetings, sports fans!"

The Dominicans were all talking at once, I figure about 20 of them, in a place no bigger than my basement back home. They sat around small wooden tables, smoking, the air hot and foul with smoke and booze. The concrete floor had manhole-size craters chipped out of it; there was a big crack running down one wall leaking brown ooze. The bar was some planks set on oil drums, the guy behind it so small he must have been standing on a box, white sleeves rolled up on his scrawny arms. The wall behind him was mostly covered with baseball pennants and photos of Latin ballplayers. There was a jukebox against the far wall, dead, and a television set on the end of the bar, ditto. They all must have been watching the game when we hit the power, because their chairs were all pointed that way. Now they scraped around.

The thing was, everybody was in suit and tie. I mean it: charcoal gray, blue pinstripe, Pierre Cardin, you name it. Gold cuff links, shiny shoes—these guys out-classed the bankers downtown. Only exceptions were some of the younger guys, not much more than kids; they wore V-neck sweaters and buttondown shirts. Everybody was still talking like we weren't there.

"OK, you Zambo mothafuckers,"



"Thirty-three, thirty-four, thirty-five . . . and one to be a good boy . . . and a pinch, to grow an inch!"

Photo/Herbert Migdoll
 Monitor picture The Joffrey Ballet in John Cranko's "The Taming of the Shrew."

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PLAYBOY COLLEGE FICTION CONTEST

First prize, \$3000 and publication in the October 1987 issue; second prize, \$500 and a year's subscription; third prize, a year's subscription. The rules:

1. No purchase necessary. 2. Contest is open to all college students—no age limit. Employees of Playboy Enterprises, Inc., its agents, affiliates and families are not eligible.
3. To enter, submit your typed, double-spaced manuscript of 25 pages or fewer with a 3" x 5" card listing your name, age, college affiliation, permanent home address and phone number to Playboy College Fiction Contest, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Only one entry per person. All entries must be original works of fiction and must be postmarked by January 1, 1987. Mutilated or illegible entries will be disqualified.
4. Prizes will be awarded to those entrants whose stories meet PLAYBOY's standard for quality. PLAYBOY reserves the right to withhold prizes if the submitted entries do not meet its usual standards for publication. All decisions of the judges are final.
5. Winning contestants will be notified by mail and may be obligated to sign and return an affidavit of eligibility within 30 days of notification. In the event of noncompliance within this time period, alternate winners may be selected. Any prize-notification letter or any prize returned to Playboy Enterprises, Inc., and undeliverable may be awarded to an alternate winner.
6. PLAYBOY reserves the right to edit the first-prize-winning story for publication.
7. Entry authorizes use of any prize winner's name, photograph and biographical information by Playboy Enterprises, Inc., without further compensation to the winner.
8. PLAYBOY reserves the right to publish the winning entries in the U.S. and foreign editions of PLAYBOY and to reprint the winning entries in any English-language or foreign-edition anthologies or compilations of PLAYBOY material.
9. Contest is subject to all Federal, state and local laws and regulations. Taxes on prizes are the sole responsibility of winning contestants. Void where prohibited by law.
10. All manuscripts become the property of Playboy Enterprises, Inc., and will not be returned. For a list of winners, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Playboy Enterprises, Inc., College Fiction Contest, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

Meatlux yelled, getting their attention. "Allow me the pleasure of some polite conversation."

At the table nearest us, a guy struck a match. The night scope made his face shine like the moon. He was done up in a white suit, black-silk tie, the knot pushed out by a gold collar bar. His face was pocked like he slept on golf cleats.

"Iss a private club," he said.

"We just joined," Meatlux said.

"*Hijo de la gran puta*" came from the back of the room.

"He refer to your mother's profession," said the man in the white suit.

Meatlux took in the room with a sweep of his hand. "Witness, my man, the pleasures of good society."

Each table had one bottle on it. "Check it out," I said. "Chivas Regal."

Several of the men looked pleased about

this. "*Aqui lo tomamos suave*," said an older guy, fingering the lavender handkerchief that poked from the pocket of his gray suit.

"Here we drink cool," the guy in the white suit said.

"Eat shit," said DuPree.

"The joys of repartee," Meatlux said.

There was a fat man at the table working his jaw, trying to say something: "The electric, please, for watching *los* Yankees bankrupt *los* Indians of Cleveland."

"*Chinga tu madre*," Meatlux said.

Everyone started talking again, and a few more people struck matches. One big guy got up and felt his way to the bar, whispered something to the bartender.

Then the guy in the white suit stood up, smiling. Now he held a cigarette lighter with a flame half a foot high, painful to look at. "My friends," he said, "you are

wearing your welcome."

"I like that," Meatlux said. The bartender began to hand baseball bats across the bar. These were passed around to several men, who then stood up.

"Looks like we got a ball game," DuPree said.

"Now, gentlemen," Meatlux said, "before we take our leave, there is the matter of the inhospitable treatment afforded my younger sibling."

At this point, something happened that we hadn't figured on. The bartender slapped two big flashlights down onto the bar and there was a white flash like screwdrivers being driven into my eyes. I pulled off the night scope and couldn't see a thing but the two lights. I was aware of a chair flying past my head and a lot of howling. Somebody grabbed my arm; DuPree said something I couldn't make out and pulled me toward the door. I saw Meatlux kick somebody, then something heavy whomped my left arm and I sat down hard, with wood breaking near my head and Meatlux yelling something that sounded Chinese. When I got to my feet, my arm was numb. It looked like Meatlux had knocked a couple of guys down—they were rolling on the floor—and everybody else was yelling without going near him. My left arm wouldn't move, so the best thing I could figure was to go for the steel whip with my right hand. I got it out OK, but before I was ready to hit anything with it, all the noise stopped.

DuPree had pulled his knife. He stood in a half-crouch in the doorway, his back toward the street.

"Whenever you're finished, Meat. I got the door."

The Dominicans kept their distance, everyone waiting for someone else to make the next move. The two on the floor made low groans. Then men began to move, slowly, shifting in the beams that cut like headlights through the room. The light was in my eyes and it was hard to see. The crowd of bats was raised like a thicket.

Over by the bar, an older man was brushing his suit with a whisk broom.

A muscular kid in a V-neck sweater stepped toward me, smiling, the bat resting on his shoulder like he was on deck. He was a lefty. The others inched closer behind him and I could begin to make out the faces. Everybody with some manner of smile, some tight-lipped, some showing teeth. The guy in the white suit was choked up on the bat for the short swing; the fat man had his hands apart as if to bunt; most of the younger guys gripped to hit the long ball.

I wagged my steel whip in front of me, but then it slipped out of my hand, clattered on the floor. I had forgotten to use the wrist strap. A few of the men laughed, and I found myself raising my arms over my head. My left arm wouldn't move, so

all I could do was stick my right in the air.

"Friends," I said.

I heard a few sniggers, and then there was one word that came to me.

"Amigos."

The V-neck kid made a sudden move to his right and swung at Meatlux. Meatlux took the bat away from him and knocked him down with some fancy legwork, the kid on the floor holding his knee and yelling something horrible. The guy in the white suit jabbed me in the chest with the end of his bat, knocked me back against the wall.

"Closing time," DuPree said, and Meatlux moved past me to follow him out the door.

"*Exeunt*, stage rear," Meatlux said. "Farewell, citizens."

I turned to follow, but somebody on the floor grabbed my foot and I stumbled. I had a hand on the doorframe and pulled myself up, then made it up the stairs to the street.

They were already half a block away, DuPree running, Meatlux skating, faster than I could imagine, whooping as they went. I tried to start after them, but there were hands on me. Little hands. Kids. They could have been asking for money, little spic kids with moist hands and those big brown eyes, grabbing my arms. Boys and girls both, their hair cut in bangs and dirt smeared on their faces like in some food-relief poster.

"Mister," they said. "Hey, mister."

I pushed through them and ran. DuPree and Meatlux were a block ahead, getting hard to see in the dim light. My left arm still wouldn't move and I used my right hand to hold it to my side. There was pain in my chest and I had trouble breathing, but I was running just the same. The night scope was still there, bouncing against my chest, the strap cutting into my neck.

When I checked back over my shoulder, I saw there was no one following. Just the group of kids on the sidewalk staring after me. I put my head down and tried to make my feet move faster. When I looked up, DuPree and Meatlux were gone. The truck was only two blocks away, maybe three, I didn't remember. The street was empty ahead. They'd have to come for me. They'd come and get me. I hurt, and it hurt to run, but that would be conditioning, I figured. It was my first time. It was just a matter of getting into shape.

Other prize winners in Playboy's College Fiction Contest: Second prize, "A Jelly of Light," by Steve Watkins, Florida State University, Tallahassee, Florida; Third prize, "Triangulation," by Robert Grindy, Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana; "Paragraphs," by Kerry Hudson, University of Florida, Gainesville, Florida; "Pele's Tears," by Jeff Raines, Stanford University, Stanford, California.



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CHARCOAL MELLOWED FOR SMOOTHNESS

IVY LEAGUE

(continued from page 126)

"Only at Harvard could a 'Women of . . .' pictorial be brought into the international political arena."

According to a *Boston Phoenix* report, a faction of dissenting *Crimson* staffers believed banning PLAYBOY's ad on moral grounds was hypocritical. They reasoned that the *Crimson* runs Citibank ads, even though it's widely known that Citibank does business in South Africa. Only at Harvard could a *Women of . . .* pictorial be brought into the international political arena.

While Brown University oarsmen gently paddled up the Seekonk River, something a bit more turbulent was happening on campus in Providence: Brown was going through a sexual-identity crisis. Rocked by national headlines exposing a prostitution ring involving some Brown students, Brunonians were experiencing a public sort of sexual awakening. David Letterman made nationally televised jokes, and Chan's presence on campus did little to still the choppy waters. At the Sara Doyle Women's Center, students were, as expected, protesting PLAYBOY's visit. One senior was putting together a "feminist pornography journal" called *Positions* that was intended to "allow women to consume pornography in a nonalienated state." In a particularly scathing *Providence Journal* editorial, David Brussat came to PLAYBOY's

defense, declaring that women in the magazine "are not degraded, rather, exalted." He went on to argue that the feminist view garners much of its support from what he called a "paradigm of economics." And all because we wanted to snap a few pictures.

By the time Chan was packing his camera for the trip to New Haven, Yale's *Daily News* was already being "absolutely flooded with mail from both sides," the managing editor told *The New York Times*. But at the Yale Women's Center, angry students were taking perhaps the craftiest action yet. Drawing up a budget of \$12,000 (\$1500 from each Ivy League school), Women's Center members were planning their own *Women of the Ivy League* publication to be distributed simultaneously with PLAYBOY's. They vowed that their version would be "an innovative and constructive contribution to the PLAYBOY debate," containing poetry, photography and short stories by women. We applauded the Yalies' project, even offered to help them with their budget. They turned us down.

It was a little harder to get Columbia University students riled. New York is a pretty busy city, so only a handful turned up to picket outside Chan's hotel. Action was taking place on the pages of *The*

Columbia Spectator, where the board voted nine to one in favor of placing PLAYBOY's ad. In the end, the finest piece of passion appeared on the paper's editorial page: In just three columns, the author, a Columbia alum now with the Associated Press, quoted Alexander Hamilton, cited a Supreme Court decision and neatly drew upon the United States Constitution—all in an effort to warn students that censoring PLAYBOY would ultimately lead to a denial of freedom.

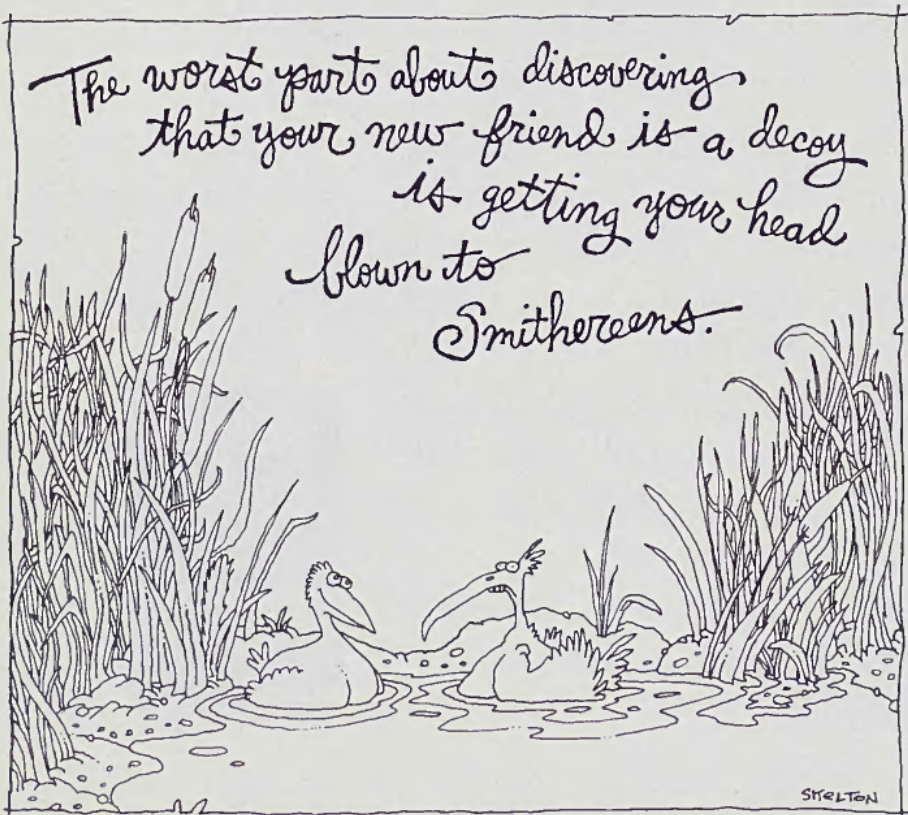
Next came a surprise: In the usually quiet far reaches of Ithaca, New York, Cornell University was making perhaps the loudest statement of any of the Ivies. When Chan arrived, protesting students were up at the crack of dawn, camping outside his hotel room, putting notes on his door, trailing him to breakfast. They rallied in the rain—even put up a street-theater piece in which a character named Mis Ogyne was auctioned off for \$500 (a standard nude-modeling fee). One woman rose above traditional sex-role stereotyping when she replied to an editorial—written by a male—in *The Cornell Daily Sun* condemning PLAYBOY's Ivy rounds. In a letter titled "Speak for Yourself," she told the editorialist: "Get off our backs. Don't flatter yourself by thinking that the women who pose only want a penis out of life. I'm sure they have more important things to worry about." She also bet him he'd buy this issue.

Things at the University of Pennsylvania were fairly routine. PLAYBOY posters were put up and torn down. The *Daily Pennsylvanian* ran Chan's ad and chastised the *Crimson* for pulling it.

By the time the schedule called for Princeton, Chan had to rush off to finish work on last month's *Farmers' Daughters* pictorial, so he relayed the lens to Staff Photographer David Mecey, who found Princeton's Jersey Girls to be the kind who "roller-skated to class with books in hand." And the ones who posed for him, Mecey noted, proved themselves to be conscientious students, studying during their photo-session breaks.

Last stop was Dartmouth College in Hanover, New Hampshire, where under the instruction of the Women's Issues League feminists took a nonparticipatory tactic: They didn't protest, didn't holler, didn't even write letters to the school paper. Result: Only about a dozen Dartmouth women applied—barely half the expected response.

So that was this year's trip up Ivy Lane. To those who lent us a hand as we roamed the hallowed halls, we give our thanks—we couldn't have done it without you. And to those on both sides of the picket lines and editorials, we thank you, too. It's nice to see that in 1986, the student mind works as well as its body. Especially in the Ivies.



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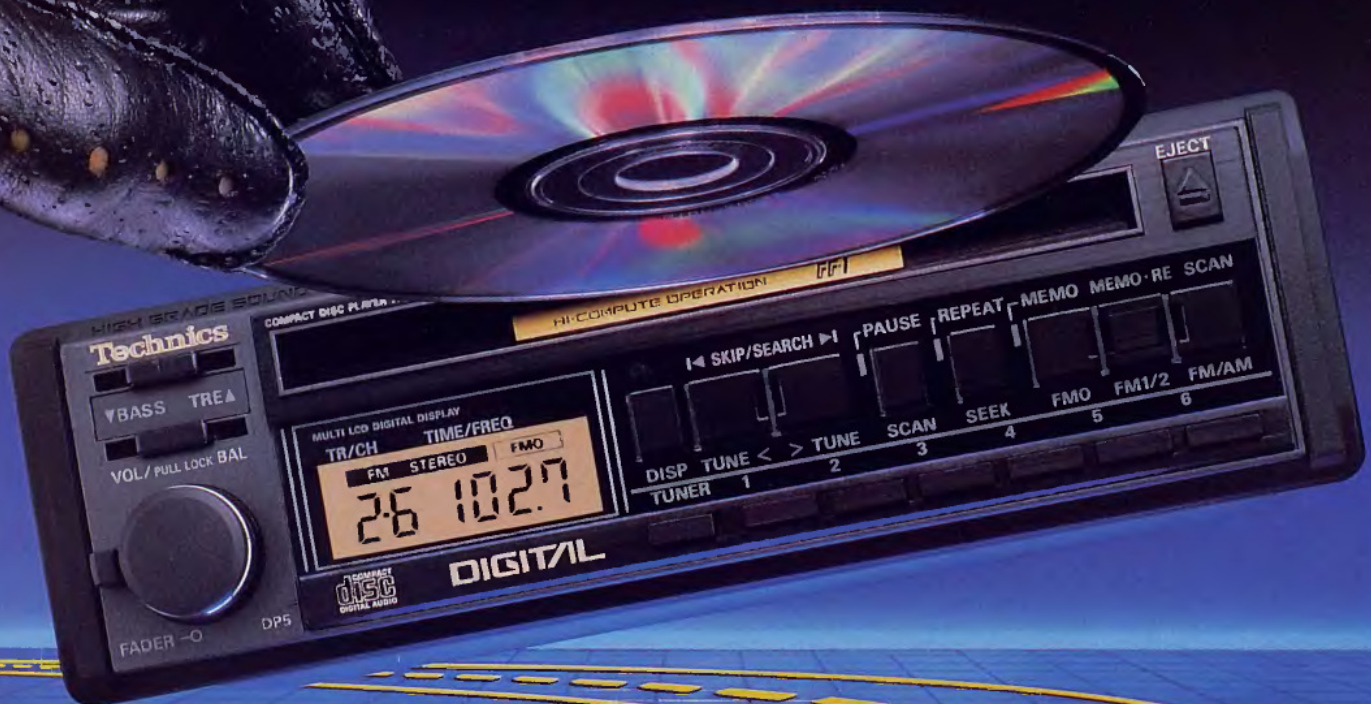
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"Guys say, 'Mr. Mount, I am ticked off at you. You picked So-and-So, when I had a better year.'"

the phone lines conferring with sports-information directors, coaches and scouts. He evaluates each team's prospects with an objective eye, careful to avoid favoring any one team, conference or region. (This would be more difficult if his alma mater were Notre Dame or USC rather than The University of the South, a microdot on the football map located in Sewanee, Tennessee.) Finally—and fittingly for a man known as White Bluff's one gourmet cook—he adds a dash of intuition.

Sometimes he misfires, but more often than not, Anson's aim is true. In 1968, certain that he had found the sleeper All-America of all time, he selected an unknown tackle from North Texas State. A few days after he called the school to invite his pick to Playboy's All-America Weekend, he got a call from the player.

"He wanted to know if I hadn't gotten him confused with some other tackle," Anson recalls. "I told him to get on the plane and come up for the weekend, which he did. Later that year, he sent me a thank-you note. He said he'd had a wonderful time and just hoped I hadn't made a mistake in picking him. The next year, he was the first player chosen by the Steelers in the N.F.L. draft."

The athlete was Joe Greene, later known as Mean Joe Greene, who went on to become, in Anson's words, "the best professional defensive tackle who ever lived."

Anson is fondly remembered by the more than 600 players and coaches he has named Playboy All-Americans, both for the acclaim he has brought them and for the memorable All-America Weekend he hosts every spring. He is less venerated by the players he has passed over. A few years back, PLAYBOY Photography Director Gary Cole saw the airplane seat next to him fill up with Bubba Smith.

"We got to talking," says Cole, "and when Bubba found out I worked for PLAYBOY, he said, 'Listen, do you know Anson Mount? I had two big disappointments in my college career—not going to the Hula Bowl and not getting picked for the Playboy All-America team. I'm still pissed off at that guy.'"

Fortunately for Messrs. Mount and Cole, Smith practices nonviolence off the field.

Then there was the time Anson alienated two Super Bowl quarterbacks in one year. In 1981, he snubbed both Dan Marino and Jim McMahon in favor of John Elway. After that, Marino and McMahon viewed Mount with the same affection they had for defensive backs; but all is forgiven now. Anson mollified Marino by

selecting him in 1982. And last spring, at a reception at Playboy Mansion West, McMahon forgave PLAYBOY when Anson handed him the keys to a new car, having named the Bears' punky Q.B. Playboy's Super Bowl M.V.P.

"Every year, there are three or four super, super players at one position or another," Anson says. "I have to pick one, and the others are disappointed. I'm always running into guys who say, 'Mr. Mount, I am ticked off at you. You picked So-and-So, when I had a better year.' I tell them I'm famous for making mistakes."

As if the challenge of narrowing numerous super, super players down to a handful each year weren't enough, this year we asked Anson to choose his All-Time All-America team. Anson is accustomed to doing the impossible; he gave us a smile and got down to work.

Now that he has completed the most difficult task of his brilliant career, he reminds us that his choices reflect collegiate greatness, not pro performance. He also reminds us that in the process of separating the greatest from the merely great, some Hall of Famers and even Heisman Trophy winners must be left out. Ernie Davis (Syracuse Playboy All-America, 1960 and 1961), for example, does not

appear on Mount's Dream Team. Neither do such famous names as Karras, Riggins, Marinaro, Griffin, Campbell, Flutie, Marino and Elway, though all were chosen on past Playboy teams. Still, in 30 years' worth of All-Americans, a dizzying array of great names surfaces. There are 12 Smiths, eight Browns and a Browner, four Greens and a Greene, five Whites, one Black and a Gray. There are *macho* names such as Billy Cannon and Rock Perdoni, and meek ones such as Jerry Lamb, Cecil Dowdy and Robert Lilly. And if playing name games rings your Bell (Bobby, Theopolis, Mike and Ricky), try our zoological assortment—Randy Rhino, Ronnie Bull, Dan Beaver and, in the aviary, Rodger Bird, Calvin Bird, Dennis Byrd, Paul Crane, John Crow and Lynn Swann, not to mention Ted Hendricks, "The Mad Stork." We would Love (Duval) to continue the name game, but looking for a Nash to go along with Cleveland Crosby, Art Still and Charles Young has made this process a Royal (Darrell) Payne (Jimmy) in the Butz (Dave). Suffice it to say that regardless of the ones who were left out, the men who made Mount's Dream Team would send Chicago's Monsters of the Midway running to hide behind the Fridge.

Congratulations to all the members of the Dream Team, for setting college football's standards of greatness, and to Anson Mount, for all these years of peerless pigskin prognostication. Anson, this Bud's for you.



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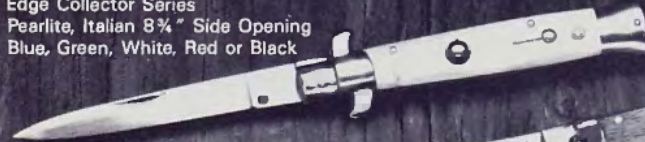
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BEST OF THE HOUSE

(continued from page 148)

by excessive mixing. He also insists on a "thin, fine, stemmed glass" and a pitted olive—no lemon, please.

There are margaritas and margaritas. Chicago's colorful Su Casa distinguishes its version by mixing with Grand Marnier instead of triple sec—for a drier, more complex drink. Manhattan's elegant new Aurora is the handiwork of Joe Baum, who also launched The Four Seasons and Windows on the World. Bartenders squeeze fresh fruit juice for every drink, a typical Baum touch. It makes a significant difference in the Ritz cocktail—Aurora's house specialty.

Recipes for the Ritz and other distinctive draughts follow.

MARTINI ROYALE

From New York's fabulous Felidia Ristorante, an aristocratic martini.

3 to 4 ozs. Beefeater gin

1 demitasse spoon Boissiere dry vermouth

Pitted olive, rinsed

Fill mixing glass about halfway with large ice cubes. Pour in gin and just "a breath" of vermouth. With palm against side of glass, gently swirl contents just until drink is frosty cold—don't overmix. Strain into chilled 5 1/2-oz. martini glass. Plop in olive.

SU CASA GOLDEN MARGARITA

When it comes to margaritas, Chicago's popular Su Casa restaurant has the golden touch.

Salt

1 1/2 ozs. tequila

3/4 oz. Grand Marnier liqueur

3/4 oz. mixed fresh lemon and lime juice

1/4 cup crushed ice

Moisten rim of saucer champagne glass; invert and swirl in salt. Tap glass to remove excess salt; reserve. Combine remaining ingredients in chilled blender container. Whirl briefly and strain into prepared glass.

THE FOUR SEASONS OLD FASHIONED

An old-fashioned way with an old-fashioned drink—The Four Seasons' muddled old-fashioned.

Dash superfine sugar, or to taste

3 dashes Angostura bitters

1 tablespoon water

1 maraschino cherry

1/2 slice orange, with peel

2 1/2 ozs. bourbon

Add sugar, bitters and water to old-fashioned glass. Muddle to dissolve sugar. Add fruit and muddle vigorously—"Muddle the devil out of it," says The Four Seasons' head bartender, Jim Kelly. Place a few ice cubes in glass. Add bourbon, preferred because "it has more body." Stir well.

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THE BURNING BUSH

A flaming concoction from Kitty O'Sheas, a hot new Irish tavern in the Chicago Hilton.

1½ ozs. Old Bushmills Irish whiskey
Float of *sambuca*
3 roasted coffee beans
Pour Old Bushmills into small snifter and float *sambuca* on top. Add coffee beans and ignite with match. Quench the flame before you drink, of course.

THE STANFORD COURT APRICOT SOUR

Jim Nassikas, proprietor of the fabled Stanford Court Hotel in San Francisco, labels this drink the world's greatest pick-me-up.

1½ ozs. apricot-flavored brandy
1 oz. fresh lemon juice
¼ teaspoon superfine sugar
¾ oz. Hennessy cognac
Shake first 3 ingredients briskly with ice. Really rock the shaker. Strain over fresh ice in old fashioned glass. Float cognac on top and serve immediately.

MARKET SOUR

Sours can be listless drinks, but the one served at the World Trade Center's Market Bar has real snap. Wild Turkey bourbon, 101 proof, gives the drink richer aroma and flavor. Honey, used instead of sugar, smooths out the potent spirit.

2 ozs. Wild Turkey 101-proof bourbon (or Old Grand-Dad 100-proof bonded)
1½ teaspoons honey
1 oz. fresh lemon juice
1½ cups ice cubes
Orange slice, ¼ in. thick, for garnish
Stir bourbon, honey and lemon juice in cocktail shaker until honey is completely dissolved. Add ice cubes and shake vigorously. Pour, unstrained, into 14-oz. old fashioned glass. Garnish with orange slice.

RITZ COCKTAIL

Aurora's sparkling Ritz cocktail, as prepared by head bartender Dale DeGross.

Juice of ½ lemon, freshly squeezed
½ oz. Cointreau
2 ozs. cognac
Orange-peel segment, 1½ ins. x ¾ in.
Champagne, chilled
Pour lemon juice, Cointreau and cognac over ice cubes in chilled mixing pitcher. (DeGross specifies large square cubes, because there's less dilution.) Stir very well. Strain into large chilled cocktail glass. Hold orange peel between thumb and forefinger of one hand; hold lighted match in other hand and bring close to orange peel. Snap peel sharply to expel oils, which will flare and spark. Now drop peel into glass. Top with generous splash of champagne.

THE BEVERLY WILSHIRE BANANGO

The Beverly Wilshire hotel, a Beverly Hills landmark, is famous for its lively drinks and lovely movie stars. Here's an exotic B.W. potion that regulars sip while surveying the room's natural beauties.

1½ ozs. light rum
6 ozs. mango juice, chilled
¾ oz. crème de banane
Slice papaya and mint sprig, for garnish

Fill 12-oz. hurricane glass or large wineglass with ice cubes. Pour in rum. Add mango juice to within about ½ in. of rim. Stir well. Float crème de banane on top. Decorate with papaya and mint.

TRADER VIC'S LA FLORIDA DAIQUIRI

According to the late Vic Bergeron, a.k.a. the Trader, the secret of this daiquiri is squeezing the lime by hand—not with a squeezer. That way, he said, you get the aromatic oils of the peel into the drink.

2 ozs. white Puerto Rican rum
1 teaspoon superfine sugar
1 teaspoon maraschino liqueur
Juice of 1 small lime, hand squeezed
¼ cup chopped ice

Place all ingredients in chilled blender container. Buzz until almost smooth. Pour into chilled saucer champagne glass or wineglass. Serve with short straws.

RITZ FIZZ

The Bar at the Boston Ritz-Carlton has been a hangout for Boston Brahmins and Harvard collegians since it opened in 1933. The Ritz Fizz, a kind of champagne cocktail, is a current favorite.

Champagne, chilled
1 dash amaretto
1 dash blue curaçao
1 dash lemon juice
Rose petal, optional, for garnish
Fill flute champagne glass about ¾ full with champagne. Add amaretto, curaçao and lemon juice. Stir gently to mix. Add

more champagne, to fill. Stir once. Garnish if desired.

HARD ROCK SPECIAL

From the Hard Rock Café just off London's Piccadilly, called by some the cradle of England's cocktail boom.

1 part vodka
1 part gin
1 part white rum
1 part triple sec
2 parts lemon juice
1 part sugar syrup (or 1 tablespoon superfine sugar)

Cola
Shake all ingredients but cola, briskly, without ice. Pour over ice cubes in tall glass. Top off with splash of cola. Stir once.

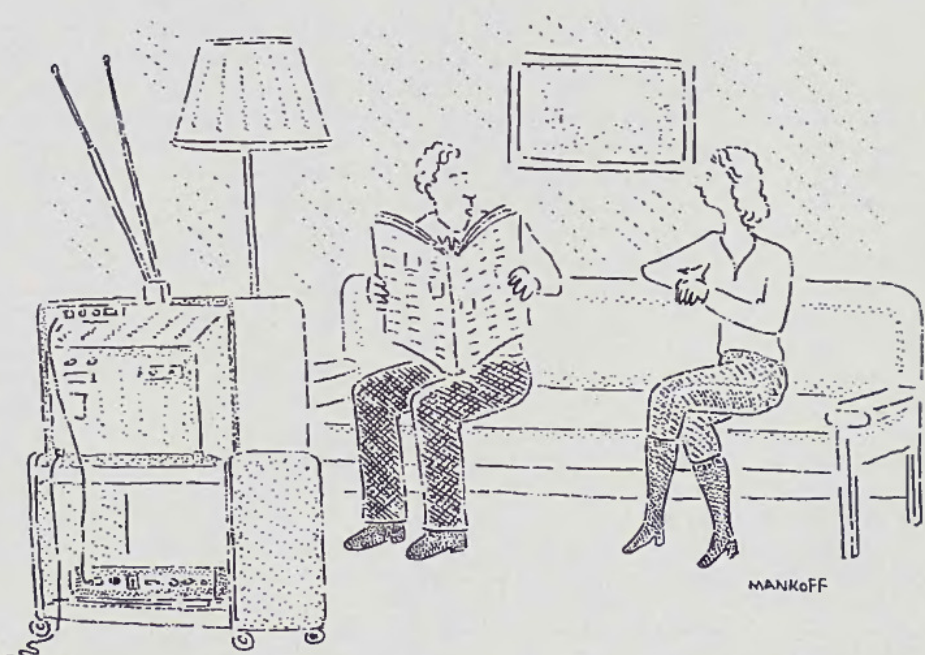
LE RUTH'S BARRACUDA

A lively pre-prandial sip from the respected LeRuth's, Gretna, Louisiana. Originated by the restaurant's chef and co-owner, Lee LeRuth.

½ oz. Galliano
1 oz. Southern Comfort
1 oz. pineapple juice
¼ oz. lime juice
1 teaspoon superfine sugar, optional
Champagne, chilled
Slice lime and cherry, for garnish

Add first 5 ingredients to shaker with ice and agitate vigorously. Strain over fresh ice in goblet. Add a good belt of champagne—about 3 ozs. or to taste. Decorate with fruit.

Cocktails afford innovative bartenders—amateur and professional—opportunities to create interesting tipples. Hey—let's all drink to that!



"Would you rather watch a rerun of a program we missed but taped and never got around to watching, or the tape itself?"

PHIL COLLINS *(continued from page 64)*

“When they have those polls about the most attractive men, good old Woody Allen comes out on top.”

PLAYBOY: What did your parents do?

COLLINS: At that time, my mother managed a toy shop. My father was manager of an insurance company. He's the only one in the family who has ever had a real job. Even now, my sister is a theatrical agent and my brother a cartoonist, and he actually contributes to *PLAYBOY*. We were lower working class, I guess, but I have good memories—Sunday-afternoon lunches with friends of the family. After lunch, I would always go upstairs and play drums in my bedroom, which was above the living room. I was very young when I got a toy drum like most kids get, only the novelty never wore off. Then they made me a drum kit when I was five—metal poles with drums attached. I'd sit down and bang away.

PLAYBOY: What do you remember as the first music to make an impression on you?

COLLINS: Definitely, the Beatles. I used to stand in front of a mirror with a tennis racket, pretending to be John Lennon. Still do. When I first heard the Beatles, I went out and bought each album as it came out. There was other music in the house—my sister was listening to Tommy Steele, who was sort of the English James Dean—but the Beatles were really it for me.

I played for people from when I was five or six until I was maybe 14. By the time I was maybe 12, I had a regular drum kit. My father's boat club had these shows every Thursday night, and I used to play drums in the shows, accompanying an organist and some singing.

PLAYBOY: There's an image of drummers' being the shy ones, sort of in the back, hiding behind the drums. Anything to that?

COLLINS: Not in my case. I wasn't shy at all. I was acting at this point, as well. My mom had left the toy shop and got involved in an agency for kid actors. She sent me on an audition for a production of *Oliver!* and I got a lead role. The headmaster at my grammar school said, “Well done, boy, but you can't do it, because your schooling will suffer.” So I had to choose between school and a theatrical school and the job. So I left. I did the play for seven months. I got £15 a week and it led to other auditions. I did some TV plays and a few movies—I was an extra in *A Hard Day's Night*, by the way, though you can never see me, and then in *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang*.

PLAYBOY: At that time, England had the Mods and the rockers. Were you either one?

COLLINS: I was a Mod. That meant we listened to The Who and Motown music and

we wore our hair a certain way and wore Mod clothes. I did all that, though I never had the motorcycle and I didn't like beating up rockers. I've had only about four fights in my life.

PLAYBOY: During that time in theatrical school, when you were acting, were you drumming?

COLLINS: I was in a school band called The Real Thing. My ex-wife was one of the singers in the band. So I did this alongside the acting. I finally took the exams after school to give you credentials for a job and I passed only three. I'm a bright person, but I didn't take it very seriously. When I was studying, *Younger than Yesterday*, by the Byrds, was out; I was interested in that scene, not the exams. We were precocious theatrical students. Didn't have time for exams. It was then that I decided to stop acting as well and just become a drummer. My mom and dad were very annoyed with me when I stopped acting; my mom kept getting acting calls for me and I was saying no. My dad was angry because he had been very proud to show me off to his friends as being an actor in the West End and there was this bad press about rock groups and drugs and orgies. As if that was where I was headed. . . . It's a shame, because he never saw me successful at this—music. He died before any of this started. What a shame. . . . all those times I was upstairs, playing the drums or listening to records, he'd just come home from work and we'd pass in the stairway or something. It wasn't like there was disinterest, but that was just the way we did it. He'd go off to watch television and I'd be upstairs. Anyway, I wish he could have seen that I didn't become a drug maniac or anything. That the music led somewhere. That it was OK that I quit acting.

PLAYBOY: Though at first it wasn't.

COLLINS: Yeah, I was in a number of unsuccessful bands. Finally, I read an ad for an audition for a drummer for Genesis. This was 1970. About '73 or so, I met Andrea, my girlfriend from school, and we got married. Peter [Gabriel] left in '75. I was divorced in '78. Genesis has been the constant now for 15 years.

PLAYBOY: You and Andrea had two children before you broke up; you've obviously written about that period.

COLLINS: Yes. *Please Don't Ask* on the album *Duke* was written about that time: “Please don't ask me how I feel, I feel fine / Oh, I cry a bit, don't sleep too good, but I'm fine. . . .” That one. “I know that the kids are well, you're a mother to the world / But I miss my boy / I hope he's

good as gold. . . .” I used to look at Simon when he was very young, sound asleep in his cot, and think, He doesn't realize what is happening. He doesn't realize I'm not going to be here. I got more upset by that than anything. Thank God they understand more as they get older. After the initial wounded pride of being the one jilted, the thing that stuck was the kids.

PLAYBOY: You wrote *Doesn't Anybody Stay Together Anymore?* Are you planning to give the song a new answer?

COLLINS: You know, I was very happily married to Jill, my present wife, when I wrote it, but I had been divorced, my manager was getting divorced, a couple of good friends were getting divorced, and I thought, What's going on? Doesn't anybody stay together anymore? The song came from that. In the old days, people were manacled together by Victorian principles. You stayed together and had a mistress. That went to “If this doesn't work, let's forget about it and try again.”

PLAYBOY: Then do you try not to get bitter over relationships?

COLLINS: The key is communicating. So many times in a relationship, one person is doing something or saying something he or she doesn't really mean and the other person is reacting to that. It is being able to say, “I didn't mean that,” having the guts to say, “I was wrong.” People move farther and farther apart and—bang!—you cut the cord. The point is to get wiser. People are very complex. We get so hurt, so self-absorbed that we don't even see the other person. But it comes down to the fact that you get only one life, unless you get into the other theories on that one, and you may as well be as happy as you can be while you're living it. I agree that there's no reason to stay with a marriage if you're going to go home and get beaten up every night. And sometimes people are happier apart. But an awful lot of people split up because they have failed to communicate.

PLAYBOY: Does a singer of your, uh, generation have groupies?

COLLINS: Well, they tell me my fans range from young kids to adults. In Britain, my female fans are probably older, middle-aged housewives. In America, it's probably 15-, 16- and 17-year-olds. To be honest, if I go shopping with my wife in Los Angeles, where we spend more time than anywhere else in America, mothers, girls of 16 and everything in between will come up. I've had 16-year-olds come up and ask me for an autograph for their mothers. I like it fine.

PLAYBOY: Are you surprised to be viewed as a sex symbol?

COLLINS: Yeah, but, see, I have this theory. You know, when they have those polls about the most attractive men, somehow good old Woody Allen always comes out on top. That saves the day for me. He's more consistently up there than someone like Tom Selleck or Don Johnson, who



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are the traditional good-looking chaps. He beats them because of personality. His sense of humor is far more important than anything else. I probably tend to do better than others because of my personality, rather than my intense good looks.

PLAYBOY: One critic wrote that you looked like a dad.

COLLINS: Somehow, I'm called that a lot. I'm not sure how to take it. I wear baggy trousers and sometimes the waist is up to my chest. That must look like a dad. Also, I'm sensible, I suppose, like a dad.

PLAYBOY: Two of your admirers are Prince Charles and Princess Diana. What is it like to have royal fans?

COLLINS: Diana was first a fan of my music because of the romantic side, you know, the ballads. When I saw her one of the first times, she said, "I love *Separate Lives*," and I told her I'd send her a copy. She told me she already had one. Once I actually gave them a complete set of the Genesis albums and the next concert I played, she came up afterward and asked, "Why didn't you play more from *A Trick of the*

Tail?" I mean, she actually had *listened* to the things and remembered the songs we hadn't played. Anyway, she is a very, very attractive lady, far more attractive in person than in photographs. And he comes off as a really decent man. He really tries his best, I think. A good chap.

PLAYBOY: You have a lot of other celebrity fans. Go ahead and name-drop.

COLLINS: Shall I? All right. Jack Nicholson showed up at a show in Los Angeles. And it was the same night as a Lakers game. Tom Selleck has come and paid scalpers \$100 for tickets. When Audrey Hepburn came up and introduced herself to me at the Academy Awards, I was, like, speechless. And she asked me for my autograph for her son. Kathleen Turner came up and said she was a big fan. Michael Caine asked to be introduced to me. Meryl Streep was sitting with Jessica Lange. I thought of going over and saying something about how fantastic she was in *Out of Africa*, but I was too embarrassed. Finally, my wife told me, "Go on. She would probably love to know how you

felt." Finally, I did and she said, "Well, look who's finally come up and said hello to me." I don't mean to sound bragging when I say this, because I don't mean it like that. I'm just blown away that people I see on television, these movie stars, these people I admire, come to see *me*!

PLAYBOY: And you haven't fathomed that you're a superstar?

COLLINS: Not one bit. I just don't think of myself as a star. This is what I do for a living. I'm fortunate that I make ends meet. . . .

PLAYBOY: More than make ends meet.

COLLINS: Well, that I make a good living doing it.

PLAYBOY: What *has* the money meant?

COLLINS: If I ever really want something, I say to myself, "I've worked for this. I should be able to have it." I used to save and save and save and not spend anything, because I feared that when I was 50 or 60, I'd need the money. I still have that in me. It used to be that I wouldn't consider going with Eric to shop and buy a suit that cost £1000. Now, once in a blue moon, I might do it. But we still try to live on a budget. Jill draws X amount of money at the beginning of each week and that lasts until the beginning of the next week.

PLAYBOY: But if she runs out, she can go back to the well, can't she?

COLLINS: Yeah. But at the beginning of every week, I ask her, "Did you draw the money out this week?" I mean, boring, terribly boring, normal stuff. But, in fact, we both have rather modest tastes. Even our hobbies are relatively inexpensive. She collects ladies' compacts and Bakelite dishes; I collect tin toys and flying ducks. My car is five years old. Eric keeps trying to get me to buy a Ferrari, but I wouldn't feel comfortable in a Ferrari. The car I've got goes fine. It's an old friend to me. So the main thing about the money is that it gives me comfort to think that if I were to lose a leg tomorrow, I wouldn't have to worry. Meantime, I'm no big spender.

PLAYBOY: Rock 'n' roll once was a young man's game; but you've been called one of the few adult rock stars. How do you react to being called such a terrible thing?

COLLINS: At least it isn't calling me uglier than George Orwell. It makes me sound awfully middle of the road, though, like Barry Manilow, who has been in this interview half a dozen times now. But I guess the point is that you can be an adult and that doesn't mean you are boring. It's a comfort to know that you can grow up and still feel things deeply, still have something to say.

PLAYBOY: And if you were to write some new songs based on what you're feeling these days?

COLLINS: I guess they'd be pretty happy songs. Does that sound boring? Hmm. . . . Well, it's not. You'll see. You'll hear.



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THE 4TH DIMENSION

(continued from page 88)

car, the MX-03, that features a 315-hp, turbocharged, three-rotor rotary engine hooked up to a full-time all-drive system. BMW has already grafted a four-wheel-drive system under the floor pan of the European version of the 325i. We'll eventually see an all-drive BMW in the U.S. Peugeot has entered international rally competition with a 430-hp, mid-engine, Beetle-size all-drive based loosely on the 205 GTI and is seriously considering introducing an all-drive version of the 505 sedan. Ford of Europe has introduced an all-drive Scorpio on the Continent, but when the Scorpio is introduced in the U.S. next spring, it will appear as a conventional two-wheel-drive car. Last year, Chrysler trotted out a four-wheel-drive, 16-valve, turbocharged version of the Shelby at a press introduction, but a production version of that car is pure conjecture at this point. Of all the world's car makers, G.M. has been the least active—publicly, at any rate—in producing either production or experimental 4x4 passenger cars. But with increasing market pressures, that may change overnight.

Although the drums of progress are beating loudly for the performance 4x4s,

the traditional off-road vehicles haven't stopped evolving into ever more refined vehicles. A.M.C. recently retired the CJ7. It's been replaced by the Wrangler, a 4x4 in the tradition of the CJ7 but more modern and civilized than its bone-crunching predecessor. In 1987, it will be powered by a new 4.0-liter, six-cylinder engine that delivers about 50 percent more poke. Mitsubishi is rumored to be working on a performance 4x4 but is currently offering only the Montero 4x4, a sport/utility vehicle with excellent off-road capability. And Isuzu continues with the Trooper II, a tough 4x4 cult car with automatic-locking front hubs that's also available in a plusher LS version.

Toyota is being very cautious about this market. The all-drive passenger vehicle currently in the line-up is the Tercel wagon. The Toyota 4Runner, its 4x4 truck, is mainly an off-road/utility vehicle. Next year, its van is rumored to go all-drive.

It's safe to say that in the near future, virtually every car maker will produce at least one all-drive car line just to stay competitive. Chances are you'll probably find yourself needing to get one just to stay competitive on the off ramps and in the stop-light drag races.



"It's National Condom Week? I thought it was National Diaphragm Week."

WENDYO.

(continued from page 70)

to do a pictorial," she said cheerfully. "I have lists of things I've always wanted to do, so I'll give you number one: I'm gonna walk on the wing of a plane. At 400 feet. Naked." Those within earshot of Cohen later testified that his only response was a slightly muffled gulp.

Wendy O. Williams, by her own admission, has always been a little off the wall. Although her first gig (at the age of six) was winning a tap-dancing contest that landed her on the *Howdy Doody* talent show, there was still something . . . well . . . weird about her. "When I was a little kid, I liked to smash things," she says as a way of explaining her destruction fetish—a fetish that once included a "world tour of blowing up cars in choice cities." Nowadays, that obsession, like Wendy, has grown into womanhood: "Smashing expensive things makes me come."

The rockin' road to stardom hasn't been an easy one for Wendy. In fact, it's been eight years of blood, sweat and gas-powered chain saws. She went through 14 musicians with *The Plasmatics* ("I go through musicians the way I go through cars") to get to the "speed metal" sound of her new three-piece band. But it's been worth it: Her new LP, *Kommander of Kaos*, on which there's a cut called *Work That Muscle, Fuck That Booty*, has been highly applauded by Britain's *Kerrang!* magazine.

So this is the lady who wanted to walk on a wing—without a net, without a harness, without insurance and without a care. The locale, it was decided, would be the jagged western coast line of Mexico, due south of Manzanillo. Why complicate an already treacherous stunt by doing it over rocky cliffs? "Simple," replied Wendy. "It was the most dangerous spot we could find."

The aircraft—a World War Two Stearman biplane—took off at dawn. At the helm was Chuck Wentworth, known to be one of the best stunt pilots in Hollywood. And flying shotgun was Wendy O. Williams. As it turned out, she wasn't entirely naked. Her manager, Rod Swenson, insisted that she wear a parachute (though at the low altitude of 400 feet, a parachute would have been less than effective). So in return, Wendy demanded one other bit of legendary apparel: her trademark, leather chaps.

There was little conversation on the ride up, for a couple of reasons, really. First, not everyone was sure this was such a smart idea. "I think we underestimated the feat," Swenson would later say. "It was almost a suicide mission—like Fitzcarraldo pushing the boat over the mountain." Swenson, who produced the actual



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shoot, wasn't exaggerating. Wendy had had no real training. Sure, she'd taken an . . . er . . . crash course at Skydive Deland, a training school in Florida. "But this was something you couldn't really rehearse," said Swenson. "And, well, only a handful of pros had ever attempted a wing walk, and they were men. Strong men."

The lack of chatter in the cockpit could also have been due to the adrenal rush Wendy was experiencing. "I'm an adrenaline freak," she confesses with an almost junkie-esque pride (though she'll sternly

add that she *never* does drugs). "But before I perform a stunt, I can't talk. I can't eat. I can't do anything. I'm nuts—I'm outa my mind."

So here's the rundown: We're at 400 feet. A half-naked rock star sits in the cockpit of an antique biplane, looking out over the Mexican coast line. She glances across to the photographers' plane several hundred feet away and sees the man behind the camera wave his hand—a simple gesture that performers of Wendy's caliber recognize as one thing only: a cue. Zero hour. Time to move. Luckily for us, Wendy is pretty professional in this

department, too: "I don't hesitate. Before a concert, I'll appear calm and quiet, and then, suddenly, I'll explode."

So she stepped out onto the wing. The first thing she noticed was the wind. Given the altitude, the speed of the plane and the highly dangerous "prop draft," Wendy found herself somewhat overwhelmed: "You can't compare that wind to anything. It was stronger than, say, if you were lying—no, *standing*—on the roof of a car going 80 miles per hour. I was *vibrating*."

She then started to make her way across. "You can't step right onto the wing of a plane," she explains in an oh-so-pro manner, "or you'd go right through. So I had to walk along its reinforced edges, holding on to the struts and anything else I could get my hands on. If I had let go, I would've been whipped right off. I felt my toes grabbing the wing right through my sneakers." (Which reminds us: No special stunt shoes for Wendy—just plain ol' Reeboks.) "The only thing that pulled me across that wing was fucking desire. I was an animal working on instinct. My mind was out the window."

Then, suddenly, while her somewhat nervous photographers clicked away, Wendy began to enjoy herself. Intensely. "Being dragged around with the wind beating on me was one of the most sensuous feelings in the world—a real rush. See, I've got a real tight body," she continued—as if she really believes she needs to explain her sexiness—"so the wind wasn't painful. In fact, it was a real turn-on. It's sorta like fucking: You can *tell* people about fucking, but they won't understand till they actually *do* it."

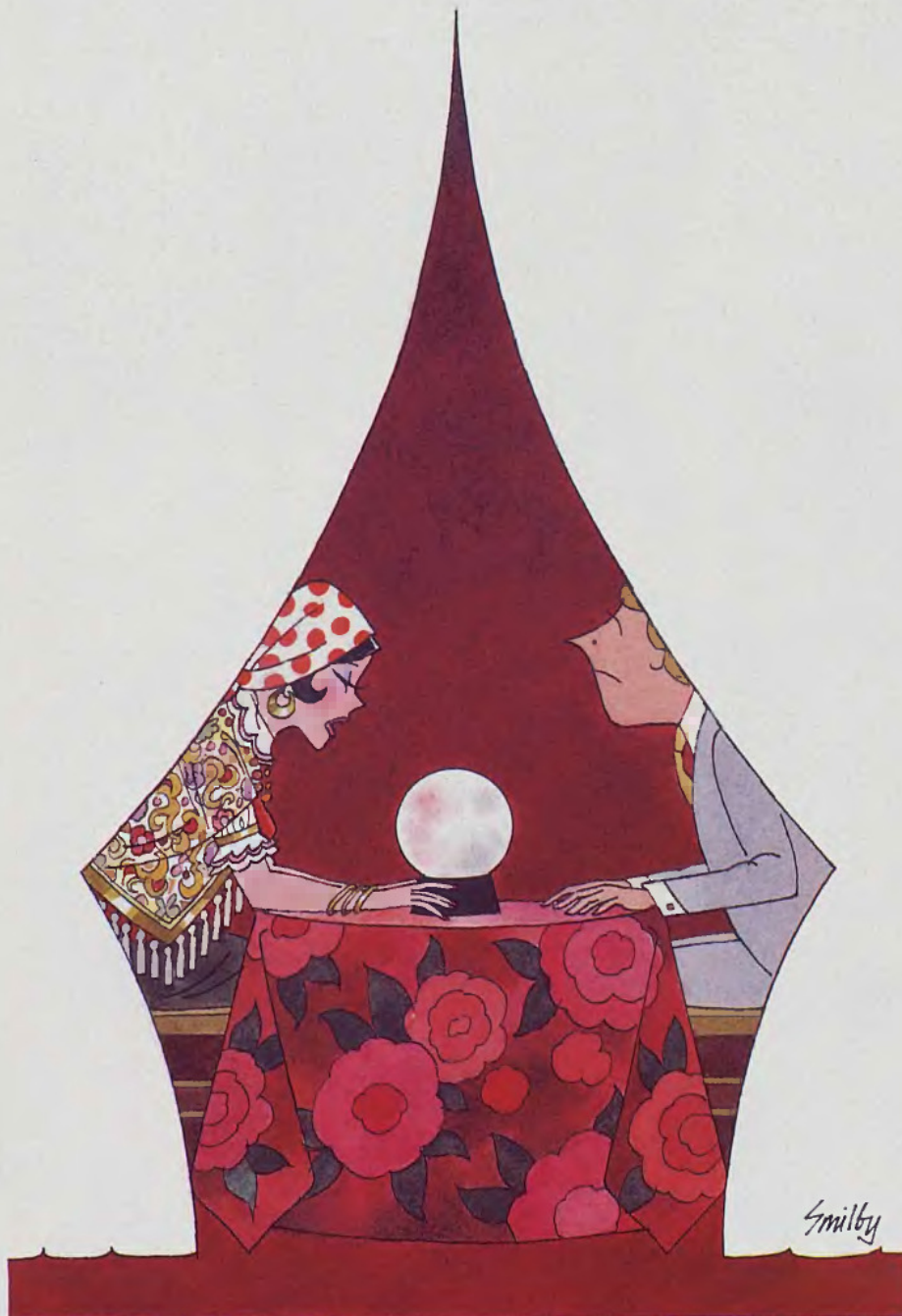
Well, she brought it up. So we asked the question that had occurred to us when we first saw the shots: "How turned on were you, Wendy? Did you want to jump your boyfriend the minute you touched down?"

Her answer was typical Wendy O.: With a bit of a smirk, she cracked: "You mean, did it make me horny? I'm *always* horny."

Eventually, it was time for the grand finale—a 12,000-foot free fall—and it actually took a bit of hollering, we later learned, to get Wendy up and ready for it. There she was, perched on the edge, oblivious to everything but the onrushing horizon. "It was gorgeous up there," she said. "The photographers were sweatin' and I was groovin'."

"I have dreams at night that I'm flying—that I step off a building or something, and I actually fly. So I wake up with this feeling that stays with me all day. I want everybody to get off on the pictures as much as I got off doing the stunt."

And then, with a shrug, she added, "It's great to get off."



"You will become wealthy, travel across water, meet a beautiful, raven-haired woman and contract a social disease."



PIGSKIN PREVIEW

(continued from page 142)

one of the nation's best.

Florida will have depth problems this season because of the scholarship limitation imposed by the N.C.A.A. Success will depend on whether or not the starters can stay healthy. Quarterback Kerwin Bell, a remarkable young man who went to Florida without a scholarship, is the team's most valuable player.

Coach Jerry Claiborne's success in his rebuilding job at Kentucky is admirable, and the Wildcats could be the league's big surprise this year. Their schedule is favorable (seven home games) and incoming freshman Al Baker, a hot-shot runner, could make big contributions by mid-season.

New Vanderbilt coach Watson Brown arrived in Nashville last winter amid hoopla suitable for the Second Coming. An offensive genius, he has instilled a contagious new enthusiasm in his players and installed a new option attack. Fullback Carl Woods will score a lot of points if a shaky offensive line can be shored up.

Mississippi State was a big disappointment to its fans last year and new coach Rocky Felker may need a couple of years to shape things up. His main concern this season is the defensive unit, which is woefully short of quality players. Quarterback Don Smith is highly skilled, but the schedule he faces is gruesome.

The Mississippi offensive unit will be very young and inexperienced. Coach Billy Brewer will use two quarterbacks, Chris Osgood and Mark Young. Playboy All-America punter Bill Smith will be invaluable, keeping opponents at the far end of the field.

Maryland will take the Atlantic Coast Conference championship if an effective quarterback can be discovered. Fortunately, there are good prospects: Both Drew Komlo and Neil O'Donnell have rifle arms. The defense should be strong enough to give the young quarterback and offensive line time to mature.

If Maryland falters, Clemson, with 53 returning lettermen, will take over. The Tigers' main strength will once again be the defense, but their attack unit could be explosive by midseason if supertailback Kenny Flowers and tight end Jim Riggs live up to expectations.

The defense was the key to Georgia Tech's impressive record in 1985, but with only three of those defensive starters on this year's roster, it will be difficult for the Jackets to duplicate that performance. If an adequate new quarterback materializes, the offense could be very productive. There are talented receivers and runners in camp and John Davis, one of the nation's best tackles, anchors a strong offensive line.

The North Carolina team suffered from youth and inexperience last year, but that won't be so big a problem this time. The



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Tar Heels' passing game will be excellent, partly because the offensive line, led by tackle Harris Barton, will be bigger, stronger and more protective.

North Carolina State has suffered three consecutive 3-8 seasons, but squad morale is now higher than it has been in years, because incoming coach Dick Sheridan has installed new offensive and defensive systems and has convinced the players that the future is bright. All-Conference quarterback Erik Kramer will again lead the offense, which will probably keep the scoreboard operator busy. The Wolfpack has all the ingredients to be a dark-horse team.

If there is no recurrence of the injuries that devastated the Wake Forest team last fall, its offensive prospects are bright. Talented runner Darryl McGill will benefit from the blocking of a veteran offensive line. Defensively, though, the outlook is bleak: Eight of last year's starters are gone.

Virginia coach George Welsh must do a major rebuilding job on his offensive unit, because only three of last year's starters remain. Fortunately, one of them is top-grade quarterback Don Majkowski.

Coach Steve Sloan's rebuilding program at Duke is progressing apace, but the Blue Devils are a year away from a winning season. Three consecutive bumper crops of recruits could mature enough to make Duke formidable by season's end. Look for freshman tailback T. J. Edwards to make a big splash his first year.

Miami won ten games last year and will

be much improved this season. The Hurricanes are experienced and have depth everywhere, not to mention speed and outstanding ability. Quarterback Vinny Testaverde and center Gregg Rakoczy, both Playboy All-Americans, are the nation's best at their positions, and a half dozen other players could qualify for All-American honors.

Florida State will also be improved in almost every area. Its kicking game overall will be among the best in the nation. The running backs are deep and explosive and the linebackers are awe-inspiring. Young quarterback Chip Ferguson will be a superstar before he graduates. The Seminoles' only weakness, barring the discovery of qualified new starters, will be their offensive line.

South Carolina had a very disappointing season in 1985 because of a debilitating rash of injuries. The good news for this year is that many young players who were unexpectedly forced into action then have gained valuable experience. Coach Joe Morrison has installed a run-and-shoot offense, the better to utilize the spectacular abilities of new quarterback Todd Ellis, who will probably be All-Everything by his senior year.

Southern Mississippi faces the toughest schedule in its history. The Golden Eagles' major assets will be their running attack and kicking game. The defensive line, on the other hand, is thin and green.

This could be an off year at Virginia Tech. The offensive line, the defensive backfield and the quarterback crew were

guttured by graduation. The bright spots will be a tough and experienced defensive line and a superb pair of tailbacks, Maurice Williams and Eddie Hunter.

Tulane won only one game in 1985, but its prospects are brighter and its schedule less demanding this year. The Green Wave's formerly inept running game will be much better and the receiving corps is excellent.

Charlie Bailey, the new Memphis State coach, faces a difficult rebuilding job. Last year's team won only two games. His first priority will be finding a new quarterback, though freshman Andy Whitwell will probably win the job.

East Carolina faces another suicidal schedule, but last year's weak passing game will be upgraded by a promising group of new wide receivers.

THE MIDWEST

BIG TEN

Michigan	10-1	Indiana	6-5
Ohio State	9-2	Illinois	5-6
Michigan State	8-3	Purdue	5-6
Iowa	8-3	Wisconsin	5-6
Minnesota	7-4	Northwestern	4-7

MID-AMERICAN CONFERENCE

Miami (Ohio)	10-1	Toledo	4-7
Central Michigan	8-2	Ball State	4-7
Eastern Michigan	7-4	Ohio University	3-8
Bowling Green	6-5	Kent State	3-8
Western Michigan	5-6		

INDEPENDENTS

Notre Dame	7-4	Northern Illinois	6-5
Cincinnati	7-4	Louisville	5-6

ALL-MIDWEST: Rivers, Morris, Elliott, Jokisch (Michigan); Maggs, Carter, Spielman (Ohio State); White, Ingram, Bullough (Michigan State); D. Croston, Drost (Iowa); Holmes, Dusbabek (Minnesota); Riley (Indiana); Davis (Illinois); Woodson (Purdue); Emery, Gruber (Wisconsin); Greenfield (Northwestern); Swarn (Miami); B. Williams (Central Michigan); Johnson (Eastern Michigan); Bayless (Bowling Green); Garalczyk (Western Michigan); Inglis (Toledo); Dietrich (Ball State); Brandon (Ohio University); Curtis (Kent State); Banks, Brown, Kovaleski (Notre Dame); Taylor, Gordon (Cincinnati); Peat (Northern Illinois); Battaglia (Louisville).



"Come on, Richard, don't take it so hard. You're a warm, caring, supportive person. Me, I just want to get laid."

This looks like the year that Michigan will win the national championship. The defense will again be ominous and the offensive unit will be better, because eight starters, including all the skilled position players, return. Another plus is last spring's bumper crop of recruits. The Wolverines have a good psychological situation, because there are no nationally acclaimed superstars to dominate press attention and disrupt team harmony.

Just as last year, Ohio State's main difficulty is a less-than-dominant defensive unit. The offense, however, with quarterback Jim Karsatos throwing to receiver Cris Carter, could be spectacular. Carter is the best receiver in the school's history. Curiously, the Buckeyes lack a power back, a rare shortage at Ohio State.

Look for offensive fireworks at Michigan State. Tailback Lorenzo White is a genuine



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Heisman Trophy candidate, and the passing attack, with gem receivers Mark Ingram and Andre Rison, looks superb. The bad news is that graduation took a heavy toll on the offensive line.

Iowa's offensive line, conversely, led by Playboy All-America Dave Croston, will be excellent. That's fortunate, because new quarterback Mark Vlasic will need protection while he learns to replace Chuck Long. Guard Bob Kratch is a budding superstar.

New Minnesota coach John Gutekunst's main concern will be improving the Gophers' passing attack. The rushing offense will again be very good and the defensive unit, with returning starters and quality backups, will intimidate most opponents.

Coach Bill Mallory's rebuilding job at Indiana is making impressive progress, but the Hoosiers' perennial disadvantage, a thin and porous defense, still exists. Luckily, 17 of last season's 22 starters are back. Golden-toed kicker Pete Stoyanovich could be a winning edge in close games.

Illinois' graduation losses were severe and the Illini offense, with unproven players at many key positions, will probably be much less explosive. The defensive unit, led by end Scott Davis, will be comparatively stronger.

Diploma attrition also took a severe toll at Purdue. The Boilermakers lived and died on their passing game last season, but it will be different this year, because there will be only two of 1985's offensive starters in uniform. Heralded freshman Jeff George has a good chance to be the new quarterback. The defense will be improved, and Rod Woodson could be the best cornerback in the nation.

There has been much emotional turmoil at Wisconsin because of the sudden death of coach Dave McClain last spring. New coach Jim Hillis will try to put things together in pre-season drills. His main priority will be strengthening an inept offensive unit.

It will be another dreary autumn at Northwestern. New coach Francis Peay begins a laborious rebuilding program but will need several years to make the Wildcats respectable Big Ten contenders. Depth will again be the major hitch, especially in the defensive line.

Miami, welcoming 18 of last year's starters, has the best chance to take the Mid-American Conference championship. Quarterback Terry Morris and tailback George Swann lead the best offensive unit in the league.

If Miami falters, Central Michigan could win all the marbles. The Chippewas will again have a hard-hitting defense but must develop a consistent offensive attack.

Eastern Michigan, in contrast, will have its major strength on the offense, with ten returning starters. Tailbacks Gary Patton and Jimmie Johnson will give the Hurons

a fearsome running attack.

New Bowling Green coach Moe Ankney must rebuild a team that was gutted by graduation and his major problem will be unearthing a new starting quarterback. A very tough schedule will also be a liability. However, tight end Gerald Bayless is one of the country's best.

Western Michigan improved during the second half of last season because of the skilled play of quarterback Chris Conklin, who returns along with most of the other offensive starters. Defensive tackle Mark Garalczyk will be one of the nation's best.

Toledo's pressing quarterback deficiency will be solved by Jeff Keene, a redshirt last year. Keene will fortunately have the protection of an improved offensive line.

Quarterback Wade Kosakowski and a stable of good receivers will again give Ball State an outstanding passing attack. The Cardinals' major scoring asset, however, could be kicker John Diettrich.

Ohio University has to find a new quarterback but has none with experience available. Bruce Porter will probably be the starter.

This will be a grim season for Kent State. New coach Glen Mason took over during spring practice after the sudden death of Dick Scesniak, and Mason's first priority is to upgrade both lines.

New Notre Dame coach Lou Holtz is one of the very best in his profession, which means that the Irish will be a completely different team this season. Holtz has moved several players to new positions in order to get the most out of available talent. His main challenge will be to put more fight in the Irish offense. The Irish are knee-deep in great receivers, the best of whom is Tim Brown, but there are uncertainties at almost all the other offensive positions. The defense, however, should be much better, especially if coordinator Foge Fazio gets the aggressive pass rush he wants. The worst news is that the schedule is horrendous.

The Cincinnati offense, led by diminutive runner Reggie Taylor, will be even more potent this season. Its only possible Achilles' heel is the line, where dependable depth must be developed. The kicking game will again be top-notch.

Northern Illinois has abandoned the Mid-American Conference and become an independent. The Huskies should score a lot of points this season, because flashy quarterback Marshall Taylor and the whole offensive line are back on campus.

Louisville coach Howard Schnellenberger's rebuilding program is making progress, but there's still a long way to go. Many young players clocked playing time last year and the accrued experience should pay off this season.

Oklahoma, which won the national championship last year, could be even more powerful this season. Twenty starters have returned and they are backed up by a

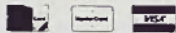
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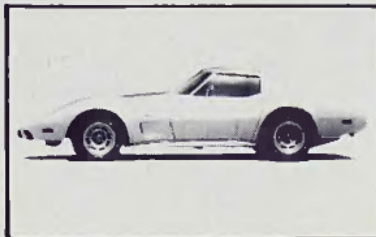
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crowd of talented lettermen. The rushing attack will be spectacular. The defensive unit, led by end Darrell Reed and Playboy All-America linebacker Brian Bosworth,

THE NEAR WEST

BIG EIGHT

Oklahoma	10-1	Kansas	7-4
Nebraska	9-2	Iowa State	6-5
Colorado	8-3	Missouri	5-6
Oklahoma State	8-3	Kansas State	3-8

SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE

Texas A&M	10-1	Southern	
Baylor	9-2	Methodist	7-4
Arkansas	9-2	Texas Christian	7-4
Texas	8-3	Texas Tech	6-5
		Rice	6-5
		Houston	4-7

ALL-NEAR WEST: Bosworth, D. Reed, Holieway, Carr (Oklahoma); DuBose, Sheppard, Welter, Klein (Nebraska); Coyle, Remington, Helton (Colorado); Thomas, M. Moore, Meacham (Oklahoma State); Orth, Vaughn, Forte (Kansas); Suffren, Gibson (Iowa State); Clay, McMillan (Missouri); Faunce (Kansas State); Vick, Holland, Saddler, Murray (Texas A&M); Everett, Francis, Adickes, Grumbine (Baylor); Shibest, G. Thomas, Chericco (Arkansas); Harris, Ward, Stafford, Peavy (Texas); Ball, Atkins (Southern Methodist); Tramel, Nix (Texas Christian); Hastings, Tanner (Texas Tech); Kidd, Comalander (Rice); Hood, Browndyke (Houston).

will intimidate opponents. Only overconfidence can scuttle the Sooners' hopes for another steam-roller season.

Nebraska will again be one of the country's premier rushing teams, thanks largely to Playboy All-America runner Doug DuBose. The passing attack, an Achilles' heel last year, will improve. The Cornhusker defensive unit, one of the nation's best last season, will be even better. Sophomore linebacker LeRoy Etienne is a future All-American. Look for the Huskers to give Oklahoma a good fight for the conference title.

Colorado was the most improved team in the nation last year and will be even better this season if coach Bill McCartney can put together an effective passing attack. The running game, with plenty of race-horse halfbacks on campus, will be emphasized again.

Oklahoma State can be the Big Eight's surprise team if both lines, which were wiped out by graduation, can be effectively rebuilt. Fortunately, there are several promising redshirts waiting to take over. Tailback Thurman Thomas and safety Mark Moore are All-American candidates, and quarterback Ronnie Williams has the pro scouts drooling.

Kansas will again have a potent aerial attack, operated this year by talented new quarterback Mike Orth, but its running game remains a problem. The defense, somewhat limp last year, should be strengthened by the re-enlistment of eight starters. And the Jayhawks will have a big psychological asset—their first five games will be played at home.

This year's Iowa State team will have

more talent in almost every area. Coach Jim Criner has signed some excellent junior college receivers, and three quality quarterbacks are available to throw them the ball. The Cyclones again need an overpowering runner, with no prospects in sight; but their linebacker corps may be the best in the league.

Missouri's performance was dismal last year, but the outlook is brighter this time, with 16 of 1985's starters again suited up. Two successive years of bumper-crop recruiting will fill the talent pool. The offensive line, receivers and running backs will be top quality, but the key to the offense will be the play of young quarterbacks Ronnie Cameron and Brent Cook.

Kansas State's new coach, Stan Parrish, who inherits an athletic poverty pocket, has installed a wide-open passing offense, because he thinks that is the quickest way to make the Wildcat football program competitive. There is a severe lack of talent at the skill positions, but several of last spring's recruits could help.

Texas A&M was the dominant team in the Southwest Conference last year, and the Aggies will be even stronger this season. Roger Vick is the best fullback in the country and Kevin Murray is a skilled quarterback. The front seven of the defensive unit, including Playboy All-America Rod Saddler, all return. Kip Corrington, an academic All-American, is the defensive quarterback at strong safety and, pound for pound, is the toughest player in the conference.

Baylor has a good chance to bushwhack A&M in the title race. The Bears have 17 returning starters, a top-grade quarterback in Cody Carlson and plenty of talent and depth in the receiving corps and the offensive line. This could be Baylor's best team ever, if injuries can be avoided at the quarterback and linebacker positions.

Arkansas could match the won-lost records of Texas A&M and Baylor. That's because the Razorback schedule is ridiculously easy, especially early in the season. Coach Ken Hatfield must replace seven defensive starters and rebuild the offensive line. Quarterback Greg Thomas, improving with experience, will throw most often to spectacular receiver James Shibest.

There are plenty of changes in the Texas football program, and the results could be anywhere from wonderful to horrendous. Coach Fred Akers has an entirely new staff of assistants. They've installed a revamped offense that will utilize speedy runners and receivers, who've been missing in Austin for several years. Two stabilizing factors will be a veteran defensive unit and Playboy All-America kicker Jeff Ward.

Last year was a 6-5 downer for Southern Methodist, where morale was weighed down by an N.C.A.A. probation. Although scholarships have been severely limited, there is good talent available. SMU's receivers are excellent, but can new quarterback Bobby Waters get the

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ball to them? Biggest problem of all could be the defensive unit, where eight starters must be replaced.

Prospects were high at Texas Christian early last year, but that was before the disclosure of N.C.A.A. violations and the dismissal of seven key players. This season, the Horned Frogs will be much improved, because 20 veteran starters will be bolstered by a promising group of talented redshirts. This team will have the best size, speed and strength in TCU history. The future is bright if coach Jim Wacker can find a way to get rid of rich but stupid boosters who try to bribe his players.

Texas Tech's new coach, David McWilliams, has replaced the wishbone offense with a go-for-broke passing attack featuring quarterback Billy Joe Tolliver and a group of good receivers. An experienced offensive line will help, and the Raiders' defensive unit will be the best in many years.

Rice's first-year coach Jerry Berndt inherits the largest cache of talented athletes that Owl fans can remember. His job is to meld them into a coordinated and efficient team. Two talented quarterbacks, Mark Comalander and Quantis Roper, will compete for the starting job. The defensive unit returns almost intact and much improved. Look for some surprising upsets by the Owls.

Houston's disappointing 4-7 record last year may not be bettered this season, because this is the youngest Cougar team in 25 years. Runners Sloan Hood and Raymond Tate could make this the best Houston backfield ever, but they won't get

much blocking from a young offensive line. The kicking game, however, will be excellent.

The Pacific Ten championship race will be a scramble. The league is so evenly balanced in talent that any of several teams could wind up on top. We think Arizona State has the best chance, because the Sun Devils have 16 returning starters. Their passing will be spectacular, with quarterback Jeff Van Raaphorst and all his receivers once again on the attack. Injuries, or the lack of them, will be the major factor.

UCLA will have a potent running attack, with tailbacks Gaston Green and Eric Ball, and a new passing game featuring quarterback Matt Stevens and receiver Willie Anderson. The Bruins' major inadequacy will be in their kicking game, which is devoid of experienced performers. With a little luck, the Bruins could win the conference championship.

So could Arizona, if its offensive line can stay healthy for a change. Center Joe Tofflemire, only a sophomore, will be an All-American by the time he graduates. Coach Larry Smith's teams live on the kicking game, and that will be true again this year: Punter Ruben Rodriguez is a great one. On the downside, Arizona's 1986 schedule is tougher than last year's.

Stanford, coming off a disappointing 4-7 record, will show tremendous improvement in every area this season, to the point of becoming a possible contender for the league title. Eighteen of last year's starters, including quarterback John Paye and tailback Brad Muster, both of whom

are All-American caliber, could make this a joyful year at Stanford.

Washington will score boardsful of points this season if its offensive line plays well. Quarterback Chris Chandler has an excellent arm and strong leadership qualities and could become the best quarterback in Huskies history.

Although big things were expected of Southern California, last season was a 6-6 heartbreaker in which injuries, bad luck

THE FAR WEST

PACIFIC TEN

Arizona State	9-2	Southern California	6-5
UCLA	8-3	California	6-5
Arizona	8-3	Oregon State	6-5
Stanford	7-4	Oregon	6-5
Washington	7-4	Washington State	4-7

WESTERN ATHLETIC CONFERENCE

Brigham Young	9-2	Hawaii	6-5
Air Force	8-3	New Mexico	5-6
Colorado State	8-3	Wyoming	4-7
Utah	8-3	Texas-El Paso	3-8
San Diego State	6-5		

PACIFIC COAST CONFERENCE

Fresno State	10-1	Nevada-Las Vegas	4-7
Pacific	7-4	San Jose State	4-7
Long Beach State	6-5	Utah State	3-8
Fullerton State	6-5	New Mexico State	3-8

ALL-FAR WEST: Schuh, Van Raaphorst, Villa (Arizona State); Green, Ball, Norton (UCLA); Evans, Tofflemire (Arizona); Paye, Muster, Wyman (Stanford); Hill, Jaeger, Rogers (Washington); Bregel, McDonald, Peete (Southern California); Nickerson, Hicks (California); Northington (Oregon State); C. Miller (Oregon); Forde (Washington State); Buck, Bellini, S. Knight (Brigham Young); Simon, Maki (Air Force); S. Bartalo, Carr (Colorado State); Guardi, Richey (Utah); Aronson, Esene (San Diego State); Noga, Jefferson (Hawaii); Rucker, Mathis (New Mexico); Thaxton, K. Jackson (Wyoming); Castellanos, Harvey (Texas-El Paso); Ramsey, Olson, Savage (Fresno State); Mackey, Clower (Pacific); Lockett, Iosefa (Long Beach State); Stephenson, Calhoun (Fullerton State); Hulberg, Jones (Nevada-Las Vegas); Aimonetti (San Jose State); Pauciello (Utah State); Brown (New Mexico State).



"As an offensive line, you guys stink. You've put your quarterback in the hospital and you've totally undermined our running game. But I gotta hand it to you; your poster is doing great."

and overrated talent all played a part. This year, the Trojans are taking a low-key approach, trying to re-establish themselves. There is some superb talent in camp: Guard Jeff Bregel and safety Tim McDonald are two-time Playboy All-Americans. Linebacker Marcus Cotton and tailback Aaron Emanuel are both budding superstars.

Lack of talent at the quarterback and place-kicking positions kept California from a winning record last year. The player who could make a big difference this season is quarterback Brian Bedford, who has all the tools to become a legend. Another offensive firecracker is sensational sophomore runner Marc Hicks. There is now—at long last—stability in the Golden Bear football program and aggressive recruiting efforts over the past few years are beginning to pay off.

The Oregon State team will improve in

every area. That's because 19 incoming transfers will give the Beavers a big infusion of talent. Most noticeable of the newcomers will be speed-burning runner Roland Hawkins. Beaver fans insist that quarterback Erik Wilhelm is the best in the West. The offensive line, inept last year, will be vastly improved by seven transfers.

Quarterback Chris Miller will again be the sparkplug at Oregon. Unfortunately for the webfoots, last year's top three receivers are missing. Their main priority is restructuring the offensive line, which lists only two seasoned starters. Eight defensive starters are on the field, but that isn't very good news, because the Ducks' defense was the worst in the conference last year.

Washington State is in the midst of an ambitious rebuilding program, with most of its players redshirts or incoming freshmen. Runner Kerry Porter, who has regained his health after a year's absence, will be the main offensive threat.

Brigham Young has won ten consecutive Western Athletic Conference championships and will add another this year. Interest in BYU football always centers on the quarterback, because there have been some great ones in Provo. This year, four top-grade candidates are contesting for the job. The offensive line suffered severe injuries in spring practice, but the defensive unit, anchored by linemen Jason Buck and Shawn Knight, will again be imposing.

The one uncertainty at the Air Force Academy is the quarterback. If a good one emerges, this could be a big year for the Falcons. The early season could be hazardous, since the many new starters lack game experience, but the defensive unit, led by linebacker Terry Maki, will again be very strong.

Colorado State's most dependable offensive weapon will still be Steve Bartalo, who came to school as a walk-on quarterback and then moved to fullback, where he has led the league in rushing the past three years. He'll be supported by nine of last year's offensive starters. The Rams are finally, after many years, in a position to compete for the conference championship.

Almost all of Utah's very productive 1985 offensive team is back in harness. Its passing attack, featuring quarterback Larry Egger and receiver Loren Richey, will again be excellent. The defensive unit, however, was wiped out by graduation.

New San Diego State coach Denny Stolz inherits superb quarterback Todd Santos but little else. The defensive unit, last year's major weakness, will be greatly improved, but the offensive line must be completely rebuilt.

A weak running attack last fall was largely responsible for Hawaii's first losing season in eight years. Runner Nuu Faaola could solve that problem this season. Fullback Heikoti Fakava, an excellent blocker, will also help. The defensive unit will be excellent.

New Mexico's strong offense returns almost intact, but its defensive unit badly needs to be upgraded. Help will come from a host of transfers recruited last spring.

Wyoming's new coach, Dennis Erickson, will bring something new to Laramie—the passing game, for which he must enlist a starting quarterback. The offensive line must make the adjustment to blocking for the passer, and that's not easy.

A running game featuring tailback John Harvey will again be the major attraction at Texas-El Paso. To open things up for Harvey, new coach Bob Stull will also upgrade the UTEP passing attack.

Fresno State will again dominate the Pacific Coast Conference. Most of the skilled players on last year's unbeaten team will return. The main man will again be quarterback Kevin Sweeney, who has a rifle arm and could become the N.C.A.A.'s all-time leading passer. However, the defensive unit, weakened by graduation, must be rebuilt.

The Pacific team will have more quality athletes than it has in years. The wishbone offense, which kicked into gear late last season, should be even more productive this year. The defensive unit, conversely, fell apart late last season and needs reinforcement.

Jeff Graham is the new quarterback at Long Beach State. His best target will be superreceiver Charles Lockett. Pre-season drills should concentrate on upgrading the erratic kicking game.

Fullerton State's main asset will again be talented young quarterback Tony Dill. The big problem is that almost all of last year's receivers are gone.

It's win or else at Nevada-Las Vegas. Gamble Gulch's former coach, Harvey Hyde, had only a break-even record last season. New coach Wayne Nunnely may be more fortunate—he's making major changes in the pre-season drills. Tailback Kirk Jones and punter Bob Hulberg will be the team's premier players.

The San Jose State team suffered a cluster of injuries last fall, but one of the positive results was a lot of experience for younger players. K. C. Clark, a defensive back, was transferred to running back and was spectacular. He will be back this season. Unfortunately, the schedule is brutal.

Tom Ponich is the new starting quarterback at Utah State. A major asset will be kicker Dene Garner; and colorful Navy Tuiasosopo, all 305 pounds of him, may be the biggest center in the history of college football.

New Mexico State's running game was next to nonexistent last year, but a trio of junior college transfers with size and speed will solve that problem. New coach Mike Knoll's major task will be strengthening a very weak defensive unit.



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PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

OFFICE

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WILLIAM MC KELLAR

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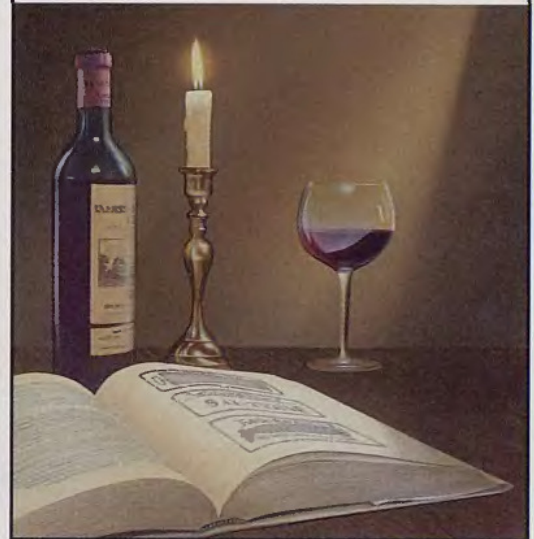


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CORKER OF A BOOK

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Silver Reed, the company known for its nifty electronic typewriters, among other innovations, has just increased its reputation for staying one step ahead of the competition by creating the Porta Copy. It's a small, rechargeable battery-powered hand-held copier that makes an instant copy of any image over which you pass it. Thus, you can use your Porta Copy on planes, at luncheons, in libraries—anyplace you need instant duplication. The price? About \$350 at office-supply and electronics stores. Nice.

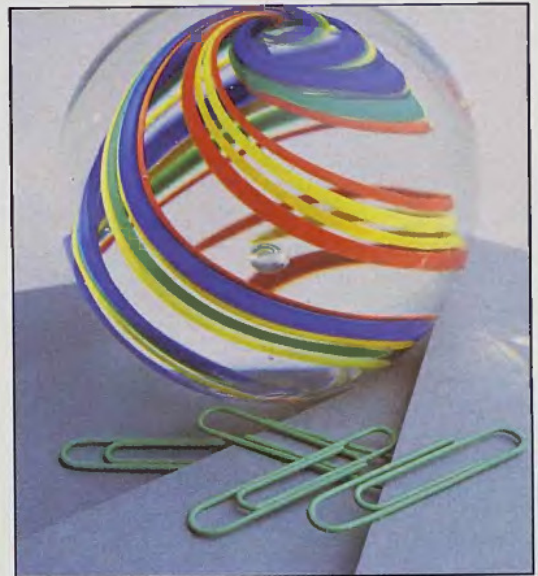
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ALL THE MARBLES

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DANNY QUATROCHI (3)



Sting Times Three

Here's a hot preview of the forthcoming book *Police Confidential*, with pictures by Danny Quatrochi, introduction by Sting and captions by The Police. Quatrochi was Sting's assistant and had access to raucous backstage life.

She's Got It Made in the Shades

This really cool picture of SADE makes her look like Egyptian sculpture. Her very busy life includes a hot album, *Promise*, that made the jazz, pop and soul charts, a part in *Absolute Beginners*, a best-new-artist Grammy and our award for a pair of world-class lips.

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Gluteus Maxine

MAXINE MARTIN is an English model and fashion designer. This getup is not an original fashion concept, but it's perfect for *Grapevine*. We're much more interested in Maxine's design, anyway, and this photo shows her off to our best advantage.

Real Life in the Food Chain

ANGELA JAY is a British actress who has done lots of commercials. She's also an accomplished chef and an equestrian. But beyond that, the lady looks good enough to eat.



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ALAN HOUGHTON



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DEWAR'S PROFILE:

ALISTAIR BALLANTINE

HOME: Mombasa, Peking, Cairo, Delhi, London, Edinburgh, Bangkok, Nairobi, Kuala Lumpur; with a more permanent camp in darkest Connecticut.

AGE: 37

PROFESSION: President, Abercrombie & Kent Safaris, Inc.

HOBBY: Elephant polo at Tiger Tops in Nepal. "Once you know how, it doesn't get easier."

LAST BOOK READ: *Journey Without Maps*, Graham Greene.

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Organizing a balloon safari over Mt. Kilimanjaro.

"Why climb when you can ride?"

WHY I DO WHAT I DO:

"Because it's there."

QUOTE: "Boredom is perhaps the one thing everybody can do very well without."

PROFILE: Adventurous and enthusiastic. Has a real talent for getting others to see the world his way.

HIS SCOTCH: Dewar's® "White Label"® and soda. "Dewar's has always been first on my list of civilized necessities."



If you smoke *please try Carlton*

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking
Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.**

Box and 100's Box Menthol: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar", 0.05 mg. nicotine; Soft Pack, Menthol and 100's Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine;
100's Soft Pack and 100's Menthol: 5 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine; 120's: 7 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report Jan., '85.
Slims: 6 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.