

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

OCTOBER 1988 • \$4.00



SPECIAL COLLEGE ISSUE

GIRLS, FOOTBALL, FASHION,
PRIZE FICTION, BEER

INTERVIEW: BASEBALL'S ROGER CRAIG

EXCLUSIVE
THE FIRST REAGAN-IRAN ARMS DEAL

TV'S HOT HELLION,
MORTON DOWNEY, JR.

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FROM STUDS TERKEL

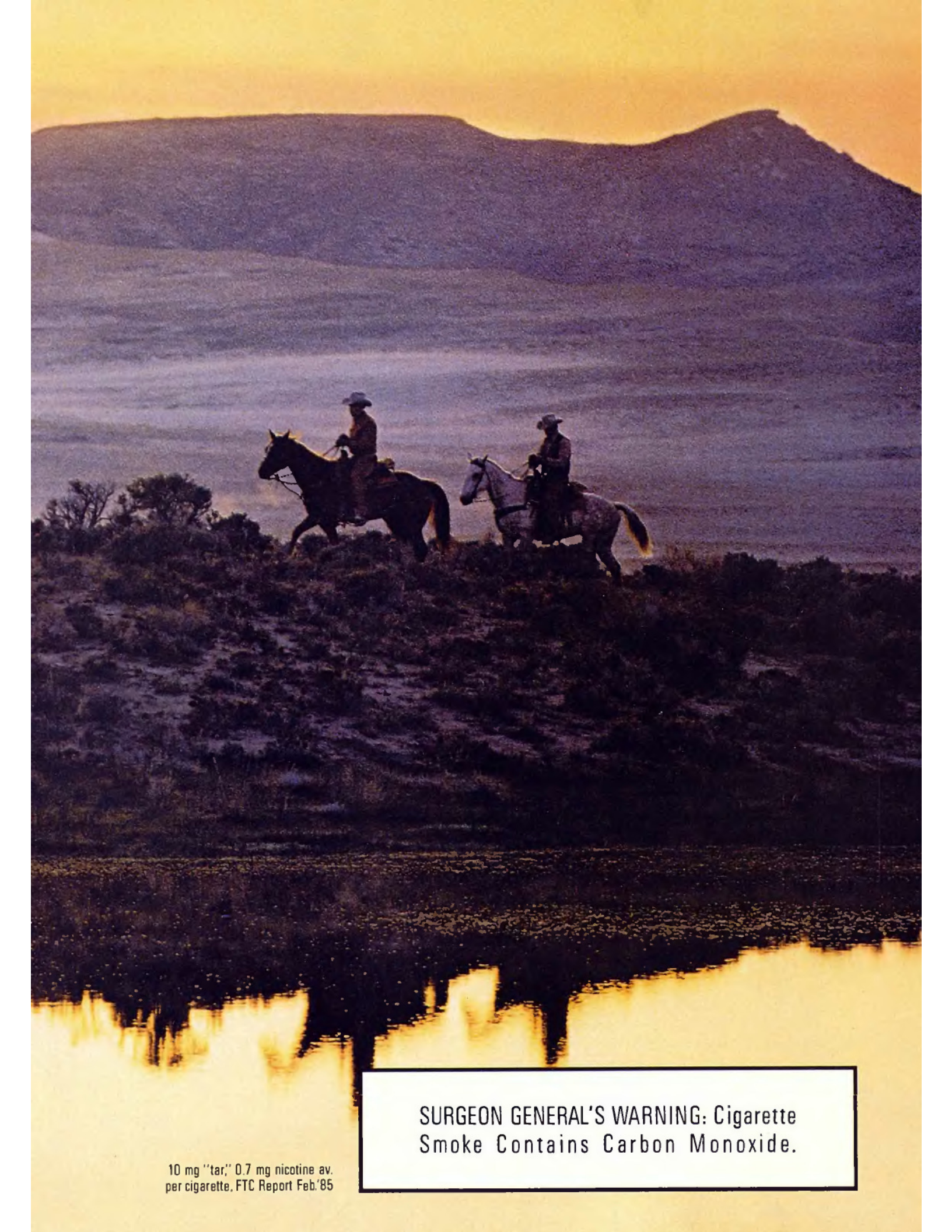
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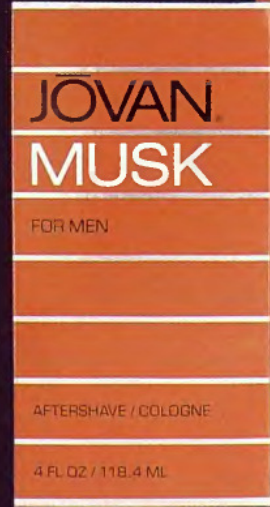
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What is sexy?



Jovan Musk



What sexy is.

PLAYBILL

OUR HISTORY COMES TO US these days in little bursts, sound bites, each condensed to ten or 12 seconds on the evening news. Makes it hard to put it all together. Almost eight years ago, there were those who noted that the freeing of the hostages from our embassy in Tehran on the very day of **Ronald Reagan's** Inauguration seemed a bit too pat; then there was the scandal about **Jimmy Carter's** campaign briefing book's finding its way into the Reagan-Bush league. Neither issue occupied the national attention span for long. Now, however, **Abbie Hoffman** (whose earlier criticism of the American body politic made him one of 1968's Chicago Seven) and journalist **Jonathan Silvers** (who co-authored *Steal This Urine Test* with Hoffman) look back at the 1980 Presidential race through the lens of the Iran/Contra hearings. Did the Reagan-Bush team make its first arms-for-hostages swap five years before the Iran/Contra deal? Did **George Bush's** CIA contacts infiltrate the Carter White House? Were the Tehran captives jailed for an extra 76 days to sway the election? *An Election Held Hostage* (illustrated by **Nick Backes**) suggests some provocative answers.

Also concerned with what we forget is the indefatigable oral historian **Studs Terkel**, who tries to get at the truth the old-fashioned way—by talking with as many people as he can. *The Great Divide* (to be published in book form by Pantheon this fall) started out as a series of conversational portraits of the haves and the have-nots. In the process, Terkel found that many Americans have lost all sense of history, resulting in a "breach that has cut off past from present." His piece is illustrated by **Robert Giusti**.

From the sunnier worlds of sports and showbiz come the subjects of this month's *Playboy Interview* and *20 Questions*. **Ken Kelley** sat down with San Francisco Giants manager **Roger Craig** for an interview that ranges from the truth about his split-fingered fastball to what is wrong with female umpires. We turned **Al Goldstein**, publisher of *Screw* magazine and all-round gadfly, loose on **Morton Downey, Jr.**, right-wing TV-talk-show host, for a face-off between the rudest mouths in America. Still another candid conversation came about when Associate Editor **Bruce Kluger** found himself sitting next to *Playgirl's* editor-in-chief, **Nancie S. Martin**, as a fellow judge for a coed strippers' contest at Manhattan's Limelight. The result was an unusual pictorial, *'Boy Meets Girl*, in which Martin reveals herself to be smart and sexy.

The boy in *Hoogly Moogly*, **James Howard Kunstler's** story of love, lust and profit participation in Hollywood, has met one too many girls. Faced with a problem—how to reshape an infernal triangle—Buddy opts for a surprising solution.

Some moviemakers are noted for wide-screen cinematography, others for tightly framed close-ups. Fashion Editor **Hollis Wayne** applies both techniques to menswear in *Up Close & Personal*.

Still searching for the best, the brightest, the most beautiful? Try college. Photo Director **Gary Cole** puts on his Sports Editor helmet to give us *Playboy's Pigskin Preview*, his savvy picks for this year's gridiron greats. **Nancy Mount** supplied research and **Richard Izui** took the team photo. *The Hotel-Motel Bar & Grill*, by the University of Alabama's **Valerie Vogrin**, won our College Fiction Contest. And *Girls of the Southwest Conference* is a portfolio of Sun Belt sweethearts, captured by Contributing Photographer **David Chan**, with a boost from Contributing Photographer **David Mecey** and stylist **Sherral Snow**.

One look at those student bodies and you may think about getting in shape. Check out *The U.S. Olympic Training Table*, by **Paul Engleman**, and learn what our champions eat when they aren't eating Wheaties. Engleman, who writes mysteries about an ex-jock turned detective, has his third novel, *Murder-in-Law*, due out in paperback next month. Those of you who couldn't care less about calories may call for another round after perusing *Bring on the Beer!* (with an illustration by **Gary Kelley**). It's by British authority **Michael Jackson**, author of *The Simon & Schuster Pocket Guide to Beer*. For additional brew tips, read Playmate **Shannon Long's** appraisal of Aussie suds while you admire Contributing Photographer **Stephen Wayda's** hot shots of this long, cool one. Cheers!



HOFFMAN, SILVERS

BACKES



TERKEL



GIUSTI



K. KELLEY



WAYNE



GOLDSTEIN



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SNOW, CHAN



COLE, MOUNT



IZUI



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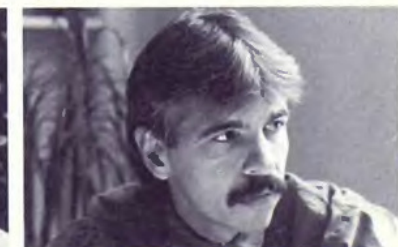
WAYDA



ENGLEMAN

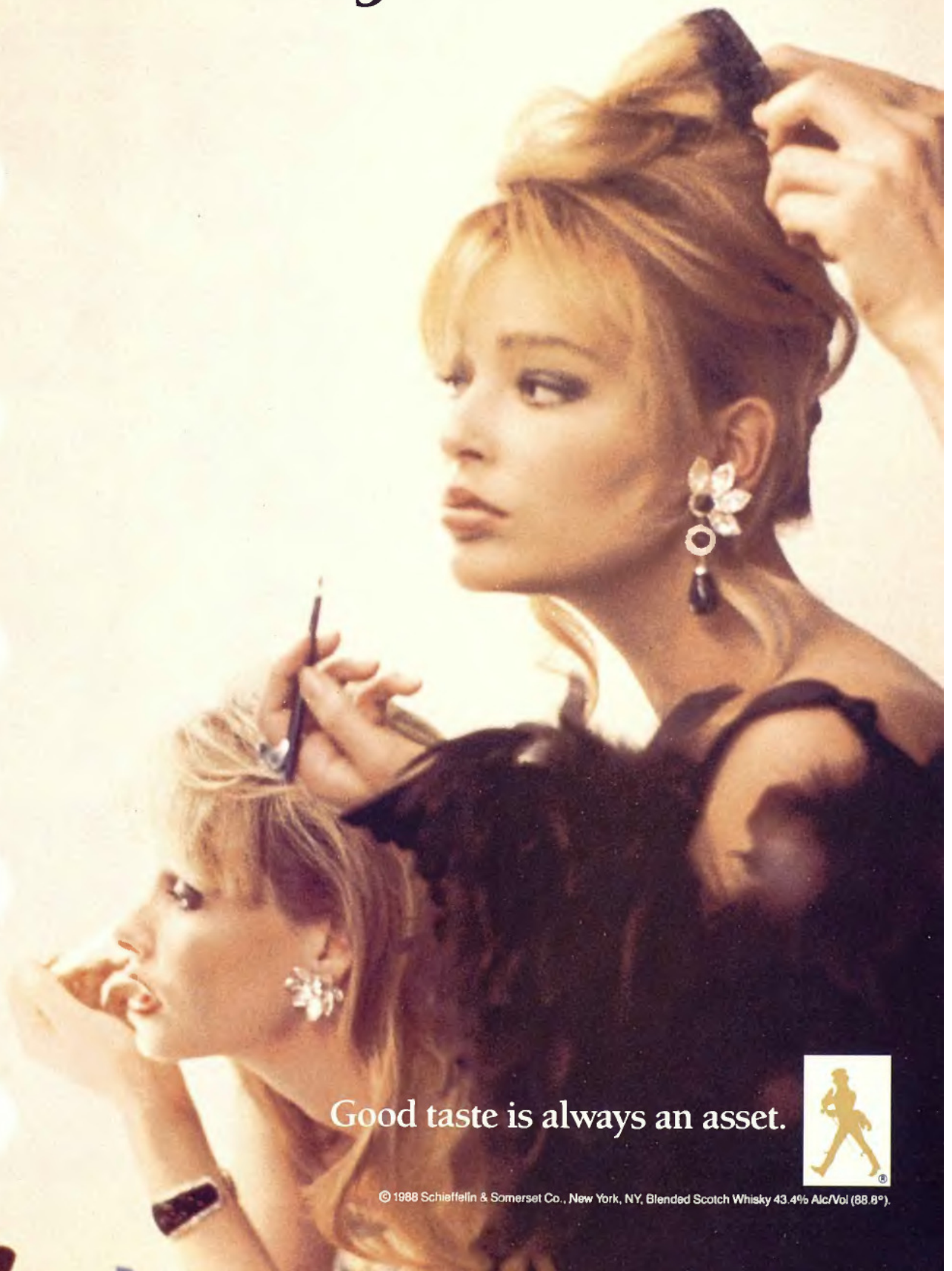


JACKSON



G. KELLEY

“He thinks it’s fine for me to
make more than he does.
And he drinks Johnnie Walker.”



Good taste is always an asset.



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PLAYBOY

vol. 35, no. 10—october 1988

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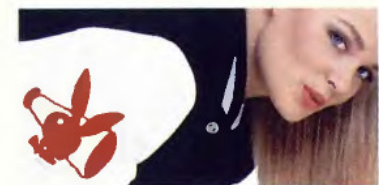
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COVER STORY

July Playmate Terri Lynn Doss has returned to *Playboy*—this time as our collegiate cover girl. Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda shot the photo, which was produced by Associate Photo Editor Michael Ann Sullivan. Terri's hair was styled by John Victor, her make-up by Pat Tomlinson; Lee Ann Perry was the stylist. Terri's boots come from Alcala's of Chicago; her gloves are from Naomi Misle. Our scholarly Rabbit cheers Terri on. Rah, rah.



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 T. Ordinary People
 M. Gandhi
 J. Chariots Of Fire

2. WHICH IS THE ONLY CONTINENT THAT DOES NOT HAVE DESERTS?
 L. North America
 O. Europe
 A. Australia
 E. Asia

3. IN WHICH YEAR WERE THE FIRST WINTER OLYMPICS HELD?
 D. 1924
 R. 1932
 N. 1928
 R. 1920

4. "LICORICE STICK" IS THE MUSIC SLANG NAME FOR WHICH INSTRUMENT?
 A. Harmonica
 N. Clarinet
 L. Flute
 K. Saxophone

• Use circled letters to spell Payoff Word similar to Payoff Clue.
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 PAYOFF WORD: J O I N N

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UP FROM DOWN UNDER

I really enjoyed your July *Playboy Interview* with Paul Hogan.

Our ethnocentricity forces us to make generalizations about behavior patterns based on sex when, in fact, those behavior patterns are culturally learned and based.

So, as the people of Australia find our women's behavior, in general, to be aggressive, domineering and demeaning toward men, I find Australian women to be charming, agreeable and approachable.

They appear to appreciate qualities in men that American women, in general, dislike. Those qualities are honesty, character and self-respect.

C. V. Compton Shaw
Reno, Nevada

Paul Hogan is so down to earth that it's a shame Americans don't learn something from him: not to take ourselves so seriously. In his movies, commercials and interviews, Hogan personifies the honest man who knows his limitations and expectations of life. Your July interview brings out his character beautifully. Well done!

Dreux DeMack
Tulsa, Oklahoma

As one of your many longtime gay readers, I'd like to thank *Playboy* and Mr. Hefner for your principled support of gay rights, which began far before it was semi-fashionable.

In that context, I'd like to criticize the homophobia of some of your interview subjects. Australian Paul Hogan, for example, says, "If you didn't know better, you'd probably think we were homos. . . . But we ain't homos." I don't want to be too critical; perhaps down under—down under a rock, that is—homo is a term of endearment, like pickaninny in the land of Meham.

In the July 20 *Questions*, Judge Reinhold offers us a gratuitous, repellent anecdote: He had to drive a car in which a "famous gay actor" flirted with him. How horrible for him. Would he have told the anecdote

if his flirtatious passenger had been of the "wrong" race rather than the wrong sex—expecting us all, naturally, to be repelled by such an offer?

You are to be commended for exposing all sides of your interview subjects, including the warts they choose to flash. But there's one additional service your interviewers could perform: Let your subjects know that you have a lot of gay readers. And we buy *Playboy* for the articles. And we pay money to go to movies. *Some* movies. Not those starring people suffering from Eddie Murphy's disease.

Gary S. Meade
Los Angeles, California

THERE GO THE JUDGE

Bill Zehme's interview with Judge Reinhold (20 *Questions*, July) is very humorous and interesting, and I was enjoying it until I got to his very unkind remarks about the Miami geriatrics and his totally insensitive "Why doesn't somebody bury them before they start to smell?"

Is Reinhold not aware of the fact that many actors and actresses, more famous than he will ever be, are geriatrics and wouldn't deign to let him shine their shoes?

James L. Minetti
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

RUNNING DOWN JESSE

After reading *What Makes Jesse Run?* (*Playboy*, July), I was curious to learn something about the author. Lo and behold, the *Playbill* page informs us that Amiri Baraka was formerly Leroi Jones. Well, now, that explains everything. Jones has never written anything *but* bullshit.

Playbill also states that Jesse Jackson is "hands down, the most charismatic orator on the hustings today." Here is a typical example of Jackson's recent "charismatic" oratory: George Bush "has constipation of the brain . . . and diarrhea of the mouth." When I first heard that statement about someone, I was too young to laugh; I just rolled over in my crib and crapped in my diaper. Even if true, Bush's ailments are

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relatively easy to treat: Ex-Lax for one and Kaopectate for the other. But how does medical science cure Jackson's malady, which, of course, is terminal fatheadedness? Intensive cranial liposuction just won't do it.

The fact that a screaming, blowhard preacher like Jesse Jackson can be considered for the highest office in the United States by some seemingly intelligent people is frightening beyond description.

Lanny R. Middings
San Ramon, California

Are you not aware that when Martin Luther King, Jr., was killed, Jackson showed up on an Eastern TV station and said he was the last person to hold King in his arms when, in fact, he wasn't? And you run an article that makes him out to be the savior of the poor and oppressed and the Paul Bunyan of the political world? Gad, what a farce!

Dave Saalfeld
Vancouver, Washington

Amiri Baraka claims that Jesse Jackson's unelectability is a "principal defect in U.S. society." Jackson is not unelectable because he is black—it is because he is radical and unqualified, unless one considers fondness for alliteration a qualification.

Jackson bemoans an alleged racist attack by a newspaper. How does he consider his own reference to Jews as Hymies—the equivalent of referring to blacks as niggers? He should quit pointing accusing fingers at others and aim them at his own mouth. If a white man called a Jew a Hymie or a black a nigger, he would promptly be ushered from the Presidential race. There should be no separate standard for Jackson.

Nathan Calfey
Irving, Texas

JELLY-BEAN JARS

Bravo to Peter Moore's compilation of the Reagan years, *The Jelly-Bean Presidency* (*Playboy*, July). Just when we were wondering how to sum up eight years of "bumbling ineptitude," Moore puts it all together in a few pages. I'd always dreamed of compiling a letter to that "man behind the curtain" (Ronald Reagan), but now I think I'll just copy Moore's feature and send it to ol' Ronnie.

Walter S. Ingram
Vail, Colorado

Peter Moore's "compilation" of Ronald Reagan's accomplishments is certainly not the last word.

For starters, the huge deficit is, in part, a result of the military build-up. You know, the one that brought the Soviets back to the bargaining table and has given us at least one nuclear-arms treaty.

In October, when the stock market crashed, it was just another sign that the deficit was coming to call. You know, the recession that has been due for five years.

In this case, everyone, from the straight-thinking economists to the liberal gloom-sayers, was unmistakably wrong. There was no recession.

With unemployment at its lowest level in 15 years, Moore figures that 5,000,000 people have been forced to work at part-time jobs in lieu of full-time employment and that 1,170,000 workers were so discouraged by the job picture that they dropped out of the work force. Well, I have no time for dropouts, and neither should Moore.

Eric T. Houghton
Plainsboro, New Jersey

MORE OF CINDY, PLEASE

Thank you for your feature on Cindy Crawford in the July issue (*Shinysuits*). Anything on her is better than nothing, but now that Herb Ritts has had his fun, please give us a straight layout on Cindy without all the artsy nonsense that detracts from our enjoyment of her personally.

Cindy says she wanted Ritts to photograph her because "I saw what Herb Ritts did with Brigitte Nielsen in the December issue. And I thought, Wow, if he can make her look *that* good, I'd love to see what he could do with *me*." Well, let me say, Brigitte Nielsen is not the beautiful woman that Cindy Crawford is. Nielsen needed the Ritts touch to look "*that* good"; Cindy does not.

Please let us see her as she really is. The picture on page 78 alone, rephotographed with her hands down, would be worth the price of the magazine.

Gene Stevens
Austin, Texas

AMATEUR VS. PRO?

If, as Cynthia Heimel states in her July column, there are two types of women (Amateur Girls and Professional Girls), I would propose that there are also two kinds of men: (A) Movers and Shakers and (B) Nice Guys.

Movers and Shakers are driven by ambition. They want to be on top, and one of the ways to beat friends and rivals is to have a more beautiful wife or girlfriend. These are the men who ooze around the Pros.

Nice Guys are not so driven. They want to be liked rather than envied, to help rather than to use—and Nice Guys have the same problem as Amateur Girls. Women don't generally like them, except as friends. It's the image of the winner that attracts the female sex.

Bill Crewe
Quebec, Quebec

Heimel forgot one difference between Professional Girls and Amateur Girls. Professional Girls want a sugar daddy. Amateur Girls want Prince Charming on a white charger.

I have seen too many of my women friends drool and make slurp-slurp noises at the mention or sight of the likes of Don Johnson, Carl Weathers, Sly Stallone,

Jameson Parker, Patrick Swayze or Nick Nolte. One friend, whenever Sean Connery's name is spoken, always says, "The man is a god."

So, here I am, 5'8", bespectacled, reasonably attractive, with a Bruce Willis hairline, love handles that won't go away in spite of losing 40 pounds and a five-inch penis (when erect), shelling out close to \$2000 to a dating service in order to find an Amateur Girl.

I am sick of seeing my gender being portrayed as Neanderthals, incompetent clods who cannot perform the simplest of domestic chores, hunky sexist jerks whose only abilities are opening beer cans and watching ESPN on cable TV.

I scrub my own toilet, Cynthia. I do my own laundry, make my own bed and mop my own floors. I make my own damn white sauce, not to mention chicken-and-wild-rice quiche with a flaky crust, cheesecake to die for and wheat muffins you'd kill for. If I wanted a live-in domestic, I'd hire a butler. If I wanted only sex from a woman, I'd go to a whorehouse.

Maybe all the guys you know in New York are looking for a mythic beast who fucks like Traci Lords, cooks like June Cleaver and cleans house like Felix Unger. Me? I'm looking for someone to love, trust, hold a conversation with and have sex with at least once in a while.

I'm looking for an Amateur Girl; one who still has her dreams but has given up on the illusion of the Fantasy Man.

Women are not perfect sex objects. Men are not perfect romance objects. We're just people.

Be fair, Cynthia.

Jon R. McKenzie
Bellflower, California

WORLD-CLASS LASSES

Mon Dieu! World-class beauty Nathalie Galan (*World-Class Beauties*, *Playboy*, July) makes me wonder if the French actually created the *derrière*! She is *fan(nie)tastique*.

Mexico's Barbara Ferrat has my friend doing the Mexican hat dance on his hands. And then there's Greece's Jenny Vergidou, and...

Byron J. Oler
Houston, Texas

I would like to thank you for your pictorial *World-Class Beauties*. It's outstanding!

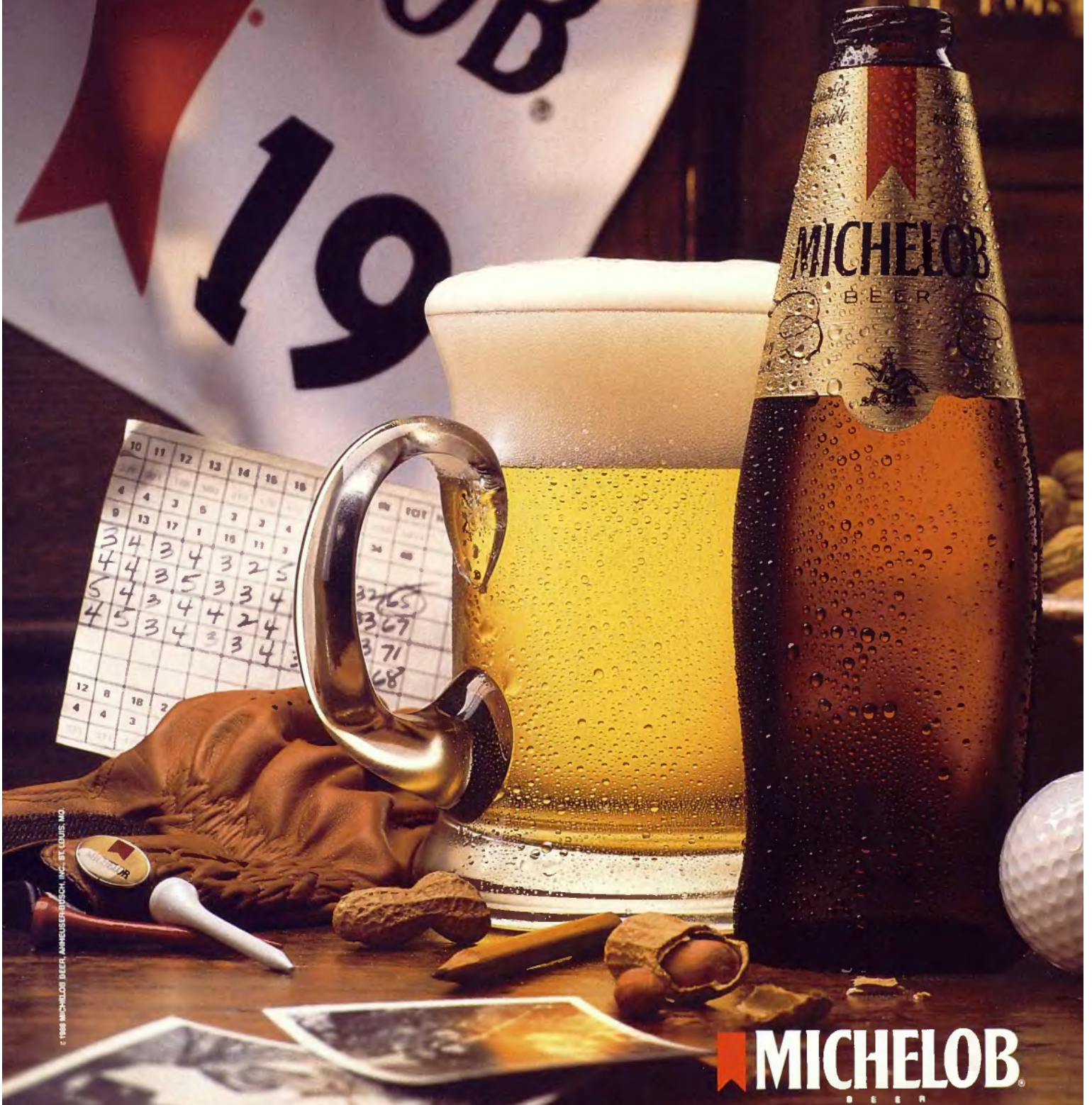
However, I disagree with the judging. Australia's Shannon Lee Long is the most beautiful person shown. Her eyes are the most seductive I've ever seen. They would melt the heart of any man she came in contact with. I would give my right arm just to meet her.

Joe L. Baldwin, Jr.
Norton AFB, California

Turn to this month's centerfold, Joe. We're sure you'll applaud *Miss October*.



ONE GREAT ROUND DESERVES ANOTHER.



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Lobo
By Pendleton

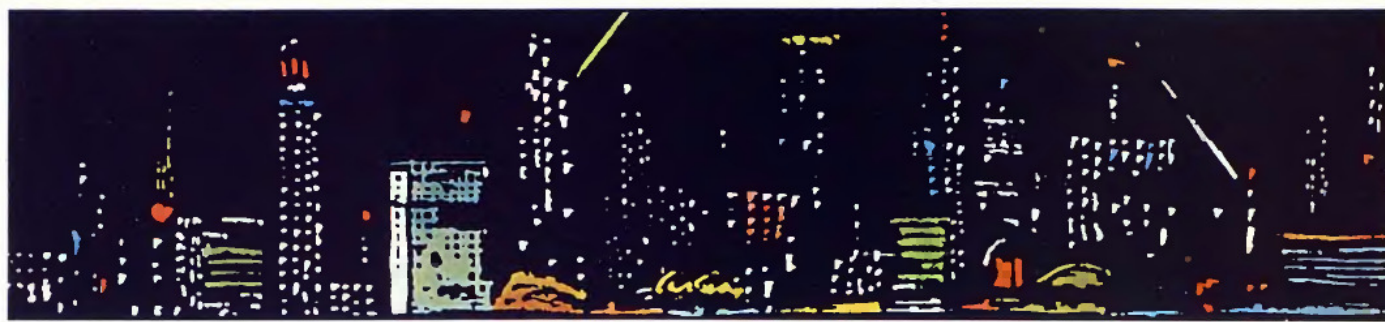
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



X(YAWN)-RATED

Back in the good old prevideo, precable days, sex researchers had it easy. They'd set up shop on a college campus and show sexually explicit films to a group of volunteers for half a day. Then they'd talk with the kids to find out which buttons the films had pushed. "The purpose of these studies has never been to get everyone to say, 'Mongolian cluster fucks are great,'" says Philadelphia-based researcher Dr. Tim Perper, author of *Sex Signals: The Biology of Love*. "The idea is to present students with images they consider disturbing, frightening, guilt-producing or shameful and get them to clarify what they're feeling." But things aren't so simple anymore. During systematic observations Dr. Perper conducted last fall at an East Coast college, his subjects yawned when he showed them supposedly shocking stuff. He began with the romantic nudie *Trip to Bimini*, continued with a clinical piece demonstrating every known heterosexual position "shot under 2000-watt bulbs" and proceeded to show more traditionally disturbing films on masturbation and group sex.

The students were neither disturbed nor titillated. "Oh-ho, denial!" Perper surmised when he debriefed his blank-faced students. Then he asked if they'd ever seen anything similar, and they responded with the exasperated politeness reserved for geezers—Perper's 49. "Yeah, sure, of course!" responded males and females alike. All claimed to have seen plenty of smut in their short lives, at least in still pictures, if not in films. One male student reported that he'd had several eyefuls while working at a loading dock one summer, when an older co-worker had rented eight-millimeter dirty movies every day for lunch. "The stuff you've got is tame," the kid told Perper cockily. For future sex studies to work, Perper says, the films should take a different tack. "Sexual anxieties are still there," he says, "but you've got to come up with new ways to draw them out. Humor is one way. Terror is another. There's a film on date rape that's very effective, because it's something real

in their lives." Terror? Dr. Perper—why don't you show them their finals?

LUNAR ECLIPSE

Pink Floyd's *Dark Side of the Moon* had been on the *Billboard* charts for 725 consecutive weeks—since 1976—until this past spring, when the industry bible published its April 30 chart sans Floyd. But fans rallied and the following week, Floyd was back in the pink (sorry) at number 182.

O₂

The latest craze in Japan is sniffing 95-percent-pure oxygen. The recreational sniffers are inhaling the gas at home (more than 130,000 hairspray-size cans are sold each month) or at their friendly neighborhood "oxygen bar." One of the largest bars is in Tokyo's Takashimaya department store, where the oxygen comes in five flavors: mint, orange, lemon, coffee and *matsutake* (a very fragrant mushroom). A clerk hooks you up to an oxygen tank, puts a drop of essence into your glass face mask and tells you to sniff away. Three minutes



of deep breathing will set you back 100 yen (approximately 80 cents). Nobody really knows how the craze started—or why (the only apparent lift is psychological). But there are stranger customs in this world. We know of one country, for instance, where the people eat raw fish.

SHADOEMANIA

What do you do with secondhand celebs such as Phyllis Diller, John Davidson, Joan Rivers, Richard Simmons and Florence Henderson? Put them out to pasture on *The Hollywood Squares*. But where do you book a 41-year-old deejay and appliance pitchman who altered his moniker from Terry Ingstad to Shadoe Stevens on the advice of God? Same answer. And then watch his fan mail grow.

"It comes over in large bags—my assistants spend just days going through it," Shadoe marvels. "And did you hear about the time we taped the show at Radio City Music Hall? When I left, they had to call in the local police and extra bodyguards because of all the people wanting to tear clothes and shred hair." Why has Shadoe become the boy wonder of the bad-suit set? Lay the blame on his shaggy blond locks, his basso voice and his bullish answers to the quiz-show questions; to wit: "Can I touch my gingiva with my tongue? Again and again, and I'm not ashamed of it. I learned it as a boy and I still practice it."

But he let it slip to us that he gets a preview of the game questions and even gets some coaching while he jots down his "spontaneous" answers before the show. Next up for Shadoe: Casey Kasem's old gig counting down tunes on *American Top 40* ("Radio lets it happen in the Cinerama dome of your head," he said). And a greeting-card line, an s-f flick and a "Shadoevision" video project he plugs as "comedy on the edge of reason . . . psychic intoxication." We'll pass; Zsa Zsa to block, please.

SCRATCH ONE DOG

We know too much violence on television can be bad for you, but in China, they have programs so violent that just watching

MUSIC

SUPER SOUNDS



366716. Robert Plant—
Now And Zen. (Es Paranza)



366872. Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg—Mendelssohn:
Violin Concerto. (Angel)

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- Wynton Marsalis—Carnaval (CBS Masters.) 352948
- Johnny Mathis/Henry Mancini—The Hollywood Musicals (Columbia) 349985
- Buddy Holly—From The Orig. Master Tapes (MCA) 348110
- Michael Jackson—Thriller (Epic) 318089
- Julio Iglesias—Non-Stop (Columbia) 367094

- The Beech Boys—Made In U.S.A. (Capitol) 346445
- Vivaldi—The 4 Seasons. Maazel, Members Of The French Nat'l Orch. (CBS Masters.) 343715
- Kiri Te Kanawa—Verdi & Puccini Arias (CBS Master) 343269
- A Decade Of Steely Dan (MCA) 341073
- Mozart—Symphony No. 40 In G Minor. Kubelik, Bavarian Radio Sym. (CBS Master) 339044
- Debussy—La Mer/Three Nocturnes. Andre Previn, London Symphony (Angel) 335679
- Berlioz—Symphonie Fantastique. Daniel Barenboim, Berlin Phil. (CBS Masters.) 335547
- Tchaikovsky—Suites From The Ballets: Swan Lake & Sleeping Beauty. Muti, Philadelphia Orch. (Angel) 334680
- Ravel—Bolero, Etc. Maazel, Orch. Nat'l De France (CBS Masters.) 324822
- Chuck Mangione—Eyes of the Veilad Tempress (Columbia) 368373
- George Thorogood—Born To Be Bad (EMI-Manhattan) 365502
- Taylor Dayne—Tell It To My Heart (Arista) 364711
- Linda Ronstadt—Canciones De Mi Padre (Asylum) 362640
- Tony Bennett—Bennet/Berlin (Columbia) 362236
- Yes—Big Generator (ATCO) 361170
- R.E.M.—Document (I.R.S.) 361139
- Elton John—Live In Australia; Melbourne Symphony Orch. (MCA) 358929
- Suzanne Vege—Solitude Standing (A&M) 356287
- Motley Crue—Girls, Girls, Girls (Elektra) 355990
- Prince—Sign 'O' The Times (Paisley Park) 355115-395111
- Huay Lewis And The News—Fore! (Chrysalis) 347955
- Steve Winwood—Back In The High Life (Island) 346957
- Billy Joel—Greatest Hits Vols. 1 & 2 (Columbia) 336396-396390
- Dire Straits—Brothers In Arms (Warner Bros.) 336222
- Barbra Streisand—Greatest Hits, Vol. 2 (Columbia) 321380

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How the Club works. About every four weeks (13 times a year) you'll receive the Club's music magazine, which describes the Selection of the Month for your musical interest... plus many exciting alternates. In addition, up to six times a year, you may receive offers of Special Selections, usually at a discount off regular Club prices, for a total of up to 19 buying opportunities.

If you wish to receive the Selection of the Month, you need do nothing—it will be shipped automatically. If you prefer an alternate selection, or none at all, fill in the response card always provided and mail it by the date specified. You will always have at

least 10 days in which to make your decision. If you ever receive any Selection without having 10 days to decide, you may return it at our expense.

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RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"In a general way, we [the Central Intelligence Agency] try to anticipate some of your [reporters'] questions so that I can respond 'No comment' with some degree of knowledge."—William Baker, a spokesperson for the CIA.

COMRADE, CAN I DRIVE YOUR CAR?

Number of automobiles per 1000 residents in East Germany, 198; in Poland, 99; in the Soviet Union, 42; in Romania, 11; in the United States, 552.

WHAT IF?

Percentage of Americans who would quit work if they won \$1,000,000, 20; who would keep working at the same job, 48; who would keep working but get a new job, 32.

Percentage of Americans making \$50,000 or more a year who would keep working if they won \$1,000,000, 80; of those making less than \$15,000, 76.

COST OF BEEF

To produce one pound of steak, a steer consumes five pounds of grain and 2500 gallons of water and erodes about 35 pounds of topsoil.

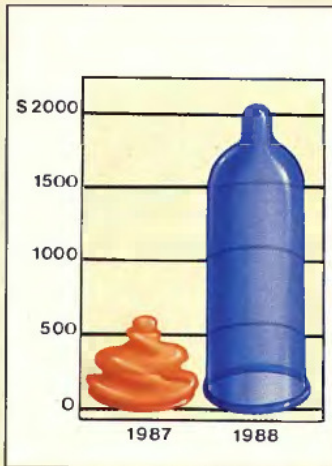
Portion of land on the North American continent devoted to grazing: one third.

Percentage of cropland in the United States planted with livestock feed: more than 50.

Percentage of water consumed in the United States that's consumed by livestock: more than 50.

FORE!

Average membership dues for a



FACT OF THE MONTH

Raw latex, used in the manufacture of surgical gloves and condoms, is selling around \$2200 a metric ton. Last year, the price per ton was \$600.

golf club located in the city, \$983; for a golf club located in the country, \$2014.

Average number of members in a city club, 1081; in a country club, 435.

Average annual cost to maintain one hole on a golf course, \$23,308; average cost per hole in 1967, around \$4000.

Average food tab at a country club: \$11.95 per order.

NOW THAT YOU'RE CURED

Percentage of psychiatrists who think it is acceptable to have sex with a former client: 50. Percentage of psychologists who think it's OK, 40.7; pastoral counselors, 38.3; marriage/family counselors, 38.1; psychiatric nurses, 20.

IT'S A LIVING

Number of major-league-baseball umpires: 68. Their annual-salary range: \$40,000–\$100,000.

Number of National Basketball Association referees: 33. Their annual-salary range: \$31,000–\$100,000.

Number of National Football League refs: 107. Their pay scale: \$600–\$1800 per game, \$5000 per play-off game and \$7500 for the Super Bowl.

Number of National Hockey League refs: 35. Their annual-salary range: \$24,000–\$75,000.

BURN, BABY, BURN

Percentage of Americans who find people with tans more attractive: 64.

Percentage of women who use more sun-screen protection than they used to, 46; of men, 29.

SPOTLIGHT



Dobler: Life after lobotomy?

When Conrad Dobler played in the N.F.L., we loved to hate him. But since retiring from football and co-starring in Miller Lite commercials, Dobler has a new image. His latest step in that direction is his autobiography (written with Vic Carucci for Putnam), "They Call Me Dirty." We talked with him about that and other things.

What's your book about, Conrad?

"It covers a lot of ground. Sex, violence, my philosophy of life. Dan Dierdorf said it should have been called *Life After Lobotomy*, but I wanted to call it *I Get a Kick Out of You* and have Frank Sinatra sing the theme song in the movie."

What's it like to be in the Miller Lite ads?

"Well, I'll tell you. See, my folks live in Twentynine Palms, California, and during my ten years in the pros, I'd visit them. And nobody in Twentynine Palms gave a shit. But in January 1987, the anniversary Miller Lite ad called 'Aliens' was released; and when I went home, everybody wanted to buy me beers, women wanted to offer me sexual favors and restaurants wanted to give me free dinners. If I'd known that, I would have skipped pro football and gone straight to the Miller Brewing Company—at least I'd still have good knees."

To what do you owe your new popularity?

"I've always been popular with the media. Guys who interviewed me expected to meet a guy with tattoos on his forearms, scars on his face, a couple of teeth missing and an eyeball in the middle of his forehead, but I'm a relatively good-looking guy—hell, damn good-looking. And I'm articulate. Plus, I've kept my weight down through my L.B.E.M. drinking program. That's Lite Beer from Miller, by the way."



One Out Of 20 Needn't Worry About Thinning Hair.

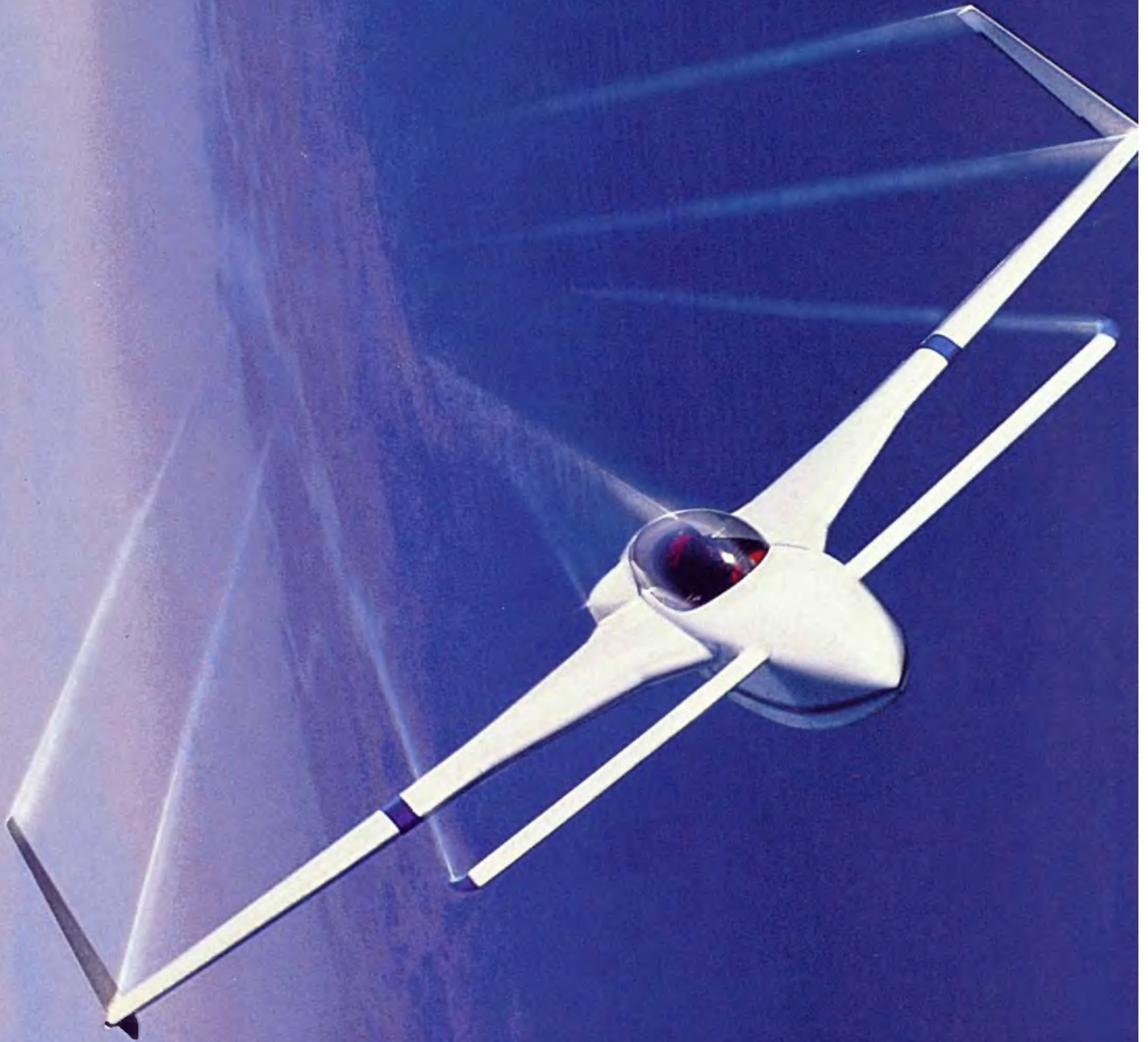


This Is For The Other 19.

You've been with your hair through thick and thin. Now you can be with it through thick again. With Foltène® Shampoo and Supplement for Thinning Hair. The only program that uses our European Tricossacaride® compound in combination with penetration enhancers. Together they help attract vital nourishment to the follicles where healthy hair begins. In fact, you'll find less hair in your comb or brush. So now, instead of worrying about your thinning hair, you can worry about more important things. Like how to comb your thicker, healthier-looking hair.

Programs That Defy Nature. Foltène For Thinning Hair.

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ULTRA LIGHTS, ULTRA LIGHTS 100's: 5 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine, FILTER 100's, MENTHOL 100's: 9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, MENTHOL: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, FILTER: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

AN ULTRA LIGHT.

*How can anything so ultra light
taste so ultra good?*

Find out for yourself. Try a pack today.



VANTAGE ULTRA LIGHTS

VIDEO

THE VIDEO-HYPOCHONDRIAC DREAM COLLECTION

Just when you think you're OK, we're OK, along comes a flood of videos to reinforce your darkest suspicions about your health. There's a tape for almost any ache or pain and a cure for whatever ails you—from the top of your head to the tip of your toes.

Your Head: *Take Charge: How to Become Your Own Best Therapist* (McGraw-Hill): "Heal past hurts and resentments" in just 61 minutes; the guys who wrote *One Minute Manager* loved this one; also, *Smart Cookies Don't Crumble* (J2 Comm.): Same type of deal for your old lady.

Your Face: *Acupressure Facelift* (Lorimar): Restore elasticity to your sagging puss with Lindsay Wagner; infinitely cheaper than a plastic surgeon.

Your Heart: *Your Heart, Your Health* (Magic): The famed Dr. Michael DeBakey tells you how to avoid the big one in the chest; also, *The New CPR* (EEH.): How to revive folks who didn't get the chance to see Dr. DeBakey's tape.

Your Gut: *In Control: Home Video Weight-Loss Program* (MMI Video): A 30-day, lose-two-pounds-a-week program featuring Cathy Rigby; or *Diets Don't Work!* (Media-cast Television): Expert host explains that it's your attitude, not your menu; perfect for those who'd like to tell Cathy Rigby where she can stick it.

Your Butt: Best of the bunch: *Bunnetics: The Buttocks Workout* and *Joanie Greggains' Firm Fannies* (both Parade/Peter Pan) and *Buns of Steel* (Fit Video); none available in Beta, just VH-ass.

Your Sex Life: *The Dr. Ruth Video* (Warner): Your own personal sessions with the Clara Barton of the er-r-rection; topics more explicit than her TV stuff, i.e., positions, foreplay, fantasies, orgasms and premature ejaculation.

Now, if you still feel healthy, you may want to find a tape on how to cure retinal burnout.

GUEST SHOT



For Jim Abrahams, codirector of *Airplane!*, *Ruthless People* and the upcoming *The Naked Gun*, once is not enough when it comes to viewing his favorite videos. He and his wife watch

Arthur so often they can quote entire scenes verbatim. Other favorite reruns: *A Thousand Clowns*, *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*, *Radio Days*, *Jaws* and *Witness*. If the kids are awake, he says with a paternal chuckle, "we'll watch *Robin Hood* for the 97th time." And when the merry men are tuckered out? "No titles come to mind. I don't have discriminating taste in stag films."

VIDEOSYNCRASIES

Sex and the Animals: Or, *Dr. Dolittle Does the Wild Kingdom*. Footage of our four-legged friends in the act; does the birds and the bees one better. Intended as

a documentary, now a European hit. Go figure (Video City Productions).

How to Beat a Speeding Ticket: Guide to squeezing your way out of that ticket—from roadside tips to courthouse behavior. Explained by experts—cops, judges and lawyers (Active Home Video).

VIDEO QUIZ I

Q.: What is **Bigmouth**?

1. A Howard Cosell sports tape
2. A rare Tom Hanks comedy
3. A porn tape

A.: None of the above; it's a fishing video about the largemouth bass (3M Video).

BRUCE ON VIDEO

our movie critic goes to the tape

Gloria Swanson says it in *Sunset Boulevard* as a siren of the silent era: "I am big. It's the pictures that got small." There's new meaning in that famous quote when you pop one of the rrrreally big films into a VCR, where it shrinks from wide-screen spectacle to armchair dimensions. Because TV's squarer shape often blanks out huge chunks of the original image, tape-industry innovators have introduced "letterboxing," which runs a black border above and below the picture—a solution with obvious drawbacks, so far used mainly on a few Woody Allen flicks, at Woody's insistence. How do major epics play at home? Here are the results of some recent test reruns:

The Bridge on the River Kwai: Indestructibly grand, David Lean's enthralling drama of courage, cruelty and confrontation in a Japanese prison camp dwells on faces rather than physical spaces. While some of the picture *will* be lopped off on TV, there's pure gold in the performances of William Holden, Sessue Hayakawa and, especially, Alec Guinness, who rightly took home one of *Kwai*'s seven 1957 Oscars.

Doctor Zhivago: More Guinness and Lean. Despite Julie Christie's memorable Lara, this longish movie, with its *reams* of novelistic narration, looks like a somewhat faded *Masterpiece Theatre* series. (Boos and hisses welcome from diehard *Zhivago* fans.)

Gone with the Wind: The granddaddy of them all, and almost none of the picture is lost in this classic, shot in the pre-Panavision mode of 1939. Anyway, rampant romance upstages the Civil War—even Atlanta in flames can't hold a candle to that sizzling Leigh-Gable chemistry.

Lawrence of Arabia: Lean long-winded again, with Peter O'Toole's roaring debut diminished on the home screen. Distributors promise a restored "original" by next

VIDEO MOOD METER

a guide to how we really choose what to watch

MOOD	MOVIE
WANT TO LAUGH	<i>Planes, Trains and Automobiles</i> (Martin and Candy—underrated by reviewers); <i>The Witches of Eastwick</i> (Nicholson's eyebrows go ballistic; good October fare); also, the odd <i>My Life As a Dog</i> (soft, sweet laughs); and Mel Brooks's <i>Blazing Saddles</i> (loud, lang ones).
WANT TO THINK	<i>The Manchurian Candidate</i> (1963 drama that all but predicted J.F.K.'s assassination; enjoyed recent theatrical revival); <i>Radio Bikini</i> (yes, a documentary: Oscar nominee on U.S. nuke propaganda since 1946).
WANT TO DANCE	<i>VH-1 Video Albums</i> (smart music vids of pre-MTV-era hits: <i>California Dreamin'</i> , <i>American Pie</i> , etc.); <i>Freedom Beat: U.K. Artists Against Apartheid</i> (great music, great cause: Peter Gabriel, Sting, Elvis Costello, Sade et al.).
WITH A LOVER	Older: <i>Cousin, Cousine</i> (the warm, quirky romance, finally on video); younger: <i>For Keeps</i> (Molly Ringwald grows up); any age: <i>9½ Weeks</i> (Rourke and Basinger with restored kinky bits. Ouch).

year, roughly 40 minutes longer. I say see it at a revival house—if you can find one.

The Man Who Would Be King: Michael Caine and Sean Connery seem to be shouldering each other off the screen at times. You also lose acres of desert scenery, but splendid teamwork salvages a high, handsome Kipling saga directed by John Huston.

Reds: A nice surprise, Warren Beatty's overwrought ode to the Russian Revolution comes through the VCR with its epic side obscured by its love story. Ignore Diane Keaton's laughable trek across those snowy steppes; wait for the exalted *Man and a Woman* railway-station climax.

—BRUCE WILLIAMSON



COUCH-POTATO VIDEO OF THE MONTH

You've seen lady wrestlers in mud and oil; in *Body Slam*, a "sextet of sultry scrappers" tangles in spaghetti. Now, that's Italian (4-Play).

COUCH-TOMATO VIDEO OF THE MONTH

Your lady will send Fonda on a low-impact hike once she sees *Disrobics*, featuring naked hunks who strip and sweat for you (Pin-Up Prods.).



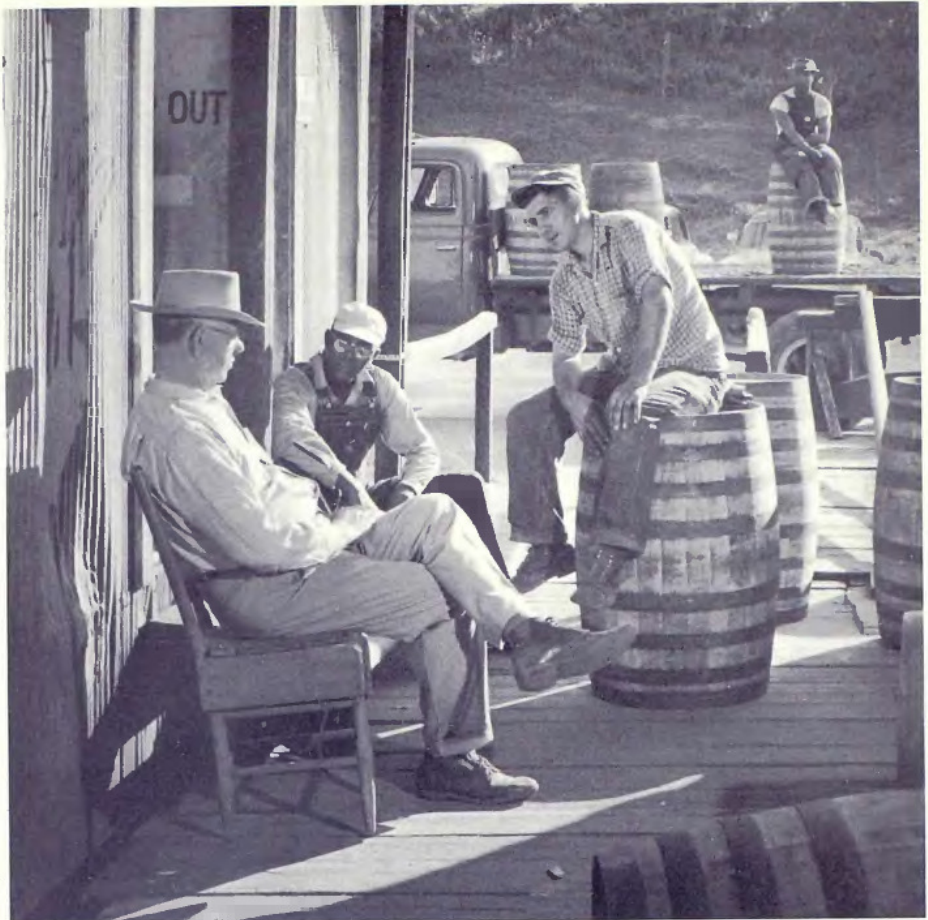
VIDEO QUIZ II

Q.: Which wacky video comedy deals with a bumbling soldier, a dishy dame and a sharp-toothed mechanical monster that eats incriminating evidence?

A.: *Oliver North: Memo to History* (MPI Home Video).

SHORT TAKES

Silliest Workout-Tape Title: *Aerobics with Soul: Afro Workout* (Crocus Ent.); **Least-Likely-Sounding Bodybuilding Video:** *Pump It with Dr. David Engel* (Nelson); **Most Dubiously Named Police Documentary:** *The World's Best Known Dicks* (Rhino); **Best It's-A-Living Video:** *Duck Identification* (3M Video); **Favorite "Think I'll Do That Tomorrow" Video:** *Installing Insulation and Sheetrock* (You Can Do It Videos).



This photo was taken in front of Warehouse #2 in the summer of 1955 at Jack Daniel's Distillery

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VIC GARBARINI

EX-POLICE GUITARIST Andy Summers' *Mysterious Barricades* (Private Music) should come as a pleasant shock to those who dismiss all New Age instrumental music as self-indulgent cosmic doodling. Summers' guitar-and-keyboard opus recalls a less abstract but more spiritually vibrant version of Brian Eno's otherworldly soundscapes. Gentle arpeggios create a kind of celestial geometry through which flow smears, blurs and other guitar graffiti similar to those of his work on the Police's *Tea in the Sahara*. The result is as artful and graceful as a Zen painting. Elsewhere, Summers creates an almost holographic space populated with achingly beautiful chords that hang suspended in a numinous dreamscape that seems more real than life. This is music perfectly balanced between active and passive listening—the sort of thing you put on at night while working or resting. A genuinely healing musical experience.

If R.E.M. had been raised by demented Hungarian gypsies and force-fed certain funny mushrooms, it might sound something like Santa Cruz's Camper Van Beethoven. But the Campers are no wacky novelty band. On *Our Beloved Revolutionary Sweetheart* (Virgin), the songs *Life Is Grand* and *Tania* (an ode of sorts to Patty Hearst) display a lyrical genius that reminds me of Dylan in their startling ability to stretch and reshape sensibilities with revelatory humor, heart and insight.

DAVE MARSH

In the beginning, Bob Dylan sang folk songs. Then he started using folk melodies to inspire his own numbers. Then he got a rock band and, for a while, he was king of the hill. And then he made *Self-Portrait*, on which he mostly sang songs by Dylan imitators Paul Simon and Gordon Lightfoot. He never quite regained his respectability.

Dylan was a great folk singer, though, so it's encouraging that he sings a folk tune on *Down in the Groove* (Columbia). Unfortunately, it's *Shenandoah*, the phoniest song in the whole folkie repertoire. Dylan redeems himself, however, with a couple of shrewd selections of old rhythm-and-blues songs and a rendition of the Stanley Brothers' scary bluegrass masterpiece *Rank Strangers to Me*. Even though he keeps too much emotional distance, so that even *Rank Strangers* doesn't have quite the emotional weight it needs, the music is good and strong.

Dylan also has some new songs of his own. The best of them, *When Did You Leave Heaven* and *Death Is Not the End*, aren't much more than passably folkish, but at least they sound as if the lyrics got a second



Policeman Summers' new beat.

The goods from Andy Summers and Bob Dylan, plus cool new Sade.

draft, the performances maybe even a third take. That's progress for the most compulsively casual of all great recording artists.

Down in the Groove was made with a superstar cast that includes everybody from the Clash's Paul Simonon and the Sex Pistols' guitarist Steve Jones to Full Force (not to mention the Grateful Dead, which I'd rather not). But it carries no production credit, which probably means that Dylan did the job himself, a good sign, since it means that he's making his own mistakes, rather than trying to comprehend other people's standards of commercial music making. At least *Down in the Groove* sounds like music he likes, and that could be the first step to making music that everybody else has to care about again.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

Iggy Pop has tried to expand his audience beyond diehard fans of Stooges-cum-Dionysus frenzy for most of his career. He has largely failed because frenzy is what he does best, and he did it best 20 years ago. With his latest album, *Instinct* (A&M), he seems to have decided, "Well, if they want the Stooges, I'll give them the Stooges." To that end, he recruited Steve Jones and Bill Laswell, one of the best hard-rock producers ever. The result is a mixed bag. These days, Iggy doesn't howl and snarl so much as croon, and with the vocals mixed high, the listener doesn't get that old catharsis. One of the most distinctive musicians to

come out of punk, Jones plays guitar that's surprisingly thin on many cuts and, well, *not loud*. Nonetheless, the song *Square Head* does reach Stooge-level fury with the Stooge-level sentiment of not wanting to be a square head, and *Tough Baby* is so catchy that Foreigner will wish it had thought of it first. All in all, it isn't what I was hoping for, but it doesn't suck, either.

Sex Pistols veteran drummer Paul Cook returns to the scene with *Chiefs of Relief* (Sire/Warner Bros.). Cook always knew how to lay some crunch into a back beat, and here he is crunching in an excellent showcase: The Chiefs play a variant of metal-rap-pop with the drums loud and great guitar hooks supplied by Matthew Ashman, formerly of Bow Wow Wow. If *Freedom to Rock* is not a hit single, then there is no freedom to rock.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Arto Lindsay is an American missionary's son from Brazil who hasn't changed

GUEST SHOT



BEFORE PRINCE or Terence Trent D'Arby, there was rock-and-roll punk-funkmeister Rick James. Recently, the renaissance rocker completed "Wonderful," a new platter of down-in-the-dirt dance music. "The title is self-explanatory," Rick told us. It made sense to have James inspect another originator—punk rock's founding father, Iggy Pop—and his new LP, "Instinct."

"Jimmy [Iggy's given name] is, down by law, one of the inventors of American punk and unadulterated power-chord rock—but he's not recognized as the star he should be. On this album, you can feel his hunger, his taste for wanting to be back. It's reminiscent of his very early stuff, but better—it's all energy here. Not one track lets listeners off the hook. And, yes, I think he could actually have some hit singles—*Tough Baby*, *Tom Tom* and *Lowdown* might all do the trick. For me, there's not one track I don't love. Look, we're talking about one of the original bad boys—Billy Idol is great, but Iggy Pop was here first."

FAST TRACKS

R	ROCK METER				
	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Crowded House <i>Temple of Low Men</i>	C	B-	B	B+	B
Bob Dylan <i>Down in the Groove</i>	C+	C-	D	B-	B
Hall & Oates <i>Ooh Yeah!</i>	C	C-	C	C	B
Sade <i>Stronger than Pride</i>	B-	B-	A	C	B
Van Halen <i>OU812</i>	C+	B+	B	C	B

IF YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING TO SAY, SPEAK UP
DEPARTMENT: Tipper Gore turned down an invitation from director Penelope Spheeris to appear in her current rock documentary, *The Decline of Western Civilization Part II: The Metal Years*. Is it possible that she can dish it out but she can't take heavy-metal heat?

REELING AND ROCKING: Gary and Martin Kemp of Spandau Ballet have been signed to play twin brothers in a film about Ron and Reggie Cray, London gangsters in the Fifties. The real-life Cray brothers are pleased with the casting. . . . Former *Men at Work* leader Colin James Hay is currently in an Australian TV series and is interested in pursuing a movie career. . . . The documentary *Imagine: John Lennon* will be released this month, accompanied by a book and a double sound-track album, which will include one new song, *Real Love*. . . . The producers of *California Dreamin'*, the *Mamas and Papas* movie, are planning to use Sixties rock stars in cameo appearances. Chynna Phillips will play her Mama, Michelle. . . . Talking Head Jerry Harrison will score a feature film, *A Summer Turns*. . . . Hal Ashby may direct the film version of Danny Sugarmans' *Wonderland Avenue: Tales of Glamour and Excess*. Sugarman, Jim Morrison's biographer, came of age during the late Sixties in L.A. and Ashby calls his book "the sex and drugs and rock-and-roll story Hollywood has been waiting for."

NEWSBREAKS: Robbie Robertson will film a series of performances in New York for Cinemax. He'll play with U2, Peter Gabriel and Keith Richards, among others, and the music will be interwoven into a concept piece about a kid growing up on rock. . . . Not only will Little Richard star in a TV series about the host and m.c. of a failing night club but he'll make a movie of the week with—**are you ready?**—Vanna White, called

The Goddess of Love. Richard will play an outrageous hairdresser. . . . Miami Sound Machine will join the fall Amnesty International tour. . . . Former Go-Go Charlotte Caffey will have her own solo album out in January and she is working with an all-female band. . . . Huey Lewis and the News, who have a new album and a U.S. and European tour under their belts, have recorded a song with the Four Tops, *Are You with Me*, for the new Tops album. . . . Look for a Psychedelic Furs greatest-hits album. . . . If Grammy officials can work out the royalty details, they plan to release a video of the highlights of 30 years of Grammy awards. . . . Ex-Animal Eric Burdon will tour any day now. . . . We hear that HBO will rebroadcast Atlantic Records' 40th birthday party, perhaps in five consecutive segments. Led Zep's reunion is a bonus, but we could watch Etta James five nights running. . . . It was only a matter of time before the little red rooster and the funky chicken had their say: The first animal-rights musical festival, held last June in Washington, D.C., brought out the B-52's, Howard Jones, Exene, Lene Lovich, Natalie Merchant and Nina Hagen to rock around the vegetarian cookout. . . . Diana Ross may return to Motown to record. . . . Boz Scaggs is opening a San Francisco blues club. . . . The Pet Shop Boys made a movie instead of touring because of the cost involved. The movie is already a hit. When asked if more films are in the future, Neil Tennant said, "At the moment, I would say no. I don't think we're great actors or anything. . . . Sometimes it's just an embarrassment when rock stars become actors." We got worried when rock shows got so big that the promoters had to put up movie screens so the audience could see the performer. Now the performer doesn't even have to show up. —BARBARA NELLIS

his geeky glasses since 1978, when he attracted attention by wringing the neck of an untuned guitar in the postpunk noise trio DNA. Not what's ordinarily thought of as a sexy guy, yet on the Ambitious Lovers' *Greed* (Virgin), his second album with the permanent floating samba-funk-noise unit he runs with synth chameleon Peter Scherer, he manages to fuse Joao Gilberto-style insouciance with the direct attack of modern dance music. "You're no exception/To the law of symmetry," he reminds a modest beauty in *Admit It*; the same voice that gasped and gurgled incomprehensible metaphor fragments a decade ago sounds sweet and slyly seductive. Scherer's rhythms are both light and tough, and sidemen such as Naná Vasconcelos, Vernon Reid and Bill Frisell could make a fella believe in world beat. Hot, cool, irresistible.

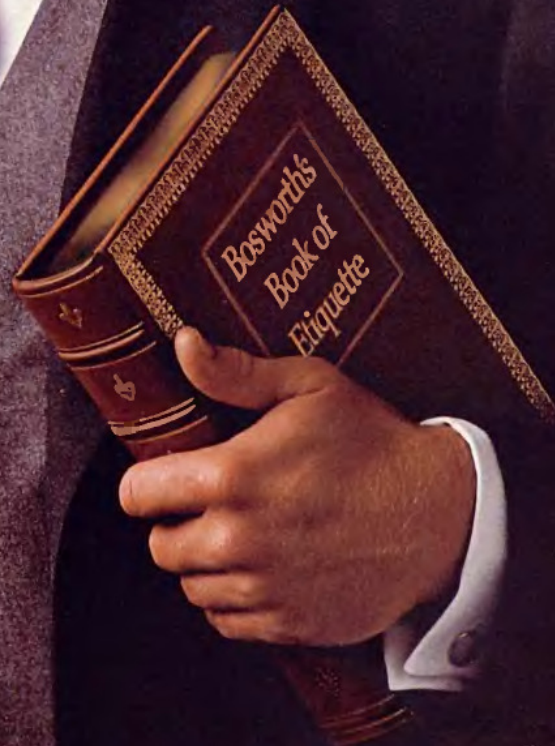
David Thomas is a schoolteacher's son from Cleveland who's almost as fat as he was in 1978, when his postpunk art-rock quintet Pere Ubu released the classic *Dub Housing*. After becoming a Jehovah's Witness, Thomas gradually transformed Ubu's industrial noise into fairy-tale whimsy and other members left to pursue other interests, but a 1987 reunion tour proved harder-edged than grizzled postpunks had any right to expect, and *The Tenement Year* (Enigma) is the best album to bear the Ubu name in a decade. In every phase, Ubu was a funny band, and here synth player Allen Ravenstine goes batshit with sound effects as Thomas rechannels his whimsy into the kind of jazzy setting often favored by grizzled art-rockers. But there's always the Ubu difference—these guys rock out. How many other reunion bands can make that claim?

NELSON GEORGE

Sade's *Stronger than Pride* (Epic) provides a textbook example of how a band can maintain its musical direction while continuing to evolve. On its third album, the British band has cut back on the brassy horns of *Promise*, allowing its mastery of Latin and R&B grooves to shine. Sade's rhythm section of guitarist Stuart Matthewman, bassist Paul Denman, percussionist Marti Ditcham and keyboardist Andrew Hale is as adept at playing mid-tempo funk as any ensemble on this side of the Atlantic. Their interplay on the instrumental *Siempre Hay Esperanza* suggests that these gents are now a United Kingdom equivalent of Maze featuring Frankie Beverly. Even without Sade Adu's willowy vocals and lyrics, they'd be outstanding.

But with Sade as its audio-visual centerpiece, this band has made some of the most soulfully sophisticated music of the decade. *Retro nuevo* is the use of black-roots style in a contemporary context. Sade's *Stronger than Pride*, with its deft allusions to various Afro-American styles (as well as to European and Third World music), is what *retro nuevo's* about.

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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

RAGE AGAINST right-wing extremism colors every frame of *Betrayed* (MGM/UA), directed by Costa-Gavras, who has whetted his appetite for political controversy in such timely hits as *Z* and *Missing*. Here, he has another hot topic—plus potent sexual chemistry between Debra Winger and Tom Berenger. She's an undercover FBI agent on assignment in Middle America's farm belt, investigating the murder of an ultraliberal talk-show host. Berenger's a handsome widowed rancher with two kids, Maria Valdez and Brian Bosak, who seems like Mr. Right in the best sense until after she has gone to bed with him. Only then does he reveal his virulent hate for "Jews, niggers and faggots." That's sufficient culture shock to galvanize Winger, an actress whose casual air conceals deep emotional reserves; and Berenger maintains his leading-man charisma even in a role that makes the killer noncom he played in *Platoon* seem almost benign. Despite all a keen company of actors can do, however, Joe Eszterhas' screenplay ultimately undermines credibility with more liberal zeal than logic. Would a man, fairly early in their relationship, invite a woman to join him and some cronies on a mysterious "hunt," then ask her to finish off their prey—a wounded black man—by pumping a bullet into his head? Subsequently, would a fine girl like Debra, goaded by a Bureau colleague (John Heard) she used to date, move right into the trigger-happy rancher's home? Maybe, but Costa-Gavras doesn't quite convince me. While his unnerving film has the folksy excitement of a Fourth of July picnic that winds up with burning crosses instead of fireworks, *Betrayed* finally offers pat answers to many of the burning questions raised. $\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}\frac{1}{2}$

Director Paul Schrader's cool, intense, surreal treatment of a highly volatile subject makes *Patty Hearst* (Atlantic) one of the most provocative movies of 1988. Adapted by Nicholas Kazan from Patricia Campbell Hearst's memoir of an ordeal that began with her 1974 kidnaping by members of the so-called Symbionese Liberation Army, this harrowing drama is played like a dream summoned up under hypnosis. Cast against type as Patty, British-born Natasha Richardson (daughter of Vanessa Redgrave and director Tony Richardson) shows the genius in her genes by steadfastly underplaying her role as an heiress no way prepared to be abducted, beaten, blindfolded and finally reduced to a state of unconditional surrender. "Sex is a revolutionary act . . . so you can fuck any man here," sneers one of her female captors. By the time she's booked and charged with armed robbery, more than a year later, Patty has learned to survive and wryly states



Betrayed's Berenger, Winger, Valdez.

Politics, politics,
politics—and a hilarious
cross-country chase.

her occupation as "urban guerrilla." William Forsythe, Ving Rhames, Frances Fisher and Jodi Long fill the S.L.A. roster with varying degrees of antisocial attitude. But Schrader keeps his camera's sympathetic eye peeled on Richardson, first to induce claustrophobia, then to develop it as a masterful case for the defense. $\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}\frac{1}{2}$

In *Midnight Run* (Universal), the least likely comedy team of the year turns out to be one of the funniest. Would you believe Robert De Niro and Charles Grodin? Well, buckle up for a mad, mad cross-country chase film that is also a buddy movie brim full of thrills, spills and honestly affecting pathos. Producer-director Martin Brest, who kept the pedal to the metal for *Beverly Hills Cop*, gets top mileage from George Gallo's taut, sophisticated screenplay about a former Chicago cop (De Niro), now a professional bounty hunter, who's hired to take a fugitive accountant (Grodin) from New York to a bail bondsman's office in L.A., where he's wanted on embezzlement charges. They set out handcuffed and trying hard to hate each other, their westward progress impeded by a wonderfully raffish collection of thugs: FBI agents led by Yaphet Kotto; a Chicago Mobster (Dennis Farina of TV's *Crime Story*) and his inept henchmen; and a ruthless rival bounty hunter named Marvin (John Ashton). All want the accountant's scalp for one reason or another, which gives forward drive to a pell-mell odyssey by plane, train, bus and sundry stolen recreational vehicles. Grodin

is the perfect straight man for De Niro, whose remarkable range as an actor allows him to switch instantly from knockabout farce to moments of painful insight or an emotionally wrenching encounter with his ex-wife and the daughter he scarcely knows. The last great screen actor who could work such magic without skipping a beat was Spencer Tracy. Do you need a better excuse to see *Midnight Run*? $\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}$

An imported ham, played by Richard Dreyfuss, keeps a fictional Latin-American dictatorship from going into eclipse in *Moon over Parador* (Universal), writer-director Paul Mazursky's anything-goes spoof of sexual politics and show business. Dreyfuss is Jack Noah, a New York actor making a movie on location in Parador and doing such a perfect imitation of the resident fascist strong man that he's offered the role of a lifetime when the dictator drops dead. Donning wig and make-up, he inherits political power as well as the ruler's sultry mistress, a ripe tamale played with mock-serious wit and sensuality by Sonia Braga. Raul Julia adds to the revels as Parador's oily behind-the-scenes manipulator. By the time the CIA, guerrilla fighters and other insurgents get into the act, Mazursky and his collaborators are reaching pretty far for viable inside jokes. It helps to have a trouper like Dreyfuss, who, when bidding fond farewell to Braga at the airport, exclaims: "What a moment . . . right out of *Casablanca*!" You wouldn't want to live there, but *Parador* is a fun place to visit. $\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}$

Australia's Colin Friels and Jack Thompson are adversaries in *Ground Zero* (Avenue Entertainment), a modest but intelligent political thriller about nasty nuclear cover-ups down under. One shattering statistic exposed by the movie is that native aborigines of the outback region, as recently as the Fifties, were excluded from the census and counted as wildlife. During the same period, British nuclear tests allegedly contaminated the native population and left thousands of acres of wilderness uninhabitable. *Ground Zero*, a fiction based on these grim facts, casts Friels as a TV cameraman whose career is disrupted when a piece of documentary film made by his deceased father suddenly turns up to implicate friend and foe alike with evidence of what really happened at the Maralinga testing ground. Thompson plays an Aussie security man trained to bury official mistakes—and to silence anyone who insists on unearthing them. All of which might play like a stock, though stylish, melodrama but for the ring of truth that gives it a heart-stopping tingle. $\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}\frac{1}{2}$

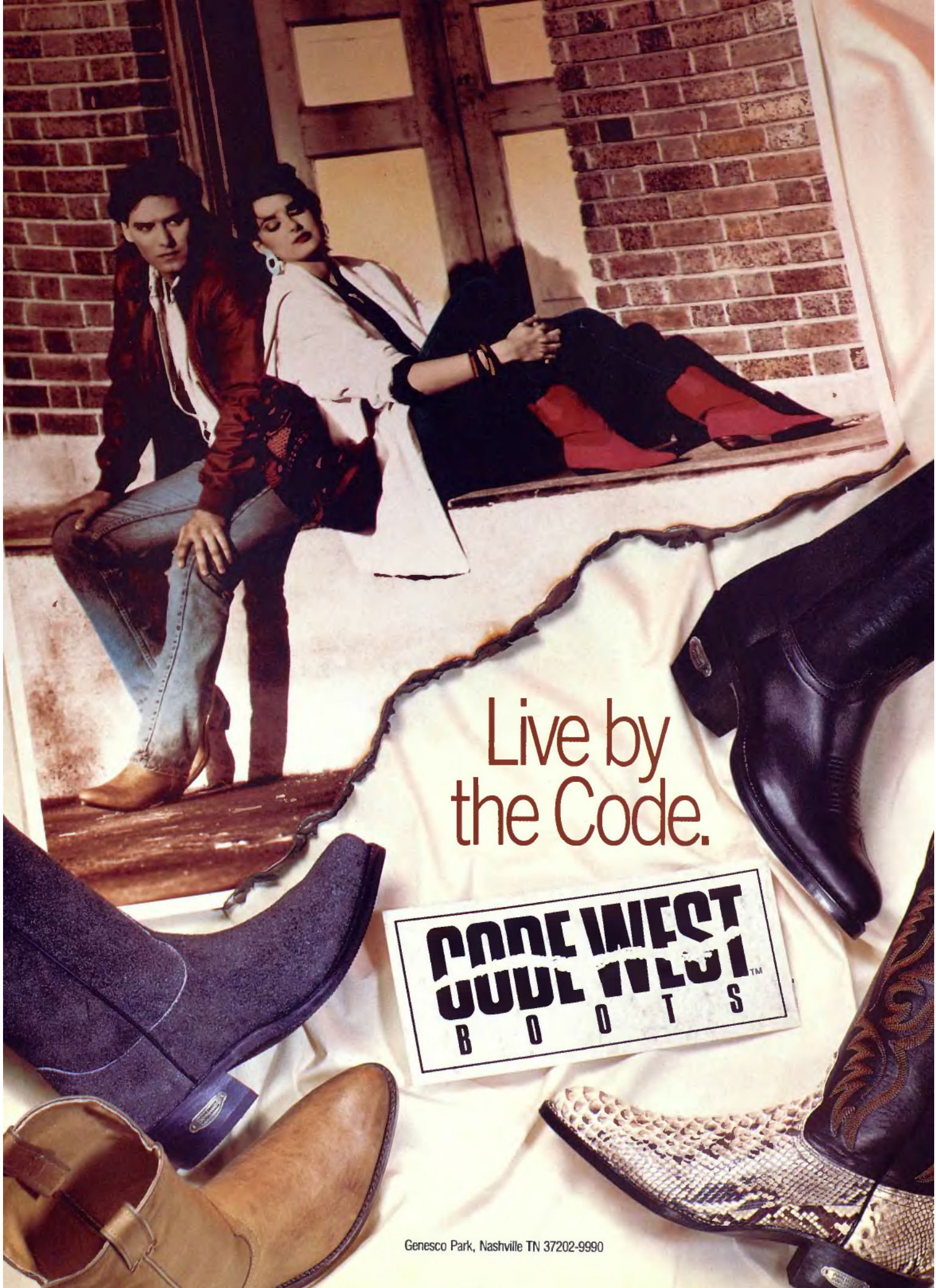
Seldom a man to duck social issues, director Sidney Lumet studies the plight of

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BOOTS

some Sixties rebels who are still fugitives during the Eighties in *Running on Empty* (Warner), and no Lumet movie since *Network* has cut so close to the bone. Naomi



Perkins: after losing a few, a winner.

OFF CAMERA

Until she made it big in *Big*, Elizabeth Perkins was becoming almost as famous for the roles she didn't do as for those she did. She nixed the part in David Mamet's *Speed-the-Plow* that brought Madonna to Broadway. "A very painful decision," she allows in a phone interview from California. She tested for the *Broadcast News* role that won Holly Hunter an Oscar nomination. "Holly was great. You win some, lose some. Anyway, that was my introduction to Jim Brooks, who produced *Big*." Even after earning raves as the sleep-around career girl who has an affair with Tom Hanks before she learns he's only 13, Perkins was startled to read she'd got *that* part only because Debra Winger was pregnant and recommended her as the best substitute. "I was shocked that Debra Winger even knew who I was. I idolize her." Already a Chicago-trained trouper who scored with her first movie role in *About Last Night* . . . , Perkins inspired co-star Rob Lowe to note: "She reminds me of what Katharine Hepburn must have been like at 27—strong, stubborn and sexy." She's soon to be seen ("as a schoolteacher, damn it") in *Sweethearts Dance*, with Don Johnson, Jeff Daniels and Susan Sarandon, but her dream would be to play photographer Diane Arbus in a movie she's sure Hollywood will never make. She was about to say why when her doorbell rang. "Hey," she reported moments later, "they just delivered a trampoline to my house, those guys from Fox! I can't believe there's a trampoline in my living room!" Surely, to commemorate her bouncing first date with Hanks in *Big*. Does this mean she's being bribed to do a sequel? "Oh, God, I hope not," groaned Perkins. "What would they call it—*Bigger*?"

Foner's screenplay is focused on the sensibility of a high school boy named Danny (River Phoenix) who is too young to remember antiwar protests or Vietnam. Yet his mom and dad (Christine Lahti and Judd Hirsch) have been on the FBI's wanted list for 15 years, sought for their part in the bombing of a napalm lab. Each time the Feds close in, the Pope family swiftly packs and moves to another town, assuming new identities, new schools, new friends. Thus cursed by their parents' past, Danny and his younger brother are condemned to grow up without a future. Such festering personal conflicts make *Running on Empty* both moving and relevant. The drama peaks in a wrenchingly powerful scene between Lahti and Steven Hill, as an errant daughter and her baffled, conservative father trying to have a civilized lunch after years of misunderstanding, separation and pain. These are the moments that move hearts and minds when the prize-giving season rolls around. ★★★

The flamboyant female and the somewhat wimpy guy played by Michelle Pfeiffer and Matthew Modine in *Married to the Mob* (Orion) are strikingly similar to the characters portrayed by Melanie Griffith and Jeff Daniels in last year's *Something Wild*, also directed with great verve by Jonathan Demme. Another example of Demme's gift for getting good actresses to beat their personal bests, *Mob* provides Pfeiffer with a chance to stretch her unmistakable talent for high comedy as a young Mafia wife destined to become a widow. Just before her hit-man husband (Alec Baldwin) is iced, she complains, "Everything we own fell off a truck." After he's gone—rubbed out in a hot tub with a vengeful godfather's favorite doxy (Nancy Travis)—the widow DeMarco finds herself being consoled by Tony "The Tiger" Russo (Dean Stockwell, in perfect fettle) and an undercover FBI agent (Modine, appealingly gangly, and perhaps a bit boyish for the part). Both are aces on opposite sides of the law, though the heroine has occasion to wonder which side is worse. From a daffy screenplay by Barry Strugatz and Mark R. Burns, Demme comes out spoofing from the hip in a Saturday-night massacre of all former *Godfather*-style epics. ★★★½

A malevolent simian named Ella is the real star of *Monkey Shines: An Experiment in Fear* (Orion). Writer-director George A. Romero, in a departure from the excesses of his *Living Dead* shockers, which are known to cultists as "the zombie trilogy," wrings some equally eerie excesses from Michael Stewart's novel about a monkey trained to serve an otherwise helpless quadriplegic (Jason Beghe) who has lost the use of his limbs after a jogging accident. Often silly but nevertheless unsettling, it's mad-scientist stuff, with John Pankow as the kook who has been injecting those unpredictable human brain cells into Ella. Just keep deadly weapons out of her reach. ★★★½

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

- Betrayed** (See review) Debra Winger vs. rabid right-wingers. ★★★½
Big (Reviewed 8/88) Growing up fast and funny with Tom Hanks. ★★★★★
Boyfriends and Girlfriends (8/88) Eric Rohmer's romantic fable about a four-some of young French lovers. ★★★★★
Bull Durham (9/88) Mixing sex with baseball, Susan Sarandon and Kevin Costner prove that the diamond is a girl's best friend. Boosted to ★★★½
Coming to America (Listed only) Eddie Murphy, oddly endearing as an African prince looking for love. ★★★
"Crocodile" Dundee II (Listed 9/88) More of the same fun from down under. ★★
A Fish Called Wanda (9/88) Caper with Curtis, Cleese, Kline and Palin. ★★★★★½
Ground Zero (See review) Nuclear secrets surface in the outback. ★★★½
A Handful of Dust (8/88) Evelyn Waugh's tale of upper-crust indiscretions. ★★★½
Hero and the Terror (Listed only) Chuck Norris tries soap opera. ★½
Married to the Mob (See review) As a Mafia widow, Pfeiffer steals it. ★★★½
Midnight Run (See review) High times on the road with Grodin, De Niro. ★★★★★
Monkey Shines (See review) Director George A. Romero goes ape. ★★★½
Moon over Parador (See review) Ham on wry, courtesy of Richard Dreyfuss. ★★★
Mr. North (9/88) Director Danny Huston, John's son, keeps up with Dad. ★★★★★
Pascal's Island (9/88) As the resident spy, Ben Kingsley is brilliant. ★★★
Patty Hearst (See review) Schrader and Richardson tell it like it was. ★★★★★½
Running on Empty (See review) Sixties rebels gone dry. ★★★★★
Stealing Home (9/88) Mark Harmon as yet another ballplayer, but Jodie Foster seems to drive in all the runs. ★★
Sweet Lies (Listed 9/88) Two *jeunes filles* target Treat Williams. ★★
Track 29 (6/88) Hubby's passion for model trains derails Theresa Russell. ★★
Tucker (9/88) Coppola's flashy essay on auto mania, with Jeff Bridges in high gear careerwise. Upgraded. ★★★★★
The Unbearable Lightness of Being (5/88) Daniel Day-Lewis in all that jazz about love, sex and politics in Prague. ★★★★★
The Wash (9/88) A Japanese-American matron lets it all hang out. ★★
Who Framed Roger Rabbit (Listed only) Fabulous mix of Toons and live actors keeps me from splitting hares over a fairly routine private-eye plot. ★★★★★

★★★★ Outstanding

★★★★ Don't miss ★★ Worth a look

★★ Good show ★ Forget it

ZEV CHAFETS may have set out on a journey to find a Jewish America, his personal confirmation of a society existing beyond the urban crawl of his youth and the stereotyped neighborhoods of a Woody Allen film; but if *Members of the Tribe* (Bantam), a chronicle of his cross-country *schlep*, accomplishes anything, it shows an amazing, almost cosmic connection among people who have absolutely nothing in common but their Jewishness. Along the way, Chafets *shmooses* with Louisiana's bayou Jews, noshes with the vanishing Jews throughout the South and goes *meshuga* in search of Jews in the heartland of Iowa. It's a touching, sometimes hilarious romp among the chosen few.

Scores of nonfiction books and articles have been written about marriage, but it takes only one Anne Tyler novel—*Breathing Lessons* (Knopf)—to dissect *real* married life. Tyler's 11th book describes one day in the life of Ira and Maggie Moran, a couple working on their 29th year of marriage. They are on their way to the funeral of an old friend and the trip has many detours, both physical and mental. At the end of the novel's day, Maggie collapses into bed exhausted—as does the reader. As usual in a Tyler novel, the characters are real enough to be members of your own family; they amuse you and annoy you.

Louis Rukeyser was the first person to make interesting television out of money and Wall Street. *Louis Rukeyser's Business Almanac* (Simon & Schuster) is an excellent short course in the business of business culled from his many years on the beat. He summons experts in each aspect of the money game and they report on money itself, government, taxes and the service, manufacturing and financial industries. The book breaks down America's businesses, gives a short overview of them, tells you who the players are and what's in store for them over the coming years. *Business Almanac* costs less than a Wharton M.B.A., and if you ever get a key to the executive washroom, you're likely to find a copy of it hidden in the stalls.

Jay Cronley, whose *Funny Farm* was recently showing at a theater near you, is a very gifted man. In *Walking Papers* (Random House), he is able to do the impossible: make a divorce both plausible and funny. John Grape gets taken to the cleaners by his wife's lawyer and the judge. He kicks around some story ideas for his next book and the one that fires his desperate imagination is to get his wife back. He decides to become the person she always wanted him to be: cultured, fit, someone who could pass a race track without losing the mortgage money. He transforms himself—through plastic surgery and a fat



Chafets *shmooses* with *Members of the Tribe*.

In search of Jewish America;
Anne Tyler and Jay Cronley dissect
marriage and divorce.

farm—and goes on to woo back his wife. We do warn you: Wear loose clothing while reading *Papers* or you may damage yourself in a fit of laughter.

When the Cat's Away (Beech Tree/Morrow) is more fun than reading a promo release from a music-biz publicity flack. Kinky Friedman, a once and future country singer, writes detective novels that feature a country singer turned detective named Kinky Friedman. Got it? Set in Greenwich Village, the stories have a certain charm—it's the same sort of patter country singers use while tuning up their guitars on stage. This one involves a catnapping by an ancient cult of New England feline lovers. Like country music, an acquired taste.

BOOK BAG

Monday Night Mayhem (Beech Tree/Morrow), by Marc Gunther and Bill Carter, subtitled "The Inside Story of ABC's Monday Night Football": The authors do a first-rate job of fleshing out the cat fight that became a weekly fixture on national television. Here are the facts, figures and faces of prime-time football: Cosell, Dandy Don, the Giffer, Keith Jackson, Alex Karras, O. J. Simpson, Roone Arledge et al. It's a candid journey through egoland, a eulogy that unfortunately becomes an elegy.

I Am a VCR (Random House), by Marvin Kitman: A wonderfully flowing autobiography, to say the least. It's a wonder that Kitman, television critic for *Newsday* and

the Los Angeles Times Syndicate, didn't burst from holding all this juicy stuff inside for so long. After so many years of celebrity hobnobbing, his *I Am a VCR* is a tube addict's nostalgia trip through a not-so-vast wasteland.

Object Lessons (Vintage/Random House), by James T. Pendergrast: Pendergrast, whose cartoons appear regularly in *Rolling Stone*, presents 150 new drawings in categories ranging from "The Meaning of Life" to "Growing Up Normal." This is very funny stuff.

An American's Guide to the Soviet Union (Hippocrene), by Lydle Brinkle: Now that there has been a thaw in American/Soviet relations, travelers should welcome this guide. It covers Moscow, Leningrad and Kiev in depth, as well as other stops such as Odessa and Novgorod, providing such useful information as how to get medical treatment, where to ski and what's happening in Minsk.

Heaven Is a Playground (Fireside/Simon & Schuster), by Rick Telander: Fireside has reprinted Telander's chronicle of a summer spent hanging out at an inner-city playground watching real basketball being played. To many kids, this is their only N.B.A., and he gets it all. If you missed *Heaven* the first time around, read it now before the movie reaches your local screen.

"E" Is for Evidence (Holt), by Sue Grafton: Kinsey Millhone is the star of all five of Grafton's alphabet mysteries; you could start here and read back to "*A*" *Is for Alibi*. Kinsey's smart, independent, tough when it matters—and human. Everything you could ask for in a mystery series.

All Consuming Images (Basic Books), by Stuart Ewen: The evolution of style, from the privilege of aristocracy to its present credo—to have is to do. The book confirms what you've always suspected: Attitude is everything.

Dodger Dogs to Fenway Franks (McGraw-Hill), by Robert Wood: Big-league ball parks ranked the way a grade-school teacher hands out report cards—A through D and etched in stone. Rating conditions on the field, comfort in the stands, edibility of food and employee courtesy, Wood gives top kudos to Kansas City's Royals Stadium and Los Angeles' Dodger Stadium; Houston's Astrodome and Exhibition Stadium in Toronto finished in the cellar.

Government Giveaways for Entrepreneurs (Information USA, P.O. Box 15700, Chevy Chase, Maryland 20815), by Matthew Lesko: A 448-page directory with commentary that any fledgling business person will find an excellent source book on everything from loan programs to agencies to free expertise and sound advice on dealing with state and Federal bureaucracies.



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By ASA BABER

Welcome to college, gentlemen. I assume you have the only three skills necessary to profit from the education you are about to receive: (1) You know how to tap a beer keg; (2) you know where to buy condoms; and (3) you know how to sleep in class with your eyes open and a smile on your face.

Anything else? Well, it helps to know where the bookstore and the library are. You may have to take your parents by them on Parents Day. And don't forget the golden rule of every college student: Ask for money from home *before* your first semester's grades are posted.

OK, it's been a long summer, you miss your high school friends, you wonder how you ended up at a university that seems to be little more than a huge commercial enterprise and you're lusting after several women on campus who have eyes only for the football team. Welcome to the world of the college freshman. You are not alone. Soon you'll have a new crew of friends, people who will be your compatriots for life. Be patient. It will happen.

While you're sitting around, sipping your suds and reading this edition of *Playboy*, check out last month's *Men* column. It's called "Feminist U" and it applies directly to you and your new world. In it, I talked about the proliferation of women's-studies programs on the college campuses of America, a phenomenon of the past two decades of feminist activism in this culture that is founded on the limiting idea that women deserve to be educated about themselves and men do not.

As an example of this narrow and biased perception, I listed some of the women's-studies courses a student could take at Dartmouth (Women in China, Women in Africa, Women in Myth, etc.). I suggested that no equivalent series of courses for men could be found in the Dartmouth catalog—and I noted that this was the standard situation on our college campuses at the present time. Men's-studies programs equal in rank, stature and budget to current women's-studies programs are nonexistent today.

"Why this monopoly of feminist thought on today's college campuses?" I asked. "It's obvious—and generally unmentioned in classrooms or in national debate. Sexism takes many forms, and today's academic feminism is one of the most virulent."

What does this have to do with you? Everything. You're being denied an education about yourself. Worse, you're living in



THE CLASS OF 1992

a culture that assumes you have no problems worth examining. So your assignment, gentlemen (and fair-minded ladies) of the class of 1992, is to improve the impoverished condition of your university's course offerings. You have four years to work on it, but I hope you get started now. Men's studies is a worthy idea.

To help you along, here are some suggestions for the kinds of courses that might constitute the beginnings of a viable men's-studies program. Use what you can, forget the rest, add your own. Just give the idea some thought, then translate that thought into action. If you do, I promise you this much: You'll have an interesting four years. No topic provokes more heated discussion, none is more sensitive at this time than the question of male and female roles in our society. If you argue that men deserve an independent program of their own, you'll catch some flak. But if by 1992 you've helped balance the curriculum of your school, you will graduate with the sense that you've done more than just drink beer and go through the motions of getting an education. Try it. You'll like it.

Proposed men's-studies courses:

The Biological Male: A study of male physiology, the athletic male, male health problems, the nature of aging, questions of male longevity and ways to increase it.

Fathers, Mothers, Siblings: The male's

relationship with his family, burdens and opportunities, patterns of love and resentment, creativity and destruction.

Male Sexuality: The psychological and physiological elements of sexuality, differences between male and female sexuality.

Men and the Law: Questions of divorce, child custody, property settlements, cohabitation agreements, the military draft, men in prison, the death penalty, abortion.

Role Models: Autobiographies and biographies of representative men, with a focus on role modeling as a major learning experience; each student in this course writes an autobiography.

Contemporary Feminism: The feminist movement from a male perspective: its history, its value and usefulness, its excesses and how you deal with them.

Hero/Antihero: How men are portrayed in literature, drama and film and the expectations produced by those portrayals.

TV, Advertising and the American Male: The cultural suppositions behind the images we are fed, the devices used to manipulate us, the differing images of the male.

Fathering: A "how-to" course, including a historical and sociological perspective, from prenatal care to relationships with adult sons and daughters.

Pornography/Erotica: A study of differences in male and female perceptions of sexual excitement, also focusing on issues concerning pornography and the First Amendment.

The Myths Men Make: Issues of self-perception and identity, how men motivate themselves, what they notice, hear, see, remember (and what they don't), ways of self-improvement.


History of the Common Man: Not the usual study of the campaigns of Napoleon or the decisions of American Presidents but a history of the unnoticed man.

Men and War: The history of the male in any society is often the history of men in combat; a study of war and its impact on all men.

Gender Studies: This is the biggie, the seminar that should cap both the men's and the women's-studies programs; in it, you draw from all you've learned about yourself and the opposite sex, and you practice problem solving on a group basis.

That's a start. It gives you some ideas to take to the dean. I wish you luck. Now tap that keg, smile that smile and may the sleep you get in class be peaceful.





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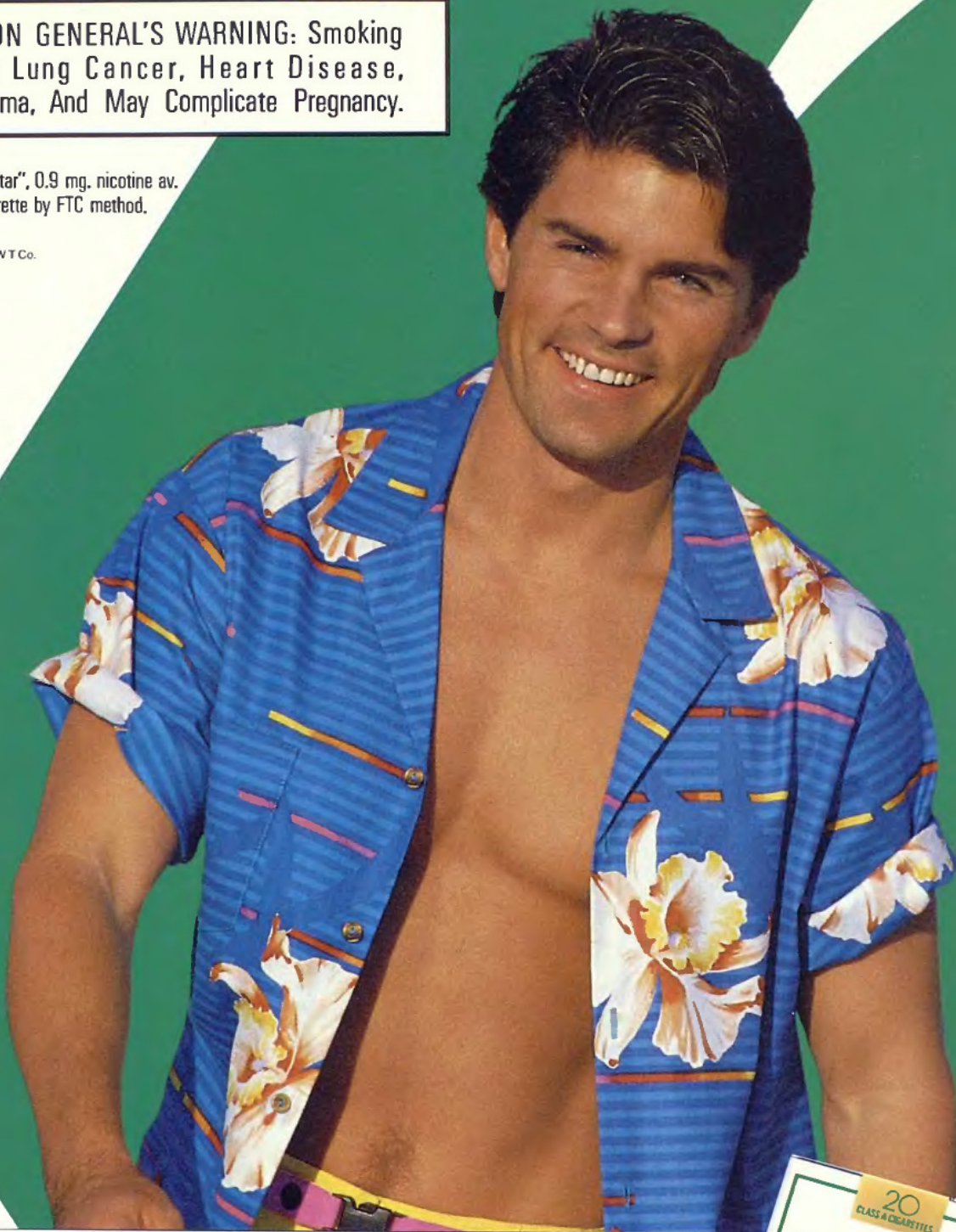
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By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

My life seems empty and strange, so I have been searching for the meaning of love. I made the terrible mistake of searching in an excruciatingly trendy New York night club. There was a supercilious man wearing the most precious tie anyone ever saw. He made me want to die or leave town. So I went to Texas.

Kerrville, Texas, where once a year there is a three-week music festival attended by the best songwriters in the world.

I wanted a glimpse of the legendary Butch Hancock, whose songs cause me to reverberate with loneliness and passion. Or, please, Lord, Jimmie Dale Gilmore, Joe Ely, Terry Allen.

Never heard of those guys? Never mind. They're all from Lubbock and now all but Allen live in Austin, where they are local heroes. But they're not quite available for general consumption, though rock critics voted Joe Ely's *Lord of the Highway* the best album of 1987, and Jimmie Dale Gilmore's *Fair & Square* is climbing the charts in England. But these guys record on obscure labels because of the high percentage of morons at major record companies. So you almost have to go to Texas to hear this amalgam of rock, country and folk with the kind of lyrics that make you shiver. It is worth it.

I arrived in the sweetly fragrant Texas hill country, drove my rented car down a dirt road to the music festival and found myself in a time warp. There were acres of campgrounds and a huge open-air theater. Peter Yarrow was on stage, singing *Puff the Magic Dragon*. People in tie-dye had their arms slung around each other and were swaying to the music. There was a man with his beard braided. There was my friend Carol, who hugged me.

"And this is Whale," Carol said, pointing to a giant with bright-red hair and beard. Whale promptly folded me in a huge embrace, all body parts touching.

"This is Kerrville," Carol said, "where a hug is the official greeting."

Yes, I was in an enormous hippie commune. The festival is run by a white-bearded fellow named Rod Kennedy, who hugs lustily and manages to get about 200 people to work for eight dollars a day, plus food. All the performers perform for a pittance, spectators pay a minuscule amount and sometimes there isn't enough money for food, so, naturally, there is a lot of bonhomie.

Stars were bright overhead and Texas dust was in my throat. "I've come down



TEXAS CRUDE

here to listen to smart lyrics, eat chicken-fried steak and figure out the meaning of love," I said between hugging fellows named Bear, Joe Don and Alex.

"A laudable activity for a woman," said Alex. "Or even anyone, I guess."

"Want to meet Butch Hancock?" asked Carol. "He can sing about love forever."

"Absolutely not," I snapped. "What can a regular person say to the genius who wrote *West Texas Waltz* and *Neon Wind*?"

"Hell, I'm just another jerk," said Butch, who may have been listening. He is a wiry fellow with intense eyes and a good, solid nose. "And this is Jimmie Dale Gilmore."

"Hello," said Jimmie, a man with killer cheekbones who will look 17 until he's 80. "You look familiar. Have we met?"

"No; I'd remember," I said.

"Are you sure we didn't spend a week together and manage to ruin everything with everyone else?"

"Come to think of it, maybe I did have your child."

This is innocent Texas flirting. This is why I tell all heartbroken girls to buy a one-way ticket to Austin. Texas men can take flirting all the way up to metaphysical.

I wandered all night through the tent-studded campgrounds, stopping at several campfires, listening to singers take turns. I met a woman searching for an old, fat, bald man to love; she was trying to kick the handsome-hunk habit. I met another woman whose husband had left her when

she broke her ankle roller skating, had come back when she healed. I heard a woman sing, "She can have your heart, darlin', what I want's further down"; I heard a man sing, "I want my rib back." I heard a bunch of terrible songs—sensitive, fey little ditties of the wounded-unicorn genre. I met a woman named Ann who clearly remembered meeting me when I was 15. She threatened to sing *Get Your Tongue Out of My Mouth, I'm Kissing You Goodbye*. Jimmie Dale Gilmore strolled by with a guitar and said, "Do you realize there are some people who only like what's in style?" Three men sitting around one campfire dedicated songs to me and I felt my blood race. I went to sleep in a tent at dawn, listening to Butch and Joe sing duets.

"It takes the fun out of wrestling angels/ When God Herself don't wanna win," Butch wailed.

"Butch," I said early next afternoon, "some of the songs I heard seem terrible; could this be true?"

"Yes," he said, "like bad gas. People have a right to get that stuff out of their system, or else it'll kill them. One man's folk song is another man's lethal weapon. Here's your friend Jeff."

"Still searching for the meaning of love?" said Jeff, whom I hadn't seen in five years.

"It persists in eluding me," I said with a shrug.

"It's living in New York," said Butch. "In small towns, everyone's on the make; big towns, everyone's on the take."

"Maybe you're thinking with the wrong part of your body," said Jeff. "There really is tribalism, you know. We're animals, we recognize commonality through smell. We have a deep reptilian brain. Think with your skin. Skin has a way of deep affinity."

"I have myriads of fantasies, which I try to ignore," said Butch. "We all live too much in our heads."

"So when I see *Moonstruck* and identify with Cher and get excited and dizzy over Nicolas Cage, I'm wasting my own life?"

"Probably," he said.

"Women are all hunger and confusion, and men—men are just beaten," said Jeff.

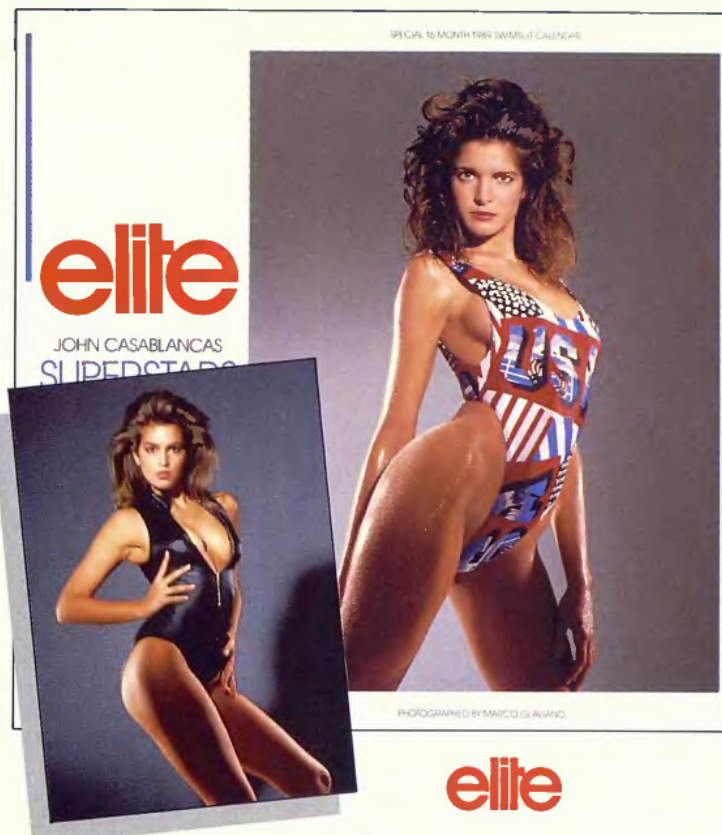
"What about all those statistics that tell women they'll never find a mate?" I asked.

"All the statistics in the world don't make a difference when one person changes their mind," said Butch.

So I walked off and found myself a lover.

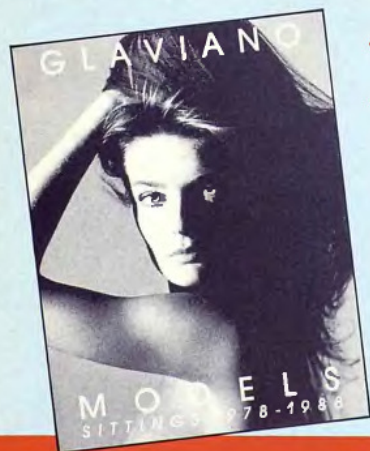


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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I have a boyfriend who talks dirty in bed. Not with swear words or anything like that. He makes up long, involved fantasies, using the names of people we know. Usually, he asks me to imagine that we are having a *menage à trois* with one of our female acquaintances. He will say, "And Mary is stroking your breasts, just so. Her hand is touching your clitoris, delicately." Or "Jennifer is pressing her breasts to your back, cupping your breasts with her hands." Sometimes I wear a blindfold and pretend that it is actually happening as he describes it. Is that weird? He has never even hinted at making the fantasy a reality, so some of my initial nervousness has disappeared. I even find that his sound track fuels my imagination. Maybe I don't have a problem, after all. But could you still tell me how common this is?—Miss B. J., Chicago, Illinois.

According to "The Playboy Readers' Sex Survey," almost half of you have talked dirty during sex. We didn't ask for details, so we can't tell you what people are saying. Your partner's fantasy sounds fun. It's cheaper than dial-a-porn.

Help. My local video store is pretty much the pits. It stocks the obvious best sellers but doesn't like to take risks stocking obscure titles. I'm sure that there is stuff available more interesting than *One Hundred and One Dalmatians*. Any suggestions?—T. P., Salt Lake City, Utah.

Suicide. No, just kidding. We won't give up the ghost until we see "Belle de Jour" on video—or "Tom Jones" or "Walkabout" or "More" or "Zatouche Meets Yojimbo." After strip-mining the local video store, we have turned to catalogs. One of the oldest mail-order video stores is Movies Unlimited (6736 Castor Avenue, Philadelphia 19149). The catalog (\$9.95) offers everything from episodes of "The Avengers" (\$19.95) to the complete four-film opus of "Ilsa, She Wolf of the SS." A separate adult-video catalog (\$5.50) offers the best X-rated cassettes (from \$19.95 to \$59.95). If you are tired of the local PBS station's making all those viewer appeals and want to program your own culture, try the catalog (three dollars) from Kultur (121 Highway 36, West Long Branch, New Jersey 07764). It sells ballet, opera and classical-music performances on video cassette for about \$29.95 a tape. For a crash course, you can order "Wagner: the Complete Epic" in a nine-hour unedited version for \$124.95. The Evergreen Video Society (213 West 35th Street, Second Floor, New York 10001-4024) is another useful resource, offering more than 2500 titles for sale or rent. Its versions of public-domain films are especially good. Facets Cinematheque (1517 West Fullerton Avenue, Chicago 60614) offers an eclectic collection of foreign, classic, independent and American films for sale or rent. (Its catalog is



available for four dollars.) Still hungry? Video Yesteryear (Box C, Sandy Hook, Connecticut 06482) has a catalog (two dollars) of 916 serials, silents and early screen classics. Shokus Video (P.O. Box 8434, Van Nuys, California 91409) offers a great collection of early television shows—from *Uncle Millie* to *Jack Benny* to "Beat the Clock" and "\$64,000 Question."

For four months, I have been living with a girl. We get along well and enjoy an exceptional sexual relationship. She is very open-minded, with few inhibitions. I am less open-minded and more skeptical. My problem is that she has the need to have other male friends, as she gets along better with men. The other day, she asked if it was all right for her to go to a male friend's home to have dinner with him. I would never stop her from going, but I did say that I was not terribly happy with the idea. If that was what she really wanted to do, it was OK with me. However, I can't help but feel that something is wrong with this situation, with this man's calling her up and asking her to dinner at his home when he knows that she is living with me. I have met this guy on a few occasions and he seems to have no ulterior motives. My girlfriend feels that there is nothing wrong with their relationship, because she would not do anything sexual with him. I feel that my girlfriend is a little naïve about this situation. Is there a right or wrong to this?—R. G., Miami, Florida.

We think your girlfriend is being a bit naïve. In a world of mixed signals, crossing the threshold into someone's apartment suggests a more intimate encounter. Some women complain that relationships chafe, that suddenly they can't get along with other men the

way they always have. Singles have an autonomy and etiquette that couples do not have. Of course, she can maintain friendships with other men—but she can do that over lunch in a restaurant. If dinner is the only alternative, why not have it at your house? Is there a plausible reason you shouldn't be along? There are still some questions that should be answered before this issue is settled.

About 15 years ago, I bought my stereo speakers. Given that they are three-way speakers in still-handsome walnut enclosures, is there any compelling argument for buying newer models? Are my present speakers deteriorating unbeknownst to me, and, if so, are there steps I can take to preserve them?—D. R. W., Charlottesville, Virginia.

Performance of speakers will change due to deterioration of components over time. Speaker cones lose their rigidity, speaker surrounds lose some flex and voice coils may corrode slightly and impede their travel. Usually, those changes make only slight differences in sound, too small to be noticed if they occur over a long period. The result of those changes could be a speaker that sounds different from when it was new but maintains the characteristics that made it sound good originally. The only protection from deterioration is keeping the speakers in a cool, dry environment.

In response to the letter in the July *Playboy Advisor* from B. N. of Juneau, Alaska, regarding the art of making love with a lady's breasts, I would like to offer some suggestions on techniques, as well as how to approach the subject. In my experiences in discussing this beautiful form of lovemaking with the ladies who have shared my bed, I've found that the best way of talking about it is not to use blunt language, such as, "I want to fuck you between your tits," except in the heat of passion, when such a statement can greatly increase the level of excitement. Rather, it is better to be more sensitive in your approach. Chances are that she will be more than willing and very excited to accommodate your wishes. The element of erotic surprise can be very exciting to a lady, as well. For instance, if she is giving you oral loving, you can slide your penis from her lips until it is between her breasts. Then begin sliding it in and out of her cleavage, and on each upstroke, she can take your penis between her lips. It is important to encourage her to be active in sharing this pleasure. In this day and age of safer sex, breast intercourse is completely safe as long as there are no cuts or abrasions on the skin, and it is also a wonderfully exciting and sensuous form of birth control. As far as technique is concerned, I offer the following tips. When you and your lady are

making love, pay special attention to her breasts. Praise their beauty, their warmth, their softness. Caress and fondle them lovingly, worship them with your lips and your tongue until both of you are hot for each other. Her breasts should be well lubricated with saliva, vaginal secretions or some other kind of lubricant to prevent any discomfort to either of you, as well as to make it sexier and more fun. When her breasts and your penis are all slicked up, use your penis to caress her nipples, circling your glans around her areolae, and gently press the tip of her nipple into the opening of your urethra. Gentleness is the key when doing this! It is guaranteed to drive both of you to incredible heights of passion. Caress her breasts thoroughly with your penis, and then slide it between them. Have her squeeze her breasts around your penis while you begin thrusting back and forth slowly, gradually increasing the tempo. Play with her nipples while you are thrusting, and you can also reach behind you to caress her clitoris and vaginal lips to add to her pleasure. As your excitement mounts toward orgasm, you may want to slow down or even stop your breast humping to make it last longer, or you may want to increase your tempo and really go for it. When you reach your peak, let it go all over her breasts, nipples, lips, face and hair. Your lady will be so hot that she may have an orgasm at the same time you do. Gently and lovingly massage all of your semen into her breasts and nipples with your penis after both of you have finished. I guarantee that both you and your lady will enjoy this beautiful form of lovemaking. I hope my suggestions will help others enjoy tit loving as much as I enjoy it.—J. B., Baltimore, Maryland.

Thanks. And may we have your recipe for chicken cacciatore?

I want to set up a basic bar with enough alcoholic beverages to meet all reasonable requests. However, I'm concerned about how well my liquor will keep, both opened and unopened. Should unopened bottles be stored on their sides like wine? Please, not a long discourse; just the fundamentals so I can do the right thing.—L. T., Raleigh, North Carolina.

The backbone of any basic bar is an assortment of standard spirits—vodka, Scotch, bourbon, etc. Depending on what you and your friends customarily drink, you may stock as few as three or as many as a dozen, perhaps more. Check the shelves of a good liquor shop, but don't get carried away with esoterica that maybe one guest a year will request. Sealed bottles can last for years—some say indefinitely—as long as the closure remains intact and no air enters the bottle. Store unopened bottles in an upright position, not on their sides as you would wine. If a bottle of booze rests on its side for a lengthy period, the alcohol may cause the closure to deteriorate. Also, keep the bottles away from heat, bright light and vibration. From time to time, check the level of the liquid in the necks of un-

opened bottles. If any seem low, there may be leakage or evaporation because of a faulty closure. In such cases—which are quite rare, incidentally—open the bottle, taste to make sure it's OK and then use as needed. Our experience has been that opened bottles hold their quality for many months, provided they're tightly closed after use and stored the same as unopened bottles. In addition, your bar will probably include liqueurs—for both after-dinner sipping and mixing drinks. For the most part, liqueurs are more perishable than other spirits because of their lower alcohol content and their delicate flavoring ingredients. Keep them in as cool a place as possible before opening. After opening, keep those below 40 proof in the refrigerator if they're not likely to be used up within a couple of weeks. Lower-proof liqueurs lose some quality over time—opened or unopened. The good news is that, generally, the changes are not particularly noticeable. You may also want to stock dry vermouth for martinis and sweet vermouth for manhattans. Treat these wines the same as lower-proof liqueurs and, to keep them in optimum condition, refrigerate after opening. If you don't use much vermouth, you're better off buying the half-bottle (375 ml) size.

While I was shopping for a new stock of neckties, a salesperson mentioned "power ties." I had heard that reference before, but it had little significance to me at the time. I was told, however, that red ties signify power; yellow, success; dark blue, legislative/judicial. Is there anything to that? If so, what about other colors—brown, gray, Burgundy, green, etc.?—D. K., Austin, Texas.

About two years ago, the power tie was predominantly soft yellow with a small, discreet navy-blue pattern. It was worn by arbiters, program traders and all those guys who work selling clothes, if they work at all. In short, the ties have become too common to retain their original cachet. Just as the cosmetics industry plays upon the insecurity of women regarding their appearance, the power-tie business was tailor-made for insecure men in lackluster positions. If you want to broadcast that insecurity, buy a power tie. If not, forget the dictates of people working in a tie shop and invest in the best-quality clothing you can afford, along with an array of coordinated shirts and ties that will allow you to put together a variety of looks.

I have been avoiding writing to you about my secret oral-sex trick for a long time, but here goes. Dildos and vibrators stimulate the clitoris and drive most women wild once they get used to them. There are several problems with those artificial props: They are cold, hard, require batteries or cords and the vibrating sensations are very limited. My secret is to gently buzz your lips on the clit for a long time and vary the speed with your breath. Once the lady gets used to the sound of you giving her raspberries on her clit, she will climax harder and longer than with any vibrator! Simply

practice passing a long stream of air through your lips on your arm until you can control the buzzing or flapping. The more you practice, the easier it gets, and you will achieve more variety in the vibrations. Then start buzzing your lips on her thigh so that she can get used to the funny sound and unique sensation. It won't be long before she is ready to feel it on her clit. The result is a hot pair of lips buzzing on her clit at any speed or pressure she likes. By taking long and deep breaths between buzzing, you can continue this personal vibrator for as long as the lady likes. One word of caution before you try this: Many women find it so exciting and orgasmic that they lose their breath from screaming; so stop to let them catch their breath. A woman can also use this technique on a man by buzzing her lips on the sensitive skin behind the head of his penis. It is very exciting and very unusual. Please let me know if you have ever heard of this and what results you have found. Try it; you'll love it!—R. M., Irvine, California.

Think of the money you'll save on batteries alone.

Can you tell me anything about papaverine? A friend tells me that it is a drug that gives you four-hour erections. Apparently, it is a cure for impotence that lets normal guys last all night. It sounds too good to be true. What's the scoop?—B. G., New York, New York.

Reportedly, more than 10,000 impotent men have received treatment with papaverine—despite the fact that the FDA has not approved its use for intracavernosal injection. What, you may ask, is intracavernosal injection? It means that the drug is administered with a 26-gauge needle directly in your penis. In treatment, the physician teaches patients how to inject themselves. The erection lasts from 90 to 120 minutes. What are the drawbacks? Well, aside from the obvious break in the romantic mood (we are a nation that has a hard time putting on condoms—stopping sex to play doctor may be beyond all but the most dysfunctional men), ten to 20 percent of men experience priapism, or prolonged erection. You have to rush back to the doctor to have your penis irrigated and/or treated with other drugs. There may be some bleeding from the injection site, and some men accidentally perforate the urethra. Extended use may result in a deformed or painful erection. Our advice: If you don't need it, don't even think about it. If you do need it, consider carefully the alternatives.

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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Please mail by October 31, 1988.

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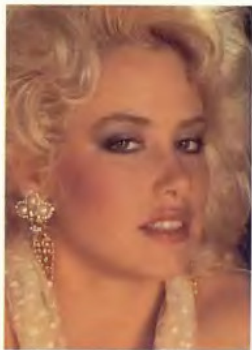
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DEAR PLAYMATES

The question for the month:

How do you get a partner who is a poor communicator to open up?

I'm not the world's greatest communicator. I have to work on that. Sometimes I sit on something for a day, because I don't know how to approach it and I want to be honest. I don't know if I can make someone communicate with me if he's not a willing partner. Then he won't tell me the truth. About all I can do is show him by example that he doesn't have to be afraid to be honest, even though I know it's hard to do. Also, there are some things that can't be solved overnight or in a week. You may have a difference of opinion forever. You have to be able to say, "OK, we don't see this thing the same way," and move on.



Cher Butler

CHER BUTLER
AUGUST 1985

If he's not a good communicator, don't start off on the defensive. Get him to talk about himself. Don't go on the attack. Be a friend. It does drive me crazy when I don't know what someone I care about is thinking. It's a good idea to tell him what's really important to you. That encourages him to do the same. If he feels comfortable, it will be easier for him to talk. Then he'll get used to doing it.



Laurie Carr

LAURIE CARR
DECEMBER 1986

When my fiancé and I got together, I really wanted to know if we were starting a relationship that would last or if we were having a fling. He never wanted to talk about it. To him, it was just day by day. Finally, one day I said to him, "You have to answer every single one of these questions right now, because if you don't, it's over. If you can't tell me what you have in mind, then you obviously don't want to go any further with this relationship." I had known him for a long time and I really cared about him. I wanted to know if my ideas about the future matched his. I pushed him, but I think he knew what he wanted. He was just the kind of person who let things ride. The direct approach worked really well.



You learn to adapt, because everyone communicates differently. Either you talk about every little thing or you learn to read his face and his actions. Once you have been with a man for a while, you tend to recognize other forms of communication. Finally, if it's serious, you ask. And you don't accept "Nothing's wrong" for an answer. Then he's playing games. I won't put up with a relationship like that.



Anna Clark

ANNA CLARK
APRIL 1987

India Allen

INDIA ALLEN
DECEMBER 1987

It's not my job to change him, but I can encourage him, directly and indirectly, to be more open. Sometimes men will keep things inside because I come on strong, and that can be very intimidating. But I have learned how to help them be more honest with me by touching, holding and a gentle approach. I try not to be too critical, because sometimes a guy will take that all wrong. I try to let him know you can have friendship in a relationship and that he can come to me to discuss anything at all.



I have encountered this problem. I think the main reason for poor communication is the fear of being rejected. A relationship should make it safe to be vulnerable. I was an uncommunicative person for a long, long time. Fortunately, I had a man in my life who made me feel safe about saying whatever was on my mind without passing judgment on me. That's the key. If you create the environment where someone can speak freely, then communication becomes easier, more natural and a good habit to get into.



Julie Peterson

JULIE PETERSON
FEBRUARY 1987

Rebecca Ferratti

REBECCA FERRATTI
JUNE 1986

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.



SOME MEN HAVE A TASTE FOR WHISKY.





SOME MEN HAVE A TASTE FOR GOLD.

Seagram's
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THE BIG LIE: REISMAN REVISITED

In the past few months, newspaper editors, business leaders and newsstand dealers have received a shocking 24-page report from The Institute for Media Education called "Executive Summary: Images of Children, Crime and Violence in *Playboy*, *Penthouse* and *Hustler* Magazines."

According to the report, a Government-funded study by Judith A. Reisman, Ph.D., found "a total of 6004 photographs, illustrations and cartoons depicting children in the 683 magazines. *Hustler* depicted children most often, an average of 14.1 times per issue, followed by *Playboy* (8.2 times per issue) and *Penthouse* (6.4 times per issue).

"From 1954 to 1984, these 6004 images of children were interspersed with 15,000 images of crime and violence, 35,000 female breasts and 9000 female genitalia."

According to the author, several issues were raised for future study:

"1. The role of these magazines in making children more acceptable as objects of abuse, neglect and mistreatment, especially sexual abuse and exploitation.

"2. The possibility that these images of children reduce taboos and inhibitions restraining abusive, neglectful or exploitative behavior toward children.

"3. The possible trivialization of child mistreatment in the minds of readers.

"4. The consequences of presenting sexual and violent images of children in magazines that call attention to sexual and/or violent activity."

Heavy stuff. Newspaper editors wrote concerned editorials. Some advertisers wrote letters to our offices asking for an explanation. And newsstand dealers who had resisted boycotts looked out the window to see pickets.

The study appears to be an official

document and a legitimate piece of research. It is neither. Who is the executive who issued the report? It comes from The Institute for Media Education, a nonprofit organization founded by Judith Reisman and run by Judith Reisman for the sole purpose of disseminating the beliefs of Judith Reisman.

Hustler are every bit as dangerous as Hitler, Mussolini and Hirohito." In choosing her villains, she revealed more than she intended. Her work reflects the Big Lie theory of Goebbels more than it does social science. If you say something loud enough, and often enough, it becomes the truth.

The primary supporter of the current version of the lie is the Reverend Donald Wildmon, head of the American Family Association, or, as it was formerly called, the National Federation for Decency. In the May 1988 issue of the *A.F.A. Journal*, he proclaims, "This Executive Summary is the most powerful tool yet which concerned citizens can use to persuade stores to discontinue the sale of pornographic magazines. The Executive Summary places these magazines in their true light, one which the public has never seen before. The principal researcher, Dr. Judith Reisman, has done a superb job of showing how these publications foster and encourage the sexual abuse of children. Taking cartoons and photographs directly from the publications, the reader has no problem seeing clearly the connection."

The report is supposedly the authorized summary of a 2000-page Government-funded study. It seems to carry the Federal imprimatur, but that is a careful deception.

"A Content Analysis of *Playboy*, *Penthouse* and *Hustler* Magazines with Special Attention to the Portrayal of Children, Crime and Violence" was funded by the

Office of Juvenile Justice and Delinquency Prevention of the United States Department of Justice at a cost of \$734,371. [That means it cost \$122 to count each photo, illustration and cartoon.]

On April 11, 1984, the Human Resources Subcommittee of the Education

"'29. 'Pseudo-Child' (4/76, cover)"



"Several medical and photo-montage experts examined this cover. Each independently concluded that two, perhaps three bodies were combined to create this cut-and-paste female image. The child clothing and props were all carefully designed to create child arousal stimuli."
—THE EXECUTIVE SUMMARY

man. Her most noted credential is that she was once a songwriter on *Captain Kangaroo*. Earlier, she wrote feminist diatribes under the name Judith Bat Ada. A preview of her bias showed up in *Take Back the Night: Women on Pornography*, in which she claims, "The publishers of *Playboy*, *Penthouse* and

and Labor Committee targeted the study as a prime example of poor planning. Gordon Raley, the subcommittee staff director, charged, "This is an unbelievable waste of taxpayers' dollars. . . . I have never seen a grant as bad as this, nor an application as irrespons-

Not only did the university decline to publish it but the person who was asked to provide the advisory audit on the report found it unacceptable as research and as analysis. University of Pennsylvania associate professor of criminology Dr. Robert M. Figlio told American

University officials, "This manuscript cannot stand as a publishable and/or releasable product in its present state. . . . This project, the data gathered and the analyses undertaken offer *no* information about the effects that pornography and media violence may have on behavior. This is not a study of causal relationships, and no conclusions of that kind may be drawn from the findings presented in the report. Additionally, the report combines erotica and pornography into a single category without adequately defining either concept theoretically or operationally. The report might better be called 'A Collection of Descriptions of Some Cartoon and Other Images, Some of Which Contain Nudity, Sexual Activity and Illegal Behavior or Some Combination of the Above, with Participants of Various Ages, Sexes and Other Demographic Characteristics.'"

original was so resoundingly ridiculed? She simply denies that she wrote the original. The Justice Department shelved a report "ostensibly written by Dr. Reisman." Figlio criticized "the unauthorized American University draft" and was "unable to review and evaluate this final technical version written by the Principal Investigator." We are always leery of people who refer to themselves in the third person and use capital letters. Who, if not Reisman, wrote the original? Judith Bat Ada? Captain Kangaroo?

We asked Figlio why he was unable to review the final version. His answer: "Because she never sent me a final version." We asked what he thought of the researcher at the time of the original study. "Quite frankly," he said, "I wondered what kind of mind would consider the love scene from *Romeo and Juliet* to be child porn."

The purpose of the summary report, we are told, is the dissemination of information. "These findings should be provided to public agencies, educators, policy makers, parents and juveniles. Distilled into dispassionate, concrete components (i.e., charts, graphs, statistical tables and explanatory narrative), the information is now ready for public access. Such access means that both adults and juveniles may objectively assess, critique and debate this issue without requiring exposure to primary sources."

The report contains nudity that *Playboy*, *Penthouse* and *Hustler* all take great care to label as adult entertainment, to be sold to adults only. Reisman, who is supposedly concerned about the effect of such images on the minds of juveniles who accidentally stumble upon copies of the magazines, is proposing mass distribution of the same images to juveniles. It makes you wonder.

THE NUMBERS GAME

The accusations in the study border on the ludicrous. Reisman claims, for example, that between December 1953 and December 1984, the three magazines published an estimated 14,854 images of crime and violence. *Playboy* supposedly delivered 170 images in 1954 alone and averages 21 depictions per issue. One of the primary requirements of a scientific study is that the results be replicated by other researchers.

Joseph E. Scott, Ph.D., and Steven J. Cuvelier conducted a similar study of images of violence in *Playboy*. Over a 30-year period, they found an average of 6.92 violent cartoons a year and 1.89 violent pictorials a year. Not per issue,

"28. Teen Nude (8/78, p. 238)"



"Relying upon the sexually mature appearance of the youngster to legitimize the (now illegal) sexual exploitation of an underage youth, *Playboy* knowingly used this nude photo of Nastassja Kinski at 17 years of age."

—THE EXECUTIVE SUMMARY

bly prepared. . . . Our examination so far further indicates Ms. Reisman's credentials as a scientist are pretty flimsy."

When the report was delivered, Alfred S. Regnery, the man who had commissioned it, said, "Bad judgments were exercised when the grant was first made."

Verne Speirs, Regnery's successor, announced that the study would be shelved because of "multiple serious flaws in its methodology. . . . We have made a decision not to officially publish or disseminate the report." A spokesman for American University (which provided the academic housing for the study) also announced that it would not publish Reisman's work.

As for the primary charge, that *Playboy* depicts children as sex objects, Dr. Figlio said, "The term child used in the aggregate sense in this report is so inclusive and general as to be almost meaningless. . . . If we cannot generalize from the data nor infer meaning from the frequencies reported in the study, what can we do with the study? The answer is obvious. From a scientific point of view, we cannot take this work seriously to build theory or policy."

If the study was rejected by the officials who had commissioned it, and repudiated with some embarrassment by the peers who reviewed it, why is it now in circulation? How can Reisman pass it off as an official report when the

per year. "Given that the raters found sexually violent pictorials on one page per 3000 pages of the magazine, or in fewer than four of every 1000 pictorials, it would be hard to argue that such depictions might be somehow related to the increase in rape rates. Certainly, the amount of sexual violence found in *Playboy* magazine is so limited that to argue that it might in some way be related to sexual assaults would be stretching one's imagination."

To believe Reisman requires more than a stretch of the imagination. It requires that you abandon a firm grasp of reality, logic and the fundamentals of science. Scott and Cuvelier did not count images of children per se, but, then, neither did Reisman.

Reisman supposedly found eight images of children per issue. To arrive at that figure, she counted every panel of a venerable *Playboy* cartoon series called *Little Annie Fanny* as an image of a child. *Annie* was created as an adult parody of the vintage *Little Orphan Annie*. She was never a juvenile.

Never mind. Reisman has invented a species called Pseudo-Child and claims that 792 adults were portrayed as Pseudo-Children in *Playboy*. That might be a serious charge: Reisman claims that by dressing women as children, we get around the obvious child-pornography laws. The charge gave us pause for thought, until we read how Pseudo-Children were created.

Reisman charges that the April 1976 cover shot of Kristine De Bell is the result of technical wizardry.

"Pseudo-Child: Several medical and photo-montage experts examined this cover. Each independently concluded that two, perhaps three bodies were combined to create this cut-and-paste female image.

The child clothing and props were all carefully designed to create child arousal stimuli by blurring distinctions between child and adult females. As in cartoons, technically deceptive photos suggest to both normal and pedophilic juvenile and adult readers that the

child is a woman and the woman is a child and thus both children and women may be envisioned as appropriate sexual objects."

Fact: The model, Kristine De Bell, was very real, very adult and all in one piece, thank you. The star of an X-rated version of *Alice in Wonderland*, she appeared in *Playboy* in a pictorial photographed by Helmut Newton.

The 24-page report includes a group of letters from a peer review board, all applauding the study. One of the photo-montage experts who reviewed it, and whose remarks are used to buttress its inanity, noted Reisman's plan for a Body Validation instrument: "What we see and sometimes often mistake as a photograph of a nude woman is often a retouched photograph with visual transplants. By that I mean we now

rectly transferred onto printing plates and then into magazines for the voyeuristic eye. The face of a 20-year-old can be connected to the body of a 16-year-old."

Will *Playboy* become the home of the computer-generated graphic next door? We doubt it and hope that anyone reading the report has the sense to doubt it.

Her charges are reminiscent of the supposed media expert who saw S-E-X spelled out in the ice cubes of a whiskey ad. Reisman can see a child where there isn't one, only by inventing a science-fiction version of reality.

All in all, the Reisman report is delusion, not reality; fantasy, not science.

THE AGE OF MAJORITY

Here's another sample of the Execu-

"30. 'Peeping' (11/71, p. 174)"



"The 21-year age of consent is meant to provide youth with an opportunity to mature prior to being legally acceptable as at-risk nude sex objects. That is, such models serve, irreversibly, as a stimulus to the imaginations and possible behaviors of some portions of the public at large."

—THE EXECUTIVE SUMMARY

have the technology to create a real, imaginary, fantasized perfect nude woman. Computers can store pictorial body parts—faces, noses, hands, legs, breasts, etc.—and display them on a screen for an artist to composite. The final fantasized Venus can then be di-

utive Summary. "Teen Nude: Relying upon the sexually mature appearance of the youngster to legitimize the (now-illegal) sexual exploitation of an underage youth, *Playboy* knowingly used this nude photo of Nastassja Kinski at 17 years of age. The use of

voluntarily nude young 'actresses' further undermines the sensitivity of readers regarding the capability of young persons, such as 15-year-old *Penthouse* Pet Tracy Lords, to give consent to their irreversible appearance in public sex displays. The Attorney General's pending legislation will require a 21-year-age-of-consent cap for nude/sex models."

If the use of the picture is now illegal, then Reisman has broken the law in including it in her collection of *Playboy's* greatest hits. Natassja's "irreversible appearances in public sex displays" were the first step in what the rest of us recognize as excellent acting in a fine movie career. She certainly has no regrets and has suffered no harm from on-screen nudity. But then, Reisman doesn't go to the movies much, or she might have recognized the following:

"Peeping: An ostensibly natural, 'private' scene of two nude youths in love provides public entertainment for *Playboy* viewers. This may be said to undermine the sensitivity of readers regarding the right of children to attain their majority before giving consent to sex displays. These two youngsters are seen as under 18. The 21-year age of consent is meant to provide youth with an opportunity to mature prior to being legally acceptable as at-risk nude sex objects. That is, such models serve, irreversibly, as a stimulus to the imaginations and possible behaviors of some portions of the public."

What possible behaviors? Petting in the balcony of your local movie theater? Overdosing on popcorn? The photo is a still from a movie called *Friends*—about teenagers coming of age and falling in love. It was part of a 1971 *Sex in Cinema* feature that explored the pendulum effect, the degree of permissiveness that was sweeping American cinema. The Reisman report includes several other charges that we use *Sex in Cinema* as a vehicle for showing kiddie porn from overseas. This raises an interesting ethical paradox: If the image itself is toxic, then it should not be included in any form. Or is Reisman saying that you can show such images only within the proper ideological frame-

work? That the only people who can use images of youth are scientists, or feminists, or right-wingers? In most states, age-of-consent laws allow anyone who is 16 to have sex. Why should it be against the law to appear nude before a camera for five years after that?

There is a demented lechery, an obsession with the images that is unique to the censor. Reisman fondles the cartoons and then launches into perverse fantasies of penetration and harm. Consider her directions to the viewer of a Ffolkes cartoon:

"The 'leddy' cartoon is a full-page color image describing a sexual scene between a female child and a

finger over the budding breast to determine the holistic age information provided. . . . Reality is in contrast to the Ffolkes humor mythology. For should a child of this age be penetrated by the sex organ of such an adult male, the child would commonly sustain significant, often permanent physical (as well as emotional) trauma. . . ."

We won't bother with an involved defense of the Ffolkes cartoon. A man can enjoy gallows humor without being in favor of capital punishment, or relish the *Reader's Digest* Humor in Uniform without being a warmonger. Only someone willing to fondle the budding breasts of a cartoon image would see it as an endorsement of child sexual abuse. But Reisman claims that *Playboy* associates sex and violence by running an article on, say, organized crime or war in the same 300-page magazine as a pictorial on lingerie. In contrast, she associates sex and violence, in the space of a paragraph, directing the reader's fantasy to the morbid, actively inviting viewer participation throughout the report.

CHARACTER ASSASSINATION

Reisman told a radio interviewer, "You can go look at the scientific data till you're blue in the face, and we will come up with different kinds of things. The data convinces some people that there is a relationship; the data convinces other people that there is not. Contemporary scientists very easily will tell you that we no longer see things in terms of If you drop the pencil on the floor, that's the cause and that is the effect. We talk about correlation; we talk about the relationships between events, and that's sufficient."

Correlation is not cause and effect, nor is it sufficient. Reisman wants you to believe that because there are images in the magazine, and behavior in the world, the one causes the other. That is called magical thinking; it's the kind of science that led Asians to believe that if they consumed the horn of a rhinoceros, it would serve as an aphrodisiac. That belief has led to the endangerment of the rhino; Reisman's magical thinking has put men's magazines on the (concluded on page 52)

"5. Implied Incest (3/72, p. 163)"



"But first of all, we have to ask Triddy's permission, and that costs \$10."

"Since the exaggerated breasts deliberately confuse the reader's age evaluation, place your finger over the budding breast to determine the holistic age information provided."

—THE EXECUTIVE SUMMARY

male adult. . . . Ffolkes typically draws this child in his cartoons: a girl of about seven to eight years, large wide eyes which occupy nearly half of the face, an unformed nose and Cupid's-bow mouth. But for the exaggerated breast development, her polka-dot hair bow and yellow curls complete an unambiguous preschool look. Since the exaggerated breasts deliberately confuse the reader's age evaluation, place your

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

\$\$—UP, UP AND AWAY

The Government's latest drug-smuggling detector, a blimp-like balloon, looms 10,000 feet over the Arizona horizon and costs taxpayers \$18,000,000. Its purpose is to track airplanes near the Mexican border that evade regular radar by flying low. It



has thus far apprehended two drug-carrying planes.

The Air Force, using \$179,000,000 AWACS surveillance planes for the same purpose, caught two drug smugglers in 1987 and none in the first three months of 1988. The planes cost \$50,000,000 per year to fly.

Meanwhile, American military personnel in Panama are suspected of bringing more than 1000 pounds of cocaine into the United States each year aboard military transport planes and through the Armed Forces postal service.

THE GAMBLING HORMONE

Compulsive gambling may have a biological basis and may be medically treatable, according to a study by Dr. Alec Roy published in Archives of General Psychiatry. Dr. Roy found that the spinal fluid and urine of chronic gamblers showed evidence of significantly higher levels of norepinephrine, a hormone that increases blood pressure, heart rate and the rate and depth of breathing and is normally released under "fight or flight" conditions. Thus, gambling may supply the risk-taking behavior needed by a person with an abnormal secretion of the hormone. The

study also found that more than 70 percent of the gamblers studied met the diagnostic criteria for severe depression and that there was a high incidence of depression and alcoholism in their families.

NAZI STUDIES

MINNEAPOLIS—Despite qualms, criticism and controversy, the director of the University of Minnesota's hypothermia-research laboratory plans to analyze and publish the results of Nazi studies on human freezing. In their experiments, Nazi doctors submerged Dachau prisoners in vats of freezing liquid, which often killed the subjects. The decision to use the data has split the Jewish and the medical-ethics communities. Some oppose the use of any Nazi research because they believe it would legitimize evil; others contend that the research could save lives in the future but believe that the study should be dedicated to those who died. The experiments were originally conducted to benefit German fliers shot down over the sea.

TORONTO—A well-known anti-Semitic publisher was convicted under Canada's unique law against "spreading false news" for "willfully" publishing material he knew was untrue and that was "likely to cause injury or mischief to a public interest." The publisher distributed a tract that claimed that the Holocaust had never happened.

A REVOLTING DEVELOPMENT

LOS ANGELES—A TWA decision to ban smoking on a six-hour Boston-Los Angeles flight was not accepted willingly by dozens of smokers who got word of the ban just before take-off. One passenger said, "There were probably 30 or 40 smokers, and they came unglued." Once the plane was in the air, "everybody lit up." The pilot called for police to meet the plane in Los Angeles. Three passengers, taken into custody for questioning, accused a flight attendant of "grabbing, lunging and striking" one of them and they filed a false-arrest suit against the airline for \$10,000,000.

LYING DETECTORS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—President Reagan recently signed into law a bill limiting the use of lie-detector tests by private employers. Although the legislation will reduce

the 2,000,000 tests given each year by 80 percent, it still allows Government testing and private testing in some cases.

HOMOPHOBIA

According to "Sexuality Today," a newsletter on human sexuality, "Police in West Virginia are keeping lists of 'identified homosexuals.'" The purported purpose of the lists is to have names readily available for tracking down child abusers. The newsletter comments, "Once again, one sees the mentality revealed in which homosexual males are falsely seen as pedophiles, rather than the reality, most pedophiles are heterosexuals. Those who are antigay refuse to admit that it is male-adult characteristics that homosexual men find sexually stimulating."

OBSCENE LEGISLATION

BATON ROUGE—In an attempt to live up to the letter if not the spirit of the First Amendment, state legislators approved



the following bill: "No person shall operate a motor vehicle upon a public road or highway in the state of Louisiana when that motor vehicle displays, whether by sticker, sign or painting, any of the following words that are lettered or written in a type or size greater than one eighth of an inch in height or width: (1) shit, (2) fuck, (3) cunt, (4) tit(s), (5) piss, (6) cocksucker and (7) any other word that is a compound or combination of any of these." The bill is an attempt to effectively ban obscene bumper stickers.

AIDS FEARS

Until experts can be positive about how people contract AIDS, our fears are realistic. Masters and Johnson ("Unrealistic Fear," *The Playboy Forum*, July) based their findings on scientific studies; they should be taken seriously.

Harvey Pearson
Los Angeles, California

Trying to stop the spread of AIDS is like trying to stop an avalanche that has already started.

Donald J. Aldrich
Fair Oaks, California

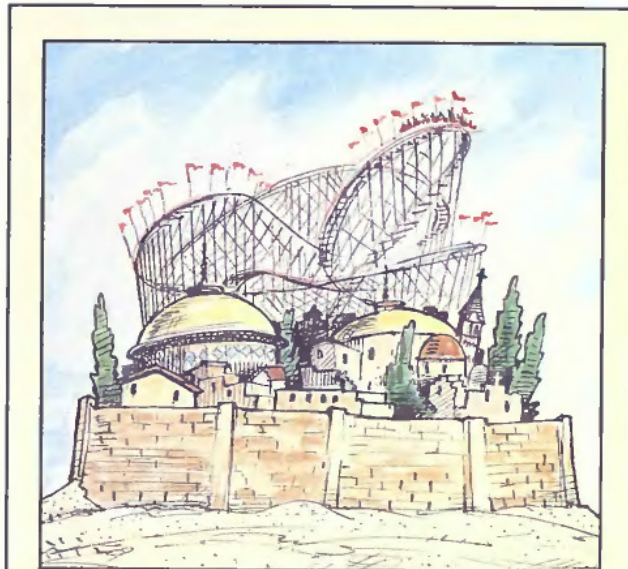
I've always assumed that the risk of AIDS to heterosexuals was exaggerated in order to spur efforts to take this largely homosexual and drug-user disease seriously. Now, however, there seems to be an all-out campaign against publicizing any risk to heterosexuals—even the risks from blood and blood-component transfusions. Is the risk of AIDS to heterosexuals being underreported, perhaps out of fear that there will be a homosexual backlash?

Norman Hines
Ridgecrest, California

I represent a man who, along with a codefendant, is charged with the murder of a prominent physician in Jackson, Mississippi. The codefendant is a homosexual diagnosed as a carrier of the AIDS virus. The legal issue for my client is guilt by association, but there is a social issue as well—AIDS by association.

When the press reported that the codefendant was infected with the AIDS virus and that the murder might have been homosexually related, hysteria invaded the jail and the courthouse. Rubber-gloved deputies escorted my client—who has not been diagnosed as having the AIDS virus—to a separate part of the jail, where he has been denied medical care and visitation rights. Apparently, ignorant people now think that I have been infected with AIDS—from breathing the same air and shaking the hand of my client.

Jim Fraiser
Jackson, Mississippi



FOR THE RECORD

NO MICKEY MOUSE VENTURE

"If Disney can build majestic amusement parks around the world to tell the story of a make-believe mouse, just think what we can do with Jesus Christ."

—MEL WILCOX, insurance salesman, promoting the construction of a two-and-a-half-billion-dollar, 25,000-acre replica of the Holy Land in west Texas

I am appalled by some of your articles on AIDS. It is irresponsible for people to rely on the fact that the odds of not getting AIDS are in their favor and to continue to lead sexually promiscuous lives. Life is a risky business and we must all take some risks, but if we get AIDS, we die—and that's a risk too big to take.

John Shearing
Porterville, California

Face it: You are going to die. You may lead a boring, fearful, responsible life well into your 80s before you die, but you will die. What happens before that time is largely dictated by personal choice. We believe that it is our right to choose the risks in our lives. We feel that our position is responsible; we are not about to follow the first prophet of doom who comes along waxing a headline about death. Look at it this way: Automobiles kill more people in one year than AIDS has claimed in seven years. We can look at automobile-fatality statistics and learn certain useful things, as well as certain irrelevant things. For example, if most fatalities occur at intersections, what do we do? Either we still drive and avoid intersections or we redesign the intersections to be safer and use extra caution when

approaching them. Or we adopt your approach and simply give up driving. We believe that stating the odds of getting AIDS gives people a sense of where to place their concern. We have discussed safe sex, that is, putting up buckle your condom signs, and putting up signs for I.V.-drug use. That's as far as we are prepared to go.

PLAYBOY CONTRIBUTES

In 1982—pre-AIDS awareness—*Playboy* conducted a readers' sex survey (*The Playboy Readers' Sex Survey*, January–October 1983). More than 100,000 readers responded. The survey told us a great deal about the sexual behavior of a certain segment of society. Now, in the era of AIDS, it takes on a new meaning. Because of the number and diversity of the respondents, large subsamples of people whose sexual behavior places them at risk for the AIDS virus are available for closer scrutiny. In the survey, 2786 males described themselves as bisexual; 4676 men described themselves as heterosexual with adult homosexual

experience; 13,733 males had visited a prostitute in the preceding five years; 7194 males and 1492 females had had a sexually transmitted disease in the preceding five years; 9155 males and 1941 females had had regular anal sex and 17,003 males and 2986 females had had 25 or more partners in a lifetime.

Recently, the American Foundation for AIDS Research allocated funding to The Rand Corporation for an expanded scientific analysis of the survey. Because current epidemiological projections for AIDS are based on 40-year-old data from the Kinsey report, *Playboy's* findings will be extremely useful for understanding sexual-behavior patterns that are important to the future course of AIDS.

Thank you for your generous support and cooperation.

Janet Lever, Ph.D.
Policy Career Development Fellow
The Rand Corporation
Santa Monica, California

PLANNED PARENTHOOD

In "Unplanned vs. Planned Parenthood" (*The Playboy Forum*, June), Pat Robertson argues that Margaret Sanger,

R E S P O N S E

the founder of Planned Parenthood, was a proponent of eugenics. I say, Who cares? For no matter how it started, Planned Parenthood has evolved into an admirable organization. One of its advertising campaigns has the slogan "Every child a wanted child, every woman a healthy woman. That's Planned Parenthood's goal." Who can argue with that?

C. J. Henderson
Anoka, Minnesota

OPEN WIDE

Preliminary studies on human saliva find that it deactivates the AIDS virus. Experiments conducted at the National Institute of Dental Research indicate that the HIV virus does not attack lympho-

cytes, a type of white blood cell, in the presence of saliva. That supports epidemiological evidence that AIDS is not transmitted by kissing or by other contact with saliva.

T. J. Crawford
Chattanooga, Tennessee

CHASTITY WEEK?

I want to alert your readers to a possible foul movement afoot. A World Health Organization delegate from Uganda suggests that WHO could raise public awareness of AIDS by declaring an international week of sexual abstinence. He acknowledged that it might be difficult to get other delegates to agree to the proclamation but said that the agency

might consider proposing it "on a voluntary basis." Help!

E. Bennett
New York, New York

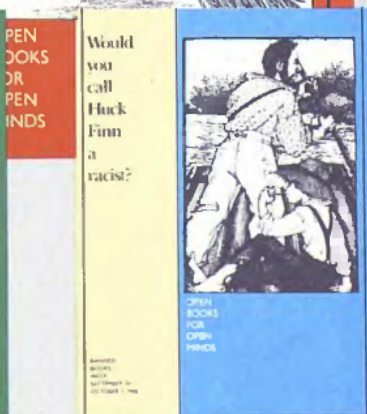
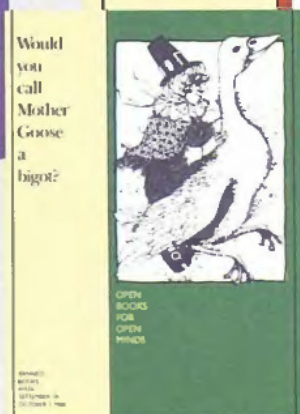
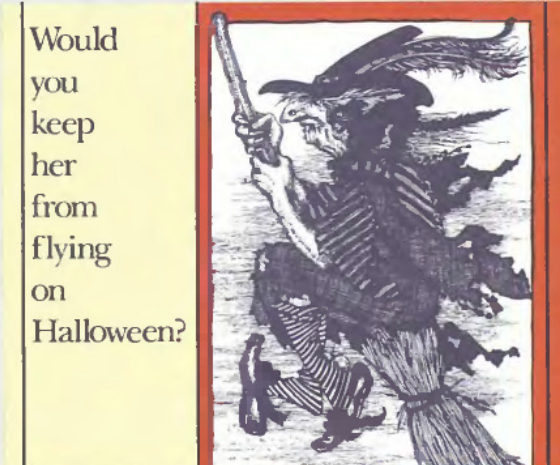
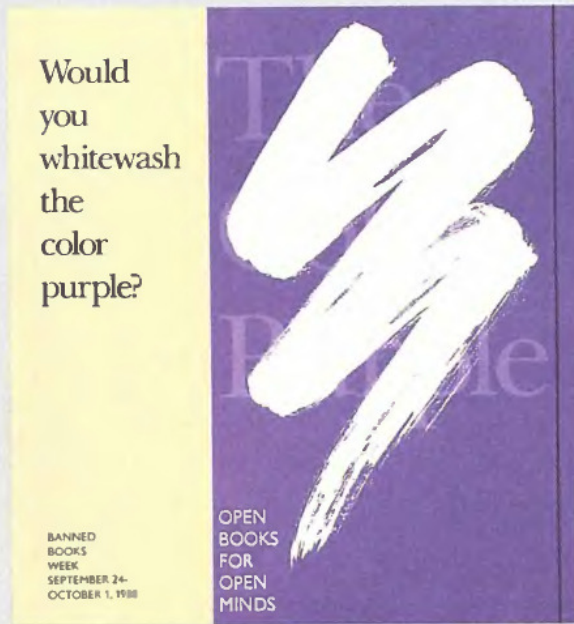
CONDOMS ON THE AIRWAVES

Television and radio stations are finally putting condom advertisements on the air—though most of them are public-service announcements about AIDS. Here are the statistics: Eighty-five percent of TV stations and 76 percent of radio stations aired AIDS-oriented public-service announcements in March; 22 percent of TV stations and 18 percent of radio stations accept condom ads.

J. Matthews
Salem, Oregon

BANNED BOOKS WEEK

CELEBRATING THE FREEDOM TO READ



Freedom of speech is continuously under siege by those who want to restrict what others read. Banned Books Week, sponsored by booksellers, librarians and others, reminds us, "it is only when all speech is protected for all citizens that everyone's rights are guaranteed."

REISMAN REVISITED

(continued from page 48)

endangered-species list.

Perhaps Reisman would like to know how correlation really works. A Senate subcommittee investigating child pornography and pedophilia found that "those who seek frequent contact with children, and either have no criminal record or believe it would not be discovered, may find employment as day-care-center workers, recreation directors, video-arcade managers, little-league coaches, scout leaders, Big Brothers, schoolteachers or in a host of other occupations where children are present. In a study of 40 pedophile cases by FBI special agent Kenneth Lanning and Dr. Ann Burgess, almost half of the offenders used their occupations to encounter children."

Fact: Reisman used to write children's songs for *Captain Kangaroo*. If one used Reisman's idea of correlation, there would be a 50 percent chance that she is a pedophile.

The same Senate report said that "it is not unusual for pedophiles to possess collections containing several thousand photographs, slides, films, video tapes and magazines depicting nude children

and children engaged in a variety of sexual activities, alone, with other children, with adults and even with animals. . . . In many cases, police have discovered extensive collections care-

of magazines. She has them indexed and analyzed. Like the pedophiles described by the FBI, her collection relates to children in "either a sexual, scientific or social way. . . . The maintenance and growth of their collections becomes one of the most important things in their life. . . . They may hide their collections, move them or even give them to other pedophiles, but they almost never destroy them." Reisman has something in common with most pedophiles, except that she got the Government to pay for satisfying her obsession.

Reisman frequently uses the phrase associated with. Let's see what her report is associated with. Wildmon sends the report to antiporn groups. What kind of people join antiporn groups? In Utah, one of the leading antiporn crusaders faces charges for sexually abusing an 11-year-old girl who worked for him as a housekeeper. Is participation in those groups just a front?

We're not saying that Reisman is a pedophile or a child molester. We are saying, as she does repeatedly after making the most outrageous charges, "This needs further research."

—JAMES R. PETERSEN

"Reisman's magical thinking has put men's magazines on the endangered-species list."

fully indexed, often on home computers, by age of children, origin of the material and type of sexual activities performed. A man in Austin, Texas, analyzed an entire collection of the child-pornography magazines by the emotions shown on the children's faces—boredom, pleasure, pain, etc."

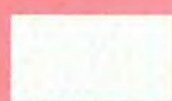
Fact: Reisman has a large collection



DIAL



ANTIPORN



You have to sympathize with the guy. Representative William J. Hughes, chairman of the House Judiciary Subcommittee on Crime, has on his desk H.R. 3889, The Child Protection and Obscenity Enforcement Act of 1988—a bill that, in spite of its name, would do little to protect children but a great deal to limit freedom of expression (see "No Laughing Matter: The Reagan War on Obscenity," *The Playboy Forum*, June).

Hughes also has on his desk two answering machines to handle the flood of phone calls from people asking him to expedite passage of the bill. Now, the average citizen doesn't even know who Hughes is, let alone that he's chairman of the House Judiciary Subcommittee on Crime. So why all the calls? Because the Reverend Donald Wildmon, founder of the National Federation for Decency, now known as the American Family Association, decided that Hughes was sin-

glehandedly holding up passage of a bill that would give Wildmon a hunting license on all erotica. He asked the little old ladies in his decency groups to call Hughes. The result? Ten thousand phone calls to Hughes's office and two new answering machines—purchased by Hughes's staff—with the message "Thank you for calling. There's no need to leave a message. Your call is being counted automatically." Hughes finally wrote to Wildmon, asking him to call off the phone calls: "Perhaps you believe that a Congressional office looks like Home Shopping Network, with dozens of operators sitting before computer terminals ready and able to take messages."

But Wildmon was on the warpath. Mounting the bully pulpit, he charged that agents of the rich and powerful pornography industry were vigorously opposing the bill and that they were winning.

Who are those agents? Edward Murrow, president of the American Booksellers Association; George Klein, a former chairman of the Council for Periodical Distributors Associations; Barry Lynn of the American Civil Liberties Union; and Heather Florence, former chairman of the Association of American Publisher's Freedom to Read Committee. Florence testified before the subcommittee that "this bill is frightening. . . . If enacted, it would have a devastating impact on the availability of a whole range of nonobscene reading materials to the general public in small towns and big cities throughout the country."

Defeat of this bill is important. You may want to write to your Congressman and ask him to vote for the First Amendment by voting against H.R. 3889.

Just don't call Hughes.



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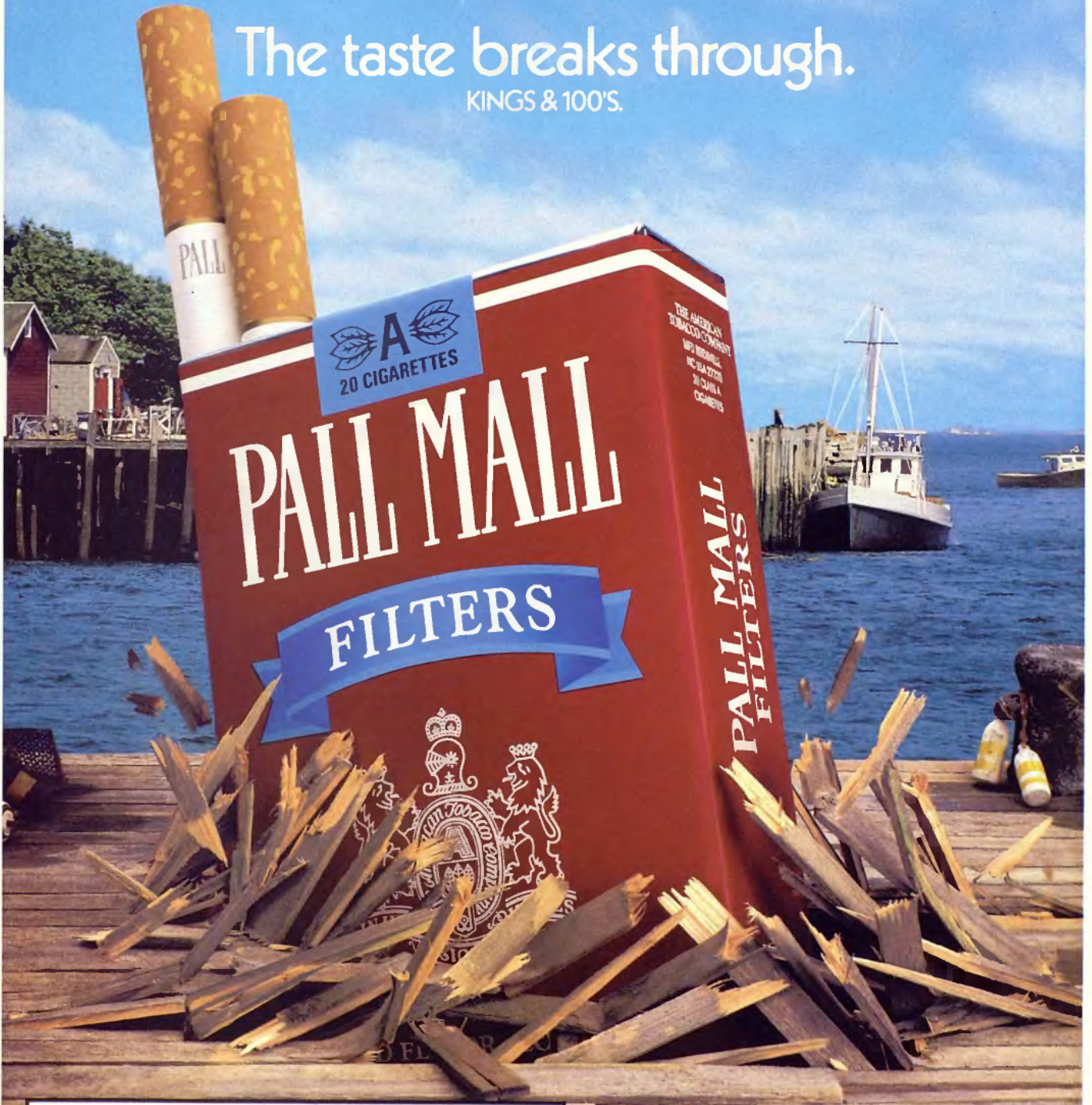
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ROGER CRAIG

a candid conversation about pitching, hitting and winning (thanks to the mystical "humm baby") with the savviest manager west of the pecos

He was a born scrapper and a dead ringer for Lyndon Johnson, and, like L.B.J., he is one crafty gamer. Roger Craig's game is baseball, and he's living proof that the baseball gods didn't break the mold when they created Casey Stengel. When Craig was hired to manage the San Francisco Giants in the waning days of the 1985 baseball season, it was as if Casey's hapless early Mets were reborn. The Giants lost 100 games that year, the first time that ignominious distinction was achieved in the history of the franchise in both New York and San Francisco.

At season's end, Craig let it be known that the disaster would not repeat, that teamwork in the front office and on the field would usher in a new era. "Things will change a lot around here," he announced.

They did.

While the Giants didn't set the world on fire in 1986, they did finish above the .500 mark—they were, at least, winners again. But in 1987, they became *real* winners, confounding the experts by grabbing the National League Western Division championship, winning 90 games in all.

"Humm Baby," Craig's motto for winners—a chant used to ignite teammates and fans in the years before electronic scoreboards flashed applause signs—became the team

theme, and San Francisco fans went wild with it. Humm Baby became the name of the game around San Francisco Bay.

The Giants came within a hairsbreadth of winning the National League pennant, losing a heartbreaker in the seventh game of the play-offs against the St. Louis Cardinals. But Craig had proved what he'd set out to prove about managing the team, a cracker-barrel philosophy that virtually plagiarizes the "Boy Scout Handbook" on attitude: Do your best and be prepared.

"I don't know a smarter baseball man in the game today," says Sparky Anderson, his former boss and the Detroit Tigers' manager, who knows a thing or two about the game. "Nobody works better with his pitchers than Roger. He knows how to inspire."

Adds Tigers Hall of Fame radio announcer Ernie Harwell, "Roger was born to manage, because he's such a great observer of the little things that add up to the big things that win ball games. And his players trust him, because they know he's honest. Lots of managers these days get carried away with wild optimism for public consumption. Roger doesn't get caught up in that hype. He knows what it means to win and to lose."

Craig has certainly seen his share of both. He was born in 1931 and grew up in

Durham, North Carolina, one of ten children. He began playing stickball in pickup games before he learned to read and write, thanks to the encouragement of his father, a shoe salesman. He'd developed a smoking fastball by the time he was a teenager and was the star pitcher for his high school team. He was also a fine basketball player (at 6'4", he was tall for the basketball standards of the late Forties), and he landed a basketball scholarship to North Carolina State University. He gave it up after a year's try—"I just had to get back to baseball, go back to the mound and pitch," he says.

A local scout from the Brooklyn Dodgers organization saw him pitch and signed him up. He started out deep in the minor leagues, making steady progress until the Korean War intervened and he was drafted. The only combat he saw was on the baseball field—the brass figured his skills were more useful on the mound than in the trenches.

During his Army stint, Craig severely injured his pitching arm. Recalled to active duty by the Dodgers organization, he learned to pitch with pain, hiding his injury until he was forced to confess to the team doctor. The arm healed gradually but not completely.

In 1955, he was summoned to the "biggs"—the major leagues—and in the first



PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN ALLEN

"I'd like to say something about umpires: They should be in better shape. A lot of these guys are simply way too overweight. Blimps. A lot of games are lost because some lazy umpires can't cover their turf."

"It used to be just chatter—'Humm Baby,' to encourage your team. It was amazin' to me when it caught on. Now it's beyond baseball—it's guys who put out 200 percent. 'Course, a Humm Baby can also be a pretty girl."

"There are some great women athletes, but baseball is different from other sports—it's so skilled. I don't think women have the over-all ability it takes to be a great player. Guys and gals are different."

major-league game he ever saw, he pitched for the Dodgers and won. He went on to win a crucial game in that year's world series against Casey Stengel's fabled New York Yankees, the first time the Brooklyn Bums had ever beaten the Bronx Bombers in a series. Craig was also the pitcher who, in 1957, started the Bums' last game in Brooklyn. The Dodgers' owner, Walter O'Malley, had decided to move the team to Los Angeles.

Craig's injured arm continued to plague him after the Dodgers went Hollywood, and he seesawed back and forth between the minors and the majors over the next few years. In the minors, he learned to be more of a finesse pitcher than a hard thrower—his fastball had abandoned him—but he came back for three successful years with the Los Angeles Dodgers.

Still, he was left unprotected in the draft when the National League expanded in 1962. Stengel, cast off by the Yankees and hired to manage the newly formed New York Mets, signed Craig up. And that was how he also started on opening day for the immortally terrible Mets. Craig became a national hard-luck hero that year: the first National League pitcher since 1935 to lose 24 games. Along the way, he also won ten games, making him the winningest pitcher for a team that won all of 40 games that year.

He went from loser to winner again when the Mets traded him to the St. Louis Cardinals in 1964, where he helped a come-from-behind team win the National League pennant and the world series. Still, his days as a pitcher were numbered—his arm was simply giving out on him. When he was released by Philadelphia at the end of the 1966 season, Craig decided to move on to the management side of baseball—he had, after all, picked up a few hints about the sport during his playing years.

He again slumped around the minors, this time as a manager and a coach, and then made his big-league comeback as a pitching coach for the San Diego Padres and, later, the Houston Astros. His major-league managerial dream came true in 1978, when he was hired to run the San Diego Padres, the late McDonald's tycoon Ray Kroc's only business outside the world of fast food. Kroc wanted a fast winner, and Craig gave him one. In 1979, however, injuries decimated the Padres and he was fired at the end of the season.

Recovery came quickly. Sparky Anderson had just been fired by the Cincinnati Reds and was snapped up by the Tigers, a moribund team at the time. He called up his old buddy Craig and made him the Detroit pitching coach. Over the next five years, the Tigers did an about-face; in 1984, the team won the world series against—guess who?—the San Diego Padres.

The victory, a sweet one for Craig, earned him the distinction of being the first man in baseball history to put five world-series diamond rings from both leagues on his fingers. And while he was at Detroit, he laid claim to something of even greater historical significance: the fearsome split-fingered fastball. Craig didn't invent it—the Cubs' ace reliever

Bruce Sutter had already mastered it—but he found a way to show pitchers how to throw it. The pitch looks like a regular fastball, but if thrown right, it takes a wicked drop when it reaches the plate and is simply unhittable. The Tigers' Jack Morris, the winningest pitcher of the Eighties, credits Craig's teaching with his longevity on the mound. Mike Scott, a formerly mediocre pitcher for the Houston Astros, won the Cy Young Award in 1986 after Craig taught him the pitch. It is unquestionably the hottest pitch in the game today, a baseball institution that has Roger Craig's trademark stitched on the seams.

Craig retired from active coaching after the 1984 Tigers blowout—he still did some scouting, but he'd decided he'd rather ride his horses home on the range at his ranch in the high chaparral of Warner Springs, California, a 40-acre spread near the Mexican border. He was coaxed out of retirement by San Francisco Giants owner Bob Lurie, who offered him another shot at a few more world-series rings.

Craig, who has seen it all, played and managed with and against the best ballplayers of a generation, and 1988 marks his 39th year in professional baseball. Playboy sent free-lance writer Ken Kelley to Craig's Humm Baby Ranch. Kelley's report:

"You follow the sunset and hope for the best

"I'll tell you this: My wife says I'm the worst manager in baseball, because I don't go out and argue enough with the umpires."

when you round the hairpin curves that lead to Roger Craig's lair, a menagerie of horses, dogs, hoot owls, bobcats and one sly fox—Roger Craig, the man himself. He greets you with a fine Carolina twang—"How ya doin', pahdnah?"—as he tugs on his mangy ranch hat in front of the log stump that says in loud orange letters, HUMM BABY RANCH.

"Over the course of a week, we spent three hours a day ruminating on his baseball know-how, past, present and future. Because of his history, Craig has a unique insight into the game, which, when you can draw him out, he imparts with great passion.

"Some of the best conversation took place when I had to compete with his horses and his hound dogs—he'd kind of talk to all of us at once—I didn't really know whom he thought he was talking to, but it didn't matter. He'd lean back, pull on a bottle of brew and just, well, speak his mind in the down-home, good-ol'-boy fashion that's made him a favorite with his fellow players and the guys he has coached and managed. There's nothing phony about this guy, and the more you talk with him, the more you realize it.

"My favorite moment came when he walked me over to a wall of Cyclone fence,

where smack-dab in the middle is a shooting target. Not for guns—for arms. It's the prop he has used for years to teach pitchers how to throw the split-fingered fastball, well worn from the warfare it's seen. As we walked away, he turned back and looked at it again. 'Yep,' he said with an understated satisfaction, 'once you get on target, you've made it.' He should know."

CRAIG: So you wanna know about baseball, Mr. Playboy? It's a very simple game, really—all about balls and strikes. Ask me about balls and strikes.

PLAYBOY: What kind of balls does it take to be a manager?

CRAIG: [Laughs] That's a bit more complex—we can get into that later, but I'll tell you this: My wife says I'm the worst manager in baseball.

PLAYBOY: Why?

CRAIG: Because I don't go out and argue enough with the umpires, the guys who *call* the balls and strikes.

PLAYBOY: Is she right?

CRAIG: I don't argue over every little thing the way Earl Weaver did. But when I go out there, the umpires respect me, because they know I'm not just tryin' to show 'em up. Umpires are very sensitive about that. If you go out there three or four times a game, you're gettin' the fans on 'em—they don't like it. They hate grandstanding, when you go out there wavin' your arms all around. I'll never forget one game where I went out fussin' and frettin' over a play and the ump says to me, "Don't wave your hands like that." Next inning, I went out with my hands clasped behind my back, like I was in handcuffs. He cracked up laughin'. He says, "OK, I know you've gotta protect your players, so I'm gonna give you one minute, then get your butt outa here." So we talked about golf.

PLAYBOY: What does protecting your players mean?

CRAIG: When, say, you've lost three games in a row and things seem to be goin' all the wrong way, you pick a strategic spot and go out and fuss. It wakes your players up, gets 'em more emotionally and intensely involved in the ball game.

PLAYBOY: So it's all a charade?

CRAIG: Look, if I think I'm *right* about somethin', I'll go out and argue my butt off. I know arguing won't change the decision; but the next time a close play comes up, the umps know they're gonna make damn sure they call it right, because I'm out there watchin' everything they do.

PLAYBOY: So going after the umpires is a tactical move?

CRAIG: I don't do it the way Pete Rose, Billy Martin and Sparky Anderson do it—they go out there to *intimidate*, especially a young umpire, hoping that, next time around, the call will go *their* way. Sometimes it works, sometimes it boomerangs. You get on an umpire enough, a close call will go against you.

But I'd like this chance to say something very important about umpires: They

should be in better shape. A lot of these guys are simply *way* too overweight. Blimps. A lot of games are lost because some lazy umpires can't cover their turf—they're too out of shape.

PLAYBOY: That remark won't exactly endear you to the umpires.

CRAIG: I don't care. It's just true. Ballplayers have to stay in shape; so should *they*.

PLAYBOY: When a manager gets thrown out of a game after he disputes an umpire's decision, he's not allowed to be a part of the game anymore. But it's baseball's dirty little secret that you can still manage from the clubhouse, isn't it?

CRAIG: From anywhere. You can go down into the clubhouse, or the runway, and manage a game from there. The umpires know it, but there's nothin' they can do. And these days, you've got these remote telephones, all those walkie-talkies. If you walk into the clubhouse and you're watching a game, all you gotta do is call down to your replacement manager and say, "Hey,

do this, do that."

PLAYBOY: Which is illegal.

CRAIG: Technically, yeah.

PLAYBOY: But common practice?

CRAIG: Let's just say I've known it to happen on occasion.

PLAYBOY: A major issue this year has been the enormous increase in the number of balks being called.

CRAIG: Yeah, we've lost a few games because of it. I know about balks—the first run scored against the New York Mets, I balked the guy home. I think it's more of an American League problem. In the National League, I think the umpires are kinda slackin' off a bit.

PLAYBOY: Whitey Herzog takes credit for having made the change. He says he complained so much about what he thought were balks in last year's world series—

CRAIG: I didn't really follow the world series after we didn't make it; but Whitey can say what he wants. I just think the umpires should be consistent: They *all* should call

them or they should go back to normal. It's kinda crazy—you've got one crew of umpires never call a balk, and then another crew who are like eagle scouts. Most times, it's one eagle scout who'll call your ass for a balk. I think so much fuss has been made about balks because American League umpires haven't been following the rules, and it's makin' the umpires more careful. It will also make the pitchers more careful. But everything levels out in this sport, and in the end, after all the steam blows off, it'll still be the same game.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of umpires, do you think there will ever be a woman umpire in the major leagues—and *should* there be?

CRAIG: You're bringing that up because of—what's her name?

PLAYBOY: Pamela Postema, who has spent 11 years making her way to the top level of the minors. This year, she was turned down again for a job in the majors.

CRAIG: Yeah, I've seen her work, and she's *not* a bad umpire. *Will* there ever be one? I



"Aren't our reservations for dinner at eight?" she said, fingers running through his hair. . .

don't know. But *should* there be a woman umpire in the majors? My answer is no, and I'll tell you why. The abuse you have to take as an umpire is terrible, and I just don't think women should have to take that kind of abuse.

PLAYBOY: But why should she be denied a chance because she's a woman?

CRAIG: I just don't think women should be umpires, period. I have three daughters and I'd *hate* for any of them to be out there listenin' to all the swearin' and stuff—I'd *kill* any player who ever called a daughter of mine the names I've been called by umpires *and* the names I've called them.

PLAYBOY: But Postema is a professional. She is not one of your daughters—she's out there trying to make a living at what she does best.

CRAIG: I know, and I don't think she should be *denied* a shot at the majors because she's a woman. I just don't happen to be in favor of it. I guess I'm old-fashioned.

PLAYBOY: Taking it one step further—do you think there will ever be a woman player in the major leagues?

CRAIG: No. There are some great women athletes, but baseball is different from other sports—it's so *skilled*. I don't think women have the over-all ability it takes to be a great player. I could never envision a woman pitcher throwing a baseball at 95 miles per hour. I don't think it's possible for a woman to hit a ball 450 feet out of the park. You might see a woman who can run fast, catch the ball, all of that, but you're not gonna see the power it takes to compete. That's just the way it is. I'm *not* puttin' down women by saying that. I love the fact that women exist. I love my wife and I love my daughters; but guys and gals are just different when it comes to baseball.

PLAYBOY: If you ever found a woman who *could* do it all, would you sign her up?

CRAIG: Only if she'd be my roomie [*laughs*]. I really didn't say that. Don't tell my wife; it's just a joke. I've been married to her for a few decades now, and I mean this: Without her support, I wouldn't even be talkin' with you here now.

PLAYBOY: Since we're on the subject, how does sex on the road today compare with what went on in your playing days?

CRAIG: I *knew* you'd ask me that. There are a lot of answers to that, but let me give you a for instance: Just after I'd signed on to manage the Giants, management decided we'd try out a plan to let the wives or the steady girlfriends of the team members accompany them on some road trips at the Giants' expense. The idea was that everything would be up front, that the guys wouldn't have to be out there chasin' women, that their performance on the field would improve and the team would be better for it, because we were makin' it easy for 'em, they'd be relaxed.

PLAYBOY: Did it work out?

CRAIG: No.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

CRAIG: The gals wanted to go shopping all the time. And some of the married guys got worried that their wives would find out about their activities on the road. It got to be a real nuisance, so we dropped it.

PLAYBOY: How did that noble experiment affect the performance of your players?

CRAIG: Of course, I can't judge their hotel performance, but on the field, the performance didn't improve a whole lot. I think it improved *my* performance as a manager, though, because I love having my wife with me. I can take her along with me any time she wants to go, and it sure makes up for all the days of the minor-league crap of movin' from town to town with a moment's notice. But do me a favor now and ask me a *real* baseball question.

PLAYBOY: All right. What do you think your most memorable legacy to baseball will be?

CRAIG: Shoot, you *had* to start with the hard one first. I don't really cross-examine myself that much, but I know there are a lot of things people will remember about me. . . . I *was* the last pitcher for the Brooklyn Dodgers, and I was the first pitcher for the New York Mets in 1962. I lost 18 games in a row under Casey Stengel that year, 16 of 'em by *one run*. Imagine that. I also became, that year, the first pitcher in modern history to lose 24 games in a season.

PLAYBOY: That's not peanuts.

CRAIG: Yeah, and I also *won* ten games for the Mets in 1962, which made me the winningest pitcher on the team. That's why the New York Baseball Writers Association awarded me the Casey Stengel Trophy last year—it's an after-the-fact recognition of an accomplishment that wasn't rewarded at the time. I went on to lose 46 games in my two years with the Mets—that *must* be some kind of record. I know Casey appreciated me. And I guess I must have been doin' something right, because when the Mets traded me to the Cardinals in 1963, I helped St. Louis win the 1964 pennant and the world series—important games.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned Stengel. He has been depicted as a splendid clown who somehow managed winning teams despite himself. Is that how you saw him?

CRAIG: No. The press tried to do that with Yogi Berra, too—I saw Yogi only when I played against him in the world series, but he was one of the craftiest catchers I ever played against. As for Casey, he was just about the smartest baseball man I ever had the chance to play with *and* against. I think his media meanderings were a part of his own clever way of distracting people from takin' him seriously, and, believe me, he was always *very* serious about winnin' ball games. He couldn't have been in the game as long as he was if he wasn't so smart.

He remembered so many little things about you that he'd bring out in the oddest moments. I was always so amazed by him—he had total recall. His ramblings were a part of the way he disguised his

genius—he loved runnin' everybody around in circles so much, but he didn't miss a *thing*. He could keep four conversations goin' on at once, but he always *knew* what was goin' on, behind your back and ahead of your brain.

He was a real formal guy, too—when I worked for him with the Mets, he'd always call me Mr. Craig. He'd come to the mound and say, "Mr. *Craig*, I think that fellow up at the plate there now needs to step back a little bit, he's kind of crowdin' you, and you should do something appropriate."

PLAYBOY: Meaning he wanted you to hit the batter with the next pitch?

CRAIG: It was just a *suggestion* that you should be aware of what was goin' on. You always got the point. He was givin' the Casey Stengel hint. Brush 'em back a bit.

Now: Ask me about the greatest player I ever played against.

PLAYBOY: OK. Who was he?

CRAIG: Willie Mays. He could beat you in so many ways. Tremendous power; he could hit for average, he was a great defensive player, he had a great arm, great base stealer—he could just do everything. He was *the* leader of the ball club.

PLAYBOY: It's different today, isn't it? You have big-money guys with only one or two of the skills of a Willie Mays.

CRAIG: You're right. It's all one-dimensional now. You find a guy who can hit, or a guy who can throw, or a guy who can catch a ball, but not do all of 'em, and they're paid big bucks. You can't even count on a cash register how much a Willie Mays would be worth these days. The same thing with Mickey Mantle. I always admired his power from both sides of the plate—it was just awesome. I didn't get to see him that much, because he was in the American League, but I *do* remember when I picked him off at second base in the '56 world series. I met up with him after the game and he said to me, "How could you *embarrass* me in front of those millions of people?" I just laughed and said, "It's my job."

PLAYBOY: How about the best pitchers you've ever known?

CRAIG: Sandy Koufax was the best pitcher I ever saw. He threw a little-bitty baseball—we used to call it a ping-pong ball, because it looked so small comin' up to the plate. I also played for the '64 St. Louis Cardinals with Bob Gibson, and he was a tremendous pitcher, a great fielding pitcher. He could hit, he could run and he could throw *hard*. Again, though, if the guys I played with were in the market today—well, you just can't measure it, moneywise. They'd be worth millions I can't count.

PLAYBOY: One guy you played with who is worth millions is Bob Uecker. His beer commercials, his TV show and his books all play up his buffoonery as a player. Was he *that* bad?

CRAIG: Nope. That's just his showbiz, and I applaud him for it. He had a great arm. He could really call a good ball game. He

knew his pitchers. He makes a lot of money by pretending he was bad—and good for him. You know, I've watched his show, *Mr. Belvedere*, and it's sorta funny, but not as funny as he is in real life. I don't think he'd make a great manager, though.

PLAYBOY: What *does* it take to be a great manager?

CRAIG: It's something you really can't describe. Gene Mauch, who managed so many teams and never went to the world series, was a really great manager. When I played for him, I'd sit right next to him. He'd say, "What the hell are you doin' here? Get down to the bull pen." I'd just tell him, "I want to be here till you need me." What I was really doin' was listenin' and watchin' his face, his brains. I learned a lot from him.

PLAYBOY: Billy Martin was fired for the fifth time as the Yankees' manager. How does your managing style differ from his?

CRAIG: A long time ago, I thought Billy was a great manager. Now I don't think so. My

style is different in that I don't take such an explosive approach as he does with his players. When I have somethin' to say to my players, I do it man to man, in the clubhouse—not in public, knockin' 'em in the press. And I don't go out to bars to beat up a marshmallow salesman or punch out a guy who calls me a bad name.

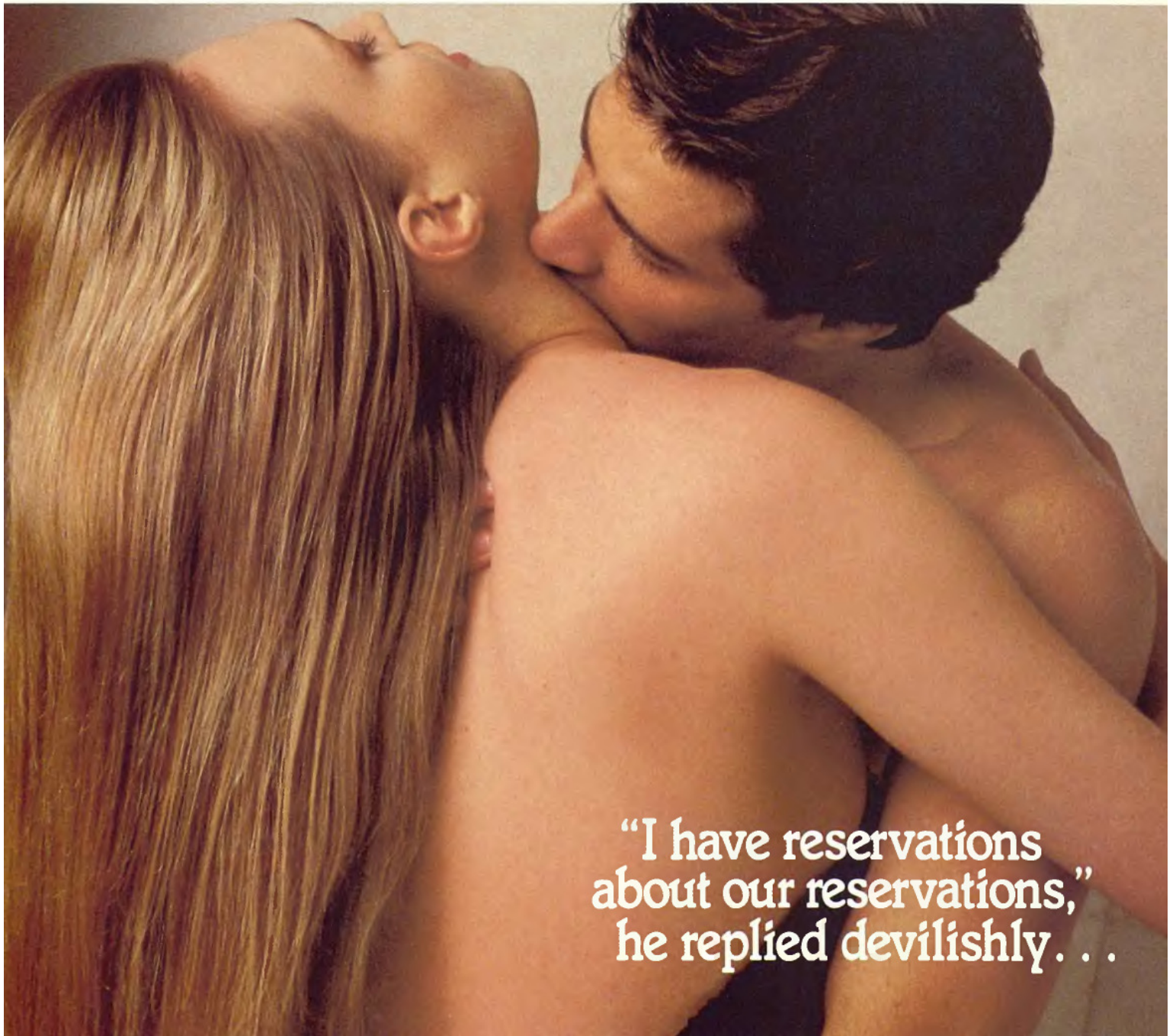
Look, managing is the toughest job in baseball, but it's also the funnest if you let it be. I've never had more fun than I have now as manager of the San Francisco Giants. This is a team that three years ago lost 100 games, the first time in the franchise's history, dating back to the New York Giants. And last year we won the National League Western Division championship. That's *real* fun—winning is *real* fun. Being the manager, being the guy in charge, being the one who's gonna get the blame or the fame—it's *real* excitement to me. The Giants made money last year for the first time in years, and the team's advance ticket sales reached the 1,300,000 mark this

year—a milestone for this franchise. I'm lucky this time around.

PLAYBOY: You weren't so lucky last time around, when you managed for Ray Kroc, the second owner of the San Diego Padres. In your first year with the Padres, you gave the team its first winning season. Injuries soured things a lot the next year and you were fired.

CRAIG: That wasn't Mr. Kroc. It was his son-in-law, Ballard Smith, who, by the way, no longer works there. Yeah, I felt I was treated unjustly, but, hell, that's what this game is all about. I don't go around carryin' grudges, because grudges don't put money in the bank. Baseball is a game of chances, and you know that from the start, if that's the way you're gonna make your living. And look what happened after I got fired: Sparky Anderson called me up and begged—maybe that's the wrong word—*asked* me to be his pitching coach.

PLAYBOY: You were more than just Sparky's pitching coach; you were his roommate



"I have reservations about our reservations," he replied devilishly. . .

in Detroit. What was that like?

CRAIG: You know, it's interesting that you ask that, because I read your *Playboy Interview* with him where he said, after he lost a game, he'd sit and stare at a wall, thinkin' he'd never win another game. I had to continually pull him out of it—"Hey, Spark, it's just another game, you'll win again, we'll win again." That was a real task, the part of the job you don't get paid for.

PLAYBOY: How did you talk him out of those dark moods?

CRAIG: Don't tell him this: I told him that if he thought that way, of *course* we'd lose every ball game—forever. But, see, Sparky is so intense that he has to hear it over and over again. He'll always be troubled by any kind of loss, no matter what.

PLAYBOY: You never feel the same fears?

CRAIG: Not the way Sparky does. I figure that if you go out and inspire your players to do their best—that's the best you can do. If you lose, you lose. But my players *know* I

want to win, and I judge accordingly.

PLAYBOY: Meaning?

CRAIG: I like fighters. Some guys come into spring training just lookin' for a job on a wing and a prayer but show sheer determination—I like that. Guys who do wind sprints when they don't have to, guys who just are *out* there every day to prove they're up to the job. See, that's what this sport is all about—the underdog can become the top dog if he works hard enough. And if hard work don't pay off, as a regular player, then a guy can still win a spot on the team, because he has to be what they call utility. I'll tell you this, *utility* is quite important in this game.

PLAYBOY: Why?

CRAIG: Because keeping the "extras" around always makes a difference. Having a good bench is a crucial part of baseball, one that's often ignored by the fans and the sportswriters.

PLAYBOY: The right pinch hitter at the right moment?

CRAIG: Not just pinch-hitting—on the field, too, when you have to substitute. Look, baseball is a job, and it's a *hard* job. You're on the road half of the season, always trying to adjust to a ball park you didn't grow up in. You've got jet lag, you just got injured when you tried to slide into second base, you're blue because your stroke isn't right if you're a hitter, and you're blue because your arm swing isn't right if you're a pitcher. And you always have to remember that, above all else, you've gotta have your *defensive* strengths together, because defense is half of the game. You've gotta wake up in the morning, every morning, and accomplish the feat you're being paid to accomplish, every day, and even if you're hurting bad.

PLAYBOY: Most fans would give that an "Awww, *too bad*." The average salary for a baseball player is \$412,454, and there are now 77 millionaires in the sport. With that kind of money, how hard can the work be?

CRAIG: It's hard work, period. When I



started out, it was a lot tougher and the pay was nothin'—we can get into that later. But what remains the same is that you've still gotta get up and perform every day and nobody else can do what you do—that's the way I make my players think.

PLAYBOY: How?

CRAIG: I tell my pitchers, "Hey, I saw Don Larsen pitch a perfect game in the fuckin' world series in 1956—against the Brooklyn Dodgers. Don wasn't a spectacular pitcher, but he *did* do that, and I *saw* it." I tell 'em, "You can do it, too, if you think about it right." I tell 'em that before the game and every time I go out to the mound to calm 'em down. Even if I have to yank 'em—"Next time, you can do it," I say. "There's no reason on earth you can't do what you're supposed to do—get everybody out—so just *do* it." I remind 'em that every batter who comes up—the best of 'em connect for .300, and that means you beat *them* a lot more than they beat *you*.

Seventy percent of the time, you'll get an out.

PLAYBOY: So what do you tell your batters? The pitcher's pitching a perfect game and you'll never get another hit?

CRAIG: Of course not—I'm not *crazy*. I tell 'em just because this guy is pitching a good game, a batting average of .300 ain't bad, and so what if you don't hit every pitch? You'll hit *one* of 'em and we'll win the game because of you—you *did* it.

PLAYBOY: Is that you being clever?

CRAIG: Shoot, I don't know clever from *nothin'*—I just know how to get my players to perform, and I'm not *lying* to them, because I just think that this game is a magic one. There's a basic magic to the game that captures something in everybody's heart.

PLAYBOY: Which is?

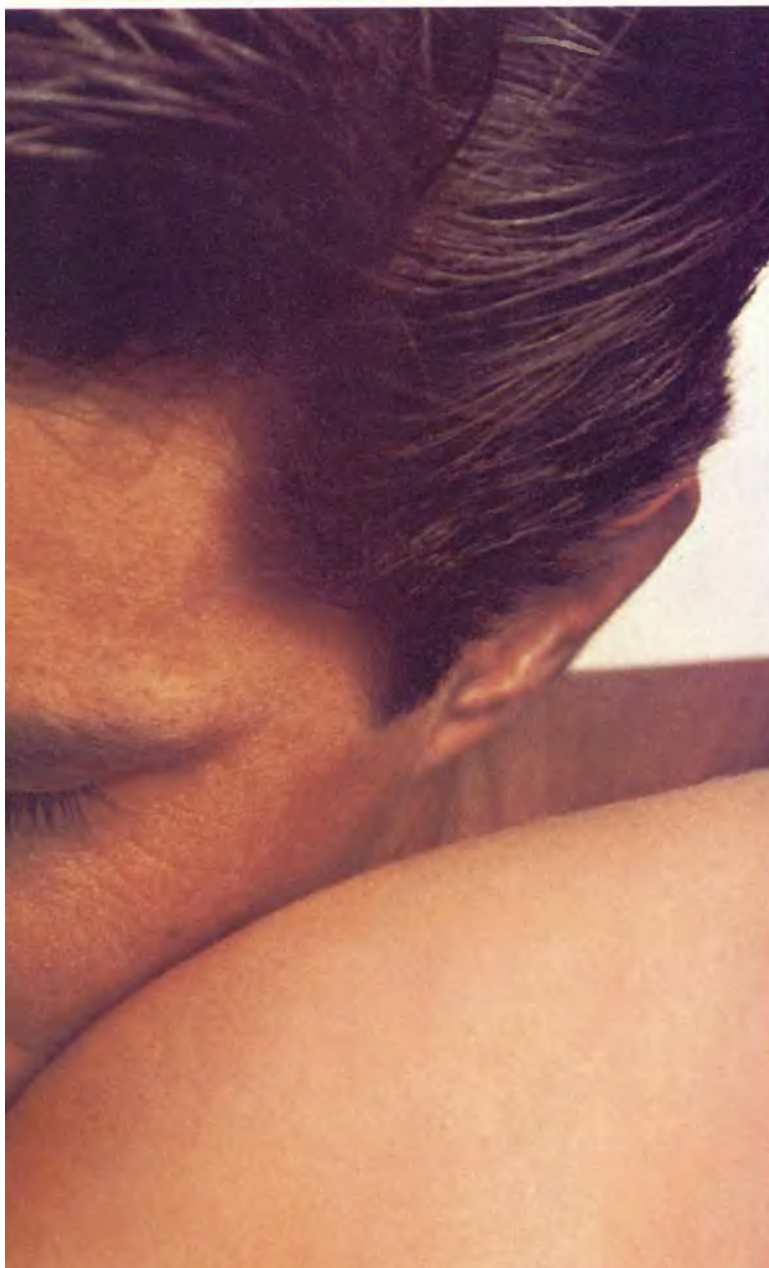
CRAIG: A magical sense that, hey, you go out there, nobody knows what's gonna happen. Every pitch, every play, every error will change the course of the game, but you're all in it together and there's no time

clock. That works against you some ways. In *every* other team sport, there's a time clock. In baseball, it just goes on until . . . it's over. Hell, I've been in games where it went to extra innings you couldn't count on a cash register.

It's such a different sport from the rest of 'em. For one thing, every park is different—different outfields, different infields, different measuring for what a home run is. It's like a wonderful crap shoot, because everything changes every day, depending on where you are, when you're there.

PLAYBOY: What do you say to people who don't agree with you—critics who call baseball a boring game?

CRAIG: Let 'em be critics and let 'em be bored. I don't think the fans agree—last year, baseball's attendance was the best ever. Once you get bit by the baseball bug, you're bit forever. I know *I* was. Sportswriters can criticize all they want to, but they're not athletes. Being a good athlete means working when you're hurt. Hurt *and*



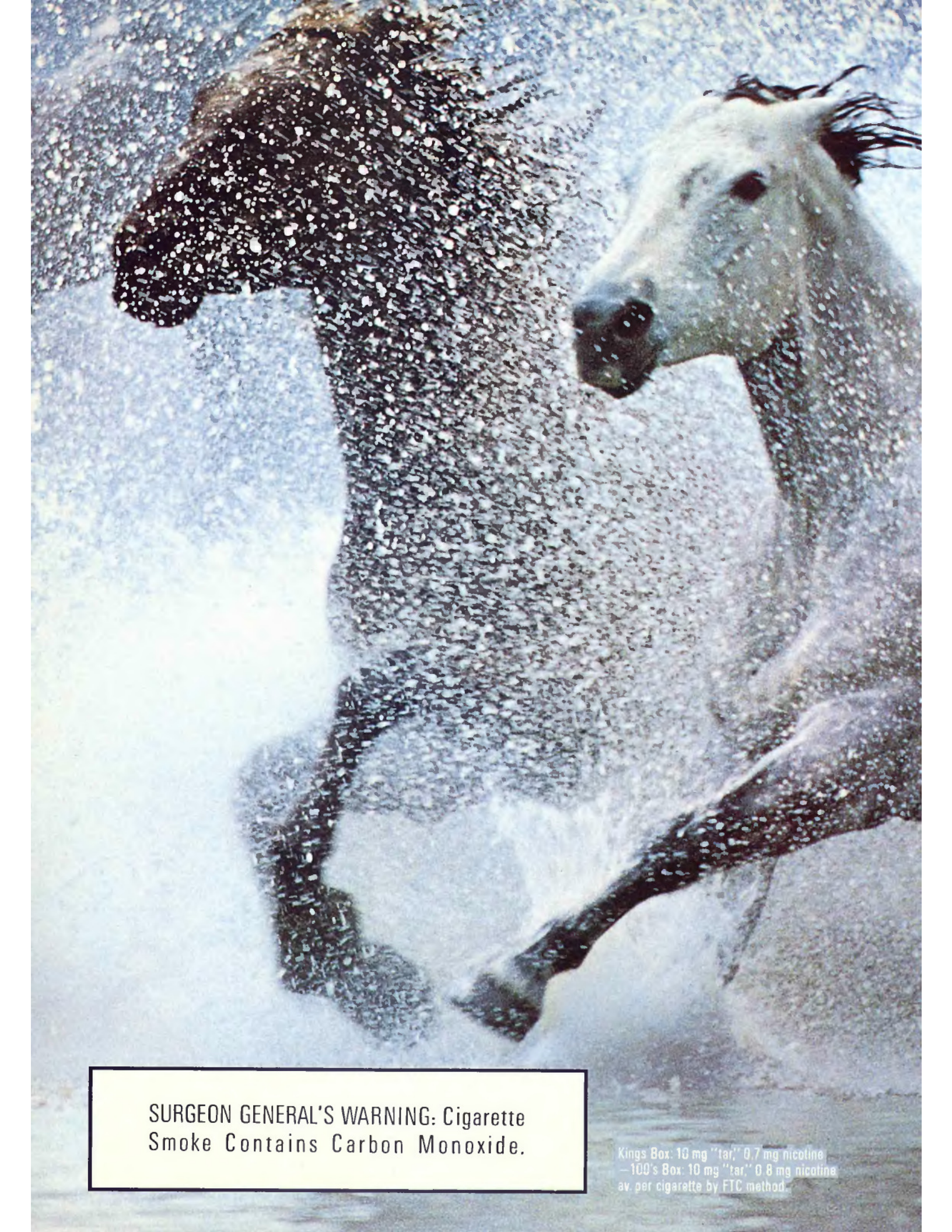
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work—a lot of media people don't understand that concept. When *they're* hurt and don't show up for work, nobody writes about them, nobody speculates in print about why they didn't show up at the typewriter that day.

I don't want to sound bitter—I get along with most writers, because it's part of my job. It just seems strange to me, sometimes, when guys get on your case because somewhere down deep they know they could never do what you've done. And *sure* it hurts to be ripped apart in print. But lots of things in life hurt—life's the *big* ball game.

Ask me another baseball question. A *real* one—back to balls and strikes.

PLAYBOY: OK. Why do baseball players tug on their crotch so much?

CRAIG: Simple: The crotch cup *hurts* if it's not right. You don't see that kind of tugging in basketball, for instance, because they're all runnin' around and nobody's gonna nail you where it hurts with something as big as a basketball. Baseball is different—a wild pitch can cost you not just your professional life but your life, period. How far did you get in the sport?

PLAYBOY: Little league.

CRAIG: Yeah, well, just try to imagine *big* league, standin' up there at the plate with a very hard ball comin' at you at 90 miles an hour. You're protecting your balls, literally, because you have to

keep yourself loose, all over—the cups and the jockstrap are not very comfortable, but you gotta do it. And after a while, it just becomes a habit—it's a tight jockstrap on a tight cup and you're trying to stay alive. I used to adjust my cup back when baseball was first broadcast on television, and one of the cameramen came up to me and said, "We can't keep the camera on you, because

you're always fixin' with your jock." I just told him, "Hey, I can't help it—I have to *pitch* and you're just filmin' me, and I do it without even thinkin' about it."

PLAYBOY: And *he* said?

CRAIG: Nothing. He got the point. I get letters all the time from people askin' me, "Hey, how come you spit so much?"

tracts me from my performance as a manager, if you want to hear about it—

PLAYBOY: We're all ears.

CRAIG: *This.*

PLAYBOY: This what?

CRAIG: This thing of answering questions all of the time for the press. I'm not talking about you—you're sorta OK—but the

sports-beat press who ask you before a game the same question and the same question and the same question over and over and over again. "You gonna go out there and *win* today, Roger?" Of course my answer is yes. And after you've lost—"Why did you lose; are you gonna go out and win tomorrow?" What am I suppose to say—*no*? The questions you've just answered yesterday, ones you're answering now, the same ones you'll be answering tomorrow. I know it's part of the media's job, but...

PLAYBOY: And, of course, if you weren't a winner, you'd just be a question on a sports-quiz show.

CRAIG: [Laughs] I know that, and I'm not really complaining. It's just that nobody ever seems to ask a question that really means something about your life.

PLAYBOY: All right, what *is* the question you've never been asked that you'd like to answer?

CRAIG: H u m m. Good question.

PLAYBOY: And a good answer?

CRAIG: [Pauses] Nobody ever asks me about my father—

he was such an inspiration to me. He was the most optimistic person I ever met in my life, a guy who just believed that he could do anything he set out to do. I remember when I was a kid, maybe eight or nine years old, and he'd ask me to clean up our garage. I cleaned it. He came home from work with his suit and tie on—he was a shoe salesman and always dressed up nice and neat—and he asked, "Did you



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PLAYBOY: And you say?

CRAIG: That it's part of the game. You play out there, you're gonna spit. I don't chew tobacco like a lotta guys do, but I *do* chew gum—I get letters asking me why I do that, for Chrissakes. You just can't manage or play a ball game without somebody gettin' on your ass for some ridiculous reason.

And I'll tell you another thing that dis-

clean the garage?" I said, "Sure I did." He says, "Let's go look at it." He took a look around and he said, "Sit down over there in the corner for a minute." He took off his coat, rolled his sleeves up, took his tie off—I thought he was gonna give me a whippin'. I thought I'd done an all-right job, but he didn't. I asked, "What did I do bad, Dad?" He said, "Just sit over there and watch me." And he started workin'. I said, "Lemme help you." He said, "No, just sit down there, because I wanna show you some-thing." He worked about an hour cleaning that garage, and he had it *spotless*. When he was done, he told me, "I did this so you can remember this all your life: It doesn't matter how much time it takes—if you're gonna do some-thing, you do it right, no matter what. Do it the best way you know *how*."

I never forgot that. Even today, no matter if it's carryin' wood for my fireplace on my ranch or tryin' to teach my pitchers how to pitch and my batters how to bat, I *always* think about that. If I'm gonna spend the *time* to do it, I might as well do it right. That's the way I go about my life and that's the way I manage.

PLAYBOY: Did your father live to see your success?

CRAIG: He died when I was in the Army—he never saw me play in the major leagues, and that's one of the biggest regrets of my life. But when I was playin' baseball in high school, he'd stay up for me every night, up-stairs, waitin' for me to come in. If I came in late, I could never sneak by him, because he'd be there waitin'—"Rog, how'd I do today?" I'd tell him all about the game, and then he'd go to sleep. But he waited for me every night. He would ride the bus every day to work—it was two or three miles to his job—and a lotta times I'd ask him for a bus token. Often it was his last one, something I discovered when I'd take the bus over to the other side of town to visit my sweetheart, Carolyn, who is now my wife, and I'd see my dad *walkin'* to work.

PLAYBOY: What did you learn from that?

CRAIG: Beyond a great love for my father, a real sense of humbleness—that he was tryin' to make things good for his kids. There were ten of us, so, in a way, we were kind of like a team and my father was a wonderful manager. So you've just asked the question I never get to answer. Thanks for askin'. Next?

PLAYBOY: You never really finished saying what unique thing you've given to baseball.

CRAIG: Unique? The split-fingered fastball. Best thing that's ever happened to pitchers, and I'm quite proud of teachin' that to all the ones I've taught it to. That, I guess, is my best legacy. It's a different pitch and I'm proud I've changed so many careers by teaching pitchers how to throw it. If I'd known how to throw it when I was still pitchin', it would have extended my life as a player a lot more years. It's changed the game forever, that pitch.

PLAYBOY: Some managers, such as your friend Sparky, say the pitch is just a fad.

CRAIG: And that's a lot of *crap*. Sparky's wrong. It's not a fad, it's here to stay, and it's a really revolutionary pitch for the guys who want to learn it. I taught it to Jack Morris when I was with the Tigers, and he's become a tremendous pitcher because of it—he was pretty good already. I taught it to Mike Scott, the leading guy for the Houston Astros, and he won the Cy Young Award in 1986 because he mastered it so well. It's sort of strange that way, because I taught him something he's beat us with.

PLAYBOY: Maybe you'd better explain what the pitch is.

CRAIG: The split finger is, simply, a fastball that you put an extra spin on so that it

drops down in front of the batter so fast that he don't know where it's goin'. To put it in layman's terms, it's a fastball that's also got the extra spin of a curve ball on it. Every pitcher with brains who wants to stick around wants to learn it. I don't take credit for inventing it—I kind of stumbled onto it, because when I was a pitching coach, I used to throw batting practice a lot, and I was always trying to figure out something different that could help my pitchers.

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teach it—another reason why baseball's such a great game. Here I was, 50 years old, and I learned how to throw and teach this pitch, and now everybody wants to know how to throw it. You can't believe the fan mail I get every day—high school kids, college coaches, everybody wants to learn it. I *mean* it—this pitch has changed the game forever.

PLAYBOY: You managed pitcher Gaylord Perry, the premiere spitter artist of all time, in San Diego. What's all the commotion about the spitter? Why shouldn't it be a part of the game?

CRAIG: The spitter is not a *natural* pitch: You're using a gimmick to strike people out. I don't like to see guys scuff the ball or throw spitters, and with the split finger, you're using your own natural talent to throw. You're usin' a foreign substance when you're throwin' a spitter. You can't believe all the things pitchers use—slippery elm, K-Y jelly—Gaylord would just put stuff in his hair. You can also put it on your armpits, your belt buckle, all over, if you teach yourself to be sneaky enough.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever throw a spitter yourself? Tell the truth.

CRAIG: I threw a few spitters at the end of my career, because I wanted to stay around for as long as I could and I figured, as long as I can get away with it. . . .

PLAYBOY: Did you always get away with it?

CRAIG: I never got caught. But the point is to keep your arm healthy enough to not have to resort to the phony stuff—and that's why the split finger is so great. Throw it right, you'll keep a strong arm and you'll win ball games for a long time. But you never know if a pitcher you've trained might get traded to another club, and he can always come back to beat your ass. Knowing that helps keep me on my toes—you just gotta keep getting smarter.

PLAYBOY: Are you getting smarter in the autumn of your years?

CRAIG: Hell, don't put me in my grave yet, but, yeah, I sure hope so, because the competition gets smarter all the time and I gotta stay on top of things, because that's my job. Athletes are a lot different from when I was playin'—they keep in shape during the off season, they have their weight-trainin' programs, which make 'em stronger, they can beat you better; but a whole lot of things about baseball won't change, and one of them is the will to win.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about racism at the management level.

CRAIG: You're talking about Al Campanis, aren't you?

PLAYBOY: Yes; you know him as a friend. What did you think about the remarks he made about blacks that got him fired?

CRAIG: First, I don't think Al is a racist at all. Shoot, he grew up playin' with Jackie Robinson in the minors. I think he was real tired and overworked that night, and, unfortunately for him, it got all out of proportion. I'm sorry he said it.

The way I think about these things, I'm really color-blind. I see a guy for talent,

and I certainly don't think that blacks lack managerial skills. The Giants just hired a great baseball man as their first-base coach, Dusty Baker, who happens to be a black man. I'll tell you, I'm *glad* we got him. I guess if you look at the game overall, there's a real disproportionate number of black men in the game—and that's a real shame—but I *do* think the situation is changing. The issue has become more noticed because of what Al said, and that's good—it'll wake 'em up.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that what Campanis said reflects the thinking of baseball management?

CRAIG: I think managing is a matter of brains, and there are lots of smart black men in this game who can do a great job. The sooner management realizes that, the better the sport will be. I think part of the problem is like the situation Jackie faced—40 years later, some people just won't let you be judged on your God-given ability, but your skin color, and it's unfair. But I've never seen a contract that guarantees that life has to be fair.

PLAYBOY: A few months after Campanis' statement, Jimmy "the Greek" Snyder was fired from CBS because of his remarks about black slaves' being "bred" for sports, which he said explained blacks' superior athletic skills. What did you think when you heard that?

CRAIG: You're really tryin' to *catch* me, huh? I think one thing he was right about was that baseball, football, track—all sports are better now because of black athletes. They've changed the whole picture. But I also think it's just a matter of time before some of these great black athletes become great coaches and great managers.

I love basketball. Sometimes, when you watch a basketball game, all ten players are black, and I love to see that, because black men *can* jump higher, they *can* run faster and, in general, they are better overall. I don't know nothin' about that remark of Snyder's about slave days; I'm not that smart. And baseball has some catchin' up to do, because there have been seven or eight black head coaches in the N.B.A.

PLAYBOY: Jimmy the Greek also said he thought black athletes were better today because they grew up poorer than whites and had to work harder than white players. Do you agree?

CRAIG: I can't speak for anybody else, but I don't think any of the great black athletes of today worked any harder than I did as a kid. Or even now. Every day is a new challenge, and you wake up every morning to do your best by working as hard as you can; so if he wants to make a color distinction that way, I think he's wrong.

See, there are two different types of athletes—those who have natural talents and don't have to work that hard to really be successful, and then there's a guy like Sparky Anderson, who doesn't have real natural talent—

PLAYBOY: Or a Roger Craig—

CRAIG: You can *definitely* put me on the list, but I was a helluva lot better athlete than Sparky, and you can tell him that! [*Laughs*] I knew I wasn't a good hitter, and so I figured I'd make myself into a great bunter—an outstanding one, if I may say so—when I was a pitcher. Then, after a couple of glory years with the Brooklyn Dodgers, I reinjured my arm real bad and I knew that, although I couldn't be a real power pitcher anymore, I could learn control, depend on that. And I *did* it. Adversity is a good teacher, no matter what your color is. After I hurt my arm, I got shipped down to the minors. Teachin' myself, with no real professional help, to come back from that injury is probably the proudest moment in my career, now that I stop to think about it—better than winnin' the National League Western Division championship last year, because, *hell*, nobody knew *nothin'* about sports medicine back then. And lemme tell you this: Gettin' sent down to the minors after you've seen the bright lights of the majors—*particularly* the world series—makes a real difference in your attitude as a player. I was bound and determined to get back to the bigs *so bad*.

And that's part of what I'm talkin' about here—I was no superstar. I could have been a whole lot better if I hadn't gotten hurt, but that's just a part of the game, gettin' hurt. A lot of the great black athletes with the natural superstar talent get hurt a *lot*—and if you've got the will, you can figure out a way to come back, if you work hard enough.

PLAYBOY: Another issue in baseball is drug and alcohol abuse. When you were growing up in the sport, in the Fifties, getting drunk was thought of as fun, except when it erupted into some kind of major brawl, such as the famous 1957 Copacabana incident when Mickey Mantle, Whitey Ford and Billy Martin got involved in a fight with Copa patrons. Although Stengel traded Martin because of it, the incident was treated at the time as a boys-will-be-boys thing, wasn't it?

CRAIG: Not by *management*. Billy got shipped out because he wasn't as important to the Yankees as Whitey or Mickey; but I'll tell you that back then, unless you were a big star, if word got around that you had a drinking problem, you were dismissed from the club, period. You were *gone* if management thought you were a drunk and it affected the team and your performance. No second chance.

I really never saw a whole lot of it when I played. On a hot New York night, after a hard day on the field, a bunch of us players would get together in a hotel room and ice up a bathtub full of some beers and play cards for a few hours—but I never did see any problems myself among the friends I knew, though it sure happened to a lot of people. As for this cocaine stuff—I really don't even know what it *is*, except that it's dangerous. The difference now is that the owners, at their own expense, have instituted a rehab program for guys who

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Susan, Miss St. Patrick's Day 1988

wanna come forth with their addiction, either on their own because they recognize the problem or they get arrested and have to admit it because they got caught. Sometimes they get another chance if they relapse—and that's good, because, as I say, in my day, most guys were thrown out forever the first time around.

But this is true, too: The bottom line to me is, three strikes and you're out. Two chances, that's it, because it means that you don't care enough about yourself, your team and your life to make anything matter.

PLAYBOY: OK, time for a change-up: You're supposed to be a whiz at stealing the signs of opposing pitchers. How important is that?

CRAIG: Are you *kiddin'*? It's *real* important, and I do it very well, because I constantly study the opposin' managers, the opposin' pitchers and the opposin' third-base coach when I'm managin' a game. I like to keep about 15 levels of concentration out there when I'm managin', and that's one of the most important ones, because it gives a manager a tremendous advantage if you can predict what the other team is up to. When you can detect a sign, and your detection is right—you predict something that's true—that's *real* satisfyin'.

PLAYBOY: And, of course, the other side of the coin is making sure your opponents can't detect *your* signs to your team.

CRAIG: I've sort of mastered that, too, I think. [Laughs] That's fun. I remember when I was pitchin' coach for Alvin Dark with the Padres, and Frank Robinson, who was managing the Indians back then—this was in cactus-league spring trainin' in Arizona, where both teams get ready for the season. Frank sort of approaches me and says, "I know what you're doin'"—you're the one calling the signs, not Alvin—I'm on to you. Every time you cross your leg the way you do, it means something, doesn't it? *You're the guy.*" It took me back for 'bout half a second. I have such long legs and I always sat next to my managers when I was pitchin' coach. I said, "Yeah, Frank, you're on to me." All I was doin' was tryin' to keep comfortable, but I certainly wasn't going to discourage him from that notion. [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: So what does it take to *give* good signs?

CRAIG: The secret is what's called the indicator, which means I can go through all the motions I want, but none of them mean anything until after a crucial signal is given, after which you pay attention. That goes for the pitchers, batters and coaches who have to relay them to my players.

PLAYBOY: What's *your* indicator?

CRAIG: Boy, you must think I'm as dumb as my horse. [Laughs] I'll show you this [*tugs on ears and belt buckle, touches armpit and abdomen, wipes forehead*]. Now, one of them is it. But if I told you which one, it wouldn't be an indicator anymore, would it?

PLAYBOY: What happens when a player who knows the sign gets traded away?

CRAIG: Personnel changes, the basic indica-

tor changes—it is still one of those basic moves. They move, I move it.

PLAYBOY: To us in the bleachers, it seems like an entirely different language.

CRAIG: You can figure it out, if you're a real Humm Baby.

PLAYBOY: And we thought you'd *never* say it. Ever since you took over the Giants, San Francisco has gone Humm Baby crazy. It has become the team's rallying cry; it's even the name of your ranch. Did you know you were giving a new expression to the language?

CRAIG: Not at all. Came from growing up in baseball; it was just a thing you said, some chatter—Humm Baby, Humm Baby—to encourage your team. It was amazin' to me when it caught on the way it did, because it's been around the game for so long; lots of guys always said it. Now it's become a chant again, as well as a whole 'nother thing since the media made such a big deal out of it.

PLAYBOY: What, exactly, is a Humm Baby?

CRAIG: Well, it's beyond baseball. But in terms of baseball, the kind of guys I've mentioned, guys who always go out and put out 200 percent for you every day, even if they don't win, they're a Humm Baby. But a Humm Baby can also be a pretty girl—and I've heard tell you've had one or two of those in your magazine over the years. You yourself can become a Humm Baby if you do a good job, in my estimation, with this interview.

PLAYBOY: We'll do our best. Let's wind down with an old-timer's question: Do you think there can ever be teams like the ones you remember? The Dodgers team you played on had Duke Snider, Gil Hodges, Pee Wee Reese, Don Drysdale and Sandy Koufax. The Yankees you played against had Mickey Mantle, Whitey Ford, Elston Howard, Yogi Berra, Bobby Richardson. The Giants had Willie Mays, Willie McCovey, Orlando Cepeda, Juan Marichal. The question being, *do* they make 'em that way anymore?

CRAIG: No, there's no denyin' that. But every era has its ups and downs, and I think baseball is on a real up now. Look at some of the stars we've got *now*—Tim Lincecum, Andre Dawson, Jack Morris, Dwight Gooden, Don Mattingly, Wade Boggs, Mike Schmidt, George Brett—all of 'em future Hall-of-Famers.

PLAYBOY: But there are no dynasties anymore, are there? Aren't the year-to-year rosters always in doubt because of free agency? You just don't have those mythical teams, do you?

CRAIG: You're right. And that is one of the reasons that winners don't repeat wins twice in a row. Last teams to do it were the Dodgers and the Phillies in '77 and '78 in the National League, and Kansas City, '84 and '85 in the American League. And it's sad, in a way, because it changed a part of the game that had been around for so long. But I understand it—if I'd been in the same spot as these guys are lucky enough to be in, when I was playin', I'd be stupid

not to go for all the money I could get from my boss. I fully support players' gettin' their due. I just think so much of the time, the way the negotiations are conducted changes things for the worse—management resents the player, the player resents management and the fans resent the player. That, in turn, can make a guy feel the whole world's on his case, and it affects the team's performance, which is what I'm interested in—the *team* performance. You can have a team with a couple of big sluggers on it that don't win ball games—look at Cleveland last year. No matter how good you are as an individual, if you're not a team player, you jinx the team.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel jinxed that two big sports magazines, *Sports Illustrated* and *The Sporting News*, have predicted that your team will be the first National League repeater since the Dodgers and the Phillies?

CRAIG: If you're askin' me if I worry because these predictions are almost always wrong, the answer is a big fat no. Sure, it's flatterin', just like getting the A.P. Manager of the Year Award was flatterin'. But I don't think any whichaway about predictions, because baseball is *such* an unpredictable sport. Anything can happen any time—your key pitchers might come up sore, your second baseman might get a torn ligament—anything can happen. I don't worry about predictions—I worry about winnin' ball games.

PLAYBOY: Last question: If you could change the game of baseball, how would you change it?

CRAIG: First, I'd eliminate the designated-hitter rule, which is a violation of the baseball rule book that says, in effect, there shall be no more than nine players for each team on the field. The D.H. creates a tenth player, on offense.

Next, I'd get rid of domed stadiums. Then I'd get rid of that Astroturf.

And, most important, I'd restore day games to the importance they had when I started playing. Baseball should be played the way it was *meant* to be played—on green grass, like the little boys play it. A game played in the sunshine, fresh air, *real* green grass. The game has changed so much, so fast, and it will continue to because of the economics, but, down deep, to my mind, it's still about a little kid fallin' in love with the game, figurin' out who his heroes are, what team he wants to root for, figurin' out what kind of star he wants to be when he grows up, because he *knows* that the real important thing about the game is havin' *fun* playin' it. Baseball will *always* be a game about havin' fun. You won't find a player in the game now, and you never will, who won't say that.

And I guess the final thing I'd make sure of if I had my druthers is that every little boy who worked hard enough at the game to make it to the big leagues would make it to the world series, because that's the *best* fun on earth. Humm Baby.





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AN INVESTIGATION OF THE 1980 REAGAN CAMPAIGN'S CLANDESTINE OPERATIONS PROVOKES THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS:

■
DID THE REAGAN TEAM MAKE ITS FIRST ARMS-FOR-HOSTAGES SWAP FIVE YEARS BEFORE THE IRAN/CONTRA DEAL?

■
DID GEORGE BUSH'S CIA CONTACTS HELP SABOTAGE PRESIDENT CARTER'S HOSTAGE NEGOTIATIONS?

■
WERE THE TEHRAN CAPTIVES JAILED FOR AN EXTRA 76 DAYS TO TIP THE 1980 ELECTION TOWARD REAGAN?

AN ELECTION HELD HOSTAGE

"The obscure we see eventually. The completely apparent takes a little longer." —EDWARD R. MURROW

ON JANUARY 20, 1981, minutes into his first term, President Ronald Reagan performed a diplomatic miracle.

For more than a year, a revolutionary government in Iran had held 52 Americans hostage in retaliation for America's support of the deposed shah. To the world's dismay, President Jimmy Carter was unable to secure their release. Traditional methods of persuasion—an admixture of pleas, threats, economic and military sanctions—proved useless against a fanatic regime that preferred martyrdom to capitulation. Armed with little but epithets and clubs, an Iranian mob had crippled the Carter Presidency and brought America to its knees.

And there the nation remained until Reagan placed his hand on a Bible and took a solemn oath. Half a world away, the fanatics who had once chanted "Death to the Great Satan" instantly scrambled to appease the

article By **ABBIE HOFFMAN**
and **JONATHAN SILVERS**

country's new leader. Barely two hours after the Inauguration, "with thanks to Almighty God," Reagan made the announcement that America had been longing to hear for 444 days: "Some 30 minutes ago, the planes bearing our prisoners left Iranian airspace and they are now free of Iran."

In the jubilation of homecoming, no one asked why the hostages had been released at that particular moment. No explanation seemed necessary. Throughout his Presidential campaign, Reagan had slammed the Iranians as "murderous barbarians" and implied that, if elected, there were ways of handling such people. "We did not wish to inherit the hostage crisis," explains Richard Allen, a Reagan campaign strategist and his first National Security Advisor. "We wanted to make it clear to the Iranians that this was the one issue Reagan was *unstable* about." The Reagan transition team circulated menacing rumors that military reprisals and Normandylike invasions were "under consideration." (According to Allen, its propaganda was not without humor: "What's flat and glows in the dark?" "Tehran, five minutes after Reagan's Inauguration.")

It would be five years before Reagan's antiterrorist posturing came under scrutiny. In November 1986, a Lebanese newsweekly reported that National Security Advisor Robert McFarlane had secretly negotiated an arms-for-hostages deal with the Iranian Revolutionary Council in an attempt to win release of captives taken during Reagan's first term. As the scandal unfolded, it was discovered that this was not the rash enterprise of a small group of National Security Council adventurers but a rigorously conceived Presidential initiative.

The White House quickly shifted into damage-control mode. Attorney General Edwin Meese promised a "complete and impartial investigation"—just after the most incriminating documents were shredded. Through a series of discreet tactical maneuvers, the Administration managed to confine all official investigations of Iran/*Contra* activities to 1985 and 1986, the period in which the White House said the initiative had begun. The Government panels were deterred from exploring the conspiracy's origins.

The White House tried desperately to conceal earlier activities for a simple reason: The Reagan Administration had approved and encouraged the sale of U.S. arms to Iran not only in 1985 but four years earlier, in 1981. Ammunition, replacement parts, even sophisticated American weapons systems began to flow into Tehran—via Israel—within *two months* of Reagan's 1981 Inauguration.

Moreover, a commanding body of evidence and testimony has recently surfaced that suggests that members of the

1980 Reagan-Bush campaign secretly pursued openings to Iran as early as September 1980, two months *before* the election. On at least two occasions, emissaries of Ayatollah Khomeini met with Reagan advisors. The Iranians allegedly offered to detain the American hostages past Election Day, humiliating Carter and ensuring a Reagan victory. Given the speed with which the Reagan Administration approved arms sales to Khomeini, the testimony of several Iranian dignitaries and the fact that a similar arms-for-hostages pact was made later, there is every reason to suspect the Reagan campaign capable of cutting a deal.

Former President Jimmy Carter has voiced doubts about his opponent's integrity in that race. In response to our question regarding his knowledge of these allegations, Carter wrote the following on February 24, 1988:

We have had reports since late summer 1980 about Reagan campaign officials dealing with Iranians concerning delayed release of the American hostages. I chose to ignore the reports. Later, as you know, former Iranian president Bani-Sadr has given several interviews stating that such an agreement was made involving Bud McFarlane, George Bush and perhaps Bill Casey. By this time, the elections were over and the results could not be changed. I have never tried to obtain any evidence about these allegations but have trusted that investigations and historical records would someday let the truth be known.

This letter prompted an investigation, the results of which follow.

THE CAMPAIGN

In retrospect, it seems surprising that President Carter was able to mount a serious bid for re-election in 1980. The United States was suffering from the rapid erosion of its industrial base, an Arab oil embargo and post-Vietnam war trauma. Added to double-digit inflation and rising unemployment, the Iran hostage crisis came to symbolize the country's general deterioration. Whether Carter was a victim of those circumstances or their chief architect is debatable, but much of the public regarded him as a poor manager of the complex American system. An internal campaign memo written by Carter's chief pollster, Patrick Caddell, put it succinctly: "By and large, the American people do not like Jimmy Carter. Indeed, a large segment could be said to loathe the President."

Loathe him they might, but pit him against the Republican nominee, Ronald Reagan, and lo! Carter suddenly had a decent shot at re-election. Whatever

faults Carter had, Reagan matched them one for one. Reagan's appeal was limited; he was seen as hawkish, misinformed, ultraconservative, too Hollywood.

At its core, the election was a race to select the lesser of two evils. Voters couldn't decide whether they wanted helplessness or extreme conservatism. *Time*-magazine preference polls consistently showed the candidates separated at most by two percentage points. In mid-October, *Time* gave Carter a slight edge, 42 percent to Reagan's 41 percent.

William Casey, Reagan's campaign manager, found these statistics unnerving. Above all else, he feared that in the last weeks before the election, Carter would pull an "October Surprise"; that is, bring the hostages home, win back the public's confidence—and send Reagan back to the ranch. Richard Wirthlin, Reagan's chief pollster, estimated that a pre-election hostage release could earn Carter five to ten percent of the undecided vote, more than enough to ensure his re-election. Without a hostage release, however, Wirthlin figured that a Reagan win was certain.

Casey had not come so far to be denied victory at the 11th hour. At his insistence, the Reagan-Bush campaign began to defend against the possibility of a pre-election hostage release.

CAMPAIGN COUNTERINTELLIGENCE

In early September 1980, Casey and Meese put together an intelligence operation called the October Surprise group, consisting of ten strategists dedicated to monitoring inner White House maneuvers. Its ranks included Richard Allen, Dr. Fred Iklé, later Undersecretary of Defense, and John Lehman, later Secretary of the Navy. *The New York Times* called their activities "war-gaming," "the guessing of possible Carter moves and the formulation of countermoves." But they soon went beyond guesswork. Like any intelligence operation worth its cloaks and daggers, the group went after information at its source—the White House and environs.

And they got it. In Cassopolis, Indiana, on October 28, 1980, then-Congressman David Stockman boasted that he had used a "pilfered copy" of Carter's briefing book to coach Reagan for a televised debate. "Apparently, the Reagan camp's 'pilfered goods' were correct," reported *The Elkhart Truth*. "Several times, both candidates said almost word for word what Stockman predicted."

It wasn't until three years later, after the debate incident was recounted by Laurence I. Barrett in *Gambling with History* and Jody Powell suggested that a serious breach of ethics may have occurred, that Congress launched a full-scale inquiry into the affair, dubbed

(continued on page 150)



"No wonder you never get laid—your hair is dull and lifeless and you have split ends!"

'BOY MEETS 'GIRL

nancie s. martin shows us what sort of woman edits "playgirl"



Playboy. Playgirl. Now, there's a pair. Needless to say, there's no chicken-and-egg question here; we know which came first. But squatters' rights and circulation figures aside, we thought it was time to check out the "Entertainment for Women" magazine, and what better tour guide than Playgirl's own editor in chief, Nancie S. Martin?

We first met Nancie last April, when she and Playboy Associate Editor Bruce Kluger shared honors as celebrity judges of a coed strippers' pageant at Manhattan's Limelight night club. According to Kluger, the pageant was nothing special, but Nancie certainly was. "I called her the next day," he says, "and within 48 hours, she'd not only agreed to pose for Playboy, she led

the contract negotiations, planned her own PR and mapped out one hell of a project. You knew she was an editor in chief."

The week after her Playboy shoot, Kluger and Martin had the following conversation.

PLAYBOY: So we meet at last.

PLAYGIRL: Playboy meets Playgirl.

PLAYBOY: Let's first dispel some myths: Your readers are mostly gay men.

PLAYGIRL: Ninety percent of our readers are female—generally urban. About 75 percent are single, between the ages of 18 and 34. Average age: 26, 27. Most are working.

PLAYBOY: Myth two: The models are all gay.

PLAYGIRL: The models are mostly straight. But I don't have any figures on that, because it's not something you ask. I do know that most of the guys we photograph have girlfriends.

PLAYBOY: Angry girlfriends?

PLAYGIRL: No, no. Supportive girlfriends who say, "Hey, look what I got."

PLAYBOY: OK, how about the myth that the size of a man's penis plays an important role in his appearing in the magazine?

PLAYGIRL: Here's my version of the Playgirl peter principle: Since many men are insecure about the size of their penises, if someone's willing to show it, it has to be OK. Of course, women tend to look beyond body parts. They don't just say, "God, he's got a big schlong!" or "What shoulders!"; they react to an over-all feel, like "Oh, what a baby face!" or "Ooh, what a stud!" Then again, for our 15th-anniversary party, we did hold a wet-shorts contest.

PLAYBOY: Wet shorts?

PLAYGIRL: Yeah; you always see these wet-T-shirt contests, but it's not very often that you have a contest where the women get to see what the men have. So we got all these ladies up on stage with soda siphons.

PLAYBOY: And it worked just like a wet-T-



While she admits being Playgirl editor in chief is "a fun job," Nancie S. Martin (in conference in transit above) works hard, keeping in shape with a daily session at the gym.



In her New York office, Martin discusses layouts with (from left) assistant art director Dawn Blaschick, art director Ken Palumbo and managing editor Caroline Schneider.



shirt contest?

PLAYGIRL: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Wouldn't the cold water have a deleterious effect?

PLAYGIRL: Well, the siphons were left out for a while, so the water was fairly warm. I didn't detect any noticeable shrinkage, though, of course, I hadn't seen them previous to that moment. The guy who won was rather nicely endowed. He was apparently a bodybuilder.

PLAYBOY: Since we're talking stud, let's define some *Playgirl* terms. For example, good buns.

PLAYGIRL: It depends. Different women have different preferences. Some women like them rounded, some like them a little flatter. But, essentially, good buns are well worked out. They have that nice dimple in the side.

PLAYBOY: Like a dent.

PLAYGIRL: It is a dent.

PLAYBOY: Hunk.

PLAYGIRL: Manly. Confident. Fearless. A hunk should be in good shape. As I've always said, the two most important qualities in a man are a flat stomach and a sense of humor.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about you. How does a 30-year-old woman become editor in chief of *Playgirl*?

PLAYGIRL: While I was in school, I worked full time in the state assembly in Albany, New York. That was interesting, but there was a lot of "You scratch my back, I'll scratch yours" stuff going on and I decided that I didn't really want to be a part of it. So I came back to New York City and started doing a little modeling, going to acting classes, working as a make-up artist, doing waitress work, managing rock bands. I even worked as a counter manager at Macy's.

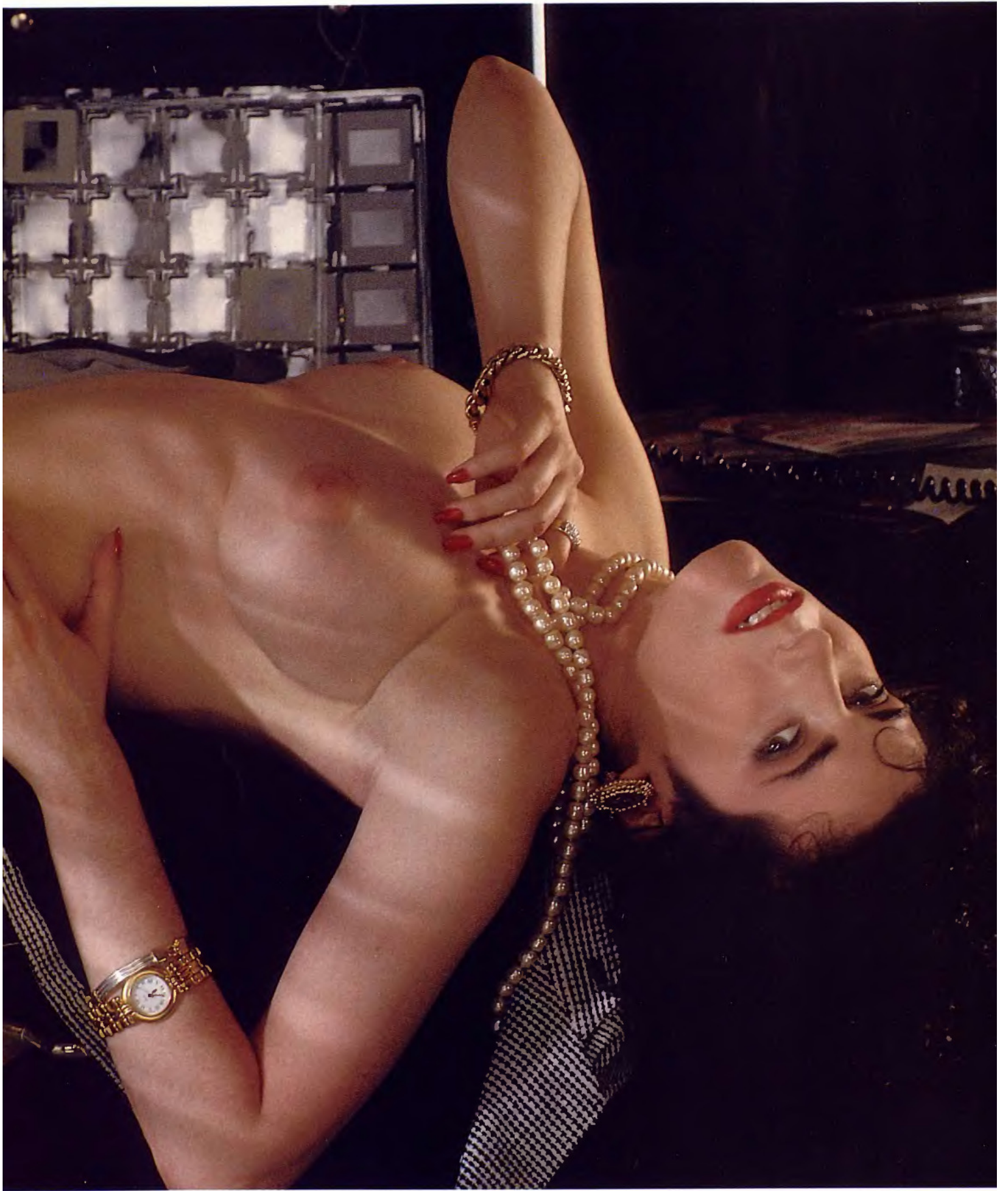
Before long, I ended up at *Look* magazine, which folded within a month but gave me enough magazine experience to decide I really liked it. Eventually, I became the editor of *Tiger Beat*.

PLAYBOY: The teen magazine?

PLAYGIRL: Right. So you see, essentially, I've gone from showing 15-year-old boys with their shirts off to showing 25-year-old men with their pants off.

PLAYBOY: Beyond the numbers and the stats, who is your reader? Or, the way







we'd say it at our camp, What sort of woman reads *Playgirl*?

PLAYGIRL: The young, single working woman. Hedonistic. Fun-loving.

PLAYBOY: From where, typically? New York? L.A.? Chicago?

PLAYGIRL: No, not really. More like Des Moines. We sell very strongly in the so-called Bible Belt; you'd be amazed at the extraordinarily active sex and fantasy lives of the women of America.

PLAYBOY: Aside from the obvious, how are you different from, say, *Cosmo*?

PLAYGIRL: *Cosmo* is all about what's wrong with you and how to improve it. I think my favorite *Cosmo* cover line was "HOW TO OVERCOME THOSE HORRIBLE FEELINGS OF INADEQUACY"—like it was assumed you were miserable.

PLAYBOY: So if Helen Gurley Brown were here at this moment. . . ?

PLAYGIRL: I would say to her, "There's nothing wrong with the people who read my magazine. They're terrific just the way they are." I'd also say that *Playgirl* is the only magazine that caters to women's erotic selves. We're appealing directly to the pleasure center. We're saying, "Look at these wonderful-looking men. Wouldn't you like to sleep with them? One of them?" And we make a point of telling our reader how to enjoy herself.

For example, we did a very technical piece on how to give the perfect hand job. We told our readers the different strokes: one-handed, two-handed, backward, sideways. I learned a lot of things from that article myself.

We'll also be publishing the natural follow-up, how to give the perfect blow job. Both articles were written by men, whom we would presume to be the experts on what they like.

PLAYBOY: Have you always been passionate about women's sexuality?

PLAYGIRL: Yes. In fact, in some ways, I consider my magazine and my personal sexuality contemporaneous, because *Playgirl* came into being the same year that I lost my virginity.

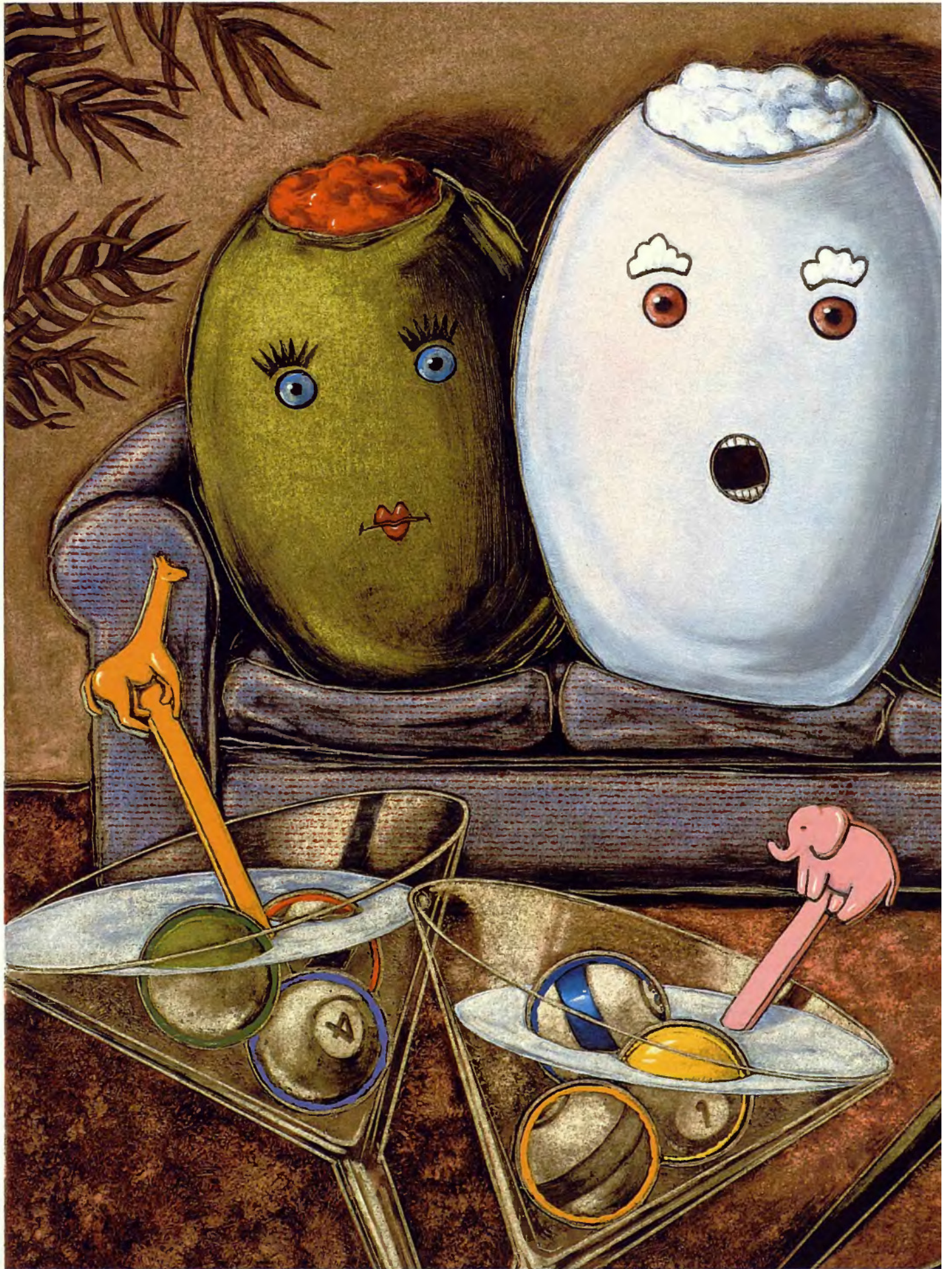
PLAYBOY: In 1973?

PLAYGIRL: That is correct.

PLAYBOY: Wait a minute.

PLAYGIRL: I was 15. I just couldn't wait to find out what (concluded on page 162)





ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS THRUN (ABOVE) AND BRIAN GERRITY (RIGHT)

PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE FICTION CONTEST WINNER

THE HOTEL- MOTEL BAR & GRILL



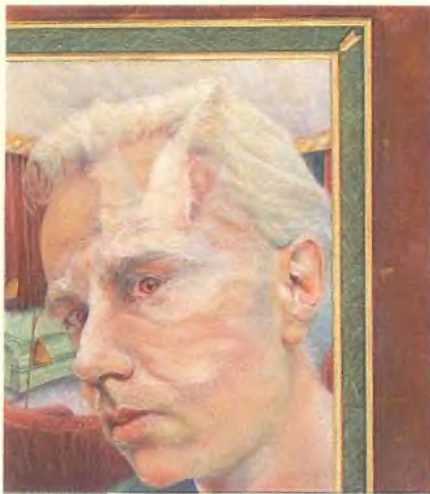
HE TURNED HIS HOME INTO A GRAND HOTEL—BUT
IT DIDN'T DO A THING FOR HIS LOVE LIFE

fiction

By VALERIE VOGRIN
University of Alabama
Tuscaloosa, Alabama

PROPRIETOR: Izard McAdoo, high school English teacher, divorced, weekend father, albino, heir to modest fruit-spread fortune. Chief patrons: Elizabeth, 12, Ellen, 10, Ted, 33.

The spirit of the Hotel-Motel Bar & Grill was derived from Iz's lifelong affection for the strangeness of hotels and motels. The quilted bedspreads, the shag carpets, the garbage cans with plastic liners and the television sets bolted onto fiberboard dressers. The foreign smells of transience and disinfection. In those odors, and in the Yellow Pages of an unfamiliar town, the clanging of wire hangers and the hollow knock of empty bureau drawers, he always caught the nuance of possibility. What had started out as a lark, playing "tavern" with his daughters on Sunday afternoons (which consisted mostly of charging them Monopoly money



We asked award-winning *Playboy* artist Marshall Arisman, chairman of the master-of-fine-arts program at the School of Visual Arts in New York, to encourage his students to illustrate our winning College Fiction Contest story. The results were impressive. The two winning entries (overleaf) were painted by Thomas Thrun and Brian Gerrity. The runners-up (clockwise from top) are by Kelly Alder, Renée Habert, Marie Lessard, Lori Lewin and James Stonebraker.



had thought only her mother could, cocking it a full half inch and holding it for several seconds, and Iz realized she was trying to embarrass him. He refused to falter.

"You know—shoes shined, clothes pressed, room service, wake-up calls."

Liz smiled a small smile, barely revealing teeth, but said no more.

"Just like here," Ellen said.

"Damn straight," Iz replied, leaning over to tickle them both.

After considerable thought and purchase, Iz had managed to cover just about every imaginable amenity. Cleanliness was important: daily change of sheets and towels for guests and sparkling-clean water glasses and wrapped perfumed soaps on the bathroom countertops. To have the water pressure perfectly adjusted, the vodka chilled, the limes fresh, the ashtrays spotless, the plants lush and the air fragrant and gently circulated by ceiling fans—that attention to detail made Izard's adrenaline rush.

Liz and Ellen took notice of everything, from additions such as the big-screen TV and the onyx backgammon table to the more subtle touches. On cool nights, they liked to sleep with the windows wide open, but then complained about cold feet. His solution was to buy hot-water bottles, which he ceremoniously placed at the ends of their beds when he tucked them in. He loved the moment when the warmth sank in, when their faces registered twin expressions of contentment; he sometimes thought this endeavor was charmed. Liz and Ellen loved the exclusivity of the arrangement, though Hotel-Motel etiquette required proffering hospitality to other guests, too.

Amy would shit, simply shit, if she ever came in; to her, the apartment would represent two of his most irritating qualities: the ability to enjoy himself and his inherited money. Not that much about him seemed to please her now; in the two years since their divorce, most of her sentences began with the phrase "The problem with you is. . ." and ended with "Grow up." He never instructed the girls not to tell Amy anything that went on, but he trusted them to know it wasn't the smoothest move. He savored their present ages, when those issues did not have to be discussed, though it felt like borrowed time, as if he had the pleasure of those two wonderful girls for just a short time before they grew (continued on page 140)

for colas and treats), ended up as a full-scale project that transformed his luxurious, if somewhat sterile, Southern Cal hacienda-style condo. He had chosen to upgrade the ambience of a tourist-trap family-inn sort of place, yet the basic attractiveness of the Hotel-Motel Bar & Grill lay in its lack of normalcy. It was his home but not his home.

Ellen and Liz both shared their mother Amy's ever-present tan and gray eyes. Ellen's features still appeared pliable and innocent, framed in little-girl pigtails or braids. Liz's nose and cheekbones were already sculpted into model beauty, and

she came to visit with at least three varieties of gels and fixatives for her salon-coiffed hair.

"What's the difference between a motel and a hotel?" Ellen asked.

"A motel's a hotel with a parking lot," Liz answered in a patronizing tone.

"Don't hotels have parking lots, too?"

"Daddy!"

"Relax, Elizabeth." Iz leafed through the dictionary. "A hotel is 'a public house that provides housing and usually meals and various services,'" he read.

"What kind of services?" Liz asked, precisely raising one eyebrow in a way he



*"I love getting all my minimum daily requirements
first thing in the morning."*

UP CLOSE & PERSONAL

playboy takes a
focused look at tailored clothing
for fall and winter

PART ONE

fashion By HOLLIS WAYNE

IT'S TOUGH BEING a well-dressed man for all seasons, especially when each seasonal change means drastic alterations to one's wardrobe, as styles go in and out of fashion at the whim of designers and manufacturers. This fall and winter, we're happy to report, the fickle shifts in style are down to a minimum. No radical changes here, just good fashion sense in traditional cold-weather fit and feel—a seasonal solstice for looking great. While the

over-all cut of a sports jacket varies little from season to season, Italian design firms such as Missoni Uomo have widened lapels and styled jackets a bit longer and slightly closer to the waist, in a tighter, more European fit. Ties, also wider this year, prove to be a wonderful gauge to changes in men's fashion. Many of this fall's ties are patterned in a Forties-retro look, with a two-color dotted design and a tied four-in-hand with a tight knot to offset the tie's broader cut.

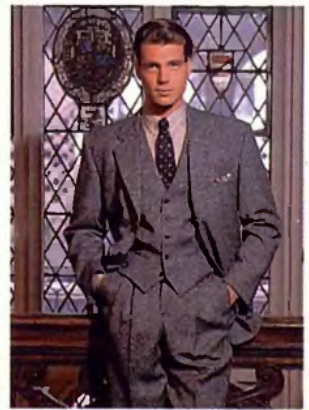
The double-breasted suit, a look we've always liked for tall-and-lanky types, is shown on these pages in a traditional six-button, two-to-button model and, as designer Ralph Lauren prefers, a six-button model with a rolled lapel and one-to-button styling. The single-breasted three-button suit also is this fall and winter's comeback kid, styled sleeker than designs past and shaped broader through the



Timeless and tailored. Above and right: A wool/cashmere Prince of Wales plaid sports coat, \$525, a Shetland vest, \$245, a cotton dress shirt, \$135, virgin-wool pleated trousers, \$215, all from Studio 000.1 by Ferre; plus a silk tie, from Polo by Ralph Lauren, about \$45, and a watch with a stainless-steel case and a black face, from Manfredi Jewels, Ltd., New York, \$275.







The boss tweed look on this page includes a wool-tweed three-piece suit with notched lapels, ventless back and silk-backed vest and double-pleated pants, by Hugo Boss, \$685; plus an ecru cotton Jacquard striped dress shirt, by Cecilia Metheny, about \$185; a silk diamond-patterned Jacquard tie, by Savoy, \$42; and a plaid silk pocket square, by Hugo Boss, \$27.50.



Classic's the word for the easy elegance of a worsted-wool two-to-button double-breasted suit with peaked lapels and multi-color overstriping, \$825, and a striped cotton dress shirt, \$160, both by Missoni Uomo; plus a silk tartan tie, by XMI, \$42.50; a silk pocket square, by Alfred Dunhill, \$37.50; and tortoise-frame glasses, by Sanford Hutton for Colors in Optics Ltd., \$36.



This fall, stay with Scotch for a day. Perhaps a Scottish-wool Harris-tweed sports coat with a shawl collar and a one-button front, about \$620, worn with a wool knit cardigan, about \$300, tropical-weight wool trousers with a double-pleated front, about \$270, a cotton dress shirt with patch pockets, about \$190, and a silk polka-dot tie, about \$70, all by Ronaldus Shamask.



Here's to black and white—particularly this distinguished houndstooth wool six-button, one-to-button double-breasted suit with peaked lapels, side vents and double-pleated pants, about \$800, an ecru cotton dress shirt with blue and black stripes and a button-tab collar, \$80, plus a black silk diamond-patterned deco tie, about \$45, all from Polo by Ralph Lauren.

shoulders. Many of these suits are offered with pants that are double- or even triple-pleated, tapered slightly to the ankles and worn with one-and-one-quarter-inch cuffs. Combined with a vest made of a contrasting fabric, such as a Ferre wool or a Shamask cardigan knit, you have an interesting layered look that's also a great chill beater. There's also a resurgence of three-piece suits. Remember *Saturday Night Fever*? Well, check out the

tweedy updated three-piecer by Hugo Boss pictured in this feature. Any way you look at it, the vest is making the hottest fashion statement of the season.

In the shirt department, colorful striped styles, longer and straighter in the collar, are being teamed with French cuffs, which are perfect for showing off a pair of heirloom cuff links. The colors of the season are nature's choice, a kaleidoscope of hues and shades for creating autumn comfort and winter warmth. Dark, rich browns worn with navy are like the old soldiers of traditional fashion trends—timeless and elegant. Black-and-white tweeds are the new recruits, ready for action, casual or formal. Accent colors—dark greens and chartreuse—complete the seasonal look. Top all of this off with a peaked pocket square and a dark-faced wrist watch with a rich leather band and step out in style.



Game! Set! Unmatched! This unmatched suit includes a navy wool double-breasted blazer with brown pinstriping and notched lapels and brown cavalry-twill pants with a triple-pleated front, \$850, worn with a white-and-brown-striped dress shirt with straight collar, \$60, and a silk paisley-print tie, \$30, all by Pierre Balmain; plus a suede belt, by Trafalgar, Ltd., \$35.





THE U.S. OLYMPIC TRAINING TABLE

our athletes may be going for the gold, but the companies that sponsor them are muscling up for the green

article **By PAUL ENGLEMAN** Perhaps you've noticed that, unlike in past years, every third cookie and breakfast cereal in your local grocery is not an official product of the U.S. Olympic team. This situation did not come about by chance. It reflects a shift in the Olympic-sponsorship structure from individual products to corporate sponsors.

Of the 41 sponsors of the 1988 U.S. Olympic team, only eight are in the food category. This does not mean that our athletes aren't getting fed. It means that the chow is coming from fewer sources. Based on the products that the food sponsors produce, here is an artist's conception of the Olympic training table. For a more complete appreciation of food sponsors, read on.



Long before America's best amateur athletes competed for the honor of representing the U.S.A. in Seoul, South Korea, the country's leading corporations were battling one another for the more tangible rewards that may accrue from Olympic sponsorship. And you might be surprised at the prizes. Familiar U.S. giants—Coca-Cola, Eastman Kodak, Federal Express, 3M, Time, Inc., and VISA—have all become official sponsors of this year's Olympic team from . . . *Brunei*. Of course, Brunei was not singled out. Those companies are also sponsoring teams from Bahrain, Belize and Botswana.

It's all part of a major change in Olympic marketing. In 1988, for the first time, the International Olympic Committee (I.O.C.)

is selling world-wide sponsorships. Nine corporations paid an average of \$14,000,000 each for the privilege of paying more than lip service to the trendiest buzz words in international marketing—global strategy, local tactics.

Here's how it all started (try to keep the initials straight!):

In 1985, the I.O.C. hired I.S.L. Licensing AG of Switzerland to negotiate rights fees with all 167 national Olympic committees (N.O.C.s) and resell them in a global-sponsorship package called The Olympic Program (T.O.P.). Rob Prazmark, the enthusiastic marketing V.P. for I.S.L. in New York, says the I.O.C. realized it was at an important juncture before the 1984

games. Funding had become too dependent on TV revenue and, with the Los Angeles and Sarajevo committees aggressively selling sponsorships to amass a combined total of \$147,000,000, there was too much confusion over rights.

However, the biggest concern, says Prazmark, was that "teams were becoming polarized. Fifteen or 20 teams could raise money, but countries such as Ethiopia had no government support, no private-sector support. In 1984, for the poorer countries, it became an Olympic event just to get them there."

I.S.L. made a list of 18 global industries and broke it into 44 product categories. Although unable to get coverage in every industry and category, I.S.L. managed to persuade 154 N.O.C.s and

nine corporations to participate in the program, raising about \$125,000,000. The revenue from those companies alone equals the total funding that Peter Ueberroth raised from all sponsors of the 1984 Summer Games.

The I.O.C. distributes the fees paid by the companies "in about 157 ways," Prazmark says. A portion goes to the organizing committees of the games, and the balance is spread proportionately among the N.O.C.s of each country. Thus, the United States Olympic Committee, representing the American market, receives a bigger share of the loot than, say, the committee from Burkina Faso.

In return for their T.O.P. contributions, the companies get use of the five interlocking Olympic rings, the privilege

of sponsoring the Winter and Summer Games, on-site exclusivity to show and sell their service or product, and—this is the big one—permission to call themselves sponsors of each of the 154 national teams in the program.

So it is that Brother Industries, a Japanese company, promotes itself in Canada as the proud sponsor of the Canadian Olympic team and in the U.S. as the proud sponsor of the U.S. Olympic team. The structure makes for a truly curious marketing spectacle: nine fervently capitalist companies engaging in a program of global socialism that transcends petty nationalism—all the while exploiting nationalistic sentiment—for the purpose of advancing international capitalism. The system works!

Just what is an Olympic sponsorship worth? In a 1985 survey conducted by I.S.L. in Portugal, Singapore, West Germany and the U.S., the Olympic rings earned a bronze medal in logo identification, with Shell and McDonald's taking the gold and the silver. The research showed that a majority of people in each country believe the Olympic symbol "signifies endorsement of the product by organizers of the games" and that about one third of the people in each country are more likely to buy a product carrying the Olympic designation.

Persuasive stuff, but the T.O.P. sponsorship fee is still a lot of money. "Too much," says Warner Canto, marketing V.P. for American Express, which turned down I.S.L.'s \$15,500,000 invitation. I.S.L. cut the asking price to \$14,500,000 and found a buyer in VISA. In the battle of the plastic, VISA was quick to capitalize on its buy: For its ongoing advertising assault on American Express, it used the headline "AT THE 1988 OLYMPICS, THEY WILL HONOR SPEED, STAMINA AND SKILL. BUT NOT AMERICAN EXPRESS."

VISA promotion manager Christine Koncal says that U.S. sales, which account for 65 percent of VISA's business, increased 20 percent during the fourth quarter of 1987, when the company was running its "Pull for the team" promotion, in which a portion of cardholder-transaction fees was donated to the U.S. team. That was nine percent more than VISA bean counters had projected, and the program is continuing through September. But perhaps the biggest gain for VISA was an agreement it reached to issue credit cards in the Soviet Union.

While the new global-sponsorship structure has improved the over-all Olympic-funding outlook, it threatens to dilute national allegiances. How will a U.S. fan feel on learning that Coca-Cola is also funding the Soviet team? I.S.L.'s
(concluded on page 164)

O • L • Y • M • P • I • C •
FEED BAG



"We're no longer into the official widget," says John Krimsky, Jr., deputy secretary general of the U.S.O.C. "If Skippy peanut butter is my sponsor, and it is, then I am not going to permit six other brands of peanut butter to advertise as sponsors of the 1988 Olympic team." ■ To avoid the product clutter, the U.S.O.C. broadened its categories. M&M/Mars, the official snack food of 1984, wanted to be a sponsor, but, Krimsky says, "They wanted me to define confections as snack foods. And I could not define a piece of candy as a potato chip." Instead, he sold a category called "confections and snack foods" to Nabisco. ■ Here are the participating companies and their products. **Campbell Taggart:** Break Cake, whole-grain breads. **Coca-Cola:** Coke, Minute Maid orange juice, Sprite, Tab. **CPC Best Foods:** Karo corn syrup, Golden Griddle pancake syrup, Hellmann's mayonnaise, Mazola Oil, Mueller's pasta, Skippy peanut butter. **General Foods:** Maxwell House Coffee. **Holly Farms:** prerossed chicken. **Maverick Ranch Association:** fresh and frozen beef and beef products. **McDonald's.** **RJR/Nabisco:** Butterfinger, Del Monte Fruit Snacks, Life Savers, Planters nuts and snacks. And from its Biscuit Division: Almost Home Family Style Cookies, Chips Ahoy!, Fig Newtons Cookies,



Lorna Doone Shortbread, Nutter Butter Sandwich Cookies, Oreo Sandwich Cookies, Premiumers, Ritz Crackers, Triscuit Thins Snack Crackers and



Butter Peanut Chocolate Saltine Crack-Wafers, Wheat others.



"My gosh! What did I look like before the surgery?!"



SAUCY AUSSIE

fire up the barbie, boys, and say g'day to playmate shannon long





SHANNON LONG is your basic girl next door, if next door is 12,000 miles away. She comes from the little town of Surfers Paradise, on the eastern coast of Australia, about an hour from Brisbane. The guys there are big, and loud, in a yobbo way, still calling girls sheilas and drinking their Castlemaine XXXX beer. "Don't let the ads fool you," Shannon advises. "We have regional loyalties. Foster's is the beer to drink in New South Wales. Victoria Bitter is the Melbourne brew. In Queensland, we drink 4X. If you don't, everyone gives you heat." Shannon is explaining Australia as she sits in a Chicago hotel room eating—what else?—a Vegemite sandwich. "I've had it on toast almost



"I lived in Sydney for about nine months. I found myself stressed. If I see 100 people in a day, I feel crowded."





“Aussies don’t discuss sex. If a woman talks about it, well, she’s not someone you take home to Mom.”



every day of my life. The first time I came to the United States to test for the centerfold, I didn't bring any. Never again.”

Shannon attended a school where the curriculum included certain frontier essentials. “We had to raise two chickens and pluck them for our final exam. I got Mom to swap a pinched



duck—a dressed chicken—I couldn't kill pets."

We asked Shannon her opinion of the "Crocodile" Dundee movies. "He got the guys right. I grew up with four brothers, listening to them exaggerate. A few ripples on the ocean became great surf, a small catch became a super fish, a scratch became a fight with a full-blown crocodile. But mostly, he got the laid-back atmosphere. You work a few months, you take off for a few months for a little adventure. It's such a young country, there's such a freshness, no one is eager to settle down into one job, one house, one life. You have to enjoy the freshness." Enjoy hers.

"I get homesick talking about Australia. You should see it: rain forests, rock pools, deserted beaches."



MISS OCTOBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Shannon Long

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: SHANNON LONG

BUST: 36" WAIST: 21" HIPS: 32"

HEIGHT: 5' 3" WEIGHT: 94 lbs.

BIRTH DATE: 11th FEB, '69 BIRTHPLACE: GLAOSTONE, AUSTRALIA

AMBITIONS: TO BE HAPPY + SUCCESSFUL IN WHATEVER I CHOOSE TO DO IN MY LIFE + TO OWN MY OWN HOME

TURN-ONS: SUNSETS, FAMILY GET-TOGETHERS, HOLDING HANDS, BICYCLE RIDING, SHOPPING, WALKING IN THE RAIN

TURN-OFFS: DIRTY BATHROOMS, PHYSICAL VIOLENCE, DIRTY ASHTRAYS, SLOW DRIVERS

FAVORITE BOOKS: JONATHAN LIVINGSTON SEAGULL

FAVORITE MOVIES: WITCHES OF EASTWICK, SUSPECT

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: JACK NICHOLSON, BRYAN FERRY, CHER

WHAT I LIKE BEST ABOUT AUSTRALIA: THE BEACHES, THE LAID-BACK ATMOSPHERE + EASYGOING PEOPLE, ABORIGINES, NORTHERN NEW SOUTH WALES. I LOVE AUSTRALIA.

WHAT I LIKE BEST ABOUT AMERICA: I FOUND AMERICANS VERY HELPFUL + FRIENDLY, STAYING AT THE PLAYBOY MANSION.

14 YEARS



OVERLOOKING MY FAVOURITE BEACHES

16 YEARS



PROMOTING PLAYBOY IN AUSTRALIA.

17 YEARS



MY GIRLFRIEND + I PARTYING ON NEW YEAR'S EVE.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Two politicians decided to put aside their differences and go deer hunting together. Deep in the woods, one stumbled on a rock and accidentally shot the other. In a panic, he dragged the wounded man ten miles back to the car, then sped to the nearest hospital.

An hour later, a doctor came out of surgery. "I'm sorry, I couldn't save him," he told the waiting man. "You did well to get him here so fast. But," he added, shaking his head sadly, "you shouldn't have gutted him first."

A New York critic's acerbic theatrical criticisms have prompted some targets of his attacks to refer to him as the ultimate cast rater.



An Englishman, a Scotsman and an Irishman were without tickets for the opening ceremonies of the summer Olympics but hoped to be able to talk their way in at the gate. Security was very tight, however, and each of their attempts was met with a stern refusal.

While wandering around outside the stadium, the Englishman came upon a construction site, which gave him an idea. Grabbing a length of scaffolding, he presented himself at the gate and said, "Johnson, the pole vault," and was admitted.

The Scotsman, overhearing this, went at once to search the site. When he came up with a sledge hammer, he presented himself at the gate and said, "McTavish, the hammer." He was also admitted.

The Irishman combed the site for an hour and was nearly ready to give up when he spotted his ticket in. Seizing a roll of barbed wire, he presented himself at the gate and announced, "O'Sullivan, fencing."

What's Tammy Faye Bakker's idea of natural childbirth? No make-up.

A young man wrote to his parents from college that he had met the girl of his dreams and that he was bringing her home for the weekend.

When the couple arrived, his parents were shocked. His mother pulled him aside and whispered, "You said she was *young!* She looks at least forty!"

His father whispered, "You said she was a knockout. She looks like a plucked chicken!"

"You said she was intelligent," his mother continued in a hushed voice. "She acts like an idiot."

"Why are you all whispering?" the son asked. "She's deaf, too."

A rabbi and a priest were seated together on a cross-country flight. An attractive flight attendant asked them if they would like cocktails.

"Yes," the rabbi said, "I'd like a manhattan, please."

"No, thank you," the priest said, turning to explain to his seatmate. "As a priest, I can't drink or fornicate."

"Wait a second," the rabbi said, standing and waving at the flight attendant. "I didn't know I had a choice."

While walking in the park, Corky the cocker spaniel wagged his tail in friendly greeting to a Russian wolfhound.

"How do you like it in America?" Corky asked.

"Well, it's different from my homeland," the wolfhound replied. "In Russia, I have my own doghouse made of rare Siberian wood. And in Russia, I sleep on a rug made of thick ermine."

"Sounds great," Corky said. "Why'd you ever come to the U.S.?"

"I like to bark once in a while."

A woman called a health club and sobbed into the phone that her husband had just given her a present that she couldn't fit into.

The receptionist gave her an appointment and added, "Don't worry, madam, we'll have you wearing that dress in no time."

"Dress?" the woman wailed. "It's a Porsche!"



Three soldiers in a foxhole were talking. "You know," one said, "I can put ten beer cans on my cock when it's hard."

"So, big deal," the second said. "I can lay eleven silver dollars along mine when it's hard."

"Thirteen blackbirds can perch on mine when it's hard," boasted the third.

Just then, the enemy opened fire. A barrage of bullets whizzed overhead and mortar rounds began exploding within feet of their position. "I gotta tell the truth," the first terrified GI shouted above the din. "I can only get three beer cans on my cock when it's hard."

"To be honest," the second admitted, "I can only lay three silver dollars on mine when it's hard."

"OK, OK," the third screamed after a thunderous explosion, "the thirteenth blackbird has to stand on one foot!"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, Playboy, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



*"I did her in oil, I did her in bronze, I did her in terra cotta.
I also did her in Phoenix, Fresno and Chicago."*

THE GREAT DIVIDE

article By **STUDS TERKEL**

THERE IS an attribute lacking in the Eighties that was throbbingly present in earlier decades, even in the silent Fifties: memory. Today, amnesia is much easier to come by. As technology has become more hyperactive, we, the people, have become more laid back; as the deposits in its memory banks have become fatter, the deposits in man's memory bank have become leaner. It is the Law of Diminishing Enlightenment at work.

Ironically enough, Jacob Bronowski observed, the average person today knows more facts about the world than Isaac Newton did, though considerably less truth. Certainly, we know more facts, overwhelmingly trivial though they be, than any of our antecedents. But as for knowing the truth about ourselves and others. . . .

The *World Book Encyclopedia* defines the Great Divide as a series of mountain ranges that crosses the North American continent and divides it into two great watersheds. A second divide now splits our country, one that bespeaks more than the deepening chasms between the haves, the have-nots and the have-somewhats. It is the rift of race that, at times, appears to close and then casually widens, not unrelated to having and not having. It is the split in the sphere of worship, rendering unto Caesar what may not rightfully be his and unto God what may not spiritually be His. It is the cleft that has cut us off, one from the other and, indeed, from our very selves. It is the breach that has cut off past from present.

A TV *Wunderkind* explains, "In the past ten years, we've shifted to faster communication. We depend on these little bursts, these little sound bites. All good politicians, as well as good advertisers, lay out their programs in something that will play in ten to 12 seconds on the nightly news."

In an old burlesque skit, the second banana, a Dutch comic in baggy pants, challenges the first: "Qvick, vat's you philosophy of life in fife seconds?" The bald-heads, pot bellies and pimply faces in the audience (I was one) roar at the randy though succinct riposte. Today's TV anchor person asks the same thing of the

*the pulitzer prize-winning oral historian examines
a country split at the seams*



expert. It is deadly solemn in the asking, equally so in the response and duly acknowledged by the audience. Nobody's laughing.

Repeated often enough and authoritatively enough, on televised Sunday mornings, by pundits of familiar face and equally familiar Cabinet members and the even more familiar elder statesman, the Doctor (who evokes startling memories of the Dutch comic), the announced idea becomes official. Yet something unofficial is happening out there.

Consider the market-research man—an up-and-coming father, an archetypal middle American. He was foreman of a jury that acquitted four odd birds (including a Catholic nun) who had, in the spirit of Isaiah, committed an act of civil disobedience. He, a fervent believer in law and order, experienced something of a small epiphany. "We are quiet people," he said, "quiet in our disturbance. But once confronted with facts, they're really hard to let go. You start asking yourself, What can I begin to do?"

"We see on the news today that something happened. A week later, something else is presented as though it's just as important. It's got the same kind of emphasis in the speaker's voice. All of a sudden, last week is gone behind us. A year ago is even further gone. How we blow up things that aren't important and never talk about things that are important."

In dealing with time present, memory is absent, stunningly so, among the young. "I am struck by the basic absence of historical memory in this year's—or any year's—college freshmen," says a history professor in Texas. "These young students are not the children but, rather, the grandchildren of the atomic age, born almost a quarter of a century after Hiroshima and Nagasaki. They have never known a time when nuclear weapons did not exist. As my freshmen might ask, 'Why bother?'"

Could Henry Ford have been right after all, that history is bunk?

Despite such bleak communiqués from the academic front, a subtle change of climate may be detected as we approach the Nineties. Courses on Vietnam and its history are among the most popular in a surprising number of colleges. A professor of Russian history tells me that his classes are standing room only.

Although I've come across depressing many 18-year-olds who admire J. R. Ewing "because he kicks butts," a young instructor in journalism has discovered that his students insist on asking about professional ethics. "This year, nobody in class asked me how much I make." The majority of recent graduates at a college in the Northwest accepted a pledge "to take into account the social and environmental consequences of any job opportunity I consider."

Don't bet the farm on it (if there is any farm left to bet), but there does appear to be a new kid on the block. This one is not a Sixties remainder nor an Eighties automaton; not as stormy as the first nor as air-conditioned as the second. He is more ambivalent, perhaps, yet possibly more reflective.

To intimate that these new kids are the kids of the future would, unfortunately, be far off the mark. They are a baby-faced Gideon's army, considerably outnumbered by their peers who cheer on Rambo and disparage wimps. Yet the new kids may reflect something in the others, something unfashionable for the moment and thus hidden away, something "fearful": compassion. Or something even more to abjure: hope.

At an extension college in Little Rock, the students damned the victims of AIDS—"They deserve to die." Yet on seeing a documentary film about those they damned, they wept softly. Their teacher attributed the overt absence of generous heart to their thoughts of eventual Armageddon. "With absence of hope, I found absence of generosity. Why bother?" But why did they weep?

These young, who wept for those they damned, may offer the challenge as yet unrecognized. In a wholly different context, Tom Paine remarked that the nature of infidelity to oneself is professing to believe what one does not believe. Could that be our "dirty little secret"?

A hunger for belief is certainly no less today than it was in the past. It is the nature of belief that may have changed. In the time lapse, new phenomena have taken over our lives and psyches: the Cold War, the sanctity of the military, union busting beyond precedent (encouraged by the cravenness of labor's Pooh-Bahs), along with televised sound bites offered with the regularity of a cuckoo clock and a press that has assiduously followed the dictum of Sam Rayburn: To get along, go along. As a result, reflective conversations concerning these matters have become suspect or, at best, vestigial remainders of a long-gone past.

A daughter of Appalachia may have put her finger on it: "We've gotten away from our imaginations. The reason we're image-struck is because we don't like who we are. The more we get over this fake stuff, the more chance we've got to keep our sanity and self-respect."

VOICES ACROSS THE GREAT DIVIDE

SEAN KELLY: *He's 27. At Bowling Green State University in Ohio, he teaches three composition courses.*

"I was 24 at the time I started, just a few years older than my students. They called me Professor Kelly.

"There's a six-, seven-year difference between us, yet when I mention the Rolling Stones, I could be talking about

Tommy Dorsey. The gap is enormous. They were born in '67, '68, coming of age in a blackout generation when nobody really talked about Vietnam. They have no idea who Nixon is. Most of their thoughts of Vietnam come from this surge of television interest. They've rewritten Vietnam history. In *Magnum, P.I.* and *Simon & Simon*, the protagonists are Vietnam veterans. They use flashbacks and a wave of patriotism for show plots: Go back and get the POWs. *Rambo* is a perfect example. They're refighting Vietnam as though it were World War Two.

"I've had several students tell me we won in Vietnam. They've become so used to the Hollywood version, where we know exactly what we're doing and that we're right. Nobody innocent ever really gets hurt, and there's glory when you die.

"They've been hearing Reagan's view of the world regularly. They love him. Before the last election, Reagan came to the campus to speak. Five or six helicopters landed; he came in. It was carefully orchestrated. The students were very excited. Ironic, because it was just at the time he was cutting student aid. That didn't matter. He was a celebrity, somebody famous. Just the way they'd have been excited if Sylvester Stallone had come—or Bruce Springsteen.

"I asked them, 'If war were declared against Nicaragua, how many of you would just pack up your bags and leave tomorrow?' All but two said they'd go. I followed up: 'Who would we be fighting for? What side would we support? Would we support the government of Nicaragua?' The two knew. The other 26 didn't know.

"They've become so conditioned to not make waves, even though they might get killed for something they didn't understand. Or kill the wrong people."

LARRY HEINEMANN: *He has written two novels based on his experience in Vietnam. His second, "Paco's Story," won the 1987 National Book Award.*

"Some guys are bemoaning that they didn't share the rite of passage, fighting in Vietnam. They regret they have no war stories to tell. I would trade them my stories and my grief any time.

"I got drafted in May of '66. I was in combat from March of '67 to March of '68, a couple of months after the Tet offensive began. I left Vietnam on a Sunday afternoon at four o'clock and was home in my own bedroom Tuesday morning at two. Half the people in my platoon were either dead or in the hospital.

"It was clear from the first day that it was a bunch of bullshit. We were there to shoot off a bunch of ammo and kill a bunch of people. We were really indifferent. The whole country was indifferent: 'Why are we fighting in Vietnam?'"

(continued on page 164)

PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW

our pre-season picks of the top college teams and players

sports By **GARY COLE**

IT'S TIME to dig out the orange slacks, matching sweater and color-coordinated stadium cushion, lay in a fresh supply of blue face paint, brush off the old hog hat and get the gorilla suit from the dry cleaner. From now until the final bowl game in January (the Hyundai Kiwi Bowl, isn't it?), you'll spend Saturday afternoons in the grandstand seats handed down from your Uncle Harry, cheering, eating and drinking your way through another glorious college football season. Of course, if you're a committed couch potato, you'll be hunkered in front of the TV set, remote in one hand, a brew in the other. It may get better than this, but not often.

So, naturally, it's time for our annual predictions on the who and what of college football. Will Joe Paterno discover Argyle socks? Will Jimmy

Johnson's hair get mussed? Will Oklahoma introduce a resolution demanding that the University of Miami play in the N.F.L.? We don't know. But we do know the likely top-20 college football teams for the coming season.

1. FLORIDA STATE

A two-point conversion that failed: That's all that stood between Florida State and a perfect season last year. But coach Bobby Bowden has no regrets about going for the win in FSU's 26-25 loss to Miami. That's because he has probably the most talented group of college football players in the nation, ready to make another run for the national championship this season.

There are three Playboy All-Americans

with research by **NANCY MOUNT**

TOP 20 TEAMS

1. Florida State 10-1
2. Oklahoma 10-1
3. Clemson 10-1
4. Miami 9-2
5. Nebraska 9-2
6. Iowa 9-2
7. Natre Dame 8-3
8. West Virginia 8-3
9. Michigan State 8-3
10. Tennessee 8-3
11. Michigan 8-3
12. Auburn 8-3
13. Texas A&M 8-3
14. Georgia 8-3
15. Alabama 8-3
16. South Carolina 8-3
17. Washington 7-4
18. UCLA 7-4
19. Penn State 7-4
20. Pittsburgh 7-4

Possible Breakthroughs: Texas-El Paso (9-3), Air Force (8-4), Wyoming (8-4), Oklahoma State (7-4), Calarado (7-4), Flarida (7-4), Syracuse (7-4), Arizona (7-4), Southern California (7-4), Texas (7-4), Boston College (7-4), Brigham Young (7-5), Louisiana State (6-5), Ohia State (6-5), Indiana (6-5), Memphis State (6-5).

Florida State running back Sammie Smith will lead the Seminoles in their bid for the national title.



THE 1988 PLAYBOY



OFFENSE

Left to right, top to bottom: Tony Mandarich (79), lineman, Michigan St.; Pat Tomberlin (72), lineman, Florida St.; Mike Zandofsky (75), lineman, Washington; Troy Aikman (8), quarterback, UCLA; Lawyer Tillman (85), receiver, Auburn; Anthony Phillips (68), lineman, Oklahoma; Jackie Sherrill, Coach of the Year, Texas A&M; Hart Lee Dykes (11), receiver, Oklahoma St.; Bobby Humphrey (26), running back, Alabama; Joe Tofflemire (52), center, Arizona; Sammie Smith (33), running back, Florida St.; Barry Sanders (21), kick returner, Oklahoma St.; Eric Metcalf (2), running back, Texas; Collin Mackie (8), place kicker, South Carolina.

ALL-AMERICA TEAM



DEFENSE

Left to right, top to bottom: Broderick Thomas (89), linebacker, Nebraska; Deion Sanders (2), defensive back, Florida State; Markus Paul (10), defensive back, Syracuse; Bill Hawkins (54), defensive lineman, Miami; Louis Oliver (18), defensive back, Florida; Mark Messner (60), defensive lineman, Michigan; John Roper (83), linebacker, Texas A&M; Paul Sorensen (54), Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete, Dartmouth; Keith DeLong (33), linebacker, Tennessee; Chris Becker (7), punter, Texas Christian; Derrick Thomas (55), linebacker, Alabama; Tracy Rocker (74), defensive lineman, Auburn; Donnell Woolford (20), defensive back, Clemson.

THE PLAYBOY ALL-AMERICAS

Playboy's College Football Coach of the Year is JACKIE SHERRILL of Texas A&M. In six seasons there, he has a 45-23-1 record, including a 29-7 mark over the past three years. His over-all record as a head coach is 98-40-2, making him number 12 in winning percentage among active Division I coaches. Sherrill has coached the Aggies to three straight S.W.C. championships.

OFFENSE

TROY AIKMAN—Quarterback, 6'3", 217 pounds, UCLA, senior. Completed 65.2 percent of his passes last year for 2527 yards and 17 T.D.s. Ranked second nationally in passing efficiency.

ERIC METCALF—Running back, 5'9", 178 pounds, Texas, senior. S.W.C. Offensive Player of the Year. Rushed for 1161 yards and ten T.D.s. Son of former N.F.L. great Terry Metcalf, who was a *Playboy* All-America in 1972.

BOBBY HUMPHREY—Running back, 6'1", 187 pounds, Alabama, senior. S.E.C. Offensive Player of the Year in 1987. Already Alabama's all-time leading rusher (3228 yards) and ninth leading rusher in S.E.C. history.

SAMMIE SMITH—Running back, 6'2", 220 pounds, Florida State, junior. Ninth in nation in rushing last year, averaged 7.1 yards per carry.

HART LEE DYKES—Wide receiver, 6'4", 220 pounds, Oklahoma State, senior. All-Big Eight past two years. Had 64 catches last year for 1050 yards, a 16.4-yard-per-catch average.

LAWYER TILLMAN—Wide receiver, 6'4", 224 pounds, Auburn, senior. All-S.E.C. last year. Averaged 18.7 yards per catch, one T.D. every five catches.

JOE TOFFLEMIRE—Offensive lineman, 6'3", 262 pounds, Arizona, senior. First-team Pac 10 for two years.

MIKE ZANDOSKY—Offensive lineman, 6'2", 290 pounds, Washington, senior. Probably the best pass blocker in West.

TONY MANDARICH—Offensive lineman, 6'6", 315 pounds, Michigan State, senior. Runs the 40 in 4.69 seconds.

ANTHONY PHILLIPS—Offensive lineman, 6'3", 285 pounds, Oklahoma, senior. Has the chance to be only the fourth player in Big Eight history to make all-conference four times.

PAT TOMBERLIN—Offensive lineman, 6'4", 305 pounds, Florida State, senior. Started every game since he was a freshman. Part of offensive line that allowed only six regular-season sacks.

BARRY SANDERS—Kick returner, 5'8", 197 pounds, Oklahoma State, junior. As a sophomore, led N.C.A.A. in kick-off returns, averaging 31.3 yards on 15 returns, two for T.D.s.

COLLIN MACKIE—Place kicker, 5'10", 165 pounds, South Carolina, sophomore. Led the N.C.A.A. in field goals last season as a freshman, with 25 out of 32. Was 38 for 38 on P.A.T.s.

DEFENSE

MARK MESSNER—Defensive lineman, 6'3", 244 pounds, Michigan, senior. Top returning tackler from last year's Wolverine team. Fifth on Michigan's all-time tackles-for-losses list.

TRACY ROCKER—Defensive lineman, 6'3", 258 pounds, Auburn, senior. Only junior among the four Lombardi finalists last year. Ended the season with 75 tackles, including 44 solos, despite missing last two games.

BILL HAWKINS—Defensive lineman, 6'6", 260 pounds, Miami, senior. Described by Miami coach Jimmy Johnson as his most consistent player at any position over the past two years.

JOHN ROPER—Linebacker, 6'2", 230 pounds, Texas A&M, senior. S.W.C. Defensive Player of the Year last year.

BRODERICK THOMAS—Linebacker, 6'3", 235 pounds, Nebraska, senior. All-Big Eight last year, had 73 tackles (41 solo). "The Sandman" was a *Playboy* All-America last year.

KEITH DE LONG—Linebacker, 6'2", 219 pounds, Tennessee, senior. Led team in tackles last year with 125, 87 unassisted. Keith is the son of Outland trophy winner Steve DeLong, a *Playboy* All-America in 1964.

DERRICK THOMAS—Linebacker, 6'4", 222 pounds, Alabama, senior. All-S.E.C. last year. Led the S.E.C. in sacks, with 18 for 142 yards lost.

MARKUS PAUL—Defensive back, 6'2", 200 pounds, Syracuse, senior. Started every game of collegiate career at free safety. Has 15 career interceptions. One of two juniors who were finalists for Jim Thorpe Award.

DONNELL WOOLFORD—Defensive back, 5'10", 195 pounds, Clemson, senior. First cornerback to be chosen first-team all-America in Clemson history.

LOUIS OLIVER—Defensive back, 6'2", 227 pounds, Florida, senior. First-team S.E.C. last year, had five interceptions, 19 pass deflections, 72 tackles.

DEION SANDERS—Defensive back, 6'0", 193 pounds, Florida State, senior. Made every all-America list last season. Last year had 46 solo tackles. Averaged 11.9 yards per punt return.

CHRIS BECKER—Punter, 6'2", 190 pounds, Texas Christian, senior. First-team all-S.W.C. In his career has punted 193 times for 43.9-yard average, with 38 punts inside 20-yard line, 21 inside ten-yard line.

on the Seminoles: cornerback Deion Sanders, the best in the nation, running back Sammie Smith, a prime candidate for the Heisman, and offensive tackle Pat Tomberlin, Bowden's pick as the best offensive lineman in the country. 10-1

2. OKLAHOMA

The Sooners have lost more good football players from last year's team than most other good football teams have, but Barry Switzer's gang will still be in the national-championship hunt. If Oklahoma knew how to beat Miami, it would be sitting on three consecutive national crowns.

Quarterback Jamelle Holieway returns for his final year following a knee injury that knocked him out of the final three games of last season. Sophomore Charles Thompson, who played so well as his replacement against Nebraska, is ready if needed. On the offensive line, *Playboy* All-America Anthony Phillips and center Bob Latham are explosive blockers. The only question on offense is a replacement for tight end Keith Jackson. Defensively, the line is solid. There will be some new but talented bodies at linebacker and in the secondary. 10-1

3. CLEMSON

Coach Danny Ford has 18 starters returning from last year's 10-2 team, which ended the season with a 35-10 romp over Penn State in the Florida Citrus Bowl. The Tigers rolled up 499 yards in total offense in that game, 214 yards of which came on the passing arm of quarterback Rodney Williams. If Clemson can sustain a strong passing attack to go with its always-strong running game, it will dominate the Atlantic Coast Conference and contend for the national title.

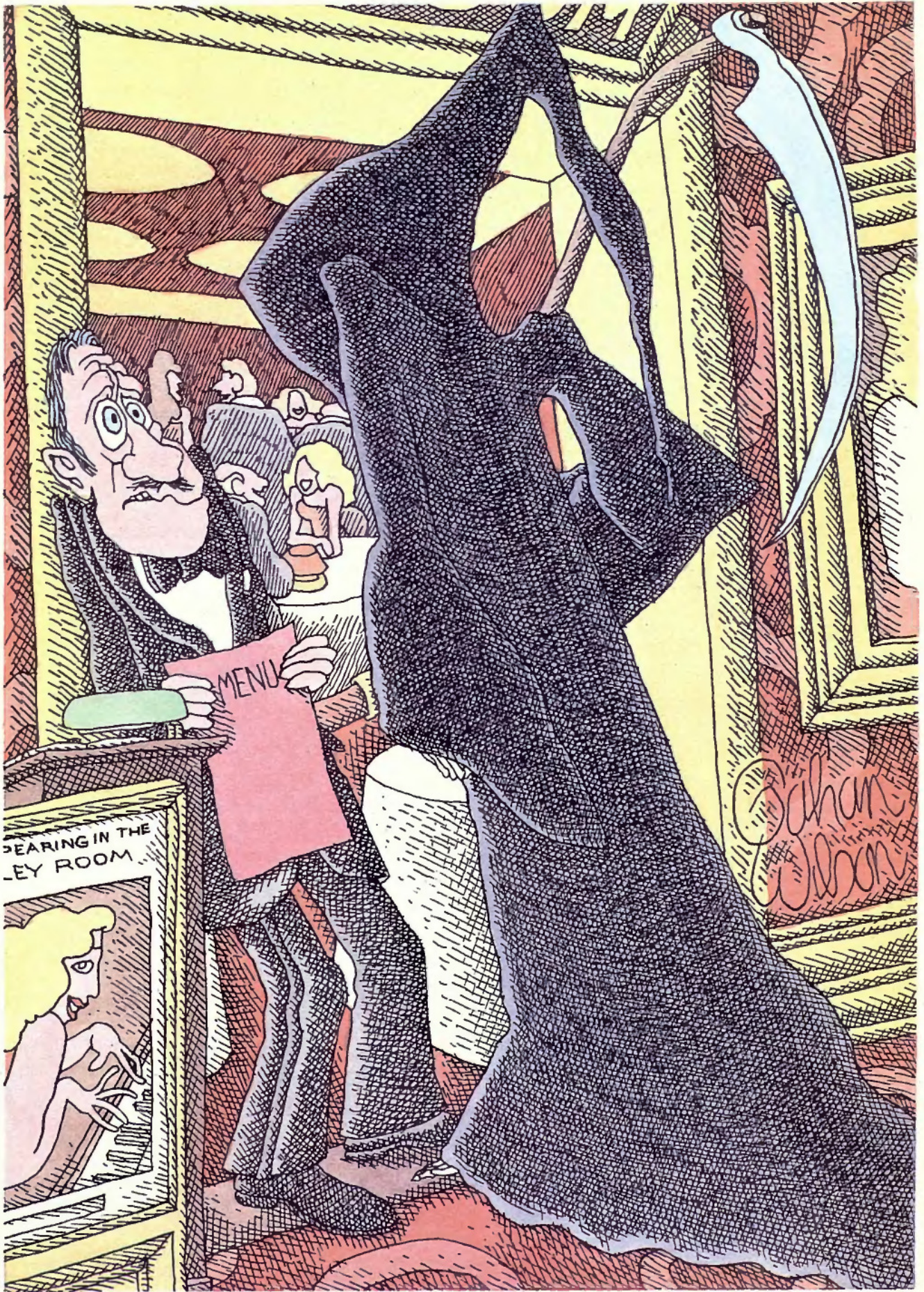
Defensively, the secondary is led by *Playboy* All-America Donnell Woolford, perhaps the best defensive back in the nation in man-to-man coverage. 10-1

4. MIAMI

Over the past five years, the University of Miami racked up a 52-9 record, won two national championships (1983 and 1987) and narrowly missed two others (1985 and 1986). And every time the Hurricanes send a star to the N.F.L., there seems to be another ready to take his place. Thus, Bernie Kosar begot Vinnie Testaverde, who begot Steve Walsh.

Jimmy Johnson has been the perfect coach for the Hurricanes. His wide-open, pro-style offense gets the attention, but his defensive game plans often deserve the credit. Just ask Oklahoma. *Playboy* All-America defensive end Bill Hawkins is Johnson's most consistent performer on defense. Miami's schedule opens tough, with games against Florida State and Michigan. 9-2

(continued on page 170)



"Relax—all I want is a good table."

i, buddy burns, hollywood idol,
have two main women—and a
monumental headache

HOOGLY

WOMEN BESET ME. But when you are a Hollywood hero, that is your lot in life. Let's face it: Lots of people have worse lots and lots worse, too. I'm a lucky stiff. Hoogly moogly.

Call me Buddy Burns, which is my character's name in the only movie out of eight I've made so far that I am not ashamed of. I have two main women, and they have me, and, oh, how miserable are we three. They're in the movies, too, wouldn't you know? Call them Debbie and Sasha—not their real names, of course.

Debbie is exactly half the age of Sasha, and I am roughly in the middle. Debbie and I met on the picture that made us stars, *Invasion of the Wiffleheads*. She calls me her best friend. This is her way of denying that I am in love with her. I have to tell myself that it's her mind I love, because her famous bodily unit heretofore has been off limits.

"You could have ten million girls that way," she says when, after perhaps 13 flaskets of sake, I attempt to reach up her skirt one night in the dark little Japanese place off Highway One in Oxnard where nobody bothers us. She squirms out of my reach.

"It's not as though I just want to drain my gland, you know."

"But it would change everything, Buddy."

Technically, Debbie is still married to another of the screen's leading heartthrobs, a self-infatuated cad so afflicted with the need to hump anything that draws a breath in the Los Angeles Basin that he makes satyriasis seem like a simple attitude problem. The celebrity mags would have us running in a pack, like so many Rottweilers, but that is hardly the case. In fact, we have met exactly twice, across the court at a couple of charity tennis tournaments, when the cad thrashed me in straight sets. More disastrous, he exercises some sexual hoodoo power that holds his wife in humiliating thrall. She talks to me about it all the time without ever really making it comprehensible. Me, the sympathetic friend. The good listener.

"Does he have a big thingie, or what?" I ask as we drive up Victory Boulevard during a stolen hour after the day's shooting.

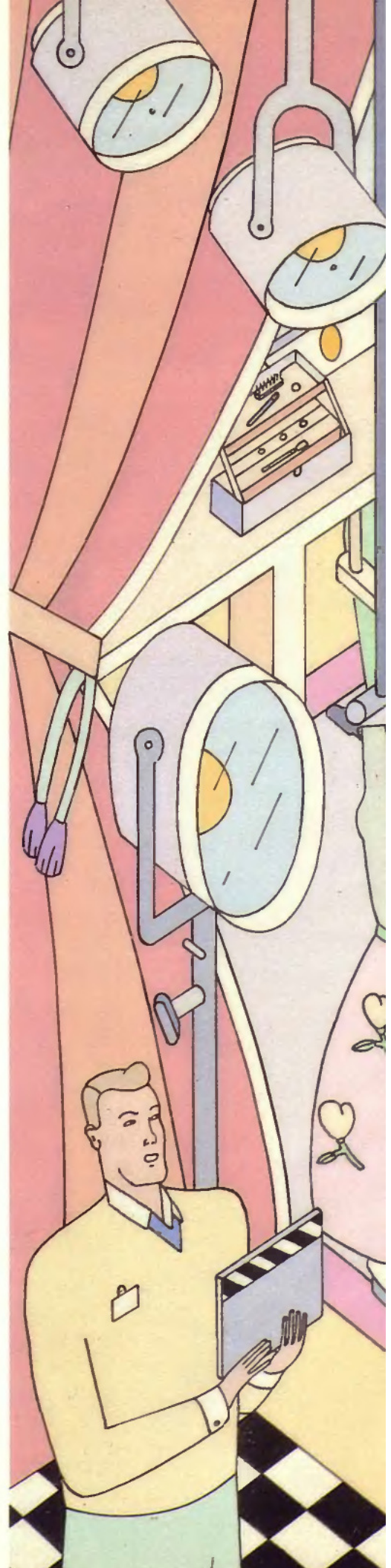
"Look"—she ignores my question and points into the (continued on page 134)

MOOGLY

fiction

By JAMES HOWARD KUNSTLER

ILLUSTRATION BY STEPHEN TURK







MORTON DOWNEY, JR.

Morton Downey, Jr., debuted his shout-and-shock style of TV talk show on *Black Monday*, October 19, 1987, on superstation WWOR in Secaucus, New Jersey. He has since roared to nationally syndicated success, portraying the leading vulgarian of our time. The son of famous parents—Morton Downey, Sr., was revered as the “Irish minstrel boy” and Barbara Bennett was one of the Bennett sisters—Junior’s confrontational tactics seem designed to render him infamous. Writer-publisher Al Goldstein spoke with Downey the day after he appeared on the Phil Donahue show and publicly swore off his trademark cigarettes. Five minutes into his talk with Goldstein, Downey took up the habit again, continuing to puff furiously throughout the interview.

1.

PLAYBOY: On your show, you have the advantage and you can practice bullyboy tactics, because you’re controlling the microphone and the camera angles. Doesn’t that serve to intensify your arrogance?

DOWNEY: That’s possible. I remember when I was a kid and I tried to speak out in my family, it was always “Keep still! Quiet!” When my mother was giving parties with her sisters, Joan and Constance, it was “Get the kids up to the bedroom; don’t let them down in the party; we don’t want anybody to know we have kids that old.” So I was held under a bushel long enough. When I spit out my silver spoon, I decided I would speak out on the issues—on civil rights, for example—long before it was fashionable. I felt that I should speak out—not to change people’s minds as much as to give them

another thought to put in them. Maybe the seed would grow.

2.

PLAYBOY: One of your favorite taunts is “Pablum puker.” Definition, please.

DOWNEY: When we were kids, we were fed Pablum, all right? That’s baby food. It’s shoved into us and we spit it back out again. Well, *The New York Times* is the leader of the Pablum

pukers. It serves up all this Pablum to the so-called intellectuals, who read it, believe it’s the truth and puke it back out as fact.

3.

PLAYBOY: Given your questionable academic credentials—a Ph.D. from a diploma mill—what makes you think you are qualified to deal with the weighty issues discussed on your show?

DOWNEY: I attended Valley Christian University for three years. I attended 12 weeks of classes, ten hours a day, four times each year. I had to write a dissertation, which was published at one point by the Department of Health, Education and Welfare—when it was still called that. It was titled “The Economics of Abortion in a Capitalist Society.” My diploma may be dubious, but I’m pleased with it. It says, ISSUED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

4.

PLAYBOY: Your producers call your audience “The Beast.” Isn’t there a flavor of yahooism, of mob rule, to your show?

DOWNEY: People in my audience want someone to listen to them. Now they’ve got someone who will listen, and they can have a voice. When you do that, you no longer have a mob, you have a responsive constituency.

5.

PLAYBOY: Would you defend someone whom your audience hated even at the risk of offending your viewers?

DOWNEY: A perfect example is my brother, Tony [who talked about his homosexuality on the show and who is dying of AIDS]. When he told me he wanted to do that show, I thought, OK, I’ve got a totally different persona in the eyes of many people. If I do this show, there are going to be some people who are going to slight me for it. That’s tough shit. I’m going to do whatever the fuck I think is right. I’m not going to change my positions or my opinions because they are favorable or unfavorable with the majority or with the minority. I’ve got to be true to myself or I can’t be true to the people out there.

6.

PLAYBOY: Morton Downey on sex: “The purpose of sex is procreation, maybe a little recreation.” But that comment came within the context of a discussion on homosexuality. Is being gay a perversion?

DOWNEY: The anus is an exit, not an en-

trance. Some guy falls in love with another guy, they want to pet; I can understand that. It certainly wouldn’t be attractive to me, though I’ve tried to think: Is there any man I’ve ever known I would feel comfortable kissing on the lips? And I haven’t come up with one, but that doesn’t mean that it’s impossible.

7.

PLAYBOY: What is the inside of the Mira Loma, California, jail like, where you once spent 60 days for bad-check charges?

DOWNEY: Mira Loma—let me tell you. Of course, I don’t know what it is like today, 30 years later. First, they put you in the L.A. County lockup. You’re in with everything in the world you could expect to be in with: murderers, car thieves, parking-ticket violators. Then they move you into a medium-security prison, which is merely a dormitory. And then Mira Loma, out in the desert, surrounded by fences about 14 feet high, with barbed-wire rolls. Every 20 feet, a guard post, with armed guards in the tower, and lights. While I was there, two guys were injured, one guy killed—with filed-down steel forks out of the mess hall. So the first thing I did, of course, was team up with the toughest guy. He got me on the boxing team. They never bothered the boxers. I got my brains beat out every Friday, but it was worth it.

8.

PLAYBOY: If you were locked in a room with Phil Donahue and Oprah Winfrey, who would walk out alive?

DOWNEY: Oh, I’d walk out alive, I guarantee it. Phil Donahue is the master of the talk-show interview. He is the contemplative antagonist, right? He’s the guy who rolls his eyes when you answer a question, who gives his own editorial with facial expressions. Donahue is a political wimp. He tries to intellectualize every issue. Well, there’s no room for intellectualizing every issue. Oprah Winfrey is a magnificent lady. She makes every woman feel good. She makes every woman realize you don’t have to be white, blonde-headed, with a 34-inch bust to be a success.

9.

PLAYBOY: Success spawns imitations. G. Gordon Liddy is preparing his own talk show. Can you hold your hand over an open flame without wincing?

DOWNEY: No, I (concluded on page 156)

tv’s rowdiest
talk-show
host takes
on today’s
weighty issues:
gay rights,
racism and
tv ratings

fasten your sun belts, guys, and meet the

GIRLS OF THE SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE



Out for a typical Texas joy ride (above) is this line-up of lovely ladies from Lubbock. From left, meet Kristi Farquhar, Pamela Brewer, Lunnitta Myers, Cannie Swinney and Laura Barrington—five excellent reasons to attend Texas Tech University. Opting for an indoor setting is Texas Tech's Dawn Rudkins (below), an aerobics devotee and future physical therapist. (By the way, fellas, Dawn doesn't go for the macho-man routine: "I like men who are honest and down to earth," she says, "men who aren't afraid to show emotion." Read it and weep!)

ALMOST a decade ago, when *Playboy* was hopping about the country in search of college ladies who best ignited our national school spirit, we decided to peek in on a popular cluster of nine campuses—eight of them in Texas, all of them part of the Bible Belt—dubbed the N.C.A.A.'s Southwest Conference. To our delight, what began as a photographic shot in the dark turned out to be a winner: Be-jeaned and bounteous, the *Girls of the Southwest Conference* (*Playboy*, September 1980) brought city boys to their knees and set men everywhere dreaming of one-way tickets to the Sun Belt. Well, we figured eight years was enough time for y'all to cool down—so we decided to go back. We asked *Playboy* Contributing Photographers David Chan and David Mecey (whose last pictorial collaboration was *Women of* (text concluded on page 133)





Don't let the name fool you: All are not techies at Texas Tech. For instance, here's Shannon Imle (left), an Oklahoma gal who likes rock and roll, a good back rub and zipping around on her scooter. While you may think Liso Hyde (below) is on eye-fu! she's also on ear-fu!: a d.j. at the school's KTXI radio station. Corin Blockmon (bottom) is a feisty go-getter—especially when playing powder-puff football.





When asked about future plans, the University of Arkansas' Tracy Barton (left) doesn't have to think twice: "I want my name to be inside every man's pants," she says with a smile, "as a briefs designer, that is." Designer labels are less appealing to Tracy's classmates Dawna Rodgers-Early (below) and Jaan Moore (bottom). Jaan's a philosophy major who relaxes with comic books; Dawna just loves to smile.



Hold on to your ten-gallon hats, guys—here's a tria of determined beauties from Southern Methodist University in Dallas. Ann Adair (opposite, top) wants to "reach a level of professionalism unmatched by most women and, at the same time, maintain my femininity." No problem there, we say. As for Dawn Perdue (right), finding time to relax is the only task she has yet to master. A "compulsive studier who thrives on accomplishing new things," Dawn is headed for a career in marketing. And although Missy Mitchell (for right) is also hoping to make her mark on the world, she's not exactly sure in what field that will be: She's had five majors in only two years at SMU.





Our hearts weren't the only things recently won by U of Houston's Debra Garcia (cooling off before the camera, below): She also boasts victories in local bikini and wet-T-shirt contests. Surprised? We didn't think so.



On the subject of men, Baylor University's Mary Katherine Brannon (top) and Tia Boretti (above) know just what they want—and don't want: While Mary Kate's future mate won't be "one of those guys who think with their sex organs," Tia's Mr. Right is easy to spot—he's the tall, muscular one who owns a fast car and likes to dance.





HOUSTON



University of Houston coed Kathrine Albright (left) says she has longed to be in *Playboy* since before she could read. "I wanted to look just like the girls in Daddy's magazines," she says. Intent on becoming her family's first "third-generation chemistry professor," Kathrine is an admitted pushover for flowers and secret-admirer notes.



Houston's Stacey Hawkins (left) knows the perfect way to pass time before passing the bar: by hitting the beach, watching the soaps and eating junk food. Schoolmote Shoryl Rudin (above) spends most of her off-study hours going to auditions and gearing up for the big move to L.A., where she intends to become the next Donno Mills.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID CHAN AND DAVID MECHEY



Planning one day to open her own enterprise, the U of Texas' Sharon Elliott (left) is already showing signs of business savvy: "The one thing I dislike about studying," she says, "is that I'm not paid for my time."



According to the U of Texas' Tina Bockrath (above right), all that's needed for the perfect evening are three basic elements: "rock music, a bottle of wine and a good-looking man." Then again, schoolmote Mory Plasket (below) prefers things just a little livelier. A skiing/sailing/Frisbee fanatic, Mary eventually plans to follow in her dad's footsteps and become an undercover agent.





Lounging through study hour above is Terri Higgins, an amusement-park enthusiast from the U of Texas. Once she graduates, Terri will jump to the other side of the desk and teach high school biology. Also Texas coeds are Alexandra Hathaway (below left)—a sophomore who's into white wine, red lipstick and Pink Floyd—and Vanessa Hicks (below right), a future lawyer who confesses to an inexplicable crush on Ollie North.





Talk about the wonders of genetics: Not only does Texas Christian knockout Laura Pearse (below left) have a twin brother, she also has 16-year-old twin sisters. Laura's aiming to become the president of a large bank. And from Texas A&M, meet Heather Marion (below right), a song-bird who has her eye set on a "big-time" recording career. Originally from San Antonio, Heather likes to cuddle but can't stand cold sheets.



Also from TCU is Caitlin Thomas (above), an ex-teacher from Las Cruces, New Mexico. Determined to break the stereotype that "tall blondes are dumb," Caitlin plans to become an ace writer-reporter. And while Texas A&M's Leah Sternbaum is bent on opening a seafood restaurant in the heart of Dallas, the 97-pound Miami native says only one thing stands in her way: "convincing people I'm old enough to write checks."

the Ivy League Revisited—October 1986) to high-tail it to the heart of Texas—with a little side step into Arkansas—and they came back with a hot-blooded cowboy fantasy. “The thing that separates the women of the Southwest from some of our other college-women features,” says *Playboy* Managing Photo Editor Jeff Cohen, “is that out there, *everybody’s* a hard body. That and the fact that there are more all-over tans. The body consciousness is unbelievable.” Well, start believin’, pardners, as you say howdy to the women of the Southwest Conference.

From Rice University in Houston, here’s Lisa Jaskolka (right), on “art stuff” student from New Orleans. Lisa isn’t sure what line of work she’ll head into, but she does know it will be “creative ond reeeeeal different.” Finally, meet another Owl partisan, senior Barbara Anne Noelle. Partial to risqué jokes, white-sand beaches ond lace underwear, Barbara Anne has chosen a profession perfectly suited to her sparkling beauty: gemmology.



HOOGLY MOOGLY *(continued from page 120)*

"Just lying there on the bed, she is turning me on. The woman is a walking aphrodisiac."

neon smudge beyond the windshield—"Drunken Blownuts." She really ought to be a comedian, but she's too beautiful and they pay her too much to play straight roles, usually the spunky female outsider.

"What's he got that I don't have?"

"Pizza Slut," she says, still pointing.

She's all right.

We turn now to the Princess Sasha. Sasha, though of Russian parentage, hails from England. Her voice alone, that deep dulcet murmur, is renowned anywhere men no longer wear tusks in their nostrils. I hear it on the phone and up goes Little Willie. Forty-nine summers this gal has seen, but Sasha is as succulent as a pear that has been left to ripen perfectly under a glass dome on the sideboard, at her absolute peak. No tits to speak of, really, but a marvel below the waist. "My little wet bottom," she refers to it. She's no dumb bunny, but all in all, I love Sasha mostly for her body.

Wouldn't you know that we three are at work now on the same picture? I'm the guy wrongfully accused of committing a murder. Debbie is the victim's wife. Sasha is my lawyer. Sound familiar? Don't blame me. Hey, you can always read a book or play Monopoly with your kid.

Princess Sasha has been married so many times that you'd need a genealogist on staff to keep the exes straight. I don't hold it against her. She is currently single, the longest stretch since she was a teenager, as a matter of fact. I think it is good for her. There's only one offspring: an overweight daughter who found Jesus some year's ago and leads the righteous life with a hubbie and three offspring of her own in Virginia. Whatever his strong points as a personal savior, Jesus has not wrung the venom out of this daughter's heart. She calls up Sasha and rants about boarding schools she was sent to 15 years ago, how bad the food was. I once picked up the phone and she ranted at me. I told her to fuck off. A week later, it's in the *National Enquirer* that I'm slated to be Princess Sasha's eighth husband.

"Is it true?" Debbie asks me as we drive to the little Korean joint down in Laguna, another one of our secret hideaways. (She likes the fiery pork in pickled cabbage.) Debbie is so modern. She knows about me and Sasha, of course. But, hey, best friends are entitled to lives of their own.

"I'm surprised at you, believing that squalid crud sheet."

"What's it like, sleeping with someone's grandmother?"

"It's not like sleeping with your own grandmother."

"It's pathetic, my being jealous of her," Debbie says.

"I couldn't agree more."

"Then drop her and act your age."

I glance over from the driver's seat. Pouting, Debbie slouches with her arms crossed in such a way that the cleft between her magnificent, world-famous mammaries—which I have seen unclad only on screen, like half a billion other males—looks like the Grand Canyon at 30,000 feet.

"Hoogly moogly."

The next day on the set, things begin to get ugly. We're shooting out of sequence because of location scheduling. The scene is near the climax, when my character and the lawyer (Sasha) confront poor misguided, vengeful Debbie outside the courtroom in the hall of justice. Sasha is supposed to slap Debbie. It's all worked out. We rehearse the scene a few times. Fine. Take one: Sasha slaps Debbie *perhaps* a little bit harder than she did in rehearsal. Suddenly—*whap*—Debbie hauls off and wallops the princess in the gut, literally knocks her off her feet. Sasha is on the floor, making these wheezy-squealy noises—dare I say like a pig? She's lost her wind.

"Are you out of your skull?" I ask Debbie.

Tony, the director, who is more deferential, to put it mildly, says, "Gosh, Deb, that was brilliant, but I thought we had it all set in rehearsal." (Meanwhile, Sasha is being helped off to her trailer.)

"I felt internally motivated," Debbie says. "We have to illuminate the subtext here."

"You're so full of shit your eyeballs are brown," I whisper in her ear.

"You really think it has to be that complicated?" Tony says.

"Put it this way," Debbie says. "Why did Achilles drag Hector's body around the city of Troy?"

"I dunno," says Tony in Cockney-inflected English.

"Think about it," Debbie says and sashes off. What a minx!

I report to Sasha's trailer to offer consolation. The trailer is full of plants turning pale yellow because there's nothing available that remotely resembles sunlight. We're on a sound stage, so outside is actually indoors. Hence, inside the trailer is double indoors. In I go.

Sasha's wardrobe girl, Barb, is sitting at the edge of the bed, where Sasha is ly-

ing face down, quietly crying. I sit down, too, and stroke Sasha's hair to make my presence known. She looks up—god-damn, it's that same tear-streaked girlish face that made her famous when I was a zygote. I feel like Montgomery Clift in *Til Forever*.

"Leave us, please," she tells Barb. When she is really upset, Sasha's voice slips into a squeaky upper register, some emotional attic where all the things of childhood are stored and she is forever 15. I've heard her do it in a dozen movies, usually in the third reel, after someone has shot her pony, or revealed that her young husband is a fairy, or said that he was leaving her for Kim Novak.

When Barb is gone, Sasha rolls over onto her back and wipes her tears. A strange look of cheerful determination makes her radiant but oddly out of focus—say, the emotional equivalent of smearing petroleum jelly on a camera lens.

"I'm going to fix that little cunt," she says. In her English accent, the word has a special astringent bite. "I know a lot of people in this town."

"Aw, don't say that." Believe it or not, this comeback is the best I can manage. But Sasha is more pathetic than she realizes, because 99 percent of the people she knows haven't had any real power out here since Lassie came home. Of course, I let that slide.

"You don't find her attractive, do you, Buddy?"

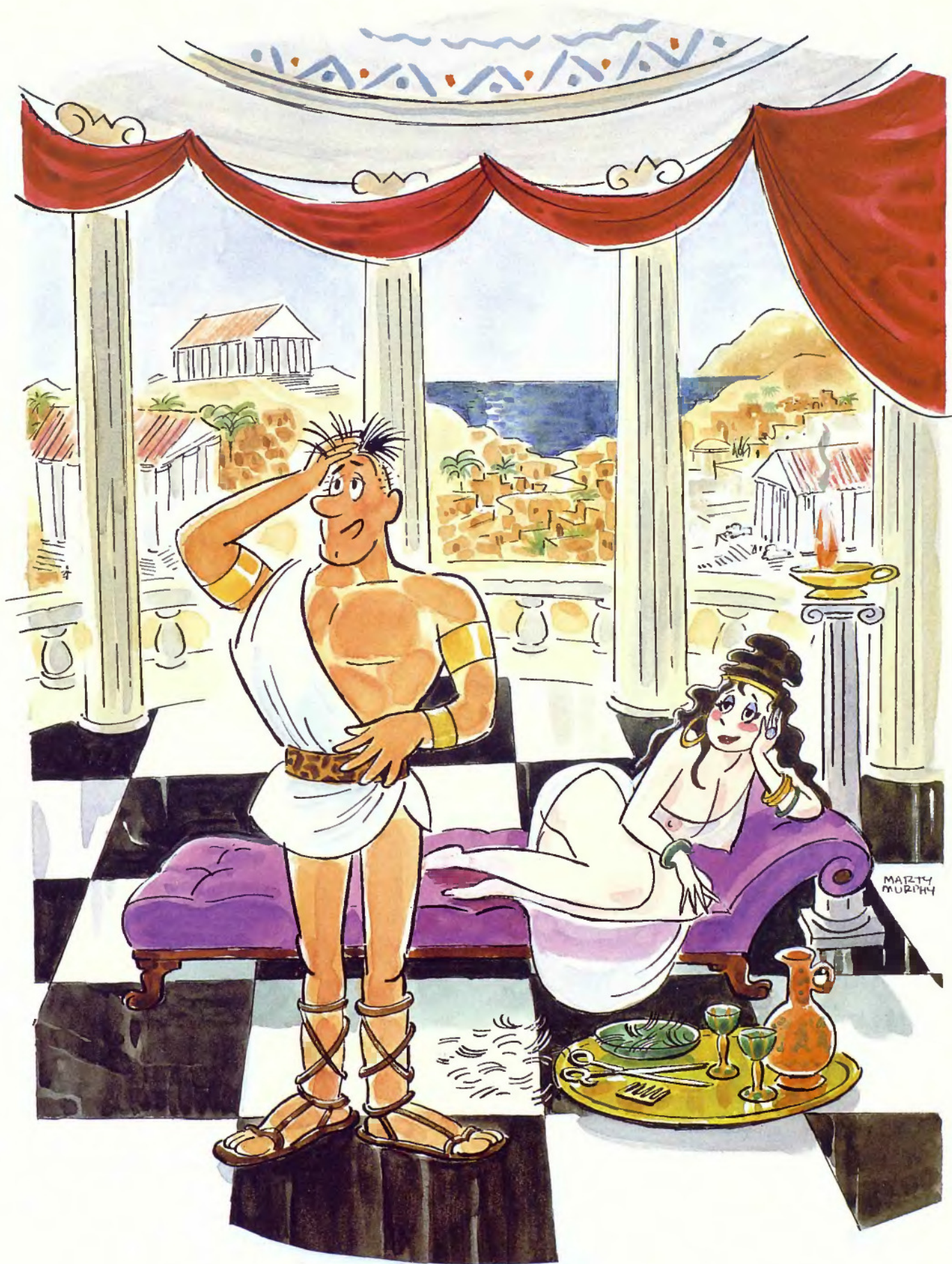
"Who? Debbie?"

"No, the fucking queen of Norway!" Sasha shrilly replies. "Forgive me. That was uncalled for. Don't be coy, darling."

"Well, for goodness' sake, Sasha, she's a movie star," I say, a tad impatient myself. "Of course she's attractive. To millions of men out there," I am quick to qualify this remark. "Other men."

Sasha makes a pouty face. But the ridiculous truth of the matter is, just lying there on the bed, she is turning me on. The woman is a walking aphrodisiac. I think of those seven husbands serially entwined in her silky arms: first, the heir to the rectal-suppository fortune, followed by the Korean War air ace, the hard-drinking director renowned for his virility (subsequently revealed to be a cross-dresser; he ruined her tiny brassieres), the polo-playing Polish count, the Secretary of Commerce (those four years of social catatonia in our nation's capital almost finished her), the psychiatrist who fell in love with her (whoops!) at the Kiplinger Clinic and finally, when she was shed of him and his dreary talk of "hidden agendas" and "life scripts," the courtly Mexican banker, their union so tragically short.

Her ability to stave off the ravages of time is legendary out here, especially considering *(continued on page 158)*



"Gosh, Delilah, I suddenly feel kinda weak. I don't know if it was the haircut you gave me or the blow job."

BRING

from st. louis brews to exotic

ON

imports, suds are becoming headliners

THE BEER!

drink By MICHAEL JACKSON Beer is stepping out. It has been a homebody for too long. These days, beer is dressing up, putting on the style, being seen in all the right places. Even in California—*especially* in California—fine beer is sharing the stage with wine. Wineries press their grapes cheek by jowl with new little breweries grinding their malt and scattering their hop blossoms in their copper kettles. San Francisco's stately Stanford Court Hotel is switching to wineglasses for beer service, and its list of wines by the glass features beers, too. In the Napa Valley, the Calistoga Inn is brewing its own beer. It is one of 25 or 30 new brew pubs in the state. Wine bottles are even used to package the beer made by some boutique breweries.

Not all the hopheads are in California. At The Great American Beer Festival in Denver this past June, brew pubs such as Sieben's Brewing Company and the Tap & Growler in Chicago won medals alongside such famous names as Coors Extra Gold, Stroh Signature and Anheuser-Busch's Busch and Michelob Classic Dark.

From Chinook Alaskan Amber to Abita Porter in Louisiana, beer is on the move. For anyone who wants to stay hip about hops, on this and the following spread is the connoisseur's news on brews.







THE BEER FACTS

Largest-selling beer in the U.S.: Budweiser
(more than 50,000,000 barrels last year)



Biggest superpremium: Michelob



Biggest light beer: Miller Lite



Fastest-growing import: Corona Extra



Largest-selling German import: Beck's



Campus favorites: Whether on campus or in nearby student bars, every college student consumes ample amounts of Budweiser and Miller Lite. Coors is big, too, wherever it's available. Here are some other local favorites:

Samuel Adams Boston lager is a favorite with Harvard students at the local Boat-house bar.



Augsburger is a favorite at the campus Rathskeller at the University of Wisconsin.



Molson and Mexican beers, such as Sol, Carta Blanca and Chihuahua, are big with students at West Virginia University.



Moosehead Girl are favorites State.

and St. Pauli among the Cheers!



STOUTHEARTED!

When the rising stars of London's financial district meet for an informal lunch, they go to Sweetings' Oyster Bar in Queen Victoria Street and savor the succulent bivalves with a tankard of black velvet. Sweetings' always serves its black velvet in silver tankards and makes the magical beverage from equal parts of French *brut* champagne (Goulet) and Irish dry stout (Guinness). What is it about oysters? The London food critic Fay Maschler wondered why they were considered to be an aphrodisiac. "Is it," she asked rhetorically, "because they remind a young man of his first encounter with a woman?" No

food protects itself more stubbornly than the oyster, nor is any revealed to be more sensuous, elusive and delicate. What is it about stout? It is dark, handsome, mysterious and profound and reveals itself to be the most tangy, intense and luxurious of beers. Is the oyster just too delicate, the stout overpoweringly intense? No, it is a



marriage made in heaven. The roasty sweetness of the malted barley, the almost herbal floweriness of the hop blossom and the citric fruitiness of the yeast are present in every beer, but each classic style has its own balance of those components.

With the lightly spicy foods of China and Thailand, there is nothing better than a flowery, aromatic pale lager, such as Singha, Sam Adams or Asahi Super Dry. With chicken, pork or Mexican food, look for Dos Equis or a German Oktoberfest beer. With heavier pasta dishes or Italian sausage, go for a really dark beer. Michelob Classic Dark is one of the gentlest. With a rib of beef, a room-temperature English ale has the fruitiness of a *cabernet sauvignon*. Bass, Samuel Smith's Pale Ale and Young's Special London are three to try. With cheese such as stilton, try a strong MacAndrew's Scotch Ale. Or with munster or port salut, try a Belgian Trappist beer, such as Chimay. Just don't make the mistake of requesting the wine list to announce yourself a sophisticate. You won't be needing one, thank you. Not today.

The sexiest beers come from Belgium, where a good brew is seen as a sensuous pleasure. When an importer in Texas sought to introduce Forbidden Fruit (pictured below), the Federal authorities raised an eyebrow. "The picture on the label is one of Europe's greatest paintings," the importer explained. "*Adam and Eve* . . . painted in the 16th Century by Rubens." "OK," said the Feds at the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms. "Put the apple back in Eve's hand, remove the beer glasses and we will accept it as art." The importer was tempted, but he declined. The beer, a strong, dark spiced ale from one of Belgium's most respected breweries, is not being imported to date.

Napoleon's occupying forces decided

TRUE BREWS

that they had discovered "the champagne of the north" in Berlin. What they had found was a tart, acidic, sparklingly refreshing style of beer made with wheat as well as the normal barley malt. Berliner Weisse is hard (though not impossible) to find in the States. Wheat beers from Bavaria, such as Spaten Club-Weissbier, are more easily available.

Bass was the first famous "pale" English ale. Scottish ales are sweeter and maltier to go with the whiskies on a cold night. A descendant of Bonnie Prince Charlie makes a strong ale in his castle at Traquair. Look for Traquair House Ale—and expect to pay several dollars a bottle.

Check the small print on the label of many famous beers and you will see the legend PILSNER OR PILSENER. All beer was dark until the first golden lager was created in the brewery at Pilsen, in Bohemia, in 1842. Now the entire world makes golden beers and often describes them as Pilsners. If you would like to try the original, look for Pilsner Urquell, which has a flowery aroma, a soft palate and an appetizingly dry finish.

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DE VERBODEN VRUCHT

bier op gist

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HOTEL-MOTEL

(continued from page 84)

"Nora put her hand on the doorknob. 'You know, Iz,' she said, 'not everyone wants to be a guest.'"

up and into Amys, lovely Amys.

PETER PAN LAND

What Ted Maupin, fellow English teacher, running partner, former roommate, cynic and meddler, called the Bar & Grill. Ted had a stock set of ready lectures. He was 6'3" with linebacker girth, and he seemed particularly fond of backing Iz up against his car in the high school parking lot, standing almost close enough to brush him with his immense black beard.

"Izard, my friend, when you moved into a place of your own, the idea was that you were a single grown man who wanted to fuck single grown women in the privacy of your own home."

"I take women home."

"For the moment, I'll even overlook the paltriness of your conquests in order to stick to my point, which is the following." Ted took a deep breath. "Instead of a love nest, you've set up a fantasyland for preadolescents. You make little sandwiches and kiddie cocktails when you should be out making time with voluptuous lovelies."

"Jesus, Ted, I just happen to think my kids are a little more important than my libido."

"I suppose worrying more about whether a bed is properly made than whether there's a woman in it in the morning is normal for a thirty-four-year-old man?"

"And you think with your dick—hardly a qualified judge of normal human behavior," Iz replied.

"This is old, Iz. Let's bury the hatchet." So saying, he turned and walked toward his car.

"Besides, what could be more romantic and/or sexy than the comforts of a luxurious hotel? Beats car sex or meeting roommates in the hall."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah. You're right, I'm wrong, silly old dickbrained Ted. Why don't you just invite me to come over on Sunday and shut up?" He got into his car and slammed the door.

Iz waved. "See you Sunday."

On the inside of the master-bedroom door hung the only physical reminder of his marriage to Amy, a sign they had stolen on their honeymoon. At two or three in the afternoon of their second day in Acapulco, he insisted that they needed to take at least *one* walk on the beach. He felt queasy and jittery, not unlike the way he'd felt as a child after eating a dozen candy bars or an entire bag of candy corn. He wanted to be vertical, to stretch, to breathe deeply, expelling lust and fatigue into the fresh beach air.

Through tickling and teasing, he carefully cajoled Amy into getting dressed and was just finishing up himself when he heard her laugh. He found her doubled over and pointing at a sign. It contained the standard instructions for what to do in case of fire, yet the designers of the warning had, for some reason, decided to emphasize one phrase in red block letters: IF YOU CANNOT LEAVE THIS ROOM, PLEASE CALL THE FRONT DESK.

Amy fell to her knees and crawled toward the night stand. She picked up the phone. "Help us, help us, please," she said, giggling. He crawled over to her and pushed her back onto the bed. He laughed with her, tears in his eyes. She laughed harder, and at the end of each phrase of her laughter, he heard a grace note of hysteria. She clung to him then, and tiny strings pulled at his skin until he was as tight as she, and he kissed her mouth shut and moved with her. They tugged at their clothes and each other until everything was tangled and damp, and they didn't leave the room for two more days.

Izard ached for the feeling, the dizzy feeling of wanting someone that much.

DECORATOR TIPS FOR ALBINOS

Iz did not spend a lot of time in front of mirrors, because when he did, he often found himself engaged in monologs with refrains of "I do not look like a bunny rabbit, a tall, scared, undernourished bunny rabbit. I am an eccentrically and distinctively virile man."

Thus, personal vanity figured into planning the decor of the Bar & Grill. Wine colors were a must, for at certain times of the day, his irises glowed an odd Burgundylike shade, and he enjoyed accentuating the disquieting effect that had. He contrasted the paper smoothness of his skin with elaborately brocaded upholstery on couches and love seats and the chaise in his bedroom, and with deeply ribbed corduroys on the easy chairs and ottomans. He had the painters drop infinitesimal amounts of red into the white paint for the walls, calculated to highlight the faint flush that so often rose to his cheeks. To offset that narcissism, he purchased towels and sheets in blues and browns so deep and rich that his pallor appeared comic. For all his efforts, almost everyone was too polite to mention his mien. Only Ted, broad, dark, sarcastic and Sicilian, found the subject worth noting.

Iz scrubbed and polished and fretted. If there was one thing he counted on in the women he did bring home, it was a pleased reaction to the carefully wrought luxuries: the extensive collection of compact discs,

hidden stereo speakers in each room, track lighting, heat lamps in the bathrooms, inches-deep plush carpet. But his last would-be conquest, Nora, had refused to take The Tour, his spiel concerning ceiling heights, the techniques used on the silk-screen prints in the hallways, the miraculous abilities of the kitchen appliances and the pedigree of the audio-visual equipment that usually helped get him through the initial consternating stages of seduction. After a few moments of going-nowhere banter in the foyer, Nora had put her hand on the doorknob and shot him what he took to be a defiant look.

"You know, Iz," she said, "not everyone wants to be a guest."

He scrubbed between the pale-green tiles of the bathroom shower stall, remembering how he had felt shamed, confused. He saw that he was basically different from women he met. When he was in their homes, it wasn't as a true guest. They assumed so much. "Use my towels, my toothbrush; help yourself in the refrigerator, liquor cabinet." And they believed that to be a complimentary attitude. But a guest felt cared for. Couldn't they see that presenting clean linens, a fresh toothbrush and even scouring mildew were real acts of affection? A woman he loved, or might love sometime in the future, should not have to look at gunk stuck in the grout; the tiles should feel smooth and slick beneath her wet feet.

FORAYS INTO THE GOURMET WORLD

The Bar & Grill wasn't official until Iz bought the grill. Liz and Ellen assured him that they would like nothing more than to live solely on grilled-cheese sandwiches for the rest of their lives, at least the rest of their lives that fell on the weekends they spent with him. They were flexible to a point—after some debate, they decided to allow him to experiment with cheeses other than American. After three months, he sensed that he might be able to sneak other foods onto the menu. He purchased an encyclopedia of creative cookery and found what he was looking for in the A's—appetizers galore!

Liz raised the eyebrow and Ellen's lip curled when he brought out the first plate of his concoctions.

"What are those?" Ellen nearly whined.

"Stuffed-olive canapés," he answered.

"What's a canapé?" Ellen asked.

"Canapé is the French word for couch," Liz replied.

"Doesn't look like a couch to me," Ellen said, and both girls looked at him.

"Canapé does mean couch, but also appetizer," Iz replied. "It's sort of a little seat for whatever you decide to put on top." They didn't say anything for a moment. Then Ellen laughed.

"A sofa for olives. I like that."

It turned out that that there was very little resistance, though each new presentation had to be officially approved. He placed the offering directly between them on the



Mike Williams.

"What an amateur. I always go for the tits first."

bar. When Liz gave a nod, they reached their hands out simultaneously. Liz had adopted Amy's taste-testing technique, and he watched her closely with some dismay, knowing that Ellen was mirroring every move. Liz held up the meat-stuffed grape leaf to just beyond the tip of her nose. She closed one eye and regarded it with the other—the one sure eye of a jeweler peering through his loupe. Then Liz nodded again and each girl popped the entire appetizer into her mouth. If she liked it, Liz's expression always indicated some surprise that Iz had managed to pull it off again, and he had to remind himself that she wasn't Amy, that she was only 12. When Ellen liked something, she immediately gobbled five or six, until Liz stopped her by reaching over to wipe her mouth with a cocktail napkin.

One weekend, he got carried away, serving fried-cheese *profiteroles*, egg-and-anchovy mousse, antipasto, *pâté maison* and clam-macadamia puffs. They especially liked the hors d'oeuvres with silly names: pigs in blankets, seafood pretties, angels on horseback, crab dabs, henhouse nomads and quark snacks. Soon they de-

manded participatory rights; they took to renaming the selections and insisted that Iz type up a menu including the new names. Thus, *guacamole* became purée de green and barbecued chicken wings were known as hot quackers. The menu had one caveat, printed at the bottom in bold letters: **CAVIAR WILL NOT BE SERVED TO NO ONE FOR NO REASON.**

Iz clutched the phone and struggled to fully open his sleep-stuck eyes.

"What's the matter, Amy?"

"For starters, Ellen's ophthalmologist says that besides being perilously nearsighted, she's also got astigmatism."

Izard propped himself up on an elbow. "I thought the school nurse or somebody was supposed to catch stuff like that in the first grade."

"Seems Ellen knew something was wrong, so she stood behind the kids with glasses and memorized what they said."

"She cheated on a vision test?" he said, chortling. "That's rich."

"I'm glad you think it's funny that your youngest daughter could have been flattened in traffic. . . ." she trailed off.

"Anyway, what it really is is one more unexpected expensive expense."

"I'll take care of it, Amy."

"Oh, that's right, Mr. Wizard comes to the rescue—he leaps tall buildings with checkbook in hand."

Izard pulled the covers over his head and braced himself.

"*Goddamn you.*" Three solid raps echoed in Iz's head as she emphasized each syllable by beating the receiver against something hard. He guessed a headboard.

"Are you still there?" Amy asked, her voice sounding drained.

"Yes, Amy, I'm still here."

"It's my job, too. My boss is a total ass, besides the fact that he refuses to pay me what I'm worth."

So that was the real problem. But what did she want from him? He wanted to make it better, but how? Every neuron in his brain shrieked, Don't say it, don't say it, don't— "Listen, Amy, if you hate the job that much, why don't you quit? I'd be happy to help you out financially until—"

"You think everything is that easy? You know what you are, Izard? A goddamned child. In the real world, people *earn* their living—you can't just walk away from your lemonade stand when it stops being fun." She sighed. "When are you going to—"

Her voice broke, and then it came, a crash and a muffled metallic ring.

"Please send me the bill," Izard said to the dead line.

Izard dialed Ted's number and began uttering apologies before Ted had a chance to speak.

"Never mind, dearest pal, I don't need my beauty sleep. However, I assume there's a reason for this call?"

"Amy," Izard answered. "Amy called."

"Let me think; what brand of fatherly malfeasance is it this month? Scuffed patent-leather shoes? More overly extravagant gifts? She's not still mad about the fighting kites, is she?"

"No. This call was a report of financial fiasco." He paused. "I think she's really distraught, though."

"Iz, when you've got an apocalyptic mentality, a dollar bill lost in a change machine is a disaster. Don't let it get to you."

Izard laughed.

"Can we go back to sleep now?" Ted asked.

UNCLE AWFUL BEARING GIFTS

A typical Ted-style surprise visit: He arrived at the door holding a carton. Liz forgot herself for a moment and joined Ellen in hollering "Uncle Awful, Uncle Awful" and trying to snatch the carton away from him.

Ted retained his hold on the box.

"This is for your father, the fair-haired innkeeper." He handed the box to Iz. "In this box, you will find a marvel of modern technology, an appliance that will revolutionize the way you do business."

After cutting through layer after layer



of packing tape with a steak knife, accompanied by a chorus of "Hurry, Daddy, hurry," Iz finally got the box open. He saw only a glint of stainless steel before Ted snatched the box from his hands.

"Let me show." Ted removed the contraption and flung the box aside. "This, my friends, is *the* absolute finest automatic ice crusher. Not only is it fast as a whip but you get three choices of how fine to crush the ice."

An hour later, after every cube in the house was crushed, Ellen finally broke down.

"Didn't you bring *us* anything?"

"You still owe me five dollars from pool last time," Liz said.

"All in due time. I can't believe either of you could think for one moment that I'd forget about you." Ted pulled two small boxes from his jacket pocket. "Not that either of you greedy Guses deserves these."

Liz and Ellen grabbed the boxes, which were quickly found to contain very special plastic swizzle sticks—pink elephants on Liz's set and orange giraffes on Ellen's.

"We need to have mar-teenies so we can use them," Ellen announced.

"I haven't forgotten the five dollars," Liz told Ted.

"Double or nothing?"

Liz did the eyebrow thing. "It's your money."

Ted snorted and Iz winced. He played bartender, mixing doubles for himself and Ted, Squirt and lime juice for the girls.

"Don't forget the olives," Ellen reminded him. He grimaced and dropped three olives into each glass. Then they all migrated, drinks in hand, to the Billiard Room.

"Tracy Jacobs has a Bumper Pool table in her basement, but it's tiny and it's got cat fur all over it," Ellen said as she dragged a step stool over to the table to make her shot. Iz choked back a laugh. Her next play was without benefit of the stool. Although her accuracy on long shots was erratic, Iz guessed glasses would take care of that problem. He guessed that with her steady aim and nice smooth stroke, she would grow into a dependable player—no flash—but rarely missing routine shots. On her

shot, Liz stalked to the table, abruptly leaning over to attempt a difficult carom. He watched the cue ball hit the three into the four ball, which sank soundly in the center of a side pocket. When Liz was hot, like today, she beat Ted for real; when she was cold, Iz had seen Ted purposely miss in an attempt to head off a snit.

Liz banked the eight ball into a corner. "You lose, Uncle Awful. Put down your drink and rack 'em up."

"I need a refill," Ellen announced.

"Me, too," said Ted and Liz. Iz obliged and went to fetch a second round. When he returned, Liz looked up from her shot.

"You're the best daddy in the whole wide world," she announced.

"You're the best daddy in the whole wide

"C'mon, friend, lighten up," Ted said.

Iz smiled. "I'm trying."

"You know, the only thing better than a good bear story is a good woman," said Ted.

"Smooth transition, guy." Iz heard fake heartiness in his voice.

"I thought so. Anyway, I've sort of been seeing someone."

"That's a bit vague. . . . Are we talking a new squeeze or a potential Aunt Evil for my daughters?"

"I think I'd say the latter."

"Oh." Iz took a big gulp of martini.

"Don't go sad on me again, all right? Besides, she's got this great friend."

Iz laughed. "I *knew* there had to be a punch line."

"I'm serious. She's a zookeeper, Iz. A perfect match for a strange white beast like you."

"Ho, ho, ho. I've never let you set me up before and I'm not—"

"Not even if she lets you wear the duck mask?"

Iz laughed again. "Absolutely not."

NEON AND MARTINIS
AND THE
CONSCIENCE OF THE
SINGLE FATHER

When Iz woke up, he immediately knew he would look like a rabbit in every mirror in the place, and even from his bed, the Hotel-Motel felt desolate. That usually heralded the onset of a weekend alone, but sometimes it happened on days like today, when Liz and Ellen were fast asleep in the thick, curtained dark of the guest rooms, floating far away in little-girl dreams.

At that point, it was important not to look at a clock. He kept his eyes to the front and headed directly to the bar, so there was no reason to suspect that it was not a proper hour to begin drinking. He switched the coffee maker on and pulled a beer from the refrigerator. For not the first time, he wondered what Ellen and Liz would think of him when they grew up to realize how much booze three double martinis really was. Maybe he would have gotten his act together by then, or at least changed his act, so it wouldn't matter. They could all have a laugh at that old guy—the silly, half-drunk, dandy divorcee who collected neon beer signs. Yet that



A Shaving Breakthrough. Just In The Nick Of Time.

See page 145.

world," Ellen echoed.

When Ted repeated it for the third time, Iz felt like crying.

When Ted was \$40 down, he announced that there was a television special on bears he couldn't miss.

"Didn't we just see a show on bears?" Ellen complained.

"That was polar bears—this one's on black bears," Ted said.

"Let's watch MTV in the other room," Liz suggested to Ellen. As they headed down the hall to the Game Room, Iz heard Liz musing over how to spend her winnings.

Iz switched on the set and stirred a pitcher of martinis.



PLAYBOY COLLEGE FICTION CONTEST

First prize, \$3000 and publication in the October 1989 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"x5" 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, 1989. 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.

seemed unfair to the Hotel-Motel Bar & Grill, a betrayal of his vision. He wanted his daughters to know what genuine fun was, so that no matter what forces pulled at them in years to come, there would be a solid, happy memory of their threesome.

The entire project could also be seen as at least marginally educational. Not just drink making, either. They knew how to tip, how to give change, how to be polite, how to roll egg rolls and bake pretzels. They knew something of style and a lot about bears and whales and lions and rain forests and football. They would never be hustled at pool or cards, though they might be tempted to do the hustling, and they were probably hopelessly spoiled forever. Nothing wrong with that; Iz wanted them to have high expectations.

God, he'd been over this a hundred times with Ted. They had both lost patience with the part of him that wouldn't

shut up about it.

"Christ," said Ted, "you'd think it was a Federal crime to want to be loved."

THE WIFE AND THE BARFLY

When the doorbell rang on Sunday afternoon, Iz was expecting Ted, so he was surprised when he opened the door to a small woman with big flaming-red hair. She stuck out her hand.

"I'm Irene, the zookeeper. Ted told me to meet him here."

"I'm Izard. Come on in," he stammered. "Did Ted say he'd be here?"

"He's not here?"

"No, not yet, but I am expecting him. I mean, Ted's a lot of things, but dependable, I mean undependable, isn't one of them."

Irene laughed, but Izard saw her shrink up in front of him, and he responded with a sudden impulse to protect this woman that superseded his desire to strangle Ted.

He took her arm.

"Let me show you around."

She followed his lead silently through the first part of The Tour but took her arm back in the Billiard Room.

"Let me look for a minute." She circumnavigated the room, ran her fingers over the green felt of the table and rolled the seven ball into the eight ball so it made a nice smack.

"Darts is my game, really. I've always thought I needed to be three or four inches taller to play pool really well."

Iz pointed toward the dartboard. "Would you like to give it a try?"

When she took the darts in her hand, he noticed that her fingernails were painted an orange-red that matched her hair. She threw a dart, but it wavered, missing the board and landing in the cork beneath it.

"I'm nervous," she said, and she wrapped her arms around her shoulders and squeezed. Iz restrained a shiver. "I've got to pull myself together," she added. Her second dart hit the heart of the bull's-eye. "Better," she said, taking his arm. "Can I see the rest?"

When they reached the TV Room, she turned to him and smiled.

"This really *is* PeterPanLand, isn't it?"

Iz nodded. PeterPanLand—he wanted her to repeat it again and again, running the words together as she just had. For a moment, he imagined her petite body softly enveloped between his bed sheets, her hair fanned out brilliantly on a navy-blue pillowcase.

"Daddy?"

Iz turned to the doorway, where Liz and Ellen stood watching them. Oh, that's just wonderful, he thought. Caught acting like some demented pubescent, thinking wild thoughts about the skin of a total stranger. Four gray eyes remained trained on his face.

"Sorry, Liz, Ellen. This is Irene. She's a friend of Uncle Awful's."

Their eyes softened slightly at the mention of Ted.

"Only Uncle Awful isn't here yet, so we have to entertain Irene for a while. OK?" His voice sounded ridiculously smarmy. "Make yourself comfortable. Can we get you anything to drink? You name it, we've got it." Shut up, shut up, you're making it worse, he thought.

Irene looked directly at Liz and Ellen. "Does anybody around here know how to make a mai tai?"

Iz watched them nod in unison and head behind the bar. Iz felt himself about to panic; he grabbed some quarters from the tip jar and headed for the jukebox. "Any requests?" he asked.

"Bon Jovi," Liz said.

"The fast one," Ellen added.

Iz looked at Irene. "Something festive," she said.

Right, he thought, that's definitely what's needed. "Ellen, would you fix me a martini while you're at it?"

He was afraid to look at Irene, even with



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the martini. He tried to concentrate on what she was saying about the zoo, but whenever he focused on her face, he stared, and his brain took stock without permission—white skin, almost as pale as his, but flecked with gold-dust freckles, and the hair a mesmerizing red, more hair than could possibly be on one head, yet there it was, soft and bouncing slightly as she spoke. He found it difficult to speak; his lips felt swollen and he pressed the cold rim of his glass against them. He strained to re-enter the conversation. Something about the gestation period of elephants.

"The door was wide open." Ted was standing in the room. A woman with short black hair and a long white skirt leaned against his arm. Her shoes were in her hand, along with an unlit cigarette, and her feet and the bottom of her skirt were splashed with mud.

"Hello, Liz, Iz, Ellen, Irene." He paused to wink at Iz. "This is Aunt Evil, but I'm afraid she's not at her best today. We've just finished up the Invisible Man Run."

"I thought you liked this woman, Ted," Iz said.

"What's the Invisible Man Run?" Irene asked.

Ted grinned boozily. "What it is getting into a cab and heading for the sleaziest bar we know of in Southern California—The Lone Eagle—and having a drink, traditionally a straight shot of tequila. Then you go from tavern to tavern, guzzling a drink at each establishment as you methodically and drunkenly work your way home. What's our record, Iz?"

"I don't remember," he answered too quickly.

"C'mon, Daddy. We know you know," Liz said.

"Something like three hours and forty-

five minutes," Iz answered reluctantly.

"Yikes. How many bars are we talking about?" Irene asked.

"Twenty-three. Am I invisible yet?" This was the first and last thing Aunt Evil said. Ted led her to a chair and gave her a light.

"Yikes," Irene repeated, "I think I'll wait to sign up until I see if she survives."

"I think we need some food," Ellen said, and Iz felt incredibly happy as she and Liz ran off to the kitchen. Perfect hostesses in the face of this nonsense. Once they were gone, Ted and Irene watched Iz. Ted grinned madly and Irene's clear green gaze made his lips tingle again, so he distracted himself with a demonstration of the new ice crusher. Half the cubes in the freezer were pulverized before Liz and Ellen returned with pizza rolls and clam dip.

"We weren't expecting a party," Liz said apologetically, though she looked pleased, gray eyes sparkling.

"Neither was I," Iz said in Ted's direction.

"But it certainly is festive," Irene said and smiled.

"Festive," Ted repeated, and everyone laughed.

"The door was wide open, so I didn't ring."

Iz's shoulders tensed; he knew without looking that the voice belonged to Amy. Who invited her? He wanted to giggle—no—he had to deal with this situation thoughtfully, if not entirely soberly.

"Amy, what are you doing here?" He decided to stall. Amy didn't look good, sort of crushed. Her spiky short hair drooped, waiflike, and her lips were taut, as though she hadn't laughed in a long time. She even slouched. But her gray eyes were clear and stern as she snapped her gaze almost audi-

bly from her daughters to Ted to the disheveled Aunt Evil to Iz and back to Liz and Ellen.

"Amy must've heard we were having a party," Ted said jovially.

"Amy." Izard shot a warning shot to Ted. "You're certainly welcome here."

"May I speak with you privately?" Amy's voice was low. Iz wobbled to his feet and followed her to the kitchen.

"I didn't plan on barging in," she began.

"Well, I must say your unprecedented appearance is along rather unexpected lines."

"Are you drunk?" Her voice raised half an octave.

"You were about to explain your barge, were you not?"

"As if I should do the explaining." She looked over her shoulder at the door to the living room. "Shit, Iz, this is just too much. This isn't a home, this is a playpen."

"You haven't even seen it."

"It's gross." Now her volume increased. "I don't need to see any more."

He set his glass down on the countertop and reached his hands toward her shoulders. "But, Amy, it's all in fun."

She shrugged his hands away. "Oh, sure, booze and food and games and a bunch of goddamned drunks." Her voice was loud enough to be heard in the other room.

"Be reasonable. Please."

"What I just walked in on is reasonable? Besides, I don't feel reasonable—I got laid off."

"Maybe it's for the best. I mean, you were miserable—"

"Oh, shut up."

Iz was afraid to say anything more. He knew he wasn't thinking clearly about anything except wanting Amy to relax, wanting to be back with the others. Amy was silent for a moment as her eyes flicked over the gleaming appliances, the hand-painted countertop tiles, the monolithic side-by-side refrigerator-freezer.

She sighed. "I just don't think I have the strength to look for a job right now."

"Why don't you take a little time off first?" Izard hurried to the sink and rummaged in a drawer beside it.

"You want me to take a vacation? I lose my job and I'm supposed to go lallygag on a beach somewhere?" Her voice rose again.

Izard pulled his checkbook from the drawer with a flourish.

"Why don't you at least think about it? I'll write you a check and—"

"No!"

His hand froze.

"What does it take to—" She took a step forward and grabbed his martini from the countertop and hurled it toward the sink. Beside him, the heavy glass exploded against the stainless steel; Iz watched a lone olive bounce off the edge and land on the floor.

"Amy, I'm sorry. We'll work it out later, OK? Please?"

"No. It's not OK. Not OK at all." She



"Is he expecting you?"

started to cry.

Izard fled, flinging himself out the swinging door in time to see Irene flee toward the master-bedroom suite. Liz and Ellen and Ted panned right as he pursued. The bathroom door clicked shut. He approached it, taking a deep breath. As he knocked, he heard the sound of china against brick coming from the kitchen.

"Are you OK?" he asked.

"I'm sorry," Irene said. "I'll come out in a while."

He heard two more splintering crashes. Too loud to be anything but dinner plates. He tried to organize his thoughts. "Is there anything I can do?"

"Not really. I guess it's just nerves. Surly lions I do fine with, but——"

"Situations like this?"

She laughed. "I'm not sure I knew situations like this really existed. I mean——" This time the crashing was sustained, and Iz pictured the slivered remains of a dozen champagne goblets scattered across the kitchen floor.

"Hey, stay in there as long as you want," Iz said.

"Thank you. I'll be fine. Go ahead and check on——"

"I should, thanks, but I'll be back. You hang on." He turned away.

"Izard?"

"Yes?"

"Great bathroom."

When Izard stepped into the living room, six gray eyes pounced on him, waiting for him to do something. Ted seemed absorbed in fiddling with the jukebox. Izard noted with relief that Amy's hands were empty, resting lightly on the back of a chair. Standing there with her shoulders sagging slightly, she would have again appeared helpless if her eyes had relented.

Suddenly, Supertramp burst from the speakers. "Even in the quietest moments. . ."

"Very funny, Ted."

"I thought so."

"You would," Amy said.

Izard hoped sarcasm was a good sign; perhaps she was sapped of her anger.

"Down, girl," Ted replied as he bent over Aunt Evil.

"What's funny?" Ellen asked.

Iz saw Ted tenderly grasp her hand. He thought of Irene lighting up his pale-yellow bathroom. He wondered if she was sitting on the toilet seat, if her head was bowed. He imagined her hair brushing the checkerboard tiles.

"Maybe we should go, Mom," Liz said. Iz noted with satisfaction that her eyebrow was cocked, but in Amy's direction, not his.

"I think not. Like your Uncle Ted said, this is some party," Amy said.

"Now can we play spades?" Ellen asked. Aunt Evil moaned.

"Maybe *we* should be leaving," Ted said. "He who fights and runs away, etc."

"No," Iz said quickly, "I think playing cards is a dandy idea. Why don't Liz and I get everybody a drink? Yes?"

and she snapped down her discards, but she kept getting good cards and Iz saw that she was pleased. Ted hummed. Izard prayed to the card gods and thought he felt Liz and Ellen praying, too.

"I win," announced Amy. Liz grabbed Amy's almost-empty glass without asking and headed for the bar.

"I demand a rematch," Ted said.

"Deal me out of this one," Iz said. He got up from the table and took four beers from the refrigerator and a bottle opener from the drawer.

"Where are you——" Liz cut her sister off with the whirl of the blender. Iz headed toward his room. Amy shot him a malevolent glance, then turned to Ted.

"Why is it that men think it's attractive to

wear their shirts unbuttoned to the middle of their chests?" she asked as Ellen began dealing. Iz didn't hear Ted's response.

He tried to walk steadily, tried to reassure himself. So they would have their first date through a bathroom door. So what? He sat down next to the door and tapped it lightly with a bottle.

"Do you want a beer?"

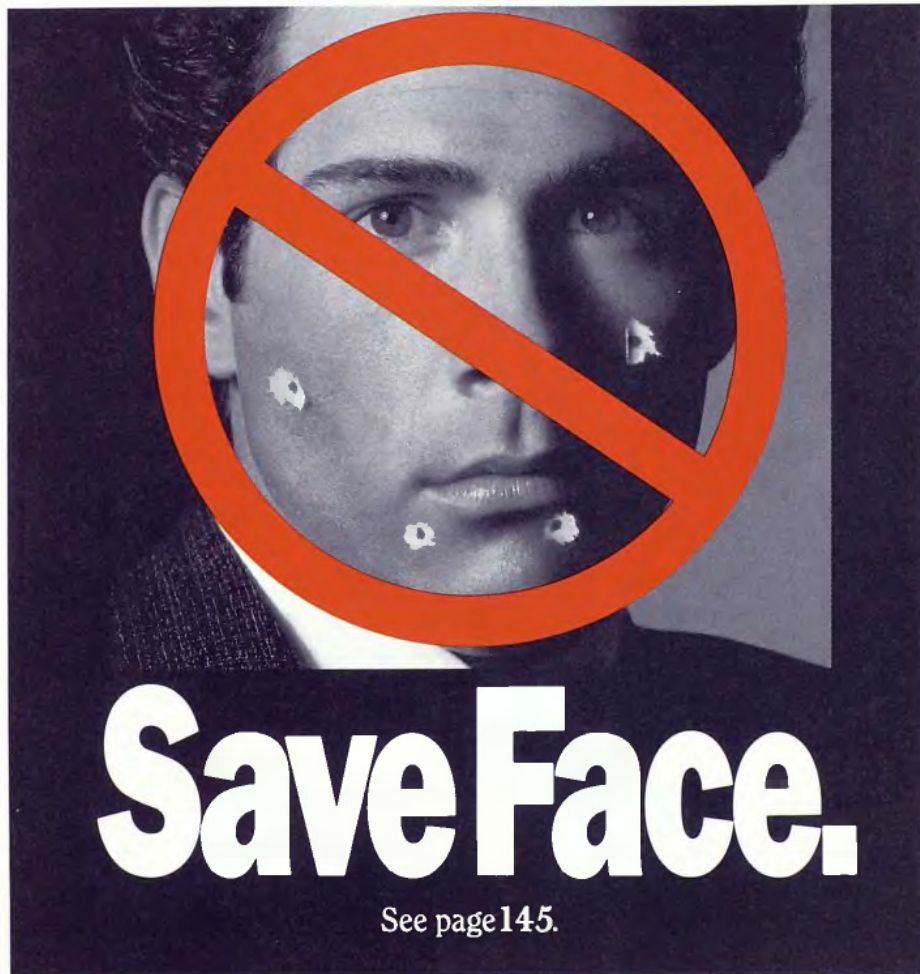
Her voice came from just the other side of the door. "Is it safe to open the door?"

"Relatively. Definitely safe to crack it." He snapped the top off one beer and lined the other bottles up against the wall. From the living room, he heard a murmur suggesting relative peace. He smiled.

"Are we talking cold beer?" she asked.

"Cold. Very cold." Iz watched the knob turn slowly. "So, tell me, Irene, what made you decide to become a zookeeper?"

Other prize winners in Playboy's College Fiction Contest: second prize, "Jet Pilot for the Sandinistas," by Robin Lewis, University of Alaska, Fairbanks; third prizes, "Loose Ends," by Suzanne Kehde, University of Southern California; "Out of the Blue," by Maria Franco King, Chabot College at Livermore, California; "Pizza Man," by John McNally, University of Iowa; "Magnet Hill," by Rachel Simon, Sarah Lawrence College.



This time everyone's gaze turned to Amy. Her eyes gleamed for a second.

"Mom?" said Liz. Amy looked down. Did her eyes soften? Still, she didn't speak.

"We're having a special on frozen margaritas due to a surplus of crushed ice," Ted offered.

Amy looked up. "Thank you, Ted. I think I will have one. Strawberry."

Ted moved Aunt Evil to the couch and Liz got a blanket to cover her. After some debate, Ellen conceded to playing rummy rather than spades if she got to keep score, and even Amy finally agreed to play if she didn't have to sit on the floor.

Between turns, Amy swirled her drink dangerously close to the rim of her glass



FAST FORWARD

CAUSE CELEBRITY

For an actress who is associated mostly with comedies (*The Sure Thing*, *Spaceballs*), Daphne Zuniga takes life very seriously. "Whenever I get too caught up in my career, I wonder, What are you doing for the world?" For Zuniga, it's not an idle question—she's a cofounder of Young Artists United, a group of New Wave Hollywood activists, and a member of both Network, Jane Fonda's political-action group, and CISPES, the Committee in Solidarity with the People of El Salvador. Zuniga, 26, comes from a family steeped in involvement. She grew up in Berkeley and vividly recalls the antiwar riots and "clinging to my mom for dear life." Her mother, a Unitarian minister, schooled her on the women's movement, and her father, a professor, took her on yearly trips to his homeland in Guatemala, which exposed her to the turmoil in Central America. Her commitment hasn't slowed down her career, and she has recently scored major roles in *Last Rites*, *Boys* and *The Fly II*. "Life is scary, my next movie is scary—I'm ready to do a musical," she says, "like *Oklahoma!*."

—JAN GOLAB



Beyond Boffo

Joe Martin has always been prolific. By the time he was 20, he had four children; now, at 41, the Wisconsin-based cartoonist produces three daily strips

that appear in 300 newspapers: *Willy 'n Ethel*, *Porterfield* and the two-year-old, highly successful *Mister Boffo*. "I invent 24 jokes a week, 104 a month, or 1248 a

year," Martin says, casually adding that he's also scripting a *Mister Boffo* movie and building a home television studio. Martin, who comes up with his jokes by walking aimlessly every day for seven hours, has also written four books, including *How to Hang a Spoon*, about an art he has obviously mastered. Oddly, he almost didn't make it as a cartoonist. "In the Seventies, they told me I was too close to another strip that was failing—Gary Larson's *The Far Side*," he explains. But Larson took off, and soon after, Martin followed. The two share a bizarre sensibility, but Martin's work may be even more warped, one day featuring household hints from Mr. Gross-Man, the next day bare-breasted Gauduinlike amazons called The Tit People. "A lot of my ideas don't make it into the papers," he admits. Like the one about a man talking with his shrink. "All my friends think I'm crazy," the patient complains. The psychiatrist suggests thoughtfully, "Why don't you kill them?"

—GENE STONE



JAMES SCHNEPP

HEAD OF THE

COMEDY CLASS

"You live, you learn, you joke, you move on," says **Barry Sobel**, who has lived 25 years, learned razor-sharp timing, joked for crowds ranging from a handful to 250,000 and moved on to become this year's one-man multimedia comic event. Raised on "pizza and visits to the dermatologist," the Manhattan-born Sobel first broke through with black audiences, doing an uncannily accurate James Brown-style singer who closes acts with the drained protest "I can't do no more!"

Some of the L.A. Lakers adopted the slogan on their way to the 1987 N.B.A. title, and Eddie Murphy called Sobel "the only white comedian who, when he does block characters, you



REID ASHTON

don't want to punch in the face." Sobel's high-speed demolitions of pop culture have also made him a hit on *The Tonight Show* and *Friday Night Videos*. Recently, he trained Tom Hanks for his role as a stand-up comic in the upcoming comedy *Punchline*. "It was like teaching Picasso to finger-paint," says Sobel, who co-wrote Hanks's character's on-stage material and plays a supporting role in the film. "Every day at 11 or 12, he'd call

and say, 'Barry, get up! We're having lunch.' I'd go over, we'd have lunch, we'd nop, we'd watch videos, we'd go home. But in between there, we wrote a lot of funny stuff." —KEVIN COOK

PONY POWER

In the Olympic equestrian trials, an event that's like a triathlon for the four-legged, **Bruce Davidson** ended up straddling the podium by winning both first and second

places. No one had ever pulled off that feat. Jumping from one mount to the next, the unstoppable Davidson rode four horses for the three-day event, broke a rib and earned slots on the plane to Seoul for two of his horses. "It was an awesome day," he recalls. "I'm not sure if I would advise it again." A veteran of three Olympics—Munich, Montreal and Los Angeles—and the holder of

two Olympic golds and a silver, the 38-year-old Davidson has been called the Mark Spitz of horse sports. "I've just been at it a long time," he demurs. Two of his best horses, Dr. Peaches and J. J. Babu, have had equine-flu inoculations in preparation for the summer Olympics. Even though only one can compete, by taking both, Davidson increases the odds of having a healthy horse in South Korea. "I can be fit and in the best shape ever," he says, "but if my horse isn't well, then it just isn't much of a competition."

—AMY ENGELER

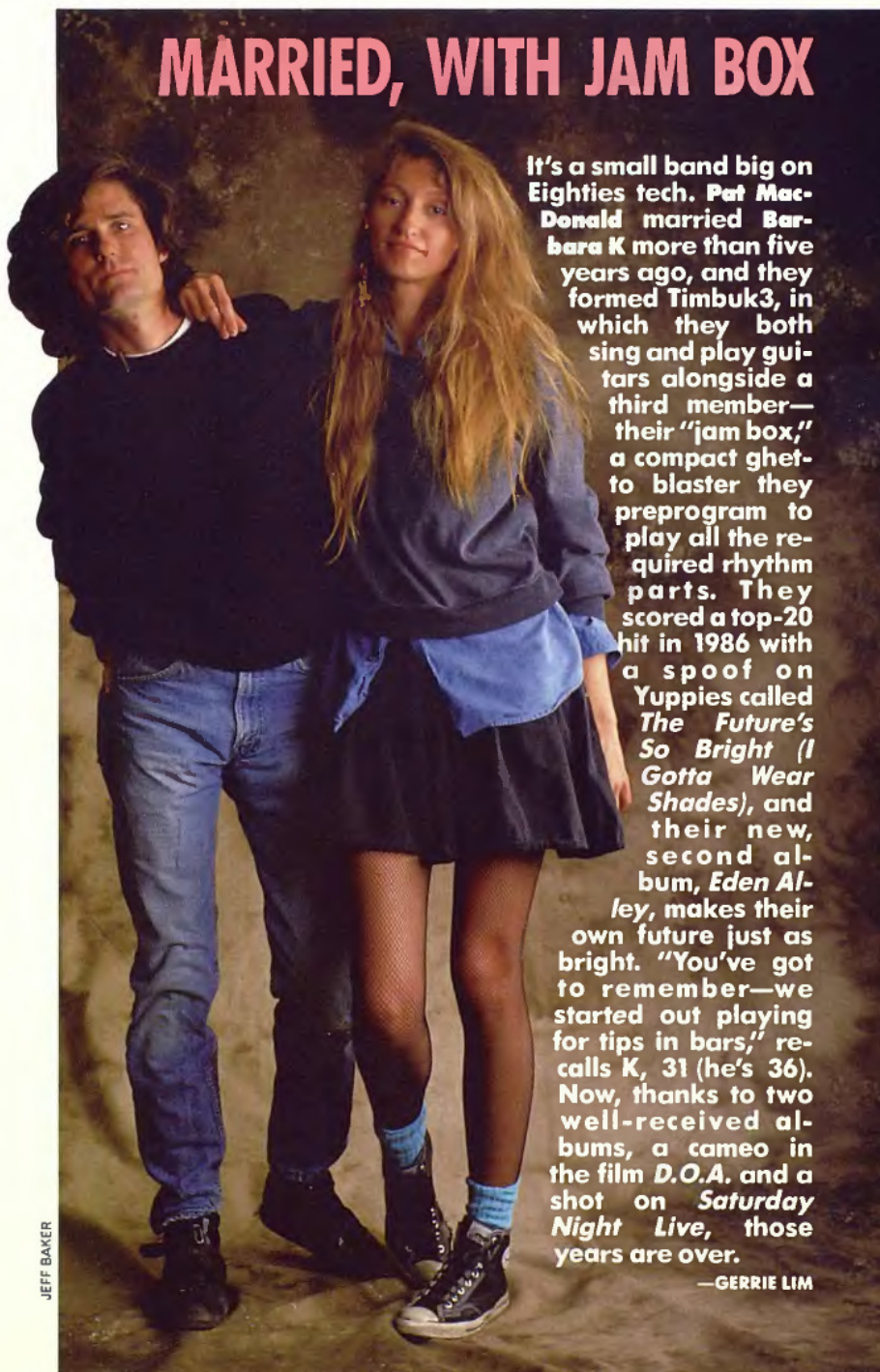


RANDY O'ROURKE

MARRIED, WITH JAM BOX

It's a small band big on Eighties tech. **Pat MacDonald** married **Barbara K** more than five years ago, and they formed **Timbuk3**, in which they both sing and play guitars alongside a third member—their "jam box," a compact ghetto blaster they preprogram to play all the required rhythm parts. They scored a top-20 hit in 1986 with a spoof on Yuppies called *The Future's So Bright (I Gotta Wear Shades)*, and their new, second album, *Eden Alley*, makes their own future just as bright. "You've got to remember—we started out playing for tips in bars," recalls K, 31 (he's 36). Now, thanks to two well-received albums, a cameo in the film *D.O.A.* and a shot on *Saturday Night Live*, those years are over.

—GERRIE LIM



JEFF BAKER

ELECTION HELD HOSTAGE

(continued from page 74)

"Reagan had informants at the CIA, the NSC, even inside the White House Situation Room."

Debategate. The Subcommittee on Human Resources, chaired by Democratic Representative Don Albosta of Michigan, spent nearly a year reviewing internal Reagan-campaign operations. Its definitive report, "Unauthorized Transfers of Nonpublic Information During the 1980 Presidential Election," was released in May 1984. It shocked the few who read its 2400 pages. What had begun as a routine inquiry into the alleged theft of a debate briefing book exploded into a damning indictment of a campaign staff that employed unethical—if not illegal—tactics whenever convenient. The subcommittee didn't mince words: "As the documents and witness statements show, Reagan-Bush campaign officials both sought and acquired nonpublic Government and Carter-Mondale information and materials."

The subcommittee's greatest wrath was reserved for the October Surprise group. William Casey had constructed a vast surveillance network that collected internal White House data. Richard Allen estimates that perhaps 120 foreign-policy and national-security consultants were affiliated with the Reagan campaign; many had military or intelligence backgrounds. (In comparison, the Government's National Security Council employs only 65 foreign-policy professionals.)

U.S. district court judge Harold Greene, reviewing a motion for a Special Prosecutor, had only criticism for "an information-gathering apparatus employed by a Presidential campaign that uses former agents of the FBI and the CIA." The Jus-

tice Department, run by Reagan appointees, saw no need for a Special Prosecutor.

The complex October Surprise apparatus was admirably staffed and structured. At Meese's urging, Admiral Robert Garrick, a retired naval-reserve officer, created a network of loyalists—retired, reserve and active-duty Servicemen—at military bases around the country. They were instructed to report any aircraft movements that might be related to the hostage situation. It proved effective. For example, Brigadier General Johnny Grant, of the California National Guard, apparently telephoned Admiral Garrick with news of aircraft maneuvers near "where the spare parts are," implying that the Carter Administration was preparing to exchange military aid for the hostages.

Allen, Iklé and Lehman monitored White House policy decisions for the camp. "We had two firm and enduring rules," Allen said recently. "Do not interfere with the hostage situation. Deal with no classified information."

Allen apparently had difficulty enforcing those guidelines. The Albosta subcommittee discovered that by October 1980, senior Reagan advisors had informants at the CIA, the Defense Intelligence Agency (DIA), the NSC, even inside the White House Situation Room. Moreover, those informants had security clearances ranging from "Confidential" to "Eyes Only." Several NSC staff members later testified that they had "close friendships" with Reagan aides.

Those friendships often resulted in the sharing of confidential documents. Four-star generals gave the Reagan camp details of the Stealth-bomber project. Secretary of State Ed Muskie's agenda for SALT II talks landed on Meese's desk. Allen received staff reports intended solely for National Security Advisor Zbigniew Brzezinski. "These documents were sometimes extraordinarily sensitive material of the highest nature," Brzezinski told *The Washington Post*.

The Reagan team was not above paying for information. The informant who allegedly delivered Carter's debate papers to Casey was paid \$2860, ostensibly for research papers that he apparently never prepared.

While those bits and pieces were undoubtedly useful to the Reagan campaign, its primary concern was getting data on the hostages. Here, too, the quality and quantity of its espionage was exceptional. Between official State Department briefings, leaks and their purchases, Reagan advisors may have known as much about the crisis as the President. "Top Secret—Eyes Only" and "Secret/Sensitive" documents from the U.S. embassy in Tehran were found in Ronald Reagan's personal campaign file. Reagan said he didn't know how they got there. Angelo Codevilla, a Senate Intelligence Committee staff member, probably passed to Reagan headquarters details on the hostages' whereabouts in Tehran. One entry in Allen's telephone log reads, "13 October 1980. 1151 Angelo Codevilla—938-9702. DIA—Hostages—all back in compound last week. Admin. embargoed intelligence. Confirmed." Allen could not offer an explanation, though the message—written in his handwriting—is hardly cryptic. Another Allen memo dated October 10, 1980 ("F.C.I.—Partial release of hostages for parts"), suggests that the Reagan campaign knew the White House was evaluating an arms swap with the Iranians. (F.C.I. are the initials of Fred C. Iklé.)

Many of Reagan's best moles were motivated less by devotion to the Republicans than by animus toward Carter. That was especially true of those in the intelligence agencies. Shortly after the shah was deposed, Carter chewed out the CIA for misinterpreting the unrest in Iran. He chastised the Director of Central Intelligence, Admiral Stansfield Turner, and reorganized or fired much of the Middle East division. Not surprisingly, relations between the White House and the CIA grew increasingly hostile. "There was no doubt that the CIA was more Republican and didn't like the Democrats," says Admiral Turner. "And I'm certain that many hoped a Republican would return to the White House."

CIA operations virtually collapsed in Carter's last year. "The Carter Administration had made a serious mistake," noted Charlie Beckwith, the colonel in charge of the Desert One rescue team. "A lot of the



"And we ask you, Lord, to guide and protect us as we maim, commit bodily harm and tear our opponents' heads off."

old whores—guys with lots of street sense and experience—left the agency.”

Another CIA asset volunteers, “Stan Turner fired the best CIA operatives over the hostage crisis. The fires agreed among themselves that they would remain in touch with one another and with their contacts and continue to operate more or less as independents.”

Casey courted those malcontents with considerable success. For example, General Richard Ellis, then head of the Strategic Air Command, put his services at Reagan’s disposal. One memo to Meese noted, “Due to his rank and position, [General Ellis] cannot formally institute a meeting, but if a meeting were requested by R.R., he would be happy to sit down with him. . . .

[The general] wants to blow Jimmy Carter out of the water.” Reagan later appointed Ellis to the U.S.-Soviet Standing Consultative Commission.

Reagan’s selection of George Bush as running mate also proved serendipitous. Bush had served as Gerald Ford’s Director of Central Intelligence, an appointment he once called “the best job in Washington.” Although his tenure lasted less than a year, he maintained informal ties to the agency after he left and staffed his ill-fated Presidential campaign with former CIA officials. When the Bush and Reagan campaigns merged in July 1980, their intelligence-gathering abilities increased substantially. Many CIA veterans close

to Bush, notably former CIA Director of Security Robert Gambino, assisted Casey and Allen in campaign activities.

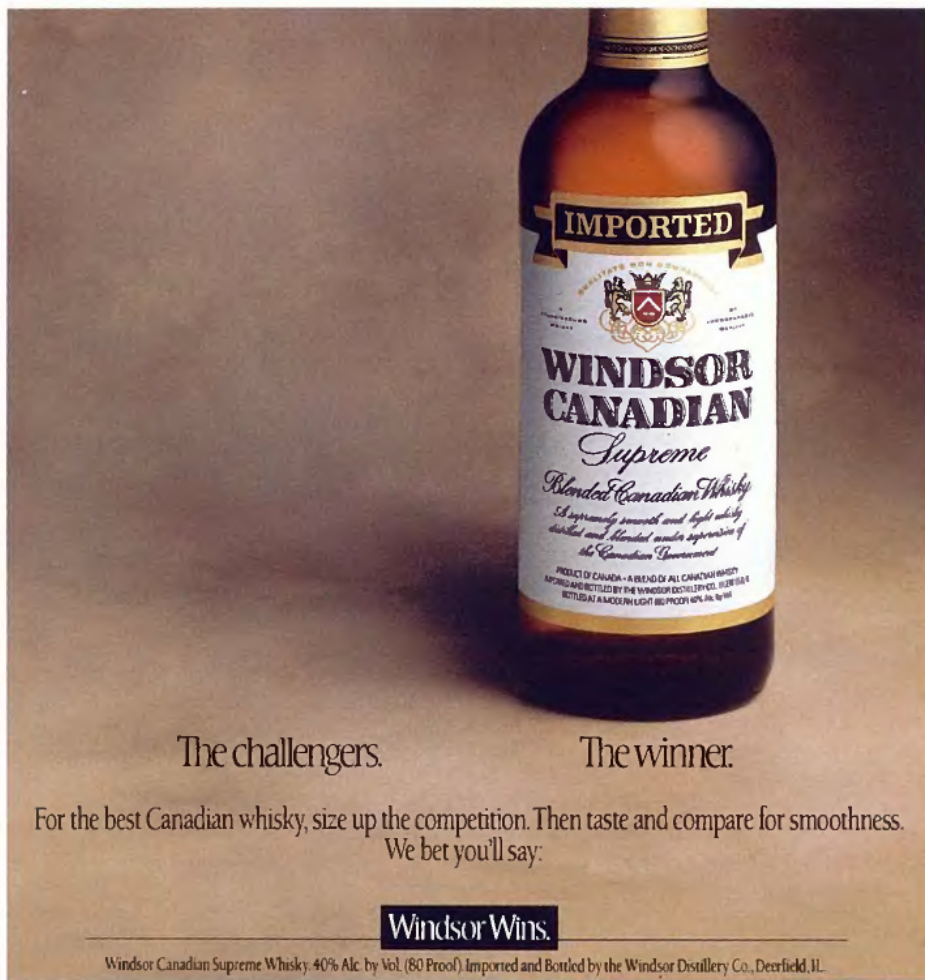
“Bush certainly had the ability—and the connections—to get the campaign into the intelligence communities,” says Turner.

Prescott Bush, the Vice-Presidential candidate’s brother, courted a consultant to the U.S. Iran Hostage Task Force named Herbert Cohen. In a September 2, 1980, letter to James Baker (George Bush’s campaign manager and now Secretary of the Treasury), Prescott Bush said he expected that Cohen would provide the campaign with “some hot information on the hostages.” Cohen eventually sent Casey four confidential NSC reports.

By the fall of 1980, the Carter White House was riddled with moles, spies and informers. But preoccupied by the continuing crises and the campaign, the President’s advisors remained ignorant of the dirty tricks being played by the Reagan-Bush team. “We were aware that we had made enemies,” says Jody Powell, “but we didn’t think they were inside, chipping away at our foundation.” Given the sensitivity of the stolen documents and the impunity with which the moles acted, the President’s defenses, like those at the embassy in Tehran, were pitifully inadequate.

BACK CHANNELS

In desperation over the Iranians’ refusal to deal with the United States on the diplo-



The challengers. The winner.

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matic level, the Carter White House looked to unofficial channels as a means to resolve the crisis.

In February 1980, Dr. Cyrus Hashemi, a former Iranian CIA operative turned arms dealer, made the Administration an offer. Claiming to be a cousin of Hashemi Rafsanjani, one of Khomeini’s lieutenants and later speaker of the Majles (Iran’s parliament), Dr. Hashemi said he had contacted Khomeini’s advisors and found them willing to revive negotiations. If the President wished, he would gladly open back channels. There was, of course, a catch: The Iranians would free the prisoners only in exchange for U.S. offensive weapons.

A word about arms: After the 1953 CIA-sponsored coup that installed Reza Pahlavi as shah, Iran depended on the U.S. for nearly all its military hardware and training. In 1978, shortly before he was deposed, the shah paid U.S. defense contractors more than \$300,000,000 for arms and spare parts. After the Islamic revolution, however, the White House embargoed all military shipments to Iran, and the shah’s purchases were never delivered. Without U.S. ammunition and spare parts, the ayatollah’s American-equipped military was approaching paralysis.

When Hashemi suggested that Iran might be willing to bargain, there was reason to think the proposal legitimate. “We felt an outsider would have a better chance of getting to Khomeini,” says a State Department official. “We were quite willing to consider anything. A weapons package didn’t seem unreasonable, especially since it had been paid for.” Dr. Hashemi was referred to State Department officials, but after several weeks of discussion, his services were declined.

The fact that a covert arms trade was even seriously considered by the Administration sent dangerous signals to the munitions underworld. “Iranian arms merchants were coming out of the woodwork,” says Gary Sick, principal White House aide for Iran. “Each one insisted that he alone had a direct line to Khomeini. They were mostly opportunists, some really disreputable characters, out for honor and profit.”

Houshang Lavi probably came closest to circumventing Presidential authority. A naturalized American born in Iran, Lavi acquired an intimate knowledge of Iranian internal politics by brokering various arms deals (he arranged the sale of F-14 aircraft to the shah in the mid-Seventies). In December 1978, he participated in a covert CIA mission that removed high-tech Phoenix missiles from Tehran when the shah’s days were numbered.

Lavi was infuriated by the hostages’ prolonged captivity and was certain that it could have been avoided. After the disastrous Eagle Claw helicopter rescue attempt in April 1980, it was obvious to him that

Carter would never appease the ayatollah, so he took the initiative. As Lavi put it at our meeting on Long Island, "I attempted to free the hostages."

In the spring of 1980, Lavi approached Mitchell Rogovin, a lawyer with the John Anderson Presidential campaign, with an unusual offer. "Lavi said Iranian president Bani-Sadr had authorized him to pursue hostage negotiations," says Rogovin. Lavi sketched out an arms-for-hostages plan similar to the one Hashemi had offered the Department of State eight months earlier. Lavi made one demand: If they succeeded, "credit must not go to Carter."

"He was adamant about that," says Rogovin. "He wanted it known that Carter's abilities were severely limited."

Lavi's offer scared the Anderson campaign. "To involve the candidate in negotiations regarding the hostages . . . was too dicey to contemplate," wrote Alton Frye, Anderson's director of policy planning. But rather than risk losing an opening to Tehran, the Anderson campaign referred Lavi to the State Department.

The White House had no doubt that Lavi could deliver F-14 parts to Tehran; whether he could get the hostages out was another story. "An arms swap, legitimate as it may have been, was tantamount to paying ransom to terrorists," says a Carter aide. "Too risky, too unreliable. Carter had some real problems with it." In the end, the White House ignored all outside offers and settled in for the long haul.

SABOTAGED NEGOTIATIONS

In September 1980, Carter's patience was rewarded. Sadegh Tabatabai, Khomeini's influential relative, contacted Washington with an urgent proposition. Iran would free the hostages if the U.S. released Iran's financial assets, refrained from intervention in Iranian affairs, and returned the shah's property, including the military supplies that had been paid for.

After months of silence, Iran was understandably eager to resume talks. The Iran-Iraq war, which began in late September 1980, had inflicted heavy casualties on the Iranian army. The black market could provide only a fraction of the supplies Iran needed. Khomeini grudgingly acknowledged his dependence on Satan America.

The White House recognized that it would have to deliver some arms and spare parts to Iran as part of an over-all settlement. "We suggested [to the Iranians] that we would make \$150,000,000 worth of military equipment available to them after the hostages were released," states White House aide Gary Sick. "In fact, we held a lot more, as much as \$300,000,000. But there were many offensive weapons and classified materials we didn't want to get back to Iran." Carter reluctantly approved an arms package that omitted all offensive weapons and lethal aid.

Reagan advisors panicked when they learned that Carter was close to a deal. In an October 15th memo marked SENSITIVE

AND CONFIDENTIAL, Allen informed Reagan, Meese and Casey that an "unimpeachable source" had warned him of an impending hostage settlement: "The last week of October is the likely time for the hostages to be released. . . . This could come at any moment, as a bolt out of the blue."

(Allen says that his source was reporter John Wallach, who Allen believes learned confidential details of the negotiations from Secretary of State Edmund Muskie.)

Reagan loyalists then made several attempts at undermining Carter. On October 15, 1980, WLS-TV, the Chicago ABC affiliate, announced that the President was about to approve an arms-for-hostages exchange and that five Navy planes loaded with offensive weapons were prepared for a flight to Tehran to consummate the deal. Not a word was true. Larry Moore, who broke the story, allegedly got his misinformation from a highly placed member of the U.S. Intelligence community who was linked to the Reagan campaign. Soon after, columnist George Will, a Reagan booster, remarked that a fleet of transports loaded with arms was bound for Khomeini's army. On October 17, *The Washington Post* got closer to the truth when it reported that a spares-for-hostages deal was an element of the hostage settlement.

The public outcry over those planted stories was enormous. Carter was accused of dishonoring America, of caving in to terrorist blackmail. As if that weren't enough, the Iran negotiations began to founder. Two weeks before the election, Tabatabai suddenly became inscrutable. He delayed, changed terms at random and, mysteriously, abandoned demands for arms. He also reneged on a promise to have the hostages home by Election Day.

•

There is no doubt that in the last weeks of the campaign, Reagan-Bush campaign members successfully undermined Carter's diplomatic efforts. Their espionage, for the most part, was confined to Washington power circles. But they also attempted to deal directly with the Iranians.

In September 1980, Allen got a call from Robert McFarlane, then an authority on Iran for the Senate Armed Services Committee. McFarlane told Allen that he knew a representative of the Iranian government who might be useful. "McFarlane wanted us to meet him; he was emphatic," recalls Allen. "And against my better judgment, I agreed." Allen asked another campaign advisor, Laurence Silberman, to accompany him.

The four met in the lobby of L'Enfant Plaza Hotel in Washington. The Iranian envoy informed them that he was on good terms with Khomeini's inner circle. "Then he spun a web about how he could get the hostages released directly to our campaign before the election," recalls Silberman. "And at that point, we cut him off. Neither Allen nor I had any interest in his proposal. I told him flat-out that we have only one President at a time and that all deals

regarding the hostages would have to go through official channels." After 20 minutes, Allen and Silberman thanked the Iranian envoy for his concern and left. End of story. If you take them at their word, everyone behaved with what Silberman called "scrupulous propriety." Maybe. In the interest of national security, the Reagan team certainly could have reported this overture to the White House, as the Anderson campaign had honorably done with Houshang Lavi.

Among other things, the paucity of details makes the account disturbing. The time and date of the conference, even the envoy's identity, are all unknown. Allen remembers him as an oddball, a "flake," an Iranian living in Egypt; Silberman thinks he might have been North African. (McFarlane has yet to return our calls.) But considering the enormity of the envoy's proposal, and Allen's own well-documented obsession with Iranian affairs, that particular blackout seems too convenient.

Three highly respected professionals, whose livelihoods depend on recalling names, faces and events, unaccountably develop amnesia. It's unlikely that they would meet an envoy without knowing beforehand his status, reliability and objective. McFarlane would presumably have used every facility at his disposal to make sure the contact was legitimate. If he had had any reservations, it's doubtful that he would have been so insistent. And if McFarlane's judgment was so poor—if the envoy was a "flake"—it's even more doubtful that he would have been welcomed into the next Administration.

But while Allen, McFarlane and Silberman were claiming to reject the deal in Washington, their colleagues were scanning the globe for similar openings to Iran. P.L.O. representative Bassam Abu Sharif, Yasir Arafat's chief spokesman, told journalist Morgan Strong that a Reagan backer had approached P.L.O. headquarters. "During the first campaign, the Reagan people contacted me," claims Abu Sharif. "One of Reagan's closest friends and a major financial contributor to the campaign. . . . He kept referring to him as Ronnie. . . . He said he wanted the P.L.O. to use its influence to delay the release of the American hostages from the embassy in Tehran until after the election. . . . They asked that I contact the chairman [Arafat] and make the request. . . . We were told that if the hostages were held, the P.L.O. would be given recognition as the legitimate representative of the Palestinian people and the White House door would be open for us."

The P.L.O. was a reasonable choice to serve as hostage broker. Two weeks after the embassy take-over, Arafat negotiated the release of 13 Americans. If Arafat could persuade Khomeini to release some hostages, he might just as easily persuade him to hold the rest a little longer.

The P.L.O. has so far refused to document those charges. "We have the proof if

it is denied," says Abu Sharif. "And they said they would deny it if it ever became public. I hope it does, because I would like to drop the bombshell on them." Still, we have no corroborating details to confirm the account.

It's clear, though, that Reagan advisors took foolish risks. Barbara Honegger, a former policy analyst in the Reagan White House, is certain that at least one of their initiatives paid off. In late October 1980, while she was working at the Reagan campaign headquarters in Arlington, Virginia, an excited staff member boasted, "We don't have to worry about an October Surprise. Dick cut a deal." Her colleague, she suggests, was referring to Richard Allen, and the deal involved the American hostages in Tehran.

THE TRAGEDY
OF BANI-SADR

Among the casualties of the hostage crisis were the two presidents of the adversary countries, Jimmy Carter and Abolhassan Bani-Sadr. Although separated by vast political and cultural differences, their personal philosophies were surprisingly similar. Like Carter, Bani-Sadr advocated human rights, the democratic values of the Islamic revolution and stability in the Middle East. Both worked feverishly to end the hostage standoff. And both were ousted by the same despot.

Carter limped home to Plains. Bani-Sadr, too often on the losing side of a three-year power struggle that saw many of his colleagues executed, fled Iran in the night. After six weeks in hiding, he surfaced in July 1981, when France offered political asylum on the condition that he give up politics. He has spent the past seven years quietly brooding over the political situation in his country.

When the Iran/Contra scandal broke in November 1986, Bani-Sadr began making startling accusations. The Reagan arms-for-hostages scenario, he claimed, was not a recent inspiration; Reagan had made an arms deal with Iran months before he was first elected. From the wilderness of exile, his charges rarely made it to America. And even when they did, he was portrayed as a bad loser and his charges were dismissed.

Then, in the fall of 1987, two things happened: Allen admitted to having met an Iranian envoy on behalf of the Reagan-Bush camp, and Israel was discovered to have sold Iran American-made military supplies in 1981. Bani-Sadr's claims took on disturbing credibility.

In April 1988, we were invited to France to interview the exiled president. When we arrived, the French government was embroiled in a scandal eerily similar to the one we were investigating. Prime Minister Jacques Chirac had secretly paid Iranian terrorist groups close to \$30,000,000 in ransom for three hostages, purchasing an "April Surprise" to advance his battle against President François Mitterand in the upcoming election. The French elec-

Iran, the envoy had other meetings with senior Reagan advisors. "They agreed in principle that the hostages would be liberated after the election," says Bani-Sadr, "and that, if elected, Reagan would provide significantly more arms than Carter was offering.

"For Khomeini, working with Reagan was preferable for several reasons," he says. "Reagan represented the working capital of the United States—he had close ties to the banks, the financial community—so trade would be easier. With Reagan President, Khomeini could also tell his people that he had destroyed two enemies of the revolution: the shah and the man who harbored the shah, Jimmy Carter."

Bani-Sadr maintains that with the election drawing near, the Reagan-Bush team was eager to finalize a deal. At some point during the last two weeks of October, with the election days away, a final meeting was held in Paris, at the Hotel Raphael. "There were three factions present," he claims. "Representatives of the Reagan campaign, representatives of the ayatollah—Mohammed Beheshti [head of the radical group Hezbollah] and Rafsanjani—and independent arms merchants. I have confirmed several of the names: Dr. Cyrus Hashemi, Manucher Ghorbanifar and Albert Hakim."

Representing the Reagan-Bush campaign, says Bani-Sadr, was none other

First choice. Second choice.

For Canadian whisky, there's no second best. Taste and compare for smoothness. We bet you'll say:

Windsor Wins.

Windsor Canadian Supreme Whisky 40% Alc. by Vol. (80 Proof) Imported and Bottled by the Windsor Distillery Co., Deerfield, IL.

torate was not swayed.

Bani-Sadr first learned that the ayatollah was considering a secret deal with the Reagan-Bush campaign in late September 1980. Hashemi Rafsanjani, one of Khomeini's key advisors, was sending a secret emissary to the United States to assess the political situation and try to arrange a more lucrative settlement than the one the White House was offering him. It was that emissary, Bani-Sadr claims, who contacted McFarlane and later met Allen and Silberman in Washington.

Rather than reject the envoy, as Allen and Silberman claim, Bani-Sadr insists that Reagan's campaign advisors embraced his basic plan. Before returning to

than George Bush.

That last detail struck us as implausible. It would have been extremely difficult for a Vice-Presidential candidate to sneak off to Paris in the last weeks of a frenetic campaign for a clandestine meeting. Bani-Sadr appreciated our skepticism. He insisted, however, that his intelligence was accurate and that by late October, negotiations had reached a serious stage that required a commitment from the highest level of the Reagan-Bush campaign.

(At our request, Kirstin Taylor, the Vice-President's Deputy Press Secretary, reconstructed Bush's schedule for October 1980. With the exception of a few rest days and Sundays, there are no extended gaps in his

itinerary. Theoretically, however, a round-trip journey to Paris could have been accomplished within a day's time.)

In exchange for keeping the hostages until Inauguration Day, the Americans pledged that Iran would receive U.S. military supplies. Representatives of the Reagan campaign assured the Iranians that "third parties—independent arms merchants, friendly foreign governments—would handle delivery of specific parts and weapons," says Bani-Sadr.

Bani-Sadr concedes that much of his intelligence comes second-hand. "As president, I knew that a deal was under consideration, but I was unaware that it had been consummated until after the arms arrived." He didn't learn more details until a year after he was exiled. Friends and loyalists within the Iranian military began sending him photocopies of secret Islamic Revolutionary Party documents, several of which are said to describe the hostage deal. Throughout our interview, he consulted official-looking papers written in Farsi. "These documents are extremely sensitive," he says. "I don't want them circulated. It would seriously endanger my sources. If a Congressional investigator came here, I would take the risk and give him copies."

Mansur Farhang, a former UN ambassador from Iran, also believes that some arrangement was made with the Reagan camp. "Khomeini did not make distinctions among American politicians," says Farhang. "He regarded them all as dangerous. But in October [1980], I noticed an abrupt change in his attitude. He became accommodating, very relaxed about the prospect of a Reagan Presidency."

Farhang regards Bani-Sadr's intelli-

gence as sound but fragmentary. "Bani-Sadr puts the bits and pieces together himself and constructs something that he regards as the truth," he cautions. Still, many elements of Bani-Sadr's story have been corroborated.

Mansur Rafizadeh, a former SAVAK chief and CIA asset, insists that a Paris meeting took place in mid-October, as Bani-Sadr described. Representing the Reagan-Bush campaign were Donald Gregg, a former CIA official (later Bush's National Security Advisor), and an authority on Iran who served as a translator. Rafizadeh has also stated that elements within the CIA endorsed Reagan-Bush covert efforts: "Some CIA agents [in Iran] were briefed by agency officers to persuade Khomeini not to release his prisoners until Reagan was sworn in. . . . The CIA now sentenced the American hostages to 76 more days of imprisonment." (Seventy-six days is the time between the election and the Inauguration.)

Additional evidence lends credence to Bani-Sadr's account. When Tabatabai resumed talks with the State Department in September 1980, military equipment headed his list of demands. But, unaccountably, on October 22, Iran dropped all references to these supplies. "This occurred because Iran had been guaranteed another source of U.S. arms," explains an Iranian journalist.

Whether or not an agreement was reached between Khomeini and the Reagan-Bush campaign, the fact remains that the ayatollah achieved all of his objectives by the time the hostages were released. He humiliated the U.S., got rid of Carter and "the criminal shah," secured the transfer of four billion dollars in assets to Iran and

ensured a steady flow of U.S. arms to his military. The faithful might praise Allah, but the glory was all Khomeini's.

ISRAEL AND ARMS

On July 18, 1981, a cargo plane returning to Tel Aviv from Tehran strayed into Soviet airspace and was shot down by a MiG-25 along the Soviet-Turkish border. According to the London *Sunday Times*, the plane was chartered by a Swiss arms broker, who intended to send 360 tons of military hardware—worth \$30,000,000—to the Iranian military. Three shipments of American-made spare parts for M-48 tanks (which formed the bulk of Iran's land forces) had made it through before the cargo plane was shot down. The Israeli foreign ministry denied any involvement, but several officials quietly conceded that their agents had sold Iran parts and arms shortly after Reagan took office.

As early as February 1981, Secretary of State Alexander Haig was briefed on Israeli arms sales to Iran. In November, Defense Minister Ariel Sharon asked Haig to approve the sale of F-14 parts to Tehran. While the proposal was in direct opposition to publicized Administration objectives, Sharon pitched it as a way of gaining favor with Iranian "moderates." According to *The Washington Post*, Haig was ambivalent but gave his tacit consent, with the approval of top Administration officials, notably Robert McFarlane.

Israeli ambassador Moshe Arens later told *The Boston Globe* that Iranian arms sales had been discussed and approved at "almost the highest levels" of U.S. Government in spring 1981. In fact, Reagan's Senior Interdepartmental Group agreed in July 1981 that the U.S. should tacitly encourage third-party arms sales to Iran as a way of "advancing U.S. interests in the Middle East." The initiative was such a significant reversal of U.S. policy that it's unlikely that Haig would have given his consent without the President's knowledge and approval. Haig refuses to comment.

In November 1986, the Administration finally allowed that the Israelis had delivered U.S. military supplies to Iran in the early Eighties. The State Department downplayed the sales, claiming that the amount of arms Iran received was trivial, that only \$10,000,000 or \$15,000,000 worth of nonlethal aid had reached Iran. That figure was hotly disputed. *The New York Times* estimated that before 1983, Iran received 2.8 billion dollars in supplies from nine countries, including the U.S. A West German newspaper placed the figure closer to \$500,000,000. Bani-Sadr said that his administration alone received \$50,000,000 worth of parts. Houshang Lavi believes Khomeini got at least \$500,000,000 in military supplies.

Lavi is in a position to know. In 1981, he and Israeli arms dealer Yacobi Nimrodi reportedly sold HAWK missiles and guidance systems to Iran. In April and October



"Can't I ever comment about your cooking without your reminding me why I married you?"

1981, Western Dynamics International, a Long Island company run by Lavi's brothers, contracted to sell the Iranian air force \$16,000,000 worth of bomb fuses and F-14 parts. Admiral Bobby Ray Inman, William Casey's Deputy Director of Central Intelligence, said that the CIA knew in 1981 that Israel and private arms dealers were making sizable deliveries to Iran. The Reagan White House raised no objections.

Eighteen months after Reagan took office, Iran had received virtually all the spare parts and weapons that Carter had refused to include in his hostage accord.

THE TOWER OMISSION

By the spring of 1987, no fewer than five Government panels (one by the President's special review board, one by the Senate, two by Congress, one by Special Prosecutor Lawrence Walsh) were investigating charges that the Reagan Administration had willfully violated U.S. law—and its own policy—by secretly arming Iranians and funding the *Contras*.

As thorough as those investigations were, two glaring omissions are now coming to light: the CIA's drug connection to the *Contras* and the pre-1985 arms deals with Iran. Little consideration was given to the possibility that the Iran/*Contra* initiative might have had its genesis in either Reagan's 1980 Presidential campaign or in the opening months of his first term. It is difficult to understand why. The same names and many of the same methods keep turning up in both the Iran/*Contra* and the Debategate inquiries.

Many of the investigators have claimed that the issue was beyond their jurisdiction. The Tower commission, for example, was an examination of NSC operations, not of Reagan campaign ethics. "We had a very simple mandate," says Senator John Tower, who chaired the President's special review board, "and that was to focus on the origins of the Iran/*Contra* initiative. It was an immense task, and we had 88 days in which to evaluate voluminous documents and interview the participants. We also had limited powers. We found no reason to

expand our inquiry." Both Senator Tower and Brent Scowcroft were former bosses of McFarlane, and Edmund Muskie was reported to have leaked White House information while he was Carter's Secretary of State. Those three men *were* the Tower commission.

While the investigators were indifferent to Reagan's pre-1985 conduct, a handful of journalists pursued the charges: notably, Leslie Cockburn of CBS News, Alfonso Chardy of *The Miami Herald* and Christopher Hitchens of *The Nation*. Not until Flora Lewis, a columnist for *The New York Times*, published a piece in August 1987 that essentially promoted Bani-Sadr's allegations, did Washington take notice.

Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd

early Eighties. This raises disturbing questions about the longevity of this ill-conceived arms-for-hostages strategy. It needs further investigation, in my judgment."

Representative John Conyers, Jr., chairman of the Criminal Justice Subcommittee, is beginning that investigation. "It's going to be difficult," says Frank Askin, Conyers' special counsel. "Some of the people implicated are in protracted legal battles. Some have reason not to talk. I don't expect them to be very helpful." Conyers must soon decide whether the evidence warrants—and the public can tolerate—yet another Congressional investigation.

The Debategate and Iran/*Contra* affairs have already proved that members of the Reagan Administration engaged in deceit on an impressive scale. Whether they committed greater crimes has yet to be tested under oath. One thing is clear: The story is significantly more complex than the public has been led to believe. There are too many secret deals, too many memory lapses and shredded documents for the file to be closed with any conviction.

•
The Wall Street Journal, Friday, June 10, 1988: "OCTOBER SURPRISE?"

Speculation is raised about an Iranian hostage ploy. A National Security Council staff memo warns that Iran may try to use the nine American hostages in Lebanon as political pawns during the Bush-Dukakis race. The memo, written by Middle East specialist Robert Oakley, foresees possible offers to release some hostages before the November elections. The price, some officials think: a promise that Bush would soften the U.S. anti-Iran stance. An Iranian official recently tried to arrange a clandestine meeting with a Bush aide, whose colleagues told him he would be "crazy" to meet secretly with Iran, U.S. officials say. The speculation is partly aimed at deterring any temptation to make a deal with Iran.

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weighed the evidence and became the first politician to link 1980 Reagan campaign practices with Irangate. He made an impassioned plea for truth on the Senate floor on August 7, 1987: "The secret policy of arming the ayatollah may have begun early in the Eighties . . . this bribery-and-ransom strategy was on the minds of the inner circle of Presidential advisors even before his Administration took office. What other explanation is there for the allegation . . . of a meeting between Mr. Allen, the first security advisor to the President, and a campaign official, who apparently met with Iranian officials and who may have been linked to Israeli shipments of weapons to the ayatollah in the



"Yesterday I was Douglas J. Steiner."

"Today I'm rustic,
outdoorsy,
duck decoy carvin',
woodsplittin',
Homecoming,
rugged,
birch log burnin',
all natural,
backroad walkin',
Thoreau readin',
woody,
pine bark smellin',
pragmatic,
Duck shoe wearin',
comfortable,
mountain lovin',
can do DJ."



CLOTHES THAT
FIT A MAN'S
PREROGATIVE
TO CHANGE.



"I'll never understand your generation," she says, smiling as she hikes up the tweed lawyer's skirt."

her bouts with the bottle. For a person hooked on life's luxuries, she works like a maniac on her bodily unit. Before the limo comes to fetch her at six A.M., Sasha has already done 100 laps in the pool. I admire that.

"Do I find *you* attractive? Isn't that the real question?" I ask. "Yes. Yes, I do. Sasha, you drive me batshit."

"I'll never understand your generation," she says, smiling now as she hikes up the tweed lawyer's skirt. "Come to my little wet bottom."

And I do.

Tony has proved himself more of a diplomat than I gave him credit for. Shrewd. By the time we're ready for take number two on the hall-of-justice scene, he has done a job worthy of Kissinger. We do seven retakes in all. Throughout, Debbie stands there and gets slapped, taking her lumps like a good soldier. Personally, I sense that four of those seven retakes are gratuitous, and I'll be interested to see the rushes.

Afterward, Debbie and I head for a little Thai place up Topanga way, where my crib

happens to be located. Over garlicky prawns in lemon grass, my best friend sulks, pushing the little stir-fried creatures hither and thither about her plate. For a week now, she has been out of the Holmby Hills palazzo she shared with the cad, and temporary lodgings at the Chateau Marmont depress her—they've given her the same room John Belushi checked out of feet first.

"Did you plink her in the trailer?" she finally asks.

"What a question," I say, trying to be blasé.

"I thought I detected a caviarlike aroma when you got back on the set."

"I had a tuna sandwich," I lie. "By the way, why *did* Achilles drag Hector's body around the city of Troy?"

"Because he was just that *pissed*," Debbie says.

How could you not be crazy about such a clever girl?

Later still, we find ourselves up the canyon at my establishment, a modest aerie with a distant view of the Pacific, except, of course, at night. Without, all is terrifying blackness. I realize that she has

never been here before after dark, and it makes me weak with anticipation. We build a fire.

I have been working on the place between jobs—trying to remind myself what normal work is—and the interior walls are mostly knocked out, so it's all like one big room. Somehow, we wend over to the bed. The house warms up rapidly. We both sit Indian style on the bedspread, an absurd thing made of more than 100 genuine coyote muzzles. I rather regret the purchase—made after the whopping success of *Crybabies*, my first flick. I think about those poor little wild pups often, and something catches in my throat. But as a practical matter, I hesitate to get rid of it, you know, give it to the maid or the Salvation Army. After all, the damn thing cost more than \$10,000. In any case, with surprising suddenness, Debbie whips off her clothes, as if to prove a point in some kind of argument that hasn't even taken place. Physiologically, the stress is so awful that I fear some kind of medical disaster: an aneurysm, perhaps cardiac arrest—rare in fellows under 35 but nonetheless possible.

"Give her up," she says.

"Huh? Who?"

"The fucking queen of Norway."

"I can't believe you said that."

"I can't believe you said 'Who?'"

"You just said that, right? That thing about the queen of Norway?"

"I've been rehearsing it for eleven years, saying it over and over again in my head like a mantra, just waiting for exactly the right moment to spring it, and here we are, Buddy, here we are."

"This is one of the problems with sarcasm," I point out. "It's a very inefficient means of communication."

"Take your clothes off this very minute," she says. "Is that direct enough for you?"

For the second time that day, I disport myself upon another of the world's most desired female bodies. We go on and on for hours. The convulsions of love barely even satisfy my desire for this extraordinary maiden. Then, afterward, we lie side by side as our breathing slowly returns to normal. Overhead, stars twinkle coldly through the skylight. Somewhere out there, I think, the poor lost Wiffleheads are wandering.

"Now will you give her up?" Debbie asks.

"She's fragile," I say. "She'll feel rejected."

"Who cares?"

"She could flip out, hit the bottle, attempt suicide again. Down the drain goes this picture, along with our profit participation."

Debbie considers this for a few moments. She is no child. You can see the wheels turning, hear the digital bleeplets as she racks up her calculations.

"I'd have to let her down gently. . . ."

A look of transport suddenly lights up Debbie's face as though it contained a 150-watt bulb.

"I've got it," she says. "Ask her to marry



"No, Rosamund, it's not Halloween that fills you with a nameless dread. It's Christmas."

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and
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**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking
Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.**

you. She'll drop you like a sack of radioactive shit."

"Isn't that just a bit cruel and devious?"

"Hey, after all, who do you love?"

"Hoogly moogly."

The very next day, in that trailer full of dying plants, I ask Sasha to marry me. This provokes a sidelong glance, followed by a wicked smile. "Silly boy. I'm old enough to be your mother."

"A technicality."

It so happens that even as this conversation occurs, I am deep inside her, doggy style, thinking, What a pig I have become.

"Oh, what the hell," she says with a girlish laugh. "It's only life. Let's do it."

Imagine my shock.

"Uh, can we keep it a secret?"

"A secret marriage? How absurd, Buddy."

"No, just the announcement."

"Oh. Well, yes, for a while, I suppose, darling."

That was noon. Before we break for supper on the set, someone gets hold of that evening's *Herald-Examiner*, and what should be at the bottom of page one but a big glamor-puss photo of Sasha with an inset mug shot of me taken the night I was booked for punching that *paparazzo* who hid himself in the back seat of my car during the Academy Awards show. That will teach you to buy a big English car, won't it?

Debbie is remarkably self-possessed, considering.

"Looks like we sort of miscalculated there, pard," she tells me the first opportunity we get to be alone, with Sasha off having her hairdo repaired.

"Ha," I glumly agree.

"Maybe you'll only last as long as that spick billionaire."

"How long *did* he last?"

"Eight days," Debbie says. "A vein burst in his head."

"Omigod."

"That was on day five, as I recall," she rattles on. "The marriage was already on the rocks. The illness actually brought them together for a while."

"Lord, have mercy on me," say I, though generally not given to sanctimony.

"You'll handle it," she says.

I can't help but think that she is daring me. Very well.

Witless with anxiety, I repair with Sasha to the princess' fairy castle in Bel Air after the day's shooting. Such a big place for such a tiny woman. Fountains, stables, the renowned pool with its statue-clogged grotto. "What's mine is yours now, dear boy," she says.

A supper is arranged. At nine p.m., the limos begin cruising up the circular drive, as though for somebody's funeral, discharging the gerontic princelings of the silver screen and their consorts: Vance Huddle, king of the cowpokes; Mort Klotz, dwarfish chairman emeritus of Paramount; Chuck Brawn, often confused with Moses and sometimes even with God Almighty; Bunny Hassler, "the funniest

man in America" (according to Franklin D. Roosevelt); Chet Lally, the superagent who, at the age of 91, begins to look like Amenhotep; and so on down the list. It is obvious that they loathe me.

For about an hour, everybody talks extreme right-wing politics around the enormous marble table—"Your colored are draggin' this great country right down into the mud," says Vance Huddle—and then one by one, they start dropping off to dreamland in their seats. Old habits die hard. Although most of these coots haven't been on a set in a decade or more, you'd think they just finished a week of six a.m. calls.

Then we are in Sasha's boudoir, a spacious suite of linked chambers (bath, dressing, bed), a seraglio in so many shades of pink that it would make a gynecologist cry for mercy. Entering her here, I have the eerie sense of entering history. I imagine my rutting predecessors having at her little wet bottom, just as I do: the ace of Korea, the Cabinet officer, Count Kluzwiczski in his jodhpurs and jaunty helmet, and so on—not to mention the famous one-night stands. This is a wicked world. I sleep poorly.

It all happens so rapidly. Our wedding is set for the day after we wrap the picture. Since neither of us is a pious practitioner of our native-born sects (mine Lutheran, hers Hebrew), we are to be joined by a California Court of Appeals judge on Sasha's terrace. Select members of the press corps have been allowed in to avoid the obstreperous shenanigans that barring them always entails.

It is to be "a small ceremony," according to Sasha. "Just a few old friends." At least 200 show up. They are deployed all over the Italianate garden. I wait before a shell-carved marble niche with the judge. A concupiscent look on his face tells me that he has had the princess a time or two and doesn't care if I know it. The desire to be blind drunk in a Mexican hotel registered under a phony name almost overwhelms me. A string quartet, hired for the occasion, strikes up Mendelssohn's moth-eaten march. Sasha appears from the house, a queen bee attended by a swarm of drones. She looks frighteningly lovely in a little white-and-gold *Charmeuse*, not only a goddess but a virgin. This is, after all, Hollywood.

Then I see Debbie among the faded lions and the hollow-cheeked duchesses. She is smiling. She wears a look of complete serenity and confidence. She mouths some words. I can't make them out. *Huh? Huh?* I squint at her. Finally, I realize what she's saying: "You . . . can . . . handle . . . it."

Then Sasha is by my side, glowing, and as the judge begins to speak, the blood rises in my brain like bubbles in a glass of champagne. There are so many words. He has to lean forward to get my attention.

"Do you, Mr. Burns?" he intones.

"Do I what?" I croak.

"Take this woman to be your lawfully wedded wife?"

Once again, I see Debbie, this time over Sasha's head. Something in my heart suddenly seems to burst, and a flood tide of emotion rises in my gorge.

"Mr. Burns," the judge repeats a little impatiently.

"Oh, say it, darling," Sasha whispers. "Say it!"

I say it: "Hoogly moogly."

"What was that?" the judge says, squinting at me.

"Did you happen to see *The Return of the Wiffleheads*? That picture I made about the Alpha Centaurians who get marooned on Nantucket?"

"Oh, Buddy," Sasha whimpers, wobbling in her Christian Lacroix slippers.

Opprobrious murmurs undulate through the crowd.

"I only want to know one thing, Mr. Burns," the judge whispers venomously. "Does it mean yes or no?"

"Well, it can mean several things. 'Pardon me,' or 'Sorry,' or 'Forget it.' See, the Alpha Centaurians are these feckless, insecure little beings—hey, you must have seen the picture. It is the second-leading grosser of all time—"

There is a small thud as Sasha's petite body folds up on the flagstones like a puppet with its strings cut.

All of a sudden, people are noisily swirling about, and nobody hears me say, "They were harmless little beings, sent to Earth to teach us good manners."

Vance Huddle, 6'5", swaggers by to say, "Son, for two goshdarn cents, I'd squash yer head like a mango."

Mort Klotz mutters, "You'll never work in this town again."

Chuck Brawn, Bunny Hassler, Chet Lally, a virtual wax museum of Hollywood's Golden Years, file past me promising swift and horrible retribution. Crucifixion is suggested. It is an interesting idea, since in her salad days, Sasha starred in half a dozen major Bible epics and was present at Calvary often enough (once with Chuck Brawn) to qualify for honorary sainthood, or at least a star on the Vatican sidewalk.

Finally, and mercifully soon, the Italianate garden is empty except for Debbie and me.

"Are we bad people?" I ask her.

"We're modern," she says.

"So was the princess in her day. The time may come when somebody makes us ridiculous."

"We'll handle it," Debbie says.

A servant comes out and informs us that we will be arrested for trespassing if not off the property in five minutes. He has a Slavic accent and, with shaven head, the look of a professional sadist. We fly away into the citrus-scented night on winged wheels, two feckless wanderers on a strange planet, left behind by the mother ship.



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'BOY MEETS 'GIRL (continued from page 80)

"You can feel it in your body. Every nerve ending in your skin is communicating with the camera."

it was about. And that's why I love doing what I do, because I'm sort of on a mission to tell our readers that their sexuality is a wonderful thing to enjoy. And I'd like to go *beyond* our readership. I'm working on my first novel, which has a sexual theme, and on an idea for a TV show about women's sexuality.

PLAYBOY: Do you consider yourself a hedonist?

PLAYGIRL: Yes. And I think that part of me is also a major sensualist. If I could have a massage every morning when I woke up and every evening when I went to sleep, I would be a very happy person. And it doesn't have to have anything to do with sex. Many women want to be touched and stroked and massaged and rubbed. Some of the most sensitive parts of my body are not in any of your standard erog-

enous zones.

PLAYBOY: What's an extremely sensitive part of your body?

PLAYGIRL: The back of my neck. So, you see, it's not all breasts and genitals.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever get hot on the job?

PLAYGIRL: Sure; every now and then, a guy sends in a picture, and I'll go, "Oh, my God! Wait one second here!" And, yes, that makes me a little crazy. But in terms of twitching and squirming, I would say I get turned on by the stories and the fantasies the readers send in to us. Because words create pictures in my head, and I find myself thinking, What a good idea.

PLAYBOY: Is it frustrating to get turned on in the middle of the workday?

PLAYGIRL: Sure; it makes it a little hard to concentrate.

PLAYBOY: What do you do about it?



"This evening's program consists of Brahms, Mozart, Strauss and a rap piece commissioned for this occasion."

PLAYGIRL: Nothing. I wait until I get home to my boyfriend. Then I attack.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about the *Playboy* shoot. What did you do beforehand to get yourself psyched?

PLAYGIRL: I was staying at this wonderful hotel in Los Angeles with a Jacuzzi on the roof—heated, of course—and this beautiful view of the city. So I went up there, got into the Jacuzzi, got out my Walkman and listened to Sade—new album, very L.A., very sexy—and I let the water bubble up around me until I said, "I'm ready. I can do anything now."

PLAYBOY: Once you were in front of the camera, what was the sensation?

PLAYGIRL: You can feel it in your body, in your mind, in the way that your clothes or lingerie feel on you. You're ready and moving toward something. Every nerve ending in your skin is communicating with the camera.

PLAYBOY: Did you fantasize about anything?

PLAYGIRL: I pictured men getting hard, OK? It's the equivalent of *Playgirl's* women readers' seeing our guys and getting wet; the idea that just looking is enough to turn you on. That's what I was trying to convey.

PLAYBOY: How do you deal with the hard-on in your pictorials? What can you get away with?

PLAYGIRL: OK. Here's the way it works: We show men with partial erections but not with full erections, simply because you cross that so-called fine line between photography and pornography.

At one point, *Playgirl* was doing serious hard-on shots; stuff that looked like this [angles arm upward]—like a hatrack. But a lot of retailers got pissed off and closed themselves off to us. They said, "We can't carry this magazine. This is filth."

PLAYBOY: So how do you work around it?

PLAYGIRL: We'll have the guy sitting down or lying down. That way, he can have a very lovely erection that, because of its position, won't be so obvious. I think it's unfortunate that we have these kinds of rules, but it's necessary.

PLAYBOY: How do you think your readers are going to react to your being in *Playboy*?

PLAYGIRL: I think they may be upset that I've done something that most of them won't have the opportunity to do. I think they may be jealous of me; they'll say, "My boyfriend was looking at pictures of you in *Playboy*. How dare you?"

PLAYBOY: And that worries you.

PLAYGIRL: Yes. I have a tremendous sense of responsibility to them and I don't want them to feel that I'm in competition with them, because I'm not. Posing for *Playboy* was a fantasy for me. And I want my readers to know that I did it because it was a thrill. And, yes, it's all right to do something just because it's thrilling.



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OLYMPIC TRAINING TABLE

(continued from page 96)

Prazmark points out that T.O.P. funds go to the national Olympic committees, not to the governments. And the companies, he says, "don't treat themselves as American corporations. They treat themselves as global corporations."

Donn Osmon, marketing-and-public-affairs V.P. for 3M, which does 40 percent of its business overseas, differs slightly with Prazmark's observation. "Oh, we do see ourselves as an American company," he says. "That's why we're supporting the U.S. Olympic Committee. But at the same time, the people in our Canadian company see themselves as Canadians supporting the Canadian Olympic Committee."

Although 3M does business in the U.S.S.R. and some of its products there are branded with the Olympic logo, the company is not openly pursuing Soviet-team

sponsorship for marketing gains. But 3M is promoting itself as a team sponsor in Japan, where its Scotch brand tape has taken over the number-one slot in video-cassette sales, outselling TDK and Sony.

All of which points up another irony. While Americans infected with Olympic fever tend to view the games as a U.S.-vs.-them confrontation with the Russkies, in the Olympic marketing area, them's the Japanese. Eight of the nine companies entered in this year's Olympic sweepstakes are based in the U.S. and Japan. Given the current world-trade situation, it seems fitting that in this, the first Olympics of global marketing, the anchor relay of the race for market share is being run in South Korea. And with I.S.L. already soliciting entry fees for 1992 (don't say Dick Gephardt didn't warn us), can Hyundai be far behind?



GREAT DIVIDE

(continued from page 114)

"When I got back, I was scared and grateful and ashamed that I had lived, 'cause I was getting letters: So-and-so got hit, so-and-so burned to death. I had been given my life back; I felt a tremendous energy. At the same time, I felt like shit.

"The summer of '68, I got a job driving a C.T.A. bus. The streets were crazy. One night, I'm driving a bus down Clark Street, past Lincoln Park. I look out under the trees to see what's happening. You can see the silhouettes of cops, cop cars and kids. I heard there was tear gas and cops beating up kids. When I was in Vietnam, we used tear gas to flush people out of tunnels.

"As we got closer, I pulled the brake and said, 'I'm sorry, we're not goin' anywhere.' The passengers hollered, 'Go on, go on!' I said, 'No, no, no, no!' I fully expected people were gonna get killed.

"I think the police riot was the next night. I came to a stop light at the south end of the Loop. All four curbs were bumper-to-bumper buses, which each held maybe 60 guys. They were just filled with cops and all the lights were off. All I could see was riot gear: helmets and billy clubs. I knew exactly what was gonna happen. These guys were gonna do the same thing I had done overseas. They were just gonna smash people. I turned my bus around; the hell with it."

REX WINSHIP: *He deals in futures. In fact, he deals in just about anything: grains, metals, livestock, bonds, bills, currencies, interest rates. "Anything you can buy, we can trade." His estimated net worth is more than \$400,000,000.*

"I'm sure we're close to another change. I don't know if it'll come next week or ten years from now. Nothin' is forever. You always have to stay flexible, so you can change. That means education.

"There's a business we should go into: training people to be in the service business. Give them basic skills: math, speaking, diction. You can't be in the business world and not be able to communicate. It wasn't as important when you had a screwdriver in your hand.

"Back in the Fifties, when you went in for a job, the guy said, 'How old are you?' 'Twenty-six.' 'Married?' 'You bet.' 'Boy, that's good. What a guy, you're married.' Stabilizing force, right? Today, you don't want the kid married. You want to be able to send him to Singapore for two years, Sydney, Australia, for a year, and then back to Chicago. Two, he's gotta go to school nights. He's gotta learn math, statistics; he's gotta learn Fed policy. When he goes to work at six and gets home after school at 9:30, what's his new wife gonna say to him?

"It's very hard to make a profit in a free market. Look at the airlines decontrolled. With controls, you're simply smarter than the controllers. Christ, if you can't outsmart one little Government staff, you



"I have to leave before midnight, but I have time for a quickie."

"Best deal in town"
 — PLAYBOY MAGAZINE
 AUGUST 1987

Enjoy all the privileges and VIP treatment normally given only to Las Vegas 'high rollers' with this *virtually*

FREE LAS VEGAS VACATION

You'll be glad you waited to plan a fun-filled dream vacation to Las Vegas. With tens of thousands of plush rooms to fill and casinos now legal in the east, Las Vegas has to be more competitive. Now enjoy an exciting three-day, two-night VIP vacation at famous Vegas World Hotel and Casino on the fabulous "Strip."

You will receive over \$1000 in casino action upon arrival as explained below.

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A deluxe room for two for 3 days and 2 nights at Vegas World Hotel and Casino, which offers every amenity, including individually controlled air conditioning, direct dial telephones and color television.

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- \$400 in dollar slot machine action. (Good on all dollar carousels.)
- \$200 in your choice of Table Action chips or dollar slot machine action as outlined above.
- FREE FINE GIFT from among five shown here.
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- A deck of casino quality playing cards.
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- All winnings paid in CASH. Keep what you win.
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- No additional charges of any kind.

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Reservations for this special Gift/Vacation are extremely limited.

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For a limited time, if you accept our invitation, you will receive one of the valuable gifts below — guaranteed. Selection by random drawing upon arrival for your vacation. (Shipping included.)



13" Sylvania color TV with touch channel selection. Value: \$189



Zenith VCR with remote. Value: \$299



U.S. currency — five hundred dollar bill. Value: \$500



14K solid gold ring with six matching diamonds. Value: \$285



Real Vegas World Slot Machine plus \$300 in quarters. Value: \$1,395

TO ACCEPT THIS INVITATION a redeemable reservation fee of \$198 per person is required. For this fee, you will receive chips, scrip and one of the valuable gifts shown making your vacation virtually free.

Offer Expires October 7, 1988

Bob Stupaks
VEGAS WORLD
 HOTEL CASINO

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Vacation anytime before June 30, 1990
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2. A reservation fee of \$198 per person (total \$396) must be mailed to guarantee your arrival. For your reservation fee you will receive, upon arrival, all of the benefits as described.
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5. Transportation and any other individual expenses are not included.
6. Terms and conditions may in no way be altered. So we may adequately plan room and free gift availability, you must act before October 7, 1988.

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Bob Stupaks **VEGAS WORLD** HOTEL CASINO

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I wish to take advantage of your Las Vegas VIP Vacation/Gift opportunity. I have enclosed my reservation fee (check or money order) for \$396 for two people. I understand I have until June 30, 1990 to take my vacation, and that during my stay, I will receive all of the benefits listed. Limit one gift per couple. (Please make check payable to: Vegas World Vacation Club.)

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Please read the "Privileges and Provisions" of your invitation thoroughly to make the most of your vacation and to know exactly what you're entitled to receive.

Charge my Visa MasterCard Discover American Express

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Signature _____

OFFER EXPIRES OCTOBER 7, 1988 C7084 PB

shouldn't get to work in the morning."

If you're called a pirate, a robber baron, is that an insult?

"It's a compliment. Absolutely. I wish I had their money. Who developed America? The regulator? The President? Or was it Andrew Mellon, John D. Rockefeller? I mean, *tell me what they did that was bad. Seriously, what did they do that was bad?*"

DOUGLAS ROTH: *He is that rarest of birds, a defrocked American Lutheran minister, only the second in the church's history. En route from the Pittsburgh airport to the steel-mill town of Clairton, where he had his parish and where he still lives, we pass other such communities: Munhall; Duquesne; Homestead, of bloody labor history and lore; McKeesport; Hazelwood. It is impossible to distinguish one from the other: the same rows of smokeless chimneys, remainders of what were once furiously engaged steel mills; the same gray landscape, superimposed on the obstinate green of the trees; the same silence.*

"It began as an ordinary mill-town ministry. Our first call. In '78, the mills were working pretty good. Our plan was to stay three years and head back to the Midwest. Then prophetic things began to happen [laughs]. The city of Clairton went bankrupt. They had no money for police or firemen or any other city workers. In our research, we discovered that the chief cause behind everything was a massive disinvestment. The money was leaving this valley at a fantastic rate, going overseas, to the Third World and cheap labor.

"The number-one culprit is the Mellon Bank. It runs Pittsburgh: every institution from the churches to the schools to the various corporations across the board. All

roads lead to the Mellon Bank.

"The church is real good about writing up all kinds of statements on economic justice, wonderful words. We said we have to go beyond that. So we devised a whole series of actions.

"We put out a whole series of fliers. The most famous dealt with the closing of Mesta Machine Company. It makes the equipment that goes into a steel mill. The bank foreclosed on Mesta for \$13,000,000. At the same time, it was lending millions to Sumitomo in Japan. It's a huge conglomerate that makes the same product.

"The Mellon Bank holds a lot of pension money for these men and is using their money against 'em. We had a pledge D day, June 6, 1983. It was disinvestment day, and we organized massive withdrawals.

"In October came the penny action, with about 100 union workers. They went into the bank with ten dollars each and said, 'I want ten dollars' worth of pennies. I wanna count them, make sure they're here.'

"The next time, our guys took out safe-deposit boxes: 'We want to do business with you.' The workers would then bring in frozen blocks of fish and deposit them in their boxes. Before that, we'd had hours of meetings with the executives of the Mellon Bank. They just kept telling us how they had this fiduciary responsibility to their stockholders. They were just bankers and had no real power. That's when we decided to take the fishes and loaves, give them to the Mellon Bank and see if they could feed the multitudes."

THE REVEREND BILL HYBELS: *At 34, he is senior pastor of the Willow Creek Community Church. He also acted as chaplain of the*

Chicago Bears until 1988. Several of their star players are among his parishioners.

We're in his expansive office suite on the second floor. It's shortly after the early service, attended by a full house, 4500. In about an hour, the second service will get under way. Another full house is expected.

"We have a Yuppie crowd, upper-middle. We say, 'Once a Yuppie has bought his second BMW, then what?' They're 34 years old, they're investment bankers, they've got their home and two BMWs and they're empty. They're saying, 'I'm only 34, what is this all about? I don't need a third BMW.' That's when they start looking.

"They come here and they perceive me as their peer. They say, 'There's another Yuppie.' I don't have two BMWs, to be sure [laughs]. They say, 'There's a guy who could qualify, but he has some direction to his life. I think I'll listen to him.' They see other people their own age singing songs about direction. They see a creative drama about it on stage. There's a band playing that could play at any lounge anywhere. They have to take this seriously.

"There's never been an age more ripe for the message of hope in Christ and love in God than right now. As for the danger of war and the bomb, I am concerned as a citizen of the planet. Have I lost one wink's sleep over it? No. I have peace, in spite of the fact that the world may not have peace. I would love to see it."

MARK BECKER: *He is 17, a senior at a private school in New York. He is captain and cleanup hitter of the school's baseball team; he heads the hockey team—"It's really rough, I love it"—and the math team, as well.*

"I run a mutual fund for the students in the school. My father runs his own Wall Street firm, and I guess that's where I learned. He's an arbitrager; it's the hottest thing on Wall Street these days. Those are the guys who are getting caught for insider trading. I'm sure my dad's not one of 'em.

"When I was a freshman, this fund was started. We formed a business club; we were gonna invest in the stock market, put our money together. It's called BIC, Business Investment Club. I was made chairman when I was 14. We have 135 investors. We make a lot of money. We started with \$1600 and we now have \$8000.

"A lot of our fathers are in the market. But everything we do is strictly our decision. We don't ask them for advice.

"I read the paper every day. The sports section and the business section, that's it [laughs]. I look at the funny page, too. I read a little column about companies, three-sentence stories about what's happening. You can't just read about it and buy it. I get the Standard & Poor's sheet. I know what to look for a little bit. That's why I'm goin' to business school, 'cause I'm still only a high school kid.

"I watch the news on TV, but the only show I really watch is *Dallas*, every Friday. It fascinates me, 'cause I like J. R. Ewing. He does everything he wants. I love him—



Buck Brown

"That was great! Are you sure you're a Republican?"

PHOTOTRON

GROW ANY PLANT WITH STATE OF THE ART HORTICULTURAL TECHNOLOGY

Hello, my name is Jeffery DeMarco, president and founder of Pyraponic Industries. My master's thesis concerned the cannabinoid profile of marijuana. The knowledge gained through this research and experimentation can now be applied to the growing of any herbaceous plant from mint and basil, to roses and tobacco.

In pursuit of this master's thesis, I first had to generate the world's most extensive, nonacademic library on the subject. Second, I assembled the most extensive, scientific bibliography ever created. Then, I went into the laboratory at a major university while under federal license, and designed the most sophisticated laboratory grade growing chamber in the world called the PHOTOTRON and the methodology "Growing Plants Pyraponometrically".

The Phototron is not presented to the public as a piece of paraphernalia intended for the unlawful production of marijuana. The system was designed to grow any plant. The private cultivation of marijuana has been illegal under numerous state and federal laws since 1936. Marijuana can only be grown legally with a federal license. I worked under such a license at the time I was engaged in my research. Pyraponic Industries will never knowingly sell products to anyone expressing the intent to produce illicit substances.

If you were to research indoor plant growing techniques, as I did, a similarity soon becomes apparent. Every system before the Phototron has attempted to duplicate a tropical climate, such as Hawaii's, in a confined area. I suggest that when you finally achieve the re-creation of Hawaii, you can do no better than Hawaii's results.

In fact you will grow the plant six (6) to nine (9) months with an average six (6) inch internodal length, (the distance between fruiting sites). That will produce a fruiting ratio at the tops of the plant equal to only ten percent (10%). Ninety percent (90%) of the plant material is unusable and the plants are killed off after harvest in preparation for planting the next crop.

Number one, the only thing I am waiting nine (9) months for is a baby. Number two, I don't want a tree growing in my home. Number three, I am not going to pay the electric bill to artificially reproduce the sun. That is why I made my system so revolutionary. The Phototron measures only 36 inches tall by 18 inches wide. Its potential is deceptively masked by the simplicity of functional design and compact size.

On average, the Phototron draws only \$4.00 per month in electricity. I guarantee you will grow six (6) plants, three (3) feet tall in forty-five (45) days, while maintaining a one (1) inch internodal length. I guarantee that in your Phototron each of your six plants will produce over one thousand (1000) fruiting sites from top to bottom. Mine is the only system in the world which will allow you to reflower and refruit the same plants every forty-five (45) days. You will remove from the system everyday. Beginning on DAY 20 after seed germination an average of six (6) to eight (8) ounces of plant material, such as tobacco can be harvested every forty-five days.

Please, do not allow the technical sounding nature of the Phototron scare you away. I personally service back and guarantee each unit sold. The instructions are clear and simple; the system comes to you complete. All you must do is select your seeds, plug in the system and water it routinely. Then, if you have any questions, you may call me directly. Ask your question. Get your answer.

You can not fall with my Phototron. I do not allow any of my Phototrons to fall below showcase. I personally have guaranteed every Phototron ever sold and I have never had one returned, ever, and I'm not starting now.

Call me at 1-312-544-BUDS. If you do not learn more about plant production than you have ever learned before, I will pay you for the call. Can you afford not to call?

Jeffery Julian DeMarco



PHOTOTRON	NONE	12	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES
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NUTRIENTS	GUARANTEE FEMALE SEX NEVER KILLS THE PLANTS ONE-INCH INTERNODAL LENGTHS - 1,000 BUDDING SITES PER PLANT RE-FLOWER AND RE-BUD SAME PLANTS EVERY 45 DAYS UP TO 8 TIMES PER YEAR RE-FLOWER AND RE-BUD SAME PLANTS EVERY 45 DAYS UP TO 8 TIMES PER YEAR TOTALLY SELF-SUFFICIENT TO LEAF SATURATION SERVICE NOT LINE FOR QUESTIONS									
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AS SEEN ON THE BBC'S
TOMORROW'S WORLD

AS ADVERTISED NATIONALLY SINCE 1979 WITH OVER 60,000 UNITS SOLD WORLDWIDE

he kicks butts. I like to do it in sports. That's why I play hockey. I'm very physical. I'm known as an intimidator."

SUGAR RAUTBORD: *She is a member of Chicago's young social set. It is difficult to point to any one magazine or tabloid where her face and story have not appeared.*

Her horizons have extended to Washington, where she tossed a dinner for President and Mrs. Reagan.

"I think of myself as an upper-class working girl. The handle the press has given me is 'socialite.' A socialite in today's world is a well-dressed fund raiser. Socialite women meet socialite men and mate and breed socialite children so that we can fund small opera companies and ballet troupes, because there is no Government subsidy. And charities, of course.

"The party I gave in Washington was for Nicaraguan refugee children. It wasn't for the *Contras*, though I'm sure that would be fun. I did meet an awful lot of *Contras*, all sorts of interesting people.

"I had a briefing at the White House given by a very interesting gentleman, a Marine lieutenant colonel named Oliver North. And then I had another briefing with a very interesting gentleman named

Robert McFarlane. Then there was a knock on the door and it was a gentleman by the name of Adolfo Calero, who had come to see me. Patrick Buchanan was another one I spoke to. I learned a lot about political science, just by osmosis.

"In the political world, people are out there trying to make a difference. Adolfo Calero, for one. He was charming. So many of those from the Somoza regime are so Americanized.

"God knows where the funds for the dinner went. I asked for some accounting figures.

"I hope the President and Mrs. Reagan remember me. I've been to dinner once or twice at the White House. I worked on the Blair House restoration this year, which I thought was nice.

"You must remember that fund raising is my work. Sometimes you have to be a little dramatic if you're trying to solicit. It's hard to separate people from their money. As I was riding around New York in a limousine during a hotel strike and there was no place to go, I said, 'Now I know what it feels like to be a bag lady.'

"You can't pick up every homeless person and bring them home. But if you can

help by saying something entertaining, you bring a light into their eyes. Maybe that's what the word socialite means.

"It may be naïve, but I still think we can soothe savages with Beethoven. If we can learn to laugh at the same comedy, to cry at the same tragedy, to be moved by the same arts, we've moved closer to an understanding. If you don't understand people, then you bring out the bullets.

"Someone's got to raise money for the arts. Sometimes corporations do it. Sometimes the Government does it. Sometimes it is left to us ladies running around with our Tiffany cups out."

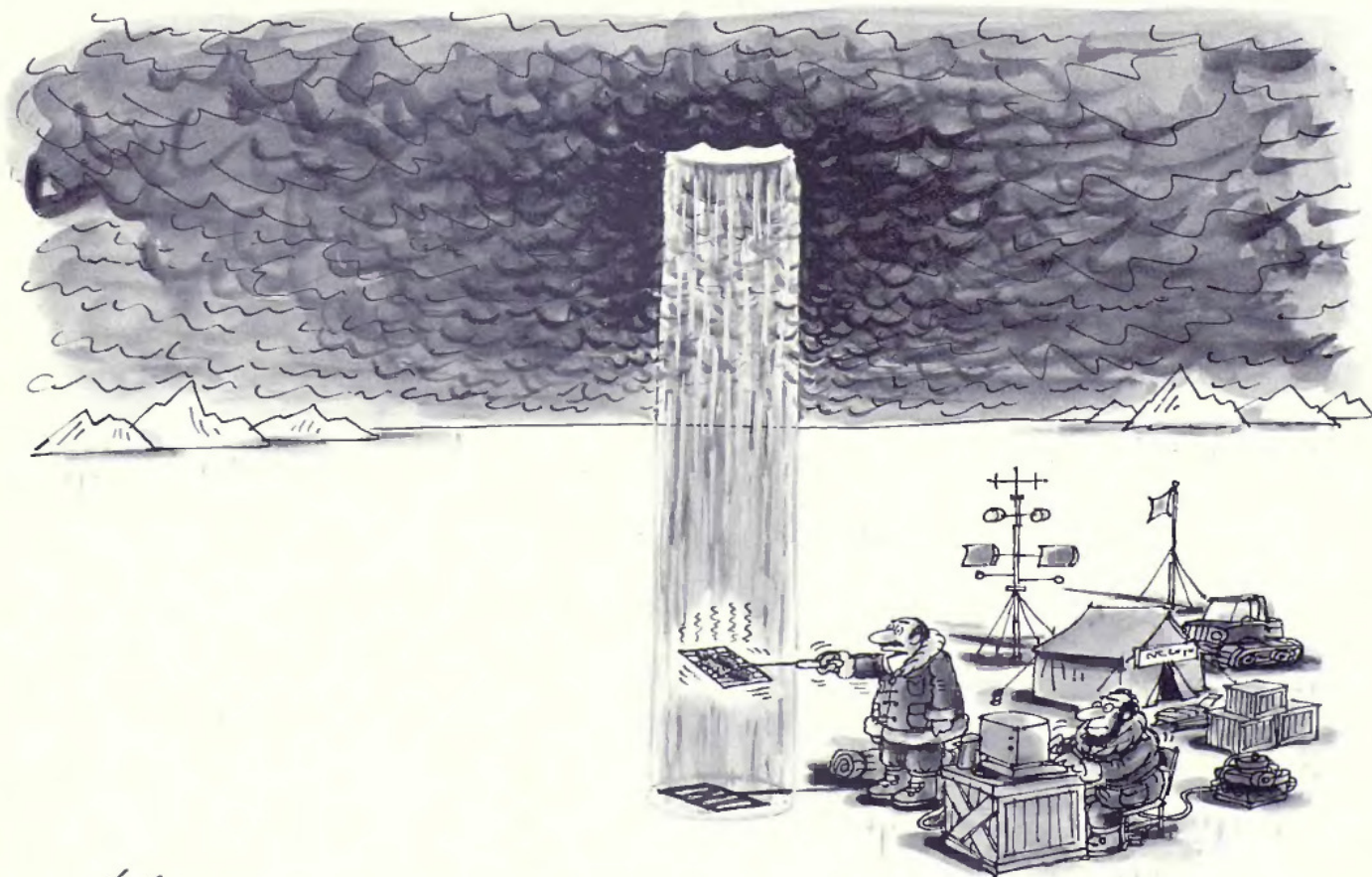
Tiffany what?

"Cups out. Panhandling, you know."

JEAN GUMP: *A grandmother and a mother of 12, ranging in age from 22 to 35. She and her family have lived in a middle-class western suburb of Chicago for 32 years.*

For something she did on Good Friday, 1986, she was arrested. Along with her, four other Catholics, young enough to be her children, have been sentenced to terms in prison. Their group is called Silo Plowshares.

"We commemorated the Crucifixion of Christ by entering a missile silo near Holden, Missouri. We hung a banner on the



Wi

"We've got to make certain our report gets across the full severity of an increasing hole in the ozone layer!!! . . . How do you like your hamburger cooked, professor?"

outside of the chain link fence that read, SWORDS INTO PLOWSHARES. AN ACT OF HEALING. *Isaiah 2*, from Scriptures: We will pound our swords into plowshares and we will study war no more.

"It's a Minuteman II silo, a first-strike weapon. There are 150 of these missiles. If one of them were to leave the ground, it would decimate an area of 72 miles. We wanted to make this weapon inoperable. We succeeded.

"We carried three hammers, a wire clipper, three baby bottles with our blood, papers with an indictment against the United States and against the Christian church for its complicity. To get through the fence, we used the wire clipper. We had practiced in the park the day before. Once we were in, I proceeded to use the blood, and I made a cross on top of the silo. Underneath, I wrote the words DISARM AND LIVE in black spray paint.

"About 40 minutes later, the soldiers arrived in an armored vehicle. There was a machine-gun turret at the top. The commander used a megaphone and said, 'Will all the personnel on top of the silo please leave the premises with your hands raised?' So all of us personnel [laughs] left the silo.

"The area filled with about eight automobiles. FBI, local sheriffs, and so on. They took us into this armored vehicle. On its right-hand side was a big sign: PEACE-KEEPER.

"I said, 'Young man, have you had an opportunity to read Orwell's *1984*?'

"He said, 'I'm not allowed to talk to you.'

"I said, 'I'll talk to you, then.'

"He said, 'If I had my uniform off, we could talk.'

"I said, 'Maybe we'll meet and have coffee someday.'

"My children knew nothing about this. 'Mother's doing her thing' is what they always say. As I leave the house, they often say, 'Don't get arrested, Ma.' I've been arrested five other times for civil disobedience.

"When the kids were little, I always said, 'Don't ever look to the next guy to affect change. Do it yourself.'

"There's a ripple effect from what we're doing. That's exciting. You never know where it's going to hit. You just know you must do what you must do and let the chips fall where they may.

"You know, I have never been so hopeful. If I can change my way of thinking, anybody can. I don't want to be singled out as anybody special, because I am not. We have got to have a future for our children and we've got to make some sacrifices for it, OK? Call it a legacy if you want to. What else is there?"

Postscript: Jean Gump was sentenced to eight years at a Federal penitentiary on the charges of conspiracy and destroying public property. For the past 11 months, she has been number 03789-045 at the Correctional Institution for Women, Alderson, West Virginia.



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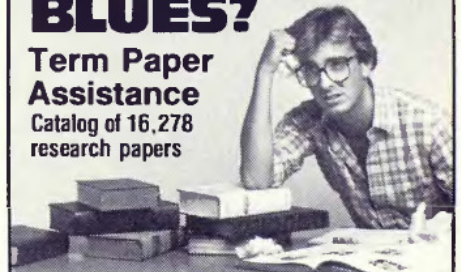
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"One of the great traditions was resurrected last year. Notre Dame re-emerged as a national power."

5. NEBRASKA

You have to go all the way back to 1961 to find the last time Nebraska had a losing season (3-6-1). The arrival of coach Bob Devaney started the Huskers on a winning tradition that Tom Osborne has done nothing but enhance. Nine wins this year would make 20 consecutive seasons with at least nine victories for Nebraska. With quarterback Steve Taylor and Playboy All-America Broderick Thomas returning, the Husker string will likely go unbroken.

Thomas has been switched to outside linebacker, giving Nebraska perhaps the strongest linebacking crew in the nation. The defensive secondary, led by Mark Blazek, is also excellent. The offensive line may be a little thinner than in recent years. However, there is an abundance of running backs, including Terry Rodgers, son of Nebraska's legendary Johnny Rodgers. 9-2

6. IOWA

Iowa will be awesome in 1988. Quarterback Chuck Hartlieb, who led the Big Ten in passing efficiency and was the first Hawkeye to throw for more than 300 yards five times in one year, returns for his final

season. He has an excellent target to throw to in tight end Marv Cook. Dave Haight, the Big Ten Defensive Lineman of the Year last season, is also back. Coach Hayden Fry is concerned about depth at running back and the lack of a proven kicker. Iowa's schedule, softer than its rivals' for the conference crown, gives the Hawkeyes a slight advantage. 9-2

7. NOTRE DAME

One of the great traditions of college football was resurrected last year. Notre Dame re-emerged as a national power, winning eight of its first nine games and breaking into the final top-20 rankings for the first time in seven years. The Irish owe their success not to luck but to their cocky and clever little coach, Lou Holtz. And Holtz isn't satisfied yet. "Our objective in 1988 is perfection. Anything short of that is unsatisfactory."

Notre Dame returns ten starters from last season. Mark Green, last year's leading rusher, returns at tailback, while Ricky Waters will fill Tim Brown's spot at flanker. Junior Tony Rice has a slight edge at the starting-quarterback spot over Kent Graham. The schedule is tough, as always, but the Irish do play seven home games this year. 8-3

8. WEST VIRGINIA

Last year, Syracuse put an end run on the other Big East Independent competitors. This year, it may be the Mountaineers of West Virginia who push past Penn State, Pittsburgh and Boston College in the national rankings. Coach Don Nehlen has 17 starters back from last year's 6-6 team, including Major Harris, one of the nation's best freshman quarterbacks. 8-3

9. MICHIGAN STATE

Michigan State had a storybook season last year. A 9-2-1 record, wins over Michigan and Ohio State, a trip to the Rose Bowl, where, lo and behold, the team actually beat Southern Cal 20-17. Coach George Perles gets the credit. He calls the MSU job "the finest coaching job in America" and backed that statement up when he turned down a \$2,250,000 five-year offer to coach the Green Bay Packers.

Running back Lorenzo White is gone, but 15 other starters are back. The most imposing offensive lineman in the country is 6'6", 315-pound Playboy All-America Tony Mandarich. Quarterback Bobby McAllister will throw to outstanding wide receiver Andre Rison. The Spartan defense, best in the Big Ten last year, returns stalwarts Percy Snow at linebacker and strong safety John Miller. 8-3

10. TENNESSEE

Tennessee's season will be decided before September is over. Three of its first four opponents are Georgia, Louisiana State and Auburn, tough conference rivals.

Coach Johnny Majors' biggest assets are quarterback Jeff Francis, who needs only 194 yards to surpass Tennessee's all-time career passing mark of 3823 yards, and Reggie Cobb, who ran for 1197 yards and scored 20 touchdowns in his freshman season last year. Playboy All-America linebacker Keith DeLong is the defensive leader. 8-3

11. MICHIGAN

Most college football coaches would be pleased with an 8-4 record, including a trip to a bowl game. For Michigan's Bo Schembechler, whose Wolverine teams have been ranked in the top 20 for 16 of his 19 seasons, last year was a disappointment. Part of the problem was the slow and inconsistent progress of quarterback Demetrius Brown, who should be better this year. Brown has two excellent receivers to throw to in Greg McMurtry and John Kolesar. Playboy All-America defensive lineman Mark Messner is the best of the tough Michigan defense. 8-3

12. AUBURN

Nothing much has changed at Auburn. Sure, quarterback Jeff Burger is gone, but Reggie Slack is ready to replace him. Aundray Bruce went as the number-one pick in the N.F.L. draft, but Craig Ogletree, a ferocious tackler, will fill his spot. Playboy All-America Tracy Rocker will again



"This may sound heartless, but if you learn to program the VCR, I'm outa here!"

anchor the defensive line. And another Playboy All-America, wide receiver Lawyer Tillman, will be back for another year. Missing, however, are Bo Jackson and Brent Fullwood to run the ball. Coach Pat Dye may have to rely on passing and defense if Auburn is to repeat as Southeastern Conference champion. 8-3

13. TEXAS A&M

Texas A&M, winner of the Southwest Conference championship for the past three years, is the favorite to repeat once again. Playboy Coach of the Year Jackie Sherrill, one of the top recruiting coaches in the country, has assembled a team that is talented and deep on both sides of the line.

Quarterback Bucky Richardson, the offensive M.V.P. from last year's Cotton Bowl win over Notre Dame (35-10), has a slight edge over Chris Osgood and Lance Pavlas. The Aggie backfield, featuring Matt Gurley, freshman Randy Simmons and 1987 S.W.C. Newcomer of the Year Darren Lewis, is, according to Sherrill, one of the best in the nation.

The strong point of the defense is the linebacking, led by Playboy All-America John Roper. The Aggies, probably a better team than last year's, will have a difficult time matching last season's 10-2 record because of a tough nonconference schedule that includes LSU, Nebraska, Oklahoma State and Alabama. 8-3

14. GEORGIA

This season will be Vince Dooley's 25th at Georgia, the longest tenure of any active college football coach. In that time, he has coached the Bulldogs to 192 wins. Obviously, Dooley knows how to recruit football talent. He also knows how to get the maximum results out of his Georgia players.

Dooley's best players are tight end Troy Sadowski and nose guard Bill Goldberg. Senior Wayne Johnson appears to have the inside track on the quarterback job, while Rodney Hampton will take over the tailback position vacated by Lars Tate. 8-3

15. ALABAMA

Expectations are running high in Tuscaloosa that Alabama will improve on

last season's 7-5 record, battle for the Southeastern Conference title and win the Sugar Bowl. Anything less will be a disappointment.

Two-time Playboy All-America running back Bobby Humphrey is the early favorite to win the Heisman Trophy. The Crimson Tide has unusual depth at quarterback, with David Smith, Jeff Dunn and Vince Sutton. On defense, Playboy All-America linebacker Derrick Thomas, nose guard Willie Wyatt and safety Kermit Kendrick are the outstanding players. 8-3

16. SOUTH CAROLINA

South Carolina, which posted an 8-4 record last season, has one of the hottest

teams have made bowl appearances and none of his teams has ever finished out of the upper division in the conference standings. This year, James and the Huskies will be trying to improve last season's 7-4-1 record. Tailback Vince Weathersby, UW's leading rusher for the past two years, is back, as is Playboy All-America offensive lineman Mike Zandofsky. 7-4

18. UCLA

N.F.L. scouts drool when they talk about UCLA quarterback Troy Aikman. The Playboy All-America has plenty of Q.B. savvy and a passing arm already being compared to John Elway's. While the Bruins have Aikman for one more season, some other important ingredients from

last year's 10-2 team are gone. Running backs Gaston Green and Mel Farr and linebacker Ken Norton are a tough act to follow. The key to this year's success will hinge on the performance of the Bruins' young offensive line. 7-4

19. PENN STATE

If anyone other than Joe Paterno coached Penn State, the Nittany Lions might be in for a long season. The team is very young, having lost 13 starters from last year, including quarterback Matt Knizner and wide receiver Ray Roundtree, who lost an appeal to the N.C.A.A. for another year of eligibility. The biggest question for Paterno is the health of Blair Thomas, whose 1414 yards last season was the third-best rushing total in Penn State history. Thomas has made progress after knee surgery, but it is unclear when he'll be 100 percent. Paterno, who always says that his team will have to struggle, should help the Nittany Lions find the needed intensity by season's end. 7-4

20. PITTSBURGH

Pittsburgh coach Mike Gottfried has landed one of the nation's top-ten groups of football prospects each of the past two years. Unfortunately, he didn't recruit heavily enough at the quarterback position, especially now that Darnell Dickerson, his number-one Q.B. choice, is questionable because of a knee injury. But

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young quarterbacks in the nation in Todd Ellis. Only a junior, Ellis is already the Gamecocks' career passing leader, with 6226 yards. Coach Joe Morrison, who lost 12 starters from last year, has installed a new offensive scheme that should further improve Ellis' production. The Gamecocks also have Playboy All-America Collin Mackie, the N.C.A.A.'s leading place kicker last year. 8-3

17. WASHINGTON

Don James has compiled some impressive numbers in his 13 years as coach of the Washington Huskies: 108 victories (just three more will make him the winningest coach in Pac 10 history), his past nine

REST OF THE BEST

(These players have a chance to make someone's end-of-the-season All-America team)

QUARTERBACKS: Rodney Peete (Southern Cal), Tom Hodson (Louisiana State), Todd Ellis (South Carolina), Chuck Hartlieb (Iowa), Steve Taylor (Nebraska), Bill Musgrave (Oregon), Jeff Francis (Tennessee), Janelle Holieway (Oklahoma), Terrence Jones (Tulane), Erik Wilhelm (Oregon State)

RUNNING BACKS: Emmitt Smith (Florida), Darrell Thompson (Minnesota), Blair Thomas (Penn State), Reggie Cobb (Tennessee), Eddie Johnson (Utah), John Harvey (Texas-El Paso), James Rouse (Arkansas), Todd McNair (Temple), Joe Henderson (Iowa State)

RECEIVERS: John Ford (Virginia), Andre Rison (Michigan State), Clarkston Hines (Duke), Jason Phillips (Houston), Nasrallah Worthen (North Carolina State), Calvin Williams (Purdue), Dennis Ross (Iowa State), John Kolesar (Michigan), Derek Hill (Arizona), Jamie Hence (Western Michigan), Robb Thomas (Oregon State), Kendal Smith (Utah State), Wayne Walker (Texas Tech), Tom Waddle (Boston College), Marv Cook (Iowa), Paul Green (Southern Cal), Tray Sadowski (Georgia)

OFFENSIVE LINEMEN: Andy Sinclair (Stanford), Jake Young (Nebraska), Kevin Wells (San Diego State), Chuck Massaro (North Carolina State), John Vitale (Michigan), David Williams (Florida), Mike Utley (Washington State), Craig Stoepel (Syracuse), Steve Wisniewski (Penn State), Mark Stepnoski (Pittsburgh), David Hlatky (Air Force), Jerry Fontenot (Texas A&M), Freddie Childress (Arkansas), Joe Staysniak (Ohio State), Pat Crowley (North Carolina), Larry Rose (Alabama), Mike Pfeifer (Kentucky), Ken Moyer (Toledo), Art Kalman (Yale), Joe Wolf (Boston College), Bobby Sign (Baylor)

DEFENSIVE LINEMEN: Dave Haight (Iowa), Mitchell Benson, Tracy Simien (Texas Christian), Dana Wells (Arizona), Bill Goldberg (Georgia), Jeff Roth (Florida), Steve Vandegrift (Missouri), Marc Spindler (Pittsburgh), Majett Whiteside (California), Dennis Brown (Washington), Marlon Brown (Memphis State), Odell Haggins (Florida State), Morris Gardner (Illinois), Travis Davis (Michigan State), Matt Brock (Oregon)

LINEBACKERS: Britt Hager (Texas), Percy Snow (Michigan State), Ned Bolcar (Notre Dame), Jerrol Williams (Purdue), LeRoy Etienne (Nebraska), Rod Carter (Miami), Keith Karpinski (Penn State), Carnell Lake (UCLA), Terry Wooden (Syracuse), Jan Leverenz (Minnesota), Tracy Rogers (Fresno State), David Wings (Wisconsin), Mike McCray (Ohio State), Jerry Olsavsky (Pittsburgh)

DEFENSIVE BACKS: Marc Foster (Purdue), Johnny Jackson (Houston), Mario Mitchell (San Diego State), John Miller (Michigan State), Mark Blazek (Nebraska), Stevon Moore (Mississippi), Ben Smith (Georgia), Robert Robinson (South Carolina), Adrian Jones (Missouri), Robert Blackmon, Mike Welch (Baylor), Falanda Newton (Texas Christian), Ron Cortell (Colorado State), Mark Carrier, Cleveland Colter (Southern Cal), Alan Grant (Stanford), Glenn Cobb (Illinois), Eddie Johnson (Penn State), A. J. Greene (Wake Forest), Troy Long (Brigham Young)

PLACE KICKERS: Jeff Shudak (Iowa State), Chris Kinzer (Virginia Tech), Alan Zendejas (Arizona State), Scott Slater (Texas A&M), Mark Gran (University of the Pacific), Bill Wright (Temple)

PUNTERS: Mike Schuh (Arizona State), Keith English (Colorado), Brian Jones (University of the Pacific), Shawn McCarthy (Purdue)

ANSON MOUNT SCHOLAR/ATHLETE

The Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete Award recognizes achievement both in the classroom and on the football field. Nominated by their universities, the candidates are judged by the editors of *Playboy* on their collegiate scholastic and athletic accomplishments. The award winner attends *Playboy's* pre-season All-America Weekend—this year held at the Sheraton Bal Harbour Hotel in Bal Harbour, Florida—receives a bronzed commemorative medallion and is included in the team photograph published in the magazine. In addition, *Playboy* awards \$5000 to the general scholarship fund of the winner's university.

This year's Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete Award in football goes to Paul Sorensen of Dartmouth College. Sorensen is a linebacker on the Dartmouth team and was its leading tackler last year. Paul, a senior, is a computer-science major and carries a 4.0 grade-point average on a 4.0 scale. He was a Rufus Choate Scholar, Dartmouth's top honor, in 1986 and 1987 and has received citations for academic excellence in mathematics, economics, computer science and geography. He is the recipient of the Phi Beta Kappa prize as the member of his class with the highest academic rank.

Honorable mention: David Hlatky (Air Force), Ted Ashburn (Ball State), Kyle Kramer (Bowling Green), Doryl Huber (Cincinnati), Mike Diminick (Duke), David Roberts (Florida State), Dono Directo (Hawaii), Chuck Hartlieb (Iowa), Robert Newson (Kansas), Michael Paschall (Kent State), Bo Russell (Mississippi State), Kevin Voss (Navy), Mark Blazek (Nebraska), Michael Baum (Northwestern), Tom Gorman (Notre Dame), Mark Stepnoski (Pittsburgh), Steve Tardy (Rutgers), Mark Fryer (South Carolina), David Rascoe (Texas Christian), Ken Moyer (Toledo), Brendan McCracken (UCLA), Jeff Hunsaker (Utah State), Don Davey (Wisconsin), Randy Welniok (Wyoming), Jeff Rudolph (Yale).

the Panthers have some great linemen, particularly Mark Stepnoski on offense and Marc Spindler on defense. The Pitt program suffered a blow when running back Craig Heyward left a year early for the N.F.L. 7-4

Here are some other teams that have a chance to break into the top 20:

TEXAS-EL PASO

Coach Bob Stull and the Texas-El Paso football program ought to give hope to all the Northwesterns, Columbias and Kansases of the world. They've shown that it is possible to quickly turn around a floundering program. Prior to Stull's arrival two years ago, UTEP had won one game the previous season and a total of only nine since 1980. Stull's first team went 4-8. His second-year squad was 7-2 entering the tenth game of last season against Brigham Young. Miner quarterback Pat Hegarty broke his jaw and UTEP lost the game, finishing the year at 7-4. With Hegarty mended and running back John Harvey returning, the Miners should continue to improve. 9-3

AIR FORCE

It's just a touch ironic that the Air Force Falcons had the second-best rushing offense (386 yards per game) last season. Dee Dowis, who set the N.C.A.A. single-season rushing record for a quarterback (1315 yards), is back, as is offensive guard David Hlatky, an outstanding run blocker. Coach Fisher DeBerry is looking for a stronger passing attack out of Air Force's wishbone offense. 8-4

WYOMING

In 1986, Paul Roach was running Wyoming's Cowboy Joe booster club. When coach Dennis Erickson resigned, Roach, who had plenty of experience from his N.F.L. days, took the job. Ten wins and a Western Athletic Conference championship later, he is just trying to find a starting quarterback. Wyoming lost some key players from last year, but Roach is obviously not intimidated by a challenge. 8-4

OKLAHOMA STATE

Oklahoma State, which won ten games last season for only the second time in its history, returns a solid nucleus of 50 lettermen, including 12 starters. Junior quarterback Mike Gundy, who set Big Eight freshman and sophomore passing records in the past two years, will direct a wide-open offense that includes two *Playboy* All-Americans: wide receiver Hart Lee Dykes and running back Barry Sanders. 7-4

COLORADO

Snubbed by the bowl committees after posting a 7-4 record, Colorado is hoping the experience and beef picked up by the offense will allow the Buffaloes to improve on their number-four-in-the-nation rushing offense. Big Eight newcomer Sal

Aunese will be the starting quarterback, since Marc Walters, out last season with a knee injury, is still questionable. Defensively, Colorado will have to hope that a strong front line and linebacking group can keep the pressure off a weak secondary. 7-4

FLORIDA

Florida took a lot of lumps last year because of a difficult schedule. This year's Gator team is not quite as good as that 1987 group but will probably wind up with a better record. Coach Galen Hall's number-one priority will be finding a quarterback to replace the departed Kerwin Bell. The Gators are extremely strong and deep at running back. Emmitt Smith returns after setting Florida's single-season rushing mark (1341 yards) as a freshman. On defense, the Gators have Playboy All-America free safety Louis Oliver. 7-4

SYRACUSE

For the Syracuse Orangemen, 1987 was a dream year. Their 11-0 regular-season mark was their first unbeaten season since their 1959 national championship. Even the 16-16 kiss-your-sister tie against Auburn in the Sugar Bowl couldn't diminish the accomplishments of MacPherson-McPherson: Dick, the coach who engineered the turnaround in Syracuse football fortunes, and Don, the now-departed star quarterback. Syracuse returns 15 starters from last year's team, including Playboy All-America Markus Paul, but last year's magic will be hard to re-create. 7-4

LOUISIANA STATE

Coach Mike Archer would like to talk with the guy who arranged the LSU schedule for this season. The Tigers could well end the season at 6-5, a record that could make them the best 6-5 college football team of all time. Their season opens with five terrifying opponents: Texas A&M, Tennessee, Ohio State, Florida and Auburn. Throw in Alabama and Miami later in the season and you can sympathize with Archer's plight. 6-5

ARIZONA

Arizona had what might be described as an indecisive record last season: four wins, four losses, three ties. With a lot of offensive firepower returning, the scale should tip toward the victory column for the Wildcats this season. The offensive line, led by Playboy All-America center Joe Tofflemire, is potentially Arizona's best in a decade. There are good running backs, though the best is probably Alonzo Washington. While the defensive line is solid, the linebacking corps and secondary will be vulnerable. 7-4

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

When coach Larry Smith went to Southern California last year, he set some high standards: "Be a class team with unity. Earn a USC degree. Beat UCLA and Notre Dame. Win the Pac 10 championship and

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the Rose Bowl. Become the national champions." Smith's penchant for goal setting has already paid off. The Trojans beat UCLA last year to win the Pac 10 and a berth in the Rose Bowl.

The Trojans' biggest asset is charismatic quarterback Rodney Peete. He can drop back and pass, roll out and pass or run the option. Peete will have some familiar faces in the backfield, as USC's top five rushers from last season all return. Southern Cal's biggest problem is a schedule that features Boston College, Oklahoma and Notre Dame as nonconference opponents. 7-4

TEXAS

It took only one season for coach David McWilliams to put Texas football back on track. The Longhorns, who had floundered in recent years, wound up last season with a 7-5 record, including a win over Pittsburgh in the Bluebonnet Bowl. Texas' best player is Playboy All-America tailback Eric Metcalf, one of eight offensive players returning from last season. Linebacker Britt Hager is a standout on defense. The Texas secondary, however, is young and inexperienced. 7-4

BOSTON COLLEGE

Coach Jack Bicknell obviously believes in the axiom "If you want to be the best, you have to beat the best." BC again has one of the toughest schedules in the nation, seven of its opponents having made bowl appearances last season. Standout

players are guard Joe Wolf, returning from an ankle injury, tailback Jim Bell and wide receiver Tom Waddle. In the first Division I college football game ever played in Europe, Boston College will take on Army in Dublin on November 19. 7-4

BRIGHAM YOUNG

Perennial Western Athletic Conference power Brigham Young has suffered a taste of reality since beating Michigan in 1984 for the national championship. Not that it hasn't done well since, but consecutive bowl losses to Ohio State (Florida Citrus Bowl in 1985), UCLA (Freedom Bowl in 1986) and Virginia (All-American Bowl last year) have left a bitter taste. This year's BYU team is good, but the conference competition is getting better, and there are some tough out-of-conference opponents (Miami and Texas) on the schedule. Quarterback Sean Covey and safety Troy Long are the Cougars' best players. 7-5

OHIO STATE

If you don't win as a coach in major college football, you get fired. Unless you're Earl Bruce. He compiled a record of 81-26-1 at Ohio State and still got fired. Maybe the Ohio State brass didn't like those new suits Earl introduced into his side-line wardrobe or his porkpie hats or the fact that he was too short to see over the Buckeye marching band. Whatever the reason, he is gone. If the OSU gurus showed questionable judgment in letting him go, they showed remarkably good

sense when they replaced him with John Cooper, former coach at Arizona State. Cooper inherits a team that lost 11 starters from last year. Sophomore Greg Frey will claim the quarterback spot, while Vince Workman and Carlos Snow will split the tailback duties. 6-5

INDIANA

Indiana, a Big Ten door mat only four years ago (0-11 in 1984), is typical of the new parity in the conference. Coach Bill Mallory, who deserves all the coaching kudos being thrown his way, still has 15 starters from last year's squad. Unfortunately, wide receiver Ernie Jones and linebacker Van Waiters are two of the departed and will be missed. Quarterback Dave Schnell (1707 yards passing and 13 T.D.s) and tailback Anthony Thompson will try to take up the slack. 6-5

MEMPHIS STATE

Coach Charlie Bailey did an admirable job with Memphis State last year, taking a team that was 1-10 in 1986 to 5-5-1. With 18 starters back from last season, the Tigers will continue to improve. Bailey's best player is Marlon Brown, a 6'4", 228-pound linebacker who went to Memphis State after serving four years in the U.S. Army. 6-5

EAST INDEPENDENTS

West Virginia	8-3	Rutgers	5-6
Pittsburgh	7-4	Temple	5-6
Penn State	7-4	Army	5-6
Boston College	7-4	Navy	4-7
Syracuse	7-4		

ALL-EAST INDEPENDENT: Harris, Brown, Warren, Orlando, Haering (West Virginia); Stepnoski, Spindler, Olsavsky, Osborn, Caliguire, Grossman (Pittsburgh); Thomas, Wisniewski, Karpinski, Johnson (Penn State); Wolf, Bell, Waddle, Lowe, S. Williams (Boston College); Paul, Wooden, Stoepel, Johnston, Burnett (Syracuse); Emey, Young, Henderson, Tardy, Baker (Rutgers); McNair, Wright, Pappalardo, Drayton, Johnson (Temple); Rambusch (Army); Holland, Pimpo, Fundoukos (Navy).



"Before we were married, you never said you were against oral sex."

In addition to the five Big East powers—West Virginia, Pittsburgh, Penn State, Boston College and Syracuse, there are three other teams that appear to have an outside chance at winning seasons. Rutgers has some good talent but a murderous schedule that includes the top five East Independents and Michigan State thrown in for good measure. Temple returns running back Todd McNair. Success for the Owls, however, hinges on the recovery from injuries of several key players. Army coach Jim Young thought he had a replacement for departed quarterback Tory Crawford in Mark Mooney, but Mooney is out with a separated shoulder. Army will continue its run-run pattern of recent years. Navy lists only six seniors as probable starters. After a 2-9 season last year, the Midshipmen will try to make it on *esprit de corps*.

Harvard coach Joe Restic will get his 100th win this year (he's currently 95-60-5).

His Crimson squad is also likely to capture its second straight Ivy League title. Tom Yohe, who holds Harvard career records for passing yards (2703) and completions (203), is back, as is last season's leading

IVY LEAGUE

Harvard	8-2	Cornell	5-5
Pennsylvania	6-4	Brown	5-5
Princeton	6-4	Dartmouth	3-7
Yale	6-4	Columbia	2-8

ALL-IVY: Hinz, Fritel, Yohe, Peterson, Consigli, McConnell, Sensky, Bell (Harvard); Gizzi, Keys, Bauer, Johnson (Pennsylvania); Jason Garrett, Judd Garrett, Pagnanelli, Leal, Emery (Princeton); Rudolph, Kalman, Szuba, Brice, Essick (Yale); McGrann, Brickley, Lee (Cornell); Wood, Kylish, Madden, Pyne (Brown); Morton, Sorensen, Sims, Michael (Dartmouth); Childers, Alex, M. Pollard, Less (Columbia).

rusher and scorer, Tony Hinz. Harvard's defense, which allowed only an 87-yard rushing average last year, will again be tough. **Pennsylvania**, the dominant team in the Ivy League in the Eighties, with five conference titles either shared or won outright, will try to rebound from a disappointing 4-6 mark. Bryan Keys, last year's Ivy League Rookie of the Year, is the offensive star. **Princeton** is a team on the rise. The Tigers have the Garrett brothers in their backfield, Jason at quarterback, Judd at running back. **Yale** will have most of the defense back that helped it to a 7-3 finish last year. Unfortunately, the Eli lost eight starters from the offense and have yet to settle on a quarterback. Coach Maxie Baughan thinks **Cornell** is ready to make a run for the Ivy League crown if he can fill the gaps in the defensive line and the secondary. Cornell will get solid linebacking from Mike McGrann and Mitch Lee. **Brown** will have trouble equaling its success of last year (7-3) because of graduation losses. Coach John Rosenberg's biggest problem is putting together a solid defensive unit with only a few experienced players. Coach Buddy Teevens had an inauspicious first season at **Dartmouth**. After a 2-8 record last year and with a minimum amount of talent returning, he is preaching a work ethic—and optimism. **Columbia** has everyone in the conference scared to death. The Lions are the holders of college football's all-time losing streak at 41 and none of their Ivy League rivals wants to let them off the hook.

As usual, the Southeastern Conference will be a dogfight, with four teams, **Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama and Auburn**, all having a good shot at the title. If Tennessee can beat Georgia in the first game of the season, the Volunteers should prevail. If Georgia wins, they'll breeze until they play Florida and Auburn at the end of the season. An upset loss takes any team immediately out of contention. **Florida and Louisiana State** will both have excellent teams and should wind up with more victories than losses. LSU would be rated much higher if

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it didn't have such a difficult schedule.

Mississippi will try to recover from a disastrous 3-8 season in 1987. **Mississippi State**, 4-7 last year, should improve defensively with nine starters returning. Sophomore tailback David Fair will excel at running back if he can recover sufficiently from knee surgery. **Vanderbilt** has a much

SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE

Tennessee	8-3	Louisiana St.	6-5
Georgia	8-3	Mississippi	5-6
Alabama	8-3	Mississippi St.	5-6
Auburn	8-3	Vanderbilt	4-7
Florida	7-4	Kentucky	4-7

ALL-SOUTHEASTERN: DeLong, Cobb, Francis, Still, Simons, Cleveland (Tennessee); Goldberg, Sadowski, Smith, Webster, Guthrie, Wheeler (Georgia); Humphrey, Thomas, Rose, Kendrick, Cross, Wyatt, Jelks (Alabama); Tillman, Rocker, Reeves, Shulman, Lyle, Ogletree, Roland (Auburn); Oliver, Williams, Weston, Roth, Smith (Florida); Hodson, Phillips, Brown, Sancho, Jackson (Louisiana State); Moore, Young, Walls, Lowe, Sandroni (Mississippi); Butts, Martin, Anderson, Phillips, Hadley (Mississippi State); Jones, Moore, Winston, Mitchell (Vanderbilt); Pfeifer, Adams, Darrington, Robinson, Barnett (Kentucky).

improved team and some momentum after winning three out of four games as last season wound down. But even with quarterback Eric Jones, who led the S.E.C. in passing efficiency and total offense, Vandy will find the opposition too tough to make .500. **Kentucky** will struggle to replace number-two all-time UK rusher Mark Higgs and four out of five offensive-line starters.

ATLANTIC COAST CONFERENCE

Clemson	10-1	N. Carolina St.	5-6
Virginia	7-4	N. Carolina	4-7
Wake Forest	7-4	Maryland	4-7
Duke	7-4	Georgia Tech	4-7

ALL-ATLANTIC COAST: Woolford, Allen, Hatcher, Nunamacher (Clemson); Ford, Brown, Cook, Griggs, Inderlied, Lageman (Virginia); Greene, Elkins, Young (Wake Forest); Hines, Peterson, Port, Boone, Allen, Dilweg (Duke); Worthen, Massaro, Brooks, Auer, Peebles (North Carolina State); Crowley, Dorn, Garnica, Goss, Marriott (North Carolina); Anderson, Brown, Joines, Snyder (Maryland); E. Thomas, Lester (Georgia Tech).

Clemson, almost a cinch to win its third consecutive Atlantic Coast Conference title, is the class of the conference. **Virginia**, 8-4 last season with a win over Brigham Young in the All-American Bowl, has 15 starters back, including wide receiver John Ford. Unfortunately for the Cavaliers, all-A.C.C. quarterback Scott Secules is not one of them, and the responsibility to get the ball to Ford will fall to redshirt sophomore Shawn Moore. **Wake Forest** coach Bill Dooley thinks his 1988 team, with 17 starters returning, appears solid on paper. "But," he says, "the paper is very thin." Wake Forest, the second-smallest school (3400 undergraduates) playing Division I football, traditionally has depth problems. **Duke** coach Steve Spurrier won raves as an offensive genius. In 1986, the Blue Devils were last in total offense in the A.C.C. Last

year, with Spurrier's pass-oriented pro-style game plan, they were first. Four-year quarterback starter Steve Slayden is gone, but senior Anthony Dilweg should adequately replace him. Clarkston Hines, who led the A.C.C. in receiving yardage, is still only a junior. **North Carolina State** has two bona fide stars in all-A.C.C. center Chuck Massaro and flanker Naz Worthen, an all-A.C.C. player in 1986 who redshirted last year. Wolfpack coach Dick Sheridan has to hope his young and inexperienced team can mature before the difficult second half of the schedule. **North Carolina's** new coach, Mack Brown, won't have the luxury of a soft early schedule to get his young team together. It will be trial by fire, with games against South Carolina, Oklahoma, Louisville and Auburn. If quarterback Jonathan Hall can't come back from shoulder surgery, freshman Deems May will get the call. **Maryland** is unlikely to better last season's 4-7 record. The Terps have lost standout tight end Ferrell Edmunds and Azizuddin Abdur-Ra'oof, the wide receiver with the impossible name who holds Maryland career records for pass receptions and receiving yards. **Georgia Tech**, battered by injuries last season and unable to do better than 2-9, has lots of candidates for its starting-quarterback job but freshman Lee Williamson is the favorite. Tech's secondary is another area where there are more questions than answers.

SOUTH INDEPENDENTS

Florida State	10-1	Southern	
Miami	9-2	Mississippi	6-5
South Carolina	8-3	Virginia Tech	4-7
Memphis State	6-5	East Carolina	4-7
Tulane	6-5		

ALL-SOUTH INDEPENDENT: Sanders, S. Smith, Tomberlin, Haggins, Lewis, Kuipers, Hayes (Florida State); Hawkins, Carter, O'Neill, J. Jones, Mark, Walsh, McDowell (Miami); Ellis, Green, Robinson, Mackie, Price, Fryer, Hendrix, Frazier (South Carolina); Brown, Bennett, Dabose, Nettles, Pryor, Young (Memphis State); Jones, Harvey, Price (Tulane); Gandy, Favre, Hansford, Tillman (Southern Mississippi); Kinzer, Hill, Grantham, Richardson, Cockrell (Virginia Tech); Hunter, James (East Carolina).

The strongest teams of the South Independents, **Florida State**, **Miami** and **South Carolina**, are among the best teams in the country. **Memphis State** is the most improved team in the region. **Tulane** returns Terence Jones, one of the best run-and-pass quarterbacks in the country. However, Tulane's problem continues to be defense. It allowed an average of 32 points and 419 yards per game last year. **Southern Mississippi** has a new coach, Curley Hallman, and a schedule that has the team on the road seven times. **Virginia Tech** will try to improve on last year's disappointing 2-9 record but will face a tough schedule without an experienced quarterback. **East Carolina** returns ten starters on offense but has big problems with a defense that allowed opponents an average of 30.3 points a game.

BIG TEN

Iowa	9-2	Minnesota	5-6
Michigan State	8-3	Purdue	4-7
Michigan	8-3	Illinois	4-7
Ohio State	6-5	Wisconsin	3-8
Indiana	6-5	Northwestern	2-9

ALL-BIG TEN: Hartlieb, Cook, Haight, Kratch (Iowa); Miller, Mandarich, Snow, Rison, Budde, Davis, Ezor, Langeloh, Larson, McAllister (Michigan State); Brown, Kolesar, McMurtry, Husar, Vitale, Messner, Gillette (Michigan); Uhlenhake, McCray, Staysniak, Workman, Snow, Brown (Ohio State); Schnell, Thompson, Shrader, Bates (Indiana); Thompson, Leverenz, Williams, Jackson, Gaiters, Goetz (Minnesota); Foster, J. Williams, C. Williams, McCarthy (Purdue); Cobb, Gardner, McGowan, Jones (Illinois); Wings, Artley, Nelson, Lowery (Wisconsin); Baum, Sanders, Peterson, McClellan (Northwestern).

Iowa gets the nod in the Big Ten because of quarterback Chuck Hartlieb and a schedule that includes some early patsies. Except for the loss of Lorenzo White, **Michigan State** is just as good as it was last year when it went undefeated in the conference. **Michigan** and **Ohio State** both have very tough out-of-conference schedules. It is unlikely that **Indiana** will be able to beat both Ohio State and Michigan again this year. **Minnesota** has the best running back in the conference in Darrell Thompson but will have to find a new quarterback and shape up the offensive line. **Purdue** coach Fred Akers had an excellent recruiting year, but it will take time to get the Boiler-makers back on the winning track. John Mackovic, former head coach of the Kansas City Chiefs, is the new head coach at **Illinois**. Not hired until February third, Mackovic's late start makes his first year especially difficult. **Wisconsin** is unlikely to do any better than last season's 3-8 record, while **Northwestern** will be hard pressed to win more than two games.

MID-AMERICAN CONFERENCE

Kent State	8-3	Central	
Bowling Green	7-4	Michigan	6-5
Western		Toledo	6-5
Michigan	7-4	Ball State	5-6
Eastern		Miami of Ohio	4-7
Michigan	7-4	Ohio University	3-8

ALL-MID-AMERICAN: Wilkerson, Young, Howell, Edmonds, Curtis (Kent State); Kramer, Dackin, Daniels, Thorton, Heard, Holmes (Bowling Green); Hence, Kimbrough, Hoffman, Smeenge (Western Michigan); Klassa, Colosimo, Wyka, Kupp, Banaitis (Eastern Michigan); Hood, Reed, Nicholl (Central Michigan); Moyer, T. Olsen, McCreary, Fletcher (Toledo); Parmalee, Garnica, Ashburn, Walton (Ball State); Stofa, Konrad (Miami of Ohio); Feldman, Thornton (Ohio University).

It's going to be a wide-open race in the Mid-American Conference again this year, with seven of its nine teams having a shot at the title. **Kent State** has an outstanding running back, Eric Wilkerson, returning for his final season, plus Patrick Young, the highly touted sophomore quarterback who was hurt in last season's opening game against Akron and missed the rest of the season. Kent State's coach is Dick Crum, who for the past ten years has been head

coach at North Carolina. **Bowling Green** will be in the title hunt with quarterback Rich Dackin, the M.A.C.'s total-offense leader, leading the way. Quarterback Tony Kimbrough and wide receiver Jamie Hence head up the versatile offense of **Western Michigan**. **Eastern Michigan**, last year's conference champion and winner of the California Bowl (EMU 30, San Jose State 27), will miss all-M.A.C. performers Gary Patton at running back and Ron Adams at quarterback. **Central Michigan's** standout returning player is running back John Hood. **Toledo** has excellent size and experience in its offensive line, which features all-conference tackle Ken Moyer, who, at 6'6", 293 pounds, dominates the conference. But at both quarterback and running back, the Rockets are weak. **Ball State** has a super young sophomore running back in Bernie Parmalee and some excellent linebackers, Greg Garnica and Tim Walton. The Cardinals will have to avoid last year's tendency to turn the ball over to the opposition. The only two teams that lack the talent to contend for the conference crown are **Miami of Ohio**, which returns only eight starters from last year, and **Ohio University**, which managed one scant victory last season.

MIDWEST INDEPENDENTS

Notre Dame	8-3	Louisville	4-7
Northern Illinois	4-7	Cincinnati	3-8

ALL-MIDWEST INDEPENDENT: Bolcar, Green, Heck, Streeter, Stonebreaker, Brown (Notre Dame); M. Taylor, Delisi, Hollingshed, Townsel (Northern Illinois); Gruden, Cummings, Douglas, Hamilton, Booker (Louisville); Asbeck, Stewart, B. Davis, Mukes (Cincinnati).

Other than **Notre Dame**, the Midwestern Independents will have to content themselves with the occasional upset of a national contender. **Northern Illinois** had a very effective wishbone offense last season. In fact, it was sixth best in the nation in rushing, with 295.1 yards per game. Marshall Taylor, the Huskies' excellent option quarterback, is attempting to come back from a broken leg suffered in the final game. Coach Howard Schnellenberger, who coached Miami to a national championship in 1983, is still looking for the talent to put together a winning team at **Louisville**. Maybe he ought to ask Cardinal basketball coach Denny Crum for some recruiting tips. At **Cincinnati**, coach Dave Currey's problems are compounded by not having an experienced quarterback to run the Bearcats' multiple pro-set attack. His defense, which allowed opponents an average of 28.5 points per game last season, returns only four starters.

Tradition lovers won't be disappointed as **Oklahoma** and **Nebraska** once again decide the conference championship on November 19. There's no reason to think the Sooners won't continue their recent domination over the Huskers.

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of the Big Eight looks like a fairly evenly matched dogfight. **Oklahoma State** probably has enough offensive firepower to take **Colorado's** challenge.

Missouri's football fortunes have recently improved under the direction of coach Woody Widenhofer. The Tigers won one

BIG EIGHT

Oklahoma	10-1	Missouri	6-5
Nebraska	9-2	Iowa State	5-6
Oklahoma State	7-4	Kansas	2-9
Colorado	7-4	Kansas State	2-9

ALL—BIG EIGHT: Phillips, Holieway, Latham, Dillon, D. Williams, Finch, C. Williams (Oklahoma); Taylor, Thomas, Young, Blazek, Etienne (Nebraska); Dykes, Sanders, Gilliam, R. Smith, Gundy, Drain (Oklahoma State); Norgard, DeLuzio, English, Jones, Muilenburg, Flannigan (Colorado); Jones, Vandegrift, Stowers, Bruton, Wilson (Missouri); Henderson, Shudak, Ross, Busch, Dole, Sims, Hoskins (Iowa State); Moore, Vaughn, Snell, Baker (Kansas); Harper, Stange (Kansas State).

game in 1985, three in 1986 and five last season. Sixteen starters, including talented cornerback Adrian Jones, give Mizzou a chance for six or even seven victories this year. **Iowa State**, under second-year coach Jim Walden, should also improve on last season's 3-8 record. Joe Henderson, the first Cyclone running back since 1981 to have a 1000-yard rushing year, is back, as is sophomore Jeff Shudak, the third-rated kicker in the nation last year. **Kansas** and **Kansas State** must feel the way the Texans felt waiting for the Mexicans at the Alamo. You know you're going to have to go through it and you know it's not going to be good. New Kansas Jayhawk coach Glen Mason and his counterpart at KSU, Stan Parrish, will do the only thing they can do: keep a stiff upper lip and work for the future.

SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE

Texas A&M	8-3	Houston	5-6
Texas	7-4	Texas Christian	5-6
Arkansas	6-5	Baylor	5-6
Texas Tech	6-5	Rice	3-8

ALL—SOUTHWEST: Roper, Slater, Fontenot, D. Lewis, Harris, Wallace, Bob, Morris, Batiste, Richardson (Texas A&M); Metcalf, Hager, Jones, Liwellyn, Hackemack, Waits, Clements (Texas); Rouse, Childress (Arkansas); Walker, Tolliver, Anderson, Gray, Royal, Segnist, Mosley (Texas Tech); Jackson, Phillips, Dixon, Anders (Houston); Newton, Benson, Simien, Sullivan, Becker, Rascoe, Spencer (Texas Christian); Blackmon, Sign, Welch, Crockett, Goebel, Francis, Hall (Baylor); Hall, McClay (Rice).

Texas A&M will likely continue its domination of the Southwest Conference, though **Texas** is on the rise again.

While the reborn athletic department at **Arkansas** refuses to supply us with the same kind of information about their football program that other schools provide, our inside sources tell us that the Razorbacks will likely finish third in the conference this year. Arkansas has two outstanding players in running back James Rouse and 300-pound-plus offensive lineman Freddie

Childress. **Texas Tech** has an offensive powerhouse with the returning Billy Joe Tolliver at quarterback. Tolliver threw for 1422 yards last year, despite missing three games because of an injury. Tech also has "the Smurfs," the receiving team of Wayne Walker (32 catches for 659 yards), Eddy Anderson (30 catches for 449 yards) and tiny Tyrone Thurman, who, at 5'3", 135 pounds, is the smallest Division I player in the nation. If Tech could play defense, it would be dangerous. Texas Tech will upset at least one of the conference favorites along the way. **Houston, Texas Christian** and **Baylor** are evenly bunched and will probably play a game over or under .500 for the season. Houston was 3-0-1 in the last four games last season, and with almost the entire offensive starting unit returning, it will score a lot of points. Texas Christian, the S.W.C. total-offense leader (400-yards-per-game average), is another team with offensive punch. Playboy All-America Chris Becker is TCU's punter. Baylor, on the other hand, loses all but three of its starters on offense but returns the majority of its defense. **Rice** promises to be improved in all categories, though it is still below the competition level of its conference rivals.

PACIFIC 10

UCLA	7-4	California	5-6
Southern California	7-4	Arizona State	5-6
Washington	7-4	Oregon	5-6
Arizona	7-4	Washington State	4-7
Stanford	6-5	Oregon State	3-8

ALL—PAC 10: Aikman, Lake, Cornish, Wahler, Henley, Velasco, Arbuckle (UCLA); Peete, Green, Colter, Carrier, Affholter, Holt, Webster (Southern California); Zandofsky, Brown, Weathersby, Jenkins, D. Hall, Ames (Washington); J. Tofflemire, Hill, Wells, C. Singleton, K. Singleton, DeBow, Washington (Arizona); Archambeau, Sinclair, Grant, Huckestein, Zentner (Stanford); Dickson, Taylor, Whiteside, Ortega, Richards, Zawatson (California); Schuh, Zendejas, Garrett, Sapolu, Mahlstedt, Kirby, Underwood (Arizona State); Musgrave, Brock, Obee, Kaumeyer, Kozak (Oregon); Utley, Broussard, Cook, Dyko (Washington State); Wilhelm, Ross, Thomas, Harris (Oregon State).

The Pac 10 championship will probably be decided, as it was last year, when **UCLA** and **USC** battle it out in Pasadena on November 19. The game matches two great traditions and two great college quarterbacks, Aikman and Peete. Give the nod to UCLA this time. **Washington** and **Arizona** are both contenders. **Stanford**, blessed with quarterbacks and wide receivers, will play a wide-open run-and-shoot offense that's designed to put a lot of receivers in their patterns quickly. The Cardinals' running game and defense are suspect. **California**, with 19 starters back from last year, would be a dark-horse candidate in the Pac 10 if there weren't such a thing as injuries. The Golden Bears have an impact quarterback in Troy Taylor, but no backup if he gets hurt. The same lack of depth is a factor at running back and wide receiver.

When coach John Cooper fled **Arizona State** for the head coaching job at Ohio State, ASU wasted no time in promoting defensive coordinator Larry Marmie to the top spot. The Sun Devils got a break when quarterback Daniel Ford regained a year of lost eligibility after an N.C.A.A. ruling last March. ASU lacks wide-receiver depth and a proven runner. **Oregon** will also be in the middle group of contenders. The Ducks' number-one asset is quarterback Bill Musgrave, who was the top freshman passer in the country last year. **Washington State** and **Oregon State** will play catch-up, mostly because neither has the defensive strength to stop its opponents.

WESTERN ATHLETIC CONFERENCE

Texas-El Paso	9-3	Utah	5-6
Air Force	8-4	San Diego State	5-6
Wyoming	8-4	Colorado State	2-9
Brigham Young	7-5	New Mexico	1-11
Hawaii	6-6		

ALL-WESTERN ATHLETIC: Harvey, Adkison, Hegarty, Morgan, Pufahl, Spady, Tolbert, Walker (Texas-El Paso); DOWIS, Hlatky, Roberson, Hughes, Walker (Air Force); Salisbury, Schenbeck, Rabold (Wyoming); Thompson, Covey, Bellini, Handley, Long (Brigham Young); Fakava, Amosa, Seumalo (Hawaii); Johnson, Jacobsen, Mitchell (Utah); Wells, Mitchell, Jackson, Paul, Hewitt, Gilbreath, Fortin (San Diego State); Cortell, Molander, Whitehouse, Mundt, Rule (Colorado State); Mathis, Bell (New Mexico).

Last year, **Brigham Young** had to play second fiddle to **Wyoming**. This year, it may have to repeat the part for **Texas-El Paso** and **Air Force**. Wyoming will hope for a second straight Cinderella season but is short at quarterback. Last year, **Hawaii** had a new coach, Bob Wagner, a new offense and only two returning starters on defense and still posted a 5-7 record. Wagner starts over on defense again this year, since all but three starters have departed. Hawaii's schedule (only three road games) is a help. **Utah** is one of several W.A.C. teams that will be able to score a lot of points but may have trouble on defense. The Utes have an outstanding sophomore quarterback in 6'6" Scott Mitchell. Coach Jim Fassel rates him the best quarterback he has coached since John Elway at Stanford. Running back Eddie Johnson, out last year with a knee injury, is one of the best in the conference. **San Diego State** will have to replace quarterback Todd Santos, the N.C.A.A.'s all-time passing leader (11,425 yards). The Aztecs' defense also needs upgrading. **Colorado State** has little to go with all-W.A.C. defensive back Ron Cortell, who, at 5'8", 160 pounds, led the team in tackles last year. **New Mexico**, winless in 1987, has even more problems, since leading receiver Terance Mathis became academically ineligible this past spring. Mathis, who had 73 receptions for 1132 yards in 1987, has gone to summer school in an effort to regain his status. The Lobos allowed opponents an average of more than 500 yards per game last season, the most by any Division I school in the country.

THE BIG WEST

Fresno State	9-2	Cal State-	
Utah State	8-3	Long Beach	5-7
San Jose State	7-5	Nevada-Las	
Pacific	6-5	Vegas	3-8
Cal State-		New Mexico	
Fullerton	5-6	State	2-9

ALL-BIG WEST: Rogers, Cox, Skipper, Telford, Harris (Fresno State); Smith, Snyder, Newman, Brown, Roberts (Utah State); Taylor, Rasmick, Johnson, Swall (San Jose State); Gran, Jones, Harper, Koperek (University of the Pacific); Jenkins, Fitts, Bryan, Schaffel (Cal State-Fullerton); Graham, Caines, D. Washington, Alexander, Morrison (Cal State-Long Beach); Rhynes, Operin, Harden, Cook, C. Davis (Nevada-Las Vegas); Dickey (New Mexico State).

The Pacific Coast Conference, attempting to garner a little more media attention east of the Rockies, has changed its name to The Big West Conference. Whatever its title, N.F.L. scouts traditionally find plenty of excellent players in this well-balanced and very competitive conference. **Fresno State** has put eight players in the N.F.L. draft the past two years and still has enough talent between returning starters and junior college transfers to rate as the favorite to win the conference title. Coach Jim Sweeney has found a running attack in the person of fullback Myron Jones, who ran the 40-yard dash this past spring in 4.33 seconds. The Bulldogs' two top players on defense are linebackers Tracy Rogers and Ron Cox. Coming off five wins in its last six games last season, **Utah State** will also challenge for the title. The Aggies have the conference's best receiver in Kendal Smith, who averaged more than six catches a game last season. **San Jose State**, winner of the conference title the past two years, faces a major rebuilding job after losing 17 starters, including quarterback Mike Perez. Fortunately for coach Claude Gilbert, the Spartans are talent-deep and can rebuild quickly. **The University of the Pacific** will improve on its 4-7 record from last year. The strength of the Tiger team is its defense, where all-conference defensive backs Ruben Harper and Greg Koperek return. Coach Gene Murphy probably has the best defense of his nine-year tenure at **Cal State-Fullerton**. Unfortunately, the Titans graduated most of last year's offensive starters. Highly touted junior college player Dan Speltz will vie with Carlos Siragusa for the starting-quarterback spot. **Cal State-Long Beach** will feature third-year quarterback Jeff Graham and a pair of talented receivers, Derek Washington and Mark Seay. The 49ers, with little depth, will have to avoid injuries to have a winning season. **Nevada-Las Vegas** lacks experience and depth. Coach Wayne Nunely is looking for help from his junior college transfer players. **New Mexico State** will try to strengthen an anemic offense that averaged only 11 points per game last year, while rebuilding a defense that lost all but three of last season's starters.

Here's hoping your team wins.



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S U P E R S H O P P I N G



Designed to fit over a ski parka or sweater, the Timex Skiathlom watch has oversized control buttons (for use with gloves), a Fahrenheit/Celsius thermometer with bargraph and digital display, chronograph, countdown timer, alarm and hourly chime, \$65.



Top: Look, Ma, no focusing wheel! These Perma Focus 2000 7mm x 35mm binoculars, ideal for sports viewing, hold the focus from 40 feet to infinity, by Jason Empire, Overland Park, Kansas, \$90. Above: Camouflage binoculars designed for low-light viewing, by Coleman, East Bloomfield, New York, \$125.



Say ahhh! The Thumper body massager may never put Inge, your Swedish masseuse, out of work, but it will provide a relaxing massage to tired muscles with a steady, percussive stroke from ball bearings sealed inside rubber and plastic. Thumper operates on A.C. current, by Wellness Innovations, Markham, Ontario, about \$300, including an instruction manual.



Above: Handmade of ultrasmooth vegetable-dyed cowhide, this travel bag measures a roomy 20" x 14" x 10", from The Bree Store, New York, \$685. Below: A 15" x 9" x 3" leather-lined nickel-silver briefcase with expandable leather sides. The lid and front pieces are hinged, from Accessories in Metal, New York, about \$500.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE CONWAY

Nakamichi's AM/FM Stereo Clock Radio is a two-piece design for stereo sound or a single clock-radio unit. The main unit (below) features a clock-radio with digital tuner and dual alarms, \$139. Its optional stereo companion, \$89.

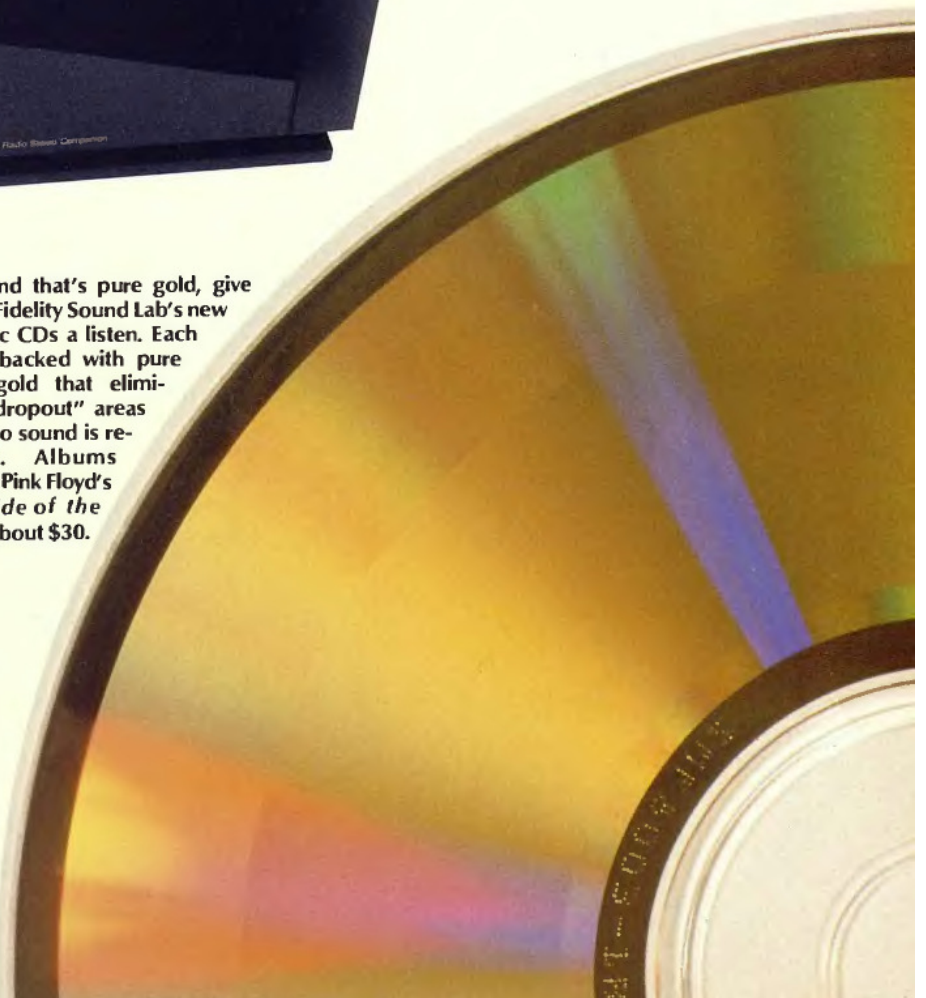


Created by fashion designer Jacques Fath, Green Water cologne has not been available in the U.S. for years. Now it's being imported again, and Mr. Guy in Beverly Hills sells the scented eau de toilette in 4½-oz. bottles for \$45.

For sound that's pure gold, give Mobile Fidelity Sound Lab's new Ultradisc CDs a listen. Each disc is backed with pure 24-kt. gold that eliminates "dropout" areas where no sound is recorded. Albums include Pink Floyd's *Dark Side of the Moon*, about \$30.



The superlight-weight Infinity SuperZoom 300, by Olympus, captures the moment with autofocus, motorized 38mm-105mm autozoom, spot metering and framed-portrait mode. Other nifty features include automatic film advance and rewind and a large LCD readout panel, \$600.



**Roxanna Defies
the Laws of Gravity**

Actress ROXANNA MICHAELS can be found on the big screen in *Angel III: The Final Chapter* and *The Newlydeads*. She will also be featured in a TV pilot called *Dawn of Promises*. We can make you a promise that Roxanna won't show up on the tube dressed like this any time soon. So feast your eyes, guys!



© PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE INC.



Blues News

When ZZ TOP went to Mississippi to spearhead a fund raiser for the Muddy Waters exhibit at the Delta Blues Museum, they presented a guitar to the museum made out of cypress salvaged from the cabin in which Muddy was raised.

ROBERT MATHEU



Seeing Double

Singer JODY WATLEY is hard at work on her next album, which should be out by Christmas. More of Jody is a good thing.

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Pigging Out

Big Pig has three drummers and no guitarists. It's percussion heaven for SHERINE (left) and OLEH WITER, two of the seven-member band. If you haven't caught them in concert, get a copy of *Bonk*. There's nothing poky about Big Pig.

© PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE INC.



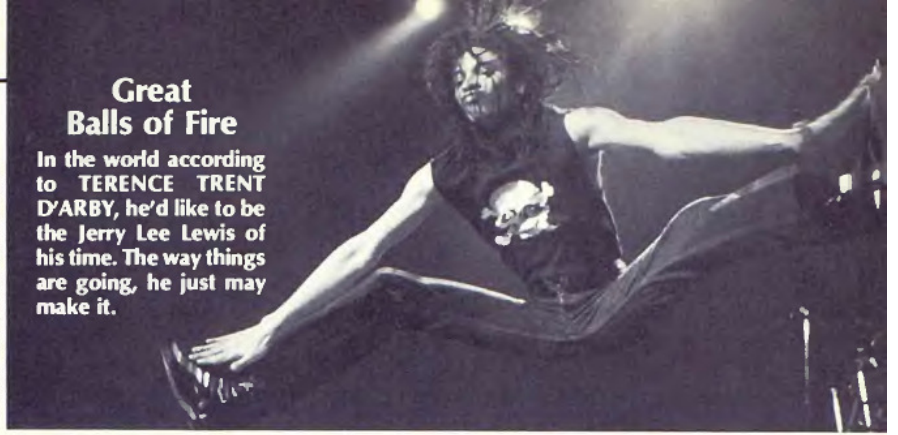
Dance Master

Instant memories for all those people who can do the funky chicken. Singer RUFUS THOMAS dusted off his cape and boots for Atlantic Records' 40th-birthday bash this past spring.

© PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Great Balls of Fire

In the world according to TERENCE TRENT D'ARBY, he'd like to be the Jerry Lee Lewis of his time. The way things are going, he just may make it.



Foreign Body

SABRINA is Italian. She's also a sensation in France and Italy, where her singles *Boys* and *Hot Girl* were on the European charts. Bringing Sabrina to you in *Grapevine* is our version of a cultural exchange. Let's hear it for culture!



© DE ROOS / LFI

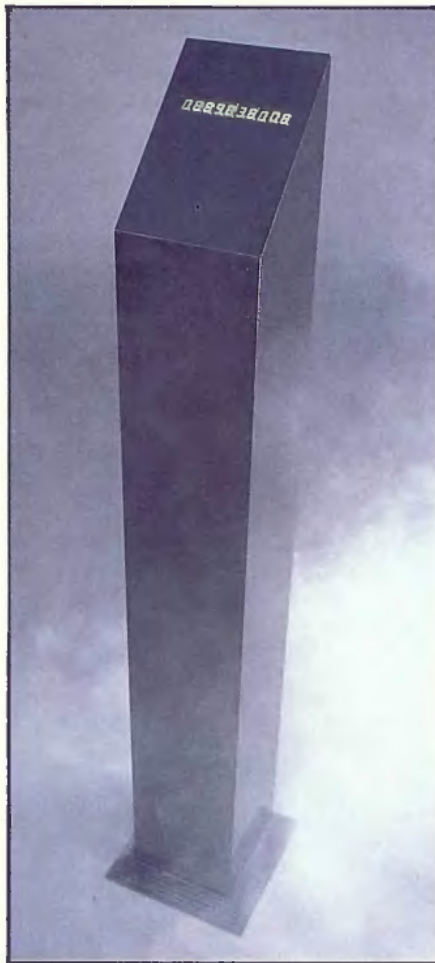
GETTING TO KNOW YOU

Now that you've memorized every obscure fact imaginable playing Trivial Pursuit, there's Personal Preference, a game in which you secretly rank four topics in order of preference and then let other players reason how you ranked the subjects you chose—and why. Mussolini, mosquitoes, the National Rifle Association and even Hef are subjects to be reckoned with. (We know how *we'd* rank that list.) Personal Preference is available nationwide for about \$30. Fun!



HAPPY HOWLOWEEN

Just when you thought it was safe to go trick-or-treating again, along comes Death Studios, 431 Pine Lake Avenue, La Porte, Indiana 46350, with the kind of masks nightmares are made of. Mangler (below left) is a dental assistant's scream come true and only \$65, postpaid. At \$100, Wolf! (below right) should be a howling success. But the real flesh in the pan is Ed Gein—Murderer (below center), a \$37.50 half-mask depiction of the famous Wisconsin ghoul. Call 219-362-4321 for fast, fast, fast Halloween relief. Arrrrgh!



THE FUTURE IS NOW

The Fluxion clock is the world's first personal life-span chronometer. Inside the 52-inch black acrylic tower is a microchip that contains a time-conversion program that displays your life number (the quantity of time, in seconds, that has passed from the moment of your birth to the present) in ten LED readouts—and then continues to count second by second into the future. To program the Fluxion clock, you simply enter your birth date (year, month, day, hour, minute, second) or any date and time within the past 300 years, along with the present date and time. The clock does the rest. It's available for \$520, postpaid, from The Fluxion Corporation, P.O. Box 267921, Chicago 60626. By the way, *Playboy* magazine is about 1,096,243,210 seconds old.



TELL THEM JOE SENT YOU

The marriage of Isuzu automobiles with "Handling by Lotus" has given birth to its first baby boomer—the I-Mark RS Turbo, a three-door hatchback with body-colored bumpers, rear spoiler and body side moldings and skirts. It's a nice-looking little package that becomes even nicer with black Recaro front bucket seats, a leather-wrapped steering wheel and a four-speaker stereo/cassette system. The guts of the Isuzu I-Mark (would we lie to you?) are a 1.5-liter, 110-hp turbocharged engine, five-speed transmission and Lotus-engineered suspension that, for only \$9829, provide an exciting—yet economical—combination of performance and handling that we test-drove in Palm Springs. Don't believe us? Ask Joe Isuzu.

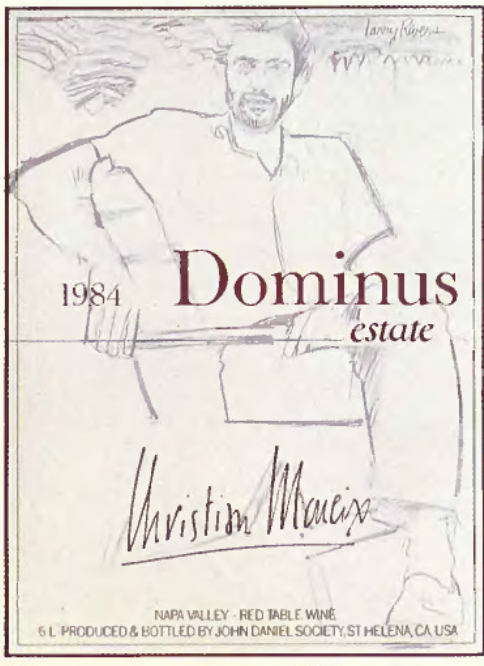
VROOM SHTICK

For the automotive hot-shot who wants to monitor his machine's performance but can't afford megabuck equipment, there's the Vericom VC200, a device that plugs into your car's cigarette lighter and gives you readouts for measured speed, elapsed time, lateral and longitudinal *g* forces, distance, horsepower, braking and more. The price: \$430, postpaid, sent to Vericom, 6000 Culligan Way, Minnetonka, Minnesota 55345. *Adios, A. J. Eat our dust.*



IN VINO DOMINUS

Seagram Chateau & Estates Wines Company has announced the introduction of Dominus, a limited-edition Napa Valley wine resulting from the partnership of Christian Moueix (he oversees the wine making at the legendary Chateau Petrus, among others) with the John Daniel Society of California. Dominus is made from the Bordeaux varieties *cabernet sauvignon*, *merlot* and *cabernet franc*. The 1984 vintage is available—if you can find it—for \$40 to \$45 a bottle. Start looking.



SHOW TIME

Years ago, vintage movie posters were the kind of disposable art with which you'd paper your bathroom. Today, you put them in a bank vault and call your insurance agent. So if you'd like to invest in original cinema posters, Miscellaneous Man, P.O. Box 1002, New Freedom, Pennsylvania 17349, is offering, for only \$5, two catalogs listing about 1200 posters. The 27" x 41" *Manhattan Cocktail* at right, for example, goes for \$900. Others are priced from \$50 to \$6000. We're saving our pennies for number 172, *Gentleman Joe Palooka*. At \$75, it's a steal.



FOR ROADS SCHOLARS ONLY

A limited number of Pirelli calendars are printed each year, and they are sent out primarily to top executives and heads of state. (John Lennon once visited Pirelli and begged for one.) But to commemorate the 25th anniversary of the calendar, Salem House is publishing the *Pirelli Calendar Album*—every photo that has ever appeared in a Pirelli calendar, all housed in a \$40 coffee-table book. It's a collection of sexy pictures that you won't tire of.

WHEN YOU DON'T CARE TO SEND THE VERY BEST

Poison Pen cards are just the thing to ease the pain caused by broken promises and annoying assholes. "Pardon my French . . . but fuckez-vous!" is always nice for someone formerly special, as is "Life's a bitch . . . and so are you." Then there's "Sorry to hear you're sick . . . but we always knew that" and "Let's make love . . . I need a laugh." What fun—and all for about \$1.50 a card. Joss Productions in Albany, New York (518-462-7094), can tell you who your nearest retailer is. Do call them with a cheery hello.



NEXT MONTH



WASHINGTON WOMEN



SCINTILLATING CINEMA



WEIRD TIMES



DUELING DUKE

"PLANET OF THE LOSERS"—A KLUTZY ALIEN MAKES AN EMERGENCY LANDING ON THE PLANET EARTH AND ENDS UP ACTING AS A MEDIATOR FOR A BICKERING COUPLE. FICTION BY **THOMAS BERGER**

"DUKAKIS AND BUSH DUKE IT OUT"—AMERICA WATCHES AS THE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES FOLLOW THEIR HATS INTO THE RING. IN-DEPTH PROFILES OF BOTH OPPONENTS BY THE REPORTER WHO GAVE US A GLIMPSE OF **JIMMY CARTER'S** LUSTING HEART—**ROBERT SCHEER**

"TITANIC TRAVEL"—WHAT REALLY HAPPENS ABOARD A 74,000-TON FLOATING PALACE, THE BIGGEST CRUISE SHIP IN THE WORLD? MAINLY, YOU EAT AN AVERAGE OF SIX AND A HALF MEALS A DAY. A DISPATCH DIRECT FROM THE HIGH SEAS—BY **LEWIS GROSSBERGER**

"1989 PLAYBOY MUSIC POLL"—IT'S TIME AGAIN FOR YOU TO PLAY MUSICAL CHAIRS WITH US. PARK YOURSELF IN THE JUDGE'S SEAT AND DELIBERATE ON THE YEAR'S TOP PERFORMERS. WE PROVIDE THE BALLOT, YOU PROVIDE THE VOTES

"MONDO WEIRDO"—THEYYYYYY'RE HEEEEERE! ODD-BALLS ARE TAKING OVER THE WORLD, INFILTRATING EVERY PROFESSION AND MAKING LUNACY THE NORM. A CLOSE-UP LOOK AT THE STRANGEST OF THE STRANGE—BY **JERRY STAHL**

"SEX IN CINEMA 1988"—FEARMONGERS SAID IT COULDN'T BE DONE, BUT CELLULOID PASSION STILL HEATS UP THE SCREEN. A SIZZLING TEN-PAGE PICTORIAL, WITH TEXT BY **BRUCE WILLIAMSON**

"WOMEN OF WASHINGTON"—PLAYBOY UNCOVERS D.C.'S CHOICEST LADIES IN A CAPITAL PICTORIAL

JOHN (A FISH CALLED WANDA) CLEESE REVEALS WHAT MAKES HIM LAUGH, IDENTIFIES A SEVENTH CHARACTER WHO DIDN'T MAKE IT TO THE **MONTY PYTHON** GANG AND PONDERES WHAT HE'LL DO AFTER HE'S DEAD IN A VEDDY WITTY **"20 QUESTIONS"**

PLUS: THE LATEST ADVENTURES OF THE UNQUENCHABLE **WICKED WILLIE**; MORE FALL AND WINTER FASHION, WITH AN EYE ON CASUALWEAR, BY FASHION EDITOR **HOLLIS WAYNE**; THE SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS AND OTHER FINE MEN'S FRAGRANCES, BY **NANCE MITCHELL**; THAT **BRUCE WILLIS** INTERVIEW YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR; AND MUCH, MUCH MORE

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